



Do Not Be Deceived by the Vampires of War

By Henry M. Tichenor

DO NOT BE DECEIVED!
THE POWERS THAT BE—the PARASITES that fatten on EXPLOITATION—are not stirring up the war furies because the Lusitania was sunk.

Neither are the harlots of the kept capitalist press foaming at the mouth with "righteous indignation" over the dead that went down into the sea.

No—the POWERS THAT BE are hell-bent on dragging this country into the mad murder carnival, BECAUSE THERE IS BIG MONEY IN IT!

It is not the "will of the people" urging the President to join the allies in an onslaught on Germany—it is the will of the ammunition makers, and the birds of prey that devour generations to come with billions of government bonds, that is egging on the conspiracy.

It is not "vox populi" that inspires the jingo editorials in the kept capitalist papers—it is Plutocracy's poisoned pen that indites the frenzied lines.

The exploiting class "horried" over the drowning of innocent women and children on board the Lusitania?

Bosh!

What did the exploiting class care for the bayoneting of babies and burning their little bodies by their hired assassins at Ludlow?

What do they care for the children ground to death, for PROFIT, in the cotton mills?

Listen—the only thing under the all-beholding sun that ever horrifies the exploiting class, is the LOSS OF AN OPPORTUNITY TO COIN MORE DOLLARS—they are willing now to forget the Lusitania atrocity if Germany will only promise to not blow up passenger vessels carrying cargoes of shot and

shell and deadly explosives.

Their "horrors" over the sinking of the Lusitania calmed away down below the boiling point when rumors from Berlin were published that insinuated that Germany might modify her submarine warfare.

bullets. But when at length the German note came, under which the safety of American tourists is only promised when sailing in a ship carrying the American flag and guaranteed not to be loaded with a cargo of explosives for Germany's enemies, then the

"HELLO, WILSON!"

By Robert Minor



"This is the American People talking. We Want War!"

Visions of running their ammunition factories full blast, and shipping their infernal murder machinery under the cover of American tourists, looked so good to the plunderers that they ceased to mourn the Lusitania dead—they wiped the tears from their eyes and began figuring up the profits on shrapnel and dumdum

tears filled their eyes again, righteous indignation possessed their souls, and the pious, patriotic plunderers began demanding, that if "OUR FOREIGN TRADE IN AMMUNITION IS TO BE INTERFERED WITH, THEN LET THE UNITED STATES GO TO WAR WITH THE NATION THAT DOES THE INTERFER-

ING — WE WILL GLADLY SELL OUR SHOT AND SHELL TO UNCLE SAM, AND LOAN THE GOVERNMENT, SECURED BY A NATIONAL INTEREST-BEARING MORTGAGE, THE MONEY TO BUY THEM."

* * *

DO NOT BE DECEIVED!

The American Plunderbund wants war, and does not care how it gets it.

It wants to manufacture and sell at a BIG PROFIT millions of dollars worth of its death-dealing explosives.

It wants to supply and clothe at a BIG PROFIT an army and navy, and feed them on embalmed beef.

It wants to milk USURY from the people for years to come on billions of government bonds.

IT IS A VAMPIRE, AND DEMANDS TO FEED ON HUMAN BLOOD.

* * *

Mexico has not blown up any ships carrying ammunition and passengers, but what of that?

WAR IS WAR, NO MATTER WHO WITH.

Any old war means BOODLE.

Mexico has blown up the dividends in the Mexican oil and mining industries owned by the American plunderers.

This makes just as good a casus belli with which to go to war with Mexico, as the sinking of passenger ships carrying American-made shells and explosives.

WHENEVER AND WHEREVER THERE IS MORE PROFIT IN WAR THAN THERE IS IN PEACE, THEN AND THERE ARE THE DOGS OF WAR TURNED LOOSE.

* * *

DO NOT BE DECEIVED!

(Continued on page 7.)

DEATH OF COL. DICK MAPLE

Readers of the Rip-Saw, especially the older ones, will regret to learn of the death of Comrade Seth McCallen, better known under the nom de plume of Col. Dick Maple, which occurred at his home at Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, July 24.

As the Rip-Saw's first editor, which position he so ably and faithfully filled until stricken with paralysis, several years ago, Col. Maple was known far and wide and recognized as one of the most virile writers in America. The readers of the Rip-Saw, we know, will join our staff in expressing sorrow at his death and extending heartfelt sympathy to his family.



COL. DICK MAPLE
Born July 2, 1861 Died July 24, 1915

Rockefeller Suppresses The N. Y. Call

New York Call, July 25:

John D. Rockefeller has declared war on The New York Call. He said that The Call cannot enter his Bayonne territory. His city officials are carrying out his order. Rockefeller has declared war on The Call—and he has fired his first gun.

Rockefeller has forbid the sale of The Call anywhere within the city of Bayonne. Newsstands must not sell it or give it away.

It must not be permitted within the city. The power that turned the machine guns on Ludlow, that sent hot bullets through the workers of Roosevelt, that turned riot guns on the workers at Bayonne, has declared that it will crush the Call out of its sacred territory.

Rally to this fight. Never before in the history of America has a private citizen or corporation been bold enough and strong enough to order the suppression of a free press. This is a tyranny that cannot be tolerated. Rocke-

WORLD PEACE

If you want to combat the war madness that the prostituted press is foisting on us, order a few copies of WORLD PEACE, the wonderful new book by Frank and Kate O'Hare, and lend them to your neighbors. It is death to the war bug.

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The National Rip-Saw, Pontiac Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

feller, we accept your declaration of war—AND IT WILL BE WAR TO THE FINISH!

"THE CRY FOR JUSTICE." An Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest. Edited by Upton Sinclair. Introduction by Jack London. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00 net.

This is a book that can only be fully appreciated when one has examined it far enough to realize that it is literally what the title page claims for it: a collection of the writings of philosophers, poets, novelists, social reformers and others who have voiced the struggle against social injustice, selected from twenty-five languages, and covering a period of five thousand years. And then it dawns on one that this is a peculiar book, a remarkable book, a book that can be dipped into or read systematically with unflagging interest, a book that can be gone back to time after time for all the years to come, for information, for confirmation, for new light, for inspiration, for bigger and better visions of all that is yet to be done, for the lifting up of humanity and the established recognition of the brotherhood of man. In his preface the editor speaks of it as "a Bible of the future, a Gospel of the new hope of the race." This may seem a sort of sacrilege until the scope, the purpose and the standards of the book are understood, and then only can the reader see with what reverence and insight the comparison has been made.

Only 10,000 people will get our Credit Cards this season with secret terms and Jubilee Sale prices. Read page 14

The Rip-Saw Editors' Routes

E. V. DEBS—September

McCurtain, Okla.	Monday, Sept. 6th
Wewoka, Okla.	Tuesday, Sept. 7th
(Open)	Wednesday, Sept. 8th
Valliant, Okla.	Thursday, Sept. 9th
(Open)	Friday, Sept. 10th
Temple, Texas	Saturday, Sept. 11th
Ft. Worth, Texas	Sunday, Sept. 12th
Seymour, Texas	Monday, Sept. 13th
(Open)	Tuesday, Sept. 14th
Mangum, Okla.	Wednesday, Sept. 15th
Fairview, Okla.	Thursday, Sept. 16th
Enid, Okla.	Friday, Sept. 17th
Alva, Okla.	Saturday, Sept. 18th
Mooreland, Okla.	Sunday, Sept. 19th
Gage, Okla.	Monday, Sept. 20th
(Open)	Tuesday, Sept. 21st

Mrs. O'Hare's dates in the Southwest
AUGUST, 1915.

Cleburne, Texas	Sunday, Aug. 1st
Athens, Texas	Monday, Aug. 2d
Winnsboro, Texas	Tuesday, Aug. 3rd
Durant, Okla.	Wednesday, Aug. 4th
Durant, Okla.	Thursday, Aug. 5th
Sulphur, Okla.	Friday, Aug. 6th
Foreman, Ark.	Saturday, Aug. 7th
Benton, Ark.	Sunday, Aug. 8th
El Paso, Ark.	Monday, Aug. 9th
Heber Springs, Ark.	Tuesday, Aug. 10th
Newport, Ark.	Wednesday, Aug. 11th
(Traveling)	Thursday, Aug. 12th
Forest, La.	Friday, Aug. 13th
Forest, La.	Saturday, Aug. 14th
(Traveling)	Sunday, Aug. 15th
Jonesboro, Ark.	Monday, Aug. 16th
Paragould, Ark.	Tuesday, Aug. 17th
Boydsville, Ark.	Wednesday, Aug. 18th

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Washes Tub of Clothes in Three Minutes

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

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Send for complete information now. Learn all about this remarkable new invention and this free opportunity to make money. No waiting or guessing. The price of only \$1.50 makes a sale at every house—cash business at 200% cash profit to you.

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Mr. L. M. Palmer
Glen Allen, Ala.

Mr. Palmer is one of my agents who started this work without having had any experience at all in selling anything. He thought he would take me at my word and see if this machine would sell itself. He put out 108 on trial—from house to house. Going back to collect, he received one machine and the cash for 107 machines—107 out of 108 sold themselves—his profit \$107.00. This same position is now offered to you—you can make this money yourself. Could you ask greater proof than Palmer's record? Then write today and start for yourself.

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That's what Ralph Cappa, of Florida, did the first Saturday he worked. Another one of my money-making men, T. L. Speakman of Gainsville, Ala., put 36 machines on trial one day and sold every one of them—they sold themselves. Profit \$36.00. Can you beat that kind of a seller?

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Editorial Department

By EUGENE V. DEBS

A UNIVERSITY IN DISGRACE

The University of Pennsylvania stands at the bar charged with the crime of attempting to strangle free speech and suppress the teaching of the truth. The summary discharge of Doctor Scott Nearing, assistant professor of economics, a great favorite with the student body and universally respected for his probity, his excellent character, his sincere pursuit of the truth and his equally sincere efforts to teach the truth, is nothing less than an attempt on the part of this capitalist institution to throttle an honest teacher for daring to state facts instead of crawling like a sycophant at the feet of those who control the institution in the interest of the social parasites who wax fat in special privilege.

There is no use to quibble over details. The bald fact stands forth that Scott Nearing was discharged for doing what his honest duty as a teacher required him to do and in turning him out of his class room into the street the University of Pennsylvania has discredited and disgraced itself before the world.

Let the demand for Scott Nearing's reinstatement be made loud and emphatic and if it fails at last let the University of Pennsylvania be branded for what it is, an institution controlled by the lords of loot for the perversion of education and the suppression of truth.

DARE TO BE A MAN

The cowardice, the timidity, the downright cravenness of so many working people is the most discouraging thing about the labor movement. It is this more than any other one thing that is difficult to overcome but even this can and will be conquered for there is nothing, not even the gates of hell, that can stay the march of the earth's grand army of toilers to emancipation.

And how the weak and cowardly are punished for their cravenness! They are in constant dread; they shiver with fear. The sight of a petty boss unnerves them. The very job to which they cling seems to despise and make sport of them.

A thousand times better is it to stand up and be bold and strong, manly and self-reliant. The coward is a continuous and everlasting loser; the brave man an eternal winner.

"I faced the Powers of Darkness

And trembled at their might;

Then hurled at them my challenge—

And their darkness turned to light."

Dare to be a man in this great struggle and to do a man's part to win the victory for man! Dare to issue your challenge to fate and your darkness will turn to light, your weakness to strength, and your defeat to victory!

President Wilson has been made a member of the Journeymen Stone Masons. Roosevelt is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Taft of the Steam Shovellers' Union. The labor union that confers membership on a capitalist politician degrades itself by such sycophancy and lickspittleism and the only compensation it gets in return is a political job conferred upon the labor politician within its ranks who was smooth enough to put up the job.

The garment workers of every kind and degree ought to settle their differences among themselves by getting together in one powerful industrial organization where they might all fight together for the good of all.

Speed the day of industrial solidarity of the working class!

SENATOR BAILEY AND SOCIALISM

The San Antonio Express reports an attack on socialism by ex-senator Joe Bailey of Texas, which is anything but uncomplimentary to the socialists. Senator Bailey is quoted as saying:

"Under anything like normal conditions the socialists will poll 1,500,000 votes in the next presidential election. They have made big inroads in Europe and now are the controlling factor in the greatest countries of the old world."

Quite evidently the former senator is alive to the growth and promise of the socialist movement and like every other capitalist politician he views it with dread and fear. Says he:

"Socialism is a menace. It is a menace in American politics. IT NEVER SLEEPS."

Right you are, Joseph! Socialism is a menace to capitalism and its standard oil institutions, and it is especially a menace to standard oil politics. Every grafting politician and every corporation tool in office, or seeking office, has reason to fear this menace, for socialism will have no more mercy on these boodlers and corruptionists than the sun has on the foul creatures of the night.

Yes, indeed, socialism is a menace and we would have no use for it if it were not. Every revolution is a menace and fulfills itself in spite of those who fatten on privilege and who, true to their parasite nature, attempt to thwart it. "AND IT NEVER SLEEPS!"

The railroad employes who were buncoed in the recent "arbitration" held at Chicago under the direction of the federal government are wondering why their high officials did not discover the fact that Charles Nagel the "neutral" member of the board was a corporation agent and tool of the railroads from his crown to his foot-soles until after the "arbitration" was over and the platter of lemons was handed to the victims who footed the enormous bill.

The National Civic Federation has made the discovery that socialists are all wrong in claiming that labor is exploited of so large a share of what it produces. According to the N. C. F. labor gets two-thirds and capital but one third of the product. Even at that, can the N. C. F. give even the shadow of an excuse why honest labor should turn over one-third of what is produced in the sweat of its brow to a set of leeches and parasites?

THE RAILROAD WORKERS

How much longer will the employes of the American railroads be kept divided and disorganized by a small army of high officials who are drawing enormous salaries mainly for that very purpose?

If the rank and file want to know the principal reason why they are not united on one powerful organization of railroad workers, sub-divided within instead of being divided without, they will find it in the annual pay roll and expense account of their craft union officials of HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

In a press dispatch from Denver the announcement is made that in a speech there to the trainmen William G. Lee, their president, assured them that they were on the eve of forming a grand federation with other unions of railroad employes. This announcement is an old story and has been almost worked to death. Every time one of these officials gets into close quarters he springs the announcement that a grand federation is about to be consummated. For twenty-five years this grand federation has been coming and it is not one whit nearer now than it was then, nor intended to be by those whose continued high salaries depend upon keeping the railroad workers in separate and oftentimes hostile camps rather than unite in one powerful organization covering every branch in the service.

The recent fiasco, alias "arbitration" pulled off at Chicago and of which the engineers, hostlers and firemen of the Western railways are the victims has opened the eyes of thousands to the fact that the craft union has had its day and that if anything is to be accomplished the employees must develop the maximum of their power in an industrial organization embracing them all.

The Chicago arbitration cost its victims over half a million dollars. Hundreds of loyal members who were too poor to meet the heavy assessments were expelled for non-payment while those who had the money to pay and did pay now realize that they might as well have thrown the money into the fire for all the good they have received from it.

There is no earthly reason why the railroad employees should not all unite in one great industrial organization and until they do they must expect the miserable wages most of them are getting, the long hours against which they are vainly protesting, and all the penalties of wage-slavery.

Pat Quinlan and John Lawson are in penitentiary for fighting the battles of the working class. If they had served the capitalists as faithfully as they have served the wage-slaves they would be in congress and the wage-slaves themselves would be the most enthusiastic in doing them honor.

"Socialism," as Bebel so aptly expressed it, "is science applied to all realms of human activity."

In the presence of the carnage seething about us to remain unmoved is treason and to be indifferent as to the outcome is to share in the responsibility for the crime.

The world is moving toward industrial and social democracy and will reach its goal on schedule time.

WHY HE WAS REBUKED

The Secretary of Labor, W. B. Wilson, recently attended a convention of switchmen and made a speech, the opening paragraph of which is here quoted as follows:

"Mr. President and fellow trade unionists: One of the most severe rebukes I have received since I have been appointed to the position in the President's cabinet has been caused as the result of the various conventions I have attended. I have dared to address the membership as fellow trade unionists. Those who have criticized that form of greeting have contended that in so doing I have failed to recognize the prominence of the position I occupy."

Mr. Wilson seems to think he took desperate chances in getting down to the level of those common switchmen and addressing them as fellow-unionists, he who owes his cabinet position to the fact that he belongs to a labor union and is supposed to have a strong political pull among union men, and from what he says he must have been fearfully rebuked by his party and his official associates for allowing himself to fall into such low and vulgar association. It is to be hoped that the switchmen were duly impressed and that they did not fail to note the great risk Mr. Wilson was taking and the stinging rebuke that was to follow for his daring to attend a convention of mere switchmen, instead of associating with lordly leeches and parasites, and condescending to address them as fellow-men.

MOTHER JONES AT EIGHTY-FOUR

Neither summer's heat nor winter's cold can stop this indefatigable old agitator from pursuing the path of duty and rallying the workers to the standard of the revolution. When she is not in jail she is fighting to free those who are. Just at present she is addressing great mass meetings in industrial centers in behalf of John R. Lawson the convicted strike leader in Colorado.

Mother Jones and James Lord of the United Mine Workers are touring the country and stirring up the workers to rise in protest against Lawson's life sentence and to demand his unconditional release. In this agitation Mother Jones is at her best and to see this old warrior on the platform tearing the hide from the beast of capitalism and demanding the release of its innocent victims is indeed an inspiration.

The sentence of John Lawson like that of Pat Quinlan is not only an outrage against the law but a crime against justice and all the workers of the country should follow the inspiring example of Mother Jones at eighty-four in demanding his unconditional liberation.

The war of trade leads to the war of blood. All war is murder and all humanity ought to rise against that crime of crimes.

The RIP-SAW stands unflinchingly for the industrial union and the Socialist party; for the solidarity of the workers on both fields.

Sudden Death of Comrade Hoffman

At the very hour of going to press the sad news comes to us of the sudden and unexpected death of Comrade C. B. Hoffman of Kansas City. The name of this faithful and devoted comrade is well known to our readers and the report of his death will come to them as a painful shock and they will all feel as we do, that the socialist movement has sustained an irreparable loss.

Comrade Hoffman succeeded in business years ago by becoming one of the prominent figures in the milling industry, but the sordid aspects of material wealth and the utter lack of lofty ideals in the present system turned him from the pursuit of financial gain and he inevitably found his way into the socialist movement, to which he consecrated himself with all his splendid ability and energy and here he won for himself an enduring place in the hearts of his comrades and fellow-workers.

Comrade Hoffman was a forceful, impressive speaker, a clear and convincing writer and at all times one of the most active and effective of propagandists. At one time he was editor of the Chicago Socialist and he served in many other capacities and always with equal credit to himself and the cause. His wife, Mrs. Hoffman, was his companion and comrade in all his work, equally devoted, sincere and unselfish, and upon her the blow will fall with crushing effect.

In behalf of the many thousands who loved and honored Comrade Hoffman for his manly principles, his lofty ideals and his unselfish devotion to the cause of the oppressed and heavy-laden, we tender to his bereaved widow our deepest sympathy and trust she may find consolation in the memory of a husband who lived an upright, dutiful and blameless life and who will be lovingly remembered by his fellow-men.

NEW TRIAL GRANTED

The following communication from San Antonio, Texas, under date of July 2nd, explains itself:

"My sentence of a life term was reversed by the highest court and I have been granted a new trial. My case will probably come to trial again next fall. Many thanks for your efforts. Best wishes and kindest regards to all."

—Charles Cline, County Jail.

This is good news to RIP-SAW readers and to all who have followed the outrageous legal persecution of Cline, Rangel and their colleagues for having attempted by perfectly lawful means to render aid to their fellow-workers in Mexico in their struggle to escape from peonage.

The conviction of these men was upon a trumped-up charge and provoked widespread resentment and emphatic protest. It is gratifying to note that the first effect of this protest has been felt in the granting of a new trial to Cline and in the coming trial we are confident there will be an absolute acquittal. The agitation must be kept up in the cases not only of Rangel and Cline, but of Suhr and Ford, of Pat Quinlan, John Lawson and all others who are in jail or penitentiary for having fought the battles of the working class.

Scott Nearing knows what it is to be a teacher of the truth in a university where ignorance is bliss and where it is folly to teach anything that conflicts with the interests of the moneybags that endow it.

Millville, N. J., June 30, 1915.

Editor the National Rip-Saw:
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

I heard Debs tonight.

A new world to me lies dimly near.

My heart throbs with altruistic love and my life seems more real. A feeling sublime, far nobler than I ever deemed possible. The usual agitating harangue of the soap-boxers is forgotten, all personal resentment gone, and only Debs' beautiful picture of the Brotherhood of Man before me.

How quiet, how sincere, how peaceful is my transition. The noble dignity of his sentiment, the genuine sincerity of his self—ideals! ideals! ideals! Yet ideals within our reach.

Tonight I become a Socialist.

Very truly yours,

WILBERT SHELDON.

"The Patriot"

Perpetrated by the Rip-Saw Poet

Breathes there a slave that lives half-fed,
Who never to himself hath said,
I long to be shot through the head
For the boss that owns my daily bread?

If such there be, go mark him well;
For him no tales of valor tell;—
He's under some wild Socialist spell,
That longs for peace, instead of hell.

THE PATRIOT By Robert Minor



The big majority of patriots are dead. The above is a live one. Robert Minor took his picture before he has had the glorious opportunity of sacrificing his life for his masters' country. He is willing to die at any time—with \$16 a month, board, clothes and funeral expenses included. You can tell that by the expression on his face. You can also see that he thinks he looks like the statue he holds in one hand. The flag he holds in the other hides from his sight the chains that bind him.

Note the ball and chain tied to his leg. The ball is decorated with the colors of the country, six feet of which he will possess with undisputed title, as soon as he is killed. That is, providing his masters are able to get his remains home from some foreign shore. This six feet of the country for which he fought and bled and died will be covered with flowers once a year by the masters that had him killed.

P. S. Arrangements are now being made in all civilized countries so that patriots will leave behind them a war-baby to take their place.

According to the National Merchant Tailors' Association there is everything in wool cloth—but wool. Among other things you fibre, spun glass, wool cardings, sweepings, jute, cotton and hemp. In other words, the only wool you get is what the profit monger you of your hard earned dollars. And you like it so well that you go to the polls on the following election and vote for the system that gives him the legal right to shear you as other sheep are sheared.

To the Mothers and Maids of America

Kate Richards O'Hare

It is an instinct, old as human life itself, that in the hour of suffering and anguish, death or danger, the strongest, most brutal man turns to the woman who gave life and whimpers like a little child for the mother love and mother hand to save him from the effects of his own evil deeds. In this cursed hour when the damnable greed of the Plutocracy threatens to plunge America into the raging inferno of war, the boastful manhood of our nation clutches at the skirts of motherhood and whimpers for the mother hand and the mother love to save us as a nation from the deluge of blood that threatens. And the question that beats against my brain like the incessant pounding of the waves upon the seashore is: "ARE WE BIG ENOUGH — ARE WE BIG ENOUGH?"

In this hour when man and man's devices threaten to crumble and drop us into the volcano that rumbles beneath our feet, I wonder if the mother hand and the mother heart will be strong and sure and steady enough to save America for civilization?

The interests that profit by war are straining every nerve, manipulating every source of public information, buying, browbeating and bludgeoning every man in public life to sanction and provoke war between our nation and Germany or Mexico. The great common mass of men are so bound up in the political, financial and industrial meshes of the capitalist class that they are tangled like flies in a spiders' web and cannot, or will not, make an adequate protest against the hellish crime of plunging our nation into war. ONLY THE WOMANHOOD OF AMERICA CAN DO IT AND ONLY TIME WILL TELL WHETHER WE ARE BIG ENOUGH TO MEET THE DEMANDS LAID UPON US.

The time has come for American womanhood to awaken from the dreams of fancied security and know that we totter on the very edge of the abyss of blood and horror in which the womanhood of Europe is engulfed. We must face the hellish facts and act accordingly. Even the miserable street cur will fight to the last breath for her mongrel babies—shall American women be less loyal to her children?

Stripped of all hypocritical lies and bombast what does the bloodthirsty demand of the bankers, armament manufacturers and food speculators really mean to the people of our nation? For the working class War means the complete paralyzing of the arts of peace and industry and the making of murder the only busi-

ness of a hundred million people; it means the stripping of farm, factory, mine and school of the very best young manhood to be torn by shrapnel, pierced by bullets and poisoned by embalmed beef; it means the best blood of the nation polluting the peaceful fields and the stench of rotting human flesh replacing the sweet perfume of ripening wheat and rustling corn; it means the waste of virile manhood and the propagation of a race of weaklings, degenerates and unfits, physically, mentally and spiritually; it means a premium on bastardy, the loosing of man's most evil passions, outrage, rape and illegitimate motherhood for the women and maidens; it means to travel back that black and blood-stained road to the ethics, morals and culture of the savage cave man and the cowering fear and subjugation of the cave woman; it means the toll of blood from our sons and virtue from our daughters while the hell rages and a crushing, staggering load of war debts lashed to the bent backs of the workers when its fury is spent. All this and ten thousand other horrors, war means to the working class but to the Capitalist Class it means PROFITS. PROFITS IN ABUNDANCE; PROFITS BEYOND THE GREEDIEST DREAMS OF AVARICE; PROFITS THAT THE PRIEST WILL BLESS AND THE CLERGY ANNOINT WITH HOLY UNCTION AND IF THE WORKERS DO NOT CRY OUT AGAINST THE CRIME OF IT ALL, WHO IS TO RECKON WITH THE BLOOD WITH WHICH THESE PROFITS REEK?

What is that thing called "National Honor" of which our President and statesmen prate so blatantly? In Mexico, "National Honor" meant sending a warship to Vera Cruz to shoot Mexican citizens in their own homes; it meant turning loose ship loads of drink crazed, lust maddened, war warped young men to force their desires on the red maidenhood of a sister republic; it meant the wholesale looting of a city of her rightful revenues and the pillaging of the city of her sacred civic relics, in order that the brute power of a mighty nation might awe the puny power of a sister nation and compel submission while American capitalists pillage and despoil the natural resources of Mexico. "National Honor" in the German controversy means that we shall endure all the hell of war that has engulfed our sisters in Europe in order that Morgan shall be protected in his opportunity to ship war munitions to Europe, thereby murdering millions of our brothers

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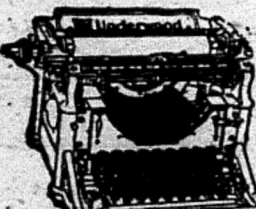
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and sisters, prolonging the hell, starving American citizens and reaping great profits.

And this is "National Honor," for these things would they send our boys to kill and be killed and subject our daughters to a fate far worse than death on a battlefield.

The time has come for American womanhood to protest and protest in a voice that shall be heard in the Cabinet Chamber in Washington. If President Wilson receives ten letters from American mothers demanding that there shall be no war, it will mean nothing; if he receives one hundred, it will cause comment and if he receives one hundred thousand the mighty fact will be burned into his soul that "National Honor" means something nobler and more statesmanlike than floating the ship of PROFITS and a sea of human blood.

Write your protest to President Wilson, induce every woman you can influence to do the same. Write it in your own way expressing the cry of your own heart. You may think that you are only one woman, thousands of miles from Washington and

that your feeble cry of protest will not be heard, but if all women of the working class cry out together the thunder of our voices will reach to the very ends of the earth. Don't be disturbed over your lack of letter writing skill, an ill-spelled scrawl penciled on a scrap of wrapping paper will cause more comment in Washington than a cultured note on crested linen bond, for it will hammer home the fact that down to the very bedrock of civilization the earthquake or revolt against the brutality of war has shaken woman loose from their dogged acceptance of fate and made protesting rebels of them.

PROTEST NOW AND PROTEST WITH ALL THE PASSION OF A MOTHER FIGHTING FOR HER OFFSPRING. TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE, FOR WHEN OUR SONS ARE SWEEPED INTO THE RAGING INFERNO AND OUR DAUGHTERS ARE THRUST BACK INTO SAVAGERY, PROTEST WILL BE USELESS AND AN OCEAN OF TEARS CANNOT WASH AWAY THE STAINS OF BLOOD OR THE BITTER MARKS OF ANGUISH AND SUFFERING.

TOBE SPILKINS

His Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editor: I am bak agin in Washington, Dee See. I reckon I had the dadgummedest time a gittin' here you ever heerd tel uv. In comin' bak throo France I wuz arrested 3 times fur a German spy, but after seein' uv me ete 2 or 3 meels they let me go. They always put sourkrout on the table when they fed me. I don't like sourkrout and didnt ete enny uv it. That proved my innosence tu their satisfakshun. But if they had tried Ike Hawkins that way they wood have got him shure, fur Ike kin ete purty neert az mutch sourkrout az a kow kin uv clover hay. I didnt know why they let me off till I got out uv France. A woonded soljer told me that wuz the way they put the test. I stopped in Lunden several days. There wuz sum uv them Gurman air ships went over us while I wuz there. It purty neert skeered sum peepul intu fits, but shucks, it aint a sirkumstance tu bein' up on the frunt. Sum uv the peepul over in England think the war iz a goin' tu last Steen or twenty yeers. They air a manufakturin' uv war babies tu help out in the end. I guess they air inkubatin' uv em. I wanted tu go and see one uv the inkubators but the government woodent let me. They sed that noboddy but enlisted soljers wuz allowed that privilege. Gosh, if I had that baby inkubator what I bought an interest in frum the feller in the salune that nite I cood taik it over tu Europe and maik mil-

yuns out uv it. Az sune az I arrove in Washington I went tu that salune and inquired about that feller who patented the inkubator. The bar keeper sed he wuz stil in town and a wurkin' on hiz masheen. Insidentally I tuk a few drinks and told the bar keeper I'd drop in agin which I have. But the inkubator man hadent bin in. I'm a goin' tu hunt fur him till I find him. I am inspired in this grate wurk by sumthing more than mere dollars and cents; it's a grate prinsipal uv humanity—that I want tu bring tu the frunt. If I kin git a inkubator like that into praktickal wurkin' order I will taik a grate strain off uv the wimmin folks who, under prezent condishuns, have tu hatch out milyuns uv babies fur war meat fur the amoozement uv a few kings and uthers who air a thirstin' fur military glory. Why not raize bull dogs tu du what fightin' iz necessary, ennyhow? The ishue at staik cood be decided on the rezult uv a dog fight az well az it cood on a man fight, and there wood be jist az much fun in it; and it woodent be a bit harder on the dogs than it iz on men. If enny nashun didnt want tu sakrifize its dogs so foolishly it might substitut tom kats. In my opinyun kats wood put up a good fite and they air very paytriotick in that way. I have known 'em tu yowl around all nite a wantin' tu fight. This dog and kat questshun ort tu be brought up at one uv the

peece meetin's at the Hague. There iz more good common sense in it than there iz in a tryin' tu stop the use uv dum-dum bullets or gas explosives in sivilized warfare.

I furgot tu tell you that I saived our ship on the way over here. I wuz a standin' on dek pensively a gazin' out over the sea when I seen one uv them dadgummed submareen botes stick its noze out uv the water tu git its breth. The next minnit she fires a torpedo at us. I seen the dadgasted thing a comin' and hollered at the pilot tu "port the sturn," which he did, and the torpedo went behind us. We then put on steem and outrun the kowardly sneekin' old submareen. The passengers giv me a medal fur my bravery and the Captain giv me a kussin' fur my impurtenance, az he called it.

I arroved here in Washington about the time Willyum Jinnings Bryan wuz a rezignin' hiz seet in the kabinet. Hiz ackshun left a grait fizzikal vakyum in the kabinet, remoovin', az it were, more than 2 hundred pounds uv corporosity preshure frum the seet uv one chair. That wuz a hevey loss; espechally az it came when the Prezident wuz between 2 preshures—that uv humanity on one side and the manufakturers uv guns and amminishuns on the uthur side.

But that iz not the wurst uv it; fur enny Demokrat tu resign a offis iz bad enuff; but fur a peerless leeder like Bryan tu set sich a example iz kontrary tu the tradishuns, prinsiples and practices uv the party and iz graitley tu be deplored. He iz the seckond Demokrat uv enny prominence I ever knowed tu resign a offis. Joe Bailey tride it wunct, but they woodent let him off. Suppoze all the Demokrats who air now a holdin' uv a offis shood foller Bryan's example! There wood be a crash that wood stagger the world. The war in Yurrope woodent be a sirkumstance compared tu the stampede amung the Republikans tu git intu them vakant offises. I hope no sich kalamity will befall the country; and a judgin' uv the prezent by the past I don't think Demokratick resignashuns will becum epidemick.

I see that the big daily papers air a kongratulatin' uv the country on gittin' rid uv Bryan. That maiks me mad. They have got rid uv him 2 or 3 times before, but he always bobs up agin at the sykologikal moment. They don't seem tu have no shelf wide enuff tu put him on. He haz carried four out uv 5 nashinul Demokratick convenshuns since 18ninety-six, 3 uv 'em fur hizself and one fur Woodsaw Wilson. He haz only lost one, and that tu old Injunckshun Parker. Then they took advantage uv him and, az Tom Watson sed, sent their prayers tu heaven by megaphone and reseved their platform by

telegraph from Wall Street. That didn't give Bryan enny chance to either pray or make a platform. I like Bryan, and I like Wilson, too. Bryan iz yung yet and will be hurd from agin. In fakt we air a heerin' frum him purty neert every day.

I aint seen the Prezident but 2 times since I cum bak. I've bin up tu see him a duzen times but they air mighty bizzy up tu the White House now and have bin fur a good menny moons. I woodent have knowed Woodsaw if I hadent have knowed it wuz him. He never wuz very fleshy and hiz laigs aint enny bigger than a been pole now, but there iz stil room in hiz boddy fur a gizzard, and hiz bak-bone iz strait and furm. He talked tu me a little bit twicet. He iz bothered mightily about hiz correspondence with the Kizer. He sez the Kizer aint regular in hiz correspondence and that hiz letturs air full uv ambigooities, whatever them iz; I don't know. I told him the Kizer iz a very bizzy man and didnt have mutch time tu rite. At this writin' he iz way up in Rooshy a drivin' them Rooshians bak home. He iz a gittin' uv a eye fur a eye and a tooth fur a tooth, and sumtimes he gits 2 eyes fur a eye. It looks now like the war wood last az long az there iz enny men left, and then mebbly the wimmin will strip and go intu it. Sum uv 'em air a duin' uv it now and uthers air a gittin' reddy.

Woodsaw aint quite reddy fur me tu start in on campain wurk yet. He don't know jist yet what will be the paramount isshe. But we will have one, he sez, if he have tu advertize fur it, or steel it from the Soshialists. Woodsaw sez the Soshialists have got sum mighty good idees and isshees in their platform and they aint got enny patent on them, and jist leeve 'em a layin' around loose so enny boddy kin appropriat 'em.

I'm plum jarred at the way Bryan iz a duin'. He iz a goin' around over the country and a tryin' tu stur up a riot agin' war. Bryan seems tu think he kin talk war tu deth. Mebbly he cood if enuff time wuz given him. He has talked purty neert every thing else tu deth he ever tried. Now, it's different with Woodsaw; he wants tu rite it tu aeth; but if he kant git answers tu hiz letturs the dadgummed thing will bleed tu deth before he kin git hiz medisn reddy.

I've dun writ home tu my wife and Ike Hawkins, and Shanghi Purkins, but aint heerd frum them yet. I'm lookin' fur letters every day and if I don't git sum wurd frum there soon I'll be onezy. When I git them letters I'll let you know and tell you how things air a gittin' along.

Yours trooly,

TOBE SPILKINS,
Diplomatt.

P. S. I furgot tu tell you that they woodent sell me them cannons and things which I wuz

agin' tu ship home tu uze on that ornery Ben. They sed they wuzent a sellin' enny guns and aminishun now tu ennyboddy but the Allies. But I'll git even with that dadgasted Ben yet; I'll buy me a bulldog.

Do Not Be Deceived By the Vampires of War

(Continued from page 1)

Let no hypocrisy hypnotize your senses.

Let no capitalist cant about the "nation's honor" drive you delirious enough to want to shoot German or Mexican working-men, or be shot yourself by them.

When the capitalist class talk about the "nation's honor" they are thinking of their pocketbooks.

In Europe the common people have been overpowered by the kings and their militarism, and have been driven into the most savage slaughter the world has ever known.

DON'T LET THE POWERS THAT BE PLAY THE SAME GAME HERE!

* * *

"The President Is Again Facing A Crisis," are words that stood out in big type on the front page of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, on the morning, July 10, that the German note was made public.

Not he.

For him, and the exploiting class behind him, there is no crisis.

If war should come their bleaching bones would not be found in the trenches.

Somewhere, in some humble home, will sit a mother whose boy was lured to war by the slimy snakes that spit their seductive venom into young veins.

It is she, and countless more of her kind, that are FACING A CRISIS.

Her boy, whom nature called to life in all the sweetness of sacred love, has been turned into a maddened thing of MURDER.

He will slay his brother, and will be slain by him.

He is gone—gone forever from the mother who bore him and loved him with so boundless a love.

Gone, just as the Infinite Spirit of Life had fulfilled the promise of the first warm kiss that a mother's lips had pressed upon his brow—gone, in the strength and beauty of virile youth—gone, another human victim, butchered on the bloody altar of the god Mammon.

* * *

WORKING MEN AND WOMEN OF AMERICA, DO NOT BE DECEIVED—REFUSE TO BE DRAGGED INTO THE HELL OF WAR BY A CLASS THAT FEED ON WAR, AS VAMPIRES FEED ON BLOOD!

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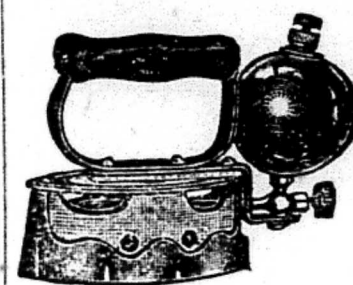
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The Story of The Air Trust

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.

This nefarious plan is carried out by means of a woman detective and stool-pigeon, who under pretense of being in distress, induces Gabriel to enter a room with her. There, after a terrible fight, he is knocked out and arrested. Press and pulpit join in denouncing him and the Socialist movement. Flint rejoices, thinking his daughter will now abandon her love for the agitator and will return to Waldron. Catherine, however, suspects the ruse and refuses. In an impassioned scene, she and her father separate forever. Without any very definite plan, save to help Gabriel and the Socialist movement, she leaves home.

She travels to Rochester, where Gabriel is imprisoned, and has an interview with him. From him she learns the truth about the conspiracy, and also hears for the first time a clear exposition of the Socialist ideal. At the end of the interview he asks her identity, till then unknown to him, and is petrified to learn that she is Catherine Flint, daughter of his arch-enemy who is the curse of all mankind.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXVI

"GUILTY."

SPEECHLESS and dazed, Gabriel stared at her as though at some strange apparition.

"Daughter of ——— of Isaac Flint?" he stammered, clinging to the bars.

"Come, come, lady, yuh can't stay no longer!" the officer again insisted, tapping her on the shoulder. "Yuh'd oughta been out o' here ten minutes ago! No, nothin' doin'!" he concluded, as she turned to him appealingly. "Not to-day! Time's up, an' more than up!"

Catherine stretched out her hand to Gabriel, in farewell. He took it, silently.

"Good-bye!" said she. "Until I come again, good-bye. Keep up a stout heart, for I am with you. We ——— we can't lose! We shall win ——— we must win! Don't condemn me for being what I am and who I am, Gabriel. Only think what ——— with your help ——— I may yet be! And now again, good-bye!"

Their hands parted. Gabriel, still silent, stood there in his cell, watching her till she vanished from his sight down the long corridor of grief and tears. The officer, winking wisely to himself, thrust his tongue into his cheek.

"Daughter of Isaac Flint, th' Billionaire!" he was thinking, with derision. "Oh yes, Billionaires' daughters would be visitin' Socialists an' bums an' red-light con-workers like this geezer. Oh yes, sure, sure they would ——— I should worry!"

Which mental attitude was fortunate, indeed; for it, and it alone, preserved the girl from a wild blare of newspaper notoriety. Had the truth been known, who could imagine the results?

For a long time after the girl had departed, Gabriel sat there in his cell, motionless and sunk in deepest thought. His emotions passed recording. That this woman, his ideal, his best-beloved, the cherished, inmost treasure of his heart and soul ——— she whom he had rescued, she who had lain in his arms and shared with him that unforgettable hour in the old sugar-house ——— should now prove to be the daughter of his bitterest enemy, surpassed belief and stunned all clear understanding.

Flint! The very name connoted, for Gabriel, all that was cruel and rapacious, hateful, vicious and greedy; all that meant pain and woe and death to him and his class. Visions of West Virginia and Colorado rose before his mind. He heard again the whistle of the "Bull Moose Death Special" as it sped on its swift errand of barbarism up Cabin Creek, hurling its sprays of leaden death among the slaves of this man and his vulturine associates.

Flint! He whispered the name; and now he seemed to see the burning tents at Ludlow; the fleeing women and children, shot down by barbarous thugs and gunmen, ghouls in human form! He saw the pits of death, where the charred bodies of innocent victims of greed and heartless rapacity lay in mute protest under the far Colorado sky. And more he saw, east and west, north and south, of this man's inhuman work; and his thoughts, projected into the future, dwelt bitterly on the Air Trust now already under way ——— the terrible, coming slavery which he, Gabriel, had struggled to checkmate, only to find himself locked like a rat in a steel trap!

"And this woman," he groaned in agony of soul, "this woman, all in all to me, is ——— is his daughter!"

Flinging himself upon his hard and narrow bunk, he buried his head in his powerful arms, and tried to blot out thought from his fevered brain; but still the current ran on and on and on, endlessly, maddeningly. And to the problem, no answer seemed to come.

"She must know who I am," he pondered. "Even if her father has not told her, the papers have. True, she doesn't believe the infamous charge against me; but what then! Can she on the other hand, believe the truth, that her father has conspired with Slade and those Cosmos thugs, and with the press and courts and the whole damnably prostituted system, to suppress and kill me?"

"Can she believe her father guilty of all that? And of all the horrors of this capitalist Hell, that I have told her about? No! Human nature is incapable of such vast turnings from all the habits and environments of a lifetime. In her veins flows the blood of that arch-criminal, Flint. Her thoughts must be, to some extent, his thoughts. She must share his viewpoint, and be loyal to him. After this first flush of reaction against her father, she will go back to him. It is inevitable. Between her and me is fixed a boundless space, wider than heaven and earth. She is one pole, and I the other. If I have any strength or resolution or philosophy, now is the hour for its trial."

"This woman must be, shall be put away from every thought and wish and hope. And the word FINIS must be written at the end of the one brief chapter where our life-stories seem to have run along together in a false harmony and a fictitious peace!"

Thus pondered Gabriel, in the gloom of his harsh cell, branded with crime and writhing in the agony of soul that only those who love hopelessly can ever know.

And Catherine, what of her? What were her thoughts, emotions, inspirations as ——— seeming to live in a dream, with Gabriel's eloquence and the new vision of a better, saner, kindlier world shining through her soul ——— she made her way back to the dingy hotel where now, shabby as it was, she felt she had no right to stay, while others, homeless, walked the brutal streets?

Who shall know them? Who shall tell? A blind man, suddenly made to see, can find no words to express the wonder and bright glory of that sudden sight. A deaf man, regaining his lost sense, cannot describe the sudden burst of sound that fills the new, strange world wherein he finds himself. So, now, this cultured, gently bred woman, for the first time in her life understanding the facts, glimpsing the tragedy and grasping the answer to it all, felt that no words could compass her strange exultation and enlargement.

"It ——— it's like a chrysalis emerging into the form of a light, swift butterfly!" she pondered, as, back in her room once more, she prepared to write two letters. "Just for the present, I can't understand it all. I don't know, yet, whether I'm worthy to be a Socialist, to be one of that company of earnest, noble men and women striving for life and liberty and joy for all the world. But with the help of the man I trust and honor and believe in, and ——— and love ——— perhaps I may yet be. God grant it may be so!"

She thought, a few minutes more, her face lighted by an inner radiance that made its beauty spiritual and pure and calm. Then, having somewhat composed her thoughts, she wrote this letter to Maxim Waldron:

My dear Wally:

I am writing you without date or place, just as I shall write my father, because whatever happens, I insist that you two let me go my ways in peace, without trying to find, or hamper, or importune me. My mind is fully made up. Nothing can change it. We have come to the parting of the ways, forever.

Though I may feel bitterly toward you for what I now understand as your harsh and cruel attitude toward the world, and the role you play as an exploiter of human labor, I shall

not reproach you. You simply cannot see these things as I have come to see them since my feet have been set upon the road toward Socialism. Don't start, Wally ——— that's the truth. Perhaps I'm not much of a Socialist yet, because I don't know much about it. But I am learning, and shall learn. My teacher is the best one in the world, I'm sure; and added to this, all my natural energy and innate radicalism have flamed into activity with this new thought. So, you see, the past is even more effectively buried than ever. How could anything ever be possible, now, between you and me?

Cease to think of me, Wally. I am gone out of your life, for all time, as out of that whole circle of false, insincere, wicked and parasitic existence that we call "society." That other world, where you still are, shall see me no more. I have found a better and a nobler kind of life; and to this, and to all it implies, I mean to be forever faithful. I beg you, never try to find me or to answer this.

Good-bye, then, forever,
Catherine.

After having read this over and sealed it, she wrote still another:

Dear Father:

It is hard to write these words to you. I owe you a debt of gratitude and love, in many ways; yet, after all, your will and mine conflict. You have tried to force me to a union abhorrent and impossible to me. My only course is this ——— independence to think, and act, and live as I, no longer a child but a grown woman, now see fit.

I shall never return to you, father. Life means one thing to you, another to me. You cannot change; I would not, now, for all the world. I must go my way, thinking my own thoughts, doing my own work, living up to my own ideals, whatever these may be. Your money cannot lure me back to you, back to that old, false, sheltered, horrible life of ease and idleness and veiled robbery! The skill you have given me as a musician will open out a way for me to earn my own living and be free. For this I thank you, and for much else, even as I say good-bye to you for all time.

I have written Wally. He will tell you more about me, and about the change in my views and ambitions, which has taken place. Do not think harshly of me, father, and I will try to forgive you for the burden I now know you have laid upon the aching shoulders of this sad, old world.

And now, good-bye. Though you have lost a daughter, you may still rejoice to know that that daughter has found peace and joy and vast outlets for the energies of her whole heart and soul and being, in working for Socialism, the noblest ideal ever conceived by the mind of man.

Farewell, father; and think sometimes, not too unkindly, of

Your
Kate.

One week after these letters were mailed, "Tiger" Waldron, fanning the fires of the old man's terrible rage, had decided Flint to disinherit Catherine and to name him, Waldron, as his executor. Gabriel's fervent wish that she might be penniless, was granted.

On the very day this business was put through, practically delivering the Flint interests into Waldron's hands in case of the old man's death, a ver-

diet was reached in Gabriel's case, at Rochester.

This case, crammed through the calendar, ahead of a large jam of other business, proved how well unlimited funds can grease the wheels of Law. It proved, also, that in face of infinitely-subsidized witnesses, lawyers, judge and jurymen, black becomes white, and a good deed is written down a crime.

Catherine, working incognito, co-operated with the Socialist defense, and did all that could be humanly done to have the truth made known, to overturn the mass of perjury and fraud enmeshing Gabriel, and to force his acquittal.

As easily might she have bidden the sea rise from its bed and flood the dry and arid wastes of old Sahara. Her voice and that of the Socialists, their lawyers and their press, sounded in vain. A solid battery of capitalist papers, legal lights, private detectives and other means ——— and no means neglecting the majority of the priests and clergy ——— swamped the man and damned him and doomed him from the first word of the trial.

Money flowed in floods. Perjury overran the banks of the River of Corruption. Herzog branded the man a thief and fire-eater. Dope-fiends and harlots from the Red-Light district, "madames" and pimps and hangers-on, swore to the white-slave activities of this man, who never yet in all his four and twenty years had so much as entered a brothel.

Forged papers fixed past crimes and sentences on him. By innuendo and direct statement, dynamitings, arsons, violence and rioting in many strikes were laid at his door. His Socialist activities were dragged in the slime of every gutter; and his

Party made to suffer for evil deeds existing only in the foul imagination of the prosecuting attorneys. The finest "kept" brains in the legal profession conducted the case from start to finish; and not a jurymen was drawn on the panel who was not, from the first, sworn to convict, and bought and paid for in hard cash.

After three days — days in which Gabriel plumbed the bitterest depths of Hell and drank full draughts of gall and wormwood — the verdict came. Came, and was flashed from sea to sea by an exulting press; and preached on, and editorialized on, and gloated over by Flint and Waldron and many, many others of that ilk — while Catherine, alone in her shabby room at the hotel, wept tears that seemed to drain her very heart of its last drops of blood.

At last she knew the meaning of the Class Struggle and her terrible father's part in it all. At last she understood what Gabriel had so long understood and now was paying for — the fact that Hell hath no fury like Capitalism when endangered or opposed.

The Price! Gabriel now must pay it, to the full. For that foul verdict, bought with gold wrung from the very blood and marrow of countless toilers, opened the way to the sentence which Judge Harpies regretted only that he could not make more severe — the sentence which the detectives and the prison authorities, well "fixed," counted on making a death-sentence, too.

"Gabriel Armstrong, stand up!"

He arose and faced the court. A deathlike stillness hushed the room; crowded with Socialists, reporters, emissaries of Flint, private detectives and hangers-on of the System. Heavily

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veiled, lest some of her father's people recognize her, Catherine herself sat in a back seat, very pale yet calm.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say, why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

Gabriel, also a little pale, but with a steadfast and fearless gaze, looked at the legal prostitute upon the bench, and shook his head in negation. He deigned not, even, to answer this kept puppet of the ruling class.

Judge Harpies frowned a trifle, cleared his throat, glanced about him with pompous dignity; and then, in a sonorous and impressive tone — his best asset, on the bench, for legal knowledge and probity were not his — announced:

"It is the judgment of this court that you do stand committed to pay a fine of three thousand dollars into the treasury of the United States, and to serve five years at hard labor in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta!"

CHAPTER XXVII

BACK IN THE SUNLIGHT.

FOUR years and two months from the day when this iniquitous verdict fell from the lips of the "bought and paid for" judge, a sturdily built and square jawed man stood on the steps of the Atlanta penitentiary and, for the first time in all those weary months and years, faced the sun.

Pale with the prison-pallor that never fails to set its seal on the victims of a diseased society, which that society retaliates upon by shutting away from God's own light and air, this man stood there on the steps, a moment, then advanced to meet a woman who was coming toward him in the August glare. As he removed his cheap, convict-made cap, one saw his finely shaped head, close cropped with the infamous prison badge of servitude. Despite the shoddy,

miserable prison-suit that the prostituted government had given him — a suit that would have made Apollo grotesque and would have marked any man as an ex-convict, thus heavily handicapping him from the start — Gabriel Armstrong's poise and strength still made themselves manifest.

And the smile as they two, the woman and he, came together and their hands clasped, lighted his pale features with a ray brighter than that of the blistering southern sunshine flooding down upon them both.

"I knew you'd come, Catherine," said he, simply, his voice still the same deep, vibrant, earnest voice which, all that time ago, had thrilled and inspired her at the hour of her great conversion. Still were his eyes clear, level and commanding; and through his splendid body, despite all his jailers had been able to do, coursed an abundant life and strong vitality.

Gabriel had served his time with consummate skill, courage and intelligence. Like all wise men, he had recognized *force majeure*, and had submitted. He had made practically no infractions of the prison rules, during his whole "bit." He had been quiet, obedient and industrious. His work, in the brush factory, had always been well done; and though he had consistently refused to bear tales, to spy, to inform or be a stool-pigeon — the quickest means of winning favor in any prison — yet he had given no opportunity for savagery and violence to be applied to him. Not even Flint's eager wish to have his jailers force him into rebellion had succeeded. Realizing to the full the sort of tactics that would be used to break, and if possible to kill him, Gabriel had met them all with calm self-reliance and with a generalship that showed his brain and nerves were still unshaken. On their own ground he had met these brutes, and he had beaten them at their own game.

Their attempt to make a "dope" out of him had ignominiously failed. He had detected the morphine they had cleverly mixed with his water; and, after his drowsiness and weird dreams had convinced him of the plot, had turned the trick on it by secretly emptying this water out and by drinking only while in the shop, where he could draw water from the faucet. The cell guards' intelligence had been too limited to make them inquire of the brush shop guards about his habits. Also, Gabriel, had feigned stupefaction while in the cell. Thus he had simulated the effects of the drug, and had really thrown his tormentors off the track. For months and months they were convinced that they were weakening his will and destroying his mentality, while as a matter of fact his reasoning powers and determination never had been more keen.

By bathing as often as possible, by taking regular and carefully planned calisthenics, by reading the best books in the prison library, by attention to every rule of health within his means and by allowing himself no vices, not even his pipe, Gabriel now was emerging from the Bastile of Capitalism in a condition of mind and body so little impaired that he knew a few weeks would entirely restore him. The good conduct allowance, or "copper," which they had been forced to allow him for exemplary conduct, had cut ten months off his sentence. And now in mid-August of 1925, there he stood, a free man again, with purpose still unshaken and with a woman by his side who shared his high ambition and asked no better lot than to work with him toward the one great aim — Socialism!

Now, as these two walked side by side along the sun-baked street of the sweltering southern town, Gabriel was saying:

"So I haven't changed as much as you expected? I'm glad of that, Kate. Only superficial changes, at most. Just give me a little time to pull together and get my legs under me

again, and — forward march! Charge the forts! Eh, Catherine?"

She nodded, smiling. Smiles were rare with her, now. She had grown sober and serious, in these years of work and battle and stern endeavor. The Catherine Flint of the old times had vanished — the Catherine of country club days, and golf and tennis, and the opera — the Catherine of Newport, of the horse show, of Paris, of "society." In her place now lived another and a nobler woman, a woman known and loved the length and breadth of the land, a woman exalted and strengthened by new, high and splendid race-aspirations; by a vision of supernal beauty — the vision of the world for the workers, each for all and all for each!

She had grown more mature and beautiful, with the passing years. No mark of time had yet laid its hand upon her face or figure. Young, still — she was now but five-and-twenty, and Gabriel only twenty-eight — she walked like a goddess, lithe, strong and filled with overflowing vigor. Her eyes glowed with noble enthusiasms; and every thought, every impulse and endeavor now was upward, onward, filled with stimulus and hope and courage.

Thus, a braver, broader and more splendid woman than Gabriel had known in the other days of his first love for her — the days when he had wished her penniless, the days when her prospective millions stood between them — she walked beside him now. And they two, comrades, understood each other; spoke the same language, shared the same aspirations, dreamed the same wondrous dreams. Their smile, as their eyes met, was in itself a benediction and a warm caress.

"Charge the forts!" Gabriel repeated. "Yes, Kate, the battle still goes on, no matter what happens. Here and there, soldiers fall and die. Even battalions perish; but the war continues. When I think of all the fights you've been in, since I was put away, I'm unspeakably envious. You've been through the Tawana Valley strike, the big Consolidated Western lock-out and the Imperial Mills massacre. You were a delegate to the 1923 Revolutionary Congress, in Berlin, and saw the slaughter in Unter den Linden — helped nurse the wounded comrades, inside the Treptow Park barricades. Then, out in California —"

She checked him, with a hand on his arm.

"Please don't, Gabriel," she entreated. "What I have done has been so little, so terribly, pitifully little, compared to what *needs* to be done! And then remember, too, that in and through all, this thought has run, like the red thread through every cable of the British navy — the thought that in my every activity, I am working against my own father, combatting him, being as it were a traitor and —"

"Traitor?" exclaimed the man. "Never! The bond between you two is forever broken. You recognize in him, now, an enemy of all mankind. Waldron is another. So is every one of the Air Trust group — that is to say, the small handful of men who today own the whole world and everything in it."

"Your father, as President of that world-corporation which potentially controls two thousand millions of human beings — and which will, tomorrow, absolutely control them, is no longer any father of yours."

"He is a world-emperor, and his few associates are princes of the royal house. Your life and thought have forever broken with him. No more can bonds and ties of blood hold you. Your larger duty calls to battle against this man. Treachery? A thousand times, no! Treason to tyrants is obedience to God! Or, if not God, then to mankind!"

He paused, and looked at her. They had now reached a little park, some half mile from the grim and dour old walls of the Federal pen. Trees and grass and playing children seemed

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

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

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

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

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

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

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to invite them to stop and rest. Though strong, moreover, Gabriel had for so long been unused to walking, that even this short distance had tired him a little. And the oppressive heat had them both by the throat.

"Shall we sit down here and wait a little?" asked he. "Plan a little, see where we are and what's to be done next!"

She nodded assent.

"Of course," she said, "even if I could have got word in to you, I wouldn't have given you our real plans."

"Hardly!" he exclaimed. Then, coming to a fountain, they sat down on a bench close by. Nobody, they made sure, was sitting within ear-shot.

"Thank God," he breathed, "that you, Kate, and only you, met me as I came out! It was a grand good idea, wasn't it, to keep my time of liberation a secret from the comrades? Otherwise there might have been a crowd on hand, and various kinds of foolishness; and time and energy would have been used that might have been better spent in working for the Revolution!"

She looked at him a trifle curiously.

"You forget," said she, "that all public meetings have been prohibited, ever since last April. Federal statute — the new Penfield Bill — 'The Muzzler' as we call it."

"That's so!" he murmured. "I forgot. Fact is, Kate, I am out of touch with things. While you've been fighting, I've been buried alive. Now, I must learn much, before I can jump back into the war again. And above all, I must lose my identity. That's the first and most essential thing of all!"

"Of course," she assented. "They — the Air Trust World-corporation — will trail you, everywhere you go. All this, as you know, has been provided for. You must vanish, a while."

"Indeed I must. If they 'jobbed' me like that, in 1921, what won't they do now, in 1925?"

"They won't ever get you, again, Gabriel," she answered, "if your wits and ours, combined, can beat them. True, the Movement has been badly shot to pieces. That is, its visible organization has suffered, and it's outlawed. But under the surface, Gabriel, you haven't an idea of its spread and power. It's tremendous — it's a volcano waiting to burst! Let the moment come, the leader rise, the fire burst forth, and God knows what may not happen!"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Gabriel. "The battle calls me, like a clarion call! But we must act with circumspection. The Plutes, powerful as they now are, won't need even the shadow of an excuse to plant me for life, or slug or shoot me. Things were rotten enough, then; but today they're worse. The hand of this Air Trust monopoly, grasping every line of work and product in the world, has got the lid nailed fast. We're all slaves, every man and woman of us. Even our Socialists in Congress can do nothing, with all

these muzzling and sedition and treason bills, and with this conscription law just through. Now that the government — the Air Trust, that is to say — is running the railways and telegraphs and telephones, a strike is treason — and treason is death! Kate, this year of grace, 1925, is worse than ever I dreamed it would be. Oh, infinitely worse! No wonder our movement has been driven largely underground. No wonder that the war of mass and class is drawing near — the actual, physical war between the Air Trust few and the vast, toiling, suffering, stifling world!"

She nodded.

"Yes," said she, "it's coming, and soon. Things are as you say, and even worse than you say, Gabriel. I know more of them, now, than you can know. Remember London's 'Iron Heel'? When I first read it, I thought it fanciful and wild. God knows I was mistaken! London didn't put it half strongly enough. The beginning was made when the National Mounted Police came in. All the rest has swiftly followed. If you and I live five years longer, Gabriel, we'll see a harsher, sterner and more murderous trampling of that Heel than ever Comrade Jack imagined!"

"Right!" said he. "And for that very reason, Kate, I've got to go into hiding till my beard and hair grow and I can reappear as a different man. Don't look, just now, but in a minute take a peek. Over on that third bench, on the other side of the park, see that man? Well, he's a 'shadow.' There were three waiting for me, at the prison gates. You couldn't spot them, but I could. One was that Italian banana-seller that stood at the curb, on the first corner. Another was a taxi driver. And this one, over there, is the third. From now till they 'get' me again, they'll follow me like bloodhounds. I can't go free, to do my work and take my part in the impending war, till I shake them. Look, now, do you see the one I mean?"

Cautiously the girl looked round, with casual glance as though to see a little boy playing by the fountain.

"Yes," she murmured. "Who is he? Do you know his name?"

"No," answered Gabriel. "His name, no. But I remember him, well enough. He's the larger of the two detectives I knocked out, in that room in Rochester. Beside his pay, he's got a personal motive in landing me back in 'stir,' or sending me 'up the escape,' as prison slang names a penitentiary and a death. So then," he added, "what's the first thing? Where shall I go, and how, to hide and metamorphose? I'm in your hands, now, Kate. More than four years out of the world, remember, makes a fellow want a little lift when he comes back!"

She smiled and nodded comprehension.

"Don't explain, Gabriel," said she. "I understand. And I've got just the place in mind for you. Also, the way to get there. You see, comrade,

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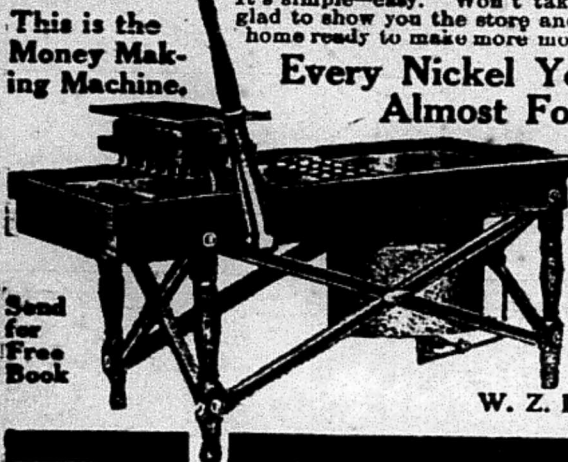
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"When? Right now!" exclaimed Gabriel, standing up. "The quicker, the better. Every minute I lose in getting myself ready to jump back into the fight, is a precious treasure that can never be regained!"

"Go, then," said she, with pride in her eyes as she surveyed this indomitable, keen and active man. "I will wait here. Don't think of me; leave me here; I am self-reliant in every way. Go to the Cuthbert House, on Desplaines Street. Everything has been arranged for your escape. Every link in the chain is complete. Remember, we are working more underground, now, than when you were sentenced. And our machinery is almost perfect. Register at the hotel and take a room for a week. Then —"

"Register, under my own name?" asked he.

"Under your own name. Stay there two days. You won't be molested so soon, and things won't be ready for you till the third day. On that day —"

"Well, what then?"

"A message will come for you, that's all. Obey it. You have nothing more to do."

He nodded.

"I understand," said he. "But, Kate — who's paying for all this? Not you? I — I can't have you paying, now that every dollar you have must be earned by your own labor!"

She smiled a smile of wonderful beauty.

"Foolish, rebellious boy!" said she. "Have no fear! All expense will be borne by the Party, just as the Party paid your fine. It needs you and must have you; and were the cost ten

times as great, would bear it to get you back! Remember, Gabriel, the Party is far larger than when you were buried alive in a cell. Even though in some ways outlawed and suppressed, its potential power is tremendous. All it needs is the electric spark to cause the world-shaking explosion. All that keeps us from power now is the Iron Heel — that, and the clutch of the Air Trust already crushing and mangling us!

"Go, now," she concluded. "Go, and rest a while, and wait. All shall be well. But first, you must get back your strength completely, and find yourself, and take your place again in the ranks of the great, subterranean army!"

"And shall I see you soon, again?" he asked, his voice trembling just a little as their hands clasped once more, and once more parted.

"You will see me soon," she answered.

"Where?"

"In a safe place, where we can plan, and work, and organize for the final blow! Now, you shall know no more. Good-bye!"

One last look each gave the other. Their eyes met, more caressingly than many a kiss; and, turning, Gabriel took his way, alone, toward Desplaines Street.

At the exit of the park, he looked around.

There Catherine sat, on the bench. But, seemingly quite oblivious to everything, she was now reading a little book. Though he lingered a moment, hoping to get some signal from her, she never stirred nor looked up from the page.

Sighing, with a strange feeling of sudden loneliness and a vast, empty yearning in his heart, Gabriel continued on his way, toward what? He knew not.

The detective on the other side of the park, no longer sat there. Somehow, somewhere, he had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN THE REFUGE.

FAR on the western slopes of Clingman Dome in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, a broad, low-built bungalow stood facing the setting sun. Vast stretches of pine forest shut it off from civilization and the prying activities of Plutocracy. The nearest settlement was Ravens, twenty miles away to eastward, across inaccessible ridges and ravines. Running far to southward, the railway left this wilderness untouched. High overhead, an eagle soared among the "thunder-heads" that presaged a storm up Sevier Pass. And, red through the haze to westward, the great huge sunball slid down the heavens toward the tumbled, jagged mass of peaks that rimmed the far horizon.

Within the bungalow, a murmur of voices sounded; and from the huge stone chimney a curl of smoke, arising, told of the evening meal, within, now being made ready. On the wide piazza sat a man, writing at a table of plain boards roughly pegged together. Still a trifle pale, yet with a look of health and vigor, he sat there hard at work, writing as fast as pen could travel. Hardly a word he changed. Sheet by sheet he wrote, and pushed them aside and still worked on. Some of the pages slid to the porch-floor, but he gave no heed. His brow was wrinkled with the intensity of his thought; and over his face, where now a disguising beard was beginning to be visible, the light of the sinking sun cast as it were a kind of glowing radiance.

At last the man looked up, and smiled, and eyed the golden mountain-tops far off across the valley.

"Wonderful aerie in the hills!" he murmured. "Wonderful retreat and hiding-place — wonderful care and forethought to have made this possible for me! How shall I ever repay all this? How, save by giving my last drop of blood, if need be, for the final victory?"

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He pondered a moment, still half-thinking of the poem he had just finished, half-reflecting on the strange events of the past week — the secret ways, by swift auto, by boat, by monoplane, which had brought him hither to this still undiscovered refuge. How had it all been arranged, he wondered; and who had made it possible? He could not tell, as yet. No information was forthcoming. But in his heart he understood, and his lips, murmuring the name of Catherine, blessed that name and tenderly revered it.

At last Gabriel bent, picked up the pages that had fallen, and arranged them all in order.

"Tomorrow this shall go out to the world," said he, "and to our press — such of it as still remains. It may inspire some fainting heart and thrill some lagging mind. Now, that the final struggle is at hand, more than guns we need inspiration. More than force, to meet the force that has ravished our every right and crushed Constitution and Law, alike, we need spiritual insight and integrity. Only through these, and by these, come what may, can a true, lasting victory be attained!"

In the doorway of the bungalow a woman appeared, her smile illumined by the sunset warmth.

"Come, Gabriel," said she. "We're waiting — the Granthams, Craig, and Brevard. Supper's ready. Not one of them will sit down, till you come."

"Have I been delaying you?" asked Gabriel, turning toward the woman, with a smile that matched her own.

"I'm afraid so, just a little," she answered. "But no matter; I'm glad. When you get to writing, you know, nothing else matters. 'One line of your verse is worth all the suppers in the world.'"

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "I'm a mere scribbler!"

"We won't argue that point," she answered. "But at any rate, you're done, now. So come along, Boy — or the comrades will begin 'dividing up' without us; for this mountain air won't brook delay."

Gabriel took a long breath, stretched his powerful arms out toward the mountains, and raised his face to the last light of day.

"Nature!" he whispered. "Ever beautiful and ever young! Ah, could man but learn thy lessons and live close to thy great heart!"

Then, turning, he followed Katherine into the bungalow.

Beautiful and restful though the outside was, the interior was more restful and more charming still.

In the vast fireplace, to left, a fire of pine roots was crackling. The room was filled with their pitchy, wholesome perfume, with the dancing light of their blaze and with the warmth made grateful by that mountain height.

Simple and comfortable all the furnishings were, hand-wrought for use and pleasure. Big chairs invited. Broad couches offered rest. No hunting-trophies, no heads of slaughtered wild things disfigured the walls, as in most bungalows; but the flickering firelight showed pictures that inspired thought and carried lessons home — pictures of toil and of repose, pictures of life, and love, and simple joy — pictures of tragedy, of reality and deep significance. Here one saw Millet's "Sower," and "Gleaners" and "The Man with the Hoe." There, Fritel's "The Conquerors," and Stuck's "War." A large copy of Bernard's "Labor," — the sensation of the 1922 Paris Salon — hung above the mantelpiece, on which stood Rodin's "Miner" in bronze. Portraits of Marx, Engels, LaSalle and Debs, with others loved and honored in the Movement, showed between original sketches by Walter Crane, Balfour Kerr, Art Young and Ryan Walker. And in the well-filled book-shelves at the right, Socialist books in abundance all told the same tale to the observer — that this was a Socialist nest high up there among the mountains, and that every thought and word and deed was inspired by

one great ideal and one alone — the Revolution!

At a plain but well-covered table near the western windows, where fading sunlight helped firelight to illumine the little company, sat three men — two of them armed with heavy automatics — and a woman. Another woman, Catherine, was standing by her chair and beckoning Gabriel to his.

"Come, Comrade!" she exclaimed. "If you delay much longer, everything will be stone cold, and then beg forgiveness if you dare!"

Gabriel laughed.

"Your own fault, if you wait for me," he answered, seating himself. "You know how it is when you get to scribbling — you never know when to stop. And the scenery, up here, won't let you go. Positively fascinating, that view is! If the Plutes knew of it, they'd put a summer resort here, and coin millions!"

"Yes," answered Craig, once Congressman Craig, but now hiding from the Air Trust spies. "And what's more, they'd mighty soon confiscate this resting-up place of the Comrades, and have us back behind bars, or worse. But they don't know about it, and aren't likely to. Thank Heaven for at least one place the Party can maintain as an asylum for our people when too hard-pressed! Not a road within ten miles of here. No way to reach this place, masked here in the cliffs and mountains, except by aeroplane. Not one chance in a thousand, fellows, that they'll ever find it. Confusion take them all!"

The meal progressed, with plenty

of serious and earnest discussion of the pressing problems now close at hand. Brevard, a short, spare man, editor of the recently-suppressed "San Francisco Revolutionist" and now in hiding, made a few trenchant remarks, from time to time. Grantham and his wife, both active speakers on the "Underground Circuit" and both under sentence of long imprisonment, said little. Most of the conversation was between Catherine, Craig and Gabriel. Long before the supper was done, lamps had to be brought and curtains lowered.

At last the meal was over.

"Dessert, now, Gabriel!" exclaimed Grantham. "Your turn!"

"Eh? What?" asked Armstrong. "My turn for what?"

"Your turn to do your part! Don't think that you're going to write a poem and then put it in your pocket, that way. Come, out with it!"

Gabriel's protests availed nothing. The others overbore him. And at last, unwillingly, he drew out the manuscript and spread it open on his knee.

"You really want to hear this?" he demanded. "If you can possibly spare me, I wish you would!"

For all answer, Craig pushed a lamp over toward him. The warm light on Gabriel's face, now slightly bearded, and on his strong, corded throat, made a striking picture as he cast his eyes on the manuscript and in vibrant and harmonious voice, read:

I SAW THE SOCIALIST

I saw the Socialist sitting at a great Banquet of Men,

(Continued on page 14)

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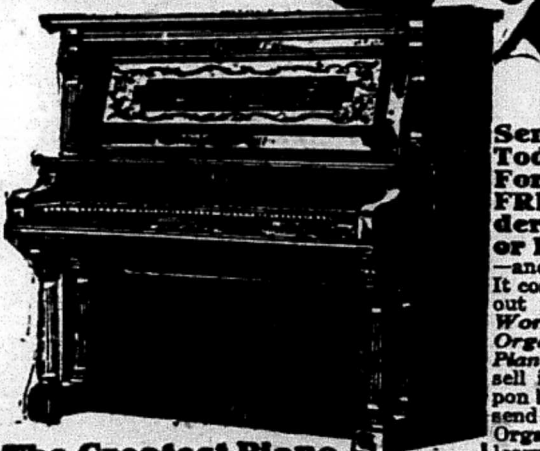
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Sitting with honored leaders of the blind, unwitting Multitude:
I saw him there with the writers, editors, painters, men of letters,
Legislators and judges, the Leaders of the People, Leaders flushed with wines of price, eating costly and rare foods,
Making loud talk, and boastful, of that marvel, American Liberty!
Thinking were they no thought of hunger and pinching cold;
Of the blue-lipped, skinny children, the thin-chested, coughing men,
The dry-breasted mothers, the dirt, disease and ignorance,
The mangled workmen, the tramps, drunkards, pickpockets, prostitutes, thieves,
The mad-houses, jails, asylums and hospitals, the sores, the blood of war,
And all the other wondrous blessings that attend our civilization—
That civilization through which the wines and foods were given them.

I saw the Socialist there, calm, unmoved, unsmiling, thoughtful,
Sober, serious, full of dispassionate and prophetic vision,
Not like the other men, the all-wise Leaders of the People,
The political economists, the professors, the militarists, heroes and statisticians;
Not like the kings and presidents and emperors, the nobles and gold-crammed bankers,
But mindful, more than they, of the cellars under the House of Life,
Where blind things crawl in the dark, things men and yet not human,
Things whose toil makes possible the Banquets of the Leaders of Men,
Things that live and yet are not alive; things that never taste of Life;
Things that make the rich foods, themselves snatching filthy crumbs;
Things that produce the wines of price, and must be content with lees;
Things that shiver and cringe and whine, that snarl sometimes,
That are men and women and children, and yet that know not Life!

I saw the Socialist there; I sat at the banquet, beside him,
Listened to the surging music, saw all the lights and flowers,
Flowers and lights and crystal cups, whereof the price for each
Might have brought back from Potter's Field some bloodless, starving baby.
I heard the Leaders' speeches, the turgid oratory, The well-turned phrases of the Captains, the rotund babble of prosperity,
(Prosperity for whom? Nay, ask not troublesome questions!)
The Captains' vaunting I heard, their boasts of glory and victory,
While red, red, red their hands dripped with the blood of the workers.
I heard the Judges' self-glorification, Quixotic fighting of windmills,
Heard also the unclean jests that those respected Leaders told.
And as I looked and listened, I still observed the Socialist,
Unmoved and patient and serious, calm, full of sober reflections.
Then there spake (among many others) an honored and full-paunched Bishop.
Rubicund he was, and of portly habit of body, Shepherd of a well-pastured flock, mightily content with God,
Out of Whose omnipotent Hand (no doubt) the blessings of his life descended.
I heard this exponent of Christ the Crucified, Christ the Carpenter,
Christ the Leader of Workingmen, the Agitator, the Disturber,
Christ the Labor-organizer, Christ the Archetypal Socialist,
Friend of the dwellers in the pits of Life, Consoler of earth's exploited,

Who once with the lash scourged from the Temple the unclean graft-brood of usurers.
And the rotund Bishop's words were as the crackling of dry thorns
Under a pot, bubbling without use in the desert of dreary platitudes.
The story he told was spiced and garnished with profane words,
Whereat the Leaders laughed in their cups, making great show of merriment,
So that the banquet-hall rang, and wine was spilt on the linen,
Wine as red as blood—the blood of the shattered miner,
Blood of the boy in the rifle-pits, blood of the coughing child-slave,
Blood of the mangled trainman, blood that the Carpenter shed.

And still I watched the Socialist. Sober, judicial, observant
And full of greater wisdom he was than to laugh with the tipsy Leaders.
His eyes were fixed on the Bishop, vice-gerent of God upon earth.
And as I watched the Socialist, the unmoved, the contemplative one,
He thoughtfully took his pencil, he took the fine and large card
Whereon the names of the rich foods and all the costly wines were printed,
And made a few notes of the feast, notes of the Bishop's speech,
Notes to remind him to search the slums for the great, God-given prosperity
Which all the Judges, Lawmakers, Captains and Leaders knew to be "our" portion;
Notes of the flowers, the wine, the lights, the music, the splendor,
Notes of the Leaders' oratory, notes of the Bishop's deep-voiced unctuousness.
Notes he made; and as I looked at the notes he was carefully writing,
The words ran red like wine and blood, they blazed like the blazing lights!
Words they were of blood and fire, that spread, that filled the banquet-hall.
Words of old, I read them—"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSHIN!"
Weighed in the Balance you are, ye Leaders respected of men,
You Statesmen, Lawmakers, Judges, Captains, Bishops, vice-gerents of God!
Weighed and tried and found wanting. Give way, now, to what shall come after!
Make ye way for the Men who shall do what ye have but neglected and shirked!
Make ye way for a Time which hath more than Power and Greed for its watchwords!
Soon your day shall decline forever, your sun shall sink and shall vanish.
Then from the Cellars of Life the darkness-dwellers shall issue,
Greeting another dawn which shall have more than pain for its portion.
Then no more shall the humble, the lowly, the friends of the Nazarene Carpenter
Be starved, be mangled for gold, be crucified, slaughtered, bled.
Make ye way! . . . Make ye way! . . .

(To be continued)

The Duty of the Hour

By Eugene V. Debs

We are passing through a crisis which will test the labor movement as it has never been tested before. Now, if ever, strong, brave, clear-headed and loyal-hearted men and women are needed. Petty wranglings over non-essentials should have no place in the counsels of this solemn hour. We need all our strength of mind and body and soul for the supreme task.

The carnage in Europe has torn our movement asunder and it must be reunited. Nationalism must be pulled up by the roots in the international movement and the new and reorganized International, which is inevitable, must have a positive, clear-cut and uncompromising anti-war program which will make socialist participation in future throat-

cutting between nations an utter impossibility.

This will be a task so tremendous as to tax the ability, courage and loyalty of the whole movement, but it will have to be accomplished and we are bound to prepare for it.

In the United States there is no denying the fact that there is fighting ahead and plenty of it. Are we prepared for the struggle that is to test every fibre of the labor movement? No, we are not, but there is nothing to prevent us from making such preparation before it is too late. We are sadly lacking in industrial organization and we are confessedly weak when it comes to the actual test of our strength. The three millions or more of craft unionists express

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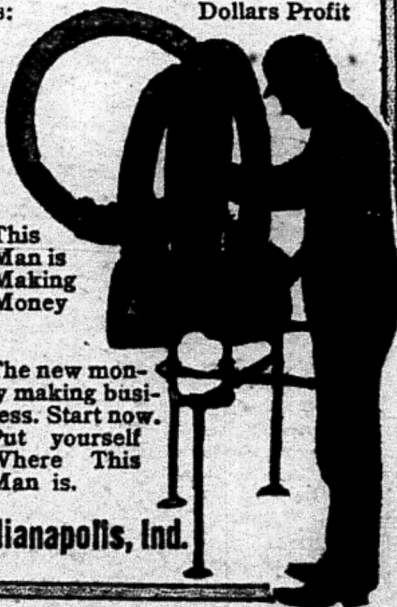
Think of the old bicycle days—repair shops on every corner—all making money—busy day and night. Autos make same proposition over again—only ten times bigger and better. Users of Haywood Tire Repair Plants are making big money. Johnson, Tex., writes: "I made as high as \$18 profit in a day." Another man who bought a plant September, 1911, writes he has cleared over \$3000.00. That's going some! Operate a plant as a side line in connection with auto business—garage or as an independent business. Find neighborhood where there's a bunch of autos—get all the steady business besides transient work. Experience unnecessary. You learn quick. Simply follow directions—practice a few days on a couple of old tires and you'll be ready to coin money. Business comes fast and easy.

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no great measure of economic power. Industrial solidarity is lacking and without that there is only weakness among organized workers and the contempt for them that weakness always invites and never fails to receive.

Pat Quinlan's outrageous conviction is but one of many evidences of ruling class contempt for working class weakness and servility.

John Lawson's high-handed railroading for life is another and I cannot write of this or even think of it without almost weeping over labor's supine acquiescence in this monstrous crime, perpetrated before its eyes upon one of its most loyal leaders. I feel as if I myself had been seized by this brutal power, thrust into a prison hell and branded as a convict; as if this rapacious beast, incarnated by the Rockefellers, had spat in my face and trampled me in the mire and I had not the will, the nerve, the manhood to utter a word of protest or resent the infamous outrage.

JOHN LAWSON'S CONVICTION FOR LIFE IS THE CLIMAX OF ATROCITY IN CAPITALIST MISRULE.

The legislature of Colorado, filthy tools of Rockefeller, in collusion with Rockefeller's base menial in the governor's chair jammed a measure through the last session which put a Rockefeller shyster on the bench for the express purpose of sending Lawson up for life on the trumped up charge that a Rockefeller man-killer had been killed during the strike. When the character of these degenerates who hire themselves to brigands to murder babies is taken into account, the pity is that the honest miners whose homes they shot up, whose wives and daughters they raped, and whose babes they roasted, allowed one of the monsters to escape alive.

But Lawson himself was miles away when the killing of the killer occurred and had no more to do with it than if he had never been born. Rockefeller knows it. The governor knows it. The judge knows it. The sheriff knows it. The picked and packed jury that brought in the sentence that makes them eternally infamous, knows it. Every one of these black-hearted conspirators knows it. **AND WE, THE WORKING CLASS, ALSO KNOW IT.**

Yes, we too know it and what are we doing or going to do about it?

Let Lawson rot in prison while we rot on the outside?

No, we are not going to be so base and degenerate as that. We are going to do our duty and when we have done our duty John Lawson, Pat Quinlan and the rest of our heroes who are buried alive in capitalist prison pens will be free men.

If we dealt with the constituted Rockefeller authorities in Colorado as they have dealt with

us we would march into that state a million strong in the stern resolve of our outraged manhood; we would unseat that servile governor, drive that degenerate judge from the bench he has befouled, tear down the prison at Canon City, as the infuriated mob tore down the French bastille, and set John Lawson free. That is what ought to happen to the criminal Rockefeller administration in the Rocky Mountains and what will happen if no other means of relief can be found as certain as the eternal lightning is above us and the everlasting earthquake is beneath our feet.

But in any event we are not going to submit and lie down like whipped spaniels. We are keenly alive of the duty we owe ourselves, our class and humanity, as well as the cruelly convicted comrades who are in steel cages like wild beasts for having been too rigidly honest to be bribed and too uncompromisingly loyal to be browbeaten into betraying our cause. **AND WE ARE GOING TO ACT!**

Comrades and fellow-workers, let us get ready for action. Let us unite our forces and prepare to strike. We have no excuse for being weak. We have every reason for being strong. Long enough have we been treated with contempt by those who rob us and then lord it over us because we lack the manhood to put an end to the robbery.

Let us cease being divided and consolidate our forces. The very hour we do that the program changes and we are men to be respected instead of dogs to be chained at the pleasure of our masters.

INDUSTRIAL UNITY! That is the open sesame to power, and only when we have the power to conquer our rights will we ever enjoy them.

The workers in every industry should organize their industry **AS A WHOLE** and stand united before the world.

Let us at the same time marshal our forces for a political upheaval. The duty, the immediate duty that confronts us is the organization, economic and political, of the working class and in the meantime we will spread and intensify the Lawson agitation and the Quinlan agitation until the country resounds with it and seethes with the revolt of the outraged masses against the monstrous crimes of capitalism.

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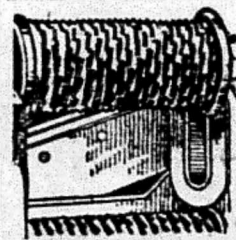
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