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THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

BAD MEN OUT OF WORK By Henry M. Tichenor

One of the big fire-arms manufacturing concerns proclaims its wares in about the rawest way that lust of lucre could suggest. In an advertisement that appears on page 37, in the January 30, 1915, "Saturday Evening Post," it exploits the first-class, up-to-the-minute murdering qualities of its 10-lightning-shot, automatic revolvers, with a black-type deckhead that reads: "CRIME EPIDEMIC EVERYWHERE, CAUSED BY BAD MEN OUT OF WORK."

It then quotes excerpts from a lot of daily papers, disclosing the great increase in robberies and holdups, one of which, taken from the "Cleveland (Ohio) Plain-Dealer," says, "Mayor's wife faces pistol as thug robs. Thug was a farmer out of work."

Other papers, from Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, New York, etc., tell how the police forces are being increased, in order to stop, scare, shoot and arrest the big "crime epidemic" that, so the gun advertisement declares, is "caused by bad men out of work."

This statement, put forth as an inducement to buy a gun, must make every intelligent reader pause and do some analyzing. For instance:

Are the bad men out of work because they are bad, or are they bad because they are out of work?

Was that burglarizing farm-hand a thug because he was out of work, or was he out of work because he was a thug?

Are men driven to desperation and crime because they are hun-

gry and homeless, or are they hungry and homeless because they have been driven to desperation and crime?

Should you get a gun to shoot a bad man out of work because he is bad, or should you shoot him because he is bad because he is out of work?

If you should shoot all the bad men out of work because they are bad, or all the men that are bad because they are out of work, would that make the rest of the men out of work good?

Would it cure "crime epide-

mies," panics and poverty to shoot everybody out of work?

Or, how would it do for everybody that has work to get a gun and shoot himself if he gets out of work in order to keep himself from getting bad?

Would it interfere with the revolver business if the bad men out of work were given work so they wouldn't be starved into being bad?

Would it also interfere with Billy Sunday's soul-saving sine-cure?

The advertisement in the "Sat-

urday Evening Post" says that everybody (that has work)—yourself, your wife and your children, ought to have one of these rapid-fire, sure-shot automatic revolvers "THESE HARD TIMES."

This big fire-arm manufacturing concern thus informs the public (such as have jobs), that if times were not so hard they would not stand in such desperate need of a gun.

The proper way, then, to put an end to hard times, is to shoot the victims.

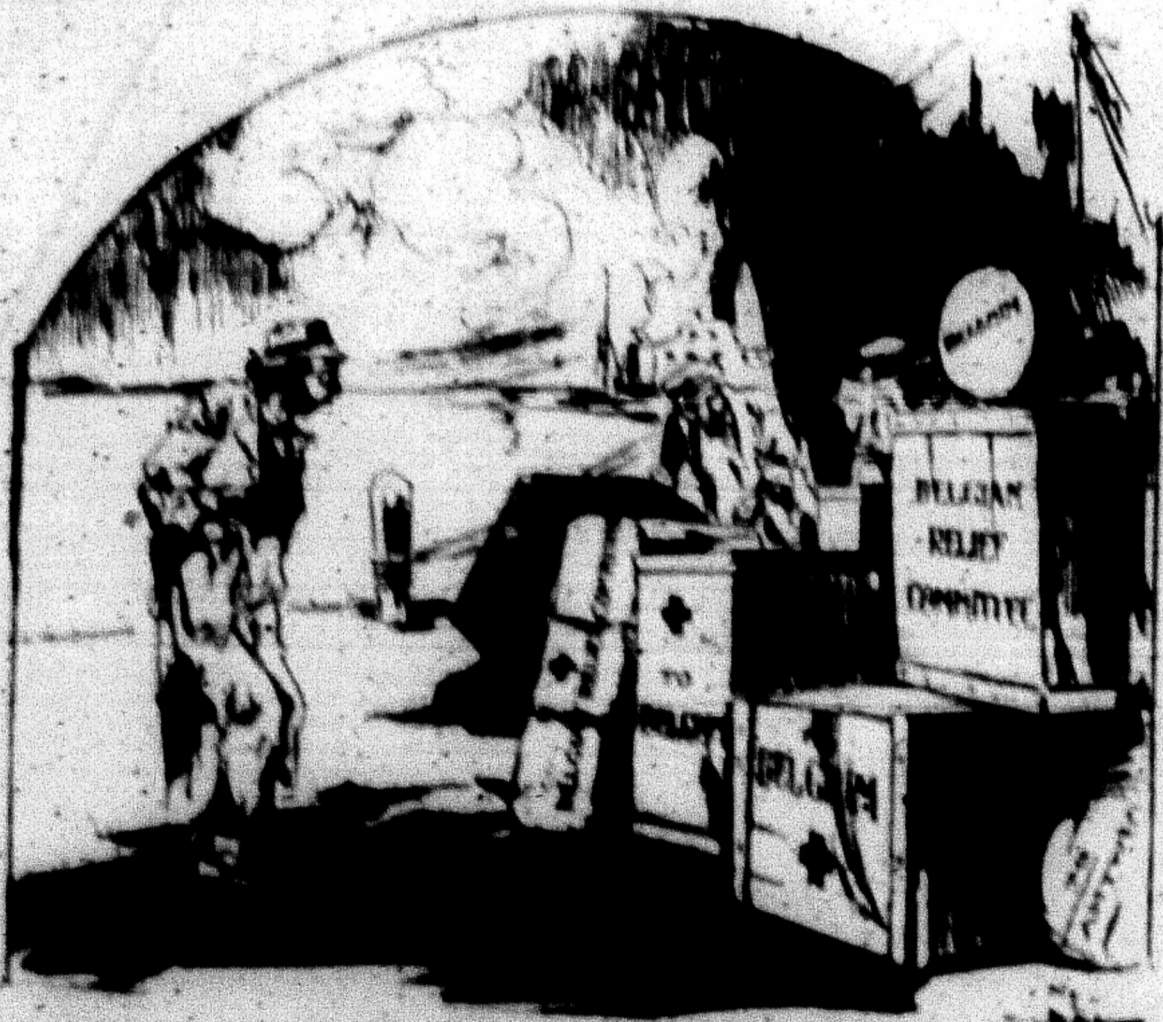
This would not only boom the gun manufacturer and the undertaker, but it would also help the panicky reputation of the Democratic party.

The bad men out of work would be the only sufferers, and their sufferings would be short, with 10 holes suddenly bored into them by this automatic, lightning-shot revolver.

These bad men out of work would then go to hell, because they are bad because they are out of work, where they would never again be able to trouble the good men that have work. (The good men that have work should all arrange to die before they lose their jobs and become bad men).

A political party might be organized along the lines here suggested, with T. Roosevelt as its leader.

It might appeal to the brains of the majority of American voters. They have chased themselves to the ballot box many a time with worse nightmares than this in their heads, hoping thusly to put an end to hard times.



An American Citizen: "Gee, I wish I was in Belgium."

FREE PRESS IN AMERICA THREATENED— Read This Issue of the Rip-Saw.

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

No Experience Required—You Can Start Right Now

To introduce my new **Compress and Vacuum Washing Machine** to every home in the country I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties. I consider this machine the most brilliant inventive achievement of the age for the housewife—a labor saver—a time saver—a money saver—a constant helper and daily household necessity. It is selling faster than anything I have ever heard of—**going like wildfire.**

No experience is required in introducing this wonderful machine, because the washer itself is the best salesman in the world—it **sells itself right on the spot.** You do not need to stand and give a "spiel" or a lot of argument. Any housewife can see instantly what it will mean to her—can see why it works so wonderfully—can see why she must have it, and have it at once.

You risk nothing—you have nothing to lose—everything to gain. This opportunity is placed free in your hands today. You can secure free territory—drop everything else—take this marvelous little machine and go out and

Make \$21 Next Saturday

That's what Ralph Cappa, of Florida, did the first Saturday he worked. Another one of my money-making boys, L. M. Palmer, also of Alabama, had to take back but one out of the first 108 machines he put on trial—profit \$107.00. Can you beat that kind of a seller? Do you want this money for yourself? Do you want to make \$1000.00 this year? Well, here's your chance—the chance you have been waiting for—the chance to be independent, to be in business for yourself, to get your start—here's the main chance. **GET BUSY START RIGHT NOW.**

Business Supplies Capital

Nothing stands in your way. You can do what others are doing every day. You can make this money. I am offering you this position free. I can help you as I helped G. W. Hickman, of Ga., to make \$10 the first afternoon. Frank Green made \$15 first three days. Mrs. J. C. Martok made \$20 first three weeks in spare time only. J. H. Goddard made \$18 first three hours. No talking necessary. Just show the machine—any one can do that—you get the order right on the spot.

ONLY \$1.50
Selling Price

And every machine sold on money-back guarantee. A child can use it. Abolishes labor on wash day. Frees women from worry and fatigue. Thousands demand \$18 and \$20 machines for it. No competition. Patented. Infringers will be prosecuted. Avoid imitations. Get the Wendell Vacuum and Compress Washer only.

Abolishes Drudgery

Quoted as a liberator for women on wash day. No time of time to get ready—it is always ready. No expense of operation. Nothing to clean up and put away after the wash is done. No repairs necessary. Never gets out of order. Can be used anywhere—in the bath room, in the kitchen, on the porch, out upon the lawn—anywhere and any time. Prominent Ohio editor, H. N. E. Hollerman, says: "As it is an invention of practical and absolute merit, I wish you all the success in the world. It equals anything of the kind I have ever seen or heard of."

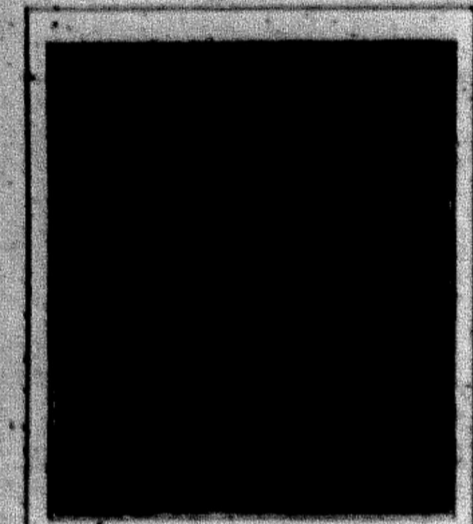
Works Like Miracle

Mrs. Edward Poppen says: "Until I tried this machine, I never dreamed that a washing could be gotten out so quickly. I consider it one of those modern conveniences which the housewife cannot afford to do without." That's the experience of every customer. Every sale makes a friend—and another sale. The business grows by leaps and bounds for you. Nothing to send to your way. Success is yours. Make this the first year of your success in big business affairs. I want business—men and women who want to make big money fast. The opportunity is all about you.

Every Home a Customer

The work of this invention is almost unbelievable—yet true. Listen to the words of Mrs. Thomas Jenkins: "I have been washing clothes for twenty-five years. I have owned all sorts of washers. I now have in my house a costly washer which I have put aside and never use since buying the Wendell Washer. The first day I used the Wendell I washed six tubs of clothes in just thirty three minutes. One tub consisted of greasy aprons, and other colored clothes, among which was a wool dress skirt. These I examined at the end of five minutes, and to my surprise I found them to be perfectly clean. Two tubs were of blankets, and I worked on each tub only three minutes.

There is not a power family machine that will do this amount of work in three times thirty-three minutes.



MR. T. L. SPEAKMAN
GAINESVILLE, ALA.

Mr. Speakman is one of my agents who started this work without having had any experience at all in trying to sell anything. His wonderful success simply shows how easy this machine sells to every home. I have said it sells itself. Listen. Here's the proof from Speakman's own record: One day he just went from house to house and left a machine for each housewife to try. Left the machine to tell us our story. He put out 30 machines. There he went right around and collected the cash in every single instance. Every machine absolutely sold itself. Speakman's profit \$100.00. Now this same opportunity is open to you. He did not have to do any talking at all. You can do as well as Speakman did. You can make this money yourself. Just get busy NOW.

INVESTIGATE

Send for complete information free today. Learn all about this remarkable new invention that is exciting housewives and making agents rich. Learn for yourself. Learn for yourself.



Learn how R. W. Klinton, of Nevada, made \$10 the first hour and a half. Eugene Gossard, of New York, made \$5 his first hour and a half. W. C. Fox, of Michigan, made \$18 the second day. Your record by order for cash shipment. It is only 14 years old, and is made and packed in spotless condition.

Mail Your Application Now—Profits Start First Day

No waiting or guessing. The price of only \$1.50 makes a sale at every house—cash business at 200% profit to you. Just follow instructions. Failure impossible. Success assured. I want agents, general agents, salesmen, managers. Send your application today. This money is waiting for workers. Put some of it in your own bank. I want 200 additional men and women at once. It is for you to decide—Do you or do you not want this position—the money?

No Charge For Territory—Send No Money

Just send your name and address and give the name of your county. Prepare for success. Prepare for rush work and big profits. Prepare for big business accomplishment—big achievement. Get your county under contract. To wait means to lose. Write me a letter or a postal today. If you are honest and willing to work I will give you the position.

DON'T DELAY!

Attend to this at once. You can't pick May apples in February—this opportunity is ready now. Are you? Then get busy. Sit down right now and write that letter or postal. Do your part. Don't let someone else get ahead of you. Territory is going fast. A day too late is sometimes as bad as a year too late. This proposition means success to you—ACT. Address your application to

H. F. Wendell, Pres., Wendell Vacuum Washer Co., 779 Oak Street, Leipsic, Ohio.



Editorial



Section

By **EUGENE V. DEBS**

THE HARDEST OF TIMES

The times are always more or less "hard" for the great majority of the people. There are alternating periods of hard times and times still harder, but there is never prosperity for all the people.

There is absolutely no excuse for hard times in the United States. We are at the very center of fabulous and inexhaustible riches, enough for all and an hundred times more, and in the very midst of these we are unable to feed and clothe and shelter ourselves, and we present a spectacle tragic enough to make stone images shed tears.

At this very time, A. D. 1915, the times are harder than they have ever been in all the hundred and thirty-nine years of our national existence.

The national congress, supposed to represent the people and provide measures for their security, comfort and happiness, adjourned in the very midst of the most paralyzing panic in the history of the country. When this congress adjourned, one-fifth of all the productive workers in the nation were without employment, millions of them and their dependent ones actually suffering, but the political state of capitalism, decadent, obsolete and worse than useless, could do absolutely nothing for them. All it could do was to vote hundred of millions for pork-barrel enterprises and spend the rest of its time in fillibustering and in other political palavering which had no more relation to the actual industrial conditions of the country and the economic necessities of the masses than the croaking of frogs has to the failure of the potato crop.

The fact is that capitalism has collapsed and that the political state of capitalism is paralyzed except in the function of creating bogus issues over which to humbug the people and keep them divided and fighting sham battles while they are being bled by the vampires that have seized upon the nation's industries and control the government with no other object in view than to perpetuate their own plutocratic piracy and keep the people in poverty and subjection.

THE TIMES ARE HARD ONLY BECAUSE THE PEOPLE ARE SOFT.

Socialism makes it clear as the noon-day sun why the times are hard whether the republican or democratic party is in power, and whether Roosevelt, Taft or Wilson occupies the executive seat at Washington.

Socialism proposes that the industries of the nation shall be taken over by the nation and operated by the nation for the benefit of the whole people and when this revolutionary change has come to pass the people will never again know the blight and curse of hard times.

THE STRIKING COAL DIGGERS IN OHIO

Never has a body of workmen more thoroughly proved its mettle than has that brave army of coal miners who have been on strike in eastern Ohio for over a year. They have been tried by fire and flood, with famine thrown in, but they have not yielded an inch. The operators have tried all their blandishments, but in vain. The federal government attempted to have them yield to the operators, but they refused.

These miners are absolutely true to themselves, to one another, to their class, and to their cause. Their district officials are of the same firm fibre and unyielding spirit as themselves. They are class-conscious. They know their strength and how to apply it to their purpose.

This army of striking miners are resorting to no physical force. They are committing no violence, nor are they permitting any violence to be committed and charged to them. This body of striking coal diggers has power because it consists of industrial unionists.

Bravo to the fighting coal diggers of Ohio!

May their triumph be speedy and complete.

ONE OUT OF EVERY FIVE

When the national congress at Washington adjourned recently after being in almost continuous session for two years, or ever since Woodrow Wilson's inauguration as president, ONE OUT OF EVERY FIVE working people in the United States was in enforced idleness, millions of them actually suffering the torments of starvation.

And this is the prosperity the democratic party promised to deliver to the people on its accession to power!

The times were hard enough, God knows, under the republican administration of President Taft, but they are now even worse and it would be hard to imagine a more distressing, paralyzing condition than that which now prevails throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Nothing can be clearer than that the political state of capitalism has collapsed and that both the republican and democratic parties representing this obsolete and putrescent state are absolutely helpless to do anything for the people.

Socialism has the only remedy for industrial paralysis. Let the workers organize according to the socialist program, to take over the industries of the nation and operate them for the benefit of the people, and then there will be such an era of prosperity for all as this nation has never known!

THE WORKERS MUST ORGANIZE

If the program of socialism is ever to be carried out and the workers of the nation are to assume control of the nation's industries, then must the workers organize their forces according to the industries in which they are employed and prepare themselves for the greatest and most vital and far-reaching change that has ever been effected in the fabric of human society.

The industrial democracy, if ever achieved, as all socialists hope and believe, must be industrially organized by the workers themselves. Leaders and sympathizers, however wise and willing, cannot do this for them. All the votes in the world cannot accomplish this task for the working class.

It is this vital fact which must be brought out clearly and emphasized strongly in all our propaganda. The workers themselves must be made to see it and to understand that only they can organize and educate and fit themselves for industrial mastery and industrial freedom. And this supreme fact can only be made clear to the great mass of the workers by the more intelligent and class-conscious of themselves. It cannot be taught to them in the language of the professor or by the logic of the lawyer or in the abstruse terms of the economist, but must be made clear to them in the simple, every-day, readily-understood vernacular of their own class.

THE INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY WHICH THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT AIMS TO ESTABLISH CANNOT BE VOTED INTO EXISTENCE POLITICALLY. IT MUST BE ORGANIZED INDUSTRIALLY.

Indeed, industrial democracy means the highest form of industrial unionism, the scientific organization of all the workers, in harmonious co-operation with one another and in complete control of modern co-operative industry, as a necessary means to industrial self-government.

To this end political action, the development of political power by the working class, is absolutely essential. The public powers must be conquered, the nation's industries taken over by the workers and the political state abolished, or allowed to abolish itself, and as a necessary means to this end the workers must have a political party of their own and give it their hearty and undivided support in every contest, municipal, state and national, until capitalism is overthrown.

The industrial organization of the workers is the greatest question that confronts the workers of the world and when they have solved this question they will be the masters of the world.

THE RIP-SAW'S RAPID ADVANCE

We are not inclined to indulge in self-laudation, but we cannot refrain from advising our many thousands of friends that the RIP-SAW is making the most gratifying progress in all directions and that its influence and power in the propaganda of socialism are now recognized throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The writings of Kate Richards O'Hare, Harry Tichenor, Oscar Ameringer, W. S. Morgan and Frank O'Hare have become deservedly popular among the masses and have been the means of popularizing the RIP-SAW with progressive-minded and forward-looking people.

The RIP-SAW counts itself exceptionally fortunate in the loyal character of its friends and supporters, who are among the most enthusiastic and devoted members of the Socialist party and adher-

ents of the International Socialist Movement.

The RIP-SAW acknowledges its obligation to the loyal workers who so freely and cheerfully support it, and the RIP-SAW also sends comradely greeting to all other socialist and radical publications, wishing for them the same generous measure of prosperity and success.

TEN CONVICTED LABOR LEADERS

Fred W. Holt, John A. Champion, Dave Branch, Oscar Layton, Clint Burris, John Manic, Sandy Robertson, Will Reed, James Slankard and James McNamara are in the federal jail at Fort Smith, Arkansas, serving sentences of from six months to two years, with fines of from five hundred to one thousand dollars assessed against them. All but two are married and nearly all have large families. Those unmarried have aged parents depending upon them for support.

These ten men are union miners and they have been convicted because they stood up for the rights of union men in the recent mine strikes in Arkansas.

In the federal court which pronounced their sentence they had not the ghost of a chance for justice. Their conviction was a foregone conclusion. The judge who pronounced their sentence did not object in the least when the operators armed their gunmen to murder the miners, but his judicial wrath knew no bounds when the miners armed themselves to protect their wives and babies.

The United Mine Workers did not stand by these men as loyally as they stood by the United Mine Workers.

President White and the national officers virtually abandoned these men to their fate, fearing, it would seem, to jeopardize their popularity with the operators.

Fred Holt and Alex. Howat were the two leaders most feared and most hated by the operators in that section and when they were falsely incriminated through a conspiracy of the operators against them, President White not only did not lift a finger in their defense, but his attitude was so inimical to his accused brethren that it was heartily endorsed by the criminal and conniving operators.

Fred Holt and his comrades may be in prison now, but they will not be forgotten by the rank and file of the United Mine Workers, even though the leaders of their union are allowing them but thirty cents a day to live on and three dollars a week for the support of their families.

In this connection let it be stated that if the United Mine Workers is to become a pure and simple craft union, so as to have the entire approval of the operators, its usefulness will soon be ended. A year ago this great union gave promise of leading the American workers in industrial unionism, but there has been a distinct change and if this tendency is not promptly checked and reversed the disastrous warning of Butte will have been in vain and the inevitable disruption will have to come to pass before its victims can be made to see it.

PAT QUINLAN'S REWARD

The loyal service of Comrade Pat Quinlan to the working class has been sealed by his sentence to the penitentiary at Trenton, N. J.

In the strike of the silk workers at Paterson, which stirred the whole country, Pat Quinlan stood as the fearless champion of the strikers and fought for them to the close of that desperate industrial battle. The lords of the silk mills had him arrested and jailed and put upon trial on trumped-up charges. Of course he was found guilty in a capitalist court, and sentenced to the state's prison for seven years.

Fred Warren and the Appeal to Reason put up a cash bond of five thousand dollars for Quinlan pending the appeal of his case to the supreme court of the state. This court has just affirmed the decision of the lower court and our brave and loyal comrade is now a branded convict.

Just before Comrade Quinlan was taken from the Paterson jail to the penitentiary at Trenton, we received a letter from him opening with the following heroic lines: "Written in Cell No 5, county jail, Paterson, with a poor light but with a heart beating for the 'Day'."

Pat Quinlan has in his veins the red blood of a staunch revolutionist and the socialist movement is proud of him.

Every hour this industrial liberator spends behind the cruel bars of a capitalist dungeon will hasten by months the overthrow of the infamous system in which thieves are throned and honest men are caged as criminals.

Pat Quinlan shall not be allowed to perish at Trenton. We shall take up the work where he left off and we shall never rest until this brave comrade emerges triumphant from his prison cell.

THE FRAUD OF IMPEACHMENT

A federal judge, appointed for life, cannot be impeached.

The claim based upon the lawful provision for impeachment is

pure fraud. Instead of providing for impeachment it makes impeachment practically impossible.

The acquittal of Judge Dayton of West Virginia is proof overwhelming of the fraud of impeachment. The recent investigation of Dayton by a congressional committee disclosed the fact of Dayton's notorious prostitution of his office and yet the matter was allowed to drop and Dayton remains on the bench to disgrace it. The people of West Virginia had they the power, would sweep him from the bench with a vengeance, but they have not the power. Dayton is supposed to be their servant and yet they cannot remove him. The B. & O. and other corporations that placed him where he is, rule the state, and not the people, and these corporations having been so well served by Dayton, are determined to keep him on the bench.

Dayton not only disgraced the bench, but descended to the level of a political ward-heeler in the low methods he adopted to outlaw union labor and union men.

The whitewashing of this malodorous judicial hireling fills the cup of contempt the people have for the servile capitalist courts of this nation.

BREWER'S VICTORY

George D. Brewer, the only socialist member in the Kansas house of representatives, achieved a notable victory recently in forcing the reconsideration of a bill, surreptitiously passed, the effect of which would have been to disfranchise the alien voters in Crawford county, the county represented by Brewer.

Crawford county has been carried by the socialists largely through the alien vote of the mining camps and it is these mine workers the bill in question attempted to deprive of their votes. Senator Porter who is known chiefly for being a corporation tool and for having stolen the seat in the senate to which Comrade Fred Stanton was elected a couple of years ago, was the champion of this infamous measure. It did not take Brewer long to expose its malign purpose and so completely did he succeed in this that a majority voted to reconsider its passage and when it was again put before the house it was defeated.

The socialists of Crawford county and of the entire state are congratulating Comrade Brewer upon his splendid victory. If a lone socialist is equal to such a task what cannot be accomplished when a score of working class representatives, clear-cut, clean and alert, such as George Brewer, are scattered through the body?

THE COPPAGE DECISION

By a vote of six to three the supreme court of the United States has declared unconstitutional the law enacted by the state of Kansas which prohibited an employer of labor from discharging an employe for belonging to a labor union.

T. B. Coppage, superintendant of the Frisco Lines, discharged a switchman named Hedges for refusing to withdraw from the switchmen's union. Hedges brought action under the Kansas law and on appeal was sustained by the supreme court of the state, only to be reversed by the supreme court of the United States.

Justice Pitney delivered the opinion of the court and it is exactly what might have been expected from this corporation attorney and his colleagues on the supreme bench.

This decision absolutely outlaws union labor and gives every employer the unqualified right to refuse employment to a man who belongs to a union and to discharge any man in his employ found guilty of belonging to a union.

This effectually establishes the mastership of the capitalist employer and the slavery of the wage-worker.

The master owns the job and the slave is therefore at his mercy. If the slave objects, discharge and the blacklist follow and he and his family face starvation.

After all, this decision is strictly consistent with the industrial despotism of the capitalist system. The capitalist class own the tools and the jobs and therefore control the slaves.

The real meaning of this Coppage decision to the wage-slave is what the Dred Scott decision meant to the chattel slave:

THE SLAVE HAS NO RIGHT HIS MASTER IS BOUND TO RESPECT!

Every craft unionist who opposes the industrial organization of his class and who supports the capitalist system by voting the republican or democratic ticket subscribes to this enslaving doctrine and is in fact responsible for it and will have to bear its consequences.

The killers of socialism are among its most effective propagandists. By all means let their tribe increase and wherever the interest lags let a socialist-killer be sent for. The interest is sure to be revived, the sentiment strengthened, and new recruits added to the membership wherever the socialist-killer is heard.

The Indictment of Wagner and Tichenor

By Eugene V. Debs.

The readers of the RIP-SAW are too familiar with the writings of Harry Tichenor to wonder about his joint indictment with Phil Wagner for having given offense to the looters and their lackeys in control of the present government.

Tichenor, editor of the Melting Pot of which Wagner is the publisher, has an extraordinary penchant for plain speech, especially when dealing with abuses the people suffer at the hands of their oppressors. He minces no words and he is no respecter of sickly sensibilities. While Tichenor is at heart the gentlest and kindest of men, his sympathy with the suffering victims of capitalist greed and piracy is so intense that all his passion is aroused in waging the war for the overthrow of the brutal system which has made a shambles of the earth and strewn misery broadcast where only joy should gladden the hearts of men.

In a recent issue of the Melting Pot, Tichenor had a brilliant cartoon that depicted Billy Sunday and Big Business, the monkey and his master, in their true colors. There was nothing vulgar and nothing offensively suggestive about the cartoon. It simply told the story with such veracity of outline and detail that a fool could understand it.

This cartoon appeared on the outside cover of the Melting Pot and here is where the "authorities," watching for the opportunity, saw their opening and seized upon it with avidity.

There is a certain inoffensive-appearing section of the federal statutes which provides that nothing that may be construed as defamatory may appear on the OUTSIDE COVER of a paper, exposed to view, when the paper is folded. Of course when it comes to the point it is a capitalist court that does the CONSTRUCTING, and the kind of CONSTRUCTING the Melting Pot will get the advantage of is not left to the imagination.

Now this particular section, under which Warren and the Appeal to Reason were held up for over six years and mulcted of about fifteen thousand dollars, was placed upon the statute books for the express purpose of suppressing publications undesirable to the class in power, the class which dare not allow the truth to reach the people and whose very salvation depends upon keeping the people in mental and moral darkness.

The section of federal law in question is characteristically bourgeois in its spirit and ethics, as well as its intent and purpose. It is essentially hypocritical and cowardly.

A lie is a lie and a libel a libel whether published on the inside or outside page, and the publisher of a lie or a libel should be held responsible regardless of the particular page upon which it is printed. This would be fair and reasonable and honest, but not bourgeois.

Truth is truth, wherever it may appear, and to impose a penalty for the publication of the truth on the outside page of a paper is the very essence of despotism and should not be tolerated for an instant by men claiming to live in a free nation.

But it is not on account of its truth or falsity that the cartoon in question is seized upon, or even because it can be construed as defaming Billy Sunday, if such a thing were possible, but purely as a pretext upon which to lodge an indictment against the Melting Pot as a means of choking it into silence. That is all there is in the indictment—and that is enough.

If the Melting Pot can be put to thousands of dollars of expense going up against a brace game in a capitalist court, and Wagner and Tichenor sent to the penitentiary, that will be a distinct victory for the labor exploiters and political corruptionists that are sucking the life-blood of this nation.

The Melting Pot uncovered their crimes and pointed them out as the criminals, and now it is to be silenced and its loyal and fearless editor locked up in a prison cell.

The penalty in case of conviction is a fine of five thousand dollars and five years at hard labor in the federal penitentiary. Those who remember the trial of Warren and the Appeal to Reason will not need to be told about the chance for justice Wagner and Tichenor will have as revolutionary culprits in a hostile capitalist court.

The complaint upon which the indictment is based is said to have been filed by some gentleman down in Oklahoma, of whom no one, so far as known, has ever heard. Just how he happened to feel himself hurt by the offending cartoon, being neither a part of Big Business nor a relative of Billy Sunday, does not appear, nor is it material. Any puppet can be pressed into service for that minor detail. In the case of Fred Warren and the Appeal the gentleman who is supposed to have filed the complaint could never be found, though searched for with a fine-tooth comb, and the conclusion was that he was a fictitious person and had no real existence.

It is a strange proceeding unless the true inwardness of it is un-

derstood. The Melting Pot is indicted for having published a cartoon defaming, as is alleged, Billy Sunday and Big Business, and yet Billy Sunday and Big Business have made no complaint, and if they felt themselves libelled they have not so much as hinted such a thing, much less entered action against the alleged libellers. But some one, supposed to be in Oklahoma, in no way concerned, who has not been mentioned at all and was not known to be on earth, suddenly comes to the front and files a complaint against the Melting Pot, for reflecting on Billy-B-Damned Sunday and demands that Tichenor and Wagner be sent to the penitentiary.

Now, what do you think of such a law!

It should be added at this point that although the capitalist newspapers, magazines and illustrated papers have lampooned socialism without mercy and libelled socialists grossly and infamously over and over again, no capitalist editor has ever been indicted under the provision of section 498 of the federal statutes, the section now being utilized for the express purpose of suppressing the Melting Pot and sending its editor and publisher to prison as convicted felons.

The object of this prosecution must be apparent to the friends as well as the enemies of the Melting Pot. If the Melting Pot can be throttled so can also the RIP-SAW and any other Socialist or radical publication.

The duty of the friends of free speech and of a free press is clear in this hour. They are bound to fight the indictment and fight it to a standstill.

They are not going to waste any time or money with the foolish expectation that justice to social revolutionists will be meted out in a capitalist court. They know what capitalist courts are instituted and maintained for and they are not looking for grapes on thorns or figs on thistles.

Publicity is the one important thing in connection with the defense of these comrades and to foil this attempt to throttle a free press. Let the case be stated to the people and repeated until they understand it.

LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND THIS PROSECUTION WILL COLLAPSE IGNOMINIOUSLY AS IT DID IN THE CASE OF WARREN AND THE APPEAL, AND ANOTHER DISTINCT VICTORY WILL HAVE BEEN ACHIEVED FOR FREE SPEECH, A FREE PRESS AND A FREE PEOPLE.

Every friend of the Melting Pot is now under indictment. Let us not wait to be put upon the defensive, but at once take the offensive. Let us clear the decks for action.

THE FIGHT IS ON AND RED BLOOD AND NOT DIRTY DOLLARS IS GOING TO WIN!

LET THE FIRST ANSWER TO THE CAPITALIST INDICTMENT OF THE MELTING POT BE THE DOUBLING OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE RIP-SAW AND MELTING POT BY THE REVOLUTIONARY HOSTS OF WHICH THESE PUBLICATIONS ARE THE FEARLESS CHAMPIONS!

AWAY TO THE WILD, MY SOUL TODAY

By Henry M. Tichenor, the RIP-SAW POET

Away to the Wild, my soul today, to river and rock and tree,
And breathe the breath of the forest-folk that never have
bent the knee!

No landlord over the nest of birds, nor over the foxes' hole—
No curse of caste in the native Wild, nor a creed to damn
a soul!

Away to the Wild, my soul today, away from the maddened
men

That rob their kind, and murder in war, in order to rob again!

The whisp'ring waters wandering on, the strains of the sylvan
breeze—

The vivivic voices all around—come, let us listen to these!

We can learn, my soul, a lesson here, today in the ancient
Wild,

From the denizens whom no king or priest have cunningly
beguiled!

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Be first to enter this new big paying business in your town. Open your pockets. Let the dollars pour in. Act quick. Every auto sold means more tires to mend. Automobile business is growing fast—enormous field for tire repairing. Punctures and blowouts are common. Tires need retreading and vulcanizing. Something going wrong all the time. Thousands forced to buy new tires because they can't get old ones fixed.

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To the Lovers of Liberty and the Defenders of Free Speech and a Free Press in America

The indictment by a grand jury of the Federal Court, on the complaint of having exposed the character of Billy Sunday, came along as unexpected as a snow storm in Sahara or a keg of beer in Kansas. It was the last thing I was looking for from such a source. I did not suppose that any of Sunday's disciples, or even Sunday himself, would bother to molest me in this world. I thought that the happy hope that I would go to hell when I die was glory enough for them. I did not imagine that anything divinely ordained would need the help of earthly courts. Besides, does not Billy Sunday's creed proclaim that the more I repudiate it, the worse will be my everlasting punishment? Wasn't this joy sufficient for the faithful followers of the \$10,000 a week apostle of the poor and lowly Jesus without having me persecuted here, and wasn't it interfering with God's plan of damning my soul to try to head off my heretical career?

Of what use is Billy Sunday's Devil, to whose tender care such as I are consigned for all eternity, if he cannot be depended on?

I had no idea that Billy Sunday's religion, with its threats of doom and brimstone pits, its horned and cloven-footed and spike-tailed satans, and backed up by a big bank account, had to call in a policeman to keep such sinners as myself from making foolishness of it.

And yet, had I stopped to consider, I might have known better. If I had only pondered over the past history of the religion of the capitalist class, I might have realized that I was taking chances, not only of hell hereafter, but also hell here, to ridicule the thing—especially to be guilty of the crime of charging that any of its mouthpieces were wantonly prostituting the glad tidings of human brotherhood and peace on earth that Jesus proclaimed, into a hypocritical, money-making hippodrome. In the good old days of the past, when such as Billy Sunday were in full swing, I would not be out now on bail awaiting trial. I would have immediately been thrust into a dungeon and hung up by the thumbs. I would have been locked in a stock and my feet roasted off. And then I would have been taken out and broken to pieces on a rack, or burned at the stake.

And to think that Phil Wagner was dragged into the net. This is the only thing that hurts me. I want to say right here that they don't make them any better than Phil. Billy Sunday isn't worthy to be seen in the same daylight with him. Phil Wagner's life, and all he has

or ever may have, is fearlessly and faithfully consecrated to the redemption of the world's workers from the clutches of the masters of bread—the demons of exploitation and war; and the destroying of the power of the prostituted priests and politicians that, for pay, do the dirty work of blinding the peoples' eyes while their pockets are being picked.

But it is no more than just to state that Phil was not responsible for the exposure of Billy Sunday that appeared in the Melting Pot. He has never, in any way, had a thing to do with the editorial policy of the Melting Pot. I alone am the "guilty" party. I write it, arrange it, read the proof, and send it to the printer. Phil is a very busy man. He hardly ever knows what is in the Melting Pot until after it is published. He has trusted it all to me. I remember his asking me, one day during this past winter, why I was "after Billy Sunday." I told him jokingly that I was working along the line of the new law, passed by Congress, to stop the sale of dope to the poor victims that unfortunately had become addicted to the habit. I told him that I looked upon Billy Sunday, pouring his miserable hell and damnation threats into the ears of women and children for big pay, in the same light—only worse—as the dope dealers of hop alley. I told him that any creature, standing in the light and knowledge and science of the twentieth century, that blasphemes the Creator of the universe into a savage Cossack Czar, a keeper of a hideous dungeon where suffer in unutterable agony for all eternity countless millions of his children, is an infinitely worse enemy to humanity than all the outlawed venders in drugs; and in this assertion I have with me every scholar on earth, who well know how, and when, and where this pagan monstrosity of eternal damnation was written into the New Testament by Roman priests. Nay—the liberal Protestant preachers of America—the "higher critics," if you please—have publicly borne out every word I say. And to realize, as the best men and women of the world do, that this dogma of the Dark Ages—this calumny on Christ himself—is, and has been for centuries, used to hold the masses in superstition and servility, is surely sufficient to call forth honest protest from every humanity-loving soul.

For exposing one of the most notorious arch-priests of paganzed Christianity—the biggest "financial success" that ever sold superstition for a living—I, as editor, and Phil Wagner, as publisher, are hounded as criminals.

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Do the mammonized creed-mongers of the master-class dream that in the blazing sun of today they can hush by persecution the voice of Justice, and Peace on Earth, and Human Brotherhood?

I appeal to the Great Jury of the Common People—the lovers of liberty, the defenders of free speech and a free press in America.

—HENRY M. TICHENOR.

TOBE SPILKINS

His Lettur (W. S. Morgan)

Well, Mister Editor, az I wuz a sayin' in my last lettur, we wurked hard all day and till lait at nite tu git them bulletins intu the hands uv az menny soljers az we cood. By 10 oclock at nite the soljers on both sides had laid down their arms and wuz a helpin' tu distribute them bulletins. They wuz in our camps and we wuz in theirs. The officers stood round and watched but dident say nuthin'. The artillery wuz a firin' like mad but they wuz a shootin' in the air. The soljers wuz all a feelin' like bruthers. About 11 oclock I wuz so tired that I coodent hardly git one foot afore the uther. Ike seen that I wuz about giv out and told me tu go lay down and sleep sum as there wuz a goin' tu be a bizzy time the next day.

I dident go tu the Kurnel's tent where I had bin sleepin'. The Kurnel wuz a entertainin' sum uv hiz Socialist frends and comrades and I knowed I coodent sleep there, and a soljer who had always bin a votin' uv the Demokratik ticket, but who dident beleve in war and killin' uv people, let me sleep in hiz bed. Az he wuz a fixin' uv the covers on my bed he told me he cood see now he had always bin a votin' fur war and now he wuz a gittin' uv plenty uv it. He sed the Socialists wuz the only organization in the wurld, ceptin' uv the Quakers, who wuz openly and abuv bord agin war. He sed he thought them bulletins wood du the wurk, unless sumpthin' happened that he coodent think uv. The bed wuz on a ledge under a old mine which wuz bein' used as one uv the trenches. It dident seem tu me that I slept long and when I got up in the mornin' and went out it seemed tu me that I cood see a millyun red flags uv all sizes, and on each one wuz inscribed the wurd "PEACE ON URTH AND GOOD WILL TU MANKIND." The soljers wuz a mixin' in both camps and a shakin' uv hands with each uther, and sum even a kissin', and all aktin' jist like bruthers and fathers who hadent seen each uther fur a long time. I looked across tuwards the German lines and about half way between their trenches and ourn I saw a big platform like they maik fur the speakers bak home on the 4th uv July. I asked one uv the soljers what that wuz fur. He sed that a man by the name uv Eke Hockins wuz a goin' tu speak there after while. I knowed he ment Ike so I looked around tu see if I cood find

him, but coodent. After a while the soljers commenced tu gether around that platform. I don't think I ever seed so menny people in one place in my life before. They wuz all soljers; sum wuz Germans, sum English, lots uv French and sum from Indy and Kanady. Sum wuz a foot and a walkin', sum wuz a ridin' uv mules and horses, sum wuz in the ambulance waggins, (fur they dident need them now az there wuz no fightin' or killin' or woondin' a goin' on, and sum had hitched up tu the artillery waggins and wuz ridin' in that way. They all had them red flags with "PEACE AND GOOD WILL" on 'em. It looked like a 4th uv July selebrashun, but it wuz a thousand times bigger than enny 4th uv July we ever had at Boney Forks. I wanted tu heer Ike speak and I knowed that if I dident git in tu whare the stand wuz purty quick, the crowd wood be so big I coodent git throo, so I scrouged my way throo by mane strength. Ike got there the same time I did and invited me on tu the stand. There wuz a table there and I tuk down Ike's speech and every thing that wuz sed. He dident maik enny apologys or explanashuns, but started rite in at wunce. He sed:

"Bruthers and Comrades, all humanity air my bruthers, and all who liv up tu the Golden Rule air my Comrades. Let us all be Comrades."

When he sed that I never heerd sich hollerin', or seed sich wavin' uv hats and flags.

"You hold in yoor hands the wurld's future destiny! It is fur you tu say this day by yoor ackshuns, whether the spirit uv peece shall ever hereafter rest in the hearts uv men. In this, the greatest karnage in the wurld's history, the destinies uv nashuns iz bein' determined, and the power uv man tu guvern himself iz bein' tested. If the soljers in this war shall disregard the commands uv their offisers, lay down their arms, become comrades, and return tu their homes, it will be the beginning uv the establishment uv universal brotherhood and universal peece throughout the wurld. The tender kords uv affeckshun stretching from yoor hearts tu the sorrow stricken ones gethered around the hearthstones uv yoor homes, must be stronger than the hatred inspired by the quarrels between kings and their satellites."

I cood see the tears comin' intu the ize uv the soljers all around and cood heer sum uv

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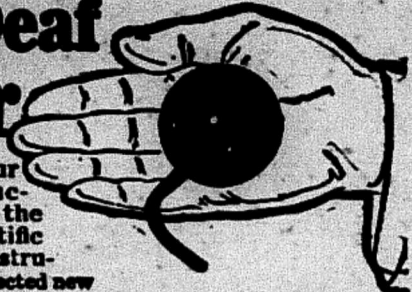
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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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'em sob when Ike spoke uv their families. I think Ike seen and heard it, too, fur hiz voice got a little husky and I thought I seed a teer run down hiz cheek. But he went on.

"Soljers," he sed, "this is not yoor war; it iz a struggle fur commershul supremacy; fur further privileges uv the few tu rob the menny.* It iz a war tu settle the questshun az tu whether militarism shall rule the wurd and a few shall lay burdens on the menny, or whether the toilers shall govern themselves and shall hav the full products uv their labor. The grate korporashuns and manufackturers air coining millyuns out uv yoor blud and brawn. These millyuns air represented by bonds which those uv you who survive air expikted tu pay when you return home after the war iz over. It meens the enslavement uv two or 3 generashuns. You air not only forgin' the chains fur yoor own bondage, but fur that uv yoor children and yoor children's children. Soljers! Comrades! Bruthers! Nature's glorious springtime iz here. The green grass iz growin' over the war maid graves uv fathers, sons and bruthers, az though tu hide frum the stars abuv us the shame uv war. The burds air a singin' in the bushes about yoor homes, but their songs bring no cheer tu the sorrowful ones who air a waitin' fur yoor comin'. Their teers weigh more in the skales uv jestic than all the armaments uv all the nashuns uv the urth. Soljers! Comrades! You have proved yoor physical courage in war that iz wrong. Now, the power iz yours, and the opportunity iz prezent tu show yoor moral courage in what iz rite."

When Ike sed that, there wuz sich cheerin' among the soljers az I never heerd in all my life. While they wuz a cheerin' there wuz a grait commoshun at one side uv the crowd. A big officer wuz a ridin' towards the stand. The soljers giv way enuff tu let him throo, but didnt saloot him. He rode up tu the stand where Ike wuz a speekin' and pint-ed hiz finger at Ike. Then Ike pint-ed hiz finger at him.

"It iz Count Von Walkinbird," a soljer whispered tu me. He iz one uv the Kizer's staff."

"Who air you?" sed the Kount, still a pintin' hiz finger at Ike. "I'm the Kount Von Walkinbird, a member uv hiz Majesty's staff. I charge you with sedishun; soljers, arrest the traitor."

But not a soljer mooved, and the kount looked dumfound-ed. Then he turned hiz horze and rode away, sayin' he wood send sum men that wood arrest the traitor on the stand.

Ike stood up there with his arms folded; he wuzent a bit more eggsited than if he had bin doekterin' a kaff. He wuz about tu begin a speekin' agin when there wuz another commoshun.

It wuz bigger than the uther one. It wuz cauzed by old Bill Kizer himself, follored by about a duzzen uv hiz staff with swords drawn, a gallopin' up agin the crowd.

"Out uv the way, you dad-gasted cowards and traitors," cried old Kizer Bill tu the soljers.

The soljers, stung by this insult, flew tu their rifles where they had stacked 'em, and formed a solid falanx in frunt uv the Kizer. Sum uv the men levelled their guns on him and hiz staff.

"Don't shoot, boys," he cried, and him and hiz staff put their swords bak in their sheeths. They parleyed a little bit and then the soljers opened the way fur the Kizer tu pass throo, but they helt the staff abey. The Kizer rode up tu the stand where Ike and me wuz. His mustash stuck up like the brissels on a wild hog. He wuz a frothin' a little at the mouth. I put my hand in my pocket tu git the lettur which the prezident had sent tu him throo me. Ike seen what I wuz about and puttin' uv hiz hand on my arm, sed:

"Hold on, Tobe, the show aint over yet."

By that time the Kizer wuz rite up agin the stand, and stretchin' uv hiz arm out towards Ike, sed:

"By what authority air you here a raizin' uv trubbel among my soljers and eggsitin' them tu vilence?"

"I am here by authority uv justis, right and peece, and I gess them air three uv the biggest proposishuns on earth. I'm not eggsitin' them tu vilence; I'm teechin' them tu luv each uther; don't you see how they air shakin' uv each uther's hands and a swappin' uv tobacker fur chewin' gum?" answered Ike.

"But I want them tu fite," yelled the Kizer.

"I don't," sed Ike; "they aint got nuthin' tu fite about; they aint got nuthin agin' each uther, and it's wicked tu fite."

"But they must fite," sed the Kizer.

"But suppoze they refuze?" sed Ike.

"They I'll hang 'em or shoot 'em fur traitors," skreemed the Kizer.

"Du you want tu fite?" asked Ike.

"Uv korse I du," cried the Kizer; "that's what I'm here fur; give me sumpthin' tu fite," and he shuck hiz fist at Ike.

"Well," sed Ike slowly, "there's a yung Belgian here whooze father wuz shot down in kold blud while yoor troops wuz forcin' their way throo their peecable land, and who had a muther and two sisters tu starve tu deth becoz yoor soljers confiskated all the provishuns fur themselves. This yung feller iz oppozed tu fitin' on general prinspals, but I'll reckon he'll akkommodate you in a tussel under the pekuliar

sirkumstances surrounding this okkashun; cum forward, Hank."

A yung Belgian soljer sprang forward frum among the soljers. He pulled off hiz army cote and began tu roll up hiz sleeves. Hiz sholder wuz az big az a mule's and he had a arm on him as big az a telegraf post. The Kizer turned pale. He knowed he wuz gilty uv killin' the yung man's father and uv starvin' hiz muther and sisters. He had ordered hiz army tu go throo Belgium and he wuz responsible fur the rezults. He knowed he wood be a puppet in that yung man's hands.

"Where iz my staff?" he asked, with a tremblin' voice. "I want my staff."

"All rite," sed Ike; "you want them tu take part in the fite, tu? Soljers let the staff cum, and choose frum among you a man fur each member uv the staff. Let this fite be man fur man. Put away yoor arms, pull off yoor cotes. There's 12 generals on the staff. Choose frum among you, four each uv Belgians, Englishmen and Frenchmen. These officers hav bin yellin' fur a fite; let's akkommodate them."

A duzzen men cum out frum the soljers. They had mussels like steel. Each uv them had suffered wrongs. They glared at the staff. That wuz enuff. The staff refuzed tu fite. They were mere weaklins before these 12 strong men.

While they wuz a settin' there on their horses, fur not a man had dared tu git off, three men in sitizens clothes approached. They imediatey went up tu the Kizer.

"You kin consider yoorself under arrest," sed the hed man uv the three.

"By whooze authority du you akt?" asked the Kizer.

"By authority uv the Republick uv France, and in the interest uv Humanity," answered the man, drawin' uv a paper out uv his pocket.

"Who are you?" asked the Kizer.

"I'm Konstable uv Burgundy township," answered the man.

"And what am I charged with?" asked the Kizer.

"With disturbin' uv the peece," sed the konstable.

They pulled the Kizer off hiz horse, tuk hiz sword away frum him and led him away.

I wuz dum-mazed.

"What du you think uv it?" asked Ike, puttin uv hiz hand on my arm.

"I'm so bumfuzzled I can't hardly tell," sed I, "a king or Kizer iz jist like enny common man when he's surrounded with the same condishuns, and the soljers wont obey him."

"That's rite," sed Ike, "but let's follow and see what they're goin' tu du tu him. Mebbe it wont be uv cnny use tu giv him these letturs which Woodsaw sent us tu giv him."

COL. TOBE SPILKINS,
Diplomat.

Learn to Play Piano or Organ in One Evening!



"What Do You Think of That! Never Played Before and Now Just Hear Her!"

YOU Can Learn to Play Piano or Organ in One Evening at Home Sent Absolutely **FREE** on a Seven-Day Trial to Prove It

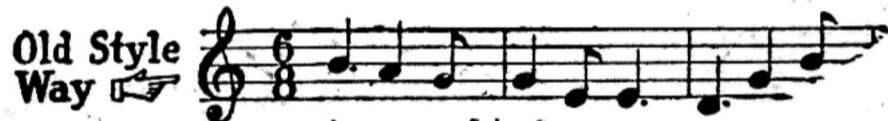
We Will Teach You to Play the Piano or Organ, and Will Not Ask You For One Cent Until You Can Play

In this hurrying, busy twentieth century, people cannot afford to take several hours a day for several years in learning to play. They demand something easier, a shorter, simpler way—and this "Easy Form" Music Method is the result. Any person of ordinary intelligence can now sit right down and play without any lessons or special training. Just read the simple directions, turn to the selection you most fancy in the big volume of music, and play it.

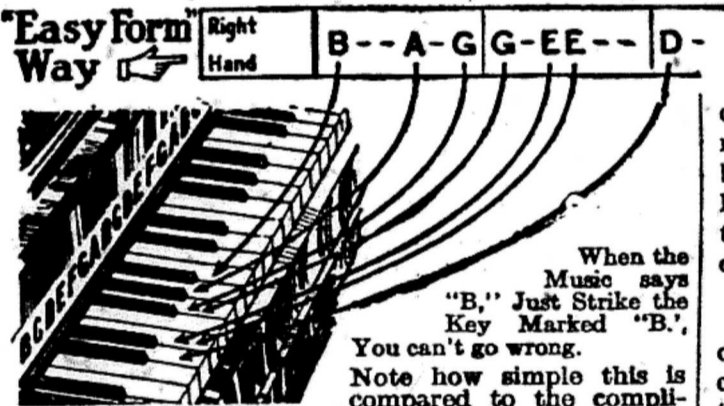
A Child Can Play At Once

The "Easy Form" way is simplicity itself. No puzzling marks to study out, no mystic symbols and Chinese looking characters to confuse you. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another. Yet in a single evening you can play your favorite music with all the fingers of both hands, and play it well. It's so simple that it might justly be called

Shorthand in Music



No more spending of years in study and practice. Why? Because music has now been simplified so that anybody who can read printed letters—A-B-C-D-E-F-G—



can read the new "Easy Form" music at a glance, and the keyboard guide which is placed behind the keys shows you where to put the fingers of both hands on the right keys every time.

No chance for failure, anyone can learn quickly. Young children and old people learn to play in a few hours and amaze and delight their friends.

When the Music says "B," Just Strike the Key Marked "B." You can't go wrong. Note how simple this is compared to the complicated old style music, where a beginner couldn't even find the right key.

You don't have to take anybody's word for "Easy Form," either. We think the best way to prove it is to let you, yourself, be the judge. You can't doubt its value when you have learned to play by this method in a single evening.

Therefore, we have decided to show our faith in "Easy Form" by sending the complete system—full instructions—100 pieces of standard music (all the favorites) and keyboard guide—upon receipt of the coupon, without asking for a cent of money.

Thousands of Delighted Patrons

We have thousands of letters like the ones printed below, telling how quickly and easily people who didn't know one note from another learned to play by the "Easy Form" Music Method. It is so simple that there is no chance for mistake or failure—and the trial is absolutely FREE.

LEARNED 100 PIECES IN ONE WEEK
I have had "Easy Form" one week and can play any piece in the book, correctly. I am very much pleased with it.
ELEANOR EVERETT, Box 612, LaGrange, N. C.

LEARNED ONE PIECE A DAY
I have learned eight pieces of music in seven days.
MISS LINNIE WALKER, Buckner, Arkansas.

LEARNED SIX PIECES IN ONE HOUR
I have practiced only about an hour and can play half a dozen pieces of "Easy Form" music. The instructions are very simple and I like it. Have tried the old way, but find this much easier.
FANNIE LEE RICH, Alma, Georgia.

MUCH EASIER THAN EXPECTED
I found your "Easy Form" just as you said. I think it is great and much easier than I thought. I do not doubt a firm when they will send their goods before they get their money.
E. B. BARNES, R. F. D. 2, San Marcos, Tex.

PLAYS 11 PIECES IN A WEEK
I received "Easy Form" music last week and am much pleased with it; it certainly is far ahead of note music. I can play eleven pieces from "Easy Form" already, and I find it so easy. Wishing you success,
DANIEL A. McDONALD, Box 83, Waterford, N. S.

MOST COMPLETE METHOD EVER KNOWN
I received "Easy Form" music and played several of the pieces right away. It is the most comprehensive method I have seen. I enclose payment in full.
D. GOLDBAUM, Box 22, Ensenada, L. C., Mexico.

BETTER THAN SEVEN YEARS OF LESSONS
Have had "Easy Form" four weeks and was out of town one week. I practice about fifteen minutes daily, and can play several pieces as good as my sister-in-law, who has taken lessons seven years.
MRS. ARTHUR I. VAN KLEEK, 1620 4th Ave., N., Mason City, Iowa.

75 YEARS OLD—LEARNED IN THREE HOURS
Porterville, Cal.
If I could not use the "Easy Form" method, I would be ashamed to say so. It is so very simple and easy to understand. I learned it in three hours. I am 75 years old, and never tried to play on the piano or organ, and did not know where middle C was until I got your easy method. Yes, anyone can learn to play by it.
REV. G. D. KING, Pastor Christian Church.

"EASY FORM" IN DISTRICT SCHOOL
I like the book and system very much. My little granddaughter, age 10 years old, plays for our district school from that same book.
MRS. M. E. WADE, R. 2, Box 46, Bolcourt, Kan.

SEND NO MONEY

We don't want your money until you have given "Easy Form" a trial and concluded that you want to buy it. Keep the system for seven days, test it, see how easy it is to play. Then if you can bear to part with it, return it at our expense, and you are not out a single penny. If you want to keep it (as you will) it will only be necessary to send us \$1.50 at once. The balance may be paid in small monthly payments until the total price of \$6.50 is paid. Remember, you are the judge. If you don't want to buy the "Easy Form" system, after using it for seven days, you will not be at even a penny's expense. But don't delay. Send the coupon now—today—while this remarkable offer remains open.

Easy Method Music Co., 820 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

7 DAYS TRIAL

FREE

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Easy Method Music Co.
820 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago

Please send me the "Easy Form" Music Method, complete, with 100 pieces of music, for a seven-day FREE TRIAL. If I am satisfied and want to keep the system, I agree to send you \$1.50 at the end of the trial period and \$1.00 per month thereafter, until a total of \$6.50 is paid. If not satisfied, I will return the system to you, and I am to be at no expense whatever for the trial.

Name.....

Street and No. or R. F. D.....

Town.....State.....

Do you play old style note music?.....

How many white keys are on your piano or organ?.....

No one thinks of leaving poisons within reach of little children—except fly Poisons. Yet fly poisons kill more children than all other poisons combined.

We quote from an editorial in the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society:

"From the first of July to October 15, the press of a few states reported 45 cases of poisoning of children from the use of fly poisons."

These children were all under six years of age. The poisoning was caused by swallowing the liquid covering poison fly paper or by sucking the poisoned and sweetened wicks protruding from tin boxes. The editorial suggests that a large number of cases of such poisoning probably escaped recognition because:

"—it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for even an experienced physician to distinguish a case of arsenical poisoning from cholera infantum, the symptoms being so similar. How many children have been poisoned from these fly poisons, amid the deaths ascribed to cholera infantum, can never be known."

Mothers who have intuitively avoided fly poisons, now have their good judgment complimented by these actual facts. The danger is even greater than most of them knew.

"Arsenical fly destroying devices are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies, and fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

TANGLEFOOT

The Sanitary Fly Destroyer
Non-Poisonous
Catches the Germ with the Fly

The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers, or sent postpaid—two for 25c—anywhere in the United States. (40)

THE O. & W. THUM CO.

Dept. 222 GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



AGENTS! \$1200.00 IN COLD CASH

MADE, PAID, BANKED IN 30 DAYS, BY STONEMAN—\$15,000 TO DATE.

LISTEN This opportunity is open to you—this money—the cold cash—can be yours. We want 5,000 good men immediately. The opportunity is open for acceptance today. You, and you alone, by waiting too long, can lose it. No experience necessary. Business supplies capital. Get complete facts at once. Ask to be shown. Get in line. Make 1915 the biggest year you have ever lived or dreamed of. You don't have to wait a month—not even a week—payments can start the first day; and you can work into a position which enabled one of our hustling money-makers to order

\$13,245.00 IN 110 DAYS

We have been quietly securing men from all walks of life—ministers, clerks, farmers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc.—enabling them with our co-operation and \$30,000 APPROPRIATION, to get what we here offer and can do for you. Some of these men you may know—possibly have envied their prosperity without understanding the reason of their success. We will break all records—agents actually getting rich. Think of these figures: Langley (liveryman), \$115 FIRST DAY; Rasp (agent), \$1,625 in 73 days; Beem (soldier), \$164.25 WEEKLY FOR 12 WEEKS; Korstad (farmer), \$2,212 in a few weeks; Juell (clerk), \$5,500; Hart (farmer), \$5,000; Wilson (cashier), \$3,000 IN 30 DAYS. Let us refer you to these men—to the U. S. GOVERNMENT, banks, business houses, noted people at home and abroad—let us tell you about our startling plan of universal distribution through special representatives which absolutely insure.

\$1000.00 PER MAN, PER COUNTY

You, by acting NOW—TODAY—can get this proposition for your section. This is not a fairy tale, fake, or humbug; for LISTEN—IT IS GOING ON DAILY. If you can use \$1,000.00—real money—\$AY SO. Don't hesitate—don't delay a minute, but get the thousand-dollar hustle—get your first thousand dollars—first start—first taste of REAL INDEPENDENCE—POWER, INFLUENCE, LUXURIES. Join hands with us and enjoy abundant prosperity. So get mighty busy—write today. It costs nothing but a cent to find out all about it and to receive absolute proof.

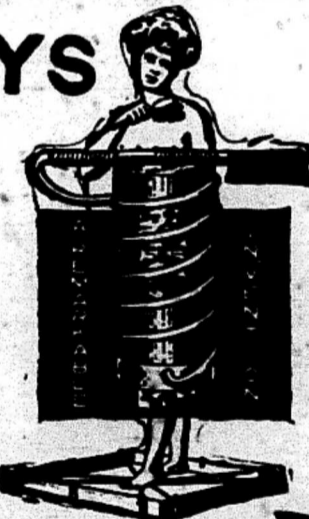
INVESTIGATE AND BE AMAZED

Find out how Oviatt (Iowa minister) ordered over 800 outfits in 11 days; Cook (soldier), \$1,000 to date; Rogers (surveyor), \$2,500. He writes: "Selling baths has got me one piece of property, expect to get another." Learn how O. P. Schleicher, Ohio (minister), received \$195 TWELVE HOURS AFTER APPOINTMENT. Hundreds share a similar prosperity—banking money—buying homes, automobiles. Hoard (doctor), \$2,500. SAME APPOINTMENT SHOULD MEAN SAME MONEY TO YOU. Rise to big earnings, wage freedom, ownership and private monopoly. KNOWING THE REASON DISPELS ALL DOUBT.

RISK ONE CENT TO MAKE THOUSANDS

And say with Lodwick, Maine (soldier): "Lucky I answered your ad. It's great—money coming fast—17 orders to date—sells on sight." Why should not Cashman say: "The man who could not sell your goods could not sell bread in a famine." Get a postal card—put your name and address on it this minute—drop it in the mail box, addressed to us today. Heed this caution from Chas. Starr, of Michigan, who writes: "Sorry this field is closed—SHOULD HAVE ACTED SOONER, but was skeptical. Your local man's GREAT SUCCESS has set everybody talking and proves I WAS A DRUMP. WONDERFUL WHAT A MAN CAN DO WITH A REAL OPPORTUNITY."

SEND NO MONEY Business supplies capital. Credit given to active distributors. Investigate first. Asking to be shown doesn't obligate you one bit. Just spend one cent today. ACT NOW—BE FIRST. Don't let somebody else get the territory you want. We want 5,000 good men to act as our special representatives immediately—send your application by the FIRST MAIL. Just a postal card will do. Send it now.



STRANGE INVENTION

Gives every home a bathroom for only \$4.50; excels others costing \$150 to \$200. Abolishes tubs, bowls, buckets, wash-rags, sponges. Turns any room into a bathroom. WITH HOT or COLD RUNNING WATER. Cleanses almost automatically. No plumbing—no water works—self heating. Gives cleansing, frictional massage and shower baths. So simple a child can operate. Truly marvelous. A modern home-bathing, without drudgery, inconvenience, noise or lugging water, filling up, emptying, cleaning, putting away. Could anything be more popular? Think of the millions who want bathroom! At night, people exclaim, "There, there, that's what I have been looking for!" OVER 200,000 DELIGHTED CUSTOMERS. Used by U. S. GOVERNMENT. Think of what you could do with this in your territory. No competition—unlimited high-grade business.

Harry Hit Their Sore Spot

By Kate Richards O'Hare

Phil Wagner and Harry Tichenor have been duly indicted by the grand jury and haled before the Federal Court for being guilty of the heinous crime of telling the truth, (pardon me, a very small part of the truth) about the motives involved in the merry antics of the notorious Billy Sunday, on the cover page of the Melting Pot.

I don't belong to the logical sex and I am quite willing to admit that I get lost in the mazes of red tape involved in the case. So far as an illogical woman can fathom the reasoning of logical lawmakers, it is not what an editor says about an individual that makes a crime, but where he says it. When Harry stated that Billy Sunday was the religious megaphone of Big Biz, if he had said it on an inside page it would have been a perfectly legitimate editorial, but when he said it on the cover page it became a crime. Why an editorial opinion is an editorial on one side of a sheet of paper and a criminal libel on the other side of the same sheet is too much for me. If you can figure it out please write and elucidate; if you can't, then ask some old party lawyer in your locality to untangle it for you. I am sure he will be delighted with the job.

I am perfectly willing to confess my inability to grasp the legal logic of the case, but I can put my finger right into the middle of the REAL CAUSE for it in a jiffy. HARRY TICHENOR AND PHIL WAGNER ARE FACING THE PROSPECT OF WEARING STRIPES AND MARCHING IN LOCKSTEP SIMPLY BECAUSE THE MELTING POT ALWAYS LANDED ITS PUNCH IN THE DEAD CENTER OF THE SOLAR-PLEXUS OF THE WHOLE RELIGIO-ECONOMIC SHELL GAME THAT IS BEING PLAYED ON THE WORKING CLASS.

The Melting Pot did not libel Billy Sunday either one side of the paper or the other; to libel such as he would be a human impossibility; the poor dupe down in Oklahoma who signed the complaint did not have his religion attacked, for the most intelligent ministers of every denomination have said much harsher things about Billy Sunday than Harry said, but Harry hit the sore spot and the preachers didn't.

For five years there has been a continuous, well organized and heavily financed effort to start a war among the workers in the United States. Any man who would start a newspaper or maga-

zine and use all of his ink attacking any particular creed or sect could have access to the barrel of money provided by the master class. The men who turn the tap and let the money flow are entirely indifferent as to which creed you lambast. Abuse the Catholics? Sure—here is money to start a paper to arouse the people of America to the menace of Catholicism. Defend the Catholic Church and fight the dirty attacks of the Protestants? Sure—here is money to publish a paper for such a holy cause, and it all comes from the same barrel.

WHY?
Simply because if the master class can get the working class to fight over religion, then the workers won't worry about the bread and butter problem.

If the Melting Pot had confined its attention to one creed, abused one particular expression of religious life, it could have tapped the barrel just as liberally as other prostituted papers and magazines have done. Not only could the Melting Pot have tapped the barrel, but Harry Tichenor could have printed any opinion he might have of Billy Sunday or Cardinal Gibbons on either side of any page and have circulated the magazines to his heart's content and nothing would have happened.

But the Melting Pot is not that kind of a harlot. From the first issue to the last it has always preached the doctrines of the Nazarene and stripped the filthy rags of pretense from every creed and every representative of a creed who prostituted the sweet message of Jesus to the service of the exploitators of labor. The religion of Harry Tichenor and Phil Wagner is deeper and higher and holier than any sect or creed; it is the religion of human brotherhood; the only priest they know is Knowledge; the only Saviour of the human race, Social Justice.

IT WAS BECAUSE THE MELTING POT PREACHED SUCH A MESSAGE; REBUKED THE HYPOCRITES AND HUMBLED AND SPREAD KNOWLEDGE ABROAD IN THE LAND, THAT ITS PUBLISHER AND EDITOR HAVE BEEN INDICTED.

HARRY HIT THEIR SORE SPOT.

Mr. Burbank predicts that the thornless cactus will soon be used for food. With two more years of Democratic administration before us, the prospects of this prediction coming true are excellent.

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.

(Copyright 1915, by the National Rip-Saw Publishing Co.)

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.

Next day, while working in the shop, Gabriel is accused by Herzog of having stolen the red leather notebook. Herzog, searching the pockets of the workmen in the plant, has just found the book in the pocket of Gabriel's coat, hanging on a nail near his workbench. Gabriel controls his anger, hoping to retain his position and find out more about the plot, but Herzog discharges him on the spot, and bitterly insults him. Gabriel has hard work not to strike the lick-spittle down, where he stands. He says good-bye to his mates, and takes his leave, decided to tramp to Niagara, where the plutes have planned to begin work on their Air Trust plant. There he will await developments. A few days later, at the Longmeadow Country Club, Catherine Flint, the Billionaire's daughter, has a lively quarrel with Waldron, her fiance, resulting in a final rupture of the engagement. Waldron finds himself unable to change her decision, flings the diamond engagement-ring away, and stalks off into the woods, in a passion. Catherine orders her car, and tells the chauffeur to make haste in carrying her back to her father's mansion in New York. The chauffeur has been drinking, and runs the car at a mad pace, which does not yet, however, alarm the girl. As the car hurtles southward, along the road beside the Hudson, Gabriel Armstrong trudges northward, knapsack on back, swinging his stick and whistling merrily. Fate is swiftly drawing the Billionaire's daughter and the Socialist agitator together—the daughter of the man who will control the Air Trust, and the man who is destined to lead the war against it.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XIII

CATASTROPHE!

FOR a time, no danger seemed to threaten. Kate was not only fearless, as a passenger, but equally intrepid at the wheel. Many a time and oft she had driven her father's highest-powered car at dizzying speeds along worse roads than the one her machine was now following. Velocity was to her a kind of stimulant, wonderfully pleasurable; and now, realizing nothing of the truth that Herrick was badly for liquor, she leaned back in the tonneau, breathed the keen slashing air with delight, and let her eyes wander over the swiftly-changing panorama of forest, valley, lake and hill that, in ever new and more radiant beauty, sped away, away, as the huge car leaped down the smooth and rushing road.

Dust and pebbles flew in the wake of the machine, as it gathered velocity. Beneath it, the highway sped like an endless white ribbon, whirling back and away with smooth rapidity. No common road, this, but one which the State authorities had very obligingly built especially for the use of millionaires' motor cars, all through the region of country-clubs, parks, bungalows and summer-resorts dotting the west shore region of the Hudson. Let the farmer truck his produce through mud and ruts, if he would. Let the country folk drive their ramshackle buggies over rocks and stumps, if they so chose. Nothing of this sort for millionaires! No, they must have macadam and smooth, long curves, easy grades and—where the road swung high above the gleaming river—retaining walls to guard them from plunging into the palisaded abyss below.

At just such a place it was, where the road made a sharper turn than any the drunken chauffeur had reckoned on, that catastrophe leaped out to shatter the rushing car.

Only a minute before, Kate—a little uneasy, now, at the truly reckless speeding of the driver, and at the dare-devil way in which he was taking curves without either sounding his Klaxon or reduc-

ing speed—had touched him on the shoulder, with a command: "Not quite so fast, Herrick! Be careful!"

His only answer had been a drunken laugh.

"Careful, nothing!" he slobbered, to himself. "You wanted speed — an' now — he! — b'Jesus, you get — he! — speed! I ain't 'fraid — are — he! — you?"

She had not heard the words, but had divined their meaning.

"Herrick!" she commanded sharply, leaning forward. "What's the matter with you? Obey me, do you hear? Not so fast!"

A whiff of alcoholic breath suddenly told her the truth. For a second she sat there, as though petrified, with fear now for the first time clutching at her heart.

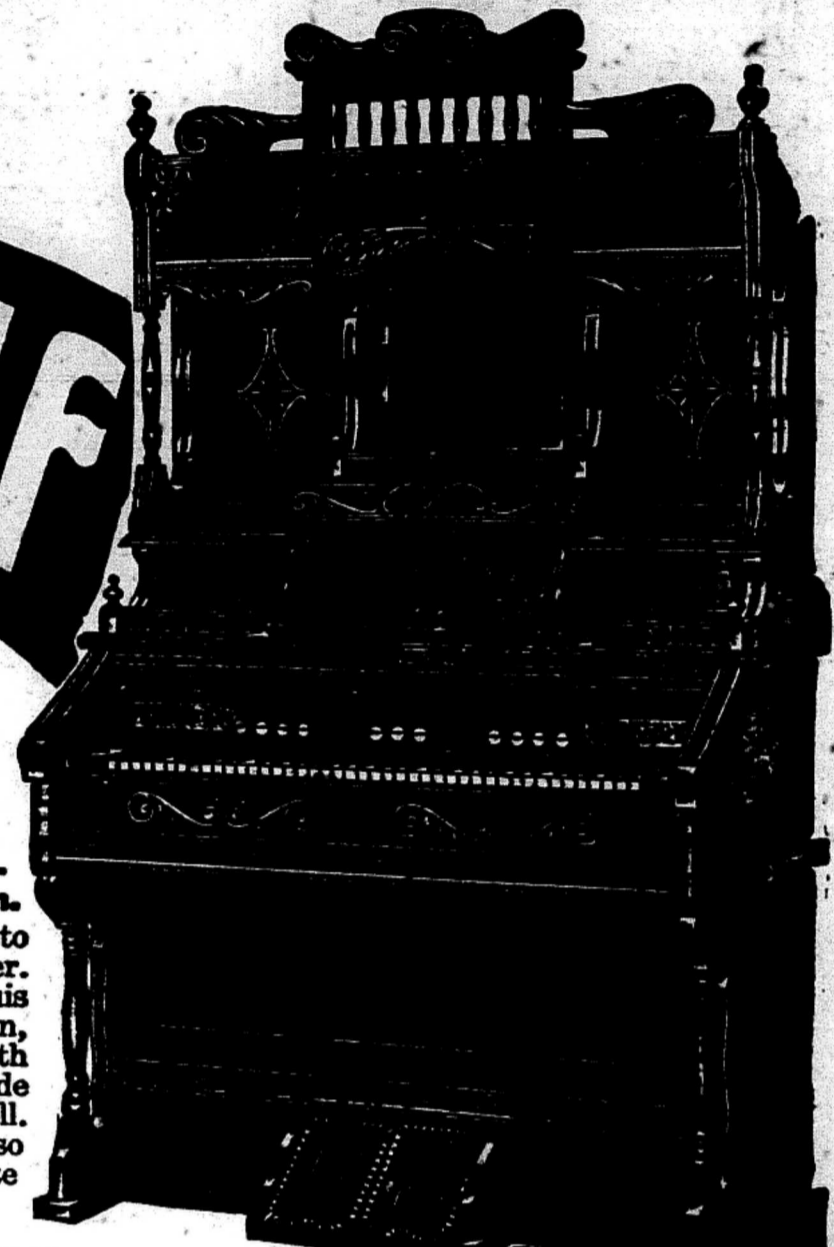
"Stop at once!" she cried, gripping the man by the collar of his livery. "You — you're drunk, Herrick! I — I'll have you discharged, at once, when we get home! Stop, do you hear me? You're not fit to drive. I'll take the wheel, myself!"

But Herrick, hopelessly under the influence of the poison, which had now produced its full effect, paid no heed.

"Y — can't dri' thish car!" he muttered, in maudlin accents. "Too big — too heavy for — he! — woman! I — I dri' it all right, drunk or sober! Good chauffeur — good car — I know thish car! You won't fire me — he! — for takin' drink or two, huh? I drive you all ri' — drive you to New York or to — he! — Hell! Same thing, no difference, ha! ha! — I —"

A sudden blaze of rage crimsoned the girl's face. In all her life she never yet had been thus spoken to. For a second she clenched her fist, as though to strike down this sodden brute there in the seat before her — a feat she would have been quite capable of. But second thought convinced her of the peril of such an act. Ahead of them a long down-grade stretched away, away, to a turn half-hidden under arching greenery. As the car struck this slope, it leaped into ever greater speed; and now, under the erratic guidance of the lolling wretch at the wheel, it began to sway in long, unsteady curves, first toward one ditch, then the other.

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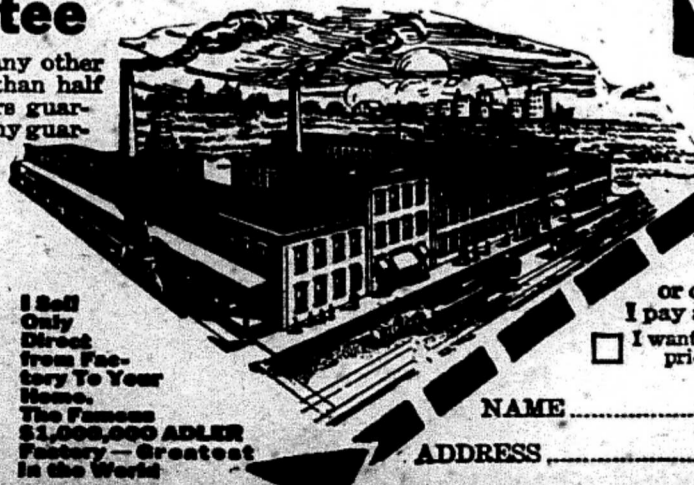
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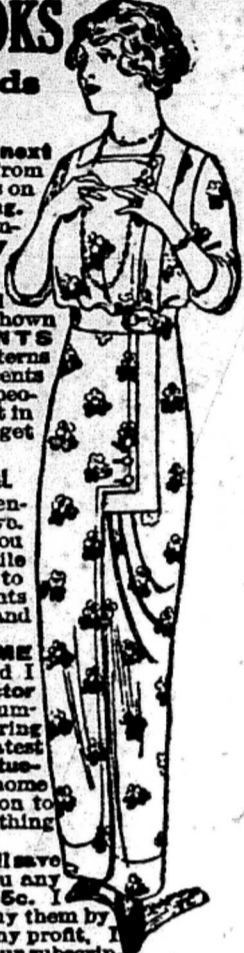
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Another woman would have screamed; might even have tried to jump out. But Kate was not of the hysterical sort. More practical, she.

"I've got to climb over into the front seat," she realized in a flash, and shut off the current—cut the power off—stop the car!"

On the instant, she acted. But as she rose in the tonneau, Herrick, sensing her purpose, turned toward her in the sudden rage of complete intoxication.

"Naw — naw y' don't!" he shouted, his face perfectly purple with fury and drink. "No woman — he! — runs this old boat while I'm — aboard, see? Go on, fire me! I don't give — damn! But you don't run — car! Sit down! I run car — New York or Hell — no matter which! I —"

Hurling down the slope like a runaway comet, now wholly out of control, the powerful gray car leaped madly at the turn.

Katherine, her heart sick at last with terror, caught a second's glimpse of forest, on one hand; of a stone wall with tree-tops on some steep abyss below, just grazing it, on the other. Through these trees she saw a momentary flash of water, far beneath.

Then the leaping front wheels struck a cluster of loose pebbles, at the bend. Wrenched from the drunkard's grip, the steering wheel jerked sharply round.

A skidding—a crash—a cry—! Over the roadway, vacant now, floated a tenuous cloud of dust and gasoline-vapor, commingled.

In the retaining-wall at the left, a jagged gap appeared.

Suddenly, far below, toward the river, a crashing detonation shattered harsh echoes from shore to shore.

Came a quick flare of light; then thick, black, greasy smoke arose, and, wafting through the treetops, drifted away on the warm wind of that late June afternoon.

A man, some quarter of a mile to southward, on the great highway, paused suddenly at sound of this explosion.

For a moment he stood there listening acutely, a knotted stick in hand, his flannel shirt, open at the throat, showing a brown and corded neck. The heavy knapsack on his shoulders seemed no burden to that rugged strength, as he stood, poised and eager, every sense centered in keen attention.

"Trouble ahead, there, by the Eternal!" he suddenly exclaimed. His eye had just caught sight of the first trailing wreaths of smoke, from up the cliff. "An auto's gone to smash, down there, or I'm a plute!"

He needed no second thought to hurl him forward to the rescue. At a smart pace he ran, hallooing loudly, to tell the victims—should they still live—that help was at hand. At his right, extended the wall. At his left, a grove of sugar-maples, sparsely set, climbed a long slope, over the ridge of which the descending sun glowed warmly. Somewhat back from the road, a rough shack which served as a sugar-house for the spring sap-boiling, stood with gaping door, open to all the winds that blew. These things he noted, subconsciously, as he ran.

Then, all at once, as he rounded a sharp turn, he drew up with a cry. "Down the cliff!" he exclaimed. "Knocked the wall clean out, and plunged! Holy Mackinaw, what a smash!"

In a moment he had reached the scene of the catastrophe. His quick eye took in, almost at a glance, the skidding mark of the wheels, the ragged rent in the wall, the broken limbs of trees below.

"Some wreck!" he ejaculated, dropping his stick and throwing off his knapsack. "Hello! Hello, down there!" he loudly hailed, scrambling through the gap.

From below, no answer. A silence as of death, broken only by the echo of his own voice, was all that greeted his wild cry.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RESCUE.

GABRIEL Armstrong leaped, rather than clambered, through the gap in the wall, and, following the track of devastation through the trees, scrambled down the steep slope that led toward the Hudson.

The forest looked as though a car of Juggernaut had passed that way. Limbs and saplings lay in confusion, larger trees showed long wounds upon their bark, and here and there pieces of metal—a gray mud-guard, a car door, a wind-shield frame, with shattered plate glass still clinging to it—lay scattered on the precipitous declivity. Beside these, hanging to a branch, Gabriel saw a gaily-striped auto robe; and, further down, a heavy, fringed shawl.

Again he shouted, holding to a tree-trunk on the very edge of a cliff of limestone, and peering far down into the abyss where the car had taken its final plunge. Still no answer. But, from below, the heavy smoke still rose. And now, peering more keenly, Armstrong caught sight of the wreck itself.

"There it is, and burning like the pit of Hell!" he exclaimed. "And — what's that, under it? A man?"

He could not distinctly make out, so thick the foliage was. But it seemed to him that, from under the jumbled wreckage of the blazing machine, something protruded, something that suggested a human form, horribly mangled.

"Here's where I go down this cliff, whatever happens!" decided Gabriel. And, acting on the instant, he began swinging himself down from tree to bush, from shrub to tuft of grass, clinging wherever handhold or foothold offered, digging his stout boots into every cleft and cranny of the precipice.

The height could not have been less than a hundred and fifty feet. By dint of wonderful strength and agility, and at the momentary risk of falling, himself, to almost certain death, Gabriel descended in less than ten minutes. The last quarter of the distance he practically fell, sliding at a tremendous rate, with boulders and loose earth cascading all about him in a shower.

He landed close by the flaming ruin. "Lucky this isn't in the autumn, in the dry season!" thought he, as he approached. "If it were, this whole cliff-side, and the woods beyond, would be a roaring furnace. Some forest-fire, all right, if the woods weren't wet and full of sap!"

Parting the brush, he made his way as close to the car as the intense heat would let him. The gasoline-tank he understood, had burst with the shock, and, taking fire, had wrapped the car in an Inferno of unquenchable flame. Now, the woodwork was entirely gone; and of the wheels, as the long machine lay there on its back, only a few blazing spokes were left. The steel chassis and the engine were red hot, twisted and broken as though a giant hammer had smitten them on some Vulcanic anvil.

"There's a few thousand dollars gone to the devil!" thought he. But his mind did not dwell on this phase of the disaster. Still he was hoping, against hope, that human life had not been dashed and roasted out, in the wreck. And again he shouted, as he worked his way to the other side of the machine—to the side which, seen from the cliff above, had seemed to show him that inert and mangled body.

All at once he stopped short, shielding his face with his hands, against the blaze.

"Good God!" he exclaimed; and involuntarily took off his cap, there in the presence of death.

That the man was dead, admitted of no question. Pinned under the heavy, glowing mass of metal, his body must already have been roasted to a char. The head could not be seen; but part of one shoulder and one arm protruded, with the coat burned off and the flesh horribly crackled; while,

nearer Gabriel, a leg showed, with a regulation chauffeur's leather leggin, also burned to a crisp.

"Nothing for me to do, here," said Gabriel, aloud. "He's past all human help, poor chap. I don't imagine there can be anybody else in this wreck. I haven't seen anybody, and nobody has answered my shouts. What's to be done, next?"

He pondered a moment, then, looking at the license plate of the machine—its enamel now half cracked off, but the numbers still legible—drew out his note-book and pencil and made a memo of the figures.

"Four-six-two-two, N. Y.," he read, again verifying his numbers. "That will identify things. And now—the quicker I get back on the road again, and reach a telephone at West Point, the better.

Accordingly, after a brief search through the bushes near at hand, for any other victim—a search which brought no results—he set to work once more to climb the cliff above him.

The fire, though still raging, was obviously dying down. In half an hour, he knew, it would be dead. There was no use in trying to extinguish it, for gasoline defies water, and there was no sand to be had along that rocky river shore.

"Let her burn herself out," judged Gabriel. "She can't do any harm, now. The road for mine!"

He found the upward path infinitely more difficult than the downward, and was forced to make a long detour and do some hard climbing that left him spent and sweating, before he again approached the gap in the wall. Pausing here to breathe, a minute or two, he once more peered down at the still-smoking ruin far below. And, as he stood there, all at once he thought he heard a sound not very far away, to his right.

A sound—a groan, a half-inchoate murmur—a cry!

Instantly his every sense grew keen. Holding his breath, he listened intently. Was it a cry? Or had the breeze but swayed one tree limb against another; or did some boatman's hail, from far across the river, drift upward to him on the cliff?

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted again. "Anybody there?"

Once more he listened; and now, again, he heard the sound—this time he knew it was a cry for help!

"Where are you?" shouted he, plunging forward along the steep side of the cliff. "Where?"

No answer, save a groan.

"Coming! Coming!" he hailed loudly. Then, guided as it seemed by instinct, almost as much as by the vague direction of the moaning call, he ploughed his way through brush and briar, on rescue bent.

All at once he stopped short in his tracks, wide-eyed, a stammering exclamation on his lips.

"A woman!" he cried.

True. There, lying as though violently flung, a woman was half-crouched, half-prone behind the roots of a huge maple that leaned out, above a sheer declivity.

He saw torn clothing, through the foliage; a white hand, scratched and bleeding; a mass of golden-coppery hair that lay dishevelled on the bed of moss and last autumn's leaves.

"A woman! Dying?" he thought, with a sudden stab of pity in his heart.

Then, forcing his way along, he reached her, and fell upon his knees at her side.

"Not dead! Not dying! Thank God!" he exclaimed. One glance showed him she would live. Though an ugly gash upon her forehead had bathed her face in blood, and though he knew not but bones were broken, he recognized the fact that she was now returning, fast, to consciousness. Already she had opened her eyes—wild eyes, understanding nothing—and was staring up at him in dazed, blank terror. Then one hand came up to her face; and, even as he lifted

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her in both his powerful arms, she began to sob hysterically.

He knew the value of that weeping, and made no attempt to stop it. The overwrought nerves, he understood, must find some outlet. Asking no question, speaking no word—for Gabriel was a man of action, not speech—he gathered her up as though she had been a child. A tall woman, she; almost as tall as he himself, and proportioned like a Venus. Yet to him her weight was nothing.

Sure-footed, now, and bursting through the brambles with fine energy, he carried her to the gap in the wall, up through it, and so to the roadway itself.

"Where — where am I?" the woman cried, incoherently. "Oh — what — where —?"

"You're all right!" he exclaimed. "Just a little accident, that's all. Don't worry! I'll take care of you. Just keep quiet, now, and don't think of anything. You'll be all right, in no time!"

But she still wept and cried out to know where she might be and what had happened. Obviously, Gabriel saw, her reason had not yet fully returned. His first aim must be to bathe her wound, find out what damage had been done, and keeping her quiet, try to get help.

Swiftly his thoughts worked. Here they were, miles from any settlement or house, nearly in the middle of a long stretch of road that skirted the river through dense woods. At any time a motor might come along; and then again, one might not arrive for hours. No dependence could be put on this. There was no telephone for a long distance back; and even had one been near he would not have ventured to leave the girl.

Could he carry her back to Fort Clinton, the last settlement he had passed through? Impossible! No man's strength could stand such a tremendous task. And even had it been within Gabriel's means, he would have chosen otherwise. For most of all the girl needed rest and quiet and immediate care. To bear her all that distance in his arms might produce serious, even fatal results.

"No!" he decided. "I must do what I can for her, here and now, and trust to luck to send help in an auto, down this road!"

His next thought was that bandages and wraps would be needed, for her cut and to make her a bed. Instantly he remembered the shawl and the big auto-robe that he had seen caught among the trees.

"I must have those, at once!" he realized. "When the machine went over the edge, they were thrown out, just as the girl was. A miracle she wasn't carried down, with the car, and dashed or burned to death down there by the river, with that poor devil of a chauffeur!"

Laying her down in the soft grass along the wall, he ran back to where the wraps were, and, detaching them from the branches, quickly regained the road once more.

"Now for the old sugar-house in the maple-grove," said he. "Poor shelter, but the best to be had. Thank heaven it's fair weather, and warm!"

The task was awkward, to carry both the girl and the bulky robes, but Gabriel was equal to it. She had by now regained some measure of rationality; and though very pale and shaken, manifested her nerve and courage by no longer weeping or asking questions.

Instead, she lay in his arms, eyes closed, with the blood stiffening on her face; and let him bear her whither he would. She seemed to sense his strength and mastery, his tender care and complete command of the situation. And, like a hurt and tired child, outworn and suffering, she yielded herself, unquestioningly, to his ministrations.

Thus Gabriel, the discharged, black-listed, outcast rebel and proletarian, bore in arms of mercy and compassion the only daughter of old Isaac Flint,

his enemy, Flint the would-be master of the world.

Thus he bore the woman who had been betrothed to "Tiger" Waldron, unscrupulous and cruel partner in that scheme of dominance and enslavement.

Such was the meeting of this woman and this man. Thus, in his arms, he carried her to the old sugar-house. And far below, the mighty river gleamed, unheeding the tragedy that had been enacted on its shores, unmindful of the threads of destiny even now being spun by the swift shuttles of Fate.

In the branches, above Gabriel and Katherine, birdsong and golden sunlight seemed to prophesy. But what this message might be, neither the woman nor the man had any thought or dream.

CHAPTER XV

AN HOUR AND A PARTING.

ARRIVING at the sugar-house, tired yet strong, Gabriel put the wounded girl down, quickly raked together a few armfuls of dead leaves, in the most sheltered corner of the ramshackle structure, and laid the heavy auto-robe upon this improvised bed. Then he helped his patient to lie down, there, and bade her wait till he got water to wash and dress her cut.

"Don't worry about anything," he reassured her. "You're alive, and that's the main thing, now. I'll see you through with this, whatever happens. Just keep calm, and don't let anything distress you!"

She looked at him with big, anxious eyes—eyes where still the full light of understanding had not yet returned. "It — it all happened so suddenly!" she managed to articulate. "He was drunk — the chauffeur. The car ran away. Where is it? Where is Herrick — the man?"

"I don't know," Gabriel lied promptly and with force. Not for worlds would he have excited her with the truth. "Never you mind about that. Just lie still, now, till I come back!"

Already, among the rusty utensils that had served for the "sugaring-off," the previous spring, he had routed out a tin pail. He kicked a quantity of leaves in under the sheet-iron open stove, flung some sticks atop of them, and started a little blaze. Warm water, he reflected, would serve better than cold in removing that clotting blood and dressing the hurt.

Then, saying no further word, but filled with admiration for the girl's pluck, he seized the pail and started for water.

"Nerve?" he said to himself, as he ran down the road toward a little brook he remembered having crossed, a few hundreds yards to southward. "Nerve, indeed! Not one complaint about her own injuries! Not a word of lamentation! If this isn't a thoroughbred, whoever or whatever she is, I never saw one!"

He returned, presently, with the pail nearly full of cold and sparkling water. Ignoring rust, he made her drink as deeply as she would, and then set a dipperful of water on the now hot sheet-iron.

Then, tearing a strip off the shawl, he made ready for his work as an amateur physician.

"Tell me," said he, kneeling there beside her in the hut which was already beginning to grow dusk, "except for this cut on your forehead, do you feel any injury? Think you've got any broken bones? See if you can move your legs and arms, all right."

She obeyed. "Nothing broken, I guess," she answered. "What a miracle! Please leave me, now. I can wash my own hurt. Go — go find Herrick! He needs you worse than I do!"

"No he doesn't!" blurted Gabriel with such conviction that she understood.

"You mean?" she queried, as he brought the dipper of now tepid water to her side. "He — he's dead?"

He hesitated to answer.

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"Dead! Yes, I understand!" she interpreted his silence. "You needn't tell me. I know!"

He nodded. "Yes," said he. "Your chauffeur has paid the penalty of trying to drive a six-cylinder car with alcohol. Now, think no more of him! Here, let me see how badly you're cut."

"Let me sit up, first," she begged. "I — I'm not hurt enough to be lying here like — like an invalid!"

She tried to rise, but with a strong hand on her shoulder he forced her back. She shuddered, with the horror of the chauffeur's death strong upon her.

"Please lie still," he begged. "You've had a terrific shock, and have lived through it by a miracle, indeed. You're wounded and still bleeding. You must be quiet."

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Dr. E. C. Underwood says that there is no expression of neuralgia which is more distressing than that known as Sciatica. The cause of this condition is usually exposure to cold and dampness. One of the most common causes is rheumatism; indeed this is so often the cause that some writers include sciatica among the varieties of rheumatism.

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The tone in his voice admitted no argument. Submissive now to his greater strength, this daughter of wealth and power lay back, closed her tired eyes and let the revolutionist, the proletarian, minister to her.

Dipping the piece of shawl into the warm water, he deftly moistened the dried blood on her brow and cheek, and washed it all away. He cleansed her sullied hair, as well, and laid it back from the wound.

"Tell me if I hurt you, now," he bade, gently as a woman. "I've got to wash the cut itself."

She answered nothing, but lay quite still. And so, hardly wincing, she let him lave the jagged wound that stretched from her right temple up into the first tendrils of that glorious red-gold hair.

"Hm!" thought Gabriel, as he now observed the cut with close attention. "I'm afraid there'll have to be some stitches taken, here!" But of this he said nothing. All he told her was: "Nothing to worry over. You'll be as good as new in a few days. As a miracle, it's some miracle!"

Having completed the cleansing of the cut, he fetched his knapsack and produced a clean handkerchief, which he folded and laid over the wound. This pad he secured in place by a long bandage cut from the edge of the shawl and tied securely round her shapely head.

"There," said he, surveying his improvisation with considerable satisfaction. "Now you'll do, till we can undertake the next thing. Sorry I haven't any brandy to give you, or anything of that sort. The fact is, I don't use it, and have none with me. How do you feel, now?"

She opened her eyes and looked up at him with the ghost of a smile on her pale lips.

"Oh, much, much better, thank you!" she answered. "I don't need any brandy. I'm — awfully strong, really. In a little while I'll be all right. Just give me a little more water, and — and tell me — who are you?"

"Who am I?" he queried, holding up her head while she drank from the tin cup he had now taken from his knapsack. "I? Oh, just an out-of-work. Nobody of any interest to you!"

A certain tinge of bitterness crept into his voice. In health, he knew, a woman of this class would not suffer him even to touch her hand.

"Don't ask me who I am, please. And I — I won't ask your name. We're of different worlds, I guess. But for the moment, fate has levelled the barriers. Just let it go at that. And now, if you can stay here, all right, perhaps I can hike back to the next house, below here, and telephone, and summon help."

"How far is it?" she asked, looking at him with wonder in her lovely eyes—wonder, and new thoughts, and a strange kind of longing to know more of this extraordinary man, so strong, so gentle, so unwilling to divulge himself or ask her name.

"How far?" he repeated. "Oh, four or five miles. I can make it in no time. And with luck, I can have an auto and a doctor here before dark. Well, does that suit you?"

"Don't go, please," she answered. "I — I may be still a little weak and foolish, but — somehow, I don't want to be left alone. I want to be kept from remembering — from thinking of those last, awful moments when the car was running away; when it struck the wall, at the turn; when I was thrown out, and — and knew no more. Don't go, just yet," the girl entreated, covering her eyes with both hands, as though to shut out the horrible vision of the catastrophe.

"All right," Gabriel answered. "Just as you please. Only, if I stay, you must promise to stop thinking about the accident, and try to pull together."

"I promise," she agreed, looking at him with strange eyes. "Oh dear,"

she added, with feminine inconsequentiality, "my hair's all down, and Lord knows where the pins are!"

He smiled to himself as she managed, with the aid of such few hair-pins as remained, to coil the coppery meshes once more round her head and even somewhat over the bandage, and secure them in place.

At sight of his face as he watched her, she too smiled wanly — the first time he had seen a real smile on her mouth.

"I'm only a woman, after all," she apologized. "You don't understand. You can't. But no matter. Tell me — why need you go, at all?"

"Why? For help, of course."

"There's sure to be a motor, or something, along this road, before very long," she answered. "Put up some signal or other, to stop it. That will save you a long, long walk, and save me from — remembering! I need you here with me," she added, earnestly. "Don't go — please!"

"All right, as you will," the man made reply. "I'll rig a danger-signal on the road; and then all we can do will be to wait."

This plan he immediately put into effect, setting his knapsack in the middle of the road and piling up brush and limbs of trees about it. "There," said he to himself, as he surveyed the result, "no car will get by that, without noticing it!"

Then he returned to the sugar-house, some hundred yards back from the highway in the grove, now already beginning to grow dim with the shadows of approaching nightfall. The glowing coals of the fire gleamed redly, through the rough place. The girl, still lying on her bed of leaves and auto-ropes, with the mutilated shawl drawn over her, looked up at him with an expression of trust and gratitude. For a second, only one, something quick and vital gripped at the wanderer's heart — some vague, intangible longing for a home and a woman, a longing old as our race, deep-planted in the inmost citadel of every man's soul. But, half-impatiently, he drove the thought away, dismissed it, and, smiling down at her with cheerful eyes and white, even teeth, said reassuringly:

"Everything's all right now. The first machine that passes, will take you to civilization."

"And you?" she asked. "What of you, then?"

"Me? Oh, I'll hike," he answered. "I'll plug along, just as I was doing when I found you."

"Where to?"

"Oh, north."

"What for?"

"Work. Please don't question me. I'd rather you wouldn't."

She pondered a moment. "Are you — what they call a — workingman?" she presently resumed.

"Yes," said he. "Why?"

"And are you happy?"

"Yes. In a way. Or shall be, when I've done what I mean to do."

"But — forgive me — you're very poor?"

"Not at all! I have, at this present moment, more than eighteen dollars in my pocket, and I have these!"

He showed her his two hands, big and sinewed, capable and strong.

"Eighteen dollars," she mused, half to herself. "Why, I have spent that, and more, for a single ounce of a new perfume — something very rare, you know, from Japan."

"Indeed? Well, don't tell me," he replied. "I'm not interested in how you spend money, but how you get it."

"Get it? Oh, father gives me my allowance, that's all."

"And he squeezes it out of the common people?"

She glanced at him quickly. "You — you aren't a Socialist, into the bargain, are you?" she inquired.

"At your service," he bowed.

"This is strange, strange indeed," she said. "Tell me your name."

"No," he refused. "I'd still rather

not. Nor shall I ask yours. Please don't volunteer it."

Came a moment's silence, there in the darkening hut, with the fire-glow red upon their faces.

"Happy," said the girl. "You say you're happy. While I —"

"Are not unhappy, surely?" asked Gabriel, leaning forward as he sat there beside her, and gazing keenly into her face.

"How should I know?" she answered. "Unhappy? No, perhaps not. But vacant — empty — futile!"

"Yes, I believe you," Gabriel judged.

"You tell me no news. And as you are, you will ever be. You will live so and die so. No, I won't preach. I won't proselytize. I won't even explain. It would be useless. You are one pole, I the other. And the world — the whole wide world — lies between!"

Suddenly she spoke. "You're a Socialist," said she. "What does it mean to be a Socialist?"

He shook his head. "You wouldn't understand, if I told you," he answered.

"Why not?"

"Oh, because your ideas and environments and interests and everything have been so different from mine — because you're what you are — because you can never be anything else."

"You mean that Socialism is something beyond my understanding?" she demanded, piqued. "Of course that's nonsense. I'm a human being. I've got brains, haven't I? I can understand a scheme of dividing up, or leveling down, or whatever it is, even if I can't believe in it!"

He smiled oddly.

"You've just proved, by what you've said," he answered slowly, "that your whole concepts are mistaken. Socialism isn't anything like what you think it is, and if I should try to explain it, you'd raise ten thousand futile objections, and beg the question, and defeat my object of explanation by your very inability to get the point of view. So you see —"

"I see that I want to know more!" she exclaimed, with determination. "If there's any branch of human knowledge that lies outside my reasoning powers, it's time I found that fact out. I thought Socialists were wild, crazy, erratic cranks; but if you're one, then I seem to have been wrong. You look rational enough, and you talk in an eminently sane manner."

"Thank you," he replied, ironically. "Don't be sarcastic!" she retorted. "I only meant —"

"It's all right, anyhow," said he. "You've simply got the old, stupid, wornout ideas of your class. You can't grasp this new ideal, rising through the ruck and waste and sin and misery of the present system. I don't blame you. You're a product of your environment. You can't help it. With that environment, how can you grasp the newer and more vital ideals of the day?"

For a moment she fixed eager eyes on him, in silence. Then asked she:

"Ideals? You mean that Socialism has ideals, and that it's a not all a matter of tearing down and dividing up, and destroying everything good and noble and right — all the accumulated wisdom and resources of the world?"

He laughed heartily.

"Who handed you that bunk?" he demanded.

"Father told me Socialism was all that, and more."

"What's your father's business?"

"Why, investments, stocks, bonds, industrial development and all that sort of thing."

"Hm!" he brunted. "I thought as much!"

"You mean that father misinformed me?"

"Rather!"

"Well if he did, what is Socialism?"

"Socialism," answered the young man slowly, while he fixed his eyes on the smouldering fire, "Socialism is a political movement, a concept of

life, a philosophy, an interpretation, a prophecy, an ideal. It embraces history, economics, science, art, religion, literature and every phase of human activity. It explains life, points the way to better things, gives us hope, strengthens the weary and heavy-laden, bids us look upward and onward, and constitutes the most sublime ideal ever conceived by the soul of man!"

"Can this be true?" the girl demanded, astonished.

"Not only can, but is! Socialism would free the world from slavery and slaves, from war, poverty, prostitution, vice and crime; would cleanse the sores of our rotting capitalism, would loose the gyves from the fettered hands of mankind, would bid the imprisoned soul of man awake to nobler and to purer things! How? The answer to that would take me weeks. You would have to read and study many books, to learn the entire truth. But I am telling you the substance of the ideal—a realizable ideal, and no chimera—when I say that Socialism sums up all that is good, and banishes all that is evil! And do you wonder that I love and serve it, all my life?"

She peered at him in wonder. "You serve it? How?" she demanded.

"By spreading it abroad; by speaking for it, working for it, fighting for it! By the spoken and the printed word! By every act and through every means whereby I can bring it nearer and nearer realization!"

"You're a dreamer, a visionary, a fanatic!" she exclaimed.

"You think so? No, I can't agree. Time will judge that matter. Meanwhile, I travel up and down the earth, spreading Socialism."

"And what do you get out of it, personally?"

"I? What do you mean? I never thought of that question."

"I mean, money. What do you make out of it?"

He laughed heartily.

"I get a few jail-sentences, once in a while; now and then a crack over the head with a policeman's billy, or maybe a peek down the muzzle of a rifle. I get —"

"You mean that you're a martyr?"

"By no means! I never even thought of being called such. This is a privilege, this propaganda of ours. It's the greatest privilege in the world—bringing the word of life and hope and joy to a crushed, bleeding and despairing world!"

She thought a moment, in silence. "You're a poet, I believe!" said she.

"No, not that. Only a worker in the ranks."

"But you do write poetry?"

"I write verses. You'd hardly call them poetry?"

"Verses? About Socialism!"

"Sometimes."

"Will you give me some?"

"What do you mean?"

"Tell me some of them."

"Of course not! I can't recite my verses! They aren't worth bothering you with!"

"That's for me to judge. Let me hear something of that kind. If you only knew how terribly much you interest me!"

"You mean that?"

"Of course I do! Please let me hear something you've written!"

He pondered a moment, then in his well-modulated, deep-toned voice began:

HESPERIDES.

I.

My feet, used to pine-needles, moss and turf,
And the gray boulders at the lip of the sea
Where the cold brine jets up its creamy surf.
Now tread once more these city ways, unloved
by me,
Hateful and hot, gross with iniquity.
And so I grieve,
Grieve when I wake, or at high blinding noon
Or when the moon
Mocks this sad Nineveh where the throngs weave
Their jostling ways by day, their paths by night;
Where darkness is not—where the streets burn
bright
With hectic fevers, eloquent of death!
I gasp for breath . . .
Visions have I, visions! So sweet they seem

That from this welter of men and things I turn,
to dream
Of the dim Wood-world, calling out to me,
Where forest-virgins I half glimpse, half see
With cool mysterious fingers beckoning!
Where vine-wreathed woodland altars sunlit
burn,
Or Dryads dance their mystic rounds and sing,
Sing high, sing low, with magic cadences
That once the wild oaks of Dodona heard:
And every wood-note bids me burst asunder
The bonds that hold me from the leaf-hid bird.
I quaff thee, O Nepenthe! Ah, the wonder
Grows, that there be who buy their wealth, their
case
By damning serfs to cities, hot and blurred,
Far from thy golden quest, Hesperides! . . .

II.

I see this August sun again
Sheer up high heaven wheel his angry way:
And hordes of men
Bleared with unrestful sleep rise up another day,
Their bodies racked with aftermaths of toil.
Over the city, in each gasping street
Shudders a haze of heat,
Reverberant from pillar, span and plinth.
Once more, cribbed in this monstrous labyrinth
Sacrificed to the Minotaur of Greed
Men bear the turmoil, glare, sweat, brute in-
harmonies;
Denial of each simplest human need,
Loss of life's meaning as day lags on day;
And my rebellious spirit rises, flies
In dreams to the green quiet wood away,
Away! Away!

III.

And now, and now . . . I feel the forest-
moss . . .
Come! On these moss-beds let me lie with Pan,
Twined with the ivy-vine in tendrill'd curls,
And I will hold all gold, that hampers man,
Only the ashes of base, barren dross!
On with the love-dance of the pagan girls!
The pagan girls with lips all rosy-red,
With breasts uprigt and foreheads garlanded,
With fair white foreheads nobly garlanded!
With sandalled feet that weave the magic ring!
Now . . . let them sing,
And I will pipe a tune that all may hear,
To bid them mind the time of my wild rhyme;
To warn profaning feet lest they draw near.
Away! Away! Beware these mystic trees!
Who dares to quest you now, Hesperides?

IV.

Great men of song, what sing ye? Woodland
meadows?
Rocks, trees and rills where sunlight glints to
gold?
Sing ye the hills, adown whose sides blue shadows
Creep when the westerling day is growing old?
Sing ye the brooks where in the purling shallows
The small fish dart and gleam?
Sing ye the pale green tresses of the willows
That stoop to kiss the stream?
Or sing ye burning streets, foul with the breath
Of sweatshop, tenement, where endlessly
Spawned swarms of folk serve tyrant masters
twain—
Profit, and his twin-brother, grinning Death?
Where millions toil, hedged off from aught save
pain?
Far from thee ever, O mine Arcady? . . .

His voice ceased and silence fell between the man and woman in the old sugar-house. Gabriel sat there by the dying fire, which cast its ruddy light over his strongly virile face, and gazed into the coals. The girl, sitting on the rude bed, her face eager, her slim strong hands tightly clasped, had almost forgotten to breathe.

At last she spoke. "That — that is wonderful!" she cried, a tremor of enthusiasm in her voice.

He shook his head. "No compliments, please," said he.

"I'm not complimenting you! I think it is wonderful! You're a true poet!"

"I wish I were — so I might use it all for Socialism!"

"You could make a fortune, if you'd work for some paper or magazine—some regular one, I mean, not Socialist."

He shook his head.

"Dead sea fruit," he answered. "Fairy gold, fading in the clutch, worthless through and through. No, if my work has any merit, it's all for Socialism, now and ever!"

Silence again. Neither now found a word to say, but their eyes met and read each other; and a kind of solemn hush seemed to lie over both their hearts.

Then, as they sat there, looking each at each—for now the girl had raised herself on the crude bed and was supporting herself with one hand—a sudden sound of a motor, on the road, wakened them from their musing.

Came the raucous wail of a siren. Then the engine-exhaust ceased, and a voice, raised in some annoyance, hailed loudly through the maple-grove:

"Hello! Hello? What's wrong, here?" Gabriel stepped to the sugar-house door:

"Here! Come here!" he shouted in a ringing voice that echoed widely

from between his hollowed palms. As the motorist still sat there, uncomprehending, Gabriel made his way toward the road. "Accident here," said he. "Girl

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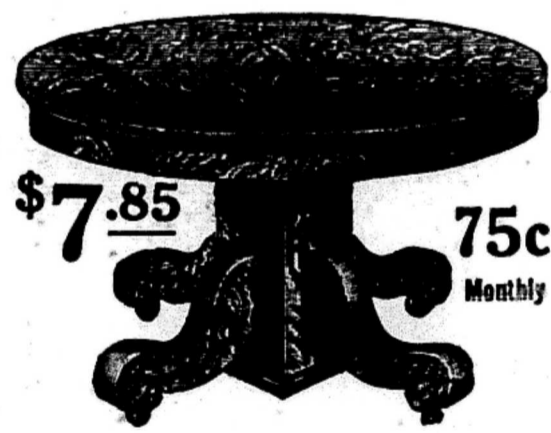
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in here, injured. Can you take her to the nearest town, at once? She needs a doctor."

Instantly the man was out of his car, and hastening toward Gabriel. "Eh? What?" he asked. "Anything serious?"

In a few words, Gabriel told him the outlines of the tale.

"The quicker you get the girl to a town, and let her have a doctor and communication with her family, the better," he concluded.

"Right! I'll do all in my power," said the other, a rather stout, well-to-do, vulgar-looking man.

"Good! This way, then!" The man followed Gabriel to the sugar-house. They found the girl already on her feet, standing there a bit unsteadily, but with determination to be game, in every feature.

Five minutes later she was in the new-comer's car, which had been turned around and now was headed back toward Haverstraw. The shawl and robe serving her as wraps, she was made comfortable in the tonneau.

"Think you can stand it, all right?" asked Gabriel, as he took in his hand she extended. "In half an hour, you'll be under a doctor's care, and your father will be on his way toward you."

She nodded, and for a second tightened the grasp of her hand.

"I — I'm not even going to know who you are?" she asked, a peculiar tone in her voice.

"No," he answered. "And now, good luck, and good-bye!"

"Good-bye," she echoed, her voice almost inaudible. "I — I won't forget you."

He made no answer, but only smiled in a peculiar way. Then, as the car rolled slowly forward, their hands separated.

Gabriel, bareheaded and with level gaze, stood there in the middle of the great highway, looking after her. A minute, under the darkening arches of the forest road, he saw her, still. Then the car swung round a bend, and vanished.

Had she waved her hand at him? He could not tell. Motionless he stood, a while, then cleared away the barrier of branches that obstructed the road, took up his knapsack, and with slow steps returned to the sugar-house.

Almost on the threshold, a white something caught his eye. He picked it up. Her handkerchief! A moment he held the dainty, filmy thing in his rough hand. A vague perfume reached his nostrils, disquieting and seductive.

"More than eighteen dollars an ounce, perhaps!" he exclaimed, with sudden bitterness; but still he did not throw the handkerchief away. Instead, he looked at it more keenly. In one corner, the fading light just showed him some initials. He studied them, a moment.

"C. J. F." he read. Then, yielding to a sudden impulse, he folded the kerchief and put it in his pocket.

He entered the sugar-house, to make sure, before leaving, that he had left no danger of fire behind him.

Another impulse bade him sit down on a rough box, there, before the dying embers. He gazed at the bed of leaves, a while, immersed in thought, then filled his pipe and lighted it with a glowing brand, and sat there—while the night came—smoking and musing, in a reverie.

The overpowering lure of the woman who had lain in his arms, as he had borne her thither; her breath upon his face; the perfume of her, even her blood that he had washed away—all these were working on his senses, still. But most of all he seemed to see her eyes, there in the ember-lit gloom, and hear her voice, and feel her lithe young body and her breast against his breast.

For a long time he sat there, thinking, dreaming, smoking, till the last shred of tobacco was burned out in the heel of his briar; till the last ember had winked and died under the old

sheet-iron stove.

At last, with a peculiar laugh, he rose, slung the knapsack once more on his shoulders, settled his cap upon his head, and made ready to depart.

But still, one moment, he lingered in the doorway. Lingered and looked back, as though in his mind's eye he would have borne the place away with him forever.

Suddenly he stooped, picked up a leaf from the bed where she had lain, and put that, too, in his pocket where the kerchief was.

Then, looking no more behind him, he strode off across the maple-grove, through which now the first pale stars were glimmering. He reached the road again, swung to the north, and, striking into his long marching stride, pushed onward, northward, away and away into the soft June twilight.

CHAPTER XVI

TIGER WALDRON "COMES BACK."

OLD Isaac Flint loved but two things in all this world — power, and his daughter Katherine.

I speak advisedly in putting "power" first. Much as he idolized the girl, much as she reminded him of the long-dead wife of his youth, he could have survived the loss of her. The loss of power would inevitably have crushed and broken him, stunned him, killed him. Yet, so far as human affection could still blossom in that withered heart, shrunk by cold scheming and the cruel piracies of many decades, he loved the girl.

And so it was that when the message came in, that evening, over the telephone, the news that Kate had been injured in an auto-accident which had entirely destroyed the machine and killed Herrick, he paled, trembled, and clutched the receiver, hardly able to hold it to his ear with his shaking hand.

"Here! You!" he cried. "She — she's not badly hurt? She's living? She's safe? No lies, now! The truth!"

"Your daughter is very much alive, and perfectly safe," a voice answered. "This is Doctor MacDonald, of Haverstraw, speaking. The patient is now having a superficial scalp wound dressed by my assistant. You can speak to her, in a few minutes, if you like."

"Now! For God's sake, let me speak now!" entreated the Billionaire; but the doctor refused. Not all Flint's urging or bribing would turn him one hair's breadth.

"No," he insisted. "In ten minutes she can talk to you. Not now. But have no fear, sir. She is perfectly safe and — barring her wound, which will probably heal almost without a scar — is as well as ever. A little nervous and unstrung, of course, but that's to be expected."

"What happened, and how?" demanded Flint, in terrible agitation.

The doctor briefly gave him such facts as he knew, ending with the statement that a passing automobilist had brought the girl to him, and outlining the situation of the first-aid measures in the sugar-house. At the thought that Herrick, the drunken cause of it all, was dead and burned, Flint smiled with real satisfaction.

"Damn him! It's too good for the scum!" he muttered. Then, aloud, he asked over the wire:

"And who was the rescuer?"

"I don't know," MacDonald answered. "Your daughter didn't tell me. But from what I've learned, he must have been a man of rare strength and presence of mind. It may well be that you owe your daughter's life to his prompt work."

"I'll find him, yet. He'll be suitably rewarded," thought the Billionaire. "No matter what my enemies have called me, I'm not incapable of gratitude!"

Some few minutes later, having paced the library floor meanwhile, in great excitement, he called the doctor's house again, by long-distance, and this time succeeded in having speech with his daughter. Her voice, though

a little weak, vastly reassured him. Once more he asked for the outline of the story. She told him all the essentials, and finished by:

"Now, come and get me, won't you, father dear? I want to go home. And the quicker you come for me, the happier I'll be!"

"Bless your heart, Kate!" he exclaimed, deeply moved. "Nothing like the old man, after all, is there? Yes, I'll start at once. I've only been waiting here, to talk with you and know you're safe. In five minutes I'll be on my way, with the racing-car. And if I don't break a few records between here and Haverstraw, my name's not Isaac Flint!"

After an affectionate good-bye, the old man hung up, rang for Slawson, his private valet, and ordered the swiftest car in his garage made ready at once, for a quick run.

Two hours later, Dr. MacDonald had pocketed the largest fee he ever had received or ever would, again; and Kate was safe at home, in Idle Hour.

On the homeward journey, Flint learned every detail of the affair, from start to finish; and again grimly consigned the soul of the dead chauffeur to the nethermost pits of Hell. Yes, he realized, he must have the body brought in and decently buried, after the coroner's verdict had been rendered, but in his heart he knew that, save for the eye of public opinion and the law, he would let those charred remnants lie and rot there, by the river bank, under the twisted wreckage of the car — and revel in the thought of that last, barbarous revenge.

Arrived at home, Flint routed specialists out of their offices, and at a large expense satisfied himself the girl had really taken no serious harm. Next day, and the days following, all that money and science could do to make the gash heal without a scar, was done. Waldron called, greatly unnerved and not at all himself; and Kate received him with amicable interest. She had not yet informed her father of the rupture between Waldron and herself, nor did he suspect it. As for "Tiger," he realized the time was inopportune for any statement of conditions, and held his peace. But, once she should be well, again, he had savagely resolved this decision of hers should not stand.

"Damn it, it can't! It mustn't!" he reflected, as on the third evening he returned to his Fifth Avenue house. "Now that I'm really in danger of losing her, I'm just beginning to realize what an extraordinary woman she is! As a wife, the mistress of my establishment, a hostess, a social leader, what a figure she would make! And, too, the alliance between Flint and myself simply must not be shattered. Kate is the only child. The old man's billion, or more, will surely come to her, practically every penny of it. Flint is more than sixty-three, this very minute, he's a dope-fiend, and his heart's damned weak. He's liable to drop off, any moment. If I get Kate, and he dies, what a fortune! What a prize! Added to my interests, it will make me master of the world!"

"Then, too, this new Air Trust scheme positively demands that Flint and I should be bound together by something closer than mere financial association. I've simply got to be one of the family. I've got to be his son-in-law. That's a positive necessity! God, what a fool I was, at Long Meadow, to have taken those three drinks, and have been piqued at her beating me—to have let my tongue and temper slip—in short, to have acted like an ass!"

Ugly and grim, he puffed at his Londres. Vast schemes of finance and of conquest wove through his busy, plotting brain. Visions of the girl arose, too, tempting him still more, though his chill heart was powerless to feel the urge of any real, self-sacrificing or devoted love. Sensual passion he knew, and ambition and the lust of power; nothing else. But

these all opened his eyes to the vast blunder he had committed, and nerved him to reconquest of the ground that he had lost.

"I can win her, yet," reflected he, as his car swung into the long and brilliant night-vista of Fifth Avenue. "I know women, and I understand the game. Flowers, letters, telephone calls, attention every day—every hour, if need be—these are the artillery to batter down the strongest fortresses of indifference, even of dislike. And she shall have them all—all, and more. Wally, old chap, you've never yet been beaten at any game, whether in the Street or in pursuit of woman. You'll win yet; you're bound to win! And Kate shall yet open the door to you, toward wealth and power and position such as never yet were seen earth!"

Thus fortified by his own determination, he slept more calmly that night. And, on the morrow, his campaign began.

It lasted but a week. At the end of that time, a friendly little note from Idle Hour told him, frankly and in the kindest manner possible, that—much as she still liked and respected him—Katherine could not, now or ever, think of him in any other way than as a friend.

Stunned by this body-blow, "Tiger" first swore with hideous blasphemies that caused his valet to retreat precipitately from the famous, nymph-frieze bedchamber; then ordered drink, then walked the floor a while in a perfect passion; and finally knit up his decision.

"By God!" he swore, shaking his fist in the direction of Englewood. "She's balky, eh? She won't, eh? But I say she will! And if I can't make her, there's her father, who can. Together we can break this stiff-necked spirit and bring her to time. Hm! Fancy anybody or anything in this world setting up opposition to Flint and Waldron, combined! Just fancy it, that's all!"

"So then, what's to do? This: See her father and have a heart-to-heart with him. It's obvious she hasn't told him, yet, the real state of affairs. I doubt if the old idiot has even noticed the absence of my ring from her finger. And if he has, she's been able to fool him, easily enough. But not much longer, so help me!"

"No, this very morning he shall hear from me, the whole infernal story—he shall learn his daughter's unreasonable rebellion, the slight she's put upon me and her opposition to his will. Then we shall see — we shall see who's master in that family, he or the girl!"

With this strong determination in his superheated mind, Waldron rang up Flint, asked for a private talk, at eleven, in the Wall Street office, and made ready the mustering of his arguments; his self-defense; his appeals to Flint's every sense of interest and liking; his whole plea for the resumption of the broken betrothal.

And Katherine, all this time of convalescence—what were her thoughts, and whither were they straying? Not thoughts of Waldron, that is sure, despite his notes, his telephoning, his flowers, his visits. Not to him did they wander, as she sat in her sunny bedroom bay-window, looking out over the great, close cropped lawn, through the oaks and elms, to the Palisades and the sparkling Hudson beneath.

No, not to Waldron. Yet wander they did, despite her; and with persistence they followed channels till then quite unknown to her.

What might these channels be? And whither, I ask again, did the girl's memories and fancies, her wondering thoughts, her vague, half-formulated longings, lead?

You, perhaps, can answer, as well as I, if you but remember that—billionaire's daughter though she was, and all unversed in the hard realities of life—she was, at heart and soul, very much a woman after all.

(End of Part IV.)

Here's Quick Rupture Relief

Prove It At My Expense

If you have a rupture, get rid of it. Without a painful, expensive and dangerous operation. It can't be done, you say? But I tell you it can be done. I've proved it in hundreds of cases and I have great piles of letters from grateful patrons each attesting under oath that they have successfully treated themselves with the Plapao-Pads in the privacy of the home without hindrance from work.

Oh, if you men and women whose hopes of freedom from truss-wearing pain and inconvenience seem to be eternally blasted—whose lives seem to be one long string of days of suffering—if you could only know and realize what blessed quick relief there is in store for you, I don't believe that anything could stop you from writing to me this very day and hour! For I say

to you with the conviction born of experience that rupture can be cured when treated along the right lines and in accord with common sense, no matter what anyone may tell you to the contrary.

"When treated along the right lines"—yes! But that does not mean the wearing of a truss—nothing could be much less in accord with common sense than that. Why? Because a truss is only a make-shift—a false prop against a collapsing wall, exerting a harmful pressure against the weakened muscles and still further reducing their strength by retarding the circulation of the blood. That's what a truss does, as every truss-wearer knows from bitter experience.

Here Is the Common-Sense Way of Treating Rupture

Weakened muscular tissue—that's the real cause of the trouble. And the logical, common-sense thing to do is to restore the lost elasticity, tone and contractile strength to the weakened muscles.

But how? Scientific research has made possible a way by which it can successfully be done and I want to prove it to every rupture sufferer by sending a trial of Plapao—the result of this research—**ABSOLUTELY FREE**. Just mail me the coupon and I'll send you a sufficient quantity of Plapao **WITHOUT CHARGE** to enable you to give it a thorough test. There's not a cent for you to pay for this trial of Plapao—**now or ever**.

How Plapao Works

The first and most important object in this common-sense method of treating rupture is to keep the medication called Plapao constantly applied to the relaxed and weakened muscular tissue. This is done by means of Stuart's Adhesif Plapao-Pad. The principle on which it works will be made clear by a study of the illustration and accompanying explanation. Now Plapao is a strongly contractive medication, and "Plaster Therapy" is utilized to stimulate the blood circulation. Because the Plapao is kept constantly applied by the Adhesif Plapao-Pad, you can easily reason it out for yourself why it should revivify the muscles and restore them to their normal strength and elasticity in a comparatively short time. Then, and not until then, can you expect the rupture to disappear.

FREE TO TRUSS SUFFERERS

READ BELOW!!

The following, taken at random from hundreds of letters which we have on file, each one of which has been sworn to, prove positively that **Stuart's Plapao-Pads** are a successful treatment for Rupture.

No matter what your age, sex or occupation may be, or where you live or how long you have suffered from Rupture, I want you to send today for the Free Trial Plapao and let us prove that it will do as much for you as it has for hundreds who declare, upon their oath, that the treatment cured them.

— UPON THEIR OATH —

Rev. John Mitchell, Bethel, Minn., declares under oath: "I am cured perfectly after 20 years of anxiety and suffering, and I wear no support of any kind. I tried treatment from two specialists in New York, one in Michigan, and one in Anoka.

"Your Plapao-Pads are so effective that it don't take long to find out that you are getting better, and they are far easier to wear than any truss. The fact that I am over 76 years old surely makes this cure a marvelous one. I will always recommend your Plapao-Pads, for they are better than gold to anyone who has a rupture."

State of Minnesota—ss.
This is to certify that Rev. John Mitchell personally appeared before me on this 20th day of March, nineteen hundred and nine, and declared, under oath, that the statements in the above letter are true in every respect.
(Signed) G. B. Sigendson, Notary Public.

Mr. S. A. Fish, 750 Foster St., North Andover, Mass., states under oath:
"I regard my cure little short of a miracle for I am over 71 years old, and was so bad that I came pretty near answering to the last roll call. I only used the Plapao-Pads for 90 days to effect a complete cure. I am an old soldier and ex-railroad engineer, and am well known all over the United States. I hope my testimonial will convince others for I want to help the suffering all I can."

State of Wisconsin—ss.
This is to certify that Mr. S. A. Fish personally appeared before me on this 15th day of March, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and nine, and declared, under oath, that the statements made in the above letter are true in every respect, and that he is still cured.
(Signed) Wm. K. Cole, Notary Public.

Palmyra, Ark., February 19, 1911.
Plapao Laboratories, Inc.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:—I am surely glad I tried your Plapao-Pads on my baby boy. I put them on him the first of last May, and he wore them 60 days and was well. We have never seen anything of the rupture, or anything wrong with him since. He is now a little over two years old, and a fine, healthy boy. We are, of course, most pleased, and if my name is any good to you, use it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) W. C. CONNER.

County of Lincoln, ss.
On this 4th day of March, 1911, before me personally appeared W. C. Conner, to me known to be the person described in and who executed the foregoing instrument and acknowledged that he executed the same as his free act and deed.
In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in Rest, Ark., the day and year before written above.
(Signed) T. Price Owens, Justice of Peace.

Mr. L. C. Jones, Merrill, Wis., declares under oath: "I was cured while engaged in the hardest kind of work, and now my doctor says I am stronger than I was before. It was easy to see how your Plapao-Pads made the muscles firmer."
"I am now 66 years old, and you don't know how much better I feel. Your Plapao-Pads have done the work and I am now solid and well, and I am recommending your treatment to all."

State of Wisconsin, ss.
County of Lincoln
This is to certify that Mr. L. C. Jones personally appeared before me on this 5th day of March, nineteen hundred and nine, and declared, under oath, that the statements made in the above letter are true in every respect.
(Signed) A. A. Helms, Notary Public.

Make Up Your Mind To Free Yourself Forever From That Pinching, Binding Truss of Steel or Rubber Bands That Makes Your Life So Miserable!

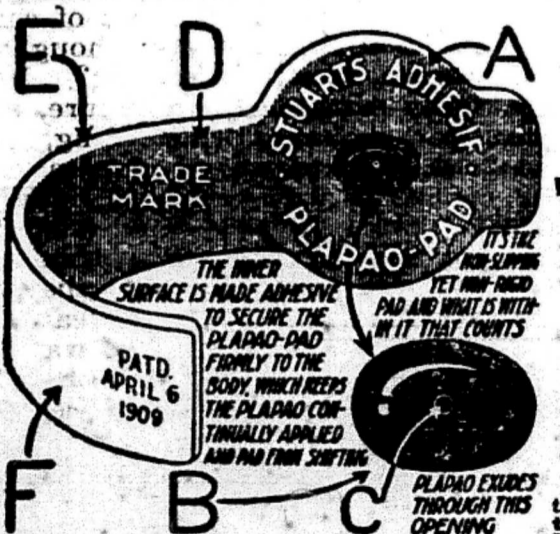
Yes, when you send for this FREE TRIAL of Plapao you will immediately be convinced of the possibility of throwing away your truss altogether, because the Plapao-Pads are made to cure rupture and not merely to hold it in place. The action of the Plapao kept constantly applied by the Plapao-Pad, is continuous. Waking or sleeping, its wonderful curative power keeps quietly, gently infusing the abdominal muscles with new life and strength so that they should perform their rightful function of keeping the bowels in place without artificial support. And oh, the quick, restful, soothing comfort and relief it brings—with the discomfort and pain of the truss wholly lacking. No straps, buckles or springs attached. The Plapao-Pad is soft as velvet, easy to apply, never slips out of place.

Send Today For Free Trial
Send no money. I want to prove to you at my own expense that you can conquer your rupture. When the weak muscles recover their strength and elasticity—
And the unsightly, painful, dangerous protrusions disappear—
And that horrible "dragging down" sensation is banished never to return—
And you recover your vigor, vitality, energy, strength—
And you look and feel better in every way and your friends remark about your improved appearance—
Then you'll know your rupture is conquered—and you'll sincerely thank me for urging you so strongly to accept, NOW, this wonderful free trial.
If you have some friend who is ruptured tell him about this great offer. He will thank you for your great kindness. Just mail coupon today and address the inventor, Mr. Stuart, President of Plapao Laboratories, Block 916 St. Louis, Mo.

The Plapao-Pad Explained

The principle upon which the PLAPAO-PAD works can be easily figured out by noting the illustration below, and reading the following explanation.

The PLAPAO-PAD is made of a strong, flexible material "E" which is designed to conform to the movements of the body, and be perfectly comfortable to wear. Its inside surface "D" is adhesive similar to an adhesive plaster to prevent the pad "B" from shifting and getting out of place. "A" is the enlarged end of the PLAPAO-PAD which overlies the atrophied and weakened muscles, immediately sustaining them, and all the time applying the medication intended to restore them to their normal strength and elasticity. "B" is the properly shaped Pad to be applied in such a way that it blocks up the hernial orifice, and tends to prevent the contents of the abdomen from protruding. Within the Pad is a reservoir, wherein is placed a wonderful absorbent-astringent medication called Plapao. As soon as this medication is warmed by the heat of the body it becomes soluble, and escapes through the small opening marked "C" and is absorbed through the pores of the skin down to the impoverished and weakened muscles. "F" is the long end of the PLAPAO-PAD which is to be plastered over the hip bone—a part of the frame work of the body—calculated to give the necessary solidity and support to the PLAPAO-PAD.



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Don't put it off. Mail this coupon right now—today. Quick Rupture Relief is in store for you. Get the FREE TRIAL of Plapao and my valuable 48-page book on Rupture. Only 5,000 Free Books and Treatments can now be distributed. So fill out Coupon—mail today.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

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 719 Friend Building,
 Kansas City, Mo.

THE NEW "LOVE TAX"

By H. M. Tichenor.

The democratic party has struck a new trail. It has raised a new issue, never before presented to the intelligent American voter. In the hands—or rather the jaws—of the beerless orator from Nebraska, the thing will doubtless become paramount in the next campaign. It is a brand new revenue raising plan, which, played to the limit, might entirely abolish the tariff tax on such necessities as diamonds, automobiles and grape juice.

This new revenue raising plan is nothing more nor less than a "love tax," to be levied on brides and bridegrooms. It is collected by way of a stamp, to be stuck on all marriage certificates. This stamp, as a starter, costs only 10 cents—the same price for which you can see Bryan himself in a moving picture show. If the graft proves popular among the great masses of intelligent voters, the price per "love tax" stamp can be gradually raised until it touches the rest of the high cost of living.

This democratic "love tax" did not come with blare of trumpet and burst of oratory. It crept up quietly, like a chigger under your b. v. d. The first intimation that the Rip-Saw had of this latest exhibition of democratic statesmanship was discovered in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This paper says:

That the "love" stamp is necessary to a wedding is vouched for by United States Internal Revenue Collector, George H. Moore, who quotes the revised statutes of Missouri to back-up his claim. * * Justice Healy told a Globe-Democrat reporter that a certificate of marriage is necessary in Illinois, as it is in Missouri, therefore a "love" stamp is necessary to be placed on it. Justice Healy said he has continued to place the stamp on his certificates.

In states where no certificates of marriage are issued, it will, of course, be necessary to make other arrangements to collect the "love tax." It is rumored that in these states, parsons and justices of the peace will be supplied with these 10 cent "love tax" stamps, and that they will be required to collect the 10 cents at all weddings where they officiate, and stick the stamps on the seat of the bridegroom's trousers.

And "what God has stuck together, let no man pull asunder."

SURE THING THEY CAN—BUT WILL THEY?

The conversion of Rev. B. E. Antrobus, pastor of the First Baptist Church, to the ranks of the Socialist party is no doubt considered by the members of that party an incident that will cause the general public to sit up and take notice. And this is true. Mr. Antrobus is a man who has the respect and confidence of the community. Those who know him are convinced that he has not taken this step without careful study and sincere

conviction. And yet it is not to be supposed that his conversion will be followed by a general exodus in the same direction. Rather it will set thoughtful men to considering ways and means by which the evils which drive men into socialism can be cured through machinery most convenient at hand in the present dominant political organization. Social injustice will have to be replaced by social justice or the Socialist party will continue to gain such recruits as Mr. Antrobus. Honest men willing to work will have to be guaranteed against unemployment and the poverty that follows. Women will have to have the opportunity to rear their children and the children themselves will have to be secure in their God-given right to a real childhood free from industrial slavery that stunts their bodies, minds and souls. The old parties can attend to all this if they will. If they will not, then some other party, perhaps the Socialist party, will. We are moving in the right direction, perhaps as rapidly as the majority of the voters desire. The existence of the Socialist party merely indicates that a few get out of patience with the rate of speed.—Crawfordsville Ind. Journal, Jan. 11, 1915.

The rapidity with which the courts operated in the case of Harry Thaw has startled the country. Just think, it has only been sixteen months since Thaw escaped from the Matteawan Asylum and they have already gotten him as far back as New York City. It did not take so long to get Fred Holt and his comrades into a federal bastille; but then these Arkansas miners did not have a bank roll the size of a modern submarine.

Cole Blease pardoned all the poor convicts in penitentiary before resigning the governorship of South Carolina. If at the same time he had locked up the pious, rich and respectable robbers who have stolen millions of dollars from the people of that state, a man would be reasonably safe going about down there with a few dollars in his pocket.

BISHOP A RED CARD MEMBER

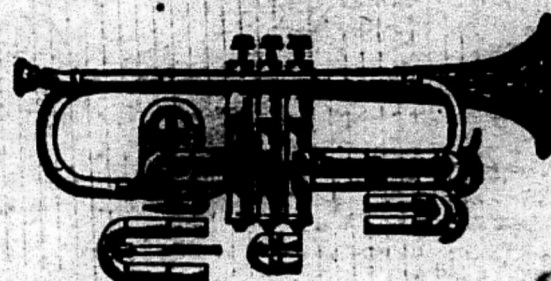
The Rev. Paul Jones, successor of the late Bishop Spalding, of the Salt Lake City Episcopal Church, was recently consecrated Bishop of Utah at impressive ceremonies, and he signaled his entrance into prominent church work by becoming an active member of the Socialist party. At the regular business meeting of the general branch of Local Salt Lake, the Bishop's application was received and he was unanimously voted a member of the party.

The people of the United States paid the Fire Insurance Trust two thirds as much for fire protection during the year of 1912 as the total cost of running the United States government.

The total expenses of the United States government for the year of 1912 was \$654,553,953, the total income of the Fire Insurance Trust was \$416,975,367.

Germany, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia and New Zealand have clipped the claws of the Insurance Trust by a system of state insurance. In these poor benighted countries, so lacking in the blessing of prosperous and intelligent Americanism the average premiums on fire insurance are only one-ninth of what they are in the United States. Figuring on this basis we realize that the people of this nation have paid in excessive insurance premiums in one year \$370,644,770. All

FACTS



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of this vast sum is over and above the legitimate expenses of fire insurance. Just try to imagine that the United States really had intelligent statesmen in Congress; that they established state fire insurance on the already proven methods of other countries; that the United States government charged the same rates now charged by the Insurance Trust the people would be just as well off and we would have \$370,644,770 per year to use for building roads, preventing social diseases or making our school systems more efficient. Or look at the matter from another standpoint. Our wise and benevolent lawmakers have allowed a handful of thieves to rob every man, woman and child in the United States of \$3.70 per year. State fire insurance might be socialistic but it would be vastly better than capitalistic inefficiency.

It's a long, long way to Democratic Prosperity.

For twenty years Bryan traveled over the country telling the people that if they would only put the Democratic party in power, prosperity would come to the country. The five million of idle men and women and the hundreds of thousands who have had their wages reduced now regard William's prophecy as unadulterated wind instead of wisdom.

We have had "safe and sane" government and "business" administration for more than a hundred years and look at the condition of the country today. Let's have a change and install the working class. They couldn't possibly make a greater failure of administration.

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PHIL WAGNER Managing Editor
STAFF
Eugene V. Debs
W. S. Morgan
Kate Richards O'Hare
Oscar Ameringer
H. M. Tichenor
Frank P. O'Hare

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THE SEAMSTRESS

By David Dobson

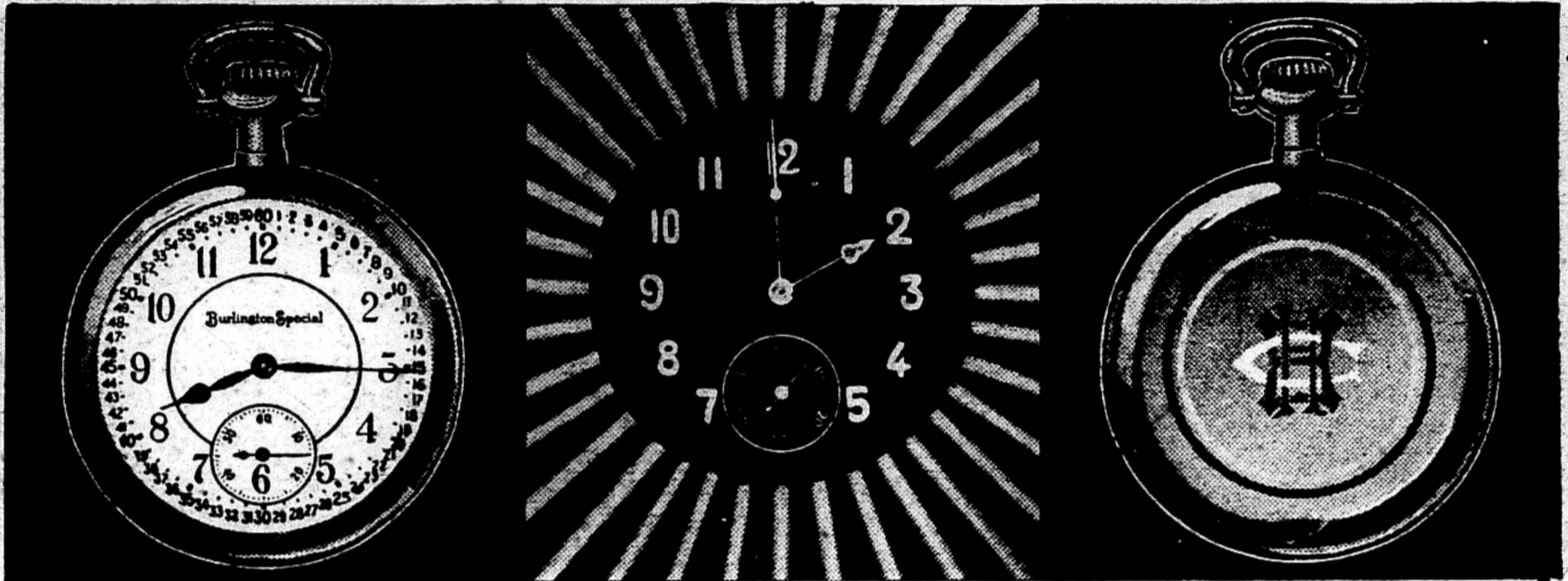
She dreams in vain of life's most precious flowers,
Hers is the fate to struggle on unseen;
Hers but to waste the day's serene hours
In toil and sweat beside the dark machine.
Time looks and laughs at her relentless struggle,
The heap of garments lying on the floor;
The bitter game she plays with want and hunger
Where Death or shame must write the final score.

WHY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OPPOSES WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

When the debate on Woman's Suffrage in Congress began this was a sample of the anti-arguments from Representative Diaz of Texas:
"Mr. Speaker, the man mind and the woman mind are essentially different. This organic difference has been accentuated by centuries of training and practice along different lines. The mind of man rather runs to prosaic reasoning, while the mind of woman is given to poetical idealism. It is inevitable that woman's natural bent of mind should incline her to Socialism, and nothing would

set Socialism up in business as quickly as woman suffrage. The Socialist party recognizes this and as a result are almost to a man for woman suffrage. And I can think of nothing worse that can happen to this republic, than a reign of Socialism, unless it would be woman's abdication of her crown as the queen of the American home."

With \$51.136 clear profit, Billy Sunday is somewhat justified in claiming to have cleaned up Philadelphia. Westliche Post (St. Louis German Daily)



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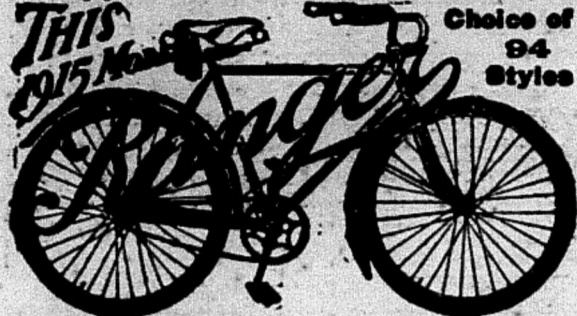
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A Defense of the German Socialists

By Oscar Ameringer

I was born and raised in Germany and live in Milwaukee, which ought to convince the most skeptical that I am not biased in favor of the Teutons. Thirty years of absence from the Fatherland has given me the perspective which allows one to judge conditions from the proper distance...

Back of every human being, German Socialists included, there are a few hundred thousand generations of savages, cannibals, apes, tigers, sharks, snails and worms whose highest ideal consisted in devouring their nearest neighbor. What we call civilization is a flimsy varnish somewhat like a thin coat of paint on the Rocky Mountains.

Out of every hundred million of men there are a couple of dozen who paint, sing, fiddle, sculpture or scribble poems that are worth while seeing, hearing or reading. From the billions of two-legged animals who have been born, married and died, there rise a few Michael Angelos, Rafaels, Rubens, Dantes, Shakespeares, Goethes, Beethovens or Tschai-kowskys. Every thousand years or so comes a great religious teacher with a message of divine love, who is hung or crucified and then worshipped until the next ethical impossibilist comes along.

Civilization, culture, idealism are but flakes of glittering foam on the ocean of life; ebb and tide, storm and calm, what has the foam to do with these?

The all-important mission of life is to live, to eat, drink, find shelter, love and propagate the species. In the struggle for existence men devoured each other, enslaved each other, exploited each other and competed each other out of business. Head hunter, land hunter, slave hunter, trade hunter! War between individuals, between families, tribes, states, nations and races, war,

always war, on an ever-increasing scale, for the same old thing—a living.

Evil, the father of good. "Mephisto" "der stets das boese will und doch das gute schafft" and war, the parent of peace, such are the paradoxes of reality. For tribal wars brought peace to the individual within the tribe; wars of states brought peace within the states and wars between the nations brought peace within the nations. And now we have the world war. May it not be the fore-runner of the world's peace — —?

Gradually the units of hostility have become fewer and larger; gradually the era of peace and of war have increased until the world's great nations find themselves in a deadly grapple.

Million-headed nations at peace within themselves are struggling against other million-headed nations who too are having peace within their bounds.

The individual struggle for existence has developed into a struggle between nations. The economic life or business of each one of these warring nations demand room for expansion; for new markets, new fields of exploitation.

Like a plant which sends its roots into the depth to seek moisture or nourishment, so these nations have circled the globe with railroads and ships to seek raw material for their industries and markets for their goods. The gain of one is becoming the loss of the other and where there is no room for expansion there comes explosion.

We stand in the midst of gigantic upheaval, a human earthquake, the breakdown of an economic system. Now one poor worm accuses the other for not stopping the tremor of the earth and gnats blame other gnats for the falling temples. Or what else is it when Socialist accuses Socialist for not having prevented the war!

The economic cyclone blew our little card house of religion, brotherly love, and internationalism to smithereens.

Socialists, anarchists, impossibilists, opportunists, non-resistants, Catholics, Jews, Quakers, Shakers, millionaires, beggars, saints, thieves, bishops, bar-keepers, princes and paupers—the whole human menagerie is sucked into the whirling war-cloud.

The thin coat of civilization varnish is cracking and peeling off in every corner of the war-swept world. The glittering foam tears into tattered shreds as wave strikes wave. Russian revolutionists burn incense before the throne of Nicholas. Gentle Anatole France prays for a gun to fight. Maeterlinck, soul searcher and spiritualist, foams at the



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They are sure attractive, and I defy the world to excel them.

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mouth. Gorki sings the praise of Cossacks. Kropatkin joins the patriots.

Wells, the dreamer, turns jingo. German Socialists volunteer in the army of the Kaiser. But, why, in God's or devil's name, make these poor creatures responsible for something they cannot help?

This war is the biggest catastrophe in the history of the human race. It is shaking frail humanity to its very depth. No man, no groups of men, no political party, no great religious body could prevent it or stop it after it started. Neither the lamentation of the Pope, the prayer of Wilson, the curses of the victims or the manifestoes of Socialists will alter its course.

Let us stop this childish silly babble of blaming poor mortals for the working of elemental forces. This war will end with the end of human resources. Only war can kill war. No human institution, no matter how wrong, how cruel or how unjust, was ever abolished because it was wrong, or cruel or unjust, but only because it ceased to serve its purpose or did not pay any longer. War is bleeding to death on the battlefield of Europe. Out of the carnage and bloodshed a chastened and subdued humanity will arise. The end of the world's war will be the beginning of the world's peace, and in this transformation human beings, German Socialists included, are but the helpless tools of evolution.

* * *

I'm glad I got this article off my mind. It's the first sane thing written about this war by a Socialist. Only a German philosopher could have written it. But also German philosophers are scarce nowadays. Kant died and I moved to Milwaukee, which is after all a good thing. Had I stayed in Germany, I most likely would be too busy at the present time, winning the iron cross by perforating Belgian comrades with dum dum bullets, instead of enriching the world of thought. For such is the power of environment.

"Socialists and Socialism have been villainously cartooned and outrageously libelled on the outside covers of capitalist publications, but not a capitalist class editor or publisher or paper has ever been indicted under section 498 or under any other section of the federal or any other law."—Eugene V. Debs.

THE JITNEY

By Arthur Brooks Baker.

The jitney is a humble coin of nickel and alloy, quite admirably fitted to the uses of a boy. It buys a sack of goobers from the gay Italian gent; it gets a fellow past the guy who guards the movie tent. Not very many years ago the jitney was so small that men of dignity refused to notice it at all. And then there came an era of magicians who, like Yates, could ham-

mer with the jitney on the tallest social gates; the little coin was gathered by our thrifty telephones, for twenty thousand jitneys constitute a thousand bones; and then the lowly thing achieved the sacred realm of art—the great and thrilling movie show had won the public heart.

Today (let all the poets tune their celebrative chimes, the holiest tradition of our mighty modern times is broken by the jitney; for the taxicabbic cinch, whose cheerful transportation rate was thirty cents an inch, is humbled and is tumbled by the jolly jitney bus, while common folks throw up their hats and make a merry fuss.

—New York Call.

Taft is still chattering about a "safe and sane" government. The safe and sane government that Taft speaks for is the kind that puts a joke in the presidential chair and patches on the seats of the working masses.

Bryan says he wants to get where he can talk more. Evidently to demonstrate that a windmill can run on grape juice.

SELFISHNESS

The acid test of reason when applied to most great men, Fades away their halo's in nine cases out of ten; The good deeds placed to their credit when analyzed will show Self-sacrifice is missing—the incentive base and low. And the light of truth will show you when turned upon fame's hall, That the sordid selfish motive is the reason for it all.

'Tis lust for power whose mighty tide sweeps unknown men to fame, And leaves the world scarce richer than it was before they came; History boasts of mighty warriors, statesmen and the rest Who have won to fame and fortune with every virtue bless't, But weigh their greatest actions, probe the cause with truth and fact, And you'll find the selfish motive was the prompter of the act.

Man's goal is selfish in any race that's run, And the reward that waits hereafter inspires the good deed done; The true unselfish action that is noble and divine Is the one that seeks no glory and builds itself no shrine. But you'll find with few exceptions it's a cold unwelcome fact, That the sordid selfish motive is behind our every act.

—H. STONER DAVIS.



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Elegant Axminster Rug Bargain No. MH128. ft. fine medallion pattern as used in very best homes. Rich appearance, colorings tan, red, brown, blue and green. Neat border. Woven of best wearing yarns and has a high pile. Price \$12.68 \$1 Per Month

Porch Swing Bargain No. MH121. Made of solid oak in fumed finish; seat 48 in. long, 17 in. wide. Back constructed of stout panels, 20 in. high. Comes equipped with chains and ceiling hooks. \$2.69 50c Per Month

\$1000⁰⁰ A MONTH

Ambitious, Honest Men Wanted At Once. I Need 500 Sales Agents Who Want to Make From \$50 to \$250 a Week. Experience Not Necessary—

I want square men to act as my Special Sales Representatives in every county. I want hustling, energetic, ambitious fellows, anxious to make big money, who are willing to work with me. I want to show YOU how to MAKE BIG PROFITS EVERY MONTH. I want to show YOU how to make more money, easier, quicker, more sure and certain than you ever did before in all your life. I want you to advertise, sell and appoint local agents for the most sensational seller in 50 years—the startling invention that has set the entire country agog—**THE ROBINSON FOLDING BATH TUB**—I want you to handle your County. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on a liberal basis. I'm positive, yes, I'm absolutely certain that you can make bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before. Hustlers, east, west, north, south, are simply coining money. Orders, orders everywhere. For, remember, fully 70 per cent of the people have no bathrooms. You can take the orders right and left. Quick sales and immense profits. Stop and Realize the tremendous possibilities. Look around you. Be amazed. Your neighbors, friends, relatives, have no bathrooms. They are eager for one; never had the opportunity to install one. You step in; show the tub. Sales made, profit sure.

No Experience Needed—Why, I don't care if you never sold anything before in all your life, you can make good big money with me. You're honest? You're square? Of course you are. You've got grit, ginger, gumption? Of course you have. You want to make good? You want to make big money? Sure you do. Well, that's all I ask. If you are willing to do your best, backed by my co-operation and help, you can blast out the biggest financial success of your career. I grant credit, you know, so money can't hold you back. I furnish sample on liberal plan. I help you out and back you up. So don't let doubt drag you back. You have nothing to lose. My other men are building homes, starting bank accounts, so can you.

Sensational Sales Success!—What others are doing YOU can do. Read these records: N. T. Smith, Ohio, \$90 weekly profit. Meyers, Wis., \$250 first month. Beasley, Nebr., \$35 profit first 4 hours. Newton, Calif., \$60 in three days. Mathias, Fla., \$120 in 2 days. Corrigan, N. Y., \$114 in 60 hours. C. H. Tremour, Ind., \$35 profit first 6 hours. W. F. Hincard, New Mexico, \$35 in 2 days. Average men, average sales, average towns. Undeniable Proof of the Big Money to be made by the hustlers everywhere. The Robinson Tub is badly wanted and eagerly bought.



Sales \$1,600.00 to Date
 This man, Rev. Otto Shulze, of Missouri, says: "Sales increasing. Made 7 sales in 8 calls. Sent 4th order yesterday for 50 Tubs." Sales \$1600 TO DATE. Minister of the Gospel, without previous experience, makes this record.

A Folding Bath Tub FOR EVERY HOME!

No home barred—for the rich and poor; for all homes without modern bathing facilities—Here is an absolutely new invention. Nothing else like it. Has taken the entire country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. Gives every home a modern, up-to-date bathroom in any part of the house. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Take full-length baths in any room; up stairs, down stairs, bedroom, sick-room, parlor, kitchen, any room in the house.

The Robinson Tub Folds in Small Roll, handy as an umbrella. Rivals expensive bathroom. Constructed of the wonderful "Steelene" material. I tell you, it's **Great!** Remember, it is needed in every home. Means modern bathing facilities for all the people. A godsend to humanity.

THIS IS THE

Robinson Folding Bath Tub

that is bringing Cleanliness, Health and Happiness to thousands of homes—and thousands of dollars in profits to the lucky men who control exclusive territory. Write for your county TO-DAY.

Guaranteed for 10 Years!

(Manufactured by old established concern in business 22 years.)

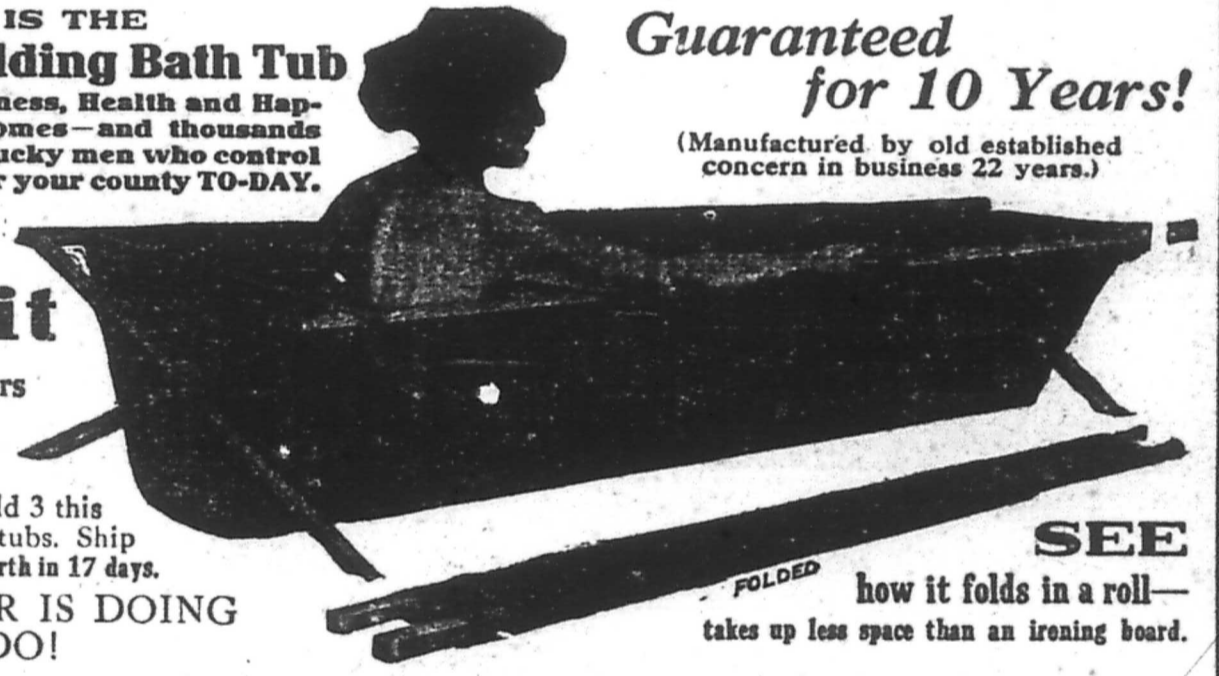


You Make 100% Profit

Demonstration Tub Furnished Workers

DAN BURKHOLDER of Montana, says: "Was out 4 1/2 days this week and sold \$393.50 worth. Sold 3 this afternoon. Enclosed find check for 48 tubs. Ship 50 more next week." Orders \$1072.00 worth in 17 days.

WHAT BURKHOLDER IS DOING YOU CAN DO!



SEE how it folds in a roll—takes up less space than an ironing board.

\$4,000.00 Worth in 5 Weeks

This is Chancy—A Hustler. Sold \$4,000.00 worth of our goods in 5 weeks. No, he's not a genius, not a wizard-worker, not a "miracle-man." Just an everyday American like you and me—but a hustler from his head to his toes. He started just as you will start. What he has done you can do.

Join Robinson's Army of Money-Making Agents Get Exclusive Sales Rights on the Famous Folding Bath Tub

Yes, join the many agents who are making bigger money than they ever did before. You don't need to quit your regular job right now. Try the business out evenings, Saturday afternoons, whenever you have a little spare time. See that all I tell you is so. Then quit your job. Say good-bye to the time-clock; say good-bye to grinding work and meagre pay. I know after one week of spare-time effort, you will be eager to devote all your spare time to my splendid proposition. You will be enthused, positively amazed at your wonderful success.

A Sure Chance for Ambitious Hustlers

If I could only see you and tell you all the facts about this wonderful business; if I could only lay before you undeniable proof—stacks of letters and orders on my desk; if I could personally show you enthusiastic letters from Robinson Representatives—Hesitate? Why, man, you wouldn't hesitate for the thousandth part of a second. You would drop everything, your job, your other business like a "hot potato" and say "Robinson, I'm with you." If you really want to get into a big money-making business, get into communication with me at once.

WRITE TO-DAY—SEND NO MONEY JUST SIGN THE COUPON

H. S. ROBINSON, Pres't, The Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co. 1517 Factories Bldg., - Toledo, Ohio

Tear Off This Coupon and Mail Now

Yes, sign this coupon right now. Don't send me a single penny. Don't send me any return postage. If you want this money-making job, just sign and mail the coupon. That is all I ask. By sending the coupon you give me the chance to prove every word I have said. Let me prove every statement. Let me tell you the whole enthusing, ambition-awakening story of a tremendous world-wide success. Will you do this? Of course you will. Sign and mail coupon NOW!

FREE Information Coupon

H. S. ROBINSON, Pres't
 Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co., 1517 Factories Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

Write me and tell me all about your special plan and how I can make big money acting as your representative. This obligates me in no way.

Name _____
 St. and No. _____ County _____
 Town _____ State _____