

THE

NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

To the People of the United States! Oppose War and All Agitation for War!

Two great anti-war measures were adopted by the Socialist Party National Committee, at their recent meeting in Chicago. One of these was called the Anti-War Manifesto and Peace Program of the Socialist Party of America and covered the international phases of war. The other was a proclamation to the people of the United States in an attempt to draw their attention to conditions in this country.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—

The insidious propaganda of American militarism has received a powerful impetus through the destruction of American lives as a result of the war-operations in Europe. The jingo press of the country is busily engaged in reckless efforts to turn the cries of natural indignation of the people into a savage howl of revenge. Short-sighted "patriots" and professional militarists are inflaming the minds and blinding the reason of their fellow citizens by appeals to national vanity. The sinister influences of the armament ring work through thousands of hidden channels to stimulate a war sentiment, which to it means business and profits.

In this grave hour of national crisis, the Socialist Party of the United States raises its voice in solemn and emphatic protest against this dangerous and criminal agitation, and proclaims its undying opposition to militarism and war. No disaster, however appalling, no crime, however revolting, justifies the slaughter of nations and the devastation of countries.

Anti-War Manifesto of the Socialist Party of America

The supreme crisis in human history is upon us. European civilization is engulfed. The world's peace is shattered. The future of the human race is imperilled.

The immediate causes of the war are obvious. Previous wars and the terms of settlement which created lasting hatreds and bred thoughts of revenge; imperialism and commercial rivalries; the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente dividing all Europe into two hostile camps; secret intrigue of diplomats and lack of democracy; vast systems of military and naval equipment; fear and suspicion bred and spread by a vicious jingo press in all nations; powerful armament interests that reap rich harvests out of havoc and death—all these have played their sinister part. But back of all these factors lie the deeper and more fundamental causes, causes rooted in the very system of capitalist production.

Every capitalist nation on earth exploits its people. The wages received by the workers are insufficient to enable them to purchase all they need for the proper sustenance of their lives. A surplus of commodities accumulates. The capitalists cannot consume it all. It must be exported to foreign countries.

In every capitalist nation it becomes increasingly difficult for the capitalists to re-invest their accumulated profits to advantage in their own country, with their people destitute and their resources fully developed and exploited. The capitalists are constantly forced to look for new and foreign fields of investment.

In many countries of Europe, limited territorially and densely populated, the supply of natural resources is insufficient to sup-

The destruction of the Lusitania and the killing of hundreds of non-combatants, men, women and children on board the steamer, brings more closely home to us the fiendish savagery of warfare and should inspire us with stronger determination than ever to maintain peace and civilization at any cost.

Strong armaments and military preparations inevitably and irresistibly lead to war as the tragic example of the nations of Europe has conclusively demonstrated.

We call upon the people of the United States to profit by the lesson of our unfortunate brothers on the other side of the Atlantic ocean and to throttle all efforts to draw this country into the dangerous paths of international quarrels, imperialism, militarism and war.

We call particularly upon the workers of America to oppose war and all agitation for war by the exercise of all the power in their command, for it is their class who pays the awful cost of warfare, without receiving any of its rewards. It is the workers who primarily furnish the soldiers on the battlefield and give their limbs and lives in the senseless quarrels of their masters.

Let us proclaim in tones of unmistakable determination: "Not a worker's arm shall be lifted for the slaying of a fellow-worker of another country, nor turned for the production of mankilling implements or war supplies! Down with war! Forward to international peace and the world-wide solidarity of all workers!"

port the large volume of industrial requirements. The capitalists must look for new sources of raw materials and supplies to less developed foreign countries.

Hence arise the commercial struggles between the nations, the rivalries for the acquisition of foreign colonies, the efforts to defend and extend the oversea "possessions;" the policies of imperialism, the conflicts for commercial supremacy, ever growing more intense and fierce as the nations expand and the world's field of conquest narrows. Hence arise the policies of armaments every year more immense and monstrous. Hence arise the strategy, the intrigues of secret diplomacy, till all the world is involved in a deadly struggle for the capture and control of the world market.

Thus capitalism, inevitably leading to commercial rivalry and imperialism and functioning through the modern state with its vast armaments, secret diplomacies and undemocratic governments, logically leads to war.

Reactionary ruling classes sometimes also deliberately plunge countries into war for the purpose of crushing progressive movements by creating false patriotic excitement and thus sidetracking the real class issues. Every war, furthermore, is used by the capitalists in order to destroy the organized forces of the labor movement.

For more than half a century the socialist movement has warned the world of this impending tragedy. With every power at their

(Continued on page 5.)

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A SOCIALIST PEACE DRAMA

A copy of this drama, jointly written by Comrades Frank and Kate Richards O'Hare, has been received and its contents have been examined with pleasure and approval. It is a stern protest against war and a stirring appeal for peace based upon the solidarity of the world's workers. In this little work our comrades have contributed an invaluable number to the dramatic literature of the socialist movement.

The play here written can be easily staged and is well worth while. The young and ambitious comrades will find full play for their dramatic abilities and aspirations. Most effective can this appeal from the stage be made for propaganda. The various nations have here their representatives, their flags and symbols, and under the influence of the magic spell of solidarity which the play breathes in every line these representatives are drawn irresistibly together in the bonds of fellowship and peace. The tone of the play is elevated, the spirit revolutionary throughout and the moral gripping and inspiring.

FAREWELL TO DOUGLAS WILSON

The recent passing of Douglas Wilson, Editor of the Machinists' Journal, is a distinct loss to the labor movement and he will be missed by many thousands of his comrades and fellow-workers. For twenty years it has been my privilege to know Douglas Wilson intimately and although I saw him but rarely I always felt myself in close touch with him and knew that he was always at his post and unflinchingly loyal to the cause. He was a true champion of the working class and he never truckled to the master class or compromised with his own convictions. His brilliant mind was evident in all his writings and in every line and word that flowed from his pen the thought of labor was uppermost in his mind.

The work of Douglas Wilson will live after him and his memory will be cherished by countless thousands who will reap where he has sown.

It is a fine thing to have courage enough to face the trials of life and manhood enough to be true to principle and fearless in the discharge of every duty in the onward and upward struggle of the race.

The RIP-SAW is the paper of the people. Help to widen its influence by getting your neighbor's subscription.

The National Rip-Saw

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

Published on the First Day of Each Month

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES Single Subscriptions; in advance. U. S. and Mexico...50 cents Canada...63 cents Great Britain and Foreign...75 cents

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

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Editorial



Section

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THE CRISIS IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT

It is not often that the writer strikes a pessimistic note. He has learned long since to expect little, to be patient, and to hope and strive for the best even in face of the worst.

But there is no denying the fact that the labor movement in the United States is facing a crisis and that in the near future it will either succumb to the powers that have been so long and so insidiously encroaching upon it, and become a mere appendage to the capitalist system, or it will rise from its lethargy, sound the battle cry to the enemy, and enter upon a new era of industrial and political agitation and organization.

Let us review briefly some of the recent happenings to the labor movement and consider their tendency and their effect upon its future power and usefulness. Within a few weeks the highest court in the land has handed down two decisions which strike at the very heart of organized labor. In the first of these the strike and boycott are virtually outlawed and in the second union labor itself is placed under the ban by explicitly legalizing the discharge of a workman by his employer for joining a labor union.

We need not enter into any discussion about the fine points involved in these supreme court decisions. I am aware that they can be held by juggling jurists to appear quite harmless, but I know whereof I speak when I say that these decisions make organized labor, unless it consents to its own emasculation, a crime against the civil law in the United States.

Pursuant to the lead of the supreme court the legislature of Colorado quite recently enacted a series of repressive laws under which a strike may be punished as treason and membership in a labor union as a felony. Pressing close on the heels of this outrage upon organized labor a Colorado court sentenced a prominent labor leader to penitentiary for life for no other reason than that he was the leader in a strike in which a Rockefeller gunman met his just fate at the hands of one of his intended victims.

Political disfranchisement on a nation-wide scale is another means being made more and more effective against the working class. The state of West Virginia has enacted a law which practically excludes the Socialist party from the state and other states are making it more and more difficult for the working class to vote unless they are willing to belong to the parties of their masters and cast their votes to perpetuate their own bondage.

The state militia and constabulary are being steadily strengthened and put in readiness in the several states for any possible uprising of the workers and if these murderous agencies are not now in active commission it is only because there is no present need for their service.

But it is not enough that all these measures are taken to tighten the coils about the labor movement and to render it wholly ineffective at the very time it ought to have the maximum of its power and efficiency. Every loyal labor leader, every real fighter for the working class must be made a horrible example of. No matter how sterling he may be of character or how void of offense, he must be hauled into a capitalist court, submit to the farce of a picked and packed jury trial, pronounced a felon and sentenced to prison to meditate upon the folly of imagining that wage-slaves have any rights their masters are bound to respect.

Pat Quinlan, who fought so valiantly for the starving silk workers in New Jersey is in the penitentiary on a framed up charge of which he is absolutely innocent. There is not a workingman in New Jersey who does not know that brave Pat Quinlan is a convict today for no other reason than his loyal service to the workers in the Paterson strike. Pat Quinlan fought the silk barons and for this crime he is now serving a seven years' sentence.

Fred Holt, the fearless leader of the miners in the Arkansas strike and ten of his union brothers are serving sentences for having dared to defend their rights and stand by their union in the face of the gunmen that were turned loose against them by command of the mercenary operators, backed by their servile courts and their judicial lackeys.

John Lawson, who bravely stood up for the miners in Colorado has just received his life sentence though he was absolutely innocent of any offense against the law. He was a leader in the strike. This was enough. Had he been in the service of Rockefeller he would have been as free as was the heastly Linderfelt to murder the

innocent Louis Tikas without ever going to jail an hour. Eighty-two more union men are lying in the jails of Colorado awaiting their inevitable doom.

Rangel and Cline and a score of others who fought the battles of the workers have shared the same fate in Texas. Rangel and Cline have been sentenced for life, notwithstanding their total innocence. They were leaders of the oppressed workers, brave and fearless, honest and incorruptible and for this were criminals in the eyes of the capitalist law.

Suhr and Ford, who stood up for the hop pickers, the victims of a vile system of peonage in California, are serving life sentences for their devotion to the working class. They were convicted upon charges which had no foundation in fact and every union man on the Pacific coast knows they are innocent and yet a capitalist court has been suffered to brand them as convicts and bury them alive in a prison cell.

These are but a few of the crimes and outrages which have been perpetrated upon the labor movement and its most heroic, unselfish and devoted leaders during the last two years.

And while all these sinister and threatening forces are steadily closing in on us and our truest and bravest brothers are being convicted as felons and sent to the penitentiary for life, what are we doing to resist these forces and to rescue these brothers from their cruel fate? Nothing, or almost nothing. We cannot get united action on a single one of these cases. We are too busy quibbling over petty matters and wasting our time in factional squabbles over trifles unworthy a moment's serious consideration. It is enough to make the heart sick to see the workers in their unions and in their party turning upon and rending one another while the heroic few who are risking their lives for them are thrown into prison so that the way may be made smooth for the forces that are closing in and destined to crush them.

It is only because of the contemptible weakness of organized labor that it is the victim of these infamous outrages. Its very lack of solidarity, its craft-union contentions and its thousand and one utterly petty and senseless wranglings invite these very abuses and unless there is a change union men will either become bootlicking sycophants or their union will be wiped out entirely.

The American Federation of Labor boasts over two millions of members and other craft unions claim nearly a million more, but what is their actual power in the crisis that now confronts the labor movement? This mass of workers represents no real solidarity and is wholly lacking in revolutionary spirit. There is but little power in a mass of loosely connected craft unions, each squabbling for its own two-by-four jurisdiction and each intent on getting the best of the game for itself.

The whole American Federation of Labor has not power enough to keep one of its own members, such for instance as John Lawson, from being sent to the penitentiary on a framed-up charge.

If the three million workers who call themselves union men were actually organized industrially and politically not one of the infamous decisions herein enumerated would have been handed down, not one of the outrageous laws enacted, and not one of the brave and devoted leaders sent to prison.

And what is true of the trade unions in this crisis is scarcely less true of the Socialist party, and if the Socialist party is the political expression of the American Federation of Labor, then of course it is not a revolutionary party at all, for the American Federation of Labor stands squarely for the capitalist system and for wage-slavery and has never stood for anything else and never will while it is controlled by the Gompers machine.

Is it not possible that we stop the petty wrangling which has weakened and destroyed so many of our locals and turned thousands from our ranks in disgust and get down to the actual work for which the party is organized? In the face of the crisis that confronts the working class it is our duty, if we are SOCIALISTS, to concern ourselves with the grave problems which are pressing upon us and with the duty we owe to those who now languish in prison cells because of their devotion to our cause.

It was nearly ten years ago that the workers of this country showed what they could do when they stood up and stood together like men and smashed the corporation conspiracy that would have sent Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone to the gallows. Why can

there not be such solidarity in the present crisis and why cannot they now as they did then demand in thunder tones that capitalism release its clutches from the throat of the working class?

Now is the time, if ever, for industrial and political solidarity, for a new era of revolutionary agitation, education and organization, and for a united front and a bold and determined stand for our right to organize, our right to strike, our right to vote, and our right to wage the warfare by all lawful and decent means for our emancipation.

It takes something more than an understanding of socialism to be a socialist. It takes courage, integrity, patience and the indomitable will that defies discouragement and defeat. It takes, moreover, the SPIRIT of socialism, the spirit that is kind in bearing, elevated in outlook, above the mean and grovelling concerns of the selfish and ignoble, and with the passion to serve to make a real socialist.

SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA

The destruction of the Lusitania, the great trans-atlantic liner, by a German submarine and the consequent loss of some thirteen hundred lives, more than one hundred of whom were Americans, several of the latter of national prominence, shocked the whole world. After all is said this massacre of the sea, numbering hundreds of women and children as its victims, is simply an incident in the European war in which human slaughter in every imaginable form has come to be regarded as a matter of course and ceases any longer to excite either astonishment or condemnation.

The deliberate sinking of a great ocean vessel with thousands of lives aboard is indeed a crime, a fiendish crime that would seem unbelievable in a civilized world, but it is, no greater crime than many others that are almost of daily occurrence in the present European slaughter. From the very beginning even the pretense of any regard for law or life, for the usages known to what is called "civilized warfare," has been flung to the winds and every fiendish atrocity that the sodden brain of capitalism could conceive has been perpetrated in the prosecution of this hellish war.

Even worse than the murder of the little children who were aboard of the Lusitania, immeasurably more cruel and satanic, has been the rape of countless little girls, barely out of their childhood, by the uniformed beasts who have been given to this slaughter, and all the horrors that follow in its wake, by the civilized and Christianized lords and master who rule not only the continent of Europe but every other continent beneath the sun.

In the present slaughter it has been proved beyond question that everything is fair in war. Non-combatants may be murdered, children raped, suspected persons put to the torture, the wounded disfigured and the dead mutilated; peaceable villages may be reduced to ashes, wells and springs poisoned, ancient temples bombarded, libraries and art treasures wantonly destroyed, and desolation and death spread as far and wide as lies in the power of the murderous hosts.

The sinking of the Lusitania is but another argument against war, especially civilized war, at once the most savage, cruel and merciless the world has ever known.

The system that is responsible for war is responsible for the destruction of the Lusitania and if this murderous and mercenary system could but be torpedoed and sunk to the bottom another such horror would never again shock the world.

Dare to be yourself, to speak your own convictions, and know the joy there is in feeling that you are A MAN.

Rockefeller may own the railroads, mines, mills and other industries and control the legislatures, courts and other political utilities, but he does not own the class-conscious worker whose body may be in fetters but whose spirit is in revolt and whose soul aspires to freedom.

JOHN LAWSON'S INFAMOUS CONVICTION

The climax of Rockefeller misrule was capped in the conviction of John R. Lawson, national board member of the United Mine Workers, and his sentence to life imprisonment for a crime of which he was no more guilty than a babe unborn.

Lawson was charged with the killing of one John Nimmo, a Rockefeller gunman, pal of the unspeakable Linderfelt who murdered Louis Tikas while pleading that the women and children of Ludlow be saved. As a matter of course Lawson had nothing to do with the killing of this cold-blooded murderer, but even if he had he would only have been defending himself and his class by the only means the state of Colorado had left him.

The principle of law upon which Lawson was convicted is that he was the responsible leader of the strikers and as such legally liable for all their acts during the strike.

It is exactly upon this principle that the anarchists were con-

victed and hanged in Chicago in 1887. The anarchists had no hand in the explosion of the bomb which resulted in the killing of a number of policemen in the Haymarket riot. It was not contended that they threw the bomb, or even knew anything about it, but the whole prosecution was based upon the theory that their teaching and agitation had led to the throwing of the bomb and the consequent loss of life, and that therefore they were liable under the law, and the court so construed the law and sent them to the gallows.

John Lawson has been convicted upon this same monstrous principle and if it holds good and is finally sustained in the higher courts every labor leader in the country has the penitentiary or the electric chair or the gallows-tree staring him in the face.

Far more consistent would it be and far nearer justice for the courts of Colorado to hold that it was Rockefeller's leadership instead of Lawson's that led to murder in Colorado, and to sentence that crime-stained billionaire to prison for life.

Lawson's conviction is another proof of Rockefeller's absolute control of Colorado. Political and judicial machinery there is in his grasp and he has the state by the throat. Trial by jury is simply a ghastly joke. The gunmen, if tried at all, are acquitted, however guilty, while the union leaders and the strikers are convicted, however innocent.

Besides Lawson, 82 more strikers are under indictment, some of them having been in jail for more than a year, and every mother's son of them who is marked as inimical to Rockefeller is doomed to conviction.

John Lawson's sentence is simply monstrous. Words utterly fail to express its enormity. It ought to arouse instantaneous and nation-wide indignation. More than this, the vicious and far-reaching principle it involves, making every labor leader legally liable for every murder committed in a strike, is sufficient to incite the workers to fiery revolt.

Spineless as worms will be the organized workers if they tamely submit to having this infamous outrage put over them by Rockefeller's debauched judicial hirelings.

And yet, after all, pathetic and humiliating as it undoubtedly is to admit it, the workers of Colorado are themselves to blame and no one else. Never would a Colorado court have dared perpetrate this infamy if the workers of Colorado were industrially organized and if they had the sense and loyalty to support their class interests at the ballot box.

When in God's name will the workingmen of Colorado wake up? When will they stop giving their votes to a republican Peabody and a democratic Ammons, and support their own class on election day?

In the last state campaign socialist speakers were refused a hearing in the strike districts by those calling themselves union men and almost the solid vote of the working class of Colorado was given to a Rockefeller capitalist party, and John Lawson's conviction is simply an echo of that perfidious act which his own followers, claiming to be union men, perpetrated upon their own class on election day.

John Lawson would never have been convicted but for the political scabbing of those workers whose votes keep Rockefeller in control of the courts to reward them for their treason by pronouncing the doom of their own class.

Let this indisputable fact, pathetic enough to make angels weep, be borne in mind while every effort within the power of the American labor movement is put forth to nullify John Lawson's criminal conviction and secure his freedom.

A wage slave prosecuted by a capitalist corporation in a capitalist court has about as much chance for a square deal as a lamb would have for its life before a jury of wolves.

The capitalist courts will treat workingmen with contempt as long as workingmen give their support, political and otherwise, to a system in which the courts are maintained by capitalists for the very purpose of keeping workingmen in servitude.

ROCKEFELLER STRANGLING COLORADO

Colorado is not yet through under Rockefeller's steel-clad, copper-riveted domination. It has not yet reached the final depths of its degradation. It is still sinking hellward. Its latest infamy is John Lawson's conviction. A Rockefeller murderer is one of the few things sacred in Colorado and although Lawson had no more connection with the killing of one of these murderers than if he had never been born it was sufficient that he was a strike leader and in Colorado his proper place is in penitentiary for life.

The four notorious laws recently enacted in Colorado by Rockefeller's legislature capped the climax of capitalist tyranny. A strike is now treason and to belong to a labor union a felony.

Say, you Colorado workers, are you going to allow all this to be put over and tamely submit your necks to the iron heel?

Are you?

Great God, it does not seem possible!

In the name of high heaven and your manhood, unless it has been utterly destroyed, bestir yourselves and do something, or petition Rockefeller to furnish you with collars to wear as his dogs forevermore.

Listen for just a moment. You workers can change all this if you only will. Get rid of the fakirs and get together. Away with the craft union and away from every capitalist party.

The industrial union and united political action along working class lines are your only salvation. Until you come to this conclusion your complaints are vain, your efforts futile, your cause hopeless, and your future without a star.

Get together and unfurl the banner of industrial and political solidarity and all the forces that are now crushing you will combine as if by magic to convert your weakness into strength, your despair into hope, your timidity into self-reliance, your servility into manhood, and your slavery into freedom.

Rockefeller will rule as long as he owns, in Colorado as elsewhere. In Colorado, due to peculiar industrial conditions he rules with an iron grip. He owns the mills, mines, smelters, railroads and other industries and therefore controls the legislature, the courts and other political institutions.

Rockefeller must be stripped naked of such ownership and driven out of industry. He is simply a colossal robber and filches from the workers the wealth produced by their toil and sacrifice.

The workers and producers of Colorado, united industrially and politically, can drive out the robber, take possession of industry, keep what they produce for themselves, and make the state blossom with joy and teem with prosperity for all.

Why Don't They Catch Old Huerta?

By Henry M. Tichenor

Why don't they catch old Huerta, the man with the chronic jag,

Who wouldn't pop his pistol in honor of our flag?

He has landed in this country, and a hound could hit his trail,

And an ordinary copper could trot him off to jail;

He then could nail a lot of flags upon a lot of poles,

And make old Huerta shoot until he shot them full of holes!

We killed a lot of people, to make this man salute—

We spilled their blood for nothing, for Huerta didn't shoot;

And now that we could catch him we're as peaceful as a clam—

Old Huerta roams about New York, and no one gives a d—!

*Why doesn't Doctor Wilson grab the rascal by the snoot,
And shake a flag right in his face, and order him to shoot?*

The Pestilential Fly

It is none too soon to lay out the campaign and commence active operations, offensive and defensive, against these filthy carriers of disease.

Careful and thoroughly scientific investigation has proved that the fly is one of the most pernicious causes of the spreading of disease. Typhoid fever, dysentery and many other malignant diseases result from the disease germs which the house-fly brings in and deposits on food, dishes and everything on which it lights. The dreaded infantile paralysis is caused by inoculation through the bite of the horse-fly. The prevalence of many of the diseases peculiar to summer and fall is largely due to the fact that flies are numerous at those seasons.

Prepare now and kill the old ones as fast as they appear. Clean up and rid the premises of all garbage and filth before the breeding season begins; for it is in filth and decaying matter that they breed. Abolish the manure pile; it should be spread daily on the land which it is to fertilize,

and not be permitted to collect, for it is the favorite breeding place of flies. The earth closet should be made tight and inaccessible to flies. Likewise keep the pig pen clean.

The use of fly poisons causes the death of a surprisingly large number of children from one to six years old each season. The December issue of the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society is strong in its denunciation of poisonous fly paper and other fly poisons. Among other things it says that although the reports covered only a few states, forty-five cases of poisoning of children from the use of fly poisons were reported between the first of July and the fifteenth of October. Fly poison certainly "should not be used in any home where there are children or where children may visit."

"There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching and killing flies." There is no poison in the sticky fly paper, and it is safe and effective.—From Comfort.

To the People of the United States

(Continued from page 1.)

command the socialists of all nations have worked to prevent it. But the warning has gone unheeded and the socialist propaganda against imperialism, militarism and war has been ignored by the ruling powers and the majority of the people of all the nations.

Today our prediction has been only too swiftly and too tragically fulfilled. War, with all its horrors is upon us.

And it has come as the logical and inevitable outcome of the forces of the capitalist system. It has come in spite of the warnings and protest of the socialist and labor movements and indeed in spite of the personal desires of many of the capitalists themselves. The capitalist system is a modern Frankenstein which is destroying its own creators.

If this unspeakable tragedy shall serve to demonstrate to the world, and particularly to the workers of all nations, the real and fundamental causes of war, so that by removing these causes man henceforth may live at peace, the war may be worth the cost.

If, on the other hand, the people shall remain blind to the terrible lessons of this war, and leave the destinies of the world in the hands of unscrupulous, war inciting capitalist rulers, then indeed is this world-war an unmitigated curse. For, if the causes that brought on this war are left to operate, then this war will not be the last. It will be only the first of a series of wars more terrible and more tragic, until one mighty and monstrous imperialism has drenched the world in blood and subdued the peoples in abject slavery.

Socialism alone will ultimately save mankind from the standing menace of self-destruction.

The supreme duty of the hour is for us, the socialists of all the world, therefore, to summon all labor forces of the world for an aggressive and uncompromising opposition to the whole capitalist system, and to every form of its most deadly fruits—militarism and war; to strengthen the bonds of working-class solidarity; to deepen the currents of conscious internationalism, and to proclaim to the world a constructive program leading towards permanent peace.

The socialists of America extend the hand of comradeship to their unfortunate brothers in all countries now ravaged by the war, the sufferers and victims of the vicious system which has engulfed them in fratricidal carnage. We convey to them our unfaltering faith in the world-wide class-struggle, in international socialism and in the brotherhood of man. We proclaim our determination to join our comrades in the task of rebuilding the Socialist International upon such a basis that henceforth it cannot be shaken by the most violent storms of capitalist conflicts.

To the socialist and labor forces in all the world and to all who cherish the ideals of justice, we make our appeal, believing that out of the ashes of this mighty conflagration will yet arise the deeper internationalism and the great democracy and peace.

As measures calculated to bring about these results, we urge:

I. TERMS OF PEACE AT THE CLOSE OF THE PRESENT WAR must be based on the following provisions:

1. No indemnities.
2. No transfer of territory except upon the consent and by vote of the people within the territory.
3. All countries under foreign rule be given political independence if demanded by the inhabitants of such countries.

II. INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION—THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD.

1. An international congress with legislative and administrative powers over international affairs and with permanent committees in place of present secret diplomacy.
2. Special Commission to consider international disputes as they may arise. The decisions of such commissions to be enforced without resort to arms. Each commission to go out of existence when the special problem that called it into being is solved.
3. International ownership and control of strategic waterways such as the Dardanelles, the Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez, Panama and Kiel Canals.
4. Neutralization of the seas.

III. DISARMAMENT.

1. Universal disarmament as speedily as possible.
- PENDING COMPLETE DISARMAMENT.**
2. Abolition of manufacture of arms and munitions of war for private profit, and prohibition of exportation of arms, war equipment and supplies from one country to another.
 3. No increase in existing armaments under any circumstances.
 4. No appropriations for military or naval purposes.

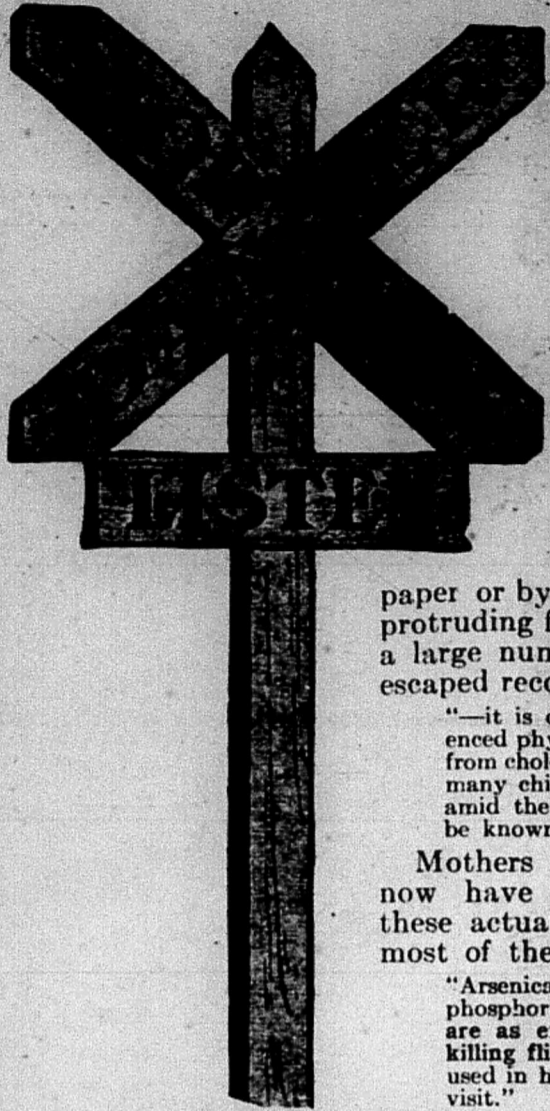
IV. EXTENSION OF DEMOCRACY.

1. Political democracy.
 - (a) Abolition of secret diplomacy and democratic control of foreign policies.
 - (b) Universal suffrage, including woman suffrage.
2. Industrial democracy.

RADICAL SOCIAL CHANGES IN ALL COUNTRIES TO ELIMINATE THE ECONOMIC CAUSES OF WAR, such as will be calculated to gradually take the industrial and commercial processes of the nations out of the hands of the irresponsible capitalist class and place them in the hands of the people, to operate them collectively for the satisfaction of human wants and not for private profits in co-operation and harmony and not through competition and war.

V. IMMEDIATE ACTION.

Immediate and energetic efforts shall be made through the organizations of the Socialist parties of all nations to secure universal co-operation of all socialist and labor organizations and all true friends of peace to obtain the endorsement of this program.



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."

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CHICAGO

Shall Red Hell Rage?

By Kate Richards O'Hare

Shall the Red Hell of War rage in the United States; shall murder become the business of our nation; shall our sons become cannon meat?

At last the American nation stands face to face with these grim, grisly, ghastly questions. They have ceased to be academic problems for scholarly discussion and have become living, throbbing, personal questions to each human heart. For almost a year we Americans from our smug position of fancied security have discussed the European war in the most approved academic manner. Hysterical women have frantically stitched botched night-shirts and knitted lumpy socks while professional philanthropists gathered up our loose change and old clothes and shipped them to Europe, for War Relief. We have prayed, philosophized, moralized and shed crocodile tears over the EUROPEAN WAR, but it was still the EUROPEAN WAR, three thousand miles away, and not a vital life-and-death problem to us American citizens.

But every day that passes brings the Red Hell just a wee bit nearer US; nearer our fire-sides, our sons, our daughters and our means of life. Already we can see the lurid flames of War lighting our horizon, our souls are beginning to writhe under its scorching menace and in imagination our nostrils can detect the smell of fresh blood and rotting corpses.

War is striding in seven-league boots across the Atlantic and none of us know just how near it may be. By day and by night our nerves are strained to the snapping point listening for the strident cry of the newsboys shouting "Extra! War Declared On Germany!" That cry may not come today, it may not come tomorrow, it may not come next week, but so sure as the capitalist class rules and the working class slumbers in IGNORANCE and STUPIDITY, it WILL come and WE shall face not the EUROPEAN WAR, but the WORLD WAR, including America.

How do I know that the Red Hell is drawing closer and that the strident voice of the War god shall wake us from our dreams of fancied security? I know because for months I have been watching the great human drama unfold upon the world stage and history has taught me that with a given Cause there must always be a given result.

War rages in Europe today because the bankers, armament makers and powerful groups of capitalists know that when the world is glutted with unsold goods and the highways are filled with unemployed men, war and destruction becomes a far more profitable game than peace and

production. But modern warfare is so destructive that it makes short work of gutting a nation or continent. In nine short months the capitalist butchers have drunk the blood and picked the bones of Europe and in the blood soaked charnel house of that continent there is little left for their unglutted appetites.

The best men of all the European nations have been killed and those left are scarcely worth wasting bullets on and will be needed as seed by which to sow in the wombs of the European women the crop of workers needed in the future. The bankers of Europe are loaded up to capacity with war loans; the food supplies are so nearly exhausted that there are but small profits possible for the speculators; the armament manufacturers must have access to a new supply of raw material and the war game in Europe has reached a point where it offers no worth while inducements to capitalists of the front rank. It is a land now fit only for vultures and scavengers. Europe has been gutted, skinned and picked to the last bone, but America is fat and juicy for the slaughter.

Here in the United States there are billions of dollars waiting for profitable investment, three million jobless men just ripe for cannon meat. We have endless food supplies for profitable manipulation by speculators and a world of raw material for making arms and ammunition and, most important of all, a completely cowed, stupid, unorganized working class waiting like patient sheep to be led to the slaughter. It is unthinkable that the great captains of finance will overlook this golden opportunity to ravish American as they have ravished Europe and our dance with the Red Hell is just about due.

The stage has long been set; the hysterical frothings of loud mouthed jingoes and the rabid howlings of the harlot press was the overture, the sinking of the Lusitania the curtain call. Kaiser Wilhelm the villain is called to account by Woodrow Wilson the hero, and hurrah! the greatest tragedy-drama of the ages is off with a swing and roar! Let cannons roar; swing wide the gates of hell; kill and destroy; murder and ravish; it's all for the glory of God, the defense of humanity, the honor of our nation, the reverence we owe our flag and the expression of our love for human kind.

"But," you cry, "Kaiser Wilhelm did sink a passenger ship and murder in cold blood innocent men, women and children. One hundred and thirty-seven were American citizens; honor demands that we retaliate and

we have a moral right to punish him for his brutality."

O certainly! I know all that. The capitalist interests that pulls the strings that makes the puppets Wilhelm and Woodrow dance, did build, equip and send forth on its mission of death the submarine that sent the Lusitania to the bottom of the sea, but what of that? They have been building submarines, battleships, aeroplanes and a thousand other machines of death, and their only mission has ever been the mission of slaughter. Why get finicky now over the faithfully executed work of one machine of death when we have gloated over the efficiency of the thousands we have made? If machines of slaughter are not to be used to kill human beings, why expend millions of dollars making them?

"But a thousand innocent men, women and children were killed and that was a damnable crime," you say.

Certainly! We know it was a damnable crime, but is not the killing by wholesale of human beings always a damnable crime? The same capitalist interests that built the submarine and sent it forth to kill have slain or wounded ten thousand times a thousand human beings in the European war up to date; these same capitalist interests murder in times of peace, here in the United States every year in our industries and slums a hundred times a thousand human beings and you never turn a hair. If any ungodly socialist calls attention to this fact the world piously exclaims "God wills it so. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"But the murder of the passengers on the Lusitania was so brutal, so uncalled for and contrary to the laws of nature and of nations," you insist.

Sure! I know it. But Rockefeller, Morgan and Long have instigated the murder of hundreds of helpless human beings right here in the United States in times of peace, not only on the bleak hillside at Ludlow but in the valleys of West Virginia, the

tamarack swamps of North Michigan and in the pine woods of Dixie. These American citizens were murdered more brutally and with far more cold blooded cruelty, yet Woodrow - the - Wise never burned any midnight oil inditing any notes to these transgressors of human and national laws insisting that they MUST cease murdering American citizens.

If I am not misinformed it is only a little more than a year ago when Woodrow-the-Wise took a hand in the killing game, (not on his own account but on orders from Rockefeller, Morgan, Hearst and Pearson). President Huerta of Mexico objected to turning his nation over body and soul to these eminent gentlemen as Woodrow-the-Wise had so thoughtfully turned over the United States. President Huerta's method of expressing his unwillingness to meet the modest request of these gentlemen was by declaring that he would only shoot six times at our flag. Woodrow-the-Wise insisted on twenty-one shots and Huerta stood pat. Then Woodrow-the-Wise sent a few gunboats and a lot of young boys down to Vera Cruz to demand the twenty-one shots and likewise the Mexican nation for his masters. Huerta didn't shoot, neither did he give possession of his nation, but nineteen American marines were killed and something more than two hundred Mexicans (a number reported to have been school children on their way home from school) suffered the same fate. The American marines, the school children and Mexican citizens are just as dead as are the dead millionaires now feeding the fishes off the coast of Ireland.

But why continue? Great God! the story of innocent men, women and children murdered by the insane greed of the capitalist interests that would open the gates of hell and toss us into the pit, is so long, so brutal, so cursed that I can not bring myself to write of it. And now fools, knaves, cowards and mental prostitutes are clamoring that we mothers of America shall sing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings



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Flow," while our nation is ravished and our sons are murdered in the interests of the blood-soaked money changers of New York, Berlin, Paris and London.

To me a human life is a human life, one as sacred as another, and the taking of a human life is murder whether done on the battlefield, on the high seas or in a labor strike. When Rockefeller has been indicted for the murder of the victims of Ludlow; when Woodrow Wilson and his advisors have been brought to the bar of Justice for the deaths of the American marines, the Mexican school children and the Mexican citizens who were murdered in Vera Cruz; when the hundreds of industrial masters have been brought to trial for the murder of the hundreds of thousands of the victims of industry, then and not until then have we a moral right to demand a reckoning from poor puppet Wilhelm.

I know that when the blood-drunken, greed-crazed capitalist masters are ready they will turn the hell of War loose on us. If only the workers would have listened to the voice of reason and intelligence instead of ever hark-

ing back to prejudice and ignorance, we Americans might have been strong enough to have stopped the Red Hell on its way to our firesides, but I fear that is now too late. But when our nation is ravished, our sons slain, our daughters defiled, our industries in ruins, perhaps the mass of mankind will awaken. It seems a cursed price to pay for stupidity, prejudice and ignorance, but Nature always takes her toll in the most relentless manner and all humanity MUST pay for wilful, wanton blindness of mankind.

IN THAT DAY WHEN THE CANNONS ROAR AND THE HELL OF WAR CRASHES ABOUT YOUR HOMES, REMEMBER THAT WE SOCIALISTS CRIED OUT OUR WARNINGS FOR YEARS BUT YOU HAD EARS THAT HEARD NOT; WE POINTED OUT THE DANGERS THAT ENCOMPASSED US, BUT YOU HAD EYES THAT SAW NOT; SO WHEN THE BLOODY DAY OF WAR'S HELL COMES HOME TO YOU, JUST REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE PAYING THE PRICE OF WILLFUL IGNORANCE.

Industrial and political unity! It cannot too often be repeated. Over and over again must the necessity for industrial and political solidarity be impressed upon the workers. Without this all is hopeless. With it the revolution goes spinning around the world and in its luminous wake the emancipated workers join exultant in the universal anthem of peace and joy.

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.

Isaac Flint, the Billionaire, and Maxim Waldron, his partner, engaged to Catherine Flint, the Billionaire's daughter, are planning the conquest of the world. Flint 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 pretends to mock at the scheme. Flint summons Herzog, his "kept" scientist, and orders him to invent a process for doing the necessary work.

In eleven days, Herzog telephones from the experiment station on Staten Island, that he is ready to exhibit his process. Flint and Waldron go in a motor-car to Staten Island. On the way they view their demesne of Manhattan, and plan what vast power will be theirs when their nefarious scheme is completed.

On the ferry-boat to Staten Island, they stand by the rail of the boat, to discuss their scheme. A sturdy and intelligent workman, nearby, overhears something of their conversation, and keenly eyes them. 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 Staten Island. There Herzog shows them the process he has invented. Both experience the effect of this ozone, and become intoxicated on it. After some discussion, the two men start back to New York again. On the way, 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 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. Yet he consoles himself by thinking that nobody can understand 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, and resolves to fight Flint and Waldron to the bitter end.

Next day, Gabriel is accused by Herzog of having stolen the notebook. Gabriel controls his anger, hoping to retain his position and find out more about the plot, but Herzog discharges him, and bitterly insults him. Gabriel 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 quarrel with Waldron, her fiance, resulting in a final rupture of the engagement. Catherine orders her car, and tells the chauffeur to make haste in carrying her back to New York. The chauffeur has been drinking, and runs the car at a mad pace. As the car hurtles southward, along the road beside the Hudson, Gabriel Armstrong trudges northward, knapsack on back, swinging his stick and whistling merrily.

The car is wrecked, over a cliff, and the chauffeur is killed. Gabriel rescues Catherine, carries her to a deserted sugar-house, revives and cares for her. She becomes interested in him, and he in her, but neither discovers the identity of the other. Finally Catherine is taken back home by a passing automobilist, and Gabriel, pensive, continues his way.

Catherine, convalescent, finds herself falling in love with her strange rescuer. Her father tries to reconcile her to Waldron, but she refuses to resume the engagement, and defies the Billionaire. Flint learns the identity of Gabriel, from the Cosmos Detective Agency, and in a passion gives instructions that Gabriel must be trapped and ruined.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XXI.

GABRIEL, GOOD SAMARITAN.

ON the evening of July third, a week later, Gabriel Armstrong found himself at Rochester, having tramped the hundred miles from Syracuse, by easy stages. During this week, old Flint took good care not to re-open the subject of the break with Waldron; and his daughter, too, avoided it. They two were apparently at an impasse, regarding it. But Flint inwardly rejoiced, knowing full well the plot now under way. And though Waldron urged him to take some further action and force the issue, Flint bade him hold his peace, and wait, telling him all would yet be well.

Outwardly calmer, the old man was raging, within, more and ever more bitterly, against Armstrong. On July first, Slade had reported in person that his operators who were trailing the quarry, had—in the night—discovered in one of his pockets a maple-leaf wrapped in a fine linen handkerchief marked "C. J. F." Flint, recognizing his daughter's initials, well-nigh burst a blood-vessel for wrath. But he instructed Slade not to have the handkerchief abstracted from Armstrong's possession. By no sign or hint must the victim be made aware that he was being spied upon. When the final blow should fall, then (reflected the Billionaire, with devilish satisfaction) all scores would be paid in full, and more than paid.

July third, then, found Gabriel at Rochester, now seventy-five or eighty miles from Niagara Falls, his goal, where—he had already heard—ground was being actually broken for the huge new power plant of which he alone, of all outsiders, understood the meaning. Gabriel counted on spending the Fourth at Rochester, where a Socialist picnic and celebration had been arranged. Ordinarily he would have taken part in the work and volunteered as a speaker; but now, anxious to keep out of sight, he counted merely on forming

one of the crowd. There could be little danger, thought he, in such a mass. Despite the recent stringent censorship and military rule of the district by the new Mounted Police, a huge gathering was expected. The big railway and lake-traffic strikes, both recently lost, had produced keen resentment, and, as political and economic power had been narrowed here, as all over the country, in these last few months of on-sweeping capitalist domination, the Socialist movement had been growing ever more and more swiftly.

"It will be worth seeing," thought Gabriel, as he stood outside the lodging house where he had taken a room for the night. "The workers are surely awakening, at last. The spirit I've been meeting, lately, is uglier and more determined than anything I ever used to find, a year or two ago. It seems to me, if conditions are like this all over the country, the safety-valve is about ready to pop, and the masters had better look out, or some of them are going to land in Hell!"

"Yes, I'll stop over here, one day, and look and listen. Sorry I can't take part, but I mustn't. My game, now, is to travel underground, as it were. I've got a bigger job in view than soap-boxing, just now!"

He ate a simple supper at an "Owl" lunch-cart, totally unaware that, across the street, a couple of Cosmos men were waiting for him to come out. And, after this, buying a Socialist paper, he strolled into Evars Park to sit and read, a while, by the red light of the descending sun.

Here he remained till dark, smoking his briar, watching the dirty, ragged children of the wretched wage-slaves at play observing the exploited men and women on the park-benches, as they sought a little fresh air and respite from toil; and pondering the problems that still lay before him. At times—often indeed—his thoughts wandered to the maple-grove and the old sugar-house, far away on the Hudson. Memories of the girl would not be banished, nor

(Continued on page 12.)

The Rip-Saw Rallies Stir the Continent

Bottineau, N. Dakota, sold 400 RIP-SAW sub cards for a meeting which Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare addressed last spring. This year the Bottineau comrades sent for 400 more cards, and will have a Kate O'Hare meeting on the last week in June. This is the finest kind of a testimonial of the effectiveness of the RIP-SAW subscription plan.

Mt. Vernon, Washington, a town of 2300 inhabitants, sold 810 RIP-SAW subscriptions for the Debs meeting this January, and made a profit of forty or fifty dollars. Los Angeles, California sold a couple thousand subscriptions for the Debs meeting.

No town is too large or too small for a RIP-SAW lecture. It is the best, finest, cleanest and most satisfactory propaganda work that a local can attempt. It develops team work, and saturates your neighborhood with Socialist literature for the following year, and the address by Comrade Debs or Comrade O'Hare is a red-letter day in your county.

Comrade Debs will make two more grand trips this year following the June and July work. If you are west of the Mississippi, get in on the September trip. If you are east of the Mississippi, write at once for a reservation for the October-November trip which will cover all the eastern and southern states from Chicago to Key West. Only 25 dates can be accepted on either of these trips. Don't delay, fire in your application at once.

Mrs. O'Hare will make a series of short trips in September, October, November and December, with St. Louis as a center and radiating north, east, south and west. Apply now—don't put the matter off, or she may be compelled to pass by your town without stopping off.

The successful experience of six hundred locals who have handled RIP-SAW subscription lectures with Comrade Debs or Comrade O'Hare as the speaker, proves that the subscription lecture plan is positively the most effective propaganda work possible. Your local's work reaches from five hundred to two thousand families, not only once, but TWELVE times a year through the subscription plan. The speaker talks to those who will read Socialist literature with doubled interest for the rest of their lives.

For a Kate O'Hare date you need sell only 400 Yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards.

For a Debs meeting you need sell only 800 yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards.

The RIP-SAW sends you the sub cards on credit. You pay for them at 25c each in installments as you sell them, any balance being due and payable the day of the lecture. The RIP-SAW notifies you of your date long in advance, and pays the traveling and hotel expenses of the speaker. A liberal supply of electrotypes, advertising slides, posters, window cards and small advertising cards is furnished free.

Success is sure to follow your effort. Have the local act at once on the question: Resolved that we apply for a Debs date (or a Kate O'Hare date) and go to work at once on the biggest and best boost we can give Socialism in our county.

Address:

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW
Pontiac Building St. Louis, Mo.

A WISE HEATHEN

"As I understand you," said the heathen, "you propose to civilize me."

"That is why I came here, my good man," replied the missionary.
"You intend to get me out of my habits of idleness and teach me to work?"
"That is exactly it."
"And then show me how to become efficient?"
"Yes."
"And then, you say, I will become ambitious, like the Christian white man, and may possibly become rich, and won't have to work at all?"
"You have caught the idea."
"Well you needn't have bothered to come here. I don't have to work now."

To educate themselves, clear up their minds, get rid of superstition, banish fear, stand erect, stand together and overthrow the system which robs and degrades them and achieve their industrial freedom, is the task socialist workingmen and women have set themselves and their movement, though still in its infancy, has already encircled the globe and millions are following its red banner to victory.

Timidity and cowardice have never won a victory for the working class. These are the qualities which exploiters most admire in their slaves and most detest in themselves. Courage and manhood win the day in every struggle for the right.

\$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.

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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 3 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.

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

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 TODAY.

You Make 100% Profit

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

FOLDED Dan Burkholder of Montana, says: "Was out 4½ 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 worth in 17 days. What Burkholder is doing you can do!

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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 enthralling, ambition-awakening story of a tremendous world-wide success. Will you do this? Of course you will. Sign and mail the coupon NOW!

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TOBE SPILKINS

His Lettur (W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editor: I have had the dadgummedest dream since I writ tu you last I ever had in my life. I gess it wuz becoz I went tu bed on a emty stummich. The Germans have got up three and a half inches closer tu our lines than they have ever bin before, and jist about supper time they begunned tu shell our kamp like they wuz mad at us.

It wuzent long till I wuz asleep fur the eggstin' insidents uv the day had maid me tired. Then I dreemed. I thot I wuz bak home agin, restored tu the buzzom 'uv my family. When I got over the hill close tu the house I seen that ornery Ben a plantin' uv pertaters in the garden. Sum wooman wuz a drappin' uv them and Ben was a coverin' uv 'em with the noe.

I wuz fully prepared fur sich a emurgency. I had bought me a dubbel barrelled revolvin' butcher knife. I tuk it out and brandished it in the air. That ornery kuss seen it and wuz purty neert skared tu deth. He draped hiz hoe and jumped a palin' fence five feet high and lit out down the rode faster than enny horse cood run.

I knowed it wuzent enny use fur me to go after Ben fur I coodent keep in site uv him, and Shanghi Purkins told me afterwurds that when Ben got tu hiz house, which wuz 7 miles frum mine, he had tu stop and wate 20 minnits fur hiz shadder tu ketch up with him. I went intu the house, but the childern dident know me.

"Well laws sakes alive, Tobe Spilkins, is it you?" "Yes," I sed, "it's me Loo," and I started towards hur a in-

tendin' tu talk hur in my arms and kiss hur, but sumpting stopped me. I cood reed in hur ize the sign uv "FRESH PAINT." Yet I wood have kissed hur if she hadent a waved me bak, fur I knowed that behind that paint wuz my wife. She sed: "Don't tuch me now; I'm all made up."

I dident tuch hur; I jist stood there and kept on bein' amaized. It seemed like I had quit dreemin' and sort uv went tu sleep. Then I begunned dreemin' agin. I thought we wuz goin tu have a eleckshun in the United Staits; one uv them big four legged eleckshuns when we eleckt a prezident, kongressmen, guvornors, sherruffs, jesticces uv the peece, konstables, dog ketchers and ev-erything tu fill the offises except the post offises which air appointed. I thot I called the Demockrasy uv Boney Forks tugether in a mass convenshun tu nominait kandydates.

Every Demokrat in the township attended; thare wuzent but 2, me and Shanghi Purkins. I appinted Shanghi az a kommitty on kredenshuls. He reported favorably on hizself, I put the questshun tu the convenshun and Shanghi voted tu adopt the report uv the kommitty. We maid a hot campaign and I got him tu vote fur me and he indoosed me tu vote fur him.

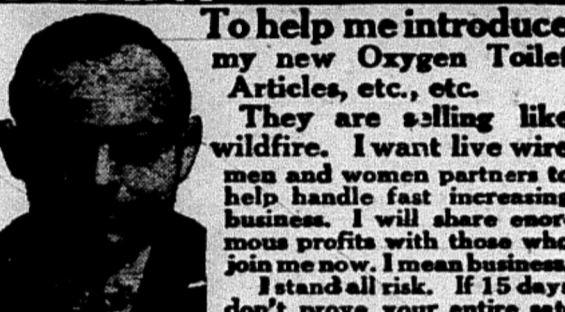
We polled off the entire vote uv the party, but uv korse got beet by the dadgummed Soshialists. But the straingest thing uv all, I thot, wuz that the Soshialists cleckted Ike Hawkins prezident. I never seen sich a change in the peepel. It looked like everyboddy went licky-to-split fur the Soshialists 'ceptin' them az wanted the offises and the big bizzness fellers what owned the prinsipal meens uv produckshun and distribushun.

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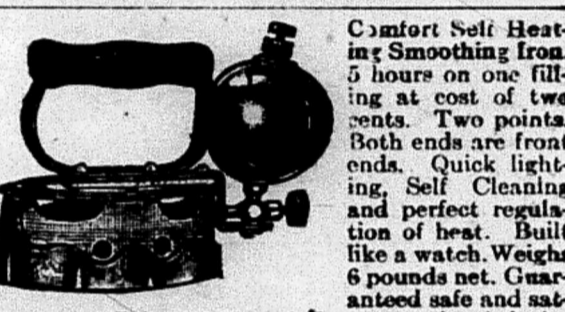


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wuz purty lait a gittin' out tu wurk. Then the feller what wuz a operatin' the masheen told me that it wuz the customary hour fur them tu go tu wurk. He sed the peepel only wurked 5 hours a day now; 3 in the forenoon and 2 in the afternoon, and they have a afternoon holiday on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"But how du they maik a livin'?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," he sed, "the men and women who toil have quit dividin' up with the fellers who use tu own the masheenery and meens uv produckshun. They own the masheenery themselves now and wurk on the great cooperative plan. The peepel have quit makin' milyunaires and billionaires and a bildin' up grate fortunes fur the few while they themselves starve, dress in rags and live in huvels. Everyboddy that iz abel has tu wurk at sumpthin' useful, except the children, and they have tu go tu skool. No one can maik enny profit on anuther one's labor. They aint enny chance fur enny "Skin game." If enny won't work, he don't git nuthin' tu etc. If he steels, he iz put in jail and starved till he iz willin' tu wurk and be good. There air jobs fur all and becoz all air maid tu wurk it only taiks 5 hours a day tu support all, and every wurker gits jist az much az he produces. They have quit givin' the uther feller over half uv it fur the 'onerable and laborious task uv dividin' it up."

We fairly flew throop the air in that little air bote uv hizzen. Sumtimes we stopped in the towns and sitties. Everyboddy wuz happy. They wuzent noboddy poor. The feller sed that the welth that use tu go tu maik a few rich wuz now distributed among the peepul who prodoosed it and noboddy cood be poor unless they woodent wurk. When the crops wuz gathered they wuz put in big graineries, ellyvators, cold storage, warehouses, and uther places jist like they use tu be, but now they belonged tu the peepul insted uv tu the speculators, and the peepul elected men tu taik care uv them and distribute them tu the peepul akkordin' tu how much each one had wurked. There wuzent enny gates left open fur graft; there wuzent enny speshul privileges; there wuzent enny politikal pulls or politikal bosses. "The whole filosofy uv the thing," sed the feller what wuz a guidin' uv the air bote, "iz summed up in the few wurd 'WELTH BELONGS TU THEM WHOO CREATES IT.' That iz Soshialism. When you let men know that they wuzent intended by nature tu akt like a hog, and take away the opportunity fur him tu du so, he will fall in line with the multitood on the basis uv human rites and wurk before he will 'starve."

Az he sed this he cirkled the bote around, rizin' higher and higher with each cirkle till I cood see fur hundreds uv miles, fur my vishun wuz cleered by the high altitood. I cood see loded graineries, busy factories all turnin' out uv sumpthin' useful, grate libraries containin' troothful books, a happy peepel with peece, plenty and contentment everywhere. There wuz no strife, no hatred, so signs uv war, no poverty, no rich despoilers or military despots. Agin my companion in the air bote sed:

"THAT IZ SOSHIALISM."

Then he turned the korse uv the bote tuwards the east. Sune I seen beneeth us a grate body uv water, and then my vishun grew hazy and I lost conshuness. When I awoke agin we had crossed the grate body uv water and our air craft wuz a salin' over Europe. At furst I cood only see the land dimly. But my kompanyun lowered the bote and I cood see clearly what wuz a goin' on beneeth us. I saw the whole continent wrapped in the smoke uv battle. I saw cities in ruins and towns that had bin levelled tu the ground. I saw wimmin and childern a starvin' and a ringin' uv their hands in dispair and anguish. I saw grate instruments uv deth a belchin' forth from their steel jaws the missels uv hell. I saw grate feelds that had bin converted intu grave-yards. I saw industry destroyed and enterprize paralyzed. I saw rivers a runnin' red with the blud uv human beins. I saw men, mad with raige, a stickin' swords and bayonets throo each uther. I saw milyuns and milyuns and milyuns uv men engaged in a ferce struggle fur each uthers lives. I saw widows and orphans in desolate homes that would never agin see the happy faces uv those who had bin slain on the feeld uv battle. I saw the welth that required 50 yeers uv toil tu akkumulait destroyed in this desperate struggle, and az I looked upon these men, dressed in uniforms and armed with instruments uv deth, fightin' like wild beests and tryin' tu kill each uther, I turned tu my kompanyun whoo wuz operatin' uv our air ship and asked him what it wuz all fur.

"Greed," he sed, "greed born uv compitishun and inspired by the speerit uv the Wicked One. War iz hell; behold the smoke uv hell rizin' frum the blud stained earth. THAT IZ CAPITALISM."

Jist then I thot sumpthin' happened tu our air bote and we started down, down, down, with offul speed. Then I woke up and rubbed my ize. It wuz all a dream. I cood heer the artillery a boomin' and heer the rattle uv the rifles. They wuz a tryin' tu taik our trenches.

Yoors trooly,
TOBE SPILKINS,
Diplomatt.

World Peace

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Air Trust

(Continued from page 8.)

longings for her. Who she might be, he still knew not. Unwilling to learn, he had refrained from looking up the number he had copied from the plate of the wrecked machine. He had even abstained from reading the papers, a few days, lest he might see some account of the accident. A strange kind of unwillingness to know the woman's name possessed him—a feeling that, if he positively identified her as one of some famous clan of robbers and exploiters, he could no longer cherish her memory, and love the thought of how they two had, for an hour, sat together and talked and been good, honest friends.

"No," he murmured to himself, "it's better this way—just to recall her as a girl in need, a girl who let me help her, a girl I can always remember with kind thoughts and memories, as long as I live!"

From his pocket he took the little handkerchief, which wrapped the leaf, once part of her bed. A faint, elusive scent still hung about it—something of her, still, it seemed. He closed his eyes, there on the hard park bench, and let his fancies rove whither they would; and for a time it seemed to him a wondrous peace possessed him.

"If it could only have been," he murmured, at last. "If only it could be!"

Then, suddenly urged by a realization of the hopelessness of it all, he stood up, pocketed the souvenirs of her, again, and walked away in the

dusk; away, through the park; away, at random, through squalid, ugly streets, where the first electric-lights were just beginning to flare; where children swarmed in the close heat, wallowing along the gutters, dodging teams and cars, as they essayed to play, setting off a few premature firecrackers and mocking the police—all in all, leading the ugly, unnatural, destructive life of all children of the city proletariat.

"Poor little devils!" thought Gabriel, stopping to observe a dirty group clustered about an ice-cream cart, where cheap, adulterated, highly-colored stuff was being sold for a penny a square—aniline poison, no doubt, and God knows what else. "Poor little kids! Not much like the children of the masters, eh, with their lawns and playgrounds, their beaches and flowery fields, their gardens and fine schools, their dogs, ponies, autos and all the rest? Some difference, all right—and it takes a thousand of these, yes, ten thousand, to mean one of those. And—and she was one of the rich and dainty children! Her beauty, health and grace were bought at the price of ten thousand other children's health, and joy and lives! Ah, God, what a price! What a cruel, awful, barbarous price to pay!"

Saddened and pensive, he passed on, still thinking of the woman he could not banish from his mind, despite his bitterness against her class.

So he walked on and on, now through better streets and now through worse, up and down the city.

Here and there, detonations and red fire marked the impatience of some demonstrator who could not wait till midnight to show his ardent patriotism and his public spirit by risking life and property. The saloons were all doing a land-office business, with the holiday impending and the thermometer at 97. Now and then, slattern women, in foul clothes and with huge, gelatinous breasts, could be seen rushing the growler, at the "family entrance" of some low dive. Even little girls bore tin pails, for the evening's "scuttle o' suds" to be consumed on roof, or in back yard of stinking tenement, or on some fire-escape. The city, in fine, was relaxing from its toil; and, as the workers for the most part knew no other way, nor could afford any, they were trying to snatch some brief moment of respite from the Hell of their slavery, by recourse to rough ribaldry and alcohol.

Nine o'clock had just struck from the church-spires which mocked the slums with their appeal to an impassive Heaven, when, passing a foul and narrow alley that led down to the Genesee River, Gabriel saw a woman sitting on a doorstep, weeping bitterly.

This woman—hardly more than a girl—was holding a little bundle in one hand. The other covered her face. Her sobs were audible. Grief of the most intense, he saw at once, convulsed her. Two or three bystanders, watching with a kind of pleased curiosity, completed the scene, most sordid in its setting, there under the flicker of a gas-light on the corner.

"Hm! What now?" thought Gabriel, stopping to watch the little tragedy. "More trouble, eh? It's trouble all up and down the line, for these poor devils! Nothing but trouble for the slave-class. Well, well, let's see what's wrong now!"

Gabriel turned down the alley, drew near the little group, and halted.

"What's wrong?" he asked, in the tone of authority he knew how to use; the tone which always overbore his outward aspect, even though he might have been clad in rags; the tone which made men yield to him, and women look at him with trustful eyes, even as the Billionaire's daughter had looked.

"Search me!" murmured one of the men, shrugging his shoulders "I can't git nothin' out o' her. She's been settin' here, cryin', a few minutes, that's all I know; an' she won't say nothin' to nobody."

"Any of you men know anything about it?" demanded Gabriel, looking at the rest.

A murmur of negation was his only answer. One or two others, scenting some excitement, even though only that of a distressed woman—common sight, indeed!—lingered near. The little group was growing.

Gabriel bent and touched the woman's shoulder.

"What's the matter?" asked he, in a gentle voice. "If you're in trouble, let me help you."

Renewed sobs were her only answer. "If you'll only tell me what's the matter," Gabriel went on, "I'm sure I can do something for you."

"You—you can't!" choked the woman, without raising her head from the corner of the ragged shawl that she was holding over her eyes. "Nobody can't! Bill, he's gone, and Eddy's gone, and Mr. Micolo says he won't let me in. So there ain't nothin' to do. Let me alone—oh dear, oh dear, dear!"

Fresh tears and grief. The little knot of spectators, still growing, nodded with approval, and figuratively licked its lips, in satisfaction. Somewhere, a boy snickered.

"Come, come," said Gabriel, bending close over the grief-stricken woman, "pull together, and let's hear what the trouble is! Who's Bill, and who's Eddy—and what about Mr. Micolo? Come, tell me. I'm sure I can do something to straighten things out."

No answer. Gabriel turned to the increasing crowd, again.

"Any of you people know what about it?" he asked.

Again no answer, save that one elderly man, standing on the steps beside the woman, remarked casually:

"I guess she got fired out of her room. That's all I know."

Gabriel took her by the arm, and drew her up.

"Come, now!" said he, a sterner note in his voice. "This won't do! You mustn't sit here, and draw a crowd. First thing you know, an officer will be along, and you may get into trouble. Tell me what's wrong, and I promise to see you through it, as far as I can."

She raised her face, now, and looked at him, a moment. Tear-stained and dishevelled though she was, and soiled by marks of drink and debauchery, Gabriel saw she must once have been very beautiful and still was comely.

"Well," he asked. "Aren't you going to tell me?"

"Tell you?" she repeated. "I—oh, I can't! Not here! Not in front of all them men!"

"Very well," said he, "walk with me, and give me your story. Will you do that? At all events, you mustn't stay here, making a disturbance on the highway. If you knew the police as well as I do, you'd understand that!"

"You're right, friend," said she, hoarsely. "I'm on, now. Come along, then—I'll tell you. It ain't much to tell; but it's a lot to me!"

She glanced at the curious faces of the watchers, then turned and followed Gabriel, who was already walking up the alley, toward the brighter lights of Stuart Street. For a moment, one or two of the men hesitated as though undecided whether or not to follow after; but one backward look by Gabriel instantly dispelled any desire to intrude. And as Gabriel and the woman turned into the street, the little knot of curiosity-seekers dissolved into its component atoms, and vanished.

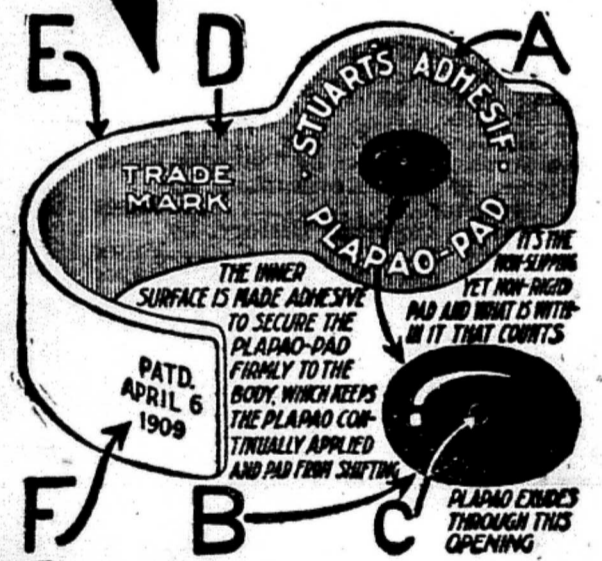
CHAPTER XXII.

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG.

"IT—it's all along o' that there Mr. Micolo!" the woman suddenly exclaimed. "Him an' his rent-bill! If he'd ha' let me in, there, tonight, I could ha' got Ed's things, an' then started to my sister's, out to Scottville. But he wouldn't. He claimed they was two-seventy-five still owin', and I didn't have but about fifty cents, so I couldn't pay it. So

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- You recover the vigor, vitality, energy and strength you have lost.
- You once more are able to enjoy life without fear of trouble.

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he wouldn't let me in. Natchally, anybody's feel bad, like that, specially when a man told 'em he'd hold their kid's clothes an' things till they paid — which they couldn't!

"Naturally, of course," answered Gabriel, rather dazed by this sudden burst of details, with which she seemed to think he should already be quite familiar — details all sordid and commonplace, through which he seemed to perceive, dimly as in a dark glass, some mean and ugly tragedy of poverty and ignorance and sin.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, all at once. "If so, come in here, where we can talk quietly and get things straight." He pointed at a cheap restaurant, across the street.

"Hungry? Gord, yes!" she exclaimed. "Only I — I wouldn't ask, if I fell on the sidewalk! Fifty cents — yes, I got about that much, but I been trying to get enough to pay Mr. Micolò, an' get hold of Ed's things, an' —"

"All right, forget that, now," commanded Gabriel. He took her by the arm and piloted her across the thoroughfare, then into the dingy hash-house and to a table in a far corner. A few minutes later, pretty much everything on the bill of fare was before them on the greasy table.

"Not a word till you're satisfied," directed Armstrong. "I'll just take a little bread and coffee, to keep you company."

The woman adequately proved her statement that she was hungry. Rarely had Gabriel seen anybody eat with such ravenous appetite. He watched her with satisfaction, and when she could consume no more, smiled as he asked: "Now, then, feel better? If so, let's tackle the next problem. What's your grief?"

The woman stared at him, a long moment before she made reply. Then she exclaimed suddenly: "You ain't no kind of 'bull,' are you? Nor plain-clothes man?"

Gabriel shook his head. "No," said he, "nothing of that kind. You can trust me. Let's have the story."

"Hm! It ain't much, I s'pose," she answered, still half-suspiciously. "Bill and me was livin' together, that's all. No, not married, nor nothin' — but —"

"All right. Go on."

"That was last winter. When the kid happened — Ed, you know — Bill, he got sore, an' beat it. Then I — I went on the street, to keep Ed. Nothin' else to do, Mister, so help me, an' —"

"Never mind, I understand," said Gabriel. "What next?"

"And after that, I gets sick. You know. Almost right away. So I has to go to St. Luke's hospital. I leaves Ed with Mrs. McCane, at the same house. That place in the alley, you know. Well, when I gets out, the boy's dead. An' they never even tells me, till I goes back! An' I can't even get his things. Because why? Mrs. McCane's gone, Gord knows where, an' Mr. Micolò says I still owe two seventy-five. I want to get down there to Scottsville, to my sister's; but curse me if I'll go till I pay that devil an' get them clothes!"

A sudden, savage light in her blurred eyes betrayed the passion of the mother-love, through all the filth and soiture of her degradation. Gabriel felt his heart deeply moved. He bent toward her, across the table, touched her hand and asked:

"Will you accept five dollars, to pay this man and get you down to Scottsville?"

"Huh?" she queried, gazing at him with vacant, uncomprehending eyes.

He repeated his query. Then, as he saw the slow tears start and roll down her wan cheeks, he felt a greater joy within his breast than if the world and all its treasures had been his.

"Will I take it?" she whispered. "Gord, will I? You bet I will! That is, if I can have your name, an' pay it back, some time?"

He promised, and wrote it down

for her, giving as his address Socialist Headquarters in Chicago. Then, without publicity, he slipped a V into her trembling hand.

"Come on," said he. "That's all settled!"

He paid the check, and they went out, together. For a moment they stood together, undecided, on the sidewalk.

"Couldn't I get them things tonight, an' start?" asked she, eagerly. "There's a train at 11:08, on the B. R. & P."

"All right," he assented. "Can you see this Micolò, now? It's after ten."

"Oh, that don't make no difference," she answered. "He runs a pawn shop over here on Dexter Street, two blocks east. He'll be open till midnight, easy, tomorrow bein' the Fourth."

"Come on, then," said Gabriel. "I'll see you through the whole business, and onto the train. Maybe I can help you, all along."

Without another word she started, with Gabriel at her side. They traversed the main street, two blocks, then turned to the left down a still narrower, darker one.

"Here's Micolò's," said she, pausing at a doorway. Gabriel nodded. "All right," he answered. He had not noted, nor did he dream, that, at the corner behind them, two slinking, sneaking figures were now watching his every move.

The woman turned the knob, and entered. Gabriel followed.

"It's on the second floor," said she. Gabriel saw a sign, on the land-

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MOVIE ACTORS' ASS'N

Suite A509, 1327 Michigan Blvd, Chicago, Ill.

ing: "S. L. Micolo, Pawn Broker," and motioned her to precede him. In a minute they had reached the upper hallway. The woman opened another door. The room, inside, was dark.

"This way," said she. "He's in the inside office, I guess. The light must ha' gone out here, some way or other." Gabriel hesitated. Some inkling, some vague intuition all at once had come upon him, that all was not well. At his elbow some invisible force seemed plucking. "Come away! Come back, before it is too late!" some ghostly voice seemed calling in his ear.

But still, he did not fully understand. Still he remained there, his mind obsessed by the plausibility of the woman's story and by the pity he so keenly felt.

And now he heard her voice again: "Mr. Micolo! Oh, Mr. Micolo! Where are you?"

Striking a match, he advanced into the room.

"Any gas, here?" he asked, peering about for a burner.

Suddenly he started with violent emotion. Behind him, in some unaccountable way, the door had been closed. He heard a key turn, softly.

"What - what's this?" he exclaimed. He heard the woman moving about, somewhere in the gloom. "See here!" he cried. "What kind of a -?"

The match burned brightly, all at once. He peered about him, wide-eyed.

"This is no office!" shouted he. "Here, you! What's the meaning of this? This is a bed-room!"

Sudden realization of the trap stunned and sickened him.

"God! They've got me! Flint and Waldron - they've landed me, at last!" he choked. "But - but not till I've broken a few heads, by the Eternal!"

The match fell from his burnt fingers. Whirling toward the door, he rained powerful kicks upon it. He would get out, he must get out, at all hazards!

Suddenly the woman began to scream, with harsh and piercing cries that seemed to rip the very atmosphere.

At the third scream, or the fourth, the key was turned and the door jerked open.

In its aperture, three men stood—the two who had so long been trailing Gabriel, and a policeman, burly, red-jowled, big-paunched.

Gabriel stared at them. His mouth opened, then closed again, without a word. As well for a trapped animal to make explanations to the Indian hunter, as for him to tell these men the truth. The truth? They knew the truth; and they were there to crucify him. He read it in their cruel, eager eyes.

The woman had stopped screaming now, and was weeping with abandon, pouring forth a tale of insults and abuse and robbery, with hysterical sobs.

Full in the faces of the three men Gabriel sneered.

"You've done a good job of it, this time, you skunks!" he gibed. "I'm on. You'll get me, in the end; but not just yet. The first man through this door gets his head broken - and that goes, too!"

With a snarl of "You damned white slaver!" the officer raised his night-stick and hurled himself at Gabriel.

Gabriel ducked, and planted a terrific left-handed on the "bull's" ear. Roaring, the majesty of the law careened against the bed, crashed the flimsy thing to wreckage and went down.

Then, fighting back into the gloom of the trap, Gabriel engaged the two detectives. For a moment he held them. One went to the floor with an uppercut under the chin; but came back. The other landed hard on Gabriel's jaw.

He turned to strike down, again, the first of the two. He heard the bed creaking, and saw the policeman struggling to arise. In a whirlwind of

blows, the second detective flailed at him, striving to beat down his guard and floor him with a vicious rib-jolt.

"All's fair, here!" thought Gabriel, snatching up a chair. For a moment he brandished it on high. With this weapon, he knew - though final defeat was inevitable, when reinforcements should arrive - he could sweep a clear space.

Perhaps he might even yet escape! He heard feet trampling on the stairs, and his heart died within him. Well, even though escape were impossible, he would fight to a finish and die game, if die he must!

Down swung the chair, and round, crashing to ruin as it struck the policeman who was just getting to his feet again. Oaths, cries, screams made the place hideous. Dust rose, and blood began to flow.

Armed now only with one leg of the chair, Gabriel retreated; and as he went, he hurled the bitterness of all his scorn and hate upon these vile conspirators.

And as he flayed them with his tongue, he struck; and like Samson against the Philistines, he did great execution.

Like Samson, too, he lost his power through a woman's treachery. For, even as the attackers seemed to fall back, shattered and at a loss before such fury and tremendous strength, behind Gabriel the woman rose, a laugh of malice on her lips, the policeman's long and heavy night-stick in her hand.

A moment she poised it, crouching, as he - seeing her not - swung his weapon and hurled his defiance at the baffled men in front.

Then, aiming at the base of the skull, she struck.

Sudden bright lights spangled the darkness, for Gabriel. Everything whirled about, in dizzying confusion. A strange, far roaring sounded in his ears.

Then he fell; and oblivion took him to its blessed peace and rest; and all was still and black.

(To be Continued.)

The Rip-Saw Editors' Routes

E. V. Debs June Trip table with columns for location, day, and date.

E. V. Debs July Trip

Table with columns for location, day, and date for July trip.

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Table with columns for location, day, and date for Mrs. O'Hare's Southwest dates.

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"The efficiency of any drug" says Dr. C. P. Robbins, "is known to us by the results we obtain from its use. If we are able to control pain and disease by means of any preparation, we certainly are warranted in its use. One of the principal symptoms of all diseases is pain, and this is what the patient most often applies to us for, i. e. something to relieve his pain. If we can arrest this promptly, the patient is most liable to trust in us for the other remedies which will effect a permanent cure. One remedy which I have used largely in my practice is Anti-kamnia Tablets. Many and varied are their uses. I have put them to the test on many occasions, and have never been disappointed. I found them especially valuable for headaches of malarial origin, where quinine was being taken. They appear to prevent the bad after-effects of the quinine. Anti-kamnia Tablets are also excellent for the headaches from improper digestion; also for headaches of a neuralgic origin, and especially for women subject to pains at certain times. Two Anti-kamnia Tablets give prompt relief, and in a short time the patient is able to go about as usual." These tablets may be obtained at all druggists. Ask for A-K Tablets. They are also unexcelled for headaches, neuralgia and all pains.

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David, The Giant Killer

By Oscar Ameringer

David Goldstein was named after the manly Hebrew boy who killed Goliath. He is the only Knight of Columbus who was christened by a Rabbi. It is rumored that no holy water was used in the operation.

With such an auspicious start in life, it was only natural that David should develop a strong desire to distinguish himself in the eyes of the world. David wanted to tackle something big and the biggest thing he could find was Socialism and he went after it.

One of the most serious objections which David has against Socialism is that there are not only too many Socialists, but also too many varieties of Socialists. To his mind there should be only one kind of Socialism instead of 57 kinds. The allusion to the 57 varieties he borrowed from a celebrated pickle manufacturer.

Now I admit that 57 varieties of Socialism is a poor showing. Christianity, for instance, produced nearly a thousand varieties. But it must be remembered that Socialism is young yet. Give us a chance, Dave.

How The Trouble Started

The mistake of the founders of the Socialist movement is that they did not build along the lines of the Roman church of medieval times. Karl Marx should have claimed divine inspiration for his writings. At least he should have written Capital in a dead language, chained it to a wall and burned as heretics every fellow who didn't believe what was in the book. This is the only way to prevent varieties of interpretations and schismatism.

The disciples of Marx were equally neglectful in this respect. If they had organized a holy inquisition after the Roman pattern for the preservation of the only true faith there would be only one variety of Socialism today.

What Might Have Been

I see before my eyes a spacious chamber illuminated by a few torches stuck into holes in the solid masonry. A number of somber looking judges dressed in black gowns sit on an elevation. Only their eyes are visible. In front of them is a table covered with black cloth. In the center of the table reposes a large book bearing the inscription "Das Kapital" by Karl Marx. Two burning wax candles flank the book. Behind it there is a skull decorated with cross-bones. Implements usually found in a butcher shop are scattered over the room.

Heavy steps and the clanking of chains are heard in the distance. They come nearer. The solid iron bound oak door swings

on its creaking hinges. Three burly men, apparently members of the amalgamated association of meat cutters and sausage makers, drag a naked prisoner before the inquisitors.

The culprit refuses to kiss the book and is pushed into an armchair lined with pointed spikes. A look of pained surprise steals over his face. I now hear the solemn voice of the chief inquisitor saying:

"You are accused of having denied the immaculate conception of the theory of surplus value. What is your defense?"

Culprit: "In thinking over the matter I have come to the opinion that there are serious doubts con—"

Chief Inquisitor: "Nuff said. You have confessed to the heinous crime of thinking and forming opinions of your own and doubting the inspired words of the Gospel according to Karl Marx. You are condemned to die on the easy installment plan during the next three months. The brothers of the amalgamated association of meat cutters and sausage makers will alternately partly boil and partly roast you from now until good Friday on which day they will chop off your hands, gouge out your eyes, draw and quarter what's left, and bury the remains in unconsecrated ground. And may God have mercy upon your poor soul."

That's the way they used to deal with heretics in the good old times before Luther busted the Hell and Heaven transportation trust and re-established competition among the preachers. The holy inquisition kept down religious varieties for many centuries. What a pity that a bright man like Marx should have failed to provide for a similar institution for the Socialist movement. But what's the use to cry over spilled milk.

To save my life I cannot think of a way to prevent the 57 varieties of Socialists from varying. If we had only a kind of an infallible high Socialist who would do the interpreting for the rest of us. But alas, there is only one infallible man in this world—and he's got a job already.

THE REVOLUTION IN SONG AND STORY

A choice selection of poems of Freedom and Revolt, from the pens of the world's most revolutionary poets, comprising such well known writers as James G. Clark, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Rudyard Kipling, Gerald Massey, Charles MacKay, Henry M. Tichenor and others. This book is of inestimable value to both old and young Socialists, in furnishing the very best recitations for public meetings. It fills a long felt want. Price, prepaid, 15 cents. Address J. A. Williams, Publisher and Compiler, P. O. Box 708, Sawtelle, California.

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If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

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Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:— Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON, No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

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Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

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

Very sincerely yours, SAM A. HOOVER.

High Point, N. C.

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C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir:— The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your Appliance and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner, our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly, ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

21 Janson St., Dubuque, Iowa.

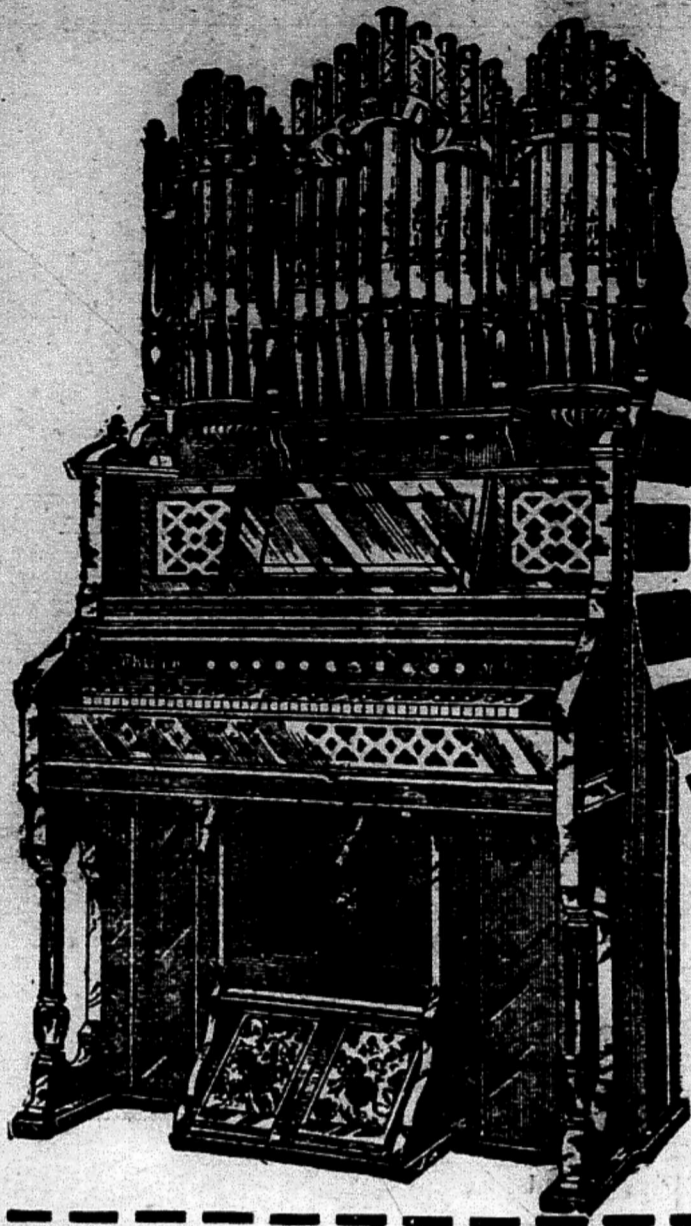
The Brooks Appliance

is the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. Durable, cheap. Write today.

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Waynesville, No. Carolina, March 20th, 1914. J. B. Thiery, Milwaukee, Wis., Dear Sir—The organ that I ordered and received from you seven years ago, is the finest in our country, giving perfect satisfaction all the time. I am glad I got one of your organs, because the tone is so perfect and sweet. Although I bought it seven years ago, I thought I would write and tell you how I like it now. Yours very truly, J. W. BURRESS.

Parkton, Maryland, March 14, 1914. J. B. Thiery, Dear Sir—Please send me a pedal strap for my organ. I bought the organ from you over seven years ago and this is the first repairs it has required. It is a fine instrument, as good as the day you shipped it to me, and it has had hard usage. Thanking you, I remain, yours, Mrs. CLARA MILLER.

Dallas, Georgia, Jan. 23, 1914. Mr. J. B. Thiery, Dear Sir—Please send me a piano book, as I have a friend who has seen my organ and wants to know your piano prices and terms. I have played on lots of \$75.00 and \$100.00 organs, but none of them sound as strong or are as clear in tone as this organ that I got from you several years ago. Yours, I. B. BULLOCK, R. 1, Box 2B.

Ft. Kent, Maine, Jan. 30, 1914. J. B. Thiery, Dear Sir—I have had the organ which I bought from you for over nine months. It is perfect and all you claim for it and more. I think it is the sweetest toned organ I ever heard. Compared with the other organs around here, it is superior in every respect. You are at liberty to use this testimonial any time you want to. Yours, MRS. ANNA RAYMOND.

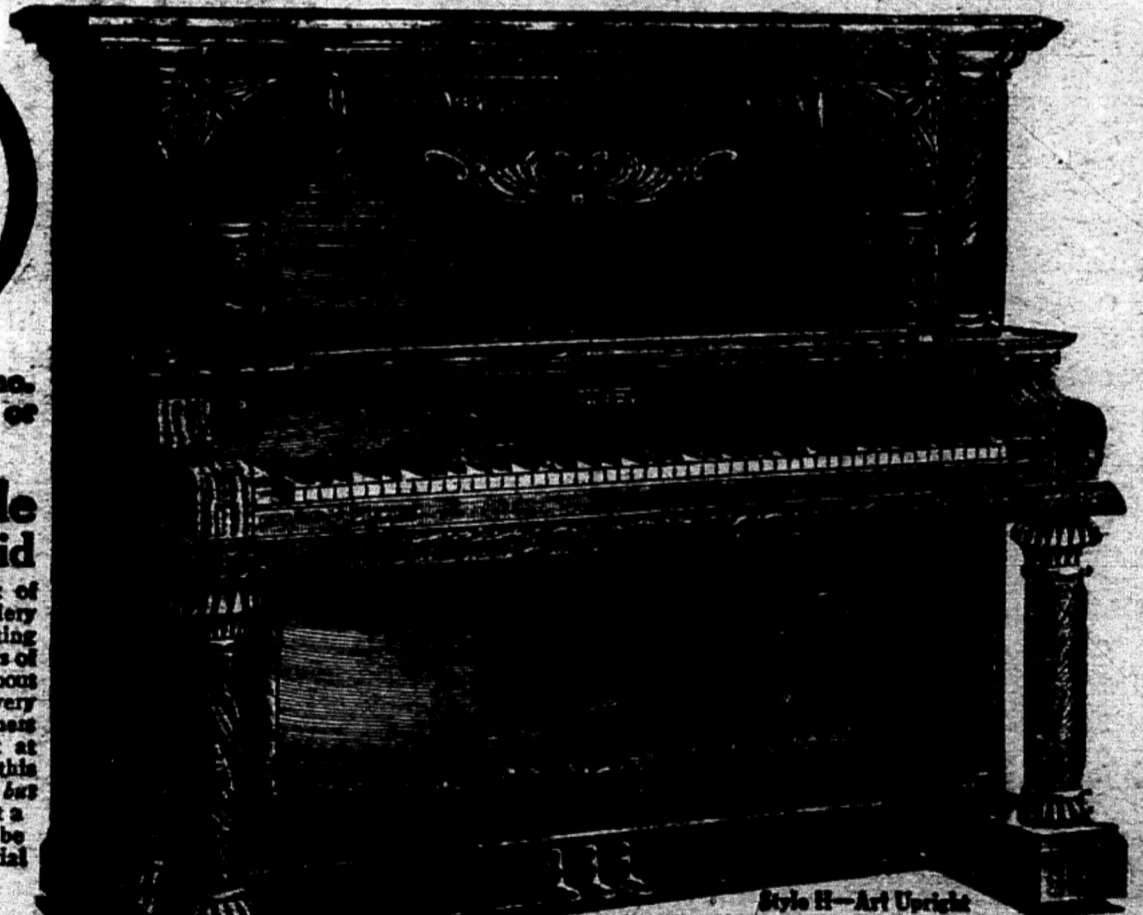
George W. Wright, Justice of the Peace at Peakland, Missouri, purchased a Thiery organ in 1910 and he writes—"The Thiery organ is better than we expected. We of course, were looking to get a good organ when we bought from you, but the organ you sent us, is as fine in tone and better in workmanship than other organs around here costing \$85.00 to \$125.00.



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J. B. THIERY, Milwaukee, Wis.—Without obligation on my part, mail to me at once, postpaid, your new Style Book as checked below, order blanks, prices and everything pertaining to your proposition, as advertised in National Rip-Saw.

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