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THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.



The Wisdom of the Mighty

By
Kate Richards O'Hare

The amount of heated atmosphere that our wise and noble statesmen manage to expend on idiotic piffle would be screaming farce to we womenfolk if underneath it all there did not lurk such heart rending tragedy.

When the world faces mighty problems of vital import to humanity, and when the United States demands real statesmanship from her legislators, we are disgusted with the show of stupid assinine ignorance on the part of Congress that has never been equalled at any time by any group of legislators. Think of the towering wisdom and noble breadth of view displayed by our congressmen when they spend valuable time and public money discussing a law to prohibit any editor of any publication criticising a religious creed.

Millions of human beings may starve or become prostitutes or criminals for lack of work when the world welters in the need for wisely expended human labor; a continent may be ravished and ruined, humanity may be driven back to savagery and civilization fall before the onslaught of blood crazed war lords and the President and Congress and the Senate will retain a judicial air of "watchful waiting." But let some impious, ungodly editor utter a criticism of a religious creed and lo! the very Heavens rock and earth trembles before the righteous wrath of our statesmen.

Of what account are the lives of millions of American citizens, men, women and children starved into pauperism and criminality; of what value humanity, civilization—the race life when weighed in the balance of our statesmen's minds against a religious creed? None. Absolutely none. Hunger and want, prostitution and criminality, misery and death may be the portion of American citizens;

war and famine, pestilence and rapine may be the fate of our European brothers and sisters but no ungodly editor may utter a criticism of the religious creed of Ludlow Rockefeller, Homestead Carnegie or Union Hater Gibbons without incurring the wrath of our statesmen.

welcomes criticism and invites all manner of discussion.

Think of all the ridicule, slander and villification that has been the daily portion of the Woman's Suffrage movement and the women who have so bravely waged its battles. There is no criticism that the tongue of man can express

present "menace" for journalists to "view with alarm."

Criticism—why if criticism could harm an individual where would Gene Debs be? No man, since the day when Jesus drove the money changers out of the temple has been so slandered, lied about and bitterly criticized as Debs. Every manner of lie and scandal known to the slimy tongue of character assassins has been used by the prostituted press, platform and pulpit of the country against him—yet today, Gene Debs, sixty years old, is just in the prime of his life and power and holds a greater influence over the intellectual life of the nation than all the college professors bought and paid for by the Rockefeller Foundation, and wields a more masterful sway over the spiritual life of the people than all the clergy of the nation. Criticism—why Debs has grown fat and strong on it and the more the paid hirelings of the capitalist class rant and revile, the greater will be his power.

What institution has ever been criticized as the Socialist Party has been? Not only criticized fairly and honestly but villified, slandered and lied about. The Socialist Party has been criticized from within and without, it has been pounded by every manner of intellectual weapon men wield. Millions of dollars have been spent by the capitalist class to purchase and prostitute the brains and tongues of politicians, publicists, educators and clergymen to attack, criticise, villify, slander and distort the principles of scientific socialism, yet scientific socialism has leavened the whole intellectual and spiritual life of the race and the organized Socialist Party flourishes like the green bay tree.

"Let not your hearts be troubled" O! wise and mighty
(Continued on page 20.)



A brain must be absolutely jellified and entirely incapable of reason not to realize that the institution or individual that can not endure criticism is rotten to the core and unworthy of perpetuation. Any individual whose life is clean and upright and any institution that is worthy of life

that has not been heaped upon the movement and the individuals in it. We have been made the subject of admonishing prayers and sermons of the clergy, the butt of the would be humorists' jokes, the subject of all sorts of investigations and reports by the learned wisecracs and the ever

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ahead, to do things, to be somebody, I can surely and absolutely show you the way out, as hundreds of Socialists will gladly testify I have done for them. Will you put your case in my hands? Will you let me help you? I can positively help you to bigger, better things—to be the successful Socialist you want to be. It costs nothing to read and learn for yourself. Do it for your own sake.

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President
American Correspondence School of Law

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Editorial



OUR MOTTO
BLEED AS A BAY TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

Section

By EUGENE V. DEBS

SENTENCED FOR LOYALTY

Once more it has happened. Loyalty to labor never goes unrewarded. The prison is always near the court house and what is a capitalist judge for if not to pronounce the doom of revolting wage-slaves?

Fred Holt, Secretary and P. R. Stewart, President of the United Mine Workers and five of their associates were sentenced to pay heavy fines and serve long terms in prison because they stood like men and fought for the striking miners in Arkansas. Fred Holt who was the socialist candidate for Governor of Oklahoma in the last election and who is true to the working class to the core of his big warm heart, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him.

Oh, the farce of that hypocritical taunt!

Holt very plainly told the judge that the miners only armed themselves after the operators had turned their armed assassins loose on the defenseless miners. This angered his capitalist judge-ship and he added six months to Holt's sentence for saying why sentence should not be pronounced against him, as the judge had expressly asked him to do.

The sentencing of these loyal leaders of labor will result as it always has resulted, in strengthening these comrades in the confidence of the rank and file and in inspiring them to fight all the harder for the overthrow of judicial lickspittleism and the rotten system that breeds it.

JUDGE LINDSAY'S EYES OPENED

When Judge Ben Lindsay went to Washington to see President Wilson in behalf of the striking miners of Colorado, he innocently believed that as soon as the president knew the facts he would promptly set the powerful machinery of state in operation to bring Rockefeller and the rest of the buccaneers to time. But alas! President Wilson dared not offend King Rockefeller, and when the king sat down on him he looked sad and said he hadn't the "legal" right to do a thing.

Now, Judge Lindsay says that we're ruled from Wall Street and that King John is a good deal bigger than President Woodrow, all of which is an old story with everyone not as deficient in gray matter as a shell fish. Judge Lindsay also says that "Our civilization is a conspiracy against nature as well as justice." Right, again judge! But what are you going to do about it?

Capitalism is the thing Judge Lindsay so fiercely denounces and if he is opposed to it then what reason has he for not being a socialist? The socialists are the only ones who have a definite program for the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of industrial Democracy.

A BRACE OF CAPITALIST COURT DECISIONS

The unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court in the United Hatters' case, outlawing the labor boycott and confiscating the property of the striking hatters and the six by three decision of the same capitalist court declaring the constitutional right of employers to discharge employees for belonging to labor unions, thus virtually outlawing organized labor, are a couple of more nails driven straight home in the coffin of capitalism.

If these drastic decisions do not open the eyes of pure and simple craft unionists, not even the trumpet of Gabriel will awaken them on resurrection day.

But after all, these decisions are perfectly logical and consistent from the viewpoint of the capitalist system. If the capitalist has the right to own the workers, job and his tools and control his very life, he also has the right as a logical sequence to determine the conditions under which his job and his tools shall be used.

"Pink 'em agin," ye mighty law-givers of the master class, until the slaves know they have no right their masters are bound to respect and that if they would be free, socialism alone points the way!

SPEAK OUT, GENTLEMEN!

What have you politicians and trade union leaders who appealed to organized labor in general and to your own membership in particular during the last national campaign, to say to these same men today; these hundreds of thousands of idle workers who, influenced by your appeals, voted the Democratic party ticket,

and now find themselves cold, jobless, moneyless, with nothing in their pockets but their hands and their union cards?

What have you to say to them, gentlemen?

These men believed in you, had confidence in your integrity, followed your counsel—and you led them into the shambles, as you have always done in the interest of your capitalist masters, with as little conscience as the stock yards steer that leads his fellows up the incline to the killing floor and then deftly steps aside.

Speak out, gentlemen, what say you?

These men suffer, their wives and little children are thinly clad, poorly nourished, wretched, and they demand an explanation.

But you are silent. You do not speak; you dare not. Neither are your families cold or in distress.

You, gentlemen, cajoled this army of jobless union card men, the men who pay your salaries, into voting for capitalism and they are now reaping its harvest. You wheedled them into supporting at the ballot box an industrial system whereby the master class, without warning, throws them out of the mills, mines and factories and reduces them to idleness and all its consequent sufferings. By false promises you inveigled your brothers, the men who put you where you are, into fettering their limbs more securely with the shackles of slavery and degradation.

But there will come a day of reckoning, gentlemen, remember that, and when the scales fall from the eyes of these now idle union card workers they will put the rollers under their false leaders, vote and work for the abolition of wage-slavery and for the political and industrial freedom of the race.

THAT FEDERAL INJUNCTION

It is about twenty-five years since the federal injunction became a factor to be reckoned with in labor troubles.

Since that eventful day meetings of protest have been held by the thousands; congress has been petitioned again and again; delegations without number have called upon the president to intercede in their behalf; organized labor opened wide its purse and poured out its funds generously to lawyers and courts; Mr. Gompers and his Executive Council blazed a path from the offices of the A. F. of L. to the White House where they whined for relief from the encroachments of the federal courts.

But all in vain. In spite of protest, lavish expenditure of money, and pleas—pitiful and disgusting—the federal injunction has taken on breadth, depth and height until it has attained its complete stature and is, today, the most powerful weapon in the hands of the capitalist class.

Why has the voice of labor gone unheeded and its demands ruthlessly brushed aside?

The answer is simple enough. In one breath you vigorously protest against this aggression of power and in the next you give it your unqualified support.

When you called upon congress your voice was drowned by a whisper from Wall street. You have fussed, fumed, protested, resolute, denounced and then—proudly marched to the ballot box and cast your ballot for capitalism and the health and strength of the federal injunction which, for a quarter of a century, had paralyzed your every attempt to better your miserable condition.

That is what you did! You decried and even raved over the far-reaching and deadly effect of the federal injunction and then voted it still further power for fear the socialists might succeed to office, clip its wings, extract its fangs, destroy its usurped authority and restore your stolen liberties.

There is but one way to beat back the encroachments of the federal court—and only one. When the workers become sufficiently intelligent to understand that their interests are identical, that they have nothing in common with the capitalist class; when they unite in industrial unions, march in a solid phalanx to the ballot box, show solidarity on both the economic and political fields, elect representatives from their own class and party, they will no longer have to protest and resolute, nor will they need to send begging committees to find their way up rear stairways at the White House, stand around for hours, hats in hand, timid and foolish, to receive in the end, according to their reports, "respectful treatment," which neither puts butter on your bread nor a dime in your pay envelope, But instead you will boldly enter the legislative halls, legislate in

your own interest, as the capitalist has legislated in his, and then, and not until then, will the federal labor injunction receive its death-blow.

THE MASSACRE OF MANKIND

The weeks have lengthened into months and the months will soon make up a year since the war lords of Europe precipitated their unspeakably atrocious massacre upon mankind.

The dead and maimed now mount up into millions and the property loss into billions and yet we are told that the war has but scarcely begun, and that it may continue its round of bloody horrors until all Europe is a smoking shambles and the common burying ground of a massacred race.

Behold capitalism in the lurid flames of its own self-destruction, its countless victims writhing in agony, bathed in blood drawn by sabre and bayonet from their own veins!

Yes, this is capitalism, with all its boasted culture and morality, religion and civilization. Stripped of its false disguise, it stands before the world the most hideous monster that ever ravaged the race and brutalized mankind.

"FRAMING LAWS FOR ALL THE PEOPLE"

"Co-operation between business men and the government in framing laws for the benefit of all the people." This was the keynote of President Wilson's address before the annual convention of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, recently held at Washington, in the course of which the President said: "The longer I occupy the office I now occupy the more I regret any lines; the more I deplore any feeling that one set of men has one set of interests and another set of men has another set of interests; the more I feel the solidarity—(need of?) of the nation, the impossibility of separating one interest from another without misconceiving it, the more I feel the necessity that we should all understand one another, etc."

Has it never occurred to President Wilson that where one set of men have one set of interests and another set of men have another set of interests there must be some cause for it and that until the cause is removed it is vain to deplore the inevitable conflict?

Capitalists have one set of interests and the workers who produce their wealth have another set of interests and not all the platitudes of the politicians can reconcile these interests.

Unity of interests is the prerequisite of solidarity.

There can be no solidarity between wolves and sheep or between foxes and geese.

BRAVO, COLE BLEASE!

Cole Blease is the biggest and tenderest soul that ever sat in the governor's chair of South Carolina. Compared to him all the other governors are pigmies.

Whatever may be charged against Cole Blease, he pardoned the poor and for that his name will shine forever on the pages of God's book of remembrance. He dismissed the militia, the hireling murderers of the ruling class and opened and set free three thousand of their robbed and helpless victims.

And for that, Cole Blease, God bless you forever! The whole prison system is a conspiracy against the suffering poor and the bitterest mockery of our vaunted civilization.

Cole Blease has had the heart and the spine to stand by the unfortunates and restore the captive to God's sunlight and for this he will be lovingly remembered when all his detractors have sunk into oblivion.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE

In our last issue, we published an extended account of this working class educational institution, which has the hearty endorsement and support of this paper. It is gratifying to note that the school is making rapid progress and its prospects are growing brighter every day. The purpose of the school is stated to be, first, to bring education within the reach of every man, woman and child, and second, to teach from the viewpoint of the working class. Some of the most prominent educators in the country have volunteered to serve in an advisory capacity and otherwise as their services may be required. Charles P. Steinmetz, the noted electrical expert is a member of the advisory board, as are also George R. Kirkpatrick, George Allan England and others of national reputation.

The school is already in active operation, being located at Fort Scott, Kansas, and the enrollment of correspondence courses is going forward at a rapid rate.

It is only through education that the workers can emancipate themselves and when they have a school of their own, such as the

People's College, they can control education and make it serve the cause of freedom and progress instead of the interests of a ruling class as in the past.

The People's College is owned, controlled and managed by the workers themselves. Every member has an equal voice in its councils. Every dollar of revenue is applied to the extension of the school and its educational activities. Not a penny of pecuniary profit goes to anyone.

The workers have here the greatest opportunity they have yet had to ally themselves with a college of their own and to secure all the benefits of a general or special education at the cost of a mere trifle to themselves.

This is our school. Let us support it and work for it and make it the greatest school in the world.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

There has never been in the history of the country such a golden opportunity for propaganda as the present time.

Millions of men and women are out of employment; other millions are working short time. These workers have now ample time for investigation, for study, and they are in a receptive mood.

This is the time for socialist activity. There must be individual effort, there must be collective effort and these efforts must increase in vigor until a leaflet, paper, pamphlet, magazine or book is placed in the hands of every idle worker. Call on your neighbors out of employment, tell them about the class-struggle, the cause of their idleness and suffering, the aim and object of the socialist movement, and leave a piece of sound literature with them.

This is the kind of work that brings results. Appoint yourselves teacher, instructor; arouse these brothers and sisters from their lethargy; put them to thinking—thinking the class-struggle.

You can talk to men now who were not approachable a year ago. Today they will listen to reason and most gladly will they accept your literature. Strike, comrades, while the iron is hot; strike with all your strength. The fruit of your efforts will be triumphant socialism. It's worth while!

THE APOLOGETIC DR. ELIOT

The venerable Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University is a shining example of the college professor who rivals the scriptural ox in knowing his master and the ass in knowing his master's crib.

The average college is privately subsidized and the gentlemen who furnish the mazuma are pretty apt to shape the thought and speech of its president as well as of its professors.

The amiable Dr. Eliot has been patronized by the rich all his smug and easy going life and it is not at all strange that a scab should be a saint in his eyes or that he should testify before the federal commission on industrial relations that the "stockholders in a corporation have no responsibility for its labor conditions." The good Doctor also volunteered the opinion that "American workingmen eat too much meat."

Oh, the spectacle of the highly educated apologist for the crimes of the Rockefeller class! Dr. Eliot's testimony before the federal board, wherein he mocks with smug complacency the starving men, women and children at Trinidad and Ludlow, proves either that his sycophancy and senility are betraying his true character or that the highest education in a capitalist college cannot save its victim from moral and spiritual degeneration.

CLARA ZETKIN'S INSPIRING CALL

Clara Zetkin, Secretary of the Women's International Federation has issued a burning appeal to the Socialist Women of all countries which should be read by every friend of peace and every foe of war in the world. The printing of this appeal in "GLEICHHEIT," the socialist women's paper in Stuttgart, was promptly followed by the suppression and confiscation of the edition by the military authorities.

Clara Zetkin rises to exaltation in this internationally patriotic and passionate plea to her sex. She states in graphic terms the true attitude of woman toward war and in words of living flame she appeals to the women of the world to rise in their power and put an end to the atrocious military massacre of mankind.

The workingman who fell into line in the last national election and marched with the Democratic party, the party whose emblem is the donkey, and now finds himself walking the streets jobless and penniless, must conclude—if he is capable of thinking—that a workingman who votes a capitalist ticket very properly belongs in a donkey parade.

I Look Far Down the Reddened Road

By Henry M. Tichenor, the Rip-Saw Poet

*I look far down the reddened road that reaches 'round the earth,
All strewn along with mangled men, and ask, "What is it worth?"
The ones that have been idolized as though surpassing great—
What are they worth—what glory marks these lauded lords of state?
What of the empires that are built on beds of dead men's bones—
What of the piles of princely pomp—the palaces and thrones—
What of the plunderers' proud power, and all their blood-bought things—
The curse and infamy of war—the pageantry of kings?*

*Such stuff as this is worthless trash to build a better world—
Far wiser that from every throne the last damned king were hurled.
With none to blow the bugle blast to call the dogs of war,
Who, then, would march to murder those they never met before?
And all the retinue of priests, that say their God ordains
The crown that rests upon the brow of every brute that reigns—
Let these go, too, and take their myths, their goblins and their hell,
And give this tortured world of ours a longed-for breathing spell!*

*One peasant lad that plows the field where grows the golden corn,
Is nobler breed than all the whelps that wolves of war have borne;
One song sung by some genial soul, along some sheltered glade,
Shall hush some day the savage shock that madmen's guns have made;
One gleam of love that suckling babe in mother's eyes beheld,
Shall silence all the threats of doom that insane priests have yelled;
One word of brotherhood and peace—one breath from fragrant flowers—
These be the only things of worth, in this old world of ours!*

The National Rip-Saw

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From Comrade Fred Holt, In Jail at Fort Smith for Fidelity to the Working-Class

Federal Jail, Ft. Smith, Ark., Feb. 5th, 1915.

Dear Comrade O'Hare:—

I am just in receipt of your letter containing those words of encouragement that can only be appreciated by one who is surrounded by such circumstances as myself and comrades.

When the world is at peace with one it is easy to be surrounded with Friends, but the real friends and souls worth knowing are those brave and true hearts that love to know you in your deepest hour of sorrow

Myself and Comrades are doing the very best we can under the surrounding conditions. They have all Nine of us confined in one Cell, 10x13 ft., including Nine Bunks, Toilets and etc., which makes us want very much for exercise. Of course, it is hard to be separated from those dearest to you, and especially is this true when they need you so much as the only bread winner, to assist them in keeping the Wolf of Capitalism from the door, but these sacrifices have to be made and some worker has to make them.

I am told that I would have been permitted to go free with the payment of a heavy fine, but for the fact of taking the opportunity of putting a Federal Judge square up against the class struggle, which I was unable to resist.

When this Coal Corporation first started to shipping in guns and gunmen, and secured his injunction against myself and Comrades, I forced these Murderers to admit before this same court that they were at that time shipping guns and ammunition into this peaceful and law abiding Mining camp, and in the face of these facts the injunction was granted, as usual; then it was that I resolved to do the same thing that the Court was permitting the Coal Company to do. I started at once buying all the High Power Rifles that I could get, including plenty of ammunition, and furnished them to the Men to protect their Homes (and they did it nobly.) The Company having previously shipped in about one hundred Thugs and gunmen who began their usual tirade of abuse upon the helpless women and children (as they thought) but when they attempted to shoot up the camp, one night, they were met by men who had an equal opportunity to defend themselves, the result is now history; BUT THANK GOD THAT IT WAS NOT SUCH HISTORY AS THAT ENACTED AT LUDLOW.

Wholesale arrests followed and indictments by the score. Detective's story surrounded hundreds of our Comrades with the possibilities of terms in prison, backed by a hostile Court, which forced some of us to make the sacrifice to save scores of our innocent Brothers from doing terms in prison.

There never was, nor never will be a finer illustration of true class solidarity than was demonstrated when this large band of brave hearts was called on by council for the Miners, and informed that Eleven Men would be required to take sentence, or all go to trial in the face of a prejudiced Court, a vote was taken with nearly a hundred defendants present, not one knowing upon whom sentence would fall, the vote was unanimous in favor of the Eleven making the sacrifice, in order to spare the many, which included many brave women.

When the names of us who were called on to go, were read aloud, a stillness crept over that vast audience that was only broken by a silent tear, followed by a whisper of regret from those that were fortunate; each sorry that the burden had fallen on them.

Many came forth with pleas that they might be permitted to take the place of some of us who were taken from our families.

We were then marched into Court and pleas of guilty entered and sentence passed, all receiving six months and one thousand fine; except one, he getting two years and one thousand, also one other getting off with a fine of one thousand dollars.

While standing before this Corporation tool, waiting for him to get to me with his usual question, "have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you," I could not resist the temptation of putting one Federal Judge square up against the issue; the court room was packed to suffocation; the fact that I had done nothing that this same Court had not permitted the Coal Operator to do, was burning deep into my very soul. I told him that I had no horror for any sentence that he might be about to impose, but that I wanted to call the Court's attention to the fact that he was passing sentence upon me for having done that which he had permitted the Coal Operator to do without the slightest protest upon the part of the court. I hadn't the opportunity to finish my remarks until he began to belch forth his tirade of abuse, striking back like the serpent he is; he had been hit with a fact that his little decomposed brain cells were unable to combat, and he was compelled to resort to the usurpation of power vested in him, which permitted him to assess any amount of punishment that his infuriated brain might suggest, and in order to satisfy his majesty's feelings, I am now doing six months in the Federal prison. I believe I would have died with the cramps had I not got to tell him and his chosen household these cold facts.

Laying in a filthy cell is no more than hundreds of others have done, and I can cheerfully endure it if I can only be the means of arousing some worker to a realization of his or her own perils in this great class struggle.

It serves to bring out one significant fact, and that is: that laws are made to protect a Capitalist and punish a workingman.

In this case, if a law had been violated, both of us had violated it in the same manner, yet one is winned and dined, and the other languishing in prison.

With my best wishes to yourself, Frank and the little O'Hares, I remain yours in the battle.

Fred. W. Holt.

My Cell Mates are:

Jas. Slankard, Miner and Constable.

Jno. Manick, Miner.

Sandy Robertson, Miner.

Clint Burris, Miner.

Dave Branch, Miner and Minister.

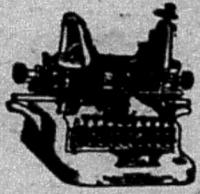
Oscar Layton, Miner.

Will Reed, Miner.

Jno. Champion, R. R. Fireman.

The crowned heads of Europe have reduced their peace treaties to shaving paper and other bath-room commodities while converting their respective countries into slaughter houses. However, it may be of comfort to the multiplied thousands of widowed women and orphaned children to know that, despite the fact that in these United States, where the ammunition factories are running night and day shifts to provide the warring nations with ammunition, Secretary Bryan has just concluded peace treaties with Timbuctoo, Pevee and Podunk. This would be laughable enough were it not for the tragic fact that the sands, the seas and rivers of half the civilized world are running red with blood—the blood of the working class.

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TOBE SPILKINS

His Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editor: I am still here with the Allies, a campin' in the tent with the Kurnel aforesd mentioned in my uther letturs. Ike Hawkins iz here, too. The Kurnel and me air jist a gittin' good and sober over the event; Ike don't drink. He sez he iz a advocate uv a ekonomick filosophy, and drinkin' aint ekonikal, and besides a robbin' uv the purse it rots the brane. He sez a Soshialist needs branes and that iz the reezon it iz so hard tu maik 'em, there iz sich a scarcity uv raw material. Well, Ike haz shure got 'em and he haz giv enuff away tu the Demokrats and Republikans at Boney Forks tu maik enuff soshailists tu carry the electshun. And now he haz cum over here, with authority frum Prezident Woodsaw Wilson, tu giv enuff more branes away tu stop this war. He sez the only trubbel he feers iz that these fellers over here may not know how tu use 'em when they git 'em. He sez it don't taik much branes tu git men tu stop a fightin' uv each uther if they know how tu use 'em. Espeshually when they haven't got a thing in the wurd tu fite about. The Kurnel wuz offul glad tu see Ike and tryed hiz best gu git him tu drink sum wine, but Ike woodent du it.

Ike had a lettur frum Woodsaw Wilson a introdoosin' him tu evry boddy. It red as follers: "Tu whom it may concern: This will introdoos Ike Hawkins, who I appint az my special Commissioner tu be and akt az the same between the hospitable foes now ingaged in sangwine strife on Yuropean soil. Ike iz a seller-braited peece maiker in hiz own country, and iz a humdinger. He never had a fite in hiz life and if the kombattants in the konflikt in the old kountries will listen tu him talk they will learn how tu stop the konflab over there. I have hereuntu affixed the Grait Seel uv the United Staits tu this lettur of introduckshun which means that there will be trubbel if Ike Hawkins iz hurt. "WOODSAW WILSON."

That's a vurbaitum copy uv the lettur; I tuk it down jist az Ike red it off tu me. Then he had a lettur tu Bill Kizer. He woodent reed that tu me until I let him see that one I had tu old Bill then he red me hizen. It wuz addressed tu His Exelansy, the Empyror uv Gurmany, and red az follers.

"Deer Bill: I taik my pen in hand tu let you know I'm not feelin' wel. and hoap you air the same. I am in depe trubbel. That dadgasted war over there iz a shakin' tu the foundashun my chances tu be 2 prezidents. I am between the devil and the

depe blu see, and kin smel the devil's breth on the one side and heer the waves a splashin' on the uther side. I don't know which iz a goin' tu git me; I can't swim and I can't beet the devil. Yoor war over there iz a purty big question in this kountry. We had a deficit over here. You have bin in the Kizer bizziness long enuff tu know what a deficit iz. It iz sumptin' that iz hatched out by spendin' out more than you air a gittin' in. Well, we hatched out one over here and had tu put a war tax on in time uv peece, or on akkount uv yoor war. We air a maikin' uv the people pay it but they don't like it a bit. Jist the uther day yoor embassadoor kicked becoz sum uv our manufakturers wuz a sellin' uv air ships tu the allies—yoor enemies. Now, deer Bill, I can't holp that; I can't maik our people quit sellin' things tu ennyboddy who haz got the munny, espeshually when the prices air very high. Besides you started this airship bizziness yourself and you aint got no kick a cumin'. Yoor war iz a goin tu maik sum uv our rich people a good deel richer, but there is one konsolashun about it, it will maik a lot uv 'em poorer, so it about evens up—"blessed air the poor."

"I suppoze you don't need annything in the way uv guns and amminishun, az you have the biggest faktory in the wurd tu maik them, but if you du need them jist send yoor ships over and well be glad tu sell tu you. We hav bin selling sich things tu the French and English and they du say they air better than the Gurman produkt, but I don't beleve it, du you, Bill? The thing that.s got my taile in the crack wurse than ennything else iz the bred stuffs and sich like things tu etc. Wheet iz awful high, and a gittin' higher every day. This iz all rite with the spekulators and the farmers who air a holdin' uv their wheet, but fur the wurkin' men, and the uthers who don't raize enny wheet, but hav tu buy bread, they air a howlin' uv a offal howl and want me tu stop the shippin' uv it out uv the kountry. If I don't stop it the wurkin' men will vote agin me when I want tu be another Prezident and if I du stop it the spekulators and farmers who air holdin' uv their wheet will vote agin me. So you see I've got my tail in a crack az bad az you have and Bryan can't holp me tu git it out, even if he had time, but he's bizzzy goin' round makin' lectures on the "Prince uv Peece," so he can save hiz salary and hav munny tu by graip juice with. He cum in the uther day and stayed long enuff tu holp tu git up a docku-

ment to send out tu the fellers who air makin' airships and guns and amunishun, telling them they have a rite tu sell all them things tu either uv the kombattants uv Yurrop who air a kombattin' uv each uther. He gits \$200 a lecture fur talkin' fur peece and he ort tu have sum kind uv a rake-off fur grantin' authority tu sell guns tu the fellers who air a fightin'. He's got a dubble ackshun snap on the situashun. Now, Bill, I don't want enny hard feelin's between me and you; if you kin git yoor ships over here we'll sell you the goods; if you kant it aint my fault. But I'll tell you one thing you don't want tu furgit; the United Staits iz a standin' pat in this war. It iz nootral in everything except a makin' munny out uv it and you'd better not blow up enny uv our ships with yoor submareens or torpedoes. If you du we'll drane the Atlantic oshen dry intu the Pacifick oshen throo our Panama canal, and bust every submareen you've got. Now, in konklushun, I want tu say we want peece az soon as we've raked in all the munny you've got a sellin' uv you wheet and uther things tu etc, and guns, amminishun and airships tu fite with. I ain't a gittin' enny uv this munny; it's the Big Bizziness fellers who air a gittin' uv it; but I have to du what they say or I cant be two prezidents. I had a National Prayer meetin' helt fur you, deer Bill, and we all prayed fur peece but we didn't set no day. We thought we had better talk the matter over with you furst. I am sendin' a feller over there tu talk the matter over with you. He will hand you this letter. His naim iz Ike Hawkins. He iz mild and innocent and a good feller; don't be afrade tu trust him; he woodent hurt a burd. Sum time ago I sent a feller over there by the naim uv Kurnel Tobe Spilkins. He also carries a lettur tu you, but

Tells why chicks die

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert of 693 Main St., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure It." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 98 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books.

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your fellers won't let him throo the lines. They shoot at him whenever he starts and hav alreddy spoiled two soots uv hiz clothes with bullets; so he rites me. I wish you wood let these men throo. I am a givin' Ike a little flag tu carry and hope it will protekt him frum vilence. These men air both trustwurdy and you kin send me a lettur by them advisin' me uv yoor private vews without enny danger uv it becomin' publiek. Hopin tu heer frum you in a short time, I am,

"Yours trooly,

"WOODSAW WILSON."

When Ike red that lettur tu me I jumped up and hugged him, I'll be giggered if I didnt. I knowed if Ike and Bill Kizer got together wunct that Ike cood outtalk him, but the thing, uv it iz tu git him throo. It's jist like me and my wife; I kin out talk hur, but she goze rite on duin' uv things I don't want hur tu du, like keepin' that ornery Ben a hangin' around there a dokterin' kaffs, gittin' up wood an' sich like things which Ike sez he iz still a duin' uv. Ike iz a goin' tu tell me all about it az sune az he gits time, but he is so bizzy now makin' up hiz plans tu stop this war that he won't talk about ennything else. I'm offul anxious to know how things air goin' on at home but I'll jist hav tu wait until Ike gits reddy tu tell me.

Ike sez the mane trubbel iz a gittin' tu the soljers and a talkin' with them. He's got this whole brigade what the Kurnel's regiment iz in konverted tu hiz way and reddy tu akt. The French and the English iz reddy tu quit if the Kizer will call off hiz trupes and taik them home, but there ain much hope uv him a doin' uv that. Ike haz got up sum bulletins, az he calls 'em, which he wants tu git in the hands uv the soljers on both sides who air a doin' uv the fightin'. He let me reed 'em. The Kurnel helpod him tu git them up. Uv korse I have korreected the spellin', az it wuz a site on urth. One Bulletin reeds as follers:

BULLETIN NO. 1

TO OUR RULERS

"Oh wretches, monarks and ministers, who sport with the lives uv the peeple! Iz it you who gave breth tu man, that you dare take it frum him? Du you give growth tu the plants uv the urth, that you may waste them? Du you toil tu furrow in the feeld? Du you endure the heat uv the sun, and the torment uv thurst, tu reap the harvest or thrash the grain? Du you, like the shepherd, watch throo the dew's uv the nite? Du you toil on the tranes like the ralerode men a hawlin' uv the produkts uv the land frum the producer tu the consumer? Ah, on beholding the pride and cruelty uv the powerful, we have bin transported with indignashun, and have sed

in our rath, will there never then arize on the urth men who will avenge the peeple and punish tyrants? A handful uv brigands devour the multitood, and the multitood submits tu be devoured! Oh, degenerate peepul! Know we not our rights? All authority iz frum us, all power iz ours. Unlawfully du kings command us on the authority uv God and uv their shootin' irons and the sed shootin' irons air in our own hand."

BULLETIN NO. 2

"Soljers! let us be still; if GOD SUPPORTS THE RULERS THEY NEED NOT OUR AID; IF THEIR SWORDS SUFFICES, THEY DON'T NEED OURS; LET US SEE WHAT THEY CAN DU ALONE."

Well, the Kurnel helpod Ike fix it up so we cood throw or shoot thousands uv them Bulletins over intu the Gurman lines and it wuzent long until they got out uv the trenches and cum a runnin' over tu us fur sum more. They sed they wanted tu send a lot uv them up and down the line, so did the Allies, fur we giv' 'em out tu both armies. I never seen sich a suddin change in my life. In less than a half a hour the soljers uv both armies was a playin' mumble peg together between the lines jist like they had bin frends all their lives.

The way them bulletins went up and down the lines both ways beet the band. The old feller who hauled me over in the waggin a thinkin' he wuz a goin' tu Berleen tu sell hiz marketin', and wuz stopped by the Allies and had hiz horse and waggin and every thing else taken away frum him, cum a runnin' from down the line ten miles a distributin' uv them bulletins. He sed he shure wanted me tu have one. Poor old feller, they maid him inlist and he iz a peelin' uv potatoes in the kommisary.

Well, I don't know what them bulletins air a goin' tu du. I'll bet they'll maik the old Kizer mad az a wet hen. I wuz a talkin' tu the Kurnel and told him I didnt think it wuz in Ike tu git up 2 peeces uv writin' like them. The Kurnel smiled and sed it wuz the speerit uv Volney inkarnated in Ike. I don't know what that means but I gess it's all rite or Ike woodent have nuthin' tu du with it. But its' a gittin' late and this lettur iz long enuff. I'll rite and tell you how it all cums out in my next lettur.

Yours trooly,
COL. TOBE SPILKINS,
Diplomat.

A second edition of the January issue of the Rip-Saw containing the opening chapters of George Allan England's Masterpiece, "The Air Trust," is now running off the press to meet the big demand for new subscribers. See full page announcement in this issue, and keep the good work up!

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The Story of The Air Trust

A Romance of the Twentieth Century

By George Allan England

Author of "Darkness and Dawn," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," "The Afterglow," etc., etc.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

The story opens in the luxurious private offices of Isaac Flint, the Billionaire, and Maxim Waldron, his partner, who is engaged to marry Catherine Flint, the Billionaire's daughter. In their Wall Street lair, they are planning the conquest of the world. Flint, a man of steel and adamant, with but one vice—morphine—has conceived the idea that if he can extract the oxygen from the air, and make it an article of commerce, he can rule the world. Waldron, a debauchee and man about town, though secretly impressed, pretends to mock at the scheme. Flint summons Herzog, his "kept" scientist, and orders him to invent a process for doing the necessary work, and to report in a fortnight. In eleven days, Herzog telephones from the experiment station on Staten Island, that he is ready to exhibit his process. Flint calls at Waldron's Fifth Avenue palace, gets the gambler and roue out of bed, and with him goes in a motor-car to Staten Island. On the way they view their demesne of Manhattan, with all their toiling slaves, and plan what vast power will be theirs when their nefarious scheme is completed.

On the ferry-boat, going to Staten Island, they leave the car and stand by the rail of the boat, to discuss their scheme. A sturdy and intelligent workman, standing nearby, overhears something of their conversation, and keenly eyes them. Suspicious, they retreat again to the safety of their limousine. The sea-breeze, blowing aside the workman's coat, reveals a button with joined hands and the inscription: "Workers of the World, Unite!"

Flint and Waldron proceed to their huge experimental works at Oakwood Heights, Staten Island. There Herzog takes them into a laboratory protected by a combination lock, and shows them the process he has invented for extracting nitrogen and oxygen from air, and for preparing the oxygen for commercial exploitation. Both plutes experience the effect of this ozone, and become intoxicated on it. Waldron exuberantly gives Herzog a signed blank check, and tells him to fill it out for any amount he likes; but later, when the two financiers return to their office in another building, and sober off, he repents this unusual generosity. After some discussion, the two men start back to New York again. On the way, in their motor, they meet Gabriel Armstrong, the Socialist workingman and agitator—the same man who overheard part of their conversation on the ferry-boat. Flint leans over the side of the car, to get a look at Gabriel, and drops from his inner coat pocket a little red-leather notebook, containing plans for strangling the world by means of the Air Trust. Gabriel picks it up, unseen, and continues his way toward the experiment-station, where he is employed. Flint, back in New York, notices his loss, and is panic-stricken. This may be a fatal blow to him. Yet after all, he consoles himself by thinking that nobody can understand or believe any such scheme, even if the book is found. He telephones Herzog to have strict search made for it. That night, Gabriel studies the notebook, in his room, grasps the import of the tremendous plot against the human race, and resolves to fight Flint and Waldron to the bitter end.

PART III.

CHAPTER IX

DISCHARGED!

ALMOST all the following morning, working at his bench in the electro-chemical laboratories of the great Oakwood plant, Gabriel Armstrong pondered deeply on the problems and responsibilities now opening out before him.

The finding of that little red-leather note-book, he fully understood, had at one stroke put him in possession of facts more vital to the labor-movement and the world at large than any which had ever developed since the very beginning of Capitalism. A Socialist to the backbone, thoroughly class-conscious and dowered with an incisive intellect, Gabriel thrilled at thought that he, by chance, had been chosen as the instrument through which he felt the final revolution now must work. And though he remained outwardly calm, as he bent above his toil, inwardly he was aflame. His heart throbbed with an excitement he could scarce control. His brain seemed on fire; his soul pulsed with savage joy and magnificent inspiration. For he was only four-and-twenty, and the bitter grind of years and toil had not yet worn his spirit down nor quelled the ardor of his splendid strength and optimism.

Working at his routine labor, his mind was not upon it. No, rather it dwelt upon the vast discovery he had made—or seemed to have made—the night before. Clearly limned before his vision, he still saw the notes, the plans, the calculations he had been able to decipher in the Billionaire's lost note-book—the note-book which now, deep in the pocket of his jumper that hung behind him on a hook against the wall, drew his every thought, as steel draws the compass-needle.

"Incredible, yet true!" he pondered, as he filed a brass casting for a new-type dynamo. "These men are plotting to strangle the world, to death—to strangle, if they cannot own and rule it! And, what's more, I see nothing to prevent their doing it. The plan is sound. They have the means. At this very moment, the whole human race is standing in the shadow of a peril so great, a slavery so imminent, that the most savage war of conquest ever waged would be a mere skirmish, by comparison!"

Mechanically he labored on and on, turning the tremendous problem in his brain, striving in vain for some solution, some grasp at effective opposition. And, as he thought, a kind of dumb hopelessness settled down about him, tangible almost as a curtain black and heavy.

"What shall I do?" he muttered to himself. "What can I

do, to strike these devils from their villainous plan of mastery?"

As yet, he saw nothing clearly. No way seemed open to him. Alone, he knew he could do nothing; yet whither should he turn for help? To rival capitalist groups? They would not even listen to him; or, if they listened and believed, they would only combine with the plotters, or else, on their own hook, try to emulate them. To the labor movement? It would mock him as a chimerical dreamer, despite all his proofs. At best, he might start a few ineffective strikes, petty and futile, indeed, against this vast, on-moving power. To the Socialists? They, through their press and speakers—in case they should believe him and co-operate with him—could, indeed, give the matter vast publicity and excite popular opposition; but, after all, could they abort the plan? He feared they could not. The time, he knew, was not yet ripe when Labor, on the political field, could meet and overthrow forces such as these.

And so, for all his fevered thinking, he got no radical, no practicable solution of the terrible problem. More and more definitely, as he weighed the pros and cons, the belief was borne in upon him that in this case he must appeal to nobody but himself, count on nobody, trust in nobody save Gabriel Armstrong.

"I must play a lone hand game, for a while at least," he concluded, as he finished his casting and took another. "Later, perhaps, I can enlist my comrades. But for now, I must watch, wait, work, all alone. Perhaps, armed with this knowledge—knowledge shared by no one but myself—I can meet their moves, checkmate their plans and defeat their ends. Perhaps! It will be a battle between one man, obscure and without means, and two men who hold billions of dollars and unlimited resources in their grasp. A battle unequal in every sense; a battle to the death. But I may win, after all. Every probability is that I shall lose, lose everything, even my life. Yet still, there is a chance. By God, I'll take it!"

The last words, uttered aloud, seemed to spring from his lips as though uttered by the very power of invincible determination. A sneer, behind him, brought him round with a start. His gaze widened, at sight of Herzog standing there, cold and dangerous looking, with a venomous expression in those ill-mated eyes of his.

"Take it, will you?" jibed the scientist. "You thief!"

Gabriel sprang up so suddenly that his stool clattered over backward on the red-tiled floor. His big fist clenched and lifted. But Herzog never flinched.

"Thief!" he repeated, with an ugly thrust of the jaw. Servile and crawling to his masters, the man was ever arrogant and harsh

with those beneath his authority. "I repeat the word. Drop that fist, Armstrong, if you know what's good for you. I warn you. Any disturbance, here, and—well, you know what we can do!"

The electrician paled, slightly. But it was not through cowardice. Rage, passion unspeakable, a sudden and animal hate of this lick-spittle and supine toady shook him to the heart's core. Yet he managed to control himself, not through any personal apprehension but because of the great work he knew still lay before him. At all hazards, come what might, he must stay on, there, at the Oakwood Heights plant. Nothing, now, must come between him and that one supreme labor.

Thus he controlled himself, with an effort so tremendous that it wrenched his very soul. This trouble, whatever it might be, must not be noised about. Already, up and down the shop, workers were peering curiously at him. He must be calm; must pass the insult, smooth the situation and remain employed there.

"I — I beg pardon," he managed to articulate, with pale lips that trembled. He wiped the beaded sweat from his broad forehead. "Excuse me, Mr. Herzog. I — you startled me. What's the trouble? Any complaint to make? If so, I'm here to listen."

Herzog's teeth showed in a rat-like grin of malice.

"Yes, you'll listen, all right enough," he sneered. "I've named you, and that goes! You're a thief, Armstrong, and this proves it! Look!"

From behind his back, where he had been holding it, he produced the little morocco-covered book. Right in Armstrong's face he shook it, with an oath.

"Steal, will you?" he jibed. "For it's the same thing—no difference whether you picked it out of Mr. Flint's pocket or found it on the floor, here, and tried to keep it! Steal, eh? Hold it for some possible reward? You skunk! Lucky you haven't brains enough to make out what's in it! Thought you'd keep it, did you? But you weren't smart enough, Armstrong—no, not quite smart enough for me! After looking the whole place over, I thought I'd have a go at a few pockets—and, you see? Oh, you'll have to get up early to beat me at the game, you — you thief!"

With the last word, he raised the book and struck the young man a blistering welt across the face with it.

Armstrong fell back, against the bench, perfectly livid, with the wale of the blow standing out red and distinct across his cheek. Then he went pale as death, and staggered as though about to faint.

"God — God in heaven!" he gasped. "Give me — strength — not to kill this animal!"

A startled look came into Her-

zog's face. He recognized, at last, the nature of the rage he had awakened. In those twitching fists and that white, writhen face he recognized the signs of passion that might, on a second's notice, leap to murder. And, shot through with panic, he now retreated, like the coward he was, though with the sneer still on his thin and cruel lips.

"Get your time!" he commanded, with crude brutality. "Go, get it, at once. You're lucky to get off so easily. If Flint knew this, you'd land behind bars. But we want no scenes, here. Get your money from Sanderson, and clear out. Your job ended the minute my hand touched that book in your pocket!"

Still Armstrong made no reply. Still he remained there, dazed and stricken, pallid as milk, a wild and terrible light in his blue eyes.

An ugly murmur rose. Two or three of his fellow workmen had come drifting down the shop, toward the scene of altercation. Another joined them, and another. Not one of them but hated Herzog with a bitter animosity. And now, perhaps, the time was come to pay a score or two.

But Armstrong, suddenly lifting his head, faced them all, his comrades. His mind, quick-acting, had realized that, now his possession of the book had been discovered, his chances of discovering anything more, at the works, had utterly vanished. Even though he should remain, he could do nothing there. If he were to act, it must be from the outside, now, following the trend of events, dogging each development, striving in hidden, devious ways—violent ways, perhaps—to pull down this horrible edifice of enslavement ere it should whelm and crush the world.

So, acting as quickly as he had thought, and now ignoring the man Herzog as though he had never existed, Armstrong faced his fellows.

"It's all right, boys," said he, quite slowly, his voice seeming to come from a distance, his tones forced and unnatural. "It's all right, every way. I'm caught with the goods. Don't any of you butt in. Don't mix with my trouble. For once I'm glad this is a scab shop, otherwise there might be a strike, here, and worse Hell to pay than there will be otherwise. I'm done. I'll get my time, and quit. But—remember one thing, you'll understand some day what this is all about.

"I'm glad to have worked with you fellows, the past few months. You're all right, every one of you. Good-bye, and remember —"

"Here, you men, get back to work!" cried Herzog, suddenly. "No hand-shaking here, and no speech-making. This man's a sneak-thief and he's fired, that's all there is to it. Now, get onto your job! The first man that

To The Friends of the Melting Pot!



Comrades and Friends:

For printing the above cartoon on the front page of the August, 1914, issue of the Melting Pot, both myself and Comrade Phil Wagner have been indicted by the United States Federal Grand Jury, on complaint of one Wilberforce Jones, of Cushing, Oklahoma, and we are out under \$1,000 bonds each awaiting trial.

This indictment was served and arrest made after the March Melting Pot was off the press, so no announcement could be made in that issue.

As you all are well aware, a trial in the United States Federal Court is an expensive proposition, and it is going to be a severe strain on the limited means of the Melting Pot.

I do not ask any charity, but would appreciate more than words can tell, and it will be an inexpressible help, if those of you who are able and willing will at this time of trouble purchase all the Melting Pot subscription cards that you feel you can afford, to be disposed of among your acquaintances. Single subscription cards, good for one year's subscription to the Melting Pot, are 50 cents each; in lots of five or more, 40 cents; and for \$5.00 we will send you 13 cards.

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puts up a complaint about it, can get through, too!"

For a moment they glowered at him, there in the white-lighted glare of the big shop. A fight, even then, was perilously near, but Armstrong averted it by turning away.

"I'm done," he repeated. He gathered up a few tools that belonged to him, personally, gave one look at his comrades, waved a hand at them, and then, followed by Herzog, strode off down the long aisle, toward the door.

"Herzog," said he, calmly and with cold emphasis, "listen to this."

"Get out! Get your time, I tell you, and go!" repeated the bully. "To Hell with you! Clear out of here!"

"I'm going," the young man answered. "But before I do, remember this; you grazed death, just now. Well for you, Herzog, almighty well for you, my temper didn't best me. For remember, you struck me and called me Thief—and that sort of thing can't be forgotten, ever, even though we live a thousand years.

"Remember, Herzog—not now, but sometime. Remember that one word—sometime! That's all!"

With no further speech, and while Herzog still stood there by the shop door, sneering at him, Armstrong turned and passed out. A few minutes later he had been paid off, had packed his knapsack with his few belongings, and was outside the big palisade, striding along the hard and glaring road toward the station.

"I did it," his one overmastering thought was. "Thank heaven, I did it! I held my temper and my tongue, didn't kill that spawn of Hell, and saved the whole situation. I'm out of a job, true enough, and out of the plant; but after all, I'm free—and I know what's in the wind!"

"There's yet hope. There'll be a way, a way to do this work! What a man must do, he can do!"

Up came Armstrong's chin, as he walked. His shoulders squared, with strength and purpose, and his stride swung into the easy marching-gait that had already carried him so many thousand miles along the hard and bitter highways of the world.

And as he strode away, on the long road toward he knew not what, words seemed to form and shape in his strengthened and re-fortified mind—words for long years forgotten—words that he once had heard at his mother's knee:

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city!"

CHAPTER X

A GLIMPSE AT THE PARASITES.

THE Longmeadow Country Club, on the Saturday afternoon following Armstrong's abrupt dismissal, was a scene of gaiety and beauty without com-

pare. Set in broad acres of wood and lawn, the club-house proudly dominated far-flung golf-links and nearer tennis-courts. Shining motors stood parked on the plaza before the club garage, each valued at several years' wages of a workingman. Men and women—exploiters all, or parasites—elegantly and coolly clad in white, smote the swift sphere upon the tennis-court, with jest and laughter. Others, attended by caddies—mere proletarian scum, bent beneath the weight of cleeks and brassies—moved across the smooth cropped links, kept in condition by grazing sheep and by steam-rollers. On putting-green and around bunkers these idlers struggled with artificial difficulties, while in shops and mines and factories, on railways and in the blazing Hells of stoke-holes, men of another class, a slave-class, labored and agonized, toiled and died that these might wear fine linen and spend the long June afternoon in play.

From the huge, cobble-stone chimney of the Country Club, upwafting smoke told of the viands now preparing for the idlers' dinner, after sport—rich meats and dainties of the rarest. In the rathskeller, some of the elder and more indolent men were absorbing alcohol, while music played and painted nymphs of abundant charms looked down from the wall-frescoes. Out on the broad piazzas, well sheltered by awnings from the rather ardent sun, men and women sat at spotless tables, dallying with drinks of rare hues and exalted prices. Cigaret-smoke wafted away on the pure breeze from over the Catskills, far to northwest, defiling the sweet breath of Nature, herself, with fumes of nicotine and dope. A Hungarian orchestra was playing the latest Manhattan ragtime, at the far end of the piazza. It was, all in all, a scene of rare refinement, characteristic to a degree of the efflorescence of American capitalism.

At one of the tables, obviously bored, sat Catherine Flint, only daughter of the Billionaire. A rare girl, she, to look upon—deep-bosomed and erect, dressed simply in a middy blouse with a blue tie, a khaki skirt and low, rubber-soled shoes revealing a silk-stockinged ankle that would have attracted the enthusiastic attention of gentlemen in any city of the world. No hat disfigured the coiled and braided masses of coppery hair that circled her shapely head. A healthy tan on face and open throat and arms bespoke her keen devotion to all outdoor life. Her fingers, lithe and strong, were graced by but two rings—a monogram, of gold, and the betrothal ring that Maxim Waldrom had put there, only three weeks before.

Impatience dominated her. One could see that, in the nervous tapping of her fingers on the cloth; the slight swing of her right foot as she sat there, one knee crossed

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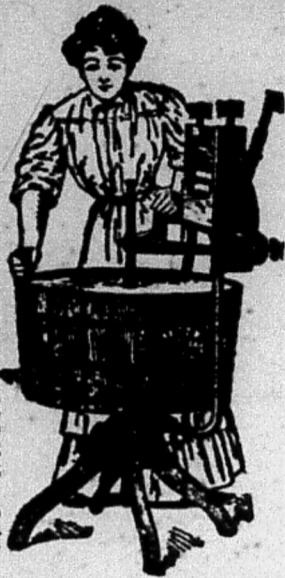
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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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over the other; the glance of her keen, gray eyes down the broad drive-way that led from the huge stone gates up to the club-house.

Beside her sat a nonentity in impeccable dress, dangling a monocle and trying to make small-talk, the while he dallied with a Bronx cocktail, costing more than a day's wage for a childish flower-making slave of the tenements, and inhaled a Rotten Row cigaret, the "last word" from London in the tobacco line. To the sallies of this elegant, the girl replied by only monosyllables. Her glass was empty, nor would she have it filled, despite the exquisite's entreaties. From time to time she glanced impatiently at the long bag of golf-sticks leaning against the porch rail; and, now and then, her eyes sought the little Cervine watch set in a leather wristlet on her arm.

"Inconsiderate of him, I'm sure — ah — to keep so magnificent a Diana waiting," drawled her companion, blowing a lungful of thin blue smoke athwart the breeze. "Especially when you're so deuced keen on doing the course, before dinner. Now if I were the favored swain, wild horses wouldn't keep me away."

She made no answer, but turned a look of indifference on the shrimp beside her. Had he possessed the soul of a real man, he would have shriveled; but, being oblivious to all things save the pride of wealth and monstrous self-conceit, he merely snickered and reached for his cocktail — which, by the way, he was absorbing through a straw.

"I say, Miss Flint?" he presently began again, stirring the ice in the cocktail.

"Well?" she answered, curtly. "If you — er — are really very, very impatient to have a go at the links, why wait for Wally? I — I should be only too glad to volunteer my services as your knight-errant, and all that sort of thing."

"Thanks, awfully," she answered, "but Mr. Waldron promised to go round the course with me, this afternoon, and I'll wait."

The impeccable one grinned fatuously, invited her again to have a drink — which she declined — and ordered another for himself, with profuse apologies for drinking alone; apologies which she seemed hardly to notice.

"Deuced bad form of Wally, I must say," the gilded youth resumed, trying to make capital for himself, "to leave you in the lurch, this way!"

Silence from Catherine. The would-be interloper, feeling that he was on the wrong track, took counsel with himself and remained for a moment immersed in what he imagined to be thought. At last, however, with an oblique glance at his indifferent companion, he remarked:

"Devilish hard time women have in this world, you know! Don't you sometimes wish you were a man?"

Her answer flashed back like a rapier:

"Nol Do you wish you were?"

Stunned by this "facer," Reginald Van Slyke gasped and stared. That he, a scion of the Philadelphia Van Slykes, in his own right worth two hundred million dollars — dollars ground out of the Kensington carpet-mill slaves by his grandfather — should be thus flouted and put upon by the daughter of Flint, that parvenu, absolutely floored him. For a moment he sat there speechless, unable even to reach for his drink; but presently some coherence returned. He was about to utter what he conceived to be a strong rejoinder, when the girl, suddenly standing up, turned her back upon him and ignored him as completely as he might have ignored any of the menials of the club.

His irritated glance followed hers. There, far down the drive, just rounding the long turn by the artificial lake,

a big blue motor car was speeding up the grade at a good clip. Van Slyke recognized it, and swore below his breath.

"Wally, at last, damn him!" he muttered. "Just when I was beginning to make headway with Kate!"

Vexed beyond endurance, he drummed on the cloth with angry fingers; but Catherine was oblivious. Unmindful of the merry-makers at the other tables, the girl waved her handkerchief at the swiftly-approaching motor. Waldron, from the back seat, raised an answering hand — though without enthusiasm. Above all things he hated demonstration, and the girl's frank manner, free, unconventional and not yet broken to the harness of Mrs. Grundy, never failed to irritate him.

"Very incorrect, for people in our set," he often thought. "But for the present, I can do nothing. Once she is my wife, ah, then I shall find means to curb her. For the present, however, I must let her have her head."

Such was now his frame of mind as the long car slid under the portico and came to a stand. He would have infinitely preferred that the girl should wait his coming to her, on the piazza; but already she had slung her bag of sticks over her strong shoulder, and was down the steps to meet him. Her leave-taking of the incensed Van Slyke had been the merest nod.

"You're late, Wally," said she, smiling with her usual good humor, which had already quite dissipated her impatience. "Late, but I'll forgive you, this time. I'm afraid we won't have time, now, to do all eighteen holes round. What kept you?"

"Business, business!" he answered, frowning. "Always the same old grind, Kate. You women don't understand. I tell you, this slaving in Wall Street isn't what it's cracked up to be. I couldn't get away till 11:30. Then, just had a quick bite of lunch, and broke every speed law in New York, getting here. Do you forgive me?"

He had descended from the car, in speaking. They shook hands, while the chauffeur stood at attention and all the gossips on the piazza, scenting the possibility of a disagreement, craned discreetly eager necks and listened intently.

"Forgive you? Of course — this time, but never again," the girl laughed. "Now, run along and get into your flannels. I'll meet you on the driving green, in ten minutes. Not another second, mind, or —"

"I'll be on the dot," he answered. "Here, boy," beckoning a caddy, "take Miss Flint's sticks. And have mine carried to the green. Look sharp, now!"

Then, with a nod at the girl, he ran up the steps and vanished in the clubhouse, bound for the locker room.

Fifteen minutes the girl waited on the green, watching others drive off from the little tees and inwardly chafing to be in action. Fifteen, and then twenty, before Waldron finally appeared, immaculate in white, bare-armed and with a loose, checked cap shading his close set eyes. The fact was, in addition to having changed his clothes, he had felt obliged to linger

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in the bar for a little Scotch; and one drink had meant another; and thus precious moments had sped.

But his smile was confident as he approached the green. Women, after all, he reflected, were meant to be kept waiting. They never appreciated a man who kept appointments exactly. Not less fatuous at heart, in truth, was he, than the unfortunate Van Slyke. But his manner was perfection as he saluted her and bade the caddy build their tees.

The girl, however, was now plainly vexed. Her mouth had drawn a trifle tight, and the tilt of her chin was determined. Her eyes were far from soft, as she surveyed this delinquent fiancé.

"I don't like you a bit, today, Wally," said she, as he deliberated over the club-bag, choosing a driver. "This makes twice you've kept me waiting. I warn you, don't let it happen again!"

Under the seeming banter of her tone lurked real resentment. But he, with a smile—partly due to a finger too much Scotch—only answered, in a low tone:

"You're adorable, today, Kate! The combination of fresh air and annoyance has painted the most wonderful roses on your cheeks!"

She shrugged her shoulders with a little motion she had inherited from French ancestry, stooped, set her golf ball on the little mound of sand, exactly to suit her, and raised her driver on high.

"Nine holes," said she, "and I'm going to beat you, today!"

He frowned a little, at the spirit of the threat, for any self-assertion in a woman crossed his grain; but soon forgot his pique in admiration of the drive.

Swishing, her club flashed down in a quick circle. *Crack!* It struck the gutta-percha squarely. The little white sphere zipped away like a rocket, rose in a far trajectory, up, up, toward the water-hazard at the foot of the grassy slope, then down in a long curve.

Even while the girl's cry of "Fore!" was echoing across the green, the ball struck earth, ricocheted and sped on, away, across the turf, till it came to rest not fifty yards from the putting green of the first hole.

"Wheeeoo!" whistled Waldron. "Some drive! I guess you're going to make good your threat, today, Kate of my heart!"

The smile she flashed at him showed that her resentment had, for the moment, been forgotten.

"Come on, Wally, now let's see

what you can do," said she, starting off down the slope, while her meek caddy tagged at a respectful distance.

Waldron, thus adjured, teed up and swung at the ball. But the Scotch had by no means steadied his aim. He fozzled badly and broke his pet driver, into the bargain. The steel head of it flew farther even than the ball, which moved hardly ten yards.

"Damn!" he muttered, under his breath, choosing another stick and glancing with real irritation at Catherine's lithe, splendidly poised figure already, some distance down the slope.

His second stroke was more successful, nearly equalling hers. But her advantage, thus early won, was not destined to be lost again. And as the game proceeded, Waldron's temper grew steadily worse and worse.

Thus began, for these two people, an hour destined to be fraught with such pregnant developments—an hour which, in its own way, vitally bore on the great loom now weaving warp and wood of world-events.

CHAPTER XI

THE END OF TWO GAMES.

TRIVIAL events sometimes precipitate catastrophes. It has been said that had James MacDonald not left the farm gate open, at Hugomont, Waterloo might have ended otherwise. So, now, the rupture between Catherine Flint and Maxim Waldron was precipitated by a single unguarded oath.

It was at the ninth hole, down back of the Terrace Woods bunker. Waldron, heated by exercise and the whiskey he had drunk, had already dismissed the caddies and undertaken to carry the clubs, himself, hopping—man-fashion—to steal a kiss or two from Catherine, along the edge of the close-growing oaks and maples. But all his plans went a-gley, for Catherine really made good and beat him, there, by half a dozen strokes; and as her little sphere, deftly driven by the putting-iron gripped in her brown, firm hands, rolled precisely over the cropped turf and fell into the tinned hole, the man ejaculated a perfectly audible "Hell!"

She stood erect and faced him, with a singular expression in those level gray eyes—eyes the look of which could allure or wither, could entice or command.

"Wally," said she, "did you swear?"

"I—er—why, yes," he stammered, taken aback and realizing, despite his chagrin, how very poor and unsportsmanlike a figure he was cutting.

"I don't like it," she returned.

"Not a little bit, Wally. It isn't game, and it isn't manly. You must respect me, now and always. I can't have profanity, and I won't."

He essayed lame apologies, but a sudden, hot anger seemed to have possessed him, in presence of this free, independent, exacting woman—this woman who, worst of all, had just beaten him at the game of all games he prided himself on playing well. And despite his every effort, she saw through the veil of sheer, perfunctory courtesy; and seeing, flushed with indignation.

"Wally," she said in a low, quiet tone, fixing a singular gaze upon him, "Wally, I don't know what to make of you, lately. The other night, at Idle Hour, you hardly looked at me. You and father spent the whole evening discussing some business or other."

"Most important business, my dear girl, I do assure you," protested Waldron, trying to steady his voice. "Most vitally"

"No matter about that," she interposed. "It could have been abridged, a trifle. I barely got six words out of you, that evening; and let me tell you, Wally, a woman never forgets neglect. She may forgive it; but forget it, never!"

"Oh well, if you put it that way" he began, but checked himself in time to suppress the cutting rejoinder he had at his tongue's end.

"I do, and it's vital, Wally," she answered. "It's all part and parcel of some singular kind of change that's been coming over you, lately, like a blight. You haven't been yourself, at all, these few days past. Something or other, I don't know what, has been coming between us. You've got something else on your mind, beside me—something bigger and more important to you than I am—and—and"

He pulled out his gold cigar case, chose and lighted a cigar to steady his nerve, and faced her with a smile—the worst tactic he could possibly have chosen in dealing with this woman. Supremely successful in handling men, he lacked finesse and insight with the other sex; and now that lack, in his moment of need, was bringing him moment by moment nearer the edge of catastrophe.

"I don't like it at all, Waldron," she resumed, again. "You were late, the other night, in taking me to the Flower Show. You were late, today, for our appointment here; and the ten minutes I gave you to get ready in, stretched out to twenty before you"

He interrupted her with a gesture of uncontrollable vexation.

"Really, my dear Kate," he exclaimed, "if you—er—insist on holding me to account for every moment"

"You've been drinking, too, a little," she kept on. "And you know I detest it! And just now, when I beat you in a square game, you so far forgot yourself as to swear. Now, Waldron"

"Oh, puritanical, eh?" he sneered, ignoring the danger signals in her eyes. Even yet there might have been some chance of avoiding shipwreck, had he heeded those twin beacons, humbled himself, made amends by due apology and promised reformation. For though Catherine never had truly loved this man, some years older than herself and of radically different character, still she liked and respected him, and found him—by his very force and dominance—far more to her taste than the insipid hangers-on, sons of fortune or fortune-hunters, who, like the sap-brained Van Slyke, made up so great a part of her "set."

So, all might yet have been amended; but this was not to be. Never yet had "Tiger" Waldron bowed the neck to living man or woman. Dominance was his whole scheme of life. Though he might purr, politely enough, so long as his fur was smoothed the right way, a single backward stroke set his fangs gleaming and unsheathed every sabre-like claw. And now this woman, his fiancée though she was, her beauty dear to him and her charm most fascinating, her fortune much desired and most of all an alliance with her father—now this woman, despite all these considerations, had with a few incisive words ruffled his mane beyond endurance.

So great was his agitation that, despite his strongest instinct of saving, he flung away the scarcely-tasted cigar.

"Kate!" he exclaimed, his very tongue thick with the rage he could not quell, "Kate, I can't stand this! You're going too far. What do you know of men's work and men's affairs? Who are you to judge of their times of coming and going, their obligations, their habits and manners of life? What do you understand?"

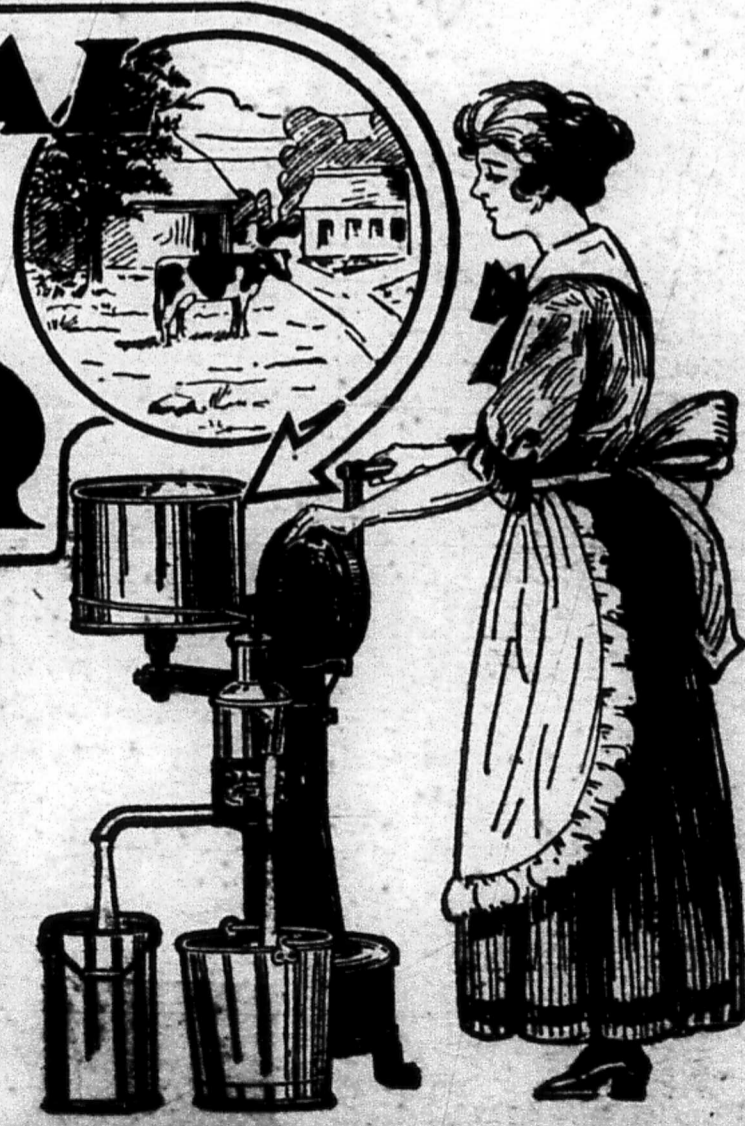
"It's obvious," she replied with glacial coldness, "that I don't understand you, and never have. I have been living in a dream, Wally; seeing you through the glass of illusion, not reality. After all, you're like all men—just the same, no different. Idealism, self-sacrifice, consideration, true nobility of character, where are

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these, in you? What is there but the same old selfishness, the same innate, masculine conceit and ———"

"No more of this, Kate!" cried the financier, paling a little. "No more! I can't have it! I won't—it's impossible! You — you don't understand, I tell you. In your narrow, untrained, woman's way, you try to set up standards for me; try to judge me, and dictate to me. Some old puritanical streak in you is cropping out, some blue-law atavism, some I know not what, that rebels against my taking a drink—like every other man. That cries out against my letting slip a harmless oath — again, like every other man that lives and breathes. Every man, that is, who is a man, a real man, not a dummy! If you've been mistaken in me, how much more have I, in you! And so ———"

"And so," she took the very words from his pale lips, "we've both been mistaken, that's all. No, no," she forbade him, with raised hand, as he would have interrupted with protests. "No, you needn't try to convince me otherwise, now. A thousand volumes of speeches, after this, couldn't do it. An hour's insight into the true depths of a man's character — yes, even a moment's—perfectly suffices to show the truth. You've just drawn the veil aside, Wally, for me, and let me look at the true picture. All that I've known and thought of you, so far, has been sham and illusion. Now, I know you!"

"You — you don't, Catherine!" he exclaimed, half in anger, half contrition, terrified at last by the imminent break between them, by the thought of losing this rich flower from the garden of womanhood, this splendid financial and social prize. "I — I've done wrong, Kate. I admit it. But, truly ———"

"No more," said she, and in her voice sounded a command he knew, at last, was quite inexorable. "I'm not like other women of our set, perhaps. I can't be bought and sold, Wally, with money and position. I can't marry a man, and have to live with him, if he shows himself petty, or small, or narrow in any way. I must be free, free as air, as long as I live. Even in marriage, I must be free. Freedom can only come with the union of two souls that understand and help and inspire each other. Anything else is slavery — and worse!"

She shuddered, and for a moment turned half away from him, as, now contrite enough for the minute, he stood there looking at her with dazed eyes. For a second the idea came to him that he must take her in his arms, there in the edge of the woods, burn kisses on her ripe mouth, win her back to him by force, as he had won all life's battles. He would not, could not, let this prize escape him, now. A wave of desire surged through his being. He took a step toward her, his trembling arms open to seize her lithe, seductive body. But she, retreating, held him away with repellent palms.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "Not now — never that, any more! I must be free, Wally — free as air!"

She raised her face toward the vast reaches of the sky, breathed deep and for a moment closed her eyes, as though bathing her very soul in the sweet freedom of the out-of-doors.

"Free as air!" she whispered. "Let me go!"

He started, violently. Her simile had struck him like a lash.

"Free—as what?" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "As air? But—but there's no such freedom, I tell you! Air isn't free, any more—or won't be, soon! It will be everything, anything but free, before a year is gone! Free as air? You—you don't understand! Your father and I—we shall soon own the air. Free as air? Yes, if you like! For that—that means you, too, must belong to me!"

Again he sought to take her, to hold her and overmaster her. But she, now wide-eyed with a kind of sudden terror at this latest outbreak, this

seeming madness on his part, which she could nowise fathom or comprehend, retreated ever more and more, away from him.

Then suddenly, with a quick effort, she stripped off the splendid, blazing diamond from her finger, and held it out to him.

"Wally," said she, calm now and quite herself again, "Wally, let's be friends. Just that, and nothing more. Dear, good, companionable friends, as we used to be, long ago, before this madness seized us—this chimera of —of love!"

As a bull, charging, is struck to the heart by the sword of the matador, and stops in his tracks, motionless and dazed before he falls, so "Tiger" Waldron stopped, wholly stunned by this abrupt and crushing dénouement.

For a moment, man and woman faced each other. Not a word was spoken. Catherine had no more to say; and Waldron, though his lips worked, could bring none to utterance. Then their eyes met; and his lowered.

"Good-bye," said she, quietly. "Good-bye forever, as my betrothed. When we meet again Wally, it will be as friends, and nothing more. And now, let me go. Don't come with me. I prefer to be alone. I'd rather walk, a bit, and think—and then go back quietly to the club-house, and so home, in my car. Don't follow me. Here—take this, and—good-bye."

Mechanically he accepted the gleaming jewel. Mechanically, like a man without sense or reason, he watched her walk away from him, upright and strong and lithe, voluptuous and desirable in every motion of that splendid body, now lost to him forever. Then all at once, entering a woodland path that led by a short cut back to the club-house, she vanished from his sight.

Vanished, without having even so much as turned to look at him again, or wave that firm brown hand.

Then, seeming to waken from his daze, "Tiger" laughed, a terrible and cruel laugh; and then he flung a frightful blasphemy upon the still June air; and then he dashed the wondrous diamond to earth, and stamped and dug it with a perfect frenzy of rage into the soft mold.

And, last of all, with lowered head and lips that moved in fearful curses, he crashed away into the woods, away from the path where the girl was, away from the club house, away, away, thirsting for solitude and time to quell his passion, salve his wounded pride and ponder measures of terrible revenge.

The diamond ring, stamped into the earth, and the golf clubs, lying where they had fallen from the disputants' hands, now remained there as melancholy reminders of the double game—love and golf—which had so suddenly ended in disaster.

CHAPTER XII
ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY.

AS violently rent from his job as Maxim Waldron had been torn from his alliance with Catherine, Gabriel Armstrong met the sudden change in his affairs with far more equanimity than the financier could muster. Once the young electrician's first anger had subsided—and he had pretty well mastered it before he had reached the Oakwood Heights station—he began philosophically to turn the situation in his mind, and to rough out his plans for the future.

"Things might be worse, all round," he reflected, as he strode along at a smart pace. "During the seven months I've been working for these pirates, I've managed to pay off the debt I got into at the time of the big E. W. strike, and I've got eighteen dollars or a little more in my pocket. My clothes will do a while longer. Even though Flint blacklists me all over the country, as he probably will, I can duck into some job or other, somewhere. And most important of all, I know what's due to happen in

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America—I've seen that note book! Let them do what they will, they can't take that knowledge away from me!"

The outlook, on the whole, was cheering. Gabriel broke into a whistle, as he swung along the highway, and slashed cheerfully with his heavy stick at the dusty bushes by the roadside. A vigorous, pleasing figure of a man he made, striding onward in his blue flannel shirt and corduroys, stout boots making light of distance, somewhat rebellious black hair clustering under his cap, blue eyes clear and steady as the sunlight itself. There must have been a drop of Irish blood somewhere or other in his veins, to have given him that ruddy cheek, those eyes, that hair, that quick enthusiasm and that swiftness to anger—then, by reaction, that quick buoyancy which so soon banished everything but courageous optimism from his hot heart.

Thus the man walked, all his few worldly belongings — most precious among them his union card and his red Socialist card—packed in the knapsack strapped to his broad shoulders. And as he walked, he formulated his plans.

"Niagara for mine," he decided. "It's there these hellions mean to start their devilish work of enslaving the whole world. It's there I want to be, and must be, to follow the infernal job from the beginning and to nail it, when the right time comes. I'll put in a day or two with my old friend, Sam Underwood, up in the Bronx, and maybe tell him what's doing and frame out the line of action with him. But after that, I strike for Niagara—yes, and on foot!"

This decision came to him as strongly desirable. Not for some time, he knew, could the actual work of building the Air Trust plant be started at Niagara. Meanwhile, he wanted to keep out of sight, as much as possible. He wanted, also to save every cent. Again, his usual mode of travel had always been either to ride the rods or "hike" it on shanks' mare. Bitterly opposed to swelling the railways' revenues by even a penny, Armstrong in the past few years of his life had done some thousands of miles, afoot, all over the country. His best means of Socialist propaganda, he had found, was in just such meanderings along the highways and hedges of existence—a casual job, here or there, for a day, a week, a month—then, quick friendships; a little talk; a few leaflets handed to the intelligent, if he could find any. He had laced the continent with such peregrinations, always sowing the seed of revolution wherever he had passed; getting in touch with the Movement all over the republic; keeping his finger on the pulse of ever-growing, always-strengthening Socialism.

Such had his habits long been. And now, once more adrift and jobless, but with the most tremendous secret of the ages in his possession, he naturally turned to the comfort and the calming influence of the broad highway, in his long journey towards the place where he was to meet, in desperate opposition, the machinations of the Air Trust magnates.

"It's the only way for me," he decided, as he turned into the road leading toward Saint George and the Manhattan Ferry. "Flint and Herzog will be sure to put Slade and the Cosmos people after me. Blacklisting will be the least of what they'll try to do. They'll use slugging tactics, sure, if they get a chance, or railroad me to some Pen or other, if possible. My one best bet is to keep out of their way; and I figure I'm ten times safer on the open road, with a few dollars to stave off a vagrancy charge, and with two good fists and this stick to keep 'em at a distance, than I would be on the railroads or in cheap dumps along the way.

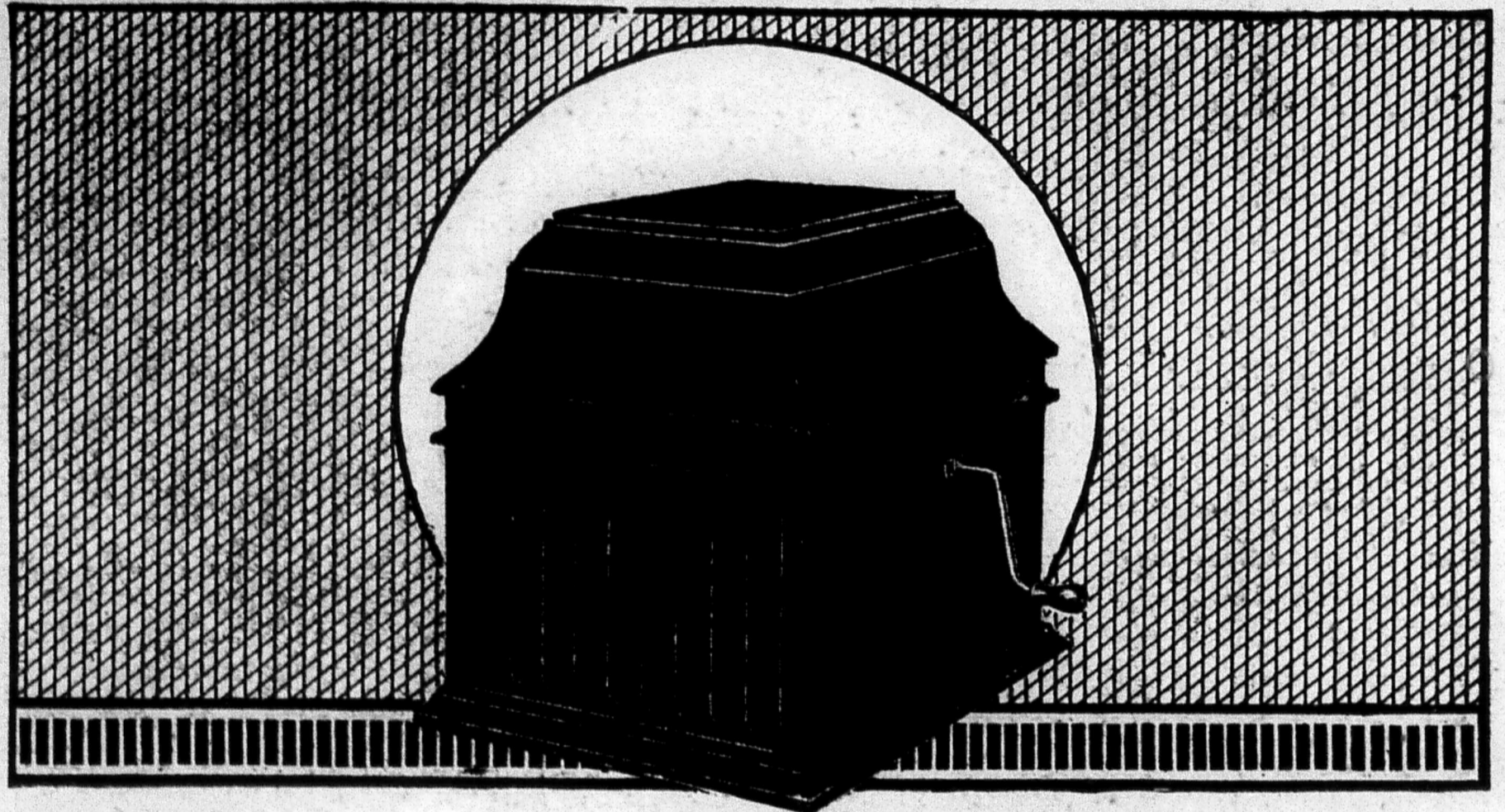
"The last place they'll ever think of looking for me will be the big outdoors. Their idea of hunting for a workman is to dragnet the back rooms

of saloons—especially if they're after a Socialist. That's the limit of their intelligence, to connect Socialism and beer. I'll beat 'em; I'll hike—and it's a hundred to one I land in Niagara with more cash than when I started, with better health, more knowledge, and the freedom that, alone, can save the world now from the most damnable slavery that ever threatened its existence!"

Thus reasoning, with perfect clarity and a long-headedness that proved him a strategist at four-and-twenty, Gabriel Armstrong whistled a louder note as he tramped away to northward, away from the hateful presence of Herzog, away from the wage-slavery

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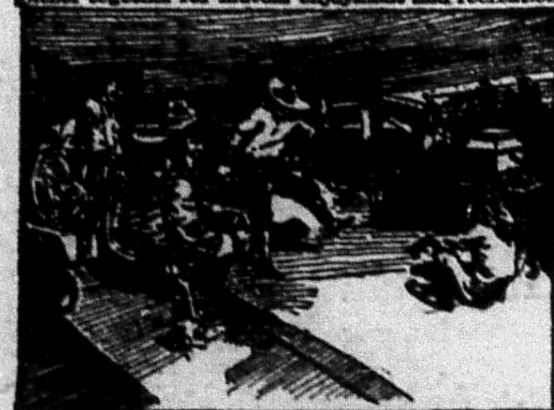
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among all his wonderful inventions is his phonograph. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced this new model. Think of it; over 25 years of work on all these epoch-making inventions—then his pet and hobby perfected!

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of the Oakwood Heights plant, away—with that precious secret in his brain—toward the far scene of destined warfare, where stranger things were to ensue than even he could possibly conceive.

Saturday morning found him, his visit with Underwood at an end,

already twenty miles or more from the Bronx River, marching along through Haverstraw, up the magnificent road that fringes the Hudson—now hidden from the mighty river behind a forest-screen, now curving on bold abutments right above the sun-kissed expanses of Haverstraw

Bay, here more than two miles from wooded shore to shore.

At eleven, he halted at a farm house, some miles north of the town, got a job on the woodpile, and astonished the farmer by the amount of birch he could saw in an hour. He took his pay in the shape of a bountiful dinner, and—after half an hour's smoke and talk with the farmer, to whom he gave a few pamphlets from the store in his knapsack—said good-bye to all hands and once more set his face northward for the long hike through much wilder country, to West Point, where he hoped to pass the night.

Thus we must leave him, for a while. For now the thread of our narration, like the silken cord in the Labyrinth of Crete, leads us back to the Country Club at Longmeadow, the scene, that very afternoon, of the sudden and violent rupture between the financier and Catherine Flint.

Catherine, her first indignation somewhat abated, and now vastly relieved at the realization that she indeed was free from her loveless and long-since irksome alliance with Waldron, calmly enough returned to the clubhouse. Head well up, and eyes defiant, she walked up the broad steps and into the office. Little cared she whether the piazza gossips—The Hammer and Anvil Club, in local slang—divined the quarrel or not. The girl felt herself immeasurably indifferent to such pettinesses as prying small talk and innuendo. Let people know, or not, as might be, she cared not a whit. Her business was her own. No wagging of tongues could one hair's breath disturb that splendid calm of hers.

The clerk behind the desk, smiled and nodded at her approach.

"Please have my car brought round to the porte-cochere, at once?" she asked. "And tell Herrick to be sure there's plenty of gas for a long run. I'm going through to New York."

"So soon?" queried the clerk. "I'm sure your father will be disappointed, Miss Flint. He's just wired that he's coming out, tomorrow, to spend Sunday here. He particularly asks to have you remain. See here?"

He handed her a telegram. She glanced it over, then crumpled it and tossed it into the office fire-place.

"I'm sorry," she answered. "But I can't stay. I must get back, to-night. I'll telegraph father not to come. A blank, please?"

The clerk handed her one. She pondered a second, then wrote:

Dear Father: A change of plans makes me return home at once. Please wait and see me there. I've something important to talk over with you.

Affectionately, Kate.

Ordinary people try to squeeze their message to ten words, and count and prune and count again; but not so, Catherine. For her, a telegram had never connoted any space limit. It meant less to her than a post-card

to you or me. Not that the girl was consciously extravagant. No, had you asked her, she would have claimed rigid economy—she rarely, for instance, paid more than a hundred dollars for a morning gown, or more than a thousand for a ball-dress. It was simply that the idea of counting words had never yet occurred to her. And so, now, she complacently handed this verbose message to the clerk, who—thoroughly well-trained—understood it was to be charged on her father's perfectly staggering monthly bill.

"Very well, Miss Flint," said he. "I'll send this at once. And your car will be ready for you in ten minutes—or five, if you like?"

"Ten will do, thank you," she answered. Then she crossed to the elevator and went up to her own suite of rooms on the second floor, for her motor-coat and veils.

"Free, thank heaven!" she breathed, with infinite relief, as she stood before the tall mirror, adjusting these for the long trip. "Free from that man, forever. What a narrow escape! If things hadn't happened just as they did, and if I hadn't had that precious insight into Wally's character—good Lord!—catastrophe! Oh, I haven't been so happy since I—since—why, I've never been so happy in all my life!"

"Wally, dear boy," she added, turning toward the window as though apostrophizing him in reality, "now we can be good friends. Now, all the sham and pretense are at an end, for ever. As a friend, you may be splendid. As a husband—oh, impossible!"

Lighter of heart than she had been for years, was she, with the added zest of the long spin through the beauty of the June country before her—down among the hills and cliffs, among the forests and broad valleys—down to New York again, back to the father and the home she loved better than all else in the world.

In this happy frame of mind she presently entered the low-hung, swift-motored car, settled herself on the luxurious cushions and said "Home, at once!" to Herrick.

He nodded, but did not speak. He felt, in truth, somewhat incapable of quite coherent speech. Not having expected any service till next day, he had foregathered with others of his ilk in the servants' bar, below-stairs, and had with wassail and good cheer very effectually put himself out of commission.

But, somewhat sobered by this quick summons, he had managed to pull together. Now, drunk though he was, he sat there at the wheel, steady enough—so long as he held onto it—and only by the redness of his face and a certain glassy look in his eye, betrayed the fact of his intoxication. The girl, busy with her farewells as the car drew up for her, had not observed him. At the last moment, Van Slyke waved a foppish hand at her, and smirked adieux. She ac-



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I am putting on the market a large-eye, cable-temple spectacle, the frame of which is made of composition non-gold metal that looks like gold, although there is not one cent's worth of gold in their entire makeup. The hooks that go around the ears are made of soft twisted cable wire (just exactly like the high-priced spectacles now on the market) which will not hurt the most tender ears. I want you to send for these large-eye, cable-temple, non-gold spectacles of mine.

As soon as you get them I want you to put the first pair on your eyes—the reading and sewing spectacles—sit down in front of the open hearth one of these cold wintry nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible, thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eyepains, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.



If you like to go out hunting occasionally, put on the second pair—the distance and shooting spectacles—shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some bright and early morning, and you'll be greatly delighted to find that they help you wonderfully in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. And in the evening, when the

shadows are gathering in the dusk, you'll easily be able to distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on, and this even if your eyes are so very weak that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

But the third pair—the protection pair of spectacles—is the best of them all. With this pair of protection spectacles on your eyes, you will be able to work around in your kitchen and do your cooking in front of a red-hot stove, go out into the field and do your plowing, or go out driving in the brightest sunshine, or when the snow is on the ground, and they will prevent you from contracting those eye troubles usually caused by heat, dust, grit and dirt, and keep your eyes in good condition while doing your work.



Now Don't Take My Word For It

I am going to send these three pairs of spectacles home to you at once, all charges prepaid, so that you can try them out yourself for reading, sewing, hunting, driving, indoors, outdoors, anywhere, everywhere, anyway and everyway.

Can you get a squarer deal than this anywhere?

Did you ever hear of a fairer or squarer proposition in which you are offered

3 pairs of large-eye, cable-temple spectacles to fit the whole family, on free trial.

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How old are you?.....How many years have you used spectacles?.....

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Address, THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, Pontiac Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

knowledge his good-bye with a smile, so happy was she at the outcome of her golf-game; then cast a quick glance up at the club windows, fearing to see the harsh face of Wally peering down at her in anger.

But he was nowhere to be seen; and now, with a sudden acceleration of the powerful six-cylinder engine, the big gray car moved smoothly forward. Growling in its might, it swung in a wide circle round the sweep of the driveway, gathered speed and shot away down the grade toward the stone gates of the entrance, a quarter mile distant.

Presently it swerved through these, to southward. Club-house, waving handkerchiefs and all vanished from Kate's view.

"Faster, Herrick," she commanded, leaning forward. "I must be home by half past five."

Again he nodded, and notched spark and throttle down. The car, leaping like a wild creature, began to hum at a swift clip down the smooth, white road toward Newburgh on the Hudson.

Thirty miles an hour the speedometer showed, then thirty-five and forty. Again the drunken chauffeur, still master of his machine despite the poison pulsing in his dazed brain, snicked the little levers further down. Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, the figures on the dial showed.

Now the exhaust ripped in a crackling staccato, like a machine gun, as the chauffeur threw out the muffler. Behind, a long trail of dust rose, whirling in the air. Catherine, a sportswoman born, leaned back and smiled with keen pleasure, while her yellow veil, whipping sharply on the wind, let stray locks of that wonderful red-gold hair stream about her flushed face.

Thus she sped homeward, driven at a mad pace by a man whose every sense was numbed and stultified by alcohol—homeward, along a road up which, far, far away, another man, keen, sober and alert, was trudging with a knapsack on his broad back, swinging a stick and whistling cheerily as he went.

Fate, that strange moulder of human destinies, what had it in store for these two, this woman and this man? This daughter of a billionaire, and this young proletarian?

Who could foresee, or, foreseeing, could believe what even now stood written on the Book of Destiny?

End of Part III.

**Kate Richards O'Hare's
OPEN LETTER
TO PRESIDENT WILSON**

Printed in the February Rip-Saw has created such a sensation and such a demand that we have been compelled to reprint it in

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The RIP-SAW
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Walla Walla Wins

Walla Walla, Wash., Jan. 21st, 1915:

I am greatly pleased to report that the meeting with Comrade Debs was a complete success in every particular and we are greatly encouraged over the results of the lecture, for he simply made a great impression on the natives of this conservative berg. This place has always been so difficult to make any headway and get a crowd for a Socialist lecture and our efforts heretofore have usually resulted so disastrously, financially, that it was with considerable hesitation that we decided to undertake the responsibility, especially since we have no organization at this time and three of us agreed to take up the matter and assume the responsibility and of

course we are more than pleased with the result. We broke even and the good impression that the people gained of Comrade Debs personally and of the Socialist movement as a result of the lecture, is well worth our efforts and we feel that if we ever have the opportunity of getting him here again we will feel no hesitation in making such arrangements.

We had people of all walks of life to hear Comrade Debs and they are all equal in their praise of the lecture. Fraternally yours, J. E. Stanton.

It is our boast that justice is dispensed alike to all in this country. So it is if you have the mazuma.

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A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY to Make Money, Both Men and Women. Write TODAY.

How often have many lady readers longed for the death of the old stove-heated sad iron and the hard, tiresome, hot days work it means to them each week—for the man that cut ironing day in two.

He lives—a genius of Cincinnati has invented a device that is proving a blessing to women folks. Made ironing day troubles all over—changed—there's a new way of ironing—astonishing but true.

The family ironing can now be done in less than half the time—less than half the work, and with one tenth the usual fuel expense. No running back and forth between stove and ironing board. Iron where you please—you do not need to stay in the hot kitchen—iron in any room—on porch—under shade of tree if you wish. No drudgery—that is past. Good-bye to the old style stove heated irons. The easy way of ironing is here to bless our dear women.



SEE HOW SIMPLE, DIFFERENT, EASY

Light the iron; set it for the amount of heat desired. See how rapidly the hot iron slides over the damp clothes, ironing and pressing them quickly and easily, the smooth point in and out of the gathers, tucks and ruffles, drying them as it goes. Nothing to delay; it is hot, keeps hot, runs easily and smoothly. Iron on the table all the time, one hand on the iron—the other to smooth, turn and fold the clothes. It is a fast iron, you unconsciously move quickly to keep up with it. You can go as fast as you choose, and the clothes are ironed better and in one-half the time.

No waiting with this iron. Go right along, one thing after another. Irons all kinds of goods. No time wasted—iron right heat; regulate it to the required amount for any kind of ironing. If you want more heat, turn it on; if you want less heat, turn some off. Always ready for use when you want it. Just light the iron and go ahead, you don't need to build a fire in the kitchen range and wait for three or four irons to heat. With the Self-Heating Iron you have the iron when you want it, where you want it and with the heat you want; whether you want to do a big ironing, or whether you want to press and iron only a few pieces. Sounds strange, may be hard to believe—but listen, the writer saw it demonstrated—it's all true. No experiment—going on daily. THOUSANDS ARE IN USE and customers are delighted. It not only irons white goods, finest laces, curtains, but anything that can be ironed by the old method. Saves time, fuel, health and money. Well and durably made, will last for years. Right size, right weight, right shape. Perfectly safe—anyone can use it.

HUNDREDS A WEEK

While at the factory in Cincinnati, the writer found that this invention has caused remarkable excitement all over the U. S. FACTORY ALREADY RUSHED WITH THOUSANDS OF ORDERS. Evidently the company's agents are making big money, as they offer big commissions to active agents, and will also send a free sample to those who mean business.

It will be noticed from the engraving that this iron is different from any other iron. Construction very simple—easily and safely operated by anyone, and built on the latest scientific principles. It will be seen that the Standard Self-Heating Iron is complete in itself, simple and compact

in construction. Carries its own fuel, makes its own gas, burns its own gas. The reservoir is placed above the iron and under the handle, convenient for filling, yet out of the way, does not interfere with the ironing. By an ingenious device, when lighting, it is only necessary to open a small slide which can be again closed, thus retaining all the heat in the iron. With our new burner the flame is evenly distributed over the bottom of the iron, insuring a steady regular heat. The valve for regulating the heat is on the outside, under the handle; turning this one way or the other gives more or less heat. No attachments, connecting pipes, no elevated tanks projecting to be in the way when operating. The handle is of wood and requires no cloth or holder; the iron burns perfectly, standing on heel when not in use.

CUSTOMERS PRAISE IT

The writer was shown hundreds of letters from actual users of this grand invention, proving it a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction. The following extracts may interest our readers: Alex Stalker, N. Y. writes: "The Self-Heating Iron received some time ago and will say right here it is the most useful and money-saving device that was ever made. My wife has just finished a large ironing in two hours that usually took her half a day with the old stove heating irons, and the house is cool. It is certainly just the only iron made. We want the agency." W. F. Farnum: "After receiving your iron and giving it

a thorough trial it will be a perfect success. My wife is enthusiastic over the work it does and the economy in its use." Mrs. J. E. King, Ill.: "Received iron yesterday in good shape. Well pleased with it. Want the agency." I. N. Newby, Ill.: "Find it to be all you claim for it." Mrs. Josephine Ronte, N. Y.: "Received the iron O. K. and did my ironing with it yesterday. I like it very much." A. E. Covert, N. Y.: "Have lighted it several times already and find I can do ironing so much quicker and cleaner than in the old way. Think it is the best thing I have ever had in my house." Miss Roxie Sheete, N. C.: "The 2 irons received and am delighted. Have turned off our regular ironer and will do the ironing ourselves, now. Sold the extra iron to the first lady I showed it to." Mrs. Watson C. McNeil, N. Y.: "I am more than pleased with it and its work. It is not a bit clumsy. It is a delight to use it." Mrs. Cora Wright, Ill.: "I received the iron Saturday and like it fine." Mrs. C. M. Winstead, Ky.: "I received my iron about three weeks ago. Like it better than anything I ever saw in the way of irons." This invention must, indeed, be wonderful, yes, a God-send, that cuts ironing day in less than half and cuts fuel expense to almost nothing.

The writer personally saw this iron in operation and after using one in his own home is delighted with it and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that the Standard Self-Heating Iron, made by the Cincinnati firm, seems to delight the users and the makers guarantee every one.

HOW TO GET ONE

It is not sold in stores. Write to the
C. BROWN MFG. CO.
4463 Brown Bldg. Cincinnati, O.
the only manufacturers of this grand invention.

Send no money—simply your name and address and they will send you circulars giving full description, and testimonials from users. The price of the Standard Self-Heating Iron is low, the makers fully guarantee every iron. They are reliable, have been in business for years, and do just as they agree.

DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR CIRCULARS

FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS

The firm wants agents, salesmen, managers, both men and women, all, or part of time, home and traveling, take orders and appoint agents. All year business—experience not necessary. This iron sells on merit—sells itself SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS, \$30.00 to \$50.00 a week. Standard iron is new—nothing else like it. World unsupplied; five million to be sold. Every home a prospect. Price low. All can afford it. Where operated, people stop, get excited, watch it. How they do sell. Even 2 or 3 a day gives \$27.00 to \$40.00 a week profit; 6 sales a day is fair for an



agent; some will sell a dozen in one day. Show 10 families—sell 5. Not sold in stores. Why should any of our readers be hard up or poor with such a chance at hand? Send no money. Write postal today for description, agents selling plan. How to get a FREE SAMPLE.

C. BROWN MFG CO.
4463 Brown Bldg.
Cincinnati, O.

A second edition of the January issue of the Rip-Saw containing the opening chapters of George Allan England's Masterpiece, "The Air Trust," is now running off the press to meet the big demand for new subscribers. See full page announcement in this issue, and keep the good work up!

New KEROSENE LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE

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We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp. Tests at 14 leading Universities show that it

Burns 50 Hours on One Gallon
common coal oil (kerosene), no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

\$1,000.00 Reward

will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to the merits of the Aladdin? **GET ONE FREE.** We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition and learn how to get one free.

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Largest Manufacturers and Distributors of Kerosene Mantle Lamps in the World

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Men with Rigs

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the ALADDIN on our easy plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home 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 says: "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls." Thousands where coming money and the Aladdin just as strongly. **No Money Required** We furnish capital to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to make big money in unoccupied territory.

Stop the War!

Rosika Schwimmer

(International Delegate of the Women's Equal Suffrage League, Organizer of Woman's Peace Party.)

At the outbreak of the greatest disaster that has ever befallen human society, the instinct of true womanhood responded at once. The blast of the war trumpet sounded through the world and the echo was the outcry of the women of all nations.

"Don't!"

"Don't kill!"

"Don't send our sons, brothers, husbands and fathers to the slaughter house!"

"Don't make women and children the victims of the unspeakable horrors that inevitably accompany the bloody game of war!"

We, over there in Europe, knew that our voices could not carry far in the midst of the deafening crash of a down breaking world. Martial law silences not only men, but women too. Martial law means the end of free speech, free press and therefore even free thought.

In that killing silence the women of all the war cursed nations turned to the new world. It turned to your country which with its smiling, busy, normal life seems to be another planet far removed from our world. A world where men have ceased to be teachers, artists, business men, thinkers and workers and have become only murderers and murdered.

Ours is a world where women have ceased to be "Queens of the home," "Guardian Angels," "Holy mothers" and "Jewels of the household" that men like to call us, but are victims of the most diabolical conditions women have ever been called upon to endure.

In our hour of unspeakable sorrow we turned to your country. No other power in the world but your nation could offer us hope. Your president, your Congress and your government can alone lead in the action that will save the tattered remnant of European civilization. The only organization through which we could work was the International Women's Suffrage Association. Though international communication was terribly disorganized, those Suffrage organizations that could be reached implored Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt to organize a movement for mediation and sent me from my home in Budapest to represent the women of Europe and voice their plea for your help to stop the war.

On the eighteenth of September last, Mrs. Catt and I presented the petition of the International Woman's Suffrage Association to your government asking that the power of the United States be used to force mediation. This

plea was signed by the women of seventeen European countries. We were received by President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan very cordially and they promised to give due weight of consideration to our plea in further action.

Five months have passed since then, nothing has been done officially to stop the war except the calling for a day of prayer by President Wilson. Evidently some influence stronger than the combined prayers of the people of the nation and the anguished plea of all the women of Europe has put a dead weight on the conscience of those whose mission it should have been to save the world.

Relief work has been used as a drug to lull to sleep the conscience that could not shut out the horrors of war. Can not the good people of America who send food and money for war relief understand that every cent of money and every loaf of bread sent to Europe now but permits the belligerent governments to wage war so much longer and more brutally? If you sent no relief, the warring nations would be compelled to spend a part of their war loans to care for their war victims, but as long as you send relief they will spend every penny for destruction.

It is astonishing to me that you Americans can not understand, you who are so generous that will share your last penny for war relief, that Europe is not poor in money. Those billions of dollars spent on war and destruction are not gone, they are in the pockets of the army contractors and bankers. Their pockets are heavy with blood-stained gold, let them pay for the relief of their victims. Remember, please, that every penny sent for relief but allows the money of Europe to concentrate in the pockets of bankers and capitalists and this fact must be reckoned with when peace comes. Why not let the belligerent governments pass relief loans along with their war loans and extract by taxation the money for relief from those who fatten on war.

Of the Red Cross work the same must be said. Where hundreds of thousands of men are wounded, the handful of people you can send can not care for the sick and maimed. And of what value if they could? Every man patched up must go back and fight until he falls or becomes utterly useless for war and naturally for peace later on. Red Cross work like relief only helps to prolong the agony.

If you could put together all the gold in your big, wonderful country and if you could send it all to Europe it would not bring

FREE GRAND EASTER SURPRISE-PACKET

6	9	22	5				
20	8	15	21	19	1	14	4
4	15	12	12	1	18		
16	18	9	26	5	19		

WIN A PRIZE

Each one of these four lines of figures spells a word. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet and we have used figures in spelling the four words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc., throughout the alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE FOUR WORDS WE WILL SEND YOU A SURPRISE PACKET CONTAINING FIVE BEAUTIFUL GOLD EMBOSSED EASTER POST CARDS, ALSO A CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY IN OUR GRAND \$5,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST. USE YOUR BRAINS. Try and make out the four words. ACT QUICKLY. Write the four words on a slip of paper, mail it immediately with your name and address, and you will promptly receive as your reward this SURPRISE PACKET, which is a handsome assortment of five beautifully colored Gold Embossed Easter post cards, together with a copy of a New York Magazine, also a CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY IN OUR GRAND \$5,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST which closes May 1st, 1918. Act promptly. This is your opportunity to enter this great contest in which we give away THREE AUTOMOBILES, PIANO, PHONOGRAPH, GOLD WATCHES, CASH PRIZES, etc. In case of a tie between two or more persons for any Prize, a Prize identical in character and value will be given each person tied. TRY AND WIN. E. E. WEST, Mgr., 649 West 43d St., Dept. 303 New York

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- Everybody's Doin' It
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- Oh You Beautiful Doll
- I Long for You Tonight
- Somebody Else is Getting It
- If You Talk In Your Sleep
- You for Me When Sweet 16
- Alexander's Ragtime Band
- Rainbow
- Cheyenne
- Silver Bell
- Do My Little Baby Bumble Bee
- If I Had a Home Sweet Home
- Who Are You With To-Night
- They Always Pick On Me
- All That I Ask of You is Love
- Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet
- By Light of the Silvery Moon
- Will the Angels Let Me Play
- Let Me Call You Sweetheart
- Roses Bring Dreams of You
- Call Me Some Rainy Afternoon
- Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now
- If I Only Had the Nerve
- You'll Do the Same Thing Over
- When I Get You Alone Tonight
- Green Grass Grew All Around
- Waiting for the Robert E. Lee
- There's a Mother Old and Gray
- Hold Up Rag
- My Dixie Rose
- In Georgia Land
- Little Boy Blue
- Red Rose Rag
- Temptation Rag
- School Days
- Way Down South
- Casey Jones
- Steamboat Bill
- O You Circus Day
- Rag Time Violin
- Gritzy Bear
- Row, Row, Row
- Because I'm in
- Love With You
- Silver Threads Among the Gold
- Till Sands of Desert Grow Cold



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back one single one of those men whose rotting corpse festers in that human slaughterhouse; it would not stop the butchery that fertilizes the soil of Europe with human flesh and sows the seeds of death and disease instead of wheat and corn. Not a widow or orphan could be comforted, not a maiden given back her virtue or a little life sent back to its maker, that has been conceived in force, the fruit of the hellish lust of men always set free in the madness of war.

The time has come to act. Relief, bazars, ball and festivities to raise funds have become jokes of utter cruelty. There is but one thing worth while. STOP THE WAR.

YOU can help do that by writing or better still telegraphing to the president of your nation and the congressman from your district that you support the WOMAN'S PEACE PARTY in their demands that our nation shall first STOP THE EXPORTATION OF WAR SUPPLIES, and second: DEMAND THAT THE WAR SHALL BE STOPPED BY MEDIATION.

I am but the voice of the womanhood of war rent Europe, you are the brain and soul of America and to you, I appeal. Remember that not a single life can be saved by your relief money, but countless millions may be saved if you STOP THE WAR. Will you do it!

Protecting the Sacred Name of Billy Sunday

By Fred D. Warren

The dispatches this morning announce that Comrade Phil Wagner, publisher of the National Rip-Saw, and the Melting Pot, of St. Louis Mo., has been indicted by the federal grand jury, charged with circulating through the mails "defamatory and scurrilous literature."

This action of the government is based on the publication in the Melting of a cartoon, in which the Rev. Billy Sunday is pictured as gathering in the shekels for his work of gathering in the souls of sinners.

The government bases its proceedings upon a decision of a federal judge holding that the front page of a newspaper is its "cover." The federal law provides a penalty of five years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$5,000.00 for sending through the mails any piece of mail matter upon the outside wrapper or cover of which is written or printed anything of a scurrilous or defamatory nature.

Under this decision anything of an objectionable nature to the supporters of capitalism that appears on the front page of a four page newspaper may subject the publisher to prosecution. It is an absurd decision, but inasmuch as a federal judge has so decided it becomes the law of the land.

Fold this copy of the New York Call and you will observe that the upper right hand quarter section of the front page becomes the outside "cover" of the paper, and if anything of a "defamatory character" appears in this space, the publisher may be yanked into a federal court and placed on trial under this particular section of the federal law.

In cases of this kind the truth is no defense, and if the "make-up" man accidentally places an article in the upper right hand corner of the front page, stating that Bill Jones, out-of-work section hand, has been arrested for the theft of a loaf of bread, his friends at Washington may have the publisher of the offending newspaper forthwith indicted, and on conviction of having used these "defamatory" words about Bill Jones, may be sent to the penitentiary for a period of years. Of course, Bill Jones, the section hand has no friends in Washington to protect his reputation, and so the law has never been invoked in the interest

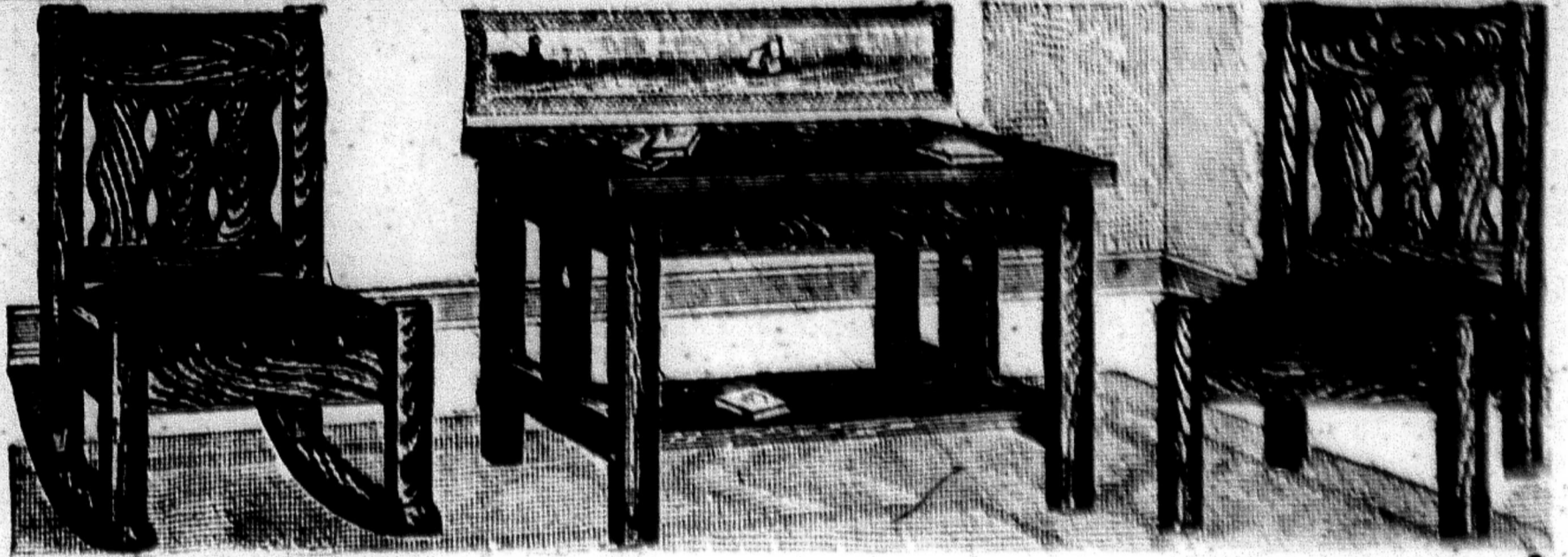
of any member of the working class, although newspaper editors are daily offenders under the present interpretation of the law by the federal judge.

Government officials are concerned only with protecting the reputation of men like Billy Sunday and ex-governor William R. Taylor, the politician who was indicted for complicity in the assassination of Governor Goebel of Kentucky in 1900.

The indictment against our Comrade Phil Wagner, is a serious matter. I know because, for more than seven years, I fought the same gang and for that reason I desire to emphasize the

necessity of prompt action in defending Editor Wagner and backing him up in every way possible. If the government wins in this case then it opens the way for petty officials to muzzle every radical newspaper in the country. Knowing Comrade Wagner as I do, I am quite certain that he may be depended upon to do his part in the fight, but in a case of this kind an editor cannot fight alone. He needs the moral and the financial backing of every man who believes in the principle enunciated in the first amendment to the United States Constitution, guaranteeing the right of a free press.

From N. Y. Call

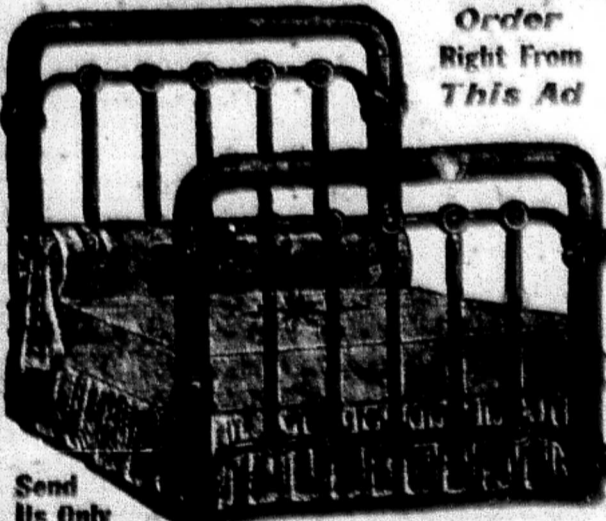


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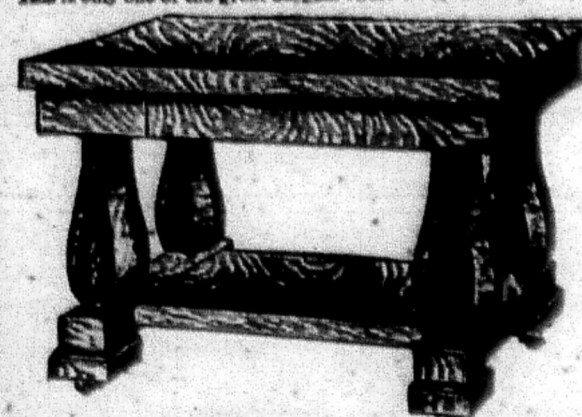


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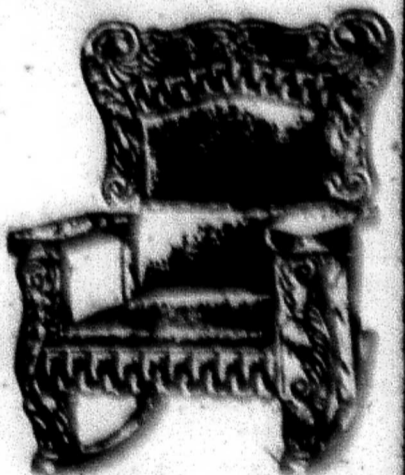
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You need no only 50c and we will ship you this superb rocker. This massive rocker is American made, upholstered in rich, brown leather, beautifully curved, extra wide seat, superbly carved back and front parts. A very special bargain. Only 50c down and 75c a month. Only \$7.45 in all. Order by No. A119.

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I DENOUNCE

By Kate Richards O'Hare

...in all the history of the United States for the thoughtful, intelligent citizenship of our people had such cause to think of the party which would be the character of our political life...

We are facing now two of the most vital and disturbing questions of our age and death for and death not only for millions of individuals but for our whole civilization...

All through the history of our nation, through the centuries of our history, we have seen the struggle of our people for a better life, for a more just and more humane society...

Hundreds of thousands of our people have died in the struggle for a better life, for a more just and more humane society...

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Good-Bye Dyspepsia

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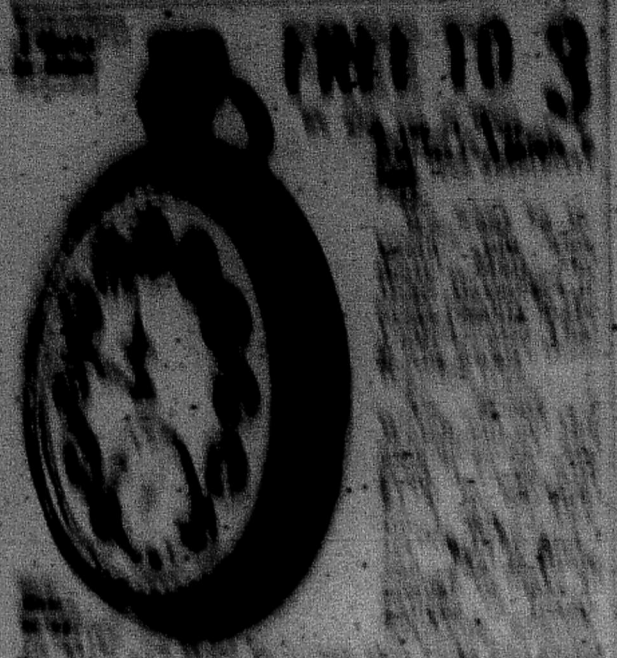
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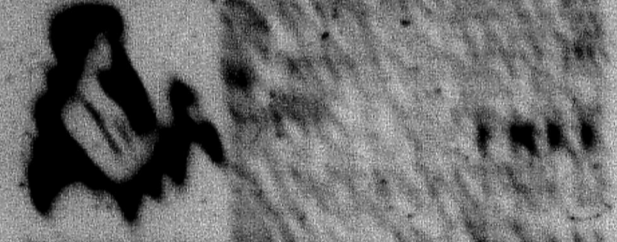
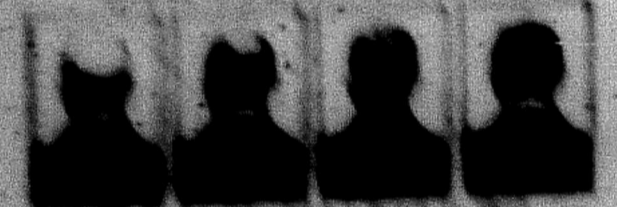


FREE TO 3

**Six Elegant
Lace Curtains**
FREE TO 3

...the struggle for a better life, for a more just and more humane society...

YOUR HAIR GROWING



...the struggle for a better life, for a more just and more humane society...

...the struggle for a better life, for a more just and more humane society...

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A Sleeping Car Story

By Eugene V. Debs

Way back in the eighties I first saw California. I was then en-
gaged in getting railroad employees to join craft unions that I had no time for socialism and in fact hardly knew there was such a thing as a socialist movement. All that came later, to spoil all my plans, and without my much as consulting me.

Since those earlier days I have been often on the Pacific coast, and now that I find myself once more on the way from San Francisco to Los Angeles, I am reminded of a similar trip some years ago which had a rather sensational surprise in store for me.

To make the story clear and easily understood a bit of preliminary explanation is necessary. For some six years after the Pullman strike I did not see the inside of a sleeping car. During that time I traveled almost continuously, speaking and organizing, and getting what rest I could at night in the day coaches.

The strike was still on when I left Chicago for home one day, not having been there for several weeks. Incidentally I was followed by railroad detectives day and night, and this was kept up for two years after the strike was over, to render futile every effort to reorganize the American Railway Union.

A few of the faithful who were always with me accompanied me to the depot. Of course the reporters and sleuths were also there. The next morning I picked up a home paper to find that Debs left Chicago on a specially reserved Pullman in princely style, while his jobless dupes are tramping the floor. The lie was spread all over the country by the associated press, and although I offered to prove by the train crew and by scores of witnesses to my departure that I left Chicago in an ordinary day coach, the associated press absolutely refused to retract the falsehood, the purpose of which was obvious enough at that time.

During the years that followed, the press frequently repeated the falsehood that I was traveling in Pullman cars in royal style while the poor victims I had robbed of their jobs were starving.

Then one day, some six years after the strike, there came a sudden change. Never since had I been in a sleeping car, although the strike and boycott had been declared off years ago. I was booked to speak at Los Angeles and was on the way there from San Francisco. The meeting had been extensively advertised and a great crowd was expected. Suddenly the conductor came through the day coach in which I was sitting and announced that our car was to be

out off at Bakerfield the next station and that passengers who did not wish to lie over for the next train would have to transfer to the Pullman. It was beautifully arranged. The crowd at Los Angeles was awaiting me at the depot and I either had to ride in there on a Pullman or miss the engagement and disappoint the people. Of course, I chose the Pullman, expecting to explain when I reached Los Angeles. But Harrison Gray Otis and his Southern Pacific pals saved me the trouble. The newshybs were on the streets of Los Angeles nearly as soon as I was.

"All about Debs riding into Los Angeles on a Pullman."

The papers had it in great headlines on first page. I had waked like a charm and the glibbed gang were laughing in their sleeves.

But that night I made a speech if ever I did in my life, and I have never been in Los Angeles since, without being reminded by the people who were in that scathing jam of humanity that never can they forget that incomparable demonstration.

And so it finally turned out that the enemy had actually conspired against itself and for my benefit and the benefit of the great cause, of which I am so small a part, and so it has always been and always will be until the last vestige of slavery is wiped from the earth.

Answer to "How Do You Like The System?" that appeared in the January Rip-Saw

By O. W. Stutz

You ask how we like the system. Who we like it, of course we do; the why should we chase the promises made.

By the Price that turns the screw? The less we live by proxy. When the gluttons make are slow, But a Henry Duhb must expect a rub if his boss is to get all the dough.

Of course we like the system. The why should we vote them out? The prices too high and the hungry too.

We must only sit still and grin, And wait for market values. To prepare a war for last, And then we must fight with all our might.

To help the jobless win.

Since we like the system. What have the masses to say? Isn't it enough to get a bluff? When they ask for better pay? Oh yes, we like the system. That rules us with a fun, Or else why starve and lack so small? That we glory in being stung?

How do we like the system? Only Socialists give it a thought. But the deeds of today are blinding a way.

To make people think a whole lot, And the schemes that are used and the way we're abused. By the plutocratic ring. May open their eyes to a larger size. Till they vote to change the old thing.



30 DAYS TO
WHITE RAY

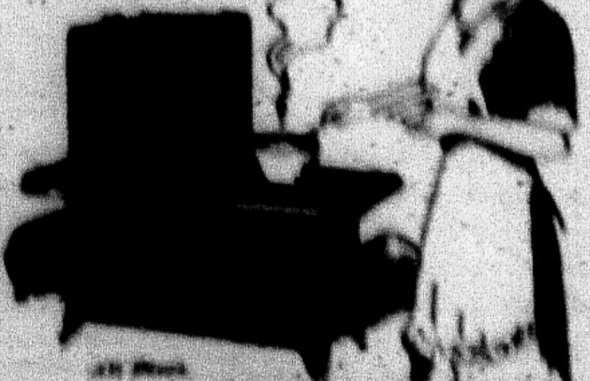
3 SUIT RAIN

MIRN'S BARRELS OF AIR

REMARKABLE PORTABLE COOKING AND HEATING STOVE

WHAT USERS SAY

VALVELESS WINDLESS BLUE FLAME AUTOMATIC OIL GAS & AIR BURNER STOVE



NOT LIKE THOSE SOLD IN STORES

PRICE IS LOW

MAKE MONEY FOR YOURSELF

AGENTS SALESMEN MANAGERS

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Be Your Own Boss

Mandel etc

Complete Outfit

FISH BITE

WORTHY and various other

\$15000 MADE IN ONE MONTH BY THIS MAN

THAT'S what Mr. Eakin made with a "Long" Crispette Machine. Paid his last \$10.00 for rent of a store window; at the end of 30 days he had \$1,500.00 in the bank. To-day he is independent. A Crispette Machine and Crispettes did it. Perrine, Cal., took in \$300.00 in one day. Every nickel brought him also 4 cents profit. What are you going to make of the future—just barely earn a living—keep wishing for something better to turn up! DON'T DO IT.

I Am Looking for Other Men Who Want a Business of Their Own

LISTEN! Take that money you have saved up against the day of opportunity, invest it in a Long Popcorn Crispette Machine, and make fortune smile on you—build up a big paying business.

Think of the fortunes made in 5c pieces—street cars, moving picture shows, 5c and 10c stores! Everybody will spend a nickel. Everybody likes Crispettes—children, parents, old folks. You don't need any experience. You can start anywhere—in a store window, a small store room where the rent is cheap, or the kitchen of your home.

The Crispette Machine and Long's secret formula to the man of limited means is safe and strong—a sure way to independence and fortune. Make money right from the start.

ALMOST 400 PER CENT PROFIT

Every 20c spent returns you \$1.00 cash—NOT THEORY, not guesswork, not imagination, but the actual, bona fide proven record of profits of Crispette producers from Coney Island to Oregon, from Canada to Argentine Republic.

The world to-day hungers for the "different," and it pays millions of dollars every year to satisfy this desire. Why not be the one to satisfy the demand in your locality and reap your share of the golden harvest now ripe and ready for you?

Come to Springfield at My Expense

Up to a distance of 300 miles I'll pay your expenses if you buy a machine. Let me prove every word in this advertisement. No greater, better opportunity can be put up to you offering such certainty of success, producing the enormous, honest, legitimate profits, requiring such small investment, so light running expenses. Any man of ordinary intelligence, ambitious, progressive, energetic, who wants to get ahead in the world should make a Crispette Machine pay for itself in a few weeks.

I want to start you in the same business that made me wealthy.

—W. Z. Long

Fill in the Coupon

Send for free book, "Dollars and Sense." It tells the whole story. How and where to start. How to succeed. Gives experience of others, etc. It's worth reading, even if you don't start. If you are looking for a good thing, and easy money, send to-day for this book.



There is room for one of these Crispette Machines in every city and town of 500 population in the U. S.

\$100.00 a day made by this machine

Send For Free Book

The Eighth Great Wonder of the World—The Famous Crispette Machine.

Follow Carefully the Amazing Facts

Answer to Yourself These Pertinent Questions

Every nickel you take in nets you almost Four Cents profit. Thompson of Oregon made \$325.00 in 27 days. R. H. H. Ryan, 12,000 miles in two weeks, \$500.00, profits, nearly \$100.00. Foltman's Pavilion, Coney Island, makes 300 pieces every 1 1/2 minutes; earns \$400.00 in ten hours. One man, living 3,000 miles from Springfield, bought an outfit and shortly after ordered another to come by express. Business was so good he could not wait to have the second machine shipped by freight.

What salary do you earn? What salary do you get? Stop a minute and consider. You know that what you receive from your employer represents but a small portion of what you really earn. Get on the other side! If your earning power amounts to thousands every year then earn it and keep it to yourself.

STOP! You have followed the rat too long. You have accepted only what others cared to give. Get on the other side. Take only what you want.

W. Z. LONG CO., 1046 Springfield, O.

Without any obligation at all please send me free your book "Dollars and Sense in the Crispette Business."

Name

Address

W. Z. LONG, 1046 HIGH ST., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO