



Look Out, or the Germs Will Get You

By Henry M. Tichenor

If the medical fraternity do not stop discovering disease germs and the way the pesky things are carried and absorbed into the human system, there will be nothing left for the people to do in order to keep well but to wash in the creek, sleep on the grass and run around without any clothes on.

Disease germs and modern conveniences seem to come to us in the same package.

Not long ago kissing was tabooed by the doctors. When you kiss your best girl by the old garden gate beneath the silvery moon, you and the girl are simply both swapping an assortment of tiny bugs that are liable to land either or both of you in the hospital. And now a prominent physician says that toothbrushes are the worst kind of breeding spots for germs—even worse than towels and drinking cups.

It appears that whatever touches our persons should never be used more than once, and should be soaked 24 hours in a solution of alcohol, lye and carbolic acid before applying.

All underwear, hosiery, and even shoes, should be burned before retiring, and pajamas should

go to the bonfire the first thing in the morning, together with the bedding and mattress. A man is allowed to wear the same pair of pants three or four days, providing he has them examined by the board of health. It's the same way with the ladies' gowns. Under no circumstances should handkerchiefs be used. When you want to blow your nose, take it to a plumber, and demand a new blowpipe for the operation. Never get into a bathtub where anybody else has bathed, or eat

with a knife and fork that another has used. You are exposed to the germs every time you do these things. Do not breathe the same air that you have breathed before, nor sit on a chair that has been previously sat on. Every sitting hatches germs that are waiting to inflict themselves on the next sitter. In fact it is better not to sit at all. Keep moving, or the germs will get you.

Disease germs are not known to travel, except when carried by some such means as mosquitoes,

flies and rumor. Clothing made in sweatshops furnishes a convenient vehicle to carry germs.

Also wells dug adjacent to a barnyard or cesspool. Rivers and streams, into which cities and towns dump their sewerage are great resorts for germs. It appears that about the only safe drinking place these days is a brewery. Germs exist in everything we devour that has been handled by human hands. All such food is unfit to eat. The butcher and baker and cook should be provided with disinfected gloves. Farmers and truck gardeners should wear a suit of rubber tights soaked in bichloride of lime.

There are many other precautions that people should observe in order to keep strong and healthy, that are too numerous to mention. Among these may be cited the democratic and republican parties—many a poor workingman has wasted away from association with these. Also, if you value your health, avoid war. War contains more deadly germs than all the other foul things known.

All germs, we are told, come from filth.

It seems too bad we are not socially and physically clean.

We would then have no germs to afflict us.



—Minor in the N. Y. Call.

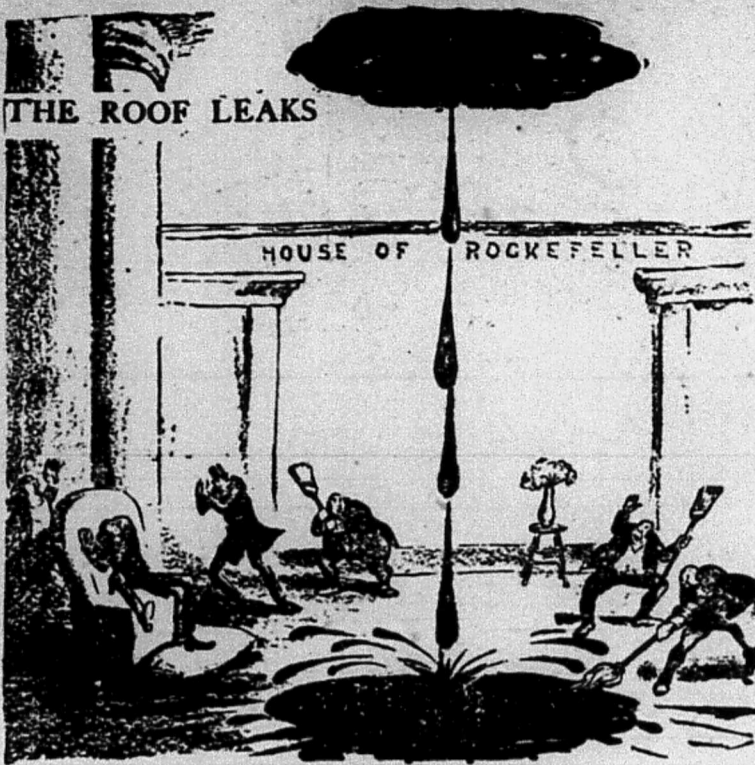
BIG BUSINESS INTERESTS: "Think of the Millions of Dollars of Profits there is in Sight if We Conclude to Send Him Out to be Butchered!"

"A Mere Scrap of Paper"



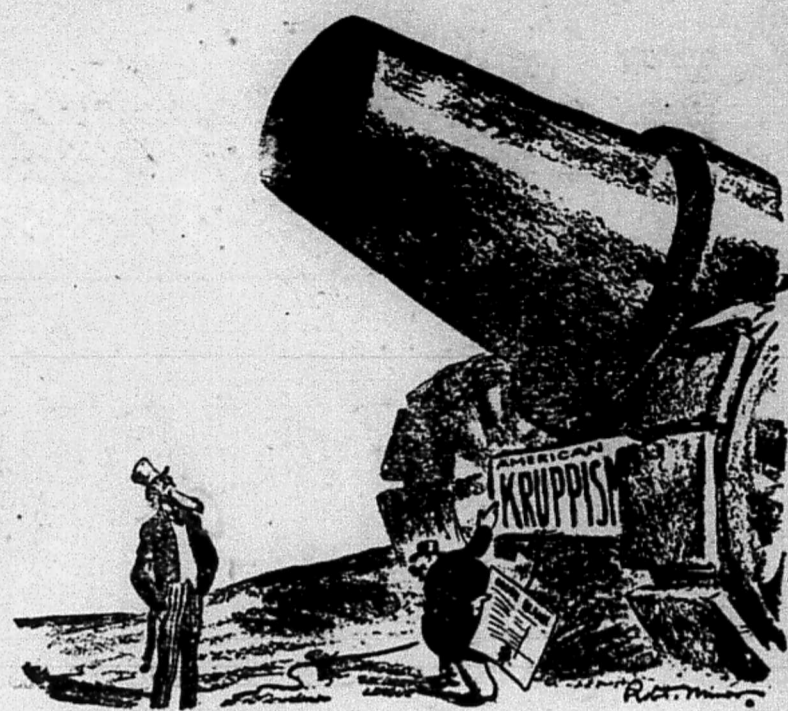
Whenever Labor Chooses to Regard It as Such.

THE ROOF LEAKS



WITH THE BLOOD OF LUDLOW

The Surest Way to Get Into Trouble Is to "Tote a Gun"



ON TO MEXICO!



Robert Minor

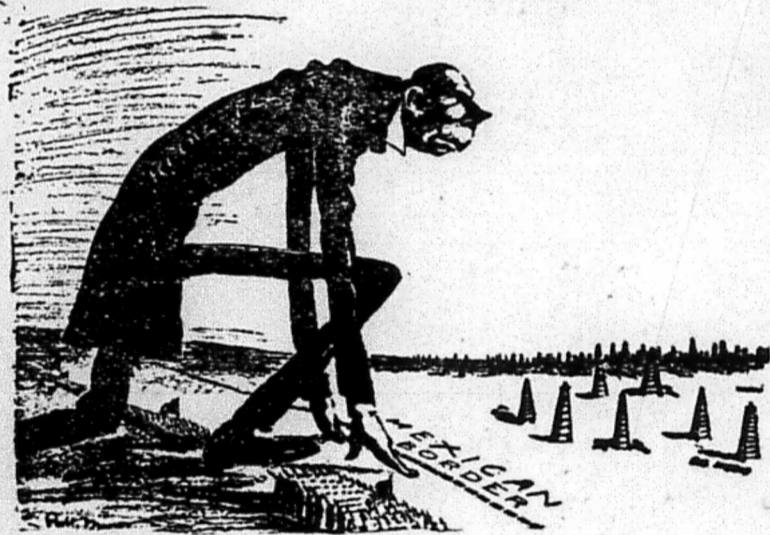


The WORKERS of America have no quarrel with the WORKERS of Germany, England, or any other country!

Stealing Our Stuff



SAVE MEXICO! (For Me)



The Capitalist Viewpoint

"There's a Job for Every Man"



THE FATAL ERROR



Byran Took His Conscience to Discuss the "Moral" Issue.

IS THIS HONOR?



What Do You Mean With a Trade Union to Raise Your Pay? Get a Trade Union



Cartoons by Robt. Minor in the N. Y. Call

Editorial



Section

By **EUGENE V. DEBS**

THE HONORED NAME OF LINCOLN

"Honest Abe" would have blushed to the roots of his hair could he have seen his degenerate son before the Federal Board of Industrial Relations.

The honored name of Lincoln has no reference to the Robert T. Lincoln, President of the Pullman Palace Car Co., pal to the Lake Shore plutocrats of Chicago, who admitted in his testimony that his rich and powerful corporation allowed its colored porters to depend upon public charity for subsistence.

Whatever the colored race may owe to "Honest Abe," the father of rich Robert, the colored porters certainly owe nothing to rich Robert, the son of "Honest Abe."

Looking upon this well-groomed, fine-haired aristocratic son of Abraham Lincoln, one can hardly help exclaiming, IS IT POSSIBLE?

It seems too extreme a plunge from one generation to another, for in his proud scornful, plutocratic attitude toward not only the colored porters but toward the whole mass of common people, Robert T. Lincoln is the incarnation of all his noble father abhorred and opposed and the denial of all that gave his illustrious name to martyrdom.

One out of every six wage-earners in New York City is out of employment, according to the report to the investigation recently made by the Department of Labor of the United States government. The exact figures given in the report are as follows: Whole number of wage earners 2,455,000; out of employment 398,000. If this is not a staggering indictment of capitalism and a deadly menace to the capitalist system it is only because the people are too blind to see the impending revolution and the dark shadows it casts before it until it overwhelms and engulfs them.

The forces at war in Europe, today, the forces of murder and devastation, are SOCIAL forces, and if the forces of peace and progress, of production and prosperity were as efficiently organized, the hell of capitalism would be speedily transformed into a social paradise.

FRANK P. WALSH, CHAIRMAN

There must have been some mistake on the part of the gentlemen who govern this country in allowing Frank P. Walsh to become chairman of the federal commission on industrial relations. The commission was intended more as a political asset than as an inquisitorial body and Walsh either misunderstood its real purpose or else was not the kind of a man to be used for conducting a bogus investigation. The latter appears to be the fair inference in the light of his vigorous, thorough and fearless efforts to get at the facts underlying industrial unrest and giving them to the people.

Frank P. Walsh has succeeded in an amazing degree in a most difficult undertaking. He has done his best, even in spite of the protest of his own colleagues, to get down to rock-bottom in his investigation. He has betrayed no fear and he has played no favorites. Every witness that appeared before the board was given full opportunity to tell his story, and Rockefeller counted for no more than a Colorado coal digger.

The capitalist press in large part concluded long ago that a mistake had been made in placing Walsh at the head of this commission. Without a doubt. Had they known Walsh he would never have been where he is and he certainly is marked by the predatory powers of Wall street for decapitation as soon as they can get their hands on him.

If Walsh has been in the least severe with Rockefeller, as charged, it was only because of the extremest provocation. Any other chairman might have fawned at the feet of this smooth and oily Lord of Ludlow but Walsh, fortunately, was not built that way.

Not only has Chairman Walsh been thorough in his investigation, but he has been fearless and outspoken in his condemnation of the causes of poverty and misery, of slavery and degradation among the workers, and in pointing out the fundamental changes necessary to effect a reformation.

Chairman Walsh is not a socialist, but he has proved himself an honest, capable and fearless public servant and in the investigation conducted by the federal board of which he is chairman, he has rendered a distinct and lasting service to the working class and the country.

A YEAR OF HUMAN SLAUGHTER

It is now almost a year since the nations of Europe fell upon one another at the behest of their ruling classes in the most terrible war that ever deluged the earth with blood. There are now eleven powerful nations involved in the slaughter and how much longer the conflict will last until the participants have been bled into exhaustion, bankruptcy and ruin, no one can possibly foretell.

All the opposition that could be mustered against the overwhelming tide of war madness went down before it and was swept into the raging red hell that has been roaring ever since. The socialists protested with all their might but in vain; their movement, the pride and joy and inspiration of their lives, was not strong enough to resist the avalanche and the mad fury is still raging and its insatiate maw is still clamoring for more victims.

But there is no use to weep over this latest catastrophe of capitalism. As long as the world tolerates kings and rulers and exploiters and are willing to be driven to the shambles like sheep and swine, they will have to pay the price of their ignorance, cowardice and servility to the last farthing.

So far as socialists are concerned the war has but verified their indictment of capitalist misrule. It is a thousand pities that they were not strong enough in their faith and loyalty to internationalism to stand like a granite wall against war after it was declared as well as before and to die together in the cause of peace and humanity rather than to die on foreign soil slaughtering one another.

But what might have been has nothing to do with what ought to be. The lesson now being enforced upon socialists will not be in vain. The international will be reorganized and on a stronger foundation than before. But one thing should be distinctly understood and that is that it must have a war policy which cannot be construed in a dozen different ways. The international that is to be must utterly outlaw war and declare against the abomination under any and all circumstances, and those so-called socialists who prefer nationalism to internationalism must never be given another chance to betray and destroy the movement.

Just prior to the sudden change of attitude on the part of the administration toward Mexico, with the threat of interference in Mexican affairs, the capitalist press slobbered great sobs over the pitiable condition of the poor starving Mexicans.

Consistency, you are some jewel.

More men and women and children are on the ragged edge of poverty in the industrial centers of the United States than there are inhabitants of Mexico.

The men whom the ruling class always depend upon to go to war—the "heroes" to be sacrificed like dumb beasts to the god Mars—are not howling themselves hoarse this time—they are not going plumb nuts over the glory of spilling their blood and bleaching their bones on a boodlers' battlefield.

There are other horrors besides the sinking of the Lusitania—other poverty besides the peons of Mexico. The spirits of the slaughtered at Ludlow—the voices from the graves where sleep the unavenged charred bodies of mothers and babes—these call louder than the dead that went down with England's ship loaded with ammunitions of war. Better settle with the Butchers of Ludlow before we tackle the German Kaiser.

SHIELDING THE ROCKEFELLERS

President Wilson's part in the crime of Colorado reflects not one particle of credit upon him or his administration. In the first place, when he was appealed to by the people of Colorado to stop the bloody war that was being waged by Rockefeller's army of gunmen upon defenseless women and children, he very meekly approached the Rockefellers and was bluntly turned down by them. He had no "authority" to act and that ended his part in the affair.

The president abjectly surrendered to the plutocrat.

Rockefeller the standard oil magnate was quite evidently a good deal bigger man than Wilson the president of the United States.

When Chairman Walsh of the Federal Commission caught Rockefeller, Jr. in a lie that was criminal under the circumstances and called on President Wilson to furnish the commission with the

correspondence that passed between the White House, Rockefeller and the Governor of Colorado, the president declined the request. It would not do to have Rockefeller exposed as a hypocrite, a falsifier and a criminal. He had sworn at his previous appearance before the commission that he had nothing to do with managing the situation in Colorado and with the shameless butchery and persecution of the miners and their wives and children and it would be a great injustice to the rich man and his powerful gang to have the truth come out that he supervised and directed the bloody campaign against the coal diggers and their families from start to finish.

In the beginning Rockefeller turned down Wilson with contempt. At the close Wilson nobly shielded the standard oil criminal. Of course President Wilson could not afford to offend Rockefeller and the powerful and criminal interests behind him.

The railroad employes of the western states may now contemplate at their leisure the beneficence of arbitration under the capitalist system. After waiting many weary months and expending hundreds of thousands of hard-earned dollars, they were turned away almost empty-handed by the capitalist arbitrators. The simple lesson is that as long as the railroads and other great industries are privately owned they will control the government and arbitration under such conditions is a brace game with the employes left to hold bag.

The conviction of John R. Lawson to a life sentence for fighting for the miners in the Colorado strike warns every worker in the state that Rockefeller is in supreme control and that his courts have no mercy on union men. This peonage, humiliating as it is, becomes a positive tragedy when it is remembered that the judges who preside over these capitalist courts that pronounce the doom of workingmen, were all elected by workingmen. It seems unbelievable. When, oh when, will workingmen cease betraying themselves and their class into slavery?

The agitation for the release of Pat Quinlan from the penitentiary in New Jersey is growing apace and the demand of the working class in behalf of their unjustly convicted comrade is becoming more and more insistent and emphatic. Quinlan is innocent. The silk barons of New Jersey had him railroaded. His conviction is nothing less than infamous and even a large section of the capitalist press joins in the demand for his liberation. Keep up the agitation until Pat Quinlan again breathes the air of freedom.

THE STRUGGLE IN MEXICO

Although overshadowed by the war in Europe the struggle in Mexico goes steadily on and the revolution progresses irresistibly toward its goal. The powerful interests of the rich foreign looters who under Diaz and later under Huerta seized the great landed estates, the railroads, mines, mills and everything else they could get their hands on, are putting forth their mightiest efforts to defeat the revolution and to drive the Mexican people back to peonage and starvation. But the Mexican revolutionists, the landless, toolless, jobless proletariat are grimly determined not to yield until they have wrung satisfactory concessions from their looters and exploiters and until Mexico is forever free from their accursed misrule.

The capitalist government of the United States has no business to intervene in the Mexican struggle to aid Wall street gamblers in getting another strangle-hold on Mexico, but there is every reason why the working class of the United States should make common cause with the struggling Mexican comrades and render them all the aid and support possible to achieve their emancipation.

Industrial democracy is the demand of the oppressed and exploited and their revolutionary propaganda is spreading rapidly over all the earth.

Ex-president Taft in a recent lecture bewailed the tyranny and oppression the country suffers from the labor movement. Alas, William, thou art blind as a mole when it comes to seeing the crimes of the plundering plutocracy and the splendid virtues of the organized workers in their struggle for emancipation!

The industrial unionist is the true apostle of industrial emancipation.

Organize the workers according to their industries; blot out the craft divisions between trades and make clear and distinct the class division between the workers and their exploiters.

Every bit of well directed energy put into the labor movement hastens by just that extent the day of victory.

Socialism is the most inspiring shibboleth ever inscribed upon the banner of the working class.

ROCKEFELLER AND LAWSON

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. lied suavely before the Federal Board of Industrial Relations in the vain attempt to conceal his crime.

John R. Lawson bluntly told the truth in the vain attempt to have justice done in Colorado.

Rockefeller still enjoys his ill-gotten riches while Lawson goes to penitentiary for life.

The virtue of being a plutocrat and the crime of being a labor leader have here a shining illustration.

Rockefeller typifies capital, the man-eating exploiter; Lawson typifies labor, the exploited wage-slave.

And yet there are those who have the brazen audacity to declare that there are no classes and to deny that there is a class-struggle.

Rockefeller can do no wrong; Lawson can do nothing else.

Rockefeller is not only the master of the job, but he holds the key to the jail and to question his authority as Lawson did is to go behind the bars and die a felon's death.

There is but one way to change this tragic situation and that is for the toilers to unite their forces, make common cause all along the line, and sweep the infernal Rockefeller system out of existence.

Don't waste your precious time on trifles; join hands with your fellow-workers in moving the world up out of slavery into the realms of freedom.

Industrial unionism is the only kind that means industrial solidarity and that fits the workers for industrial freedom.

The Civic Federation is capitalism's royal seal of approval of the Gompers antiquated craft-union machine.

When the conquered and subjugated Poles appealed to Napoleon Bonaparte to liberate their nation, the answer of the great Corsican was, "Only nations can liberate themselves." The same answer applies to the working class; only the workers can liberate themselves.

When the war is over socialism will spread as never before and the new International will be more uncompromisingly revolutionary and powerful than ever before.

The legal right of an employer to discharge an employe for the crime of belonging to a labor union has now been established by the supreme court of the United States. This is perfectly consistent with capitalist despotism. The man who owns the job is master of the slave on the job.

The tendency of the whole wide world is toward industrial and social democracy.

It is well to note that while everything is going up, including the banks, the purchasing power of the worker's dollar is steadily going down.

Robert Minor and The New York Call

The RIP-SAW calls especial attention to the cartoons by Robert Minor that appear on another page. This artist is acknowledged as one of the past masters of his profession, and has been for several years on the St. Louis POST-DISPATCH and NEW YORK WORLD. He is now devoting his brilliant talents to the cause of Socialism, and his inimitable work is appearing regularly in the NEW YORK CALL, the great Socialist daily of the east. The CALL is not only to be congratulated in securing the services of Robert Minor, but should be supported all over the United States by the Socialists as an earnest appreciation of this new and splendid feature of propogation.

The Young People's Socialist League is rendering yeoman service to the socialist movement. The young men and women who compose its membership, filled with the enthusiasm generated by the revolution in their youthful, virile souls, are intensely active in promoting the propaganda and building up the party wherever they are organized. It is an inspiration to be among these stirring young revolutionists. Their enthusiasm amounts to a holy passion that is infectious and sweeps all things before it. Where there is a Young People's Socialist League the socialist local is always alive and active and every socialist meeting is a success. Our salutation to the Young People's Socialist League, and may it be organized soon in every industrial center in the land!

ENGLAND'S WAR BABIES

Kate Richards O'Hare

England is face to face today with the knotty problem of the "war baby"; not alone the babies born of the farce marriages whose mothers were "war brides," but the thousands of babies born of mothers over whom neither priest or clergyman said a "war marriage" ceremony; the uncounted thousands of girls and women who will bear the children of the men who have died on the battlefield or will die there—the illegitimate children of England's "heroes." And England—smug, self satisfied, hypocritical England is messing and blundering over the problem of the "war baby" as she has messed and blundered over every social problem. From some sources the unmarried mothers of heroes' babies are condemned, from others lauded and by the great mass of the ruling class ignored as far as possible.

Mr. Ronald McNeill, a member of Parliament, informs us that "all over England, in districts where troops were quartered, a great number of 'war babies' were in prospect—2000 in the region about one camp." In discussing the problem, Mr. McNeill, as reported in the "Literary Digest," says.

"It is just such a problem as the British public is prone to hide away, and to say and think as little about as possible. But to ignore or conceal the truth would be moral cowardice of the deepest dye. To allow events to take their own course, without recognizing an imperative public duty toward the young unmarried mothers and their offspring, would be a national crime.

"It is not as if we were merely faced with the problem of illegitimacy on an unexampled scale and in an acuter form than ever before. All the circumstances are unprecedented. Sacred as are human life and character at all times, the present wastage of the most vigorous of our manhood sets a stamp of exceptional value on the approaching increment of population. No effort should be spared to secure that these children come into the world under healthy conditions, and are reared so as to be a credit, both morally and physically, to the country; and it is not less imperative that the mothers, both for the children's sake and their own, should be saved from the degradation which too often follows a single lapse from virtue.

"Are they, the offspring of the heroes of the Marne, of Ypres, of Neuve Chapelle, to carry through life the stigma of shame for 'irregular birth'? Are they, who on eugenic principles should be the most virile of our race, to be handicapped from the start by impoverishment, both of physical constitution and of moral character, through the ignorance, prejudice, and injustice of their earliest environment?"

"A certain amount of charitable amateur effort is being made to meet the needs of the case by ladies who have become aware of the facts. . . . What is wanted is for the religious leaders of the nation, in the first place, to come forward with an honest and courageous pronouncement that under existing circumstances the mothers of our soldiers' children are to be treated with no scorn or dishonor, and that the infants themselves should receive a

loyal and unshamed welcome."

The London Daily News quotes Dr. Barbara Tchaykovsky:

"We are losing heavily on the battlefields, and we are about to receive an abnormal number of new lives. Shall we, knowing the fact of their arrival into conditions that kill and maim, stand aside like the crew of a German submarine watching the death struggle of their unfortunate victims? Shall we lift no hand to save those who may fill the gaps in our nation's loss?"

"Most babies are born healthy; and if the military doctors have done their duty to the troops under their care, these 'war-babies' should be healthier than illegitimate children in general, just because their fathers have been living with a higher standard of health and hygiene while under military discipline and medical control. Woman's work, then, is clear—to secure to these 'war-mothers,' for the sake of their babies, what Sir George Newman calls the minimum requirements for healthy motherhood, i. e.,

"First, relief from heavy labor before and after childbirth.

men; from the shattered homes and the wailing cries of outraged women; from the childbed and in the birth pangs of thousands of "war babies" are Socialism and Socialists being vindicated of the slimy, lying charges of its enemies. For years we have suffered in helpless resentment while every smug, self satisfied hypocrite or ignoramus who wished to curry favor with the ruling class piously charged us with every vice and crime known to man.

Fat paunched clergymen have declared with great sadness that Socialism would destroy religion, undermine morality and pervert our beautiful Christian ethics. Respectable reformers have gravely admitted with a ponderous show of learning that social conditions were shockingly bad, but opined that Socialism was quite

has been committed against the human race.

Orthodox religion has received a blow from which it can never recover and today the religion of the past is dust and ashes as truly and as surely as are the great cathedrals leveled by cannon balls. The ethics of the sweet-souled Nazarene are sodden with blood, foul with rotting flesh and buried from the sight of man in the wreckage of war. The moral standards that have been the foundations and props of civilization are crushed into splinters. The most radical proposals of the most radical socialists have been outdone a hundred-fold in the grim necessity of war. Class has not been set against class, but half the nations of the world are clawing at each other's throats and all the laws of God and man have been trampled under the feet of the lust-crazed, war-mad, blood-thirsty horde that has lost all semblance to human nature. The sacredness of the marriage tie is no more. The holy instinct to mate has been shorn of every pure and holy aspect and cast into the face of the world as a brutal necessity to produce human lives to glut the sateless lust of the war demons.

In that short year we have also seen the fat paunched clergy, the prostituted press, the "kept" intellectuals and the pious goody-goodies right-about-face and accept as right and just and pious all the hellish crimes they charged the Socialists with fostering. Like well trained poodles these parasites on the master class have continued to take orders from their masters. When the master class cried "charge Socialism with all manner of vice and crime," they obeyed. When the grim necessity of war compelled the master class to commit all and more of the crimes and vices with which Socialism had been foully charged, the masters cried to their poodles, "Defend us!" and each little poodle set up his yawp of defense of the master class. When the masters called millions of men to go out and place upon their foreheads the brand of Cain, from altar and pulpit, from editorial sanctum and college hall, came the cry that war was righteous, murder holy and hate a virtue, while those who hesitated and shrank from wetting their hands in human blood were assured that rivers of gore were a welcome sight to God's eyes and the smell of rotting flesh a sweet odor to his nostrils. When the laws of nations and of humanity were repudiated by the master class, their retainers piously declared "It is necessary for the preservation of our nations and

\$ TE DEUM \$

By Henry M. Tichenor

O LORD, we had a day of prayer—we prayed our level best—we prayed to Thee the wicked war might cease—we are acting strictly neutral in the bloody slaughter-fest, as we hide behind the lowly Prince of Peace; the world knows we are pious by the way we talk and pray;—but if Germany won't let us ship and sell, in the name of Peace and Piety we'll butt into the fray—for there's PROFIT in the sale of shot and shell!

—AMEN.

"Second, adequate nourishment for mother, and therefore child.

"Thirdly, intelligent management of infancy.

"Attempts are being made to ascertain the approximate number of prospective 'war-mothers' in order to deal with the emergency on national lines, and to press on the Government for legislation and on local authorities for the immediate establishment of—

"First, lying-in hospitals and midwifery assistance at home.

"Secondly, feeding-centers for expectant and nursing mothers.

"Thirdly, schools for mothers.

"Fourthly, extension of staff of health visitors in the local public-health departments."

And the good Bishop of Oxford is quoted as saying:

"The controversy indicates a very wide-spread laxity of sentiment and feeling with regard to sexual matters. I do not doubt in the least that of the two vices, intemperance and immorality, the latter is working incomparably greater havoc. There is also an extraordinary and almost universal laxity of the sanctity of the marriage vow."

Surely we Socialists can say with the prophet of old: "vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord and I will repay." From the bloody shambles of the battlefields of Europe and in the dying moans of millions of murdered

too radical, it would set class against class, it weakened our respect for law and was contrary to human nature. And all the while, all of the smug, the ignorant, the self satisfied and the hypocritical—the "kept intellectuals," the prostituted press and the pious goody-goodies have wept and wailed, whined and howled that Socialism would destroy the sacredness of the marriage relation, loose a saturnalia of lust and plunge the world into a bloody revolution.

In vain we Socialists have tried to teach these wilfully ignorant and bigoted mouters of cant and lies that it was capitalism that threatened all they feared, but they shut their eyes and stopped their ears and blindly led their blind followers into the ditch of hell together. Socialism has not come to pass, but capitalism has reached its full fruition and in one short year we have seen every charge ever made against us realized as a hellish living fact, and every crime we have been charged with fostering

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social order and therefore right and just." When the deadly toll of modern machines of warfare threatened to wipe out the men of the warring nations, the ruling class felt the need of new human lives to take the place of the wastage of the battlefields and the doctrine of "war brides" and "war babies" replaced Christian morality and the sacredness of the marriage tie.

The New York Times, in an editorial states very clearly just how sacred are the marriage tie and the virtue of women to the ruling class when master class necessity has need that they should be ignored:

"The State and Church both in Germany and England advocated "war marriages" to the point just short of demanding them. The marriage ceremony was performed wholesale and for nothing. Every girl who had a sweetheart, or could get one was urged to marry and then send him away to the war.

*Why should an American Citizen be permitted to involve his country in war by traveling upon a belligerent ship, when he knows that the ship will pass through a danger zone? * * * American passenger ships should be prohibited from carrying ammunition. The lives of passengers ought not to be endangered by cargoes of ammunition, whether the danger comes from possible explosions from within or from possible attacks from without. Passengers and ammunition should not travel together.—William J. Bryan.*

The Church of England especially encouraged women to become "war brides" in order thereby to fulfil their duty to the race. But that was only to subordinate and degrade the ideal of marriage to a physical necessity—the necessity in the face of war to propagate the race at an abnormal rate. Neither the State or popular emotion was interested in the happiness of these marriages—only the physical results were considered."

In all the official circles of England there has arisen no one of authority and prominence brave and honest enough to admit that the "war babies" are but the inevitable result of the sex starvation of England's women acted upon by the sudden downfall of master class ethics, morality and religion.

In the NATIONAL RIP-SAW of March, 1914, I had a story of "THE HUSBANDLESS WOMEN OF ENGLAND" and those who read it will remember that

Mr. Gompers and his Executive Council helped elect a good many capitalists and their henchmen to public office and in return for these labors, so generously bestowed, labor has received a swat in the jaw and had the seat of its pants kicked out. However, this is of little concern to Mr. Gompers as long as the gang regularly boosts his pay.

Another gigantic bomb-plot has been foiled in New York City by the slimy sleuths that instigated it. Curtain and slow fire!


I stated that at the time I visited England, there were 1,838,594 more females than males on the British Isles. Of these at least a million was of marriageable age and had no hope whatever of marriage. In speaking of them I said:


"The most frightful thing I saw in England were these souls and hearts starved for love. Like some frightful vision there comes to me still the memory of those wistful eyed maidens and flat chested, withered old maids who know not love and never can know it. Again I see the women who have never had lovers; who have never been sweethearts; women who have never waited in the moonlight for the men of their choice; who have never felt the handclasp of love or the kiss of passion; women who will never know the glory of giving their love; never know the sweet agony of waiting for the coming of children;

never know the joy of sacrifice that goes with travail and never know the touch of baby lips to waiting breasts."

In a single week these love-starved women saw the world of master class religion, ethics and morals crash into nothingness and they lived in a world where the primitive law of self-preservation and selfish desire ruled. Gone were the chains and bars of the morality that the master class had forced upon them. Tossed on waves of passion and gripped by mighty emotions called into being by war, what wonder that they harkened to the call of sex and if unable to secure a "war husband" by sanction of the church, they flocked about the training camps and gave to the soldier heroes all they had to give—their bodies. The crop of "war babies" that has resulted is one of the blows that will forever shatter the master class rule that has cursed not only their lives but all of the human race.

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We Heartily Thank You, Mr. Bryan, For What You Have Done, But—

By Henry M. Tichener

All lovers of humanity and abhorers of war must accord due credit to Secretary Bryan for his act in resigning from the President's cabinet.

Doubtless, Mr. Bryan was shocked and grieved at the fearful loss of life on the torpedoed Lusitania; but, different from his associates in official life, he exposes the shameful fact, and publicly condemns it, that the Lusitania carried a cargo of ammunition—sold for PROFIT by the American manufacturers of murder machines to feed the flames of the furies in Europe—and was, in fact, a beligerent ship carrying passengers, endangering the lives aboard by a "possible explosion from within or a possible attack from without." Moreover, Mr. Bryan professes to have stepped far enough toward a sane civilization to condemn the old-time code, that murder can be stopped by more murder.

Doubtless, further,—and as has been broadly hinted in Washington dispatches—there is more behind Mr. Bryan's action than the Lusitania affair.

Too much hypocrisy—too much perfidious piety—may have made him gag.

Doubtless, he holds in mind the words of the President, spoken at Indianapolis on January 8, 1915:

"I hold it as a fundamental principle, and so do you, that every people has the right to determine its own form of government, and until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz reign, 80 per cent of the people of Mexico never had a look-in in determining who should be their governors or what their government should be.

"It is none of my business, and it is none of your business how long they take in determining it. It is none of my business, and it is none of yours, how they go about the business. The country is theirs, the government is theirs, and the liberty, if they can get it—and God speed them in getting it—is theirs, and so far as my influence goes, while I am President, nobody shall interfere with it.

"Haven't the European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilled as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs? Shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak?"

And then this unctuous threat from the same source less than five months later, contained in his note of June 2, 1915, to the Mexican leaders:

"Mexico is apparently no nearer a solution of her tragical troubles than she was when the revolution was first kindled. And she has been swept by civil war as if by fire.

It is time, therefore, that the Government of the United States

should frankly state the policy which in these extraordinary circumstances it becomes its duty to adopt. It must presently do what it has not hitherto done or felt at liberty to do—lend its active moral support to some man or group of men.

"I, therefore, publicly and very solemnly call upon the leaders of factions in Mexico to act, to act together, and to act promptly, for the relief and redemption of their prostrate country. I feel it to be my duty to tell them that if they cannot accommodate their differences and unite for this great purpose within a very short time, this government will be constrained to decide what means should be employed by the United States in order to help Mexico save herself and serve Her people."

Is this covert threat of forceful intervention really to "help Mexico save herself," or is it to help Standard Oil save ITSELF down in Mexico?

And is all this shriek about German atrocities but an expression of honest horror over the sinking of the Lusitania, or is it the disguised bark of the human hyenas that fatten on the carnage of war?

Perhaps Mr. Bryan has at last caught a glimpse of the "nigger in the woodpile."

Perhaps he begins to realize the motive—the real "casus belli" of modern warfare—the wholesale exploitation of the people along with the butchering of them—the coining of billions of money, reeking with the blood of victimized men and boys and the tears of widowed mothers and orphans and sweethearts, by the billionaire money loaners and the sellers of munitions of war.

When the REAL motive of modern warfare is grasped, it is easy to understand how the tender hearts of the ruling class are so horrified at such an awful atrocity as the sinking of the Lusitania, but experience no horror whatever at the more awful slaughter of little children and pregnant women, and their bodies burned on railroad ties soaked with coal oil, by Rockefeller's hired assassins at Ludlow.

This bloody butchery called forth no threatening note from the President to the Governor of Colorado.

Perhaps, if such a note had gone forth, Mr. Bryan would have stood firmly at his post.

Let us at least give him all the credit that may possibly be coming to him. No lover of his race should begrudge him any honor due him. At a most critical moment he has rendered the cause of humanity and peace an invaluable service. His act has added an incalculable assistance

(Continued on Page 10)

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The Story of The Air Trust

A Romance of the Twentieth Century

By George Allan England

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

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

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 VII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BEAST GLOATS.

"FER Gawd's sake, let's have a light here, somebody!" panted the dishevelled policeman. Outside, the ringing of a gong became audible. Then came a clattering of hoofs, as the noise-patrol, nicely-timed by the conspirators, and summoned by a confederate drew up at the box on the corner.

Somebody struck another match, and a raw gas-light flared. From the hallway, two or three others crowded into the wrecked room. Disjointed exclamations, oaths and curses intermingled with harsh laughter.

The woman—Lillian Rafter, probably the finest actress and stool-pigeon in the whole detective world of graft and crookedness—lighted a cigarette at the gas-burner, and laughed with triumph.

"Some make-up, eh, kid?" she demanded of the taller detective, who was now nursing a bad "shiner," as a black eye is known in the under-world, and whose face was battered to a bleeding pulp. "Believe me, as a job, this is some job! From start to finish, a pippin. He was bound to fall for it though. No help for him. Even if he hadn't butted into the 'plant' we fixed for him in the alley, there, I could have braced him in the street with my tale of woe. He was just bound to be 'it,' this time. We had him going, all ways for Sunday!"

Scornfully the woman Gabriel had befriended in her seeming misery, spat at him as he lay there stunned and scarcely breathing on the dirty floor.

"And just pipe this, will you, too?" she exulted, holding up the five-dollar bill he had given her. "And this?" She exhibited his name and address, written on a card. "In his own writing boys.

As evidence to hold him on a white slave charge, is this some evidence or isn't it?"

"Oh, we'll hold him, all right!" growled the other detective, whose right arm dangled limp, where the chair had struck him. "The—— of a ——! He'll go up for a finif, a five-spot, or I'm a liar! And once we get him behind bars, good-night!"

He deliberately drew back his heavy boot and kicked Gabriel full in the face.

"You ——!" he cursed. "Try to bean me, will you? Damn you! You've made your last soap-box spiel!"

"Come on, now, boys, out with him, an' no more rag chewin'!" the policeman exclaimed. "Git him in the wagon, an' away, before a gang piles in here! You, Caffery, take his feet. I'll manage his head. Jesus, but he's some big guy, though, the —— of ——!"

Together, the battered policeman and the detective, who still had some strength left in him, raised Gabriel's limp body and carried it from the room. The woman, meanwhile, stood there inhaling cigarette-smoke and laughing viciously to herself.

"You easy mutt!" she exclaimed. "Dead baby, room-rent due, wanted to get home to sister—and you fell for that old gag with whiskers on it! You're some wise guy all right, all right, I don't think. Well, as a stall it was a beaut. And I must say I never screamed better in all my life. And that wallop I handed out, was a peach. If I don't pull down five hundred for this night's work ——"

"Shut up, you ——!" snarled Caffery, as he turned into the stairway. "Keep that lip o' yours quiet, will you, or ——"

The woman stared at him a moment, then laughed insolently and snapped her smoke yellowed fingers at him in defiance.

"Mind you show up in court, in the mornin'?" panted the officer, staggering downstairs under the weight of Gabriel's huge shoulders.

"Better arrest her, now," suggested Caffery, "an' hold her."

"You will, like Hell!" retorted the woman.

"Shhh! In one door an' out the other," the second detective whispered in her ear, as she stood there in the doorway. "I'll see to it you get fifty extra, for that!"

"Oh, if that's the game, fine business!" she smiled. "Go to it — I'm your huckleberry!"

Thus it befell that, while a large and growing crowd observed, under the arc-light on the corner — a crowd where no fewer than six reporters, all duly tipped off in advance, were taking notes — Gabriel Armstrong, the Socialist speaker and leader, was bundled, unconscious, into a patrol wagon of the City of Rochester; and with him, a drunken-acting harlot, babbling charges of white-slave extortion and violence against him; and with them both, several witnesses, who would have sworn that Heaven was Hell, for five dollars cash in hand.

Thus was the stage set, for the next session of the honorable court. Thus were the wires pulled. Thus, the prison doors were swung wide open, and, above all, the honor and the reputation of a man swept to the garbage-heaps of life.

True, at the morrow's great mass-meeting, there were destined to be protests and calls for investigation. The Socialist press was destined to take it up, defend him and demand the truth. But, swamped by a perfectly overwhelming capitalist press, not only naturally hostile but in this case already heavily subsidized; shattered by the close-knit, circumstantial evidence; hamstrung and hampered in every way by the power of unlimited money and Tammany pull, the Socialists might as well have tried to sweep back the sea with a broom as save this man from legal crucifixion. Worse still, they themselves, and the beaten strikers with whom they had been fraternizing, got a black eye in the affair; and many an editorial column, many a pulpit, unctuously discoursed thereon. Many an anti-Socialist thug and grafter, loud-mouthed and blatant, bellowed revamped platitudes of "immorality" and "breaking up the home," and the "nation of fatherless children," pointing at Gabriel Armstrong as a shining example of Socialist hypocrisy and filth.

Press, law, church, capitalism itself nailed this man and the movement he stood for, to the cross. And the pimps and parasites of the private-detective agency chuckled in their well-paid glee. The woman, Gabriel's betrayer, counted her "thirty pieces of silver" and laughed in the foul dark. The police cut a fine melon secretly handed them by Flint; and so, too, did the local papers and more than one local pulpit.

So, in Gabriel's grief and woe and desolation, as he sat in his grim cell with aching head, bruised face and bleeding heart, with all his plans now broken, with the very soul within him dead — in this grief and anguish, I say, the foul harpy-brood of Capitalism revelled and rioted like maggots in carrion.

None more viciously than old Flint, himself. None with more brutal joy, more savage satisfaction. One of the culminant moments of his life, he felt, was on the evening after the dastardly plot had been carried to its putrid conclusion.

Opening the Rochester "News-Intelligencer" which Slade had sent him, his glittering eyes seemed to sparkle joy as a blue-penciled column met their gaze.

Eagerly he read it all, every word, and weighed it, and re-read it, as men do when news is dear to their souls. Already, through the New York papers he had got the essentials of the affair. Already, by long distance 'phone he had received the outlines of the news from Slade, as well as a code telegram of more than 500 words, giving him additional details. But this paper especially pleased him. The other Rochester sheets, which Slade would send as fast as they appeared, he already was looking forward to, with keenest pleasure.

"Ah! This is what I call efficiency!" he exclaimed, settling himself in his big chair, adjusting the pince-nez on his hawk-bill and preparing to read the column for the third time. "The way this thing was planned and carried out, and the manner in which Slade has managed to get it played up in the papers, proves to me he's a general in his line, a true Napoleon. I may safely intrust any affair of this sort to him and his agency. No fee of his shall ever be questioned; and as for bonuses — well, he shall have no reason to complain. An admirable man, in every way — a wonderful organization! With men and agencies like these at work in our interests, what have we, really, to be uneasy about?"

Smacking his mental lips, if I may be pardoned the phrase, he once more slowly read the delightful, gratifying news:

SOCIALIST WHITE-SLAVER!

Rotten Affair Unearthed by Police!

Gabriel Armstrong, Socialist Leader, Caught with the Goods!!!

ROCHESTER, July 4, —.

In one of the most sensational raids ever made in this city, by the vice squad, under the auspices of the Purity League, what is believed to be a well-organized white-slave business was unearthed last night. The leader and brains of the association, Gabriel Armstrong, a Socialist speaker and worker of national prominence, was arrested, and is now lodged in Police Headquarters, with serious charges pending.

The arrest was made as a result of the keen work of Officer Michael P. Duffey, sergeant of the vice squad. Hearing screams in the assignation house at 42A Belding street, he made his way up stairs, accompanied by two or three citizens. The screams were coming from a room on the second floor. Duffey promptly battered the door down, only to be met by a furious assault from Armstrong, who was intoxicated and extremely violent.

A savage hand-to-hand struggle took place, in which furniture was broken, the policemen badly injured and two of the volunteers knocked out. Armstrong was finally subdued, however, by the jiu-jitsu method, in which Duffey is an expert, and was lodged in the Central Station, together with the woman.

According to her statement, the man, Armstrong, had not only been guilty of grossly immoral practises with her, but had also been trying to force her to share with him the proceeds of her life of shame, thus making out against him a clear case under the Mann White Slave traffic law. She has material evidence of this fact — money which he had given her, to finance her till she could begin bringing in revenue to him, and also his name and address, written by his own hand. A significant fact is that the address given by this white slaver is Socialist headquarters, in Chicago. The police are now working on the theory that the entire Socialist organization is honeycombed with this traffic, and that the Socialist movement is only a blind to cover a wholesale importation and distribution of women for immoral purposes.

(Continued on page 12)

"Senator Bailey States That He Will Go Back to Texas to Fight Socialism"

—News Item.

"Lay on, MacDuff, and damned be he who first does cry 'enough.'"

—Shakespeare.

Unemployment, world-war, cotton pools, Calumets, Ludlows, evictions, hard times, lock-outs, betrayals, Frank P. Walsh investigations, soup kitchens—all have done their work. The people begin to see in the SYSTEM the cause of all of the calamities that afflict America, the richest nation in the world.

The great work of today is education and organization. Get to the farmer, the miner, the wage slave, the exploited small trader—all victims of anarchy, monopoly and plunder, with the facts. Educate them to the cause of all of their ills—and show them their way out. Organize them at the polls to overthrow with their intelligent ballots the masters of the bread.

Let Senator Bailey and his Standard Oil gang in every state come on! We have at last drawn their fire. We are loaded for them, and the defenders of Capitalism will get all that is coming to them. Let them know that they are lost. To discuss Socialism is to advocate it. To debate Socialism is to turn the people forever against the present system.

How shall the Socialists carry on their side of the battle? By extending the circulation of the Socialist press into every cranny in every state; by holding Socialist mass meetings everywhere. By organizing the Socialist Party at every voting box.

This month, July, the Socialists in America begin the campaign that will close election day, November 1916, when dozens of Socialist Congressmen will be returned, when hundred of Socialist state legislators will be sent to invade the trust ruled state houses of the nation.

It is up to you, comrade, wherever you are, to roll up your sleeves and wade in. Lay out for yourself the job of securing just twelve yearly subscribers for the RIP-SAW. Enroll twelve new students in the correspondence college of Socialism. The RIP-SAW will do the rest. Twelve monthly visits of this magazine to a working man's home means one more family enrolled in the great peaceful Revolution.

You are not working for a premium, except the great prize—SOCIALISM—but the RIP-SAW will send you books that will inform the mind—a library of choice classics that will help you educate your neighbors, in return for your immediate efforts. If you cannot get twelve subscriptions, get eight, six, or four, but go to work. When you send in the list, enclose 25c for each subscriber, and mention which of the following books you want.

- 40c worth of BOOKS FREE for a club of only 4 Subscribers.
- 50c worth of BOOKS FREE for a club of only 5 Subscribers.
- 80c worth of BOOKS FREE for a club of only 6 Subscribers.
- \$1.00 worth of BOOKS FREE for a club of only 8 Subscribers.
- \$1.50 worth of BOOKS FREE for a club of only 10 Subscribers.
- \$2.00 worth of BOOKS FREE for a club of only 12 Subscribers.
- \$4.00 worth of BOOKS FREE for a club of only 20 Subscribers.

THE RIP SAW
50c Per Year
In Clubs of 4 or More
25c Per Year

THESE GREAT BOOKS FREE

- No. 1—Law and the White Slaver, by Kate Richards O'Hare.....10c
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- No. 8—A Wave of Horror, by Tichenor.....10c
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- No. 13—War, by Caldwell.....10c
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- No. 19—Fact and Fraud, by Creel.....10c
- No. 20—Sabotage, by O Neal.....10c
- No. 21—Socialism in Faith and Practice, by Greene.....10c
- No. 22—Tricks of the Translators, by Creel.....10c

TWENTY CAREFULLY SELECTED BOOKS THAT NO STUDENT CAN BE WITHOUT!

- Barnhill-Tichenor Debate on Socialism.....Paper \$0.25
- World Peace, by F. P. & K. R. O'Hare.....Paper .25
- Hilquit-Gompers Debate.....Paper .25
- The Roman Religion, by Tichenor.....Paper .25
- Rhymes of the Revolution, by Tichenor.....Paper .50
- Workers in American History, by O Neal.....Paper .50
- Sorrows of Cupid, by Kate O'Hare.....Paper .50
- World Peace, by Frank and Kate O'Hare.....Cloth .50
- The Origin of the Family, by Engels.....Cloth .50
- Socialism, Utopias and Scientific, by Engels.....Cloth .50
- What's So and What Isn't, by Work.....Cloth .50
- Sorrows of Cupid, by Kate O'Hare.....Cloth 1.00
- Workers in American History, by O Neal.....Cloth 1.00
- War, What For? by Kirkpatrick.....Cloth 1.00
- Principles of Scientific Socialism, by Vail.....Cloth 1.00
- Stories of the Great Railroads, by Russell.....Cloth 1.00
- History of the Great American Fortunes, Vol. 1, by Myers.....Cloth 1.50
- Ancient Society, by Morgan.....Cloth 1.50
- Capital, Vol. 1, by Karl Marx.....Cloth 2.00
- History of the Supreme Court of the U. S., by Myers.....Cloth 2.00
- Ancient Lowly, Vol. 1, by C. Ward.....Cloth 2.00

NOTE:—Order subscription cards to fill out your clubs. Thus, a list of ten subscribers and an order for ten sub-cards together count for a club of 20 subscriptions. Sub Cards are post-cards which are each good for a year's subscription to the RIP-SAW. Carry the cards in your pocket; fill them out and mail them to the RIP-SAW from time to time as you secure a new subscriber. Buy the cards in bunches of four, eight, twelve or twenty, at 25 cents each. You get your money back when you sell one to a new subscriber. Always have a couple of Sub Cards in your pocket for emergencies.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE TO CLUB RAISERS—SEND POST CARD

In Clubs of 4 or More, 25c Per Year

The RIP-SAW, Pontiac Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

WE THANK YOU, MR. BRYAN
 (Continued from page 7.)
 to the nation-wide protest of the
 Socialists and labor organizations

against the crime of plunging this
 country into the hell of war. He
 has helped to choke the growls of
 the mad dogs.

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER

Here is exciting news! An expert brewer of Cincinnati has discovered a way to make beer at home at less than one cent a glass. The Barley Malt and Hops are highly concentrated by an entirely new process, by just adding water, a genuine Lager Beer is produced with the rich amber color, snap and sparkle, and rich, creamy foam, with the stimulating effects of the best Brewery Beer. This great discovery is called "AMBREW" and settles the beer question—those living in dry districts can now make their own beer quietly and privately at home, during the hot summer days, when a refreshing glass of beer is most delightful. Delivered to your door by Parcel Post.

WHY DO WITHOUT BEER?
 When it can be easily and cheaply made at home in any quantity. It is not only guaranteed under the U. S. Pure Food Laws, but the legality of making beer at home has been investigated by the highest authorities and found to conform with the laws in every respect.

AGENTS WANTED. Active men who have secured the agency for "AMBREW" have made money rapidly, the agents' profits are large, over 100 per cent. J. Dennis made \$300, writes—"Rush this order, 200 to deliver." Dickinson sold 500 packages. W. Johnson made \$110, says—"Sells like wild fire." Others literally eating money. As territory is going fast, application for agency should be made at once. Write postal for interesting booklet—"Secrets of Making Beer at Home," sent free to any person sending name and address.

THE AMBREW COMPANY, Dep't 253 CINCINNATI, OHIO.

YOU NEED GLASSES
TRY A PAIR FREE
 Don't Send Me A Cent



but sit down right now and fill out the below coupon, and I will immediately send you a pair of my 10-karat, gold-filled spectacles, fitted with my perfect-vision, scientifically-ground lenses, all ready for use, also a pair of my protection spectacles as a free recommendation present to you, complete in a handsome plush-lined, silver-tipped, leatherette pocket-book spectacle case, and I guarantee you that with these glasses of mine you will be able to read and sew, or shoot and hunt as well as you ever did in your life, and they will relieve you of any headache or eye-pains you may be suffering with, otherwise I would not have you keep them, and it will cost you nothing to try them.

Mr. O. E. Furman, Clerk of the District Court, Decatur County, Oberlin, Kansas, writes: "When these spectacles reached me, at 11 a. m., my eyes were sore and head ached from reading fine print. I put them on and

read until noon, and went home to dinner without headache or trouble."

I WANT TO PROVE TO YOU ALSO AT MY OWN EXPENSE

that I can fit your eyes just as well. I will therefore send them to you on ten days' free trial, because I am sure, after you have satisfied yourself that these gold-filled, perfect-vision glasses of mine fit you better than any you have ever had in your life, you will be only too glad to recommend them to your friends. I feel so sure you will do this that I am going to include the pair of special protection glasses as a present to you for your trouble. These glasses will protect your eyes from the sun, heat and dust when plowing in the fields or when out driving, and are invaluable when cooking over a hot stove. Now fill in the below coupon and send it in at once without any money, and we will send you these two pairs of spectacles and pocket-book spectacle case by return mail, all charges prepaid. Can anything be fairer?

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Dept 48 ST. LOUIS, MO.

Please send me, on ten days' free trial, a pair of your 10-karat, gold-filled spectacles, complete with perfect-vision lenses, all ready for use, also a fine leatherette, plush-lined, silver-tipped, gold-lettered, pocketbook spectacle case. Please include the protection spectacles and I will recommend them to my friends. And if I find that they really and truly are fully worth more than you are asking for them, and that it will be impossible for me to buy them anywhere else at that price, I will then pay you the small sum of \$1.50, but if for any reason whatsoever I don't wish to keep them, and I myself am to be the sole judge, I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed to send them on free trial, and I am going to make you stick to your word. Be sure to answer the following questions:

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

Name

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

Though the prostituted press of America—the servile sycophants of the powers that be—did immediately spit their vile venom at the retiring Secretary of State, the stuff fell short of the mark. It only further stained the filthy floors of their own brothels. The assurance of "the rapidly increasing probability of peace" soon followed Bryan's resignation. The President's note to Germany, we were informed, was exceedingly conciliatory in tone, and so recognized by the imperial government at Berlin. Sure it was. Bryan has told us why. **DURING THE FIFTEEN HOURS—THE TIME MYSTERIOUSLY DELAYED BETWEEN THE RECEIVING OF BRYAN'S RESIGNATION AND THE SENDING OF THE NOTE—THE LANGUAGE WAS RADICALLY CHANGED.**

Bryan's exposure of the conspiracy to plunge this country into the savage slaughter had got in its work. The soft pedal was put on. The anti-war manifestos from the Socialists and from organized labor that had been flashed to Washington now had the help of a high official on the inside, who knew too d—much.

We heartily thank you, Mr. Bryan, for what you have done—but * * * * *

There is a pathetic side to all this that cannot be overlooked.

Mr. Bryan's heart is evidently all right, but his head is sadly out of fix.

He presents the pitiful spectacle of being an ardent advocate of Peace, and at the same time a hungry hanger-on to the social system that breeds War.

Though there may be no war this time, and though all credit for preventing it were heaped upon Mr. Bryan's head, yet, unless the terrible war now going on in Europe succeeds in actually bleeding the capitalist system to death, the future years, like the past, are destined to come down to us stained with the blood of human slaughter. The capitalist class of the world—the highway-men of exploitation—will fight for the markets of the world, and the subjugation of the weaker peoples, as long as the social system of exploitation is allowed to curse mankind.

Sooner or later, if the system continues, something is bound to happen in the world-mad scramble for PROFITS that the war-demons will manage to put across. Some big casus belli will loom up that the people will fall for, and Mr. Bryan will be made to look like a bubble in a blizzard. He may preach about putting his abiding faith in love till he is black in the face, and he will stop war like King Canute stopped the tidal sweep of the ocean. War may be delayed for awhile, possibly until another generation forgets its horrors; but so long as exploitation endures—so long as the workers wear the chains of the masters of Mammon—

just so long will war be the fate of slaves; and Jesus Christ himself could not stop it. When the workers tear to pieces the scraps of paper known as "declarations of war," in that day and not until that day wars will cease; and when they do this they will have dumped the masters of Mammon from off their backs.

Only under the Red Flag of one blood, floating over the United States of the Working Class of the World, will the spirit of Peace come and dwell.

May the hope in the hearts of many of us, that the social system of plunderers and plundered, of masters and slaves, shall be shot to death in the trenches of Europe, come true!

Mr. Bryan's resignation has but temporarily embarrassed the war demons.

It's the vision of the REVOLUTION that makes them shake in their boots.

* * * * *

Mr. Bryan, in his address to the American people, speaks of a coming "universal brotherhood." In soft words, full of pathos and piety, he expresses his yearning for this "brotherhood."

What does he mean?

What kind of a "brotherhood" does he hope for under the capitalist system?

Does he imagine that some day in the distant future the plundered will fraternalize with the plunderers—the slaves with their masters—and that paupers and princes, bums and billionaires will love each other with some sort of hallelujah love? In that day, does he think people will become so pious that they will starve rather than steal, and die in virtue rather than live in vice? Does he look for a time when poverty will cease to beget crime, when the gaunt spectre of Want will not degrade its victims? A day when exploitation of the workers will create no class war, and the common people will sing songs of joy as their pockets are being picked?

Towards this day, Mr. Bryan says, "we have been growing" "all too slowly, it is true," "for 1900 years." How many more thousand years does he think it will take his Democratic party to catch up with it? And who with red blood in his veins would want the sickly thing were it possible to be attained?

No—there is a day of Brotherhood and Peace coming, and it's the real goods. Of that glorious day, Mr. Bryan has not disclosed the slightest symptoms of a vision. In the words of Liebknecht, "Domination and exploitation in every form are to be abolished; men are to be free and equal—not masters and slaves, only comrades, only brothers and sisters."

In that day, the workers will own the jobs.

The masters will have perished.

And only where there are no masters, can there be Brotherhood and Peace.

TOBE SPILKINS

His Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editor:

I'm a comin' home; that iz I'm a comin' bak tu the United Staits uv Ameriky. I've dun got orders tu that effekt. Woodsaw haz writ me a lettur. I'm shure glad uv it. I've got enuff uv war. I aint got hit nary time but I've bin half skared tu deth 7teen or twenty times. I got so I wuz not afrade uv the kommon shells a bustin' around me, but when they got tu shootin uv them shells that had gass in that wood asfixuate you when you breathed it I got plum skeered uv my life. I always git that way when I'm in danger and am asfixuated so I I kant run. I've been asfixuated 2 times when I wuz on the firin' line. I had no bizziness there becoz I am nootral in this feroshus struggle, but I jist went up fur kuriosity. I got it. I gess I won't never be aferd uv nothin' enny more when I get out uv this.

Well, az I wuz a tellin' uv you, I'm a comin' home. Our nobull prezident, Woodsaw, haz writ me a letter a tellin' uv me tu cum bak. He seems tu think under the pre-zent surrounded surkumstances I coodent git tu see the Kizer and giv him the lettur, and if I cood giv it tu him he iz so bizzy jist now that he woodent have time tu reed it. Ike Hawkins haz alreddy gone a munth ago. Ike being a Soshialist, iz opposed tu war on general prinsipels and he never cood see enny reezon fur havin' this one. He sed he cood have stopped it if the roolin' classes wood hav let him alone. It got too hot fur him here, both sides called him a traytor and a koward and they wood have taken hiz life if he hadent uv left. He dident git tu see the Kizer, and I gess it wuz a good thing he dident. He wuz a huntin' fur the Kizer all the time and a tryin' hiz durndest tu git a interview with hiz majesty, until he got out them sirkulars agin war, and then the Kizer begunned tu hunt fur Ike. Az sune az Ike hurd that the Kizer wanted tu see him and offered a big reward fur him, ded or alive, he skooted bak home. I aint heerd frum him since but eggspekt tu resoom my corry-spondense with him when I git bak tu Washington, Dee See.

Az I wuz a tellin' uv you I got a lettur frum Woodsaw wantin' uv me tu cum bak tu the Unighted Staits. He iz a goin' tu try tu be 2 prezidents and wants me tu help him in the campain. The follerin' iz the substance uz hiz lettur:

"Deer Tobe: I am a writin' uv this lettur tu tel yoo tu cum home. My kontrakt fur prezident will sune be expired, and, altho I am purty neert expired myself, my frends iz a pressin' uv me mighty hard tu renoo the kontrakt and

maik the race agin fur the high offis. It iz with grait reluktance that I have konsented tu du so, and while I think it iz a shure thing, I don't want tu taik enny chances and I want you tu cum over and help me run the campain. It aint no use fur yoo tu deliver that letter I sent by you tu the Kizer. I have writ him several epistols myself and can't git no satisfakshun out uv him. Sum-times he don't anser my letters at all. You don't hav enny idee how much trubbel I've had about the war. The Kizer aint a res-pekkin' uv our flag like he ort tu and I kant help it. The Mexikan situashun aint a sirk-umstance; I tried my durndest tu git old Huerty tu saloot the flag the proper and preskribed number uv times. Not bein' abel tu agree on the exakt number uv shots tu be fired in the saloot, and further-more not bein' able tu locate and capture the aforesed Huerty, we killed several hundred Mexikans ennyway, inkloodin' uv sum skool children with them. But we kant du that with the Kizer, becoz he iz a live wire. He's drowned sum uv our folks but we've got tu go ezy about it fur there iz a hen on. I've tried tu stop this war with prayer and appinted a speshial day fur that purpose, but sumhow our prayin' folks have lost the key tu the kombinashun and kant git their messages over the wire, or they aint translated korrekt at the uther end. They don't git no anser. I suggested that they try the wireless, but they aint got faith enuff in that. It may be that so menny air a prayin' fur different things that they have got the wires crossed. The Gurmans and Austrians and Turks air all prayin' fur themselves, and

What Mrs. Stanage Says

Dear Mr. Currier—Your dishes are just as you represent them. I am greatly pleased with them and thank you a thousand times. Your extra premium of a pair of your Nottingham Lace Curtains is also very nice indeed and just what I needed. You and your plan are all right and the best yet.

Mrs. Chas. S. Stanage, Miami, Fla., June 4, 1915.

"Dear Sir—I am charmed with the set of beautiful Dinner Dishes and pair of Lace Curtains. Both are fine. I heartily recommend you and your proposition."

Mrs. A. V. Ullmark, Desplaines, Ill., June 2, 1915.

"Dear Friend—I have just received my premium which arrived O. K. Am very much pleased with it. The dishes are just lovely, and for which I thank you very much and shall be pleased to help you again."

Mrs. Oscar Carlson, East Chatham, N. Y.

"Rec'd Yesterday afternoon and am more than delighted with it. It arrived in good condition—nothing missing whatever. Thanks very much. You have my best wishes for sukses and you can publish if you desire."

Lewis W. Kulp, 203 W. Main St., Manitowoc, Penn.

When you write me I will send you many other letters from women scattered all over the United States who have written me after securing my premiums. You will make a mistake, not to write me, as you can distribute my pictures and books in a few minutes and get a beautiful dinner set for your trouble also a pair of good lace curtains for doing the distributing promptly. Better write today.

SWORN GUARANTEE

Personally appeared before me this 26th day of May, A. D., 1915 Robert Currier who deposes and says that the Company with which he has been associated has given out over fifty thousand (50,000) sets of dishes to different women for distributing their pictures, embroidery books, etc. Mr. Currier further states under oath that he will promptly ship the beautiful dinner set described also a pair of beautiful lace curtains to any woman who will distribute only two dozen sets of his pictures and Embroidery book on his plan as advertised.

ROBERT CURRIER

Subscribed and sworn to, before me, this 9th day of June, A. D., 1915. AGNES MURPHEY, Notary Public

AGENTS Just Out!

Here's Your Chance—The Chance of a Lifetime!

100 Good Men and Women Wanted at Once, Experience Unnecessary! Most amazing sensation ever sprung on American People. Send postal today for details, FREE. Average \$5 a day to start—work up to \$3,000 a year or more! Astounding 20th Anniversary offer on my line of high grade toilet goods, with absolutely wonderful premium offer causing tremendous increase in business. I want wide awake men and women who know opportunity when they see it and will play on the square—ambitious people who will let me show them how to double their earning power. The big income starts at once—no waiting! Our plan is so sensational we can't print it where all can read. I will explain fully, if you will write me today.

\$5 to \$10 a Day and up!

Position Permanent!

Easy pleasant work—my goods sell themselves! Beginners jump in to big pay immediately. Just write today and say you are willing to represent me in your territory.

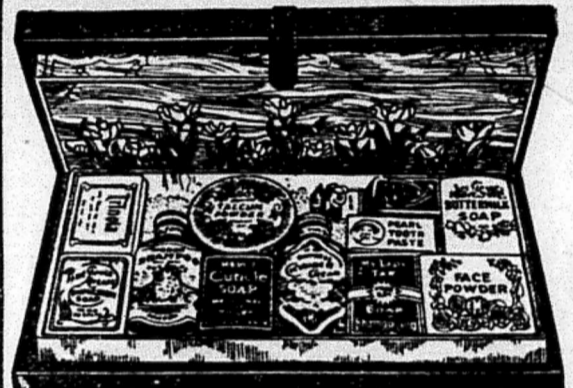
FREE Fine leatherette sample case, advertising matter, instruction book, etc., to start you off. Gold Monogram 42 Piece Dinner Set Coupon FREE with every sale you make, to boom your business.

No matter what you are doing now, THIS IS YOUR ONE GREAT OPPORTUNITY! There never was such an opportunity offered you or anyone else in the history of this country! The plan is sensational, astounding, new! The first one out with it makes a clean-up sure. Rise up today and get into big money-making business. The offer is limited, so send postal today—this very minute. Address E. M. Davis, Pres.

E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO.

925 Davis Block CHICAGO

Here's Lucky Leven

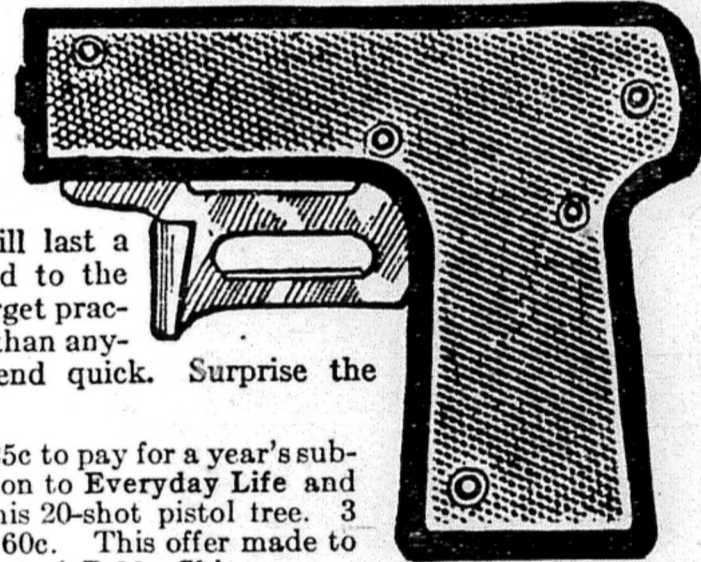


\$3.35 retail value—you sell for less than one third! Eleven high grade toilet articles, full drug store size. FREE dinner set coupon with each sale. Greatest stunt on earth. Only one winner of our big money-making line.

20-SHOT PISTOL SHOOT B.B. SHOT 20 TIMES WITHOUT RELOADING

Looks like a regular automatic. Gun metal finish—well made—will last a lifetime. Shoots accurately and to the mark. For indoor or outdoor target practice. More fun with this, boys, than anything else you ever owned. Send quick. Surprise the boys in your home town.

Free Offer to Boys Send 25c to pay for a year's subscription to Everyday Life and 5 boys' names, and we will send this 20-shot pistol free. 3 pistols and 2 subscriptions for 60c. This offer made to introduce EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. A.P.20, Chicago.



FREE TO DISTRIBUTORS



This is a beautiful 42 piece Royal Blue and Gold Dinner Set underglazed. It consists of 42 pieces including sugar and creamer, all pieces full size for family use. The decorations are very handsome and stylish—royal blue design, gold lined and an extra enamel glaze is put on over the decorations. The set shines like a \$100.00 Haviland China set. It is something new and will delight you. I give this beautiful 42 piece underglazed dinner set free to any woman who will distribute only 2 dozen sets of my art pictures and embroidery book coupons. You can distribute these goods in an hour on my plan also for no extra distributing I give an excellent pair of

LACE CURTAINS EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

Just write me and I will send the 2 dozen sets of art pictures and embroidery book coupons at once and charges paid. Then you distribute them free in connection with a big 25c offer. It is easy. No money or experience necessary. If after receiving the goods they are not easily distributed on my plan, they can be returned at my expense and no harm done. Costs you nothing to try. In fact will give you a premium just for trying. Write me today. ROBERT CURRIER MGR., Dept. H 50, 141 W. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

STOP! USING TOBACCO.

RELIEVED FOREVER!

Don't be a slave to nicotine! It will gradually sap your vitality. It breaks down the tissues of mouth and throat; ruins digestion. Impoverishes your nervous system. Destroys memory. **Tobacco Abstainer is your salvation!**

Scientific Treatment

This new discovery will positively relieve cigaret smoking, chewing, snuff using or tobacco in any form—you have no desire after the first dose.

10 to 24 Hours gives relief. **Tobacco Abstainer** is not a substitute. Is pleasant to take. Contains no habit-forming drugs. Absolutely harmless and non-poisonous.

Honest Guarantee

protects you. Our ironclad guarantee, signed by the president of this company, binds us to refund your money if **Tobacco Abstainer** does not positively relieve you forever. Rid yourself of this expensive, destructive habit. Send for amazing facts. Book Free, postpaid.

Herwin Pharmacal Co.
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the Allies air all a prayin' fur theirselves, and them who air a makin' uv munny out uv the war by sellin' their products at high prices air a prayin' fur the war tu go on and them who air a loosin' munny out uv it air a prayin' fur it tu stop. It may be that God has got disgusted with the whole dadgummed thing and iz goin' tu let them all git what they need; and they air a gittin' uv it. I'll tel you, Tobe, I've dun my durndest tu git peeple tu see things rite, but I kant du it. I hate tu uze strong expleetives like the wurd durndest, but the exigencies uv the okkashun sumtimes demands it. I wuz brot up in the church and like tu stik tu hur tradishuns, hur discipline and uther things, but a man kant be prezident without a loozin' uv hiz religion okkashunally enny more than he kin be a good mule driver and not swear. A deelin' with a lot uv jackasses iz jist az bad az drivin' mules. Sum want

War with Gurmany and sum don't; I don't see enny difference, or at least not much. If we hav war we kant git at Gurmany tu hurt hur, and she coodent git at us tu hurt us; it wood be like 2 dogs a standin' one on each side uv a palin' fence, a lettin' on like they wuz a fightin'. But whether we have war with hur or not our amminushun and gun traid will go on all the same, and fellers like old Doopont will kontribute generously tu the next campain. Everyboddy knows I've dun my best tu stop the war; I've sent you and Ike Hawkins over there and you both maid a plum faleure. I've writ and writ and writ tu the Kizer and aint had no luck a gittin' uv him tu stop. I've bin a lettin' uv our peeple send guns and amminishuns over tu the Allies so they cood shoot the dadgasted thing tu deth, but it's a gittin' wurser all the time. Now az sum uv our peeple want war and az sum duzent, I have konkluded tu fix 'em all up so they'll be satisfide. I'm a goin' tu git up a little war with Mexiko so az tu maik 'em keep the peece down there. That will satisfy them who want war. Then I'll let the manufakturers keep on shipping guns, amminishun and supplize tu the Allies; that'll soot the fellers who don't want war. And them az don't want tu be torpedood must keep away frum the scene uv trubble and walk on their on grass. That kind uv a policy will give me the credit uv protecktin' uv our citizens in Mexiko which we kin lick, and uv keepin' out uv war with Gurmany which we don't know whether we cood lick or not.

hot old time when I git home. I've lurned what shootin' iz since I've bin over here. I've alreddy writ out my deklarashun uv war agin that ornery Ben, and am agoin' tu male it tu him tu nite. I don't need thurty days furlow; I jist want time tu moove up my artillery on that ornery Ben, fire a few rounds like they du over here, and then about 2 weeks with my luvin' wife and family and then I'll be able tu go intu the campain fur Woodsaw. It will be a little urly tu go intu the campain fur 19sixteen but there iz goin' tu have tu be a lot uv skeemin' and dipplomatick wurk dun before the reel campain opens up the doors so the publick can take part in it, and I am a humdinger in that line. I've had lots uv experience in that kind uv politix, and I kin hold down enny kind uv a job frum lyin' 2 hours a day tu preverikatin' 18 hours a day and part uv the nite. I'm glad tu be called off uv this job. They have shet off our booze and I git mighty lonesum. When I git back tu God's God's country whare there iz churches, prayers, prohibishunists and sich like I kin git plenty tu drink. They had tu maik the soljers and everyboddy but the preechers and the royal peeple quit drinkin' over here in order tu be decent enuff tu fite. But I'll sample a drink or 2 when I git home. Well, I've writ enuff. Aw-re-war.

TOBE SPILKINS,
Diplomatt.

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Now, Tobe, you understand me better than ennyboddy else and I want you tu cum home and help me out in the campain fur 2 prezidents. You know I got you out uv jale 2 or 3 times and will du it agin if necessarrie. And before a startin' in on yoor arduous duties I'll giv you a thurty days furlow tu go home and let you see yoor wife and children and allow yoor salary tu go rite on while yoor gone. Pleeze let me heer frum you sune and if you will axsept the situashun."

(Signed) WOODSAW.

When I got that lettur I went out and jumped 40 feet high—one foot at a jump. Wood I axsept? Grate Scott and George Washington's grandmuther! Uv korse I wood axsept. And he wood giv me a thurty days furlow tu go home and see my wife and children. Yes, and by jeeminy criminy, that dadgasted chief distributor uv flurting charity, that dadgummed ornery Ben. You bet I'll axsept. I've dun axsepted and am goin' tu start tomorrow. When I git tu Washington, I'll order three uv them rapid firin' guns, one big seege gun and a mountain howitzsir, besides plenty uv small arms and amminishun tu be shipped on ahead uv me. Oh, there'll be a

AIR TRUST

(Continued from page 9)

Drastic Federal action against the Socialist Party is now being considered.

Still further and more sensational facts are expected to develop at the preliminary hearing, which will take place tomorrow morning. In case Armstrong is bound over to the Grand Jury, and convicted, he may get a heavy fine and as much as five years in a Federal penitentiary. He is described as being a surly, low type, reticent and vindictive, of vicious characteristics and mentally defective. The local Socialists have already taken up arms in his defense, as was to be expected.

Interest is added to the case by the fact that Armstrong is known to be the man who, at the time of the recent automobile accident to Miss Catherine Flint—daughter of Isaac Flint, of Englewood, N. J.—gave the alarm. A theory is now being formed that he was, in some way, involved in a plot with Miss Flint's chauffeur, to wreck the machine and share a big reward for rescuing the girl. The plot, however, evidently miscarried, for the chauffeur was killed, and Armstrong, after giving the alarm, feared to divulge his identity, but fled in disguise.

Public interest is greatly aroused in this matter. And if, as now seems positively certain, this arrest and forthcoming conviction break up the vicious white slave gang for some time operating in Rochester and Ontario Beach, the public will have a still greater debt of gratitude toward the Purity League, the Vice Squad and the untiring ef-

forts and bravery of Sergeant Duffey.
 "That, ah that," remarked old Flint, as he finished his last reading, "is what I call literature! It may not be Scott or Shelley or Dickens, but it's got far more than they ever had — tremendous value to — er — to the rightful masters of society. I dare say that this article and all the others like it that are bound to appear, during the trial and after, will do more to secure our position in society, than a whole army with machine guns. Socialism, eh? After this campaign gets through, by God, we'll sweep up the leavings in a dustpan and throw them out the window!"

Again he surveyed the article, smiling thinly.
 "Literature, yes," he repeated. "The writer of those lines, and the masterminds who engineered the whole affair, must and shall be liberally rewarded. Editors, preachers, writers, they're all on our side. All safe and sane — that is, nearly all — enough, at any event, to assure our safety. I rejoice that I have lived to see this day!"

He turned the sheets of the paper, to see if any other notice of the affair was printed; and as he looked, he pondered.

"Imagine the effect of this, on Kate!" thought he. "It will be just as I planned it. Nothing will be left in her mind, now, but loathing, hate and rage against this man. In two days, she and Waldron will have patched up their little difference, and all will be well. A master-stroke on my part, eh? Yes, yes indeed, a master-stroke!"

His eye caught another blue-pencilling.
 "Editorial, eh?" said he, adjusting his glasses. "Better and better! This affair will sweep those trouble-makers off the map, or I'm a beggar!"

Then, with the keenest of satisfaction he focussed his attention on the sapient editorial:

SOCIALISM UNVEILED

The arrest and impending conviction of Gabriel Armstrong, the noted Socialist leader, on a white-slave traffic charge, will do much to set all sane thinkers right in regard to this whole matter of Socialist ethics. Socialists, as we have all heard, contend that their system of thought teaches a high and pure form of morality. How will they square this assertion with the hard, cold facts, as brought to light in this most revolting case?

Much more seems to lie beneath the surface than at first sight appears. Though we desire to suspend judgment until all the data are known, it appears conclusively proved that Armstrong is but one of a band of white-slavers operating through the organization of, and with the consent of the Socialist Party, or at least of its responsible officials.

If this prove to be the case, it will substantiate the suspicion long felt in many quarters that this whole movement, ostensibly political, is really a menace to the moral and social welfare of the nation. A foreign importation, openly standing against the home, the family and religion, may well be expected to foster such crimes and to be a "culture-medium" for the growth of such vile microbes as this man Armstrong, and others of his kind.

Turn on the light! Bring the social antiseptics! Let all the facts be established; and when known, if — as we anticipate — they prove this nasty conspiracy, let us make an end, now and forever, to this un-American, immoral and filthy thing, Socialism! To this object this paper now and henceforth pledges its policy; and all decent

publications, all citizens who love their country, their God, their homes, their flag, will join with it in a nation-wide crusade to choke this slimy monster of Anarchy and Free-love, and fling it back into the Pit where it belongs.

Long live religion, purity and the flag! Down with Socialism!

Flint regarded this masterpiece with an approving eye. Then, chuckling to himself, he arose and with slow steps advanced toward the dining-room where already Catherine was awaiting him.

"Now," he murmured to himself, and smiled thinly, "now for a little scene with Kate!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CATHERINE'S SUPREME DECISION.

THE meal was almost at an end — silently, like all their hours spent together, now — before the old man sprang his coup. It was characteristic of him thus to wait, to hold his fire till what he conceived to be the opportune moment; never to act prematurely, under any circumstances whatever.

"By the way, Kate," he remarked, casually, when coffee had been served and he had motioned the butlers out of the room, "by the way, I've been rather badly disappointed, today. Did you know that?"

"No, father," she answered. She never called him "daddy," now. "No. I'm sorry to hear it. What's gone wrong?"

He looked at her a moment before replying, as though to gauge her mind and the effect his announcement might have. Very charming she looked, that evening, in a crepe de Chine with three-quarter lace sleeves and an Oriental girdle — a wonderful Nile green creation, very simple (she had told herself) yet of staggering cost. A single white rose graced her hair. The low-cut neck of the gown revealed a full strong bosom. Around her throat she wore a fine gold chain, with a French 20-franc piece and her Vassar Phi Beta Kappa key attached — the only pendants she cared for. The gold coin spoke to her of the land of her far ancestry, a land oft visited by her and greatly loved; the gold key reminded her of college, and high rank taken in studies there.

Old Flint noted some of these details as he sat looking at her across the white and gleaming table, where silver and gold plate, cut glass and flowers and fine Sevres china all combined to make a picture of splendor such as the average workingman or his wife has never even dreamed of or imagined; a picture the merest commonplace, however, to Flint and Catherine.

"A devilish fine-looking girl!" thought he, eyeing his daughter with approval. "She'd grace any board in the world, whether billionaire's or prince's! Waldron, old man, you'll never be able to thank me sufficiently for what I'm going to do for you, tonight — never, that is, unless you help me make the Air Trust the staggering success I think you can, and give me the boost I need to land the whole damned world as my own private property!"

He chuckled dryly to himself, then drew the paper from his pocket.

"Well, father, what's gone wrong?" asked Kate, again. "Your disappointment — what was it?"

She spoke without animation, tonelessly, in a flat, even voice. Since that night when her father had tried to force Waldron upon her, and had taunted her with loving the vagabond (as he said) who had rescued her, something seemed to have been broken, in her manner; some spring of action had snapped; some force was lacking now.

"What's wrong with me?" asked Flint, trying to veil the secret malice and keen satisfaction that underlay his speech. "Oh, just this. You remember about a week ago, when we — ah — had that little talk in the music room —?"

"Don't father, please!" she begged, raising one strong, brown hand. "Don't bring that up again. It's all over and done with, that matter is. I beg you, don't re-open it!"

"I — you misunderstand me, my dear child," said Flint, trying to smile, but only flashing his gold tooth. "At that time I told you I was looking for, and would reward, if found, the — er — the man who had been so brave and quick-witted as to rescue you. You remember?"

"Really, father, I beg you not to —"

"Why not, pray?" requested Flint, gazing at her through his pince-nez. "My intentions, I assure you, were most honest and philanthropic. If I had found him — then — I'd have given him —"

"Oh, but he wouldn't have taken anything, you see!" the girl interrupted, with some spirit. "I told you that, at the time. It's just as true, now. So please, father, let's drop the question altogether."

"I'm sorry not to be able to grant your request, my dear," said the old man, with hidden malice. "But really, this time, you must hear me. My disappointment arises from the fact that I've just discovered the young man's identity, and —"


"You — you have?" Kate exclaimed, grasping the edge of the table with a nervous hand. Her father smiled again, bitterly.

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"Yes, I have" said he, with slow emphasis, "and I regret to say, my dear child, that my diagnosis of his character is precisely what I first thought. Any interest you may feel in that quarter is being applied to a very unworthy object. The man is one of my discharged employees, a thorough rascal and hard ticket in ever way — one of the lowest-bred and most villainous persons yet unhung, I grieve to state. The fact that he carried you in his arms, and that I owe your preservation to him, is one of the bitterest facts in my life. Had it been any other man, no matter of what humble birth —"

"Father!" she cried, bending forward and gazing at him with strange eyes. "Father! By what right and on what authority do you make these accusations? That man, I know, was all that innate gentleness and upright manhood could make any man. His nobility was not of wealth or title, but of —"

"Nonsense!" Flint interrupted. "Nobility, eh? Read *that*, will you?"

Leering, despite himself, he handed the paper across the table to his daughter.

"Those marked passages," said he. "And remember, this is only the beginning. Wait till all the facts are known, the whole conspiracy laid bare and everything exposed to public view! Then tell me, if you can, that he is poor but noble! Bah! Sunday-school dope, that! Noble, yes!"

Catherine sat there staring at the paper, a minute, as though quite unable to decipher a word. Through a kind of wavering mist that seemed to swim before her eyes, she vaguely saw the words: "Socialist White Slaver!", but that these bore any relation to the man she remembered, back there at the sugar house, had not yet occurred to her mind. She simply could not grasp the significance of the glaring headlines. And, turning a blank gaze on her father's face, she stammered:

"Why — why do you give me this? What has this got to do with — me? With *him*?"

"Everything!" snarled the Billionaire, violently irritated by his daughter's seeming obtuseness. "Everything, I tell you! That man, that strong and noble hero of yours, is *this* man! This white slaver! This wild beast — this Socialist — this Anarchist! Do you understand now, or don't you? Do you grasp the truth at last, or is your mind incapable of apprehending it?"

He had arisen, and now was standing there on his side of the table, shaking with violent emotion, his glasses awry, face wrinkled and drawn, hands twitching. His daughter, making no answer to his taunts, sat with the paper spread before her on the table. A wine glass, overset, had spilled a red stain — for all the world like the workers' blood, spilled in war and industry for the greater wealth and glory of the masters — out across the costly damask, but neither she nor Flint paid any heed.

For he was staring only at her; and she, now having mastered herself a little, though her full breast still rose and fell too quickly, was struggling to read the slanderous lies and foul libels of the blue-penciled article.

Silently she read, paling a little, but otherwise giving no sign to show her father how the tide of her thought was setting. Twice over she read the article; then, pushing the paper back, looked at old Flint with eyes that seemed to question his very soul — eyes that pierced exterior assumptions and the surface of things — eyes that saw the living truth, below.

"It is a lie!" said she, at last, in a grave, quiet voice.

"What?" blurted the old man. "A — a lie?"

She nodded.

"Yes," said she. "A lie."

Furious, he ripped open the paper, and once more shoved it at her.

"Fool!" cried he. "Read *that*!" And his shaking, big-knuckled finger tapped the editorial on "Socialism Unveiled."

"No," she answered, "I need read no more. I know; I understand!"

"You—you know *what*?" choked Flint. This is an editorial, I tell you! It represents the best thought and the most careful opinion of the paper. And it condemns this man, absolutely, as a criminal and a menace to society. It denounces him and his whole gang of Socialists or Anarchists or Whiteslavers — they're all the same thing — as a plague to the world. That's the editor's opinion; and remember, he's on the ground, there. He has all the facts. You — you are at a distance, and have none! Yet you set up your futile, childish opinion —"

"No more, father! No more!" cried Catherine, also standing up. She faced him calmly, coldly, magnificently. "You can't talk to me this way, any more. Cannot, and must not! As I see this thing — and my woman's intuition tells me more in a minute than you can explain away in an hour — this fabrication here has all, or nearly all, been invented and carried out by you. For what reason? This — to discredit that man! To make me hate and loathe him! To force me back to Waldron. To —"

"Stop!" shouted the old man, swaying as he stood there. "No daughter of mine shall talk to me that way! Silence! It is monstrous and unthinkable. It — it is horrible beyond belief! Silence, I tell you — and —"

"No, father, not silence," she replied, with perfect poise. "Not silence, now, but speech. Either this thing is true or it is false. In either case, I must know the facts. The papers? No truth in *those*! The finding of the courts? Today, they are a by-word and a mockery! All I can trust is the evidence of my own senses; what I hear, and feel, and see. So then —"

"Then?" gulped the Billionaire, holding the back of his chair to keep from falling.

"Just this, father. I'm going to Rochester, myself, to investigate this thing, to see this man, to hear his side of the story, to know —"

"Do that," cried Flint in a terrible voice, "and you never enter these doors again! From the minute you leave Idle Hour on that fool's errand, my daughter is dead to me, forever!"

Swept clean off his feet by rage, as well as by the deadly fear of what might happen if his daughter really were to learn the truth, he had lost his head completely.

With quiet attention the girl regarded him, then smiled inscrutably.

"So be it," she replied. "Even though you disinherit me or turn me off with a penny, my mind is made up, and my duty's clear."

"While things like these are going on in the world, outside, I have no right to linger and to idle here. I am no child, now; I have been thinking of late, reading, learning. Though I can't see it all clearly, yet, I know that every bite we eat, means deprivation to some other people, somewhere. This light and luxury mean poverty and darkness, elsewhere. These fruits, this wine, this very bread are ours because some obscure and unknown men have toiled and sweat to give them to us. Even this cut glass on our table — see! What tragedies it could reveal, could it but speak! What tales of coughing, consumptive glass-cutters, bending over wheels, their lungs cut to pieces by the myriad spicules of sharp glass, so that we, we of our class, may enjoy beauty of design and coloring! And the silken gown I wear — that too has cost —"

"No more! No more of this!" gurgled old Flint, now nearly in apoplexy. "I deny you! I repudiate you, Anarchist that you are! Go! Never come back — never, never —"

Stumbling blindly, he turned and staggered out of the room. She watched him go, nor tried to steady his uncertain steps. In the hallway, outside, she heard him ring for Slawson, heard the valet come, and both of them ascend the stairs.

"Father," she whispered to herself, a look of great and pure spiritual beauty

on her noble face, "father, this had to come. Sooner or later, it was inevitable. Whatever you have done, I forgive you, for you *are* my father, and have surely acted for what you think my interest."

"But none the less, the end is here and now. Between you and me, a great gulf is fixed. And from tonight I face the world, to battle with it, learn from it, and know the truth in every way. Enough of this false, easy, unnatural life. I cannot live it any longer; it would crush and stifle me! Enough! I must be free, I shall be free, to know, and dare, and do!"

That night, having had no further speech with old Flint, Kate left Idle Hour, taking just a few necessities in a suit-case, and a few dollars for her immediate needs.

Giving no explanations to maid, valet or anyone, she let herself out, walked through the great estate and down Englewood Avenue, to the station, where she caught a train for Jersey City.

The midnight special for Chicago bore her swiftly westward. No sleeping car she took, but passed the night in a seat of an ordinary coach. Her ticket read "Rochester."

The old page of her Book of Life was closed forever. A new and better page was open wide.

CHAPTER XXV

THROUGH STEEL BARS.

TRUE to her plan, Catherine ended her journey at Rochester. She engaged a room at a second rate hotel—marvelling greatly at the meanness of the accommodations, the like of which she had never seen—and, at ten o'clock of the morning, appeared at the Central Police Station. The bundle of papers in her hand indicated that she had read the latest lies and venom that had been poured out on Gabriel's defenseless head.

The haughty, full-fed sergeant in charge of the station made some objections, at first, to letting her see

Gabriel; but the tone of her voice and the level look of her gray eye presently convinced him he was playing with fire, and he gave in. Summoning an officer, he bade the man conduct her. Iron doors opened and closed for her. She was conscious of long, ill-smelling, concrete-floored corridors, with little steel cages at either side—cages where hopeless, sodden wrecks of men were standing, or sitting in attitudes of brutal despair, or lying on foul bunks, motionless and inert as logs.

For a moment her heart failed her.

"Good Lord! Can such things be!" she whispered to herself. "So this — this is a police station? And real jails and penitentiaries are worse? Oh, horrible! I never dreamed of anything like this, or any men like these!"

The officer, stopping at a cell-door and banging thereon with some keys, startled her.

"Here, youse," he addressed the man within, "lady to see youse!"

Catherine was conscious that her heart was pounding hard and her breath coming fast, as she peered in through those cold, harsh metal bars. For a minute she could find no thought, no word. Within, her eyes—still unaccustomed to the gloom—vaguely perceived a man's figure, big and powerful, and different in its bearing from those other cringing wretches she had glimpsed.

Then the man came toward her, stopped, peered and for a second drew back. And then—then she heard his voice, in a kind of startled joy:

"Oh — is it — is it you?"

"Yes," she answered. "I must see you! I must talk with you, again, and know the truth!"

The officer edged nearer.

"Youse can talk all y' want to," he dictated, hoarsely, "but don't you pass nothin' in. No dope, nor nothin', see? I'll stick around an' watch, anyhow; but don't try to slip him no dream powders or no 'snow.' 'Cause if you do —"

We Haven't Space or Words

To describe the great Debs and O'Hare meetings now stirring the continent from the Rockies to the Atlantic. From all points on Comrade Debs tours and from Mrs. O'Hare's appointments come a flood of letters in which the writers confess that they cannot adequately describe the vast response of the farmers and wage slaves to the call of the Revolution.

Here is a letter from Comrade Debs to Frank P. O'Hare written at Garrison N., D., June 11th.

Dear Frank;

If you could only be here and see this demonstration! one of the most wonderful I have ever seen! The old warehouse was packed as soon as the doors were open and hundreds couldn't get in. It's by far the biggest thing ever pulled off in Garrison. The little local plutes are stunned. They don't know what to make of it. The farmers and their families have come from a hundred miles around — and they are red to the core. The parked autos are to be seen along all the streets. Never has anything like it been seen here before—the comrades are wild with delight—everybody seems to have turned Socialist, and Socialists are everywhere.

It hardly seems possible that a little town of five hundred people could be the seat of such a wonderful demonstration! If this tremendous outpouring isn't significant and full of portent I don't know what is. How I wish you and Phil and Harry and all the office comrades could look in on this inspiring scene!

Yours,
E. V. DEBS.

WILLISTON, N. D.—The Results of Debs' meeting cannot be measured. Hundreds were converted to Socialism—most bitter opponents mellowed—more than a hundred have been added to Williston Local alone. The largest meeting of any character ever held in Williston. Success from every point of view. Receipts over \$700.00. Sold hundreds of extra subscriptions.—L. B. Sheldon.

BEMIDJI, Minn.—Great event—wonderful demonstration: it can hardly be described.

CHISHOLM, Minn.—Over seven thousand people—a wonderful meeting of wage slaves of the Rockefeller iron domain.

TERMS:

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.

The field work of the RIP-SAW editors, comrades Debs and Kate O'Hare is now being laid out for the balance of 1915. The smallest or the largest towns present equally good fields for their work. Now is the time to strike a terrific blow for Socialism. The PEOPLE are alert as never before. The work calls you. Get busy without delay. Arrange a great WORLD PEACE demonstration in your own county. Send for the subscription cards at once and go to work.

Yours to arouse the nation

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW

PONTIAC BUILDING

ST. LOUIS, MO.

P. S. State Secretary Pimbley has just written to reserve twelve dates for Debs for December in Florida, and expects to place a meeting within 50 miles of every house in the state. Florida comrades take notice and get busy.

"What — what on earth are you talking about?" the girl demanded, turning on the officer with absolute astonishment. But he, only winking wisely, repeated:

"You heard me, didn't you? No dope. I'm wise to this whole game." At a loss for his meaning, yet without any real desire to fathom it, Kate turned back toward Gabriel.

A moment they two looked at each other, each noting any change that might have taken place since that wonderful hour in the sugar-house, each hungering and thirsting for a sight of the other's face. In her heart, already, Kate knew as well as she knew she was alive, that this man was totally innocent of the foul charges heaped upon him. And so she looked at him with eyes where-in lay no reproach, no doubt and no suspicion. And, as she looked, tears started, and her heart swelled hotly in her breast; for he was bruised and battered and a helpless captive.

"He, caged like a trapped animal!" her thought was. "He, so strong, and free, and brave! Oh, horrible, horrible!"

He must have read something of this feeling, in her face; for now, coming close to the bars, he said in a low tone:

"Girl — your name I don't know, even yet — girl, you mustn't pity me! That's one thing I can't have. I'm here because the master class is stronger than my class, the working class. Here, because I'm dangerous to that master class. This isn't said to make myself out a martyr. It's only to make you see things right. I'm not complaining at this plight. I've richly earned it — under Capitalism. So, then, that's settled.

"And now, what's more important, tell me how you are! And did your wound cause you much trouble? I confess I've passed many an anxious hour, thinking of your narrow escape and of your injury. It wasn't too bad, was it? Tell me!"

"No," she answered, still holding to the bars, for she somehow felt quite unaccountably weak. "It wasn't very bad. There's hardly any scar at all — or won't be, when it's fully healed. But all this is trifling, compared to what you've suffered and are suffering. Oh, what a horrible affair! What frightful accusations! Tell me the truth, Boy — how, why could —?"

He looked at her a moment, in silence, noting her splendid hair and eyes and mouth, the firm, well-moulded chin, the confident and self-reliant poise of the shapely head; and as he looked, he knew he loved this woman. He understood, at last, how dear she was to him — dearer than everything else in all the world save just his principles and stern life work. He comprehended the meaning of all his dreams and visions and long thoughts. And, caring nothing for consequences, unskilled in the finesse of dealing with women, acting wholly on the irresistible impulses of a heart that overflowed, he looked deep into those gray eyes and said in a tone that set her heart-strings vibrating:

"Listen! The truth? How could I tell you anything else? I know not who you are, and care not. That you are rich and powerful and free, while I am poor and in captivity, means nothing. Love cares not for such trifles. It dares all, hopes all, trusts all, believes all — and is patient in adversity."

"Love?" she whispered, her face paling. "How do you dare to —?"

"Dare? Because my heart bids me. And where it bids, I care not for conventions or consequences!" He flung his hand out with a splendid gesture, his head high, his eyes lustrous in the half-light of the cell. "Where it leads, I have to follow. That is why I am a Socialist! That is why I am here, today, outcast and ex-ecrated, a prisoner, in danger of long years of living death in the pestilential tomb of some foul penitentiary!"

He nodded.

"Yes," said he. "I tried to help a

suffering, outcast woman — or one who posed as such. And she betrayed me to my enemies. And so —"

"There was a woman in this affair, then?" Catherine queried with sudden pain. "The newspapers haven't made the story all up out of whole cloth?"

"No. There was a woman. A Delilah, who delivered me into the hands of the Philistines, when I tried to help her in what she lied in telling me was her need. Will you hear the story?"

Still very pale, she formed a half-inarticulate "Yes!" with her full lips. Then, seeming to brace herself by a tighter clasp on the hard steel grating, she listened while he spoke.

Earnestly, honestly and with perfect straightforwardness, omitting nothing, adding nothing, he gave her the narrative of that fatal night's events, from the first moment he had laid eyes on the wonderfully-disguised woman, till her cudgel-blow had laid him senseless on the floor.

He told her the part that every actor therein had played; how the whole drama had been staged, to dishonor and convict him, to railroad him to the Pen for a long term, perhaps to kill him. He spoke in a low voice, to prevent the watching officer from overhearing; and as he talked, he thanked his stars that in all this network of conspiracy and crime against the Party and against himself, his captors had not yet placed him incommunicado. For some reason — perhaps because they thought their case against him absolutely secure and wanted to avoid any appearance of unfairness or of martyring him — this restriction had not yet been laid upon him. So now his message of the truth could reach the ears of her who, more than all the world beside, had grown dear to him and precious beyond words.

He told her, then, not only the story of that night, but also all that had since happened — the newspaper attacks on him and on the Party; the deliberate attempt to poison the community and the nation against him; the struggle to fix a foul and lasting blot upon his name, and ruin him beyond redemption.

"And why, all this?" he ended, while she — listening so intently that she hardly breathed — knew that he spoke the living, vital truth. "Why this persecution, this plotting, this labor and expense to 'get' me? Do you want to know?"

"Yes, tell me!" she whispered. "I don't understand. I can't! It — it all seems so horrible, so unreal, so — so different from what I've always believed about the majesty and purity of the law! Can these things be, indeed?"

He laughed bitterly.

"Can they?" he repeated. "When you see that they are, isn't that answer enough? And the reason of it all is that I'm a Socialist and know certain secrets of certain men, which — if I should tell the world — might, nay, surely would, precipitate a revolution. So, these men, and the System behind them, have tried to discredit me by this foul charge. After this, if the charge sticks, I may shout my head off, exposing what I know; and who will listen? You know the answer as well as I! Do I complain? No, not once! What I must suffer, for this wondrous Cause, is not a tenth what thousands suffer every day, in silence and high courage. What has happened to me, personally, is but the merest trifle beside what has already happened to thousands, fighting for life and liberty, for wife and home and children; for the right to work and live like men, not beasts!"

"You mean the — the working class?" she ventured, wonderingly. "Is this courage really a minor one, compared with what they, who feed and warm and carry the whole world, have to suffer? Tell me, for I — God help me, I am ignorant! I am beginning to see, to half-see, awful, dim, ghostly, shapes of huge, unspeakable wrongs. Tell me the truth about all this, as

you have told it about yourself — and let me know!"

Then Gabriel talked as never he had talked before. To this, his audience of one, there in the dirty and ill-smelling police station, he unfolded the sad tale of the disinherited, the enslaved, the wretched, as never to a huge and spell-bound audience in hall or park or city street. His eloquence, always convincing, now became sublime.

With master strokes he painted vast outlines of the whole sad picture — the System, based on robbery and fraud and exploitation; its natural results in millionaire and tramp and harlot and degenerate; the crime of armies of unemployed and starving men, of millions of women forced into the factories and shops, there to compete with men and lower wages and lose their finest feminine attributes in the sordid and heartless drudging for a pittance.

He told her of child slavery, and brought before her eyes the pictures he himself had seen, of the pale, stunted little victims of Mammon's greed, toiling by day and night in stifling, dangerous mines; in the Hell-glare of the glass-factories; in the hand-bruising, soul-obliterating Inferno of the coal-breakers; in the hot, linty, sickening atmosphere of the southern cotton-mills. And as he talked, she saw for the first time the figures of these bowed and bloodless little boys and girls, giving their lives drop by drop, and cough by cough, that she might have purple and fine linen and the rich, soft, easy paths of life.

Then, pausing not, he spoke to her of white slavery, of girls and women by the uncounted thousand forced to barter their own bodies for a mockery of life; and, stinging as a nagaika, he laid the lash of blame on Capitalism, evil begetter of an evil and rotten fruit, of disease and crime, and misery, and death. He told her of political corruption beyond belief; of cheating, lying, trickery and greed, for power. Of war he told her, and made all its inner, hideous motives clear. She seemed verily to see the trenches, the "red rampart's slippery edge," the spattered blood and brains and all the horror of Hell's nethermost infamy — and then the blasted, wrecked and wasted homes, the long trail of mourning and of hopeless ruin — the horror of this crime of crimes, all for profit, all for gold and markets, all for Capitalism!

And then, while the girl stood there listening, spellbound by her first insight, her first understanding of the true character of this, our striving, slaving world, held by a few for their own inordinate pride and power, the man's voice changed.

With new intonations and a deeper tone, he launched into some outlines of the great hope, the splendid vision, the Wondrous Ideal — Socialism, the world-salvation.

Sentence by sentence, imagery of this vast, noble thought flowed from his inspired lips. Clearly he showed this woman all the causes of the world's travail and pain; and clearly made her see that only in one way, only through the ownership of the world by the world's children as a whole, could peace and justice, life and joy and plenty and the New Time come to pass, dreamed of and yearned for by many sages and prophets, and now close at hand on the very threshold of reality!

Socialism! It leaped from his spirit like a living flame, consuming dross and waste and evil, lighting up the future with its shining beacon, its message of hope to the hopeless, of rest and cheer and peace to all who labored and were heavy laden.

Socialism! The glory of the vision seemed to blind and dazzle Catherine. In its supernal light, things grievous to be understood and borne were now made clear. For the first time in all her life, the woman saw, and knew, and grasped the truths of this strange nexus of conflict, pain and sorrow, that

we know as our existence.

"Socialism! The Hope of the World!" Gabriel finished. "And for this, and for what I know about its enemies, I stand here in this cell and may yet go to a living death. This is my crime, and nothing else — this battle for the freedom and the joy of the world — this struggle against the powers of ignorance and darkness, priestcraft and greed, lust, treachery and foulness, cruelty and hate and war! This, and this only. You have heard me. I have spoken!"

He fell silent, crossed his arms upon the bars of the cage that pent him, and laid his head upon them with a motion of weariness.

Something strangely stirred the heart of the women. Her hand went out and touched his thick black hair. "Be of good cheer," she whispered. "Though I am ignorant and do not fully understand, as yet, some glimmer of the light has reached my eyes. I can learn, and I will learn, and dare, and do! All my life I have eaten the bread of this bitter slavery, taken the thing I had no right to take, unknowingly wielded the lash on bleeding backs of men and women and children.

"All my life have I, in ignorance and idleness, done these things. But never shall I do them again. That is all past and gone, an evil dream that is no more. From now, if you will be patient and forgive and teach me, I will stand with you and yours, and glory in the new-found strength and majesty of this supreme ideal!"

He made no answer, save to reach one hand to her, through the bars. Their hands met in a long, clinging tension. The policeman, somewhat down the corridor, moved officiously in their direction.

"Here, now, none o' that!" he blurted. "Break away! An' say, time's up. Yuh stayed too long, miss, as it is!"

Their hands parted. Still Gabriel did not look up.

"Are — are you coming back again?" he asked.

"Yes, Gabriel. Tomorrow." "And will you tell me then who you are?"

"I'll tell you now, if you want to know." "I do," he answered, and raised his head. Their eyes met, steadily. "I do, now that you too have seen the light, and that you understand. Tell me, who are you?"

A moment's pause. Then, facing him, she answered: "I am Catherine Flint, only daughter of Isaac Flint, the Billionaire!"

(To be continued.)

The Rip-Saw Editors' Routes

E. V. Debs July Trip		
Meadville, Pa.	Sunday	June 27th
Uniontown, Pa.	Monday	June 28th
Williamsport, Pa.	Tuesday	June 29th
Millville, N. J.	Wednesday	June 30th
Harrisburg, Pa.	Thursday	July 1st
Easton, Pa.	Friday	July 2d
Philadelphia, Pa.	Saturday	July 3d
Cleveland, Ohio	Sunday	July 4th
Detroit, Mich.	Monday	July 5th

Dates on Comrade Debs September Trip are now being arranged—all points South and West of Terre Haute, Indiana, in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Eastern New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma. Apply now.

Mrs. O'Hare's dates in the Southwest JULY-AUGUST, 1915.		
Bartlesville, Okla.	Sunday	July 18th
Parsons, Kan.	Monday	July 19th
Eufaula, Okla.	Tuesday	July 20th
Tecumseh, Okla.	Wednesday	July 21st
Purcell, Okla.	Thursday	July 22d
Oklahoma City, Okla. (Traveling)	Friday	July 23d
Clovis, N. M. (Open)	Saturday	July 24th
Plainview, Texas (Open)	Sunday	July 25th
Hamlin, Texas	Monday	July 26th
Weinert, Texas	Tuesday	July 27th
Ft. Worth, Texas	Wednesday	July 28th
Denton, Texas	Thursday	July 29th
Cleburne, Texas	Friday	July 30th
Athens, Texas	Saturday	July 31st
Winnsboro, Texas	Sunday	Aug. 1st
	Monday	Aug. 2d
	Tuesday	Aug. 3rd
	Wednesday	Aug. 4th
	Thursday	Aug. 5th
Sulphur, Okla. (Traveling)	Friday	Aug. 6th
Foreman, Ark.	Saturday	Aug. 7th
El Paso, Ark.	Sunday	Aug. 8th
Heber Springs, Ark.	Monday	Aug. 9th
Newport, Ark. (Traveling)	Tuesday	Aug. 10th
Forest, La.	Wednesday	Aug. 11th
Forest, La. (Traveling)	Thursday	Aug. 12th
Jonesboro, Ark.	Friday	Aug. 13th
Paragould, Ark.	Saturday	Aug. 14th
Boydsville, Ark.	Sunday	Aug. 15th
	Monday	Aug. 16th
	Tuesday	Aug. 17th
	Wednesday	Aug. 18th

BARRELS OF AIR BURNED AS FUEL

COOL KITCHENS!

SUMMER COMFORT!

New, Remarkable Stove—Ohioan's Great Invention—Consumes Barrels of Air to One Gallon of Common Kerosene Oil, Making Oil-gas—the New Fuel That Looks and Burns Like Gas

PROVEN BY SCIENTIFIC TEST

Wood, Coal and Oil All Cost Money. **ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR!** Unlimited Supply—no trust in control. Air Belongs to Rich and Poor Alike. We Can't Burn Air Alone, But See Here! **Our Wonderful Stove Burns Air and Gas—Very Little Gas—Principally Air. Takes Its Fuel Almost Entirely From the Atmosphere.**

A Miniature Gas Works—**Penny Fuel For Every Family**—Save 1/2 to 1/3 on Cost—Save Dirt and Drudgery—No More Coal or Wood to Carry—Ashes Unknown—Absolute Safety.

**SEE HOW SIMPLE! TURN A KNOB—TOUCH A MATCH—FIRE IS ON.
TURN AGAIN—FIRE IS OFF! THAT'S ALL.**

Astonishing, But True—Time Tested—Proven Facts—Circulars Give Startling Details—Overwhelming Evidence.

No Such Stove Sold In Stores Unlike Anything You've Seen or Heard Of!

A Splendid Opportunity For Our Readers to Make Money; Both Men and Women. Write Today.

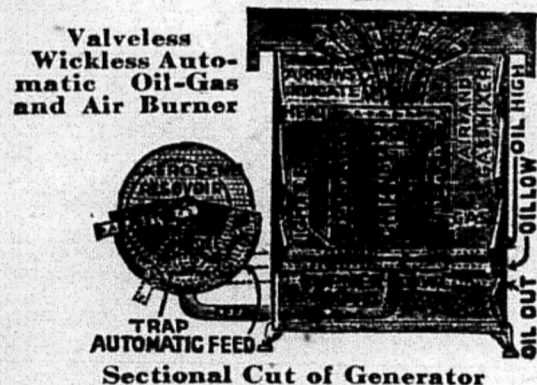
Because air is the only free fuel and no trust in control, inventors have tried for years to find a way by which properties could be drawn from the atmosphere and used as fuel for general household purposes, thus producing the cheapest fuel obtainable.

Understand, you can not burn air absolutely alone, but this new air generator actually takes its fuel almost entirely from the atmosphere, so much so as to take in barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil.

The time has come at last when our readers are no longer compelled to continually drudge with coal and wood fires or dangerous gasoline, for every family who desires can heat, cook and bake with oil and air gas, the wonderful new fuel which frequently saves from one-third to one-half on fuel bills. What a blessing this is to women folks, who for the first time in their lives can say, no more coal or wood, or smoky oil wick stoves to make life miserable with daily drudgery so ruinous to health and looks.

Thousands a Week

Upon calling at the factory we found that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all over the U. S.—that the factory is already rushed with thousands of orders, and evidently the Company's representatives



and agents are making big profits, as they offer splendid inducements.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this oil-gas and air generator is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—and durable—last for years—no wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control—no leaks, nothing to close or clog up.

By simply turning a knob, as you would a door knob, the oil is automatically fed to a small steel burner bowl or open trough, when it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upwards between two red-hot

perforated steel chimneys, all the while drawing in about one barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed, making quick, intense heat. This intense heat is concentrated at burners, not thrown out to over-heat room. Kitchen always cool and comfortable in hot weather. Grandest and Best Summer Stove on Earth. In winter use Radiator. Then intense heat passes direct to Radiator on top of stove, and this great volume of heat is thrown off in all directions by eleven Radiator tubes, aided by one large central column with a distributing surface equal to a cylinder five feet in circumference.

Every drop of fuel is consumed, goes into heat—making hottest gas fire—nothing wasted—all the heat stays inside and none goes up the chimney for this stove requires no pipes or flue connections—use it anywhere about the house, office, or store—move it about as often as you like.

This invention has been fully protected in the U. S. Patent Office, and is known as the Harrison Valveless, Wickless, Automatic Oil Gas and Air Generator, the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the oil.

The extremely small amount of kerosene oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas makes it, we believe, the most economical fuel on earth, and the reason for the great success of this generator is based on the well-known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas when mixed with common air.

Kerosene oil from which oil-gas is made is sold by all grocers—buy as consumed—as you would for a lamp—gallon lots or two—let pennies do the work of dollars, and save the difference. At last humanity is blessed with a cheap fuel that makes no dirt, ashes, soot—removing forever the greatest nuisance that women folks ever suffered.

What a pleasure to just turn the knob—touch a match—a beautiful gas flame appears—hottest fire—always ready—on or off at will—self-regulating—no more attention—same heat all day or all night—could anything be more perfect?

It generates the gas only as needed—simple, handsome, durable, easily operated, and another feature is its perfect safety. This stove is so safe that you could drop a match in the oil tank and it would go out.

While at the factory in Cincinnati, the writer was shown thousands of letters from customers who were using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment, but a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction, and as a few extracts may be interesting to the readers, we reproduce them.

Thos. Vincent, Wisc.: "My wife never had anything she enjoyed so much as your stove. No heated room or dirt. I can heartily recommend your stove to any one desiring a clean, neat and economical stove. It surpasses anything we ever saw."

J. C. Campbell, Nebr.: "Your stove gives perfect satisfaction. Would not part with it for anything. It is far superior to any other oil or gasoline stove. It is perfectly safe, very convenient, economical and cleanly. It is all you recommend it to be. A fine baker and a great comfort to use it."

K. H. McVany, W. Va.: "I can't do without your stove one day. It is the best friend I have. The longer I use it, the better I like it, and the better it gets."

W. H. Goodwin, Vt.: "Harrison Oil-Gas Stove is the Leader of all oil stoves. It can't be recommended too highly."

L. Waltz, Texas.: "We like the stove better every day. We think it is a dandy cooker and baker. Have the best biscuits now we ever had in years."

B. H. Batchelor, Texas.: "My wife is highly delighted with the stove. Would not part with it for any other stove made. We are eating the finest bread and other cooking that we ever ate before. It surpasses what it is recommended to do."

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Miller, Ind.: "We are more than pleased with the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. It is a splendid baker. About one cent's worth of oil will get a meal for our family. It is O. K."



J. F. Faulk, Miss.: "Find it costs less than half for fuel using your stove than it does a wood or coal stove—besides the pleasure of cooking without suffering with the heat."

Agents Are Doing Fine—
Making Big Money

Wonderful Quick Seller

Geo. Robertson, of Mo., writes: "Am delighted with Oil-Gas; so are my friends—took twelve orders in three days."

A. B. Slimp, of Texas, writes: "I want the agency. In a day and a half took over a dozen orders."

Edward Wilson, of Mo., writes: "The Harrison very satisfactory. Sold five stoves first day I had mine."

J. H. Halman, of Tenn., writes: "Already have seventy orders."

This is certainly a good chance for our readers to make money.

Hundred of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas, and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves.

The writer personally saw the Oil-Gas Stoves in operation—in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working, and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that this Harrison Oil-Gas stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in four sizes; 1, 2, 3 or 4 generators to a stove. They are made of steel throughout, thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings, and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight ever user, and the makers fully guarantee them.

How to Get One

All our lady readers who want to enjoy the pleasure of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save one-third to one-half on fuel bills and do their heating, cooking and baking at small expense, should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space prevents a more detailed description, but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties. If you will write to the only makers, The World Mfg. Co., 5013 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and ask for their illustrative pamphlet describing this invention, and also letters from hundreds of delighted users, you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these Stoves is remarkably low, only \$3.25 up. And it is indeed difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to our wives.

Don't Fail to Write Today

For full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg. Co. is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, is perfectly responsible and reliable, capital \$100,000, and will do just as they agree. The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted and delivered promptly to any address. Don't fail to write for catalog.

\$40 Weekly & Expenses

The firm offers splendid inducements to agents and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position, paying big wages, by writing them at once and mentioning this paper.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for where shown these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous and the factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

Many of our readers have spare time, or are out of employment, and others are not making a great deal of money, and we advise them to write to the firm and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before eight or ten people, and you will excite their curiosity and should be able to sell five or eight and make \$10.00 to \$15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?