

5¢ Single Copy
Per Year 50¢
In Clubs of
Four, per year 25¢

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

The Owners of America Raise the Price of Products On Account of the Murders in Europe

By Henry M. Tichenor

The sudden and startling increase in the price of all American products, especially food-stuffs, discloses what a critical condition the owners of this country found themselves in when all the nations of Europe declared murder. Unable to ship their products abroad, the owners of America found it necessary to immediately shove up prices in order to meet the loss sustained by the cutting off of foreign trade.

Twice before, in the past year or so, have the owners of America been obliged to raise the price of victuals. The first time was when Professor Wilson shot the tariff full of holes. As Professor Wilson did this for the avowed purpose of lowering the prices of American products, it naturally followed that the owners of America were forced to raise the prices in order to counteract the effect of the shot-up tariff. This so amazed Professor Wilson that he began the study of psychology.

The second rise in prices was caused by Professor Wilson smashing the trusts.

The owners of America had to do it in order to protect themselves.

The Professor loaded up with some more psychology.

He now proposes to start a public investigation to see why our eats have climbed up higher than a cat's back.

When the owners of America become disturbed with the Professor's public investigation, they will doubtless feel it their duty to sock things up still higher.

Flour has gone up, not Mr. Boob, because the Princeton Professor hasn't busted the flour trust, but because English King

George, by the grace of God, etc., and etc., and etc., has declared murder against the government of the German Kaiser William, by the grace of God, etc., and etc., and etc., thereby stopping the exportation of American flour.

We have now got to eat it all ourselves, and we have such a big over-supply of it that it is necessary to raise the price or we might all eat too darn much. Also the price of New England navy beans has blown skyward, because the

owners of America are unable to sell any of them to the Russian Czar Nicholas, by the grace of God, etc., and etc., and etc., who has for the moment quit murdering Socialists and Jews and has declared wholesale murder against Germany. Also the price of ice has been raised, because we can no longer export ice to Iceland, on account of all the ships being used for murder purposes. The same sudden rise in prices, and for the same named reasons, applies to potatoes, sugar, tea, coffee, canned goods, and everything else that is furnished to us for profit by the owners of America.

Secretary Bryan is making notes of all this, and a year from next summer he will explain it to those who attend his Chautauqua lectures. (Admission 50 cents, children, accompanied by their parents, half price. You will observe there will be no raise in the price of tickets to the Bryan Chautauqua lectures.)

The only relief that the politicians, who, like the groceries, are owned by the owners of America, offer the patriotic people who are so heroically saving the country from Socialism, even though it means starvation to them, is to wait until the Republicans get into power again and restore the old tariff and put together once more the separated pieces of the trusts that Professor Wilson has busted.

In the meanwhile the owners of this country may find that it is God's will to have our government declare murder against some other country, and thereby make the people so patriotic that they won't care a continental how much they suffer.



"As Others See Us"

—Picture from St. Louis Star

A SPECIAL OFFER TO SOCIALISTS

Send No Money—10 Days' Free Trial

TO TEST THIS WONDERFUL NEW KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP

Better than Electric and Burns Less than Half as Much Oil as Common Lamp

WE DON'T ASK YOU TO PAY US A CENT

until you have used this wonderful new modern incandescent light in your home for 10 days, putting it to every possible test and then if you don't say that it is the greatest oil light that you have ever seen, or you are not thoroughly satisfied, you may send it back at our expense. You can't lose a penny. We want you to prove for yourself, as thousands upon thousands of others have, that the Aladdin has no equal; that it makes the ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; that it saves one-half on oil; that it beats electric, gasoline or acetylene lights and is put out like old style oil lamp; burns common kerosene (coal oil) without odor, smoke or noise; is clean, won't explode, guaranteed.

THE ALADDIN Kerosene Mantle Lamp

is the sensation of the age in the science of lighting and is revolutionizing oil lighting everywhere, all because it produces the maximum white light with a mantle from common kerosene oil at the lowest possible cost and with a big saving of oil.

Women and Children Can Operate It With Ease

There are no complicated parts to get out of order, no "installing" necessary, no pumping up, no sub-flame, no dangerous features. Lights and is put out like the old style lamp everybody is familiar with. No matter how many lamps you may now have you cannot afford to be without an Aladdin if you value the eyesight, appreciate good light and wish to cut down your oil bill.

3 Million People Now Enjoying Its White Light

Every mail brings hundreds of enthusiastic letters from satisfied users endorsing the Aladdin as the most wonderful light they have ever seen. Such comments as "you have solved the problem of rural home lighting"; "I could not think of parting with my Aladdin"; "The grandest thing on earth"; "You could not buy it back at any price"; "Beats any light I have ever seen"; "A blessing to any household"; "It is the acme of perfection"; "Better than I ever dreamed possible"; "Wouldn't have believed it 'til I saw it," etc., etc., pour into our office every day. Good Housekeeping Institute of New York tested the Aladdin and writes us under date of September 5th, 1913—"We are pleased to inform you that we have given this device a most thorough trial and find that we can approve it."

Five Times as Efficient as the Best Round Wick Open Flame Lamps

Recent tests by great light scientists at 14 leading Universities throughout the United States and Canada, show that the Aladdin gives nearly three times as much light as the Rayo, Rochester and various similar round wick, open flame lamps and yet burns only about one-half the oil. Thus the Aladdin soon

Pays for Itself in Oil Saved

These same scientific tests showed that the quality of the light of the Aladdin is far superior to any other, even excelling tungsten electric and nearest of any to sunlight.

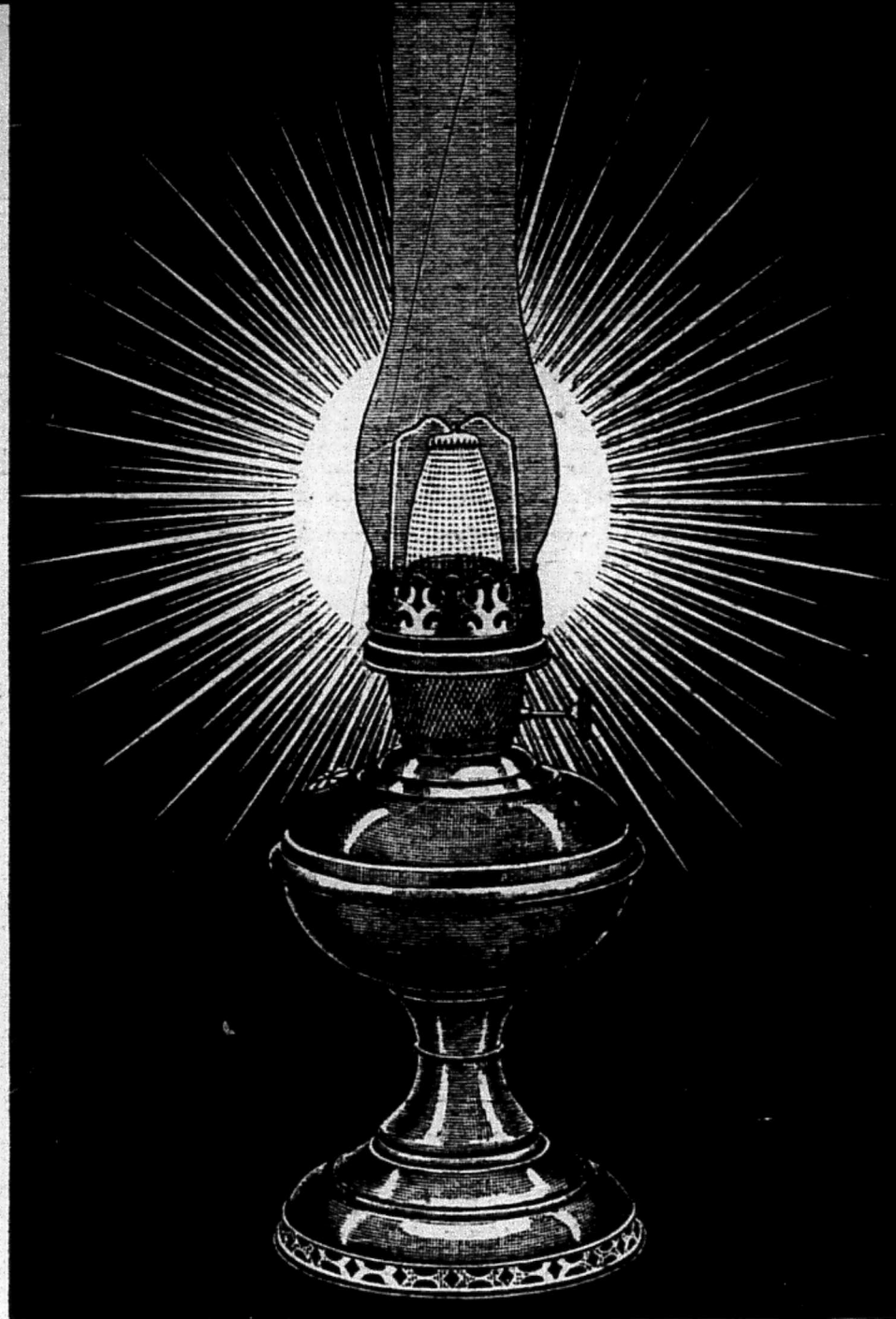
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and Get Our Great 10 Day Free Trial Offer

The Mantle Lamp Company of America, Inc.

Largest Kerosene (Coal Oil) Mantle Lamp House in the World
375 Aladdin Building CHICAGO, ILL.

Also Offices and Warehouses at
Portland, Ore. Waterbury, Conn. Montreal and Winnipeg, Can.



STYLE No. 101 ALADDIN TABLE LAMP

We Also Have Hanging Lamps and Various Other Styles

We Will Give \$1000 in Gold

to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way (details of this offer given in our circular, which will be sent you.) Would we dare make such a strong challenge to the world if the Aladdin was not superior to all other oil lamps?

MEN WITH RIGS OR AUTOS Make \$100 to \$300 Per Month

delivering Aladdin lamps on our easy trial plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home or small town home needs it and will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 51 lamps the first seven days." Another who ordered over 200 in 30 days says: "I consider the Aladdin the best agency proposition I have ever had, and I have done agency work for 10 years." Another says: "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls." Thousands of others who are coining money endorse it just as strongly.

Sold 275 In 6 Weeks

Here is an exact copy of a letter written recently by one of our enthusiastic farmer distributors who has made over \$2000 during spare time the past two winters:

"It is a pleasure to sell the Aladdin. It makes good on all your claims and it is easy to convince people that it is the best lamp on the market.

"I still use my first lamp as a demonstrator and it works perfectly although it has had pretty rough usage for over a year and a half.

"Between Jan. 2 and Feb. 20 I sold about 275 lamps making a profit of over \$500.00. I never saw anything that would sell equal to the Aladdin.

"I am a farmer and have had but little previous selling experience."

Another Sold Over 800 Lamps With Money Back Guarantee—Not One Returned

He writes: "I have sold over eight hundred Aladdin lamps in the past year and a half, requesting every buyer to return the lamp to me at any time they preferred their money back. I have never had a lamp returned."

These are only two out of thousands who have lifted themselves from the ranks of the underpaid and overworked into this easy, pleasant and highly profitable work. You can do the same.

No Money Required—We Furnish the Capital

You can get into a business of your own and make more money than you ever made before, without investing your own capital. We help you by giving you liberal credit.

Write Quick—Learn How to Get ONE FREE

We want one user in each locality to advertise and recommend the Aladdin. To that person we have a special introductory offer under which one lamp is given free.

DON'T DELAY Territory Is Going Fast

unless you act promptly, it may be too late and you will lose the opportunity of a lifetime.

Mail the Coupon and Get Full Particulars

10-Day FREE Trial Coupon

THE MANTLE LAMP CO.,
375 Aladdin Building, CHICAGO

Gentlemen:—Without obligating me in any way, you may send me details of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL, tell me how I can get an Aladdin Lamp Free, quote you Distributor's Wholesale Prices and explain your Easy Delivery Plan. **All FREE.**

Name _____

P. O. Address _____ State _____

R. S.

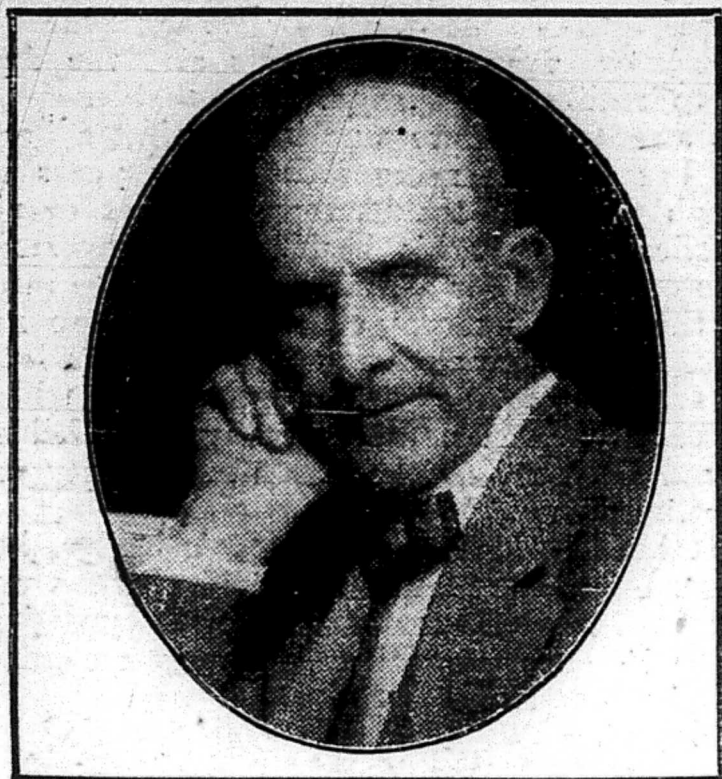
Editorial



Section

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

By **EUGENE V. DEBS**



THE FURIES HAVE BEEN LET LOOSE

For almost half a century the modern nations of Europe have been preparing for the titanic conflict to determine the supremacy of that continent. To outrival one another in military armament on both land and sea and to be prepared when the inevitable crisis came to grind one another to powder has been the high ambition and controlling purpose of all these powers since Germany tore Alsace and Lorraine from France at the close of the Franco-Prussian war and began its policy of colonial conquest and of annexing to itself all the territory it had the power to conquer in every part of the world. Other European nations became competitors in the conquest and began to seize and annex helpless colonies wherever they might be conquered by force of arms.

In all this mad scramble of these nations for industrial and military supremacy there has not been one genuine element of patriotism or one honest desire to benefit humanity or promote civilization. The selfish, sordid greed for spoil has lain at the bottom of this entire brutal military development. The primeval savage in man has been assiduously preserved in the soldiery under the sway of these empires of mammon so that when the word of command is given they will not fail to rush upon one another with the ferocity of beasts to cut one another's throats and disembowel one another for the profit and glory of their masters.

Triumphant capitalism with a lingering remnant of feudalism rules all these powers. It is the aristocracy and nobility and clergy in alliance with the king, or emperor, or czar at the head, which constitute the ruling class and the reigning power. This class has no higher aim than profit and this power no other purpose than conquest. Profit is their prophet and gold their God.

To extend the dominion of their exploitation, to increase their capacity for robbery and to multiply their ill-gotten riches has been their controlling motive and since they could only extend their piracies by invading one another, the war which has now broken loose on a continental scale was inevitable. It simply had to come, and cry out against it as we may, there was no way on earth or in heaven to avoid it.

Socialists all over the world have been warning against it for years and have sought in every way humanly possible to stay the whirlwind of destruction, but in vain.

The war is here and the powers that are responsible for it must fight it out and abide the consequences.

It may be, as has been predicted, that this is the world's final

great war and that in this universal upheaval the last of the remaining thrones and dynasties will sink to rise no more and that in the reorganization and readjustment, which are bound to follow, a distinct advance will be made toward world-wide industrial and social democracy.

THE WAR AND THE WORKERS

It is a thousand pities that the workers of all nations could not rise in their international might to prevent the terrible cataclysm that is now devastating the fairest nations of Europe and deluging their soil with the blood of the thousands slain.

The Socialists who represented the solidarity of the world's workers to the extent that it has been achieved, did all that was in their mortal power to do to prevent the catastrophe, but they were outnumbered overwhelmingly by the hordes that are still in mental darkness, the age-long victims of ignorance and superstition, who are bound to the chariot wheels of their masters and who feel it to be their sacred duty to fight when the command is given and to die for the glory of those who rob and enslave and degrade them.

The overwhelming majority of all the armies of Europe now rushing upon one another with the bloodthirstiness of beasts is composed of workingmen who have everything to lose, including their lives, and absolutely nothing to gain but the continuance of their slavery and degradation. It is this aspect of the war that constitutes its supreme tragedy and is sufficient to make angels weep.

These workers of the various nations turned into soldiers to perpetuate their own slavery have not the slightest idea of what they are fighting for and yet they fight their fellow-workers, enslaved like themselves, with a savage ferocity that knows no bounds and rush eagerly into the very jaws of hell to merit the miserable distinction of having died in the defense of their own degradation.

The Socialists of these nations have profited by the experience of the past and refuse any longer to murder one another at the behest of the master class which exploits them all, and the time will come, if it is not already here, when the world's workers will be sufficiently enlightened to make it impossible for any ruling class to set them at war upon one another while they sit back in pomp and circumstance and divide the spoils of conquest.

There is no telling what the developments of the present war may be in consequence of the international solidarity of the workers which prevails already in the several countries involved and which may yet prove the magical factor to end the savage slaughter now going on even though it lacked the power to prevent the catastrophe in the first instance.

It will be observed that the aristocracy and nobility and clergy of Germany, Russia, England, Austria, France and other nations are not at the front having their bowels shot out and their remains left to the vultures. They are smugly and safely in their palaces, their club-houses and their salons, quaffing champagne and boasting about "our" valor and what "we" patriots are doing for the glory of the fatherland.

It is they who prate about the glory of the flag, but they do not fight for it; they leave that entirely to their vassal dupes. It is they who grow purple in their frenzy about "dying for your country" and who charge those their guff cannot deceive with lack of patriotism, but they themselves, although they own the country, do not shed one drop of their precious blood to save it.

The fact is that the workers of no nation have ever had a country of their own to fight for and to save and once the workers of the world own the countries and rule the nations of the world they will no longer be in the ignorant and savage state they necessarily must be to rend one another as they now do to save the country for the benefit of the robbers who have stolen it from the people.

**Only the Socialists of Europe Rose Up In Righteous Revolt
Against the Hell of War—No Other Organization, Religious or
Political, Cried Out Against The Bloody Crime**

SOCIALISTS AND THE WAR

It is questionable if anything further is to be gained, for the present at least, by protesting against the war in Europe.

The war has come and like an angry tempest it has let loose its pent up fury and in spite of all the protest that may be made against it, will run its savage course and pursue its destined road to the end.

With all its might the international Socialist movement protested against the war before it was declared and in that the Socialist movement was simply true to its lofty ideal of international peace and good will. Not only did the Socialists of all European nations do all in their power in their organized capacity to prevent this criminal war, but for years they warned the world against it, and sought to save humanity this continental catastrophe.

But their efforts were in vain. The powers of capitalism still rule and notwithstanding the heroism of the Socialists in challenging the war lords to their very teeth, the tempest was loosened and the mad passions of the rival plunderers, finding expression in the blood-lust of their hordes of blind and ignorant dupes, are now rioting in a carnival of death and destruction such as the world has never known.

The noble Jaures yielded up his life in the vain attempt to stem the torrent and avert the horrors that are now shocking the heart of the civilized world. The no less valiant Liebknecht, if the press dispatches are true, shared the fate of his French comrade in sealing his devotion to the cause of peace with his heart's noble blood.

The ruling classes of Europe are solely responsible and must face the outcome and bear the consequences. It may be that in the course of events the international solidarity of the workers may be brought into play and become a decisive factor in terminating the war and in shaping the developments which must follow in its wake.

The Socialists are absolutely free from all responsibility for this heathenish slaughter, this hellish carnival of blood, this wanton destruction of life and property. Their hands are clean and their consciences clear.

They did all in their power to prevent the war and from now on they must do all in their power to open the eyes of the people to the causes of war and to the impending social revolution which is to sweep out of existence the ruling classes of all nations, put an end to class rule, destroy the incentive to class conquest, bring all nations into harmonious alliance for the promotion of the common good of all, and thus eternally banish the curse of war from the face of the earth.

JEAN JAURES, MARTYR TO PEACE

Jean Jaures, the foremost Socialist in France, and one of the foremost in the world, fell victim to an assassin on the eve of the war that is now convulsing Europe.

The taking off of this great leader in the prime of his splendid manhood and the zenith of his marvelous power, and in the very hour of the grave crisis he strove with all his matchless ability to prevent, is the greatest individual loss that could have come to the Socialist movement. It is more than this, it is a calamity to civilization.

Jaures had long been the recognized leader of Socialism in France. He was the most brilliant orator in the Chamber of Deputies, if not in all Europe, and not even his bitterest opponent denied him this enviable distinction. He was a great scholar, a professor of philosophy and an eminent writer. He was gifted in the highest degree and to his natural ability there was added a classical education which fitted him for the great work destiny had in store for him.

Besides all this Jaures was a man of unquestioned courage, tireless energy, and unimpeachable integrity. All the elements of his nature and environment combined to make him one of the great moral leaders of his age.

And now this masterful man, this eloquent and fearless champion of the oppressed lies dead by the hand of a war-crazed fanatic, one of the many misguided victims of capitalism who in the name of "patriotism" slew the best friend of the common people and the greatest patriot of his time.

Jaures had just returned from Brussels where he had delivered one of his powerful speeches against the war then about to break upon Europe and he was about to deliver another in Paris in the vain hope of staying the frightful catastrophe. But alas! The very people he would have saved had been taught by the ruling class to regard him with hate and abhorrence. He was in truth their friend and would have prevented the horrible war in which thousands of them will be massacred and mangled, but strange and sad fatality, it was not to be. Jaures was stricken down and the wave of "patriotism" ran riot over the land and is now running red in rivers of proletarian blood.

Brave Jaures! Your martyrdom has not been in vain. The great soul of you marches on in the great movement for which you

lived and died, and in good time a civilized world will hail you as the blessed prophet of peace and one of the noblest martyrs of mankind.

WARREN'S RESIGNATION

Fred D. Warren has been obliged, on account of his broken health, to sever his connection with the Appeal to Reason. The news came as both a surprise and shock to his many friends. Warren and the Appeal have been so long associated in the public mind as one and inseparable that it will be a long time before the hundreds of thousands of Warren's friends and the Appeal's readers will be able to realize the change.

It is not strange to those who know what a heavy load Comrade Warren has been carrying these many years in piloting the Appeal through the most troubled waters that ever beset a revolutionary publication that his health has temporarily given way and that he is compelled for a time to seek refuge in quiet and rest. Through all the paper's many vicissitudes, through all the vexations, harassings and persecutions that fell to its lot, and through all the trials and worriments without number to which he was personally subjected, Warren stood steadfastly at the helm and was loyal to his trust and not once did he flinch in his duty to the paper or his fidelity to the cause.

We regret keenly the loss of Warren's health, but our readers may feel assured that there will be no loss in his devotion to the movement and that he will continue as in the past to serve according to his ability and that when his strength shall have been restored he will be found once more at his post bravely battling for the freedom of man.

In common with thousands of others it is our earnest hope that Comrade Warren may in good time be completely rejuvenated and that he may be spared many years in health and prosperity to his family and his comrades and to the cause which is dearer to him than all else on earth.

Since Warren's retirement Walter H. Wayland, son of our beloved J. A. Wayland, and Louis Kopelin, formerly of the Daily Call and of the National Socialist when the latter was published at Washington, have assumed the active management of the Appeal to Reason. Both are young comrades of long and varied experience, thoroughly in earnest and resolved to put forth their best efforts to maintain the Appeal's great prestige as a fighting machine of the working class, and the RIP-SAW extends to them and the Appeal the heartiest wishes for a prosperous and successful future.

WHO ARE THE REAL ENEMIES OF PROPERTY

It has been estimated that the cost of the present war in Europe is \$54,000,000 a day.

A CLEAR LOSS OF FIFTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

Enough to feed the hungry and clothe the naked in all the world.

Who is responsible for this stupendous financial loss, this unspeakably wicked destruction?

THE RULING CLASS ALONE, for the ruling class alone declares war and the ruling class alone materially profits by war.

The subject classes are not consulted. They have but to fight when the order is given and to furnish the required number of corpses to feed the vultures, human and otherwise, that fatten in their slaughter and destruction.

In the present criminal war millions and billions of dollars worth of property are being wantonly destroyed. Millions of dollars worth of powder, hurling millions of dollars worth of shells, are blowing billions of dollars worth of property out of existence.

Are the Socialists responsible for this appalling destruction, this continental crime of the centuries?

Are they not in fact the only ones who at the risk of their lives did all in their power to prevent this unspeakable holocaust of destruction?

The class responsible for the war now devastating Europe and its mercenary appendages have always charged that Socialists are "opposed to property;" that they are the "enemies of property" and would, if they had the power, "do away with property", etc., etc.

Who now is the "enemy of property" and using all its power to "do away with property" in Europe?

Is it not the very class which has been shrieking its protest against Socialism on the ground of its hostility to property?

Socialists look on the flame and fury now belching forth destruction over all Europe as appallingly cruel and unspeakably wicked and if they had the power not another shot would be fired and not another particle of property would be destroyed.

But the ruling classes of these nations, true to the spirit which brought them into existence and has animated their whole career, are bent upon robbing and despoiling one another and to this end the daily bill for property laid waste and in ashes, and for the thousands of soldiers slain and other thousands ripped into shreds, and the unnumbered hearts of mothers crushed and lives blasted, is **FIFTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS PER DAY!**

THE FIRST COMPLETE SOCIALIST CREW

We are in receipt of a photograph twelve by fourteen inches. It represents a group of six men. MEN!

A complete engine and train crew and all Socialists and members of the Socialist party! Engineer, conductor, fireman and three brakemen, the whole crew, and as fine a bunch of railroad revolutionists as one would wish to look upon.

This picture is good indeed for Socialist eyes. It has immense significance. This crew is the advance guard of the continental host of railroad workers that in the near future will be proudly marching beneath the red banner of industrial emancipation.

We congratulate the comrades who make up this first complete Socialist train crew yet brought to our attention. The beginning they have made will be to them a matter of pride and satisfaction in coming years, when tens of thousands of other crews will have caught their inspiration and followed their example.

For the present we shall have to withhold the names of these good railroad comrades, and even the road they are employed upon, for if these were given publicity, discharge and the blacklist would speedily follow, a consummation devoutly to be avoided at this time.

THE RANGEL-CLINE CASES

J. M. Rangel, Charles Cline and twelve other comrades of ours are in prison in Texas where they have lain since September last, charged with murder and doomed to go to the gallows or to be sentenced for long terms unless the labor movement comes to their rescue. Rangel and Cline were the leaders of this little band which started for Mexico to help the peons down there in their revolt against the robber system which has so long prevailed there. They were promptly followed by hirelings of the master class and in an altercation which ensued after they had been attacked and one of their number slain, a so-called deputy sheriff named Ortiz was shot and killed. The shooting was purely in self-defense as a score of witnesses are prepared to testify, but the killing aroused intense prejudice and hatred among the "authorities" and among the exploiting brigands who are turning heaven and earth to crush the revolt of the peons, and as a result the whole party were pounced upon and thrown into jail, and the prediction is freely made that Rangel and Cline will certainly hang and the rest get long prison sentences.

The story is a long one and there is not room for the details here. Suffice it to say that these comrades who were bent upon a mission of service to their struggling fellow-toilers in Mexico and who were proceeding peaceably in their very laudable undertaking, were brutally attacked without provocation at the behest of the hirelings of the ruling robbers of Mexico in connivance with those of Wall street and that in slaying one of their murderous assailants they acted wholly upon the defensive and should never have been subjected to even arrest, to say nothing of imprisonment or execution.

But Rangel, Cline and their little band of loyal comrades are "undesirable citizens" in the eyes of the class which controls the courts in Texas and there is not a ghost of a chance that justice will be done them unless a bold and determined stand is taken in their behalf by the working class. The Socialist party and the labor unions in a number of states have espoused their cause and are doing all in their power to save them. Every Socialist and every member of a labor union should get into action promptly to rescue these men from their impending fate. A legal defense fund is imperatively demanded and everyone who is in sympathy with these men and the cause to which they have been so loyal that they are now threatened with the gallows and the penitentiary, should promptly send their contribution to "THE RANGEL-CLINE DEFENSE COMMITTEE, ROOM 108 LABOR TEMPLE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA."

THE RIP-SAW'S CONQUEST

It is gratifying to be able to say to our readers that the Rip-Saw is forging rapidly to the front all over the United States. Until recently it received but limited support from some of the eastern states, but now these have come to recognize in it a true champion of the working class and they have enlisted in its behalf with an enthusiasm that could scarcely be excelled and as a result a steady stream of subscriptions is now pouring in from that section as well as from all other sections and if it keeps up at this rate until the close of the year the Rip-Saw may well feel that its work is appreciated and that it must redouble its efforts in behalf of the cause.

Some objection has been made to certain advertising which has appeared in the Rip-Saw's columns and not without cause, but the ground for this objection will soon be removed. For some time we have been endeavoring to purge the Rip-Saw's columns of all advertising of a questionable nature and by this fall, if not before, when present contracts have expired, we expect to be able to make a general clean-up, so that there may be no further objection on that score.

It is the Rip-Saw's highest purpose to produce a Socialist paper of the highest standing, clear and distinct in its revolutionary note and forceful and convincing in its appeal to the people and in this effort to build up a journal that shall be staunch and fearless and true in its advocacy of the principles and doctrines of Socialism, we earnestly ask the co-operation and support of each of our many readers and sympathizers.

It is a task of no small magnitude to build up a Socialist paper in the face of the bitter and relentless opposition such an undertaking encounters and if it be objected that this or that feature of the Rip-Saw should be eliminated, altered or improved, it should be remembered that we cannot always do as we wish but often have to do the best we can under the circumstances. This the Rip-Saw and the little colony of comrades who are working so faithfully to push it onward are endeavoring to do, with all the earnestness and energy at their command and if the army of workers will join them in the same spirit the Rip-Saw's future is assured and it will rise to monumental power before the sun of 1915 lights the world.

Who Are These Lords and Masters?

By Henry M. Tichenor, The RIP-SAW Poet.

Who are these lords and masters—what are the mad dogs for,

But to hold the slaves in bondage and curse the earth with war!

And blood must flow like rivers—they drink it as hogs drink swill—

And bleaching bones are but the grist to feed the masters' mill!

And all this hell and horror, that the war-lords may be great—

And thrones are built on murder, where class-rule is the State!

Yell for your gaudy colored rags, ye legions gone insane!

Give up your lives like bleating sheep for sake of masters' gain!

Go to the beastly battle fields, and there your life-blood spill,

And listen to your masters' priests proclaim, "It is God's will!"

And those of you who live, perchance, the ghastly deeds to tell,—

What have YOU gained, for YOU and YOURS, in this foul feast of hell?

O, suffering world of workers, how long shall vampires hold Your lives, and all your children's lives, as barter for their gold?

For the love of all that's human, then, may this war be the last!

May Labor 'rise in every clime and blow a trumpet blast

That shall be heard around the world, in land and air and sea—

A rebel blast that dooms all lords and sets the people free!

A 100,000 extra edition of this WAR issue of the RIP-SAW has been printed to supply the demand of comrades ordering bundle lots. Price, 2 cents a copy in bundles of 10 or more. Scatter this issue of the RIP-SAW broadcast and let the people know how the Socialists stand on war!

The industrial union is the beginning of industrial democracy.

* * * *

Socialists have clear eyes and see what is wrong with present

society and quite as clearly do they see how to right that wrong and bring relief to the suffering people. They are students of economics and understand the law of social development and hence their zeal in spreading the light and their optimistic faith in the future.

* * * *

It is the glory of the Socialist party that women are admitted to its ranks on equal terms with men and that they work together whole-heartedly and in the spirit of comrades for their common emancipation.

10¢

We Pay Postage

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The Harvest of Blood and Iron

By Oscar Ameringer

In 1870 Bismark forced war on France. Prussia was prepared. France was not. Napoleon had reached the end of his power. In the election of 1869 the opposition to his Government had cast 3,259,000 votes. The opposition in the Chamber of Deputies had reached 116 members by 1870. Napoleon, who even then was suffering from the malady which led to his death, needed peace and rest, and the French people were occupied in making the preparation to rid themselves of the little nephew of the great Napoleon. No one thought of a war with Germany.

Fourteen days before the outbreak of hostilities the French Chamber reduced the annual levy for the army from 100,000 to 90,000 men. Lobeuf, the Minister of war, voted for the reduction on the ground that the step constituted a proof of the peaceful intention of the Government. The President of the Ministry announced at the same occasion, "At no time has peace been more secure than at the present moment." But the Government reckoned without Bismarck. Napoleon had prevented Prussia from reaping the fruits of the wars of 1864 and 1866. He opposed the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein by Prussia in 1864 and the annexation of Saxony two years later. Furthermore, he opposed the absorption of the South German States by Prussia. The policy of Bismarck demanded that the influence of France in European affairs be destroyed.

However, the arch juggler was shrewd enough to shuffle the cards in such a manner as to make Napoleon appear as the aggressor. It was not until the publication of Bismarck "Gedanken Erinnerungen" that the world learned how the trick was turned.

Officially it was a defensive war of Germany against the aggression of Bonaparte. At the opening of the Reichstag on the 19th of July, 1870, the crown announced, "We fight only for our liberty and right against the violence of a foreign conqueror and in this struggle we have no other aim than to guarantee the perpetual peace of Europe."

In the proclamation issued by the king of Prussia on the day he entered French soil he declared, "Prussia was against the French soldiers and not against the citizens of France." We shall see how the royal promise was kept.

The few Socialists in the Reichstag were not united on the war question. Some considered Napoleon's declaration of war a sufficient ground to vote for the war loan. Rebel and Liebknecht however, refrained from voting for or against the loan on the following grounds submitted to the Reichstag in writing.

"The present war is a dynastic war undertaken in the interests of the dynasty of Bonaparte, even as the war of 1866 was in the interests of the dynasty of Hohenzollern. We cannot grant the finances demanded from the Reichstag for the conduct of the war since this would constitute a vote of confidence for the Prussian Government who prepared the present war by its course of action in 1866. Neither can we deny the demanded finances as this may appear as sanctioning the wicked and criminal policy of Bonaparte. As opponents of every dynastic war by principle, as Social Republicans and members of the International Workingmen's Association, who combat all oppressors, irrespective of their nationality, we cannot declare ourself, direct or indirect, for the present war."

Bismarck had even succeeded in pulling the wool over the keen eyes of the two Socialist leaders who still saw nothing but a defensive war. But

time soon proved that the war was not for the defense of German independence and liberty against a foreign conqueror.

Napoleon fell at Sedan, to which place he had manoeuvred his army, because he had less to fear from the Prussians than from the people of Paris. The one man against whom all Germany had made war was taken to the Castle Wilhelmshoehe by Cassel where he was really entertained by his royal brothers.

In the meantime the Republic was declared in Paris and all the world hoped for peace, for had not the Prussian crown declared over and over again that this was not a war against the French people but only against Napoleon.

But Bismarck had not engineered the war to create a republic across the Rhine. He feared the bad example, and the war against Napoleon became a war against the French people and for conquest.

As soon as this was realized the Socialists took a decided stand against the prolongation of the war. The official organ of the party, Der Volksstaat, wrote, "When the German working people perceive that the present war loses its strict defensive character and degenerates into a war against the French people, THEN VICTORY OR DEFEAT WILL BECOME EQUALLY DISASTROUS." The general executive committee points out that in this event Russia alone would be benefited, and Marx wrote from London, "Who is not totally confused by the noise of the moment, or who has no interest to confuse the people, must realize that the war of 1870 must necessarily bear within itself a war against Russia, even as the war of 1866 prepared the one of 1870."

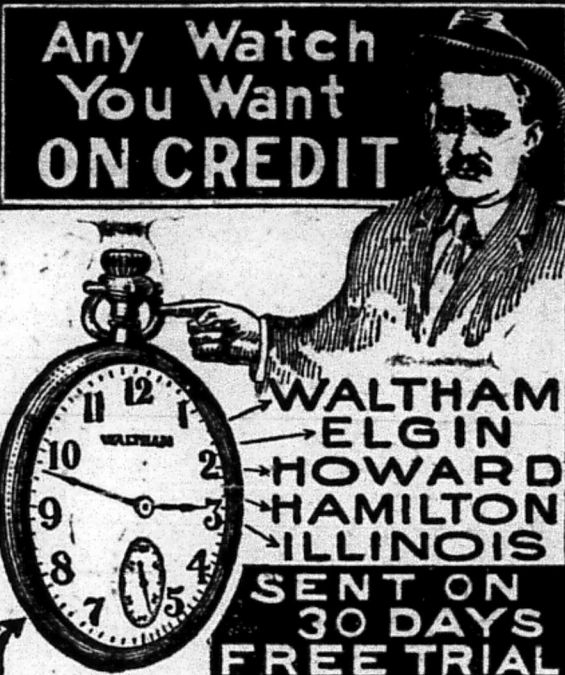
But who were these people anyhow who clamored so persistently for peace in the face of a nation that had gone war mad? Who but a set of traitors, and "Vaterland lose Gesellen," as the almighty Bismarck dubbed them in later years. Who was this Karl Marx who had the folly to point out a future war with Russia, but an exiled Jew who made \$5.00 per week writing for Horace Greeley's Tribune from London? The voice of the Socialist was lost in the bedlam of furor, greed and the lust of conquest. When our faction in the North German Reichstag voted solidly against a second war loan to prolong the struggle, the Prussian Yunkers, swashbucklers and capitalists raised a veritable storm of vituperation against our comrades. And yet these despised Socialists were the only sane men in that body. They alone saw that the contemplated annexation of Alsace and Lorraine was but the prelude to another and more terrible war. They saw that such an act would not bring peace but only convert Europe into an armed camp.

Liebknecht closed the memorable debate with the following words: "The loan you are demanding is to bring about annexation, and annexation will bring us not peace, but war. Inasmuch as this course creates the continuous danger of war, even after peace is declared, it is bound to bring Germany under military dictatorship."

The stand taken by the five Socialists stamp them as the greatest statesmen of that period. Compared to them the great Bismarck was but a crude Blunderer who substituted blood and iron for heart and brain.

However, nothing succeeds like success. Bismarck was exalted into the sky by an unthinking people, and the Socialists, the true patriots and statesmen, went behind prison bars for high treason. The blunder of blunders, the annexation of Alsace-

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Lorraine, was consummated, and two great nations, the vanguards of European civilization, settled down to forge the scythes for the present bloody harvest of today.

Five years after the war Ioltke declared in the German Reichstag, when the granting of additional funds for the enlargement of the army was under consideration, "What Germany has taken with the sword it must be prepared to hold with the sword for the next fifty years." He also may have profitably quoted a scripture passage which saith, "He that lives by the sword shall perish by the sword."

For forty-four years Germany, and with it all Europe, has groaned under the military burden. The blood and iron policy has converted the great nations into armed camps and brought about alliances of the most unhappy character.

The French people who have given so much and suffered so dearly for human freedom find themselves tied to autocratic Russia, the greatest menace to democracy in Europe. England, an advanced democracy, monarchical in name only, is allied with the same Russia. And poor Germany is linked to decaying Austria. She will eat out the heart blood of her children for the insatiable greed and the monumental stupidity of her rulers. And the liberty of her people is as much threatened by defeat as by victory. The real democratic movement, the German Social Democracy, has nearly as much to fear from a victorious Hohenzollern as it has from Russian domination.

Had the madmen in the German Reichstag listened to the voices of the Socialist prophets this horrible war would have been averted. History has justified the course of the Comrades in 1870, and since that fatal year we have raised our voices in every land against the military insanity. We voted against every bill whose purpose it was to strengthen the military power of any nation in whose parliament we had found representation. We never tried to point out that the greatest menace to liberty, peace and civilization laid in the great standing armies. If the world was fooled by the imbecilic cry of, "In time of peace prepare for war," we alone were not.

The world's war we feared and foretold has come. In a few weeks Europe will resemble a slaughter house. Misery and desolation, famine and pestilence shall be abroad. The bony spectre will stride across the land and mow with crimson swords. The seed of blood and iron has matured, the harvester is here.

GOVERNOR GLYNN WILL FREE BOUCK WHITE

If the Socialists and other liberals demand it.

Will they demand it? That is the question. The Church of the Social Revolution, of New York City, says they will. To that end the church is organizing a tremendous protest which is to be begun by the mailing of 500,000 post-card demands to Governor Martin H. Glynn of New York.

It will be remembered that Rev. Dr. Bouck White went to jail on May 13th under conditions which have driven hundreds of non-Socialist citizens to express their indignation at the action of the court. The arrest and trial of Bouck White will probably go down in history as one of the most significant events of the time. The story of his conviction and imprisonment has been widely circulated, but the events leading up to it are what give real interest and importance to the case.

What did Bouck White really do?

On May 8th he sent by special delivery mail a courteous letter to Rev. Dr. Woelfkin, Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church of New York, of which the Rockefellers, Junior and Senior, are members. In this communication Dr. White invited Dr. Woelfkin to

join in a public discussion of the topic: "DID JESUS TEACH THE IMMORALITY OF BEING RICH?" Receiving no answer Bouck White concluded that there would be no objection on the part of Dr. Woelfkin to receiving the members of the Church of the Social Revolution on Sunday morning, May 10th, and giving them a public answer. So, on Sunday morning, Bouck White and his followers were present at the services of the Calvary Baptist Church. When the time came for announcements Bouck White arose to put a question to Dr. Woelfkin.

What happened in that particular "House of the Lord" will never be forgotten by all those Americans to whom Christianity has a message, human freedom a meaning, and decent social manners a value. Armed men, policemen in plain clothes, had actually been kept in waiting by the pastor and the members of an avowedly Christian church for the purpose of pouncing upon a brother Christian clergyman and dragging him to jail. All this is the more remarkable because it happened in a Baptist Church. The Baptist denomination was founded and developed against the most bitter opposition of the established church in both England and her colonies. Imagine the sainted Roger Williams, the Baptist founder of Rhode Island, which was the first free religious community in the world, present during the tragedy of [ay 10! That a pastor and a congregation of the Baptist communion could so far forget themselves as to tread upon the holiest traditions of freedom so long revered by their church, is sadly indicative of the trend of our times.

The situation is not without its humorous aspect. A late article in the "Watchman-Examiner", an authoritative Baptist publication, has from the pen of Dr. Woelfkin, "A Tribute to C. Sylvester Horne," in which we read:

"Dr. Horne always held before his soul the aim of his ministry in one epigrammatic sentence: 'THE UNACCOMPLISHED MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY IS TO RECONSTRUCT SOCIETY ON A BASIS OF HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.'"

However, when members of the Church of the Social Revolution first attended the Rockefeller church, Dr. Woelfkin said that the possession of fifteen hundred dollars worth of property would make the holder a law-abiding citizen. Some wise capitalists, he continued, were seeking to hire only those who possessed that amount.

We wish to ask Dr. Woelfkin in what trust company Jesus of Nazareth had his money and also how far St. Paul would have got upon his mission if he stopped to save fifteen hundred dollars?

But the friends of freedom are rallying to the support of Dr. White. At first an appeal was made to the Appellate Court. But the court adjourned again and again without taking up the matter, finally adjourning until October. By that time the term of Bouck White will have been practically served. Governor Glynn is now absolutely the only man who can take action. If 500,000 citizens of the United States DEMAND the liberation of Bouck White, they will be heard and action will follow.

To organize this protest and this demand and to carry on with greater enthusiasm and activity than ever the work which Bouck White so ably commenced—that is the purpose of the members of the Church of the Social Revolution. They want helpers in ever city and town in America for the purpose of distributing the post-cards. These will be furnished upon application. Please state the number you can use to good advantage and contribute as liberally as you can to the "Bouck White Defense and Propoganda Fund." Address: Sol Fieldman, Director, Church of the Social Revolution, 42 Washington Square, South, New York, N. Y.

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A VIVID FORECAST

By George D. Herron

(Note:—The following remarkable forecast of events in Europe was written by George D. Herron in the early part of 1913, and was published in "The Coming Nation.")

It would be a rash prophet who would undertake to forecast the immediate future of Europe. One can depict the present situation, and indicate some of its inevitable results. But, granting a European conflict or catastrophe, the issue thereof depends largely upon unknown and untried factors.

Or rather it depends upon what shall prove to be the quality of the Socialist movement, including its yet unapprehended and unorganized marginal influence. Neither the quality nor quantity of international Socialist conviction has yet been put to the proof. We cannot tell how strong or wise the movement is, how capable or incapable, until it has been tried. We do not know what resources it can command—what new and unknown potencies may be precipitated into sudden power. I believe the Socialist movement is gradually accumulating a vast spiritual fund; and that it will draw upon this fund in the day of the world's trial. But does the fund bulk yet large enough? Is it sufficient for the organization of society, if a European catastrophe should resolve the nations back into their ethnic elements? If Germany, or France and Russia should force the trial of national strength, the struggle for capitalist mastery, with the chaos that would inevitably issue therefrom, would the Socialist movement be equal to its opportunity? Or, putting it another way, when the capitalist catastrophe comes, as come it will, will the opportunity of man again prove greater than man himself, as has been the case in the past? Or will the opportunity this time prove an open door, through which the Socialist movement leads mankind into a nobler world, into a larger being?

Germany Holds the Key

It is Germany that holds the key to the present European situation. The rest of Europe is merely waiting for Germany to move. As a capitalist power, it is necessary for Germany to expand. Nothing else can save her from collapse. It is certain that she will very soon put her strength to the test. It is impossible for her to draw back, or much longer to delay. Her dilemma offers her the choice between war and bankruptcy. Of course, as a Socialist nation, she would have no such dilemma; but as a capitalist power, she is bound to choose between expansion and a collapse of her present military and industrial system. She is preparing to strike soon and swiftly, and to put all her resources to the supreme proof.

Germany's first enemy is France. And France, as the banker of Europe, is determined to reduce Germany by economic pressure. She is determined that Germany shall be financially dependent upon Paris. And she is also determined to get back Alsace and Lorraine.

Then there is England—an exploiter of the world, the most universal plunderer since Rome. England is resolved that Germany shall not expand. She is resolved to keep the earth she has stolen. And Germany can expand only through possessing some portions of the earth already occupied by England; either in fact or intention.

On the East is Russia, fast becoming the dependency of English capitalism in industrial development, as she is already dependent upon the Parisian bankers for her governmental finances. Russia has reorganized since the Japanese war. She is prepared for the struggle, though preferring to delay it as long as possible. The

immediate issue between Germany and Russia is the occupation and exploitation of Asiatic Turkey. The Turkish Empire has no longer an actual existence. It is but a theory and a shadow, to disappear as soon as the bondholders have made arrangements for the payment of the interest on their bonds. They will make the Balkans pay—if they can.

If the European war comes, England, France, and Russia will, of course, unite against Germany, Austria and Italy. The enemies of Germany will stand together without a doubt. But the problem of Germany has not only to do with her own military preparedness; it has to do with her allies. The German Kaiser knows very well that in leaning upon Austria he is leaning upon a broken reed. The German portions of the Austrian Empire would be with Germany to the death; but the Slavic and larger portions would be as likely as not to desert to Russia; while Hungary might prove as worthless in a military sense as she is worthless in fidelity and morals.

Italy is another matter. Italy is in a better condition, financially and morally, and nearer Socialism, than any other country of Europe today. Yet her hatred of things Austrian and German is fundamental—bred in her blood by a thousand years of Germanic oppression and savagery. Indeed, it would be difficult to drag Italian armies to fields of battle whereon they would be fighting side by side with Austria.

Yet it is possible. For Italy has been infamously betrayed by English diplomacy, and meanly treated by France. With the prospect of getting back Savoy, and of gaining Corsica and Tunis,—thus settling her accounts with France—Italy might readily fight beside Germany. And the Italian army is to be reckoned with as a fighting force. It is, as the German Kaiser well knows, far more efficient and to be depended upon than the armies of Austria. The chief regiments and officers of Italy were never sent to Tripoli, as is well known, but were kept upon the Austrian frontiers, ready for the European outbreak. Another inducement to Italy to fight beside Germany is her discernment that the end of Austria draws near, whatever the issue of the European war. If Germany should win, and thus obtain the hegemony of Europe, today or tomorrow she would surely annex German Austria and Bohemia. If Germany should lose, the disintegration of the Austrian Empire would be inevitable and immediate.

And for this let Europe thank God! It will be a good day that dawns upon the end of the Hapsburgs, with their thousand years of treachery and tyranny, against which every European nation has had to struggle for liberation and life. Yes, it will be good to lift the curse of the Hapsburgs from the continent.

The Time Not Far Off

Who can foretell the issue of this European conflict? Its time is not far off. It will, as I have said, begin whenever Germany feels prepared, or when some crisis forces her hand. Viewed superficially, the chances seem to be against Germany, especially if the Balkan Allies should go with the Triple Entente. Yet of this we cannot be sure. In the crisis of the last few months, the Kaiser is the one man who has kept his head. He has certainly restrained Austria to the utmost. He had also refrained from any hostile word or action toward the Bulgarians, Greeks and Servians in their struggle. On the other hand, the diplomatic action of England, as represented by Sir Edward Grey, has been perfidious and contemptible. Diplomatically, London and Vienna have been acting together

on behalf of the Rothschild owners of Turkish bonds. Also, so far as the national entity of each of the Balkan people is concerned, they have much more to fear from Russia than from Germany. If Germany could have a clear economic field, she would make no encroachments upon Balkan territory. She would like to have Asia Minor; and Asia Minor would be vastly better off in the possession of Germany than in the possession of either the Turk or the Russian. On the other hand Russia does intend to absorb the Balkan peoples, and to make Constantinople her Southern Capitol. She also intends to absorb the most of Asiatic Turkey. The diplomacy of Germany, speaking from the capitalist standpoint, has been very wise at this juncture. We cannot know beforehand, therefore, if Bulgaria and Greece and Servia, with Roumania also, might not be found fighting upon the side of Germany. If this should be so, England would but get her just deserts.

The End of The Czars

But leaving England and France out of the question for the moment, sooner or later must come the conflict between the German and the Slav for supremacy—that is, granting the continuance of capitalism. As the United States stands between Germany and South America, as England stands between Germany and Africa, so Russia bars the German road to Asia. Both the German and the Slav must have room. Under Socialism, they would have it already, and to spare; but under capitalism, they must expand. Without Socialism, the German and the Slav will inevitably fight it out as to which is to have the hegemony, not only of Europe, but of Western Asia.

And whatever the immediate issue, it would seem that Russia alone can effect a synthesis of Europe and Asia. Notwithstanding the insane and criminal Romanoffs, there is a vast intellectual and spiritual ferment in Russia that is absent from Germany and England. There is also a profound communistic basis in Russian life for the Socialist to build upon. And, sooner or later, there will be revolution and the end of the Romanoffs. Also, being even more Asiatic than European, will the East and West yet meet in the Russian mind and society.

Capitalism Approaching Senility

Yet this struggle, with its probable European catastrophe, though it be now inevitable, was absolutely unnecessary to the capitalist. We shall have done with over-estimating the capitalist brain, one of these days, and shall take no marveling at capitalist incompetence and stupidity. Just as the diplomacy of the world now in its tottering dotage, so is the capitalist system running riot and uncontrolled. Capitalism is indeed approaching its period of senility. It is only by a vast imposture and hypnosis that we are led to think that either the industrial or the political world is being mangled with brains. The world is being run today, politically and financially, utterly without principle, and with even less of sense. If there had been any brains in capitalist England and France and Germany, these three would have come to an agreement, and would have divided Africa and Asia between them, reducing their own armaments and increasing their industries. The European catastrophe, when it comes, will be due as much to capitalist imbecility as to capitalist development.

Are We Ready For The Hour

What will the end of it all be? And where should the sympathy of the Socialist be placed? Can the Socialist sympathize with anything so incompetent and hypocritical as to that which passes for British government today? Can he find any hope in the triumph of England in the struggle? Can the Socialist sympathize with anything so corrupt to the core as the present French political system? Can he hope for anything that is taking place in the France of this hour—

that country of revolutions and phrases, yet of reactions and delusions? Can the Socialist sympathize with anything so deadly, so brutish, as the Prussian bureaucracy? Can he find hope in the extension of the savage and sodden Prussian system over Europe? Can the Socialist sympathize with the monstrous and murderous Romanoffs? Can he find any hope in strengthening of the Russian political system, and the retreat of Germany before that?

Nay; the sympathy and hope of the Socialist can lie only with the workers of all nations. He can only have faith that, when the empires fall upon each other, the workers will rise against them all. For the fulfillment of this faith he must work, sacrifice and suffer day and night. For it is the Socialist alone who can save the world from a new series of dark ages. It is only the Socialist that can decide the tomorrow of the world; and the hour of decision draws near. The day of opportunity approaches with appalling rapidity. The Armageddon that tries and judges the world will also be a judgment upon the Socialist movement. Are we Socialists ready for the hour and the opportunity?

AMERICA ON BRINK OF WAR CHASM

United States Socialists Must Halt The World Murder.

America is now on the brink of the European war chasm. At any moment it, too, may be groveling in the shambles of murder with the nations across the Atlantic. It has not remained for the Socialists to point this out. This is being done day in and day out by the "patriotic" capitalist press, showing how American dollars may take advantage of the

turmoil in Europe. That the millionaires of Europe may make huge profits out of the strangling of European civilization is evident. But what may be the price? The cost may be the reddening of the United States and foreign countries with the blood of the American workers. . . . The war storm broke so quickly with its full strength over the great nations of Europe that the forces of Socialism did not have sufficient time to fight back this tidal wave of reaction and bring its efforts to naught. But even now the Socialists of Europe are continuing the struggle against the murder monster.

But peace still reigns in America. While that peace endures, American Socialists should treasure every minute of it and devote every hour to aiding their European comrades. Arouse the workers everywhere to the dangers of involving this country in war. Fight the efforts of big capitalists to coin this big sacrifice of European civilization into profits. Demand that Congress halt the efforts of the money lords to send foodstuffs to Europe, at the same time continuing to boost the cost of living at home. Let America starve the warring nations of Europe back to peace.—The American Socialist.

A 100,000 extra edition of this WAR issue of the RIP-SAW has been printed to supply the demand of comrades ordering bundle lots. Price, 2 cents a copy in bundles of 10 or more. Scatter this issue of the RIP-SAW broadcast and let the people know how the Socialists stand on war!

GLORIFYING WAR

By Richard Le Gallienne.

O, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe!

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this;
O, snap the fife, and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

WAR IS DENOUNCED IN 13 LANGUAGES

St. Louis Socialists Hold Mass Meeting to Show Universal Opposition to European Conflict.

Denunciation of the powers engaged in the European wars was voiced by speakers in thirteen languages and dialects at a mass meeting by the Socialist party of St. Louis in New Club Hall, Thirteenth street and Chouteau avenue, yesterday afternoon.

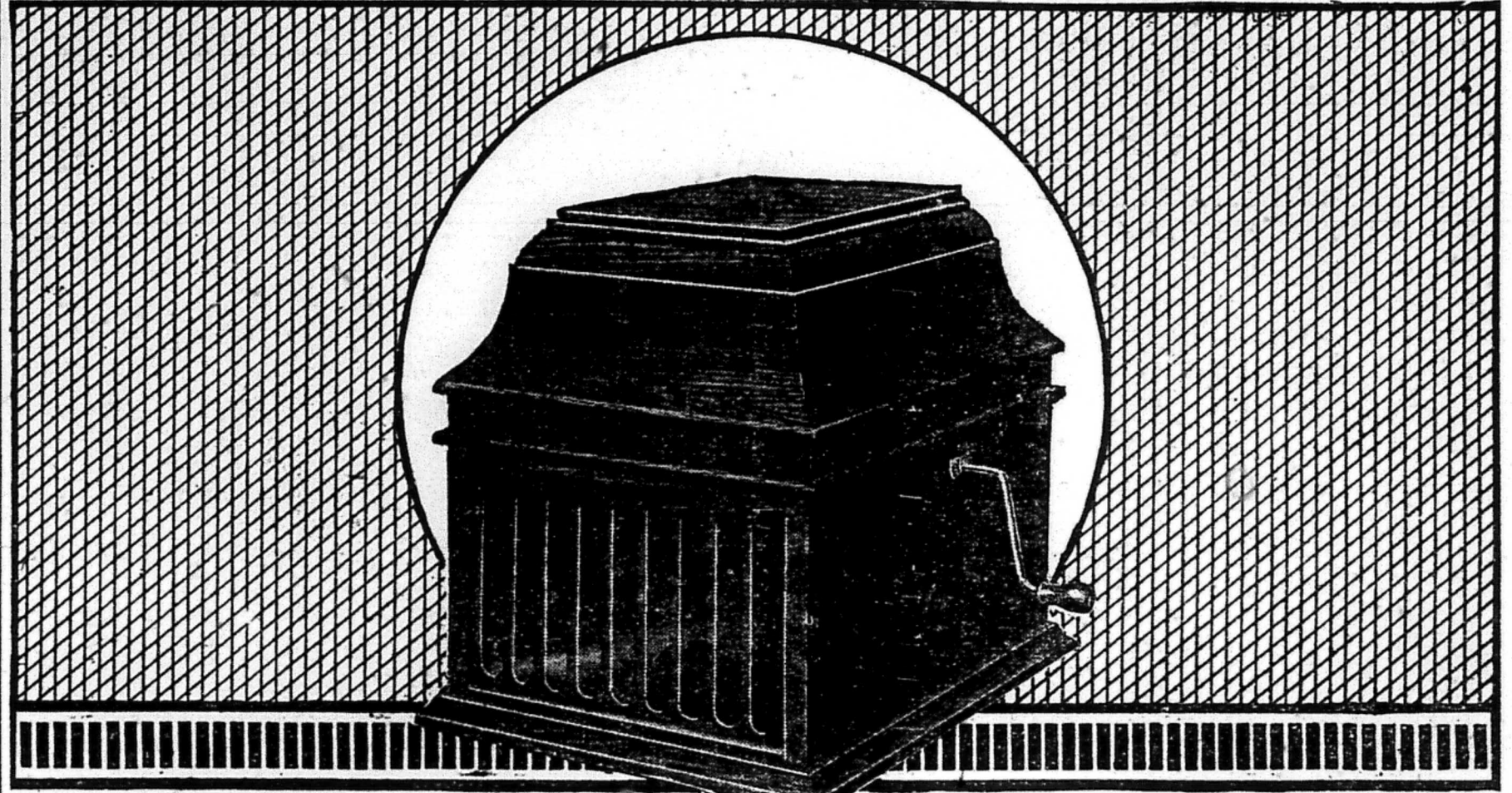
More than two thousand persons filled the hall and cheered the speakers.

The purpose of the meeting was to show that there are people in St. Louis of every nationality who are opposed to their country's fighting. The participants also wished to help create sentiment in this country against the war.

The entire audience arose when respects were made to Jean Jaures, Socialist leader, who was assassinated in Paris at the beginning of the war. The resolution, which was adopted by a rising vote, began as follows:

"The Societies of St. Louis in public mass meeting assembled and representing twelve different nationalities of people residing in this city, protest against the present European war, which will be the bloodiest crime ever committed against human progress and civilization in the history of mankind." Farther on it continued:

"Our sympathy is extended to the nations that have been forced into this world war by the ruling powers of capitalism in their efforts to gain supremacy over and get control of the world's markets."—St. Louis Republic, Monday, Aug. 17.



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OUR MARTYRED COMRADE

By Kate Richards O'Hare

Perhaps in all the world there is not a man whose heart ached so bitterly because of war, race prejudice and inharmony as Jean Leon Jaures. Peace between nations was his passion and harmony in the world wide Socialist movement his religion. This man was the first martyr of peace to fall in the hell of war that rages in Europe today.

Jean Jaures was all that power maddened monarchs and gold lusting capitalists hate. He was first of all a MAN, who stood upright in the might of his manhood and feared nothing in the universe but the ignorance of his fellow workers. He was a student, a thinker, a philosopher, a master of oratory and the ablest parliamentarian of his day. He hated war, he loved his fellowmen and he used all his powers of brain and soul to educate and organize the workers of the world against war. How natural then that king, priest and capitalist should hate and fear him, and that when ready to let loose Hell in Europe, that first an assassin should strike down the one man who was bigger and more powerful than all the kings, priests, and emperors of earth.

I had one week of close association with Jean Jaures at the International Socialist Bureau meeting in London in 1913, and to me it will always be one of the big events of my life. To me the memory will always come of the **BIGNESS**, the **SWEETNESS** and the **POWER** of the man.

Always for peace and concentration of the power of the workers, Jaures had been active in the work of harmonizing the factions of the British Socialist movement, and the first meeting of the International Bureau was given to that problem. I entered Clifford's Inn Hall, London, just as the roll call of nations was taking place, and when I rose to answer for the United States, a burst of applause startled me until I forgot everything I wanted to say and stood there blushing like a school-girl. It was the first time in the history of the International Socialist Bureau that a woman had ever come to represent a nation and the Comrades seemed to feel that it marked an epoch in the solidarity of sexes as well as class. Painfully embarrassed and desperately trying to gather my scattered wits I stood there waiting until the noise subsided. Suddenly I saw a little old man with shaggy white hair and beetling brows step towards me. His eyes were tender and smiling and grasping both my hands he whispered "Bravo, Comrade, take courage; with all our hearts we welcome you here.

America is a great nation and it is a splendid token of her greatness that she should send one of her daughters to council with us." Straightway my embarrassment was gone and I responded to the words of welcome extended me. The old man was Jean Jaures, tender and gentle enough to rescue a woman from stage fright, strong enough to shake every throne in Europe.

It was in the great Kingsway Hall in London at the Peace Conference that I realized the

I can not speak or understand one word of French, yet I have never been so powerfully moved in all my life.

In accordance with the instructions from the National Committee of the American section I presented the question of "sabotage and direct action" for the agenda of the next International Congress. With a look that I can never forget Comrade Jaures turned to me and cried "My God! Comrade, don't we have enough of war and hate thrust on us by the capitalist class without hunting an opportunity to fight in our own ranks? If we would successfully fight the enemy we must have peace at home."

Jaures loathed race prejudice



Kate R. O'Hare

Jean Jaures

Emil Vandervelde

from Photograph taken in London, Dec., 1913.

power of his oratory and understood why king and capitalist should hate him so bitterly. There were fifteen thousand people in the hall and possibly fifty nationalities. I think that not more than two percent of them understood French, yet for thirty minutes Jaures held them spellbound. At times there would be a sob as if from one great heart and again the fifteen thousand souls would burst into a flame of passion that was divine.

as he did anything that made artificial divisions among the working class. At a luncheon given to the members of the International Bureau he gazed about the table and turning to me said: "Look, Comrade, here we sit, men and women of many tongues and countries, we are all born in the same way, we live and labor, love and die just alike; for what should we make war and kill each other."

Of never failing interest to

Jaures was the American Socialist movement and the great Socialist encampments of our farmers. This method of propaganda was a theme on which he never tired of talking. His love for peace extended to peace among the different economic groups and he gloried in the fact that in America we could make the farmer and the wage worker both understand that they were members of the same exploited class.

Whenever there was a little leisure time Comrade Jaures would seek me out and, with Paul Longuet to interpret when we became mired in a language bog, he would say, "Now, Comrade O'Hare, tell us more of your farmer encampments." As I talked of the work we are doing his eyes would glow with animation, the shaggy gray head would nod and now and then he would pound the table until the dishes rattled and cry, "Bravo! You have reached the soul of things." His joy was so infectious that the stolid English waiters hovered about our table, and smiled in sympathy.

The last words Comrade Jaures spoke to me expressed the wish that he might come to America in 1916 and visit our farmer encampments, and he looked forward to it as the most wonderful holiday of his life. It was his dream that he could secure some of the speakers and managers who had made the encampments so successful to return to France with him and help to arrange encampments among the farmers in Southern France. As he stated it, "We will teach the French farmer also to sing and dance and laugh while he gets his economic education. The joy of life and economic education shall go hand in hand; What a glorious dream!"

The few kodak pictures I had of our Socialist encampments were such a source of joy to him that when Mr. O'Hare and I started out on the encampment work this summer Mr. O'Hare took his camera with the intention of making a collection of pictures worth while. These we expected to send to Comrade Jaures for a Christmas greeting. There is a splendid collection of photographs now of the Oklahoma and Texas encampments and a little red pennant bearing the rallying call "OKLAHOMA FOR SOCIALISM," but never on this side of life shall we see the wonderful eyes light up under the beetling brows and hear the joyous cry "Bravo! We have touched the soul of things. The joy of life and economic education hand in hand, what a glorious dream."

Jean Jaures sleeps that sleep that no cannon's roar can disturb; the earth he loved is soaked with human blood; the working class for whom he gave his life writhes in the cursed hell of war, but Jaures lived and taught not in vain. For a little time power-mad monarchs and gold-crazed capitalists may make Europe a sham-

bles, but sooner or later the soul of the working class will revolt at the stench of blood and they shall beat their swords into pruning hooks and their lances into plow shares and forever overthrow the powers that wage war. Out of the soil, wet with human blood, will spring the corn for man's bread and the grapes for their vintage. King and monarch shall disappear, kingdoms will fall and the United States of

Europe will take their place—a Democracy owned, controlled and administered by a united working class. The soul of Jaures will dominate that Risen Europe even though the body sleeps. Monarchs and exploiters will find the Jaures, dead by an assassin's hand, a million times more alive and powerful than the Jaures in the flesh.

LONG LIVE THE SPIRIT OF JEAN LEON JAURES, THE

INCARNATION OF PEACE AND BROTHERHOOD, AND THE INTERNATIONAL RACE OF WORKERS!

FAREWELL, BELOVED COMRADE OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION!

Note:—Owing to the universal interest in the War of Nations—the last convulsion, may we hope, of capitalism—it has been deemed advisable to postpone until next month the Woman Suffrage debate between Mrs. Ruler and Comrade Kate O'Hare.

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Woodrow Wilson trained his mind by the reading of law. Abraham Lincoln rose to undying fame from the study of law—at home, alone. Eugene V. Debs and Clarence Darrow are examples of legally-trained Socialists.

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Revolutionary Encampments

By Eugene V. Debs

The encampments held in Texas and Oklahoma in July and August this year were in all regards the most extraordinary and significant gatherings of the kind I have ever attended.

Thirty-two years have passed since I made my first trip to that section to organize the railway employes and I have been going down there at frequent intervals ever since, but never in all that time have I seen such outpourings of the tillers of the soil and other workers as there were at the Socialist encampments in those two states this year.

Accustomed as I am to great crowds and intense enthusiasm I must confess that these remarkable demonstrations were something of a revelation to me.

We began at Golden, Texas, a little village consisting of a few cottages and scarcely a hundred population, and to my surprise eight thousand people, wholly farmers and their families, poured into the grove that afternoon. They came in processions and all the highways were filled with their wagons. Every man, woman and child of them carried a red flag. It was the first time I had ever seen a parade in the country and it was a sight not to be forgotten. Far as the eye could reach along all the roads there was the stream of farmers' wagons, filled with their families, and all of them waving red flags. It looked as if the march to the Socialist Republic had actually begun.

The comrades in charge here, as elsewhere, worked for weeks in advance with an energy that is possible only to those who are consecrated to a noble ideal and in the service of some grand cause.

At every point in both Texas and Oklahoma the meetings were of the same character, varying only in the extent of the numbers in attendance. There was not a small meeting on the entire route. Without an exception they were large and full of enthusiasm, and this notwithstanding the heat and drouth which had practically destroyed the greater part of the crops in that section. The heat was sufficient to prostrate anything except a Socialist demonstration. Any other kind of a political meeting would have been a flat failure. At several points the mercury went up to 117 in the shade and the papers reported that no such record for heat had ever been known. But despite the fierce and withering rays of the sun and the hot winds that blew up from the tropics the crowds were there and for genuine Socialist ardor and enthusiasm they could not be excelled.

The crowning demonstration of all was held at Sulphur, Okla., the greatest Socialist encampment on record. It is estimated that there were eighteen thousand people in attendance and it was certainly an occasion long to be remembered.

It is probable that ninety percent of those who attended the encampments in Texas and Oklahoma were farmers. The greater part of these were farm tenants and small planters of various kinds but there were also among them well-to-do farmers who held clear titles to large tracts of land, but these were not one bit less revolutionary than the small farmer who tilled rented land.

There used to be a good deal of discussion in Socialist period-

a force, of which the Socialist movement may well feel proud. I have never come in touch with finer souls than the farmers and their families I met at these encampments. They are sun-burnt, rough-looking, sturdy, coarsely-clad, and they look you straight in the eye with an expression of comradeship so honest and guileless that one cannot resist putting his arms about them. Their hands are hard and gnarled but their hearts are tender as a child's. They are brave and fearless as they are kind and sympathetic.

These farmers have the true Socialist spirit. They have suffered much and are prepared for the new order. Many of them have scarcely a crop between themselves and destitu-

FOR WHAT?



Millions of mothers, infinitely patient, have given their lives, hopes, thoughts, and energy for the care of A BOY.

FOR WHAT?

For the unmarked grave on the field of battle to make "food for cannon," to feed stray dogs and foxes that prowl on the battlefield.

icals about the eligibility of the farmer to the Socialist movement. Many contended that the farmer was an exploiter and that his interest was not identical with that of the proletaire and that he could not and would not make common cause with the working class, but if these objectors to the farmer could have attended these encampments I am quite sure that they would have radically revised their opinion as to the eligibility of the farmer to the revolutionary movement of the working class.

The most class-conscious industrial workers in the cities are not more keenly alive to the social revolution nor more loyal to its principles or more eager to serve it than are these farmers in Texas and Oklahoma. Taken all in all they and their wives and children constitute an element,

tion and yet they are the most generous, whole-hearted people on earth, and for Socialism they would give the last of their scant possessions. To a Socialist in need, these farmers are brothers indeed, and share with him all they have to the very coats on their backs.

These are Socialists, real Socialists, and they are ready for action, and if the time comes when men are needed at the front to fight and die for the cause the farmers of Texas and Oklahoma will be found there and their wives and children will not be far behind them.

Over and over again in going from one to another of these encampments I thought of the nobility of these comrades; their candor, their courage, their kindness, and their absolute loyalty to the movement. In their modest

cabins I was at home, one of the family. I felt that they loved me and I could not help but love them, and there was no service we would not with joy have rendered one another.

Great souls are these rugged tillers of the soil who have endured all things and are yet patient and strong, and with the light of Socialism shining in their honest faces they are transfigured and to them the road is now clear to the promised land.

The speakers at these encampments, mostly native to the soil, were remarkably effective in their appeal and stirred these great gatherings to their depths. I heard a number of speeches here that I wish could be heard in every other section of the land. There is a rough-and-readiness about the platform method here that is adapted to these sturdy people and they listen and applaud for hours at a time and for days in succession. To them the message is vital, in fact life itself, and when the encampment is over and they wend their way homeward it is with the feeling that they have refreshed themselves at the fountain of enthusiasm and that it is their duty to go out among their neighbors and deliver to them the glad tidings of the coming day.

To drive fifty miles to attend an encampment is a small matter to one of these farmers. Hundreds of them came twice and even thrice that distance. One farmer and his family from southeastern Texas traveled in their wagon a distance of three hundred and fifty miles to spend a week at a Socialist encampment. At another there were two young men who had walked two hundred miles for the pure joy to them of attending the encampment.

When I think of these loyal comrades of ours, these great souls, the thousands and thousands of them, I dismiss all misgivings and all doubt is dispelled. The future is absolutely secure. Humanity cannot go backward and downward to the caves and jungles but must go onward and upward toward God and the light.

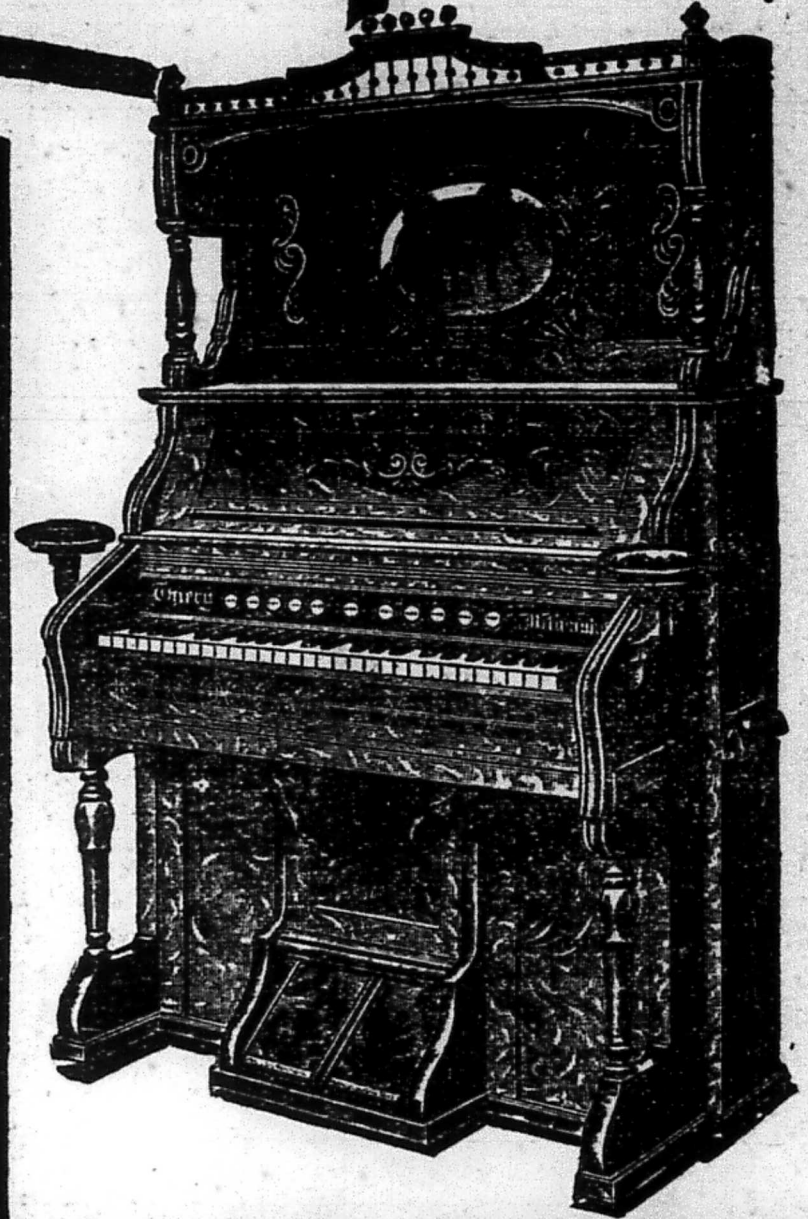
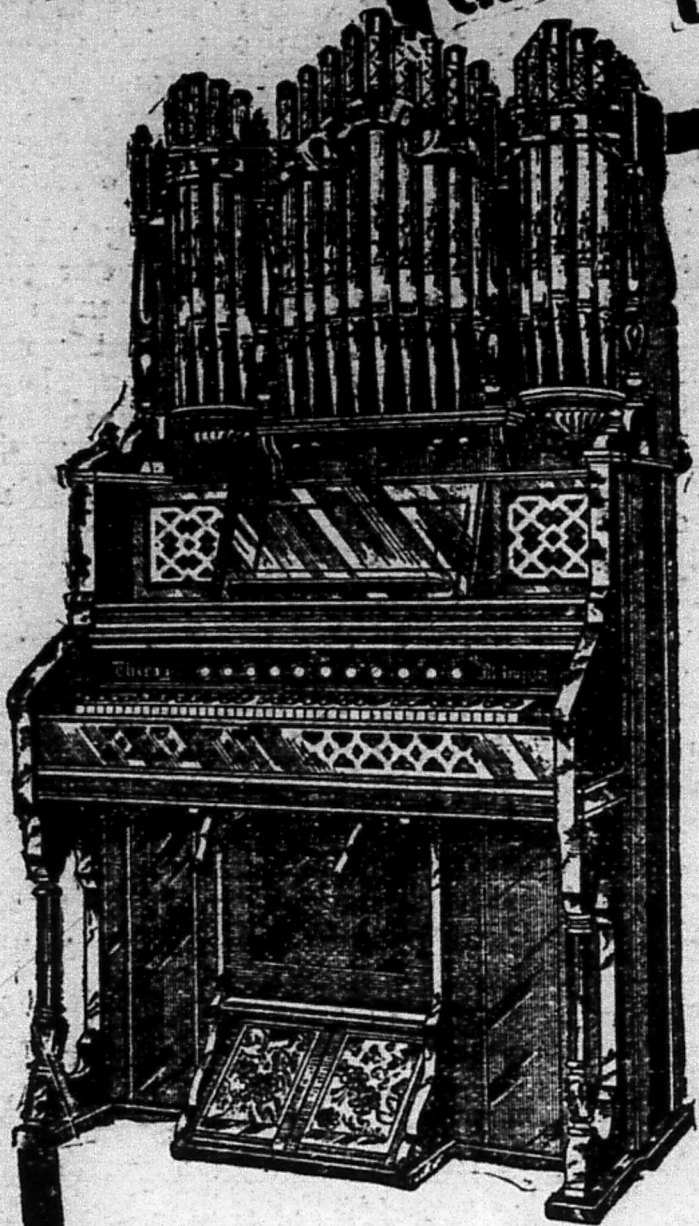
Ludlow's ashen plain is hallowed soil, and some day the names of the men, women and children who perished there will be graven in a granite shaft that will be reared where they died to perpetuate the memory of their martyrdom.

A 100,000 extra edition of this WAR issue of the RIP-SAW has been printed to supply the demand of comrades ordering bundle lots. Price, 2 cents a copy in bundles of 10 or more. Scatter this issue of the RIP-SAW broadcast and let the people know how the Socialists stand on war!

This is my ornamental Pipe Top Organ. The pipes are finished in gold and you can have it in either five or six octave size and in fine solid oak or mahogany finish. A saving of only ten cents a day will complete payment for this instrument.

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L. H. Galbreath, R. F. D. 1, Seneca, So. Carolina, writes:—"It gives me much pleasure to tell you how well pleased we are with the Thiery Organ we ordered on trial. It is more than you claimed for it. My neighbors say it is a perfect beauty. I've saved \$30.00 by dealing direct with you."

W. M. Hasty, Dawson, Ga., writes:—"Received the organ all O. K. on the 18th and am well pleased with it. It is the finest organ in this section of the country and wouldn't be without it for anything."

Carl J. Jahnke, Parkers Prairie, Minn., writes:—"Enclosed find check in full for the Thiery Organ which we have tried carefully and are very much pleased. We couldn't have bought an organ as good as this elsewhere for the money. It has a fine clear tone and we all like to play on it."

Fannie C. Reece, Fairfield, Texas, writes:—"Am I pleased with the organ? Yes! Two music teachers who have played on the organ say it is the sweetest toned organ that they have ever touched. We couldn't buy one as good here for less than \$150.00 and we would not sell it for that amount either. I certainly am glad that I saw your advertisement and sent direct to you for an organ."

John Heidom, Stendal, Indiana, writes:—"Thiery Organ came all O.K., but thought I would wait a few weeks before writing, so that I could test it thoroughly. After doing so, I want to say that it is the finest organ I ever saw or played on, there is no organ around here that I like half as well. A musician was here today and played on it and spoke very highly of it. I am the proud possessor of this fine six octave Thiery Organ and I'm more than glad that I dealt with you."

Robt. M. Hollis, Eldorado, Kansas, writes:—"I received the organ I ordered from you some few days ago all O. K., in fine shape and think it is the prettiest organ I have ever seen. I am well pleased with it in every manner. It is a dandy and I thank you very much for the prompt shipment."



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TOBE SPILKINS

Hiz Lettur

Mister Editor: I'm in jale agin. Jist think uv it! Me, Tobe Spilkins, the syon uv a nobel famly, the private advisor uv the President uv the grait United Staits, and a Kommisshun-ed Kurnal tu organize a regiment uv smooth riders frum among the milyunaires uv the kuntry, a languishin' in jale on a charge fur disturbin' uv the peece. Yes, a disturbin' uv the peece uv sum milyunaires who raized the row with Mexiko and then wanted the uther fellers tu du all the fightin'.

When I started out tu organize this regiment uv smooth riders which no man cood jine unless he wuz wurth a millyun dollars, the prezident give me the follerin' peece uv writin' az a introduck-shun:

"Tu the Big Bizness men uv the United Staits:

"Gentlemen: This will introdoce you tu Kurnel Tobe Spilkins, whom I have commissioned tu organize a regiment frum among you. I am mooved tu du this becoz I feel that you have never yet been offered the opportunity tu display your courage, valor and patriotism on the feeld uv battle, the place uv final arbitrashun. I recognize the fakt that you have responed nobly tu the demand fur vittals and clothing, but you have prospered by that and the peepul have called you selfish. While you have sackrifized yourselves tu the sordid okkupashun uv makin' munny, others have won glory on the feeld uv battle. Now iz the time fur you tu show true patryotism. Now iz the time fur heroes and heroism. This regiment shall be given every opportunity tu win glory; it shall always be in the frunt and in the thickest uv the fite. As fast as you air killed your bodies shall be shipped home and buried with all the honors uv war. The funeral obsequies shall be magnificent and imposin'. Not in all the history uv the wurld haz there been a milyunnaire killed in battle. No one haz ever had the opportunity uv attendin' the funeral uv a milyunaire who wuz killed while defendin' hiz country's flag. You can be uv no greater survice tu the peepul than tu become one uv these ded heroes. If the fightin' iz fierce enuff we expekt tu be able tu pull off one uv these funerals every day fur 3 yeers or durin' uv the war. The chances air good fur you tu become one uv these ded heroes while defendin' the flag which Heurty insulted and the property interests you have in Mexiko. Again let me urge you tu jine.

WOODSAW WILSON."

The abuv lettur iz purty neert verbaitem; I had tu korrekt a little uv the spellin' and frazzleology so az tu maik it plane fur

the plane peepul. Enny boddy wood think a lettur like that wood help me raize a regiment without enny trubble. It wuz appeelin', logikal and pinted. In fakt it wuz too pinted. It hit the bull's eye and the bull got mad.

When I arrived in New York City I put up at the Walldorff-Castoria hotel. It wuz rather expensive but az I wuz a drawin' uv 2 saleries I cood afford it. I went up tu my room and washed my face and then started out. I dident want tu looze enny time. I wuz anxious tu git tu the frunt with my regiment. I went strate tu 26 Broadway tu see John D. Rokyfeller. I wanted tu see the the biggest milyunair furst. I handed the waiter my card which read Col. T. Spilkins. Then I waited so long I thought they wuz a tryin' tu maik a waiter out uv me; but I got in the sanktum sank-toryum at last. The old man wuz not in, but hiz son wuz there. I interdoosed myself and he shuk hands with me. He gave me a grip which I reckognized az a cross between that uv a preecher and a pollytishun. He asked me tu sit down which I did. Then I told him what I wuz there fur and handed him the prezident's lettur. He turned pail at furst but the blud sune cum bak tu hiz face and he handed me a Sundy skool trakt on which wuz printed theze wurd: "There shall be wars and roomers uv wars."

"That's skriptur," he sed; "Pa and me and Unkel Bill and a lot uv uther milyunaires got up this war becoz we wanted tu prove that the bible didn't lie about it, and becoz we had sum property down there which them wicked Mexikans wuz a destroyin'. Havin' got up the war we feel that we have dun our duty, and dun enuff; the uther fellers, espeshually sich az them az aint got no jobs, ort tu go ahed and du the fightin'. I wood like tu go myself;" sed he, turnin' around in hiz chare and hiz ize a flashin'; "there iz an inspirashun in the thought uv bein' in the frunt uv the battle where you can hear the bullets a whizzin' and see the enemy's bayonets a flashin' in frunt uv you. It thrills me with eggsitement," sed he az he got up and walked the floor, "tu think uv bein' mounted on a big bay horse a holdin' uv the bridle ranes in my teeth, brandishin' a saber 10 feet long in one hand and a carryin' uv a gattlin' gun in the uther, a bearin' down on the enemy, a mowin' uv 'em down on the right and a shootin' 'em down on the left. Yes, Kurnel, it wood be glory enuff tu be fightin' under sich a gallant of-fiser az you, but my cup uv joy wood be a runnin' over and a

spillin' out tu see the blud flow like water when our regiment wood make a charge, espeshually if we wood charge like we always du in a runnin' uv our bizziness. Yes, it wood be glorious, but I deeply regret that I can't jine you. I've got a job here a wurkin' at sixteen dollars a minute a distributin' uv God's oil out tu the peepul, and am a tryin' tu git my salery raized tu twenty-five dollers a minute, so you see I coodent afford tu go and fite fur sixteen dollers a munth."

"But there iz the flag which haz been insulted, and your patriotizm which haz been appeeled tu by the prezident; besides you own 2 milyun akers uv oil lands down there by Tampeko; ain't you goin' tu fite fur all theze? Aint you goin' tu fite fur yoor own property and stop that oil frum runnin' away and a wastin'?" sed I.

"What's the use," sed yung Mister Rokyfeller, "when I kin maik enuff munny tu pay a thousand men tu be paytriotick fur 6teen dollars a munth? But we don't have tu du that; the government duz that fur us. That's what a government iz fur; tu protekt the property uv the rich; the poor aint got enny property tu fite fur; that's why they fite fur the property uv the rich and holler fur the flag; if they dident go and fite when the government told 'em tu they woodent be paytriotick."

It wuzent enny use tu talk tu him. I coodent git him tu jine. I pinted out what a nice and imposin' funeral he wood have if he got killed, but he sed he wuzent a hankerin' after hiz own funeral, although he wuz willin' tu contribute flowers tu uther fellers' funerals who got killed in the war.

Well, Mister Editor, I tried more than twenty uther milyunaires but nun uv 'em wood jine my regiment. They all talked like yung Mister Rockyfeller; they sed they wuz paytriotick and luvd the flag and helped tu git up the war but they had never hurd uv a milyunaire a goin' tu war and duin' uv part uv the fightin'. It wuz too mortuary fur them, they sed. After all theze had refused tu jine I ort tu have knowed it wuz time tu give it up; but I dident. I kept on a tryin'. I went tu see John P. Morgan; not the ded one but the yung man who iz hiz son and iz a carryin' on bizziness at the same old stand. I cood see they wuz a gittin' tired uv bein' asked tu help du the fightin' uv the war which they got up theirselves. When I struck Mister Morgan I hit a snag. He sed the army wuz no place fur a rich man. He told me that hiz father got hiz start in the finanshal wurld by stayin' at home durin' uv the Civil war and tendin' tu hiz own bizziness and a makin' munny. He sed it wuz enuff fur the rich tu maik munny and akkumulate property and it wuz the duty uv the poor tu protekt the rich in

the possessun uv that property. He sed it always had bin that way and always wood be.

"But suppoze the laborin' peepul wood stop fightin' fur you rich folks, and stop wurkin' fur you and go tu wurk fur themselves, and keep what they urned?"

When I sed that I never seen sich a change in a man. He turned purty neert black in the face and skowled at me and stamped hiz foot on the floor. He tried tu say sumpthin' but wuz so mad he choked when he tried tu talk. Then he turned round an touched a button in the wall and a big poleeceman stepped in frum a jinin' room.

"Seeze him! Seeze him!" shreeked yung Morgan. "He's a anarkist! He's crazy; taik him tu jale, and he quick about it."

The big poleeceman cum up and tuk hold uv me and then turnin' tu Morgan, asked:

"On what charge must I commit him tu jale?"

"Fur lunacy; fur bein' crazy; fur anarka, and fur breakin' the peece," shreeked yung Morgan.

So here I am a langushin' in jale. I have writ tu prezident Woodsaw but aint got no anser yet and mebbe the jaler didn't male my lettur. I also writ tu my stenografer, little Strawhed. I got a anser frum hur the next day. She sed she wux a feelin' fine and a gittin' along all rite with the wurk. She sed Sam Biggers wuz a helpin' uv hur. Sam iz a yung striplin' who hung around the offis while I wuz

there and tried tu maik luv tu little Strawhed. He kep it up till one day I kicked him down stairs and he aint bin bak since til now when I'm away. I don't understand why Strawhed wants him about. I'll fix him when I git bak—if I git bak. She sed in hur lettur that she wux a gittin' uv lots uv male, and answerin' uv it the best she cood. She sed she got a lettur frum my wife and one frum Shanghi Purkins and ansered them both. Oh, my, I wunder what she rit tu my wife. I wunder if she told hur everything. Oh, Jeminy Criminy!

It purty neert maiks me crazy tu think about it. And hur a anserin' uv all my letturs! She'll make a purty mess uv it. I bet I'll have a duzzen fites when I git out uv this jale, if I git out. I'll bet I'll git rite bak in jale agin. Oh, it's awful tu be shet up here and think uv that onery Ben a livin' under the same roof with my wife, ane that Sam Biggers, the dadgasted dood who wears a koller so high he haz tu jump up tu spit, a makin' uv luv to my little Strawhed, and hur a reedin' and anserin' uv my wife's letturs. If I don't git out uf here purty sune I'll be a habys corpse. I must git a lettur tu Woodsaw sum how or uther, and also rite tu little Strawhed tu quit anserin' uv my letturs, and espeshually never, never, never, never, never rite tu my wife agin and tell hur enny thing; nor enny boddy else in that naberhood. If they knowed all it wood rooin my karakter and brake up the famly. Mister Editor, I'll rite you agin sune. A Hopin' I'll git out uv here purty quick, I am,

Yours trooly,
TOBE SPILKINS,

Kurnel uv a extinkt regiment that never existed.

P. S.—Since a writin' uv the abuv I got a paper that told about the war over in Yurrope and that Prezident Woodsaw Wilson offers hiz survices az medyatur. I know now that I will sune git out uv this jale fur he will need my advice and mebbly will want tu maik me one uv the medyatur. I have fit so much that I know all about a makin' uv peece between uthers who air a fightin'. I am a feelin' moar hopeful now. I'd ruther have peece anyhow than be Kurnel uv a regiment uv smooth riders, and mebbly git myself killed. I don't know what they air fightin' about; the paper dident say, and I aint seen ennybody that knowed. But if I kin git the appintment tu go over there mebbly I kin find out. Hopin' you air the saim, I am,

Yours Trooly,
TOBE.

There is never a time when we cannot find some way of serving the cause. If we have the heart we will also find the means and the opportunity, if it is nothing more than the placing of a tract or leaflet in the hand of some poor soul sitting in darkness.

The National Rip-Saw

411 Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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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
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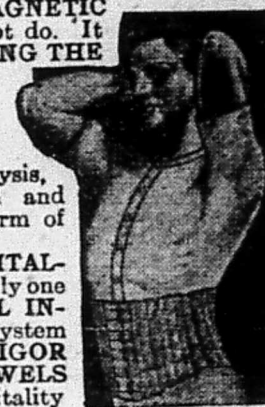


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The Biggest Subscription Remittance Ever Received

Comrade Oles Stofer, of Snyder, Oklahoma, has the honor of sending in the largest remittance for subscriptions ever received by the National RIP-SAW.

The check was for \$2700.00, paying for 10,800 yearly RIP-SAW subscriptions.

Twenty-seven local encampment committees each sold 400 yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards, which entitled them to a lecture by Kate Richards O'Hare.

The work of getting these subscriptions was done by an army of Militant Socialists of Western Oklahoma. There were twenty-seven different groups, and each group arranged a splendid encampment. Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare spoke

ade added to the color scheme. Wheat farmers and cotton farmers, Indians and pale faces, republicans, democrats, bull-moosers and Socialists—all with the best good humor and the greatest friendliness made the encampments occasions long to be remembered.

The attendance at these encampments ranged from 1000 per day to 16,000. Men, women and children traveled for many miles, afoot, in wagons, in buggy, automobiles and on the trains to be in attendance. Handling an encampment is a big proposition, but the Oklahoma comrades have learned, by five years' experience, how to do it. In all the long chain of picnics the finest order prevailed and the greatest attention was

Snyder, Oklahoma, 8-18 1914 No. 80

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S.W. Okla. Enc. Assn.

at each encampment, being on the program the third day. F. P. O'Hare closed the third day's program with the celebrated RIP-SAW Picture Show.

R. D. S. Oakford and his son, Paul—the baby orator, H. G. Creel, Caroline Lowe, Thomas L. Buie, and H. H. Stallard were the other speakers, who made each day a big day. Brass bands and merry-go-rounds, moving picture shows, bronco busters, and baseball games, helped liven things up. Lunch stands and booths of all sorts lined the "mid-ways." Campers by the thousands, in their covered wagons and automobiles, came and stayed till the last dog was killed. Red buttons by the tens of thousands, red flags and red lemon-

given. With H. H. Stallard as field manager, and Oles Stofer as secretary-treasurer, the Southwestern Encampment Association has pulled off the greatest propaganda stunt ever attempted in any state in the union. The 1914 encampments are now history. Every committee has scored a big success. Bigger plans are afoot for 1915. Space forbids us giving credit in these columns to the many local managers who did such brilliant work, but record breaking crowds, perfect arrangements, and splendid profits for propaganda purposes were their reward. And nearly eleven thousand families added to the RIP-SAW list of readers! Hats off to Oklahoma.

The War of Nations

By W. S. Morgan

All Europe has gone mad with thirst for human blood.

Twenty-five million men are under arms fighting, or ready to fight, at the beck and call of their masters, the rulers.

These men have been taken from their homes, brutalized and trained in the manly art of killing their fellow men.

Human ingenuity has been busy inventing, and human energy employed in manufacturing, the implements of human destruction.

The preparation for this Titanic struggle, the greatest in the history of the world, has been going on for years.

Statesmen and politicians, the pliant tools of capitalism, have been declaring that the way to preserve peace was to arm for war.

The press and the pulpit, our colleges and universities, and our text books and literature have approved of and taught that declaration.

They have trained their students in military tactics and brutalized them to the belief that killing their human brothers is justified by God and necessary to the advance of civilization.

Our ministers have prayed for the success of their own armies which means the destruction of human life in the opposing forces.

The church, having approved

and aided in the preparation, is now impotent, powerless, and unable to stop this destruction of human beings who are themselves innocent victims of a false civilization that was "conceived in hell and born in iniquity."

The declaration that to arm the combatants in order to preserve peace is a lie so palpable, so hellish in its conception and damnable in its operations that it is a wonder an intelligent public has not relegated it to the rubbish heap of the past long ago.

If anything was necessary to prove that declaration a lie it is the terrific struggle, the world's greatest tragedy, now being enacted in Europe.

Every man or woman who has taught that lie in the press or from the pulpit, from the platform or in our educational institutions, is in part responsible for the sacrifice of life and limb and treasure which this carnage in blood entails upon the human family.

War is a relic of barbarism.

It is as much out of accord with the new order that is preparing, as an old wooden mouldboard plow would be at one of our agricultural experiment stations.

War is unnecessary. There is no question which can rise between nations that cannot be arbitrated the same as questions that arise between individuals.

War is the greatest crime and with it and in its wake all other crimes are accelerated.

Every frowning fort and every warship carries with it a defiance to the teachings of the Lowly Nazarene, whose birth, it is claimed, was announced in the words: "On earth peace, and good will to all men."

If Jesus came not in the name of peace he is a fraud and should be classed with the gods of mythology.

Nearly all of Europe is a battle ground.

Men and munitions of war are being hurried forward in every direction.

Every mountain pass and fortified town is a veritable human slaughter house.

Armies have become disciplined mobs.

Nations are howling for each other's blood and grasping at each other's throats.

The civilized world, or what there is left of it not engaged in the struggle, stands aghast at the bloody spectacle, without being able to comprehend the cause.

The soldiers who are doing the fighting, the masses who bear all the burdens, have no grievance against each other.

They have been taught all their lives by church and state, the game of "Simon says thumbs up, or Simon says thumbs down."

They are as much machines as instruments of death and destruction which are put into their hands, and with which they slaughter their human brothers.

Only the student of sociology who has crawled out of the ruts of superstition and foggism, and

has thrown off the blind bridles of voluntary idiocy, can comprehend the cause of the political upheaval that will end in rivers of blood and billions of treasure.

These writers and speakers have frequently called public attention to the spirit of deep unrest which has for the past decade or more prevailed throughout the world.

With the advent of the machine came the displacement of the toilers.

A few schemers have craftily seized the fruits of invention, and the unemployed were driven to steal or starve.

Idleness is ever a menace to society.

Crime has more than quadrupled within the past three-quarters of a century.

For the double purpose of exploiting other lands and peoples, and to protect ill-gotten gains, armies were increased and the burden on the toilers grew more unbearable.

Strikes and lockouts only added to the complexity of the situation.

They were only symptoms of the disease, inequitable distribution through the capitalistic system.

Paid preachers of plutocracy have hypnotized the people.

The public mind has been warped by a lying press and its conscience stupified by crafty politicians.

In the mad race for gain reason has become dethroned.

The ruling classes built a powder magazine under themselves. It only needed a spark to set it off.

The name of that spark was Servia.

It might just as well have been any other nation, for the internal affairs of one nation, or two nations, could not have created the explosion which characterizes the fierce struggle that is now going on in Europe.

The effort to keep the toilers in subjection, and to hold from them an equitable distribution through collective ownership of the means of production and distribution, is the real issue in the struggle.

The law of compensation defies all other laws. It may be inscrutable in its operations, but it is as sure as fate.

European rulers have sown to the wind; they are now reaping the whirlwind.

They have shown no mercy; they will receive none.

The time has come for a new order of things, and the tragedy in Europe is one of the great events in the evolution which shall give birth to a new era.

The sacrifice in human blood will stagger the moral sensibilities of the world, but it will awaken it to a realization of the fact that no man or system, either directly or indirectly, possesses the right to rob others of the proceeds of their toil.

Nations will be dismembered and thrones of despots will be

covered with ashes, but upon these ruins shall be built a government founded upon the rights of man, and dedicated to liberty forever.

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Comrades 'Gene Debs and Kate Richards O'Hare

are booked for seventy big RIP-SAW meetings, beginning Sept. 6th and closing November 2nd. At all points the committees are making elaborate preparations for the greatest Socialist demonstrations ever held in their section of the country. The country is afire with Socialist sentiment.

Committees are urged to see that their advertising matter is circulated in all surrounding towns around, as the Debs and Kate O'Hare meetings draw audiences from great distances.

There are one or two gaps where fill-in dates can be accepted. Not many, however. But if your local wants to come in on a big RIP-SAW rally with Debs or Kate O'Hare as the speaker, write or wire at once and we will advise you if a date can be assigned.

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The Information Department of the Socialist Party has compiled the most valuable book of its kind ever printed. It is called

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Fat is Dangerous

to many, is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils figure causes wrinkles, flabbiness, loss of vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free. Some Report Reduction Averaging 1 Pound Daily.



Note what my Treatment has Done for Others:

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Mrs. E. Lavel, E. 31st Street, Paterson, N. J., writes: "I can now go up stairs without pulling, can do work quicker, complexion clearer; have lost 40 lbs."

Mr. Frank A. Fry, Hutchinson, Kans., writes: "I am simply feeling fine and all my friends tell me I have such a healthy good look."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients. **Reduce your weight!**

It is often dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach & kidneys may become diseased. Breathing becomes difficult and the end may come in **HEART FAILURE** and sudden death. Why not aim to save yourself from these **DANGERS? BE WELL!**

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DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 302 Court Block, Sedalia, Missouri.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.

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Without Knife—Pain or any ill-effect. You can prove it at our risk. **GOITRENE** cures permanently, even worst long-standing cases, leaving not the slightest swelling.

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

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Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1833 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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"FROM THE MOUTH OF RED HELL"

By Wilhelm Lamszus

War! War is declared! So the news speeds, hollow-eyed, through the streets. We are at war. It is deadly earnest now. The time for anxiety and hesitation is over, for doubts and oscillation. The moment has now come when we cease to be citizens. From henceforward we are only soldiers—soldiers who have no time to think, who only have time to die.

So they come flocking from the workshops, from the factories, from behind the counters and the open country—they come flocking into the town. . . . Curse! I cannot get rid of this hideous thought. Now it is death by machinery. That is what is sticking in my gullet. We are being hustled from life to death by experts—by mechanicians.

The drums and fifes strike up briskly and play a merry march. Someone or other, somewhere in the crowd sets up a loud, crowing sort of cheer.

"Hip! hip! hooray!" And the others join in. It spreads all down the whole length of the street and does not die down again.

Again I put my rifle to my shoulder and take aim for the center of the target. The target seems to have moved nearer to me.

Of a sudden it seems to me as if the blue-painted figure had stepped out of its white square. I gape at it. I distinctly see a face in front of me. I have got my finger on the trigger and feel the tension of the pressure. Why don't I pull it through? My finger is trembling. . . . Now, now I recognize the face. That is the young fellow at Nancy who was saying good-bye to his mother. . . .

Then the spring gives and the great horror masters me, for I have fired straight into a living face. Murderer! Murderer! You have shot the only son of his mother, dead. I take a hold on myself. I pull myself together. A murderer? Folly! You are a soldier. Soldiers cease to be human beings.

Why, of a sudden, has silence fallen? What is the object of it—now it's our turn.

"Into the air! Rapid fire!" And the volley crashes. And look there . . . over there the cheer rings out again. . . . the signals for assault sound, and thousands of voices are shouting it simultaneously . . . there they are foaming up . . . they are charging on, drunk with victory, in closed ranks. . . . **THEY ARE ROLLING WITH A ROAR OVER THE MINED FIELD.** I am lying rigid . . . now it must break, now. . . . I open my mouth wide . . . my rifle is trembling in my grasp. . . .

And then—The earth has opened her mouth . . . lightnings, crashes and thunderings. The heavens split in twain—the earth whirls upwards in shreds . . . men and the earth blaze and hurtle through the air like catharine wheels . . . and then . . . a crash, a maddening uproar strikes us full in the chest so that we reel backwards to the ground and half consciously struggle for breath in the sand . . . and now . . . the storm is over . . . the pressure of the atmosphere relaxes off our chests . . . we breathe deep.

Has Red Hell opened its mouth? There rises a noise of screams and yells, an uproar so unnaturally wild and unrestrained that we cringe up closer to one another . . . and, trembling, we see that our faces, our uniforms have red, wet stains, and distinctly recognize shreds of flesh on the cloth. And among our feet something is lying that was not lying there before. It gleams white from

the dark sand and uncurls . . . a strange, dismembered hand . . . and there . . . and there . . . fragments of flesh with the uniform still adhering to them—then we realize it, and horror overwhelms us.

Outside there are lying arms, legs, heads, trunks . . . they are howling into the night; the whole regiment is lying mangled on the ground there, a lump of humanity crying to Heaven.

Then a spectral vision rises before my eyes . . . I see red Death standing outside there on the plain . . . the clouds reveal a face grinning down on the symphony . . . Death! He is coming with a rush. He stumbles upright in the trenches and tumbles, howling and sobbing, among our rifles. . . . He strikes out at us with hands and feet . . . he is crying and struggling like a child, and yet no man dares go up to him, . . . for now he is rising on his knee . . . and then we see. Half his face has been torn away . . . one eye gone . . . the twitching muscle of the cheek is hanging down . . . he is kneeling, and opening and closing his hands, and is howling to us for mercy.

We gaze at him, horror-stricken, and are paralyzed . . . then at length the yokel—and our eyes thank him for it—raises the butt of his rifle and places the muzzle against the sound temple . . . bang! . . . and the maimed wreckage falls over backward and lies still in his blood. . . .

And again the darkness casts up shapes . . . they run up and reel like drunken men . . . they fall over and pick themselves up anew . . . they race forward through the night in zigzags, until they at last collapse exhausted, and lie still under our very eyes and make an end of it. . . .

And at length someone comes crawling toward us . . . he is crawling on all fours . . . he is dragging upon all fours . . . he is dragging something behind him with his body, and all the time he is whining like a sick dog, and is howling shrilly in long-drawn tones . . . he is still crawling along fast . . . and when he has reached us we see—and the blood stands still in our hearts—they are his entrails hanging out of his body . . . his belly has been ripped up from below . . . he is crawling, he is crawling up on his entrails . . . he is coming . . . the entrails are coming . . . horror breaks out from every pore . . . for hardly three paces from me he lies still . . . and then . . . may God forgive me . . . he raises himself slowly on his hands . . . he succeeds for a moment . . . and looks . . . merciful God! . . . he looks at me, and refuses to let my eyes go again . . . and I can see nothing but those great death-stricken eyes . . . Merciful God! . . . his eyes, those eyes! Those are a mother's eyes looking down on me unspeakably . . . that is a son of his mother lying before us—

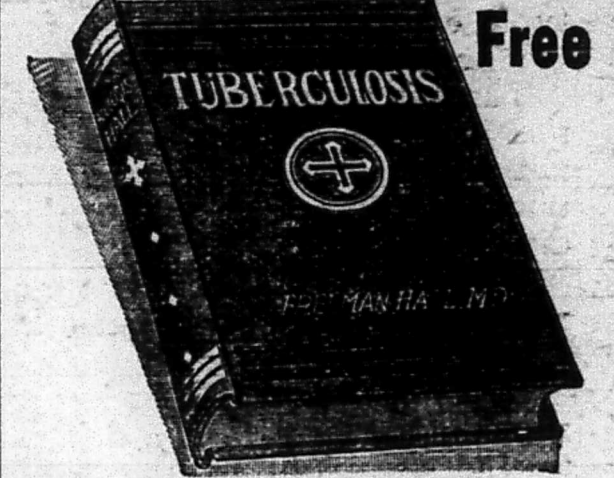
butchered. . . . I will throw myself on him, sobbing, and kiss his face, and bathe his anguish away in my tears. . . . I will do it! I will. . . . Then the monstrous strain relaxes—his arms give away . . . he falls forward on his face and sinks down on his tortured body. His hands twitch once more . . . then he lies still and kisses Mother Earth.

"Drummers; Strike up!" shouts a voice. "Uncover for prayer!" —From "The Human Slaughterhouse." (For sale by the RIP-SAW, price 56 cents, prepaid.)

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JUST SUPPOSE

By George Allan England

At this crisis in the world's affairs, an interesting speculation occurs to one's mind. Suppose Christianity practiced what it preached—what then? And suppose Socialism had the numerical strength of Christianity—once more, what then?

The estimated adherents of Christianity, throughout the world, number about 478,000,000. Of these, Europe claims some 370,000,000. This incalculable mass of persons all profess to follow the teachings of an agitator—real or mythical, it makes no difference—who gave the world a message of brotherhood and peace. The highest ideals of Christianity embody peace. Yet, at the drop of a hat, half a dozen of the great powers, with a total of about 315,000,000 Christians, spring at each other's throats, lusting for blood and rapine.

In all these countries, the state churches and the disestablished ones as well, will offer fervent prayers for victory against all enemies. Even the Omnipotent may well be puzzled to disentangle the resulting snarl of conflicting "rush" messages now arriving at the Throne.

Nineteen centuries of Christian preaching, 478,000,000 adherents—and

then THIS! If Beelzebub were only a reality, he would of a verity have to take a day off—a week, rather—to laugh.

Now, just suppose, for the sake of argument, that these 478,000,000 individuals were all Socialists. Suppose that the nations involved contained 315,000,000 Socialists. Just how far would war-talk, mobilization and actual hostilities have gone? The answer is too obvious to be required. Given one-half, or even one-quarter that number of Socialists, war would now and forever be a physical impossibility. Even with the total Socialist strength of the entire world, only some 30,000,000 to 40,000,000, Socialism bids fair to put a stick in the rulers' chariot-wheels, as it has already done on more than one occasion. Yes, and suppose, SUPPOSE WE HAD EVEN 80,000,000!

The conclusions are so patent as to be indisputable. Let any bigot who chooses, break his teeth on them. They prove, with the precision of a Q. E. D., that in this vital matter of peace, the fundamental tenet of Christianity, this religion is a hoax, a sham, an imposter of the worst sort, and that its adherents, en masse, are either hypocrites or fools. It proves that Socialism, in its peace-spirit, embraces a thousand times more real essence of Christianity than

TOLSTOY'S VISION

He Saw "Commercialism," in the Form of a Nude Woman, Drag all Europe in Flames—Afterwards A New Era is Born

About two years ago there went the rounds of the press an article by Countess Nastasia Tolstoy, in which she told of an interview she had had with her great relative, Leo Tolstoy, in the autumn of 1910, in the course of which he described to her a vision that had appeared to him frequently during the two years preceding the interview.

"I have had," he said to her, "some really strange experiences which I could not publish as fiction. There is something that has haunted me for the past two years. I don't know how to explain the nature of it to you. I can not call it a dream, because I have seen it often while I have been sitting at my writing table. On other occasions it has appeared to me at twilight, before my dinner hour. I am not a believer in ghosts, nor in the spiritualistic explanations of phenomena; but I admit that I can not account for this mysterious affair."

"Is it a vision?" I interrupted. "Something of that order, but very clear. So clear that I could draw a distinct picture of all that transpires. Furthermore, I can call up the vision at will. I am almost sure I could do it while you are here. The only difficulty is, that I am not able to write anything during the time of the manifestation. My hands are absolutely paralyzed."

"I shall be happy to write down what you dictate," I urged.

"Very good! That settles the matter," he replied. "I shall try for something immediately. There on the table are paper and pencil. Or use a pen—whatever you want."

In a few minutes I was waiting for the great moment, pencil and paper in hand. My aged host leaned back in his chair, covered his eyes with his hand and relapsed into an apparently comatose condition. For ten minutes he remained absolutely motionless. Then, straightening up like one in a trance, he began in a low and hollow voice:

"This is a revelation of events of a universal character, which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all

In her hair-ornament of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name: 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

"And, behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hand. The first torch represents the flame of war, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is the roar of guns and musketry.

"The second torch bears the flame of bigotry and hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in the cradles and follows them to their graves.

"The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger worlds of literature, art and statesmanship.

"The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of Southeastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925. The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the Old World. There will be left no empires and kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians."

all the churches, state or otherwise, of the entire world. What are the churches doing in Europe, today, to stop or localize war? Nothing. They're praying for victory for their own national colors. And the Socialists? But that's another story, and one even now in the making. What THEIR action will be, we know—judging by the past—will now and ever be, to the full limit of their powers, directed against the Crime of Crimes, War.

Why not drop cant and hypocrisy? Why not face facts? Why not recognize and speak the truth? Namely, that in the face of actual hostilities, Christianity has always made, and is today once more making, a futile, lickspitting, cowardly and thoroughly un-Christian exhibition, and that Socialism—and that alone—is standing out as the champion of truly Christian ideas and undertakings? To lay the Churches are dumb. Socialism speaks!

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT! Let him bear the palm of praise who doth deserve it!

ANTI-WAR MEETING OF THE BELGIAN COMRADES

BRUSSELS, July 29.—Tonight, on the night of the session of the International Socialist Bureau, the Belgian Socialists organized a grand anti-war meeting. Although scheduled for 8 o'clock, at 7 o'clock every available place in Circus Hall was taken and the doors had to be closed. More than 10,000 persons waited outside. The delegates to the International Socialist Bureau, detained at conferences, did not put in an appearance until after 8 o'clock. In the meantime the multitude sang the "International" and other Socialist songs.

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