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THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

America's Poet Laureate To The Ammunition Makers

By Henry M. Tichenor

The American Ammunition Makers have secured the services of a poet laureate. His name is Reginald Wright Kauffman. This bard of the battlefield has burst forth in a war-blast, printed in the current number of the Metropolitan magazine, that is calculated to send your blood "bilin' " to such a hot heat that you will want to shoot somebody right away. Here is the way Reginald starts off with his patriotic poetry:

"Will YOU be there when the bugles call
And the cry goes out for a million men?
When the country says, 'I may need you all'
Will you be ready and willing then?
When the land—your land—has borne at last—
The last that a righteous land may bear
And summons her sons to the struggle vast,
WILL you be there, boy—will you be there?"

You will observe that in the fifth line of this spasm particular mention is made of "your land." Patriotic farm renters and dwellers in town tenements, please take note. "Your land," it appears, is likely to need you.

Further on the poet discloses the immediate cause of his poetic casus belli. He says:

"Our dead lie stark on the ocean's floor,
Our ships are shelled in the midmost sea;
Yet the weaklings twitter, 'There is no war;
We must smile and swallow the things that be.' "

He might have written:

"Our dead lie stark on Ludlow's pyre,
Our women and babies were slaughtered there"—

But he didn't. His sympathetic soul was only shocked over the dead tourists and ammunition salesmen that were torpedoed on a ship loaded with implements of war. The "ships" that "are shelled," that he speaks of, and which he calls "ours"—yours and mine—belonged to Great Britain, and carried the British flag. But such slight discrepancies as this amount to nothing when a poet laureate to the American Ammunition Makers gets his muse worked up.

He boldly predicts what's coming:

"But the end is near—and when it comes
Will you cast the little things away?
Will you heed the call of the rolling drums—
Will you heed the word that the bugles say?"

That's the question that is put up to you—"Will you heed the word that the bugles say?"

Will you?

The Ammunition Makers, and the Money Loaners, and the Embalmed Beef Industries, and the Rail Road Corporations that carry the junk, together with the soldiers that use it—in fact, the entire Plutocratic Plunderbund, have their ears to the ground, eagerly listening for your answer.

"Will you heed the word that the bugles say"—you know what they say, don't you?

Sure you do. You can't mistake the tune this time. It's as loud and clear as the roar of a mad bull. The bugles are saying that "Our honor is at stake—and besides there is all kinds of boodle to be made in war." The bugles are saying, "Hurrah for Patriotism—and also Profit!" The bugles are saying—this means YOU—"Look at what Germany is doing to you—she is making it perilous for YOU to travel into the war-zone on ships carrying shot and shell made by our American Ammunition Makers." The bugles are saying, "Look at Mexico—people are out of work and starving down there—and the wicked revolutionists won't let Rockefeller and Guggenheim and Hearst exploit them."

You won't stand for all this, will you?

"Naw"—of course you won't.

The thing for you to do is go wild when you hear that bugle.

(Continued on Page 19.)

BREED, MOTHER, BREED! By ROBERT MINOR

—Minor in N. Y. Call.

Dedicated to Theo. Roosevelt

SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER TO SOCIALISTS

NO MONEY DOWN—CHARGES PREPAID

Wonderful New Kerosene Light

Gives Twice the Light on Half the Oil

Don't Pay Us a Cent

until you have used this wonderful new modern incandescent light in your home for *10 days*, putting it to every possible test and then if you don't say it is the greatest oil light that you have ever seen, or you are not thoroughly satisfied, *you may send it back at our expense.* You can't lose a penny. We want you to prove for yourself, as thousands upon thousands of others have, that the Aladdin has no equal; that it makes the ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; that it *saves one-half on oil;* that it beats electric, gasoline or acetylene; lights and is put out like old style oil lamp; burns common kerosene (coal oil) without odor, smoke or noise; is clean, safe. *Guaranteed.*

Women and Children Run The Aladdin

There are no complicated parts to get out of order, no installing necessary, no pumping up, no sub-flame, no dangerous features. *Lights and is put out like the old style lamp* everybody is familiar with. No matter how many lamps you may now have you cannot afford to be without an Aladdin if you value the eyesight, appreciate good light and wish to cut down your oil bill.

Thousands Now Enjoying Its Brilliant White Light

The Aladdin is not an experiment but has been on the market seven years, tested in thousands of homes and every mail brings hundreds of enthusiastic letters from satisfied users endorsing the Aladdin as the most wonderful light they have ever seen. Such comments as, "You have solved the problem of rural home lighting"; "I could not think of parting with my Aladdin"; "The grandest thing on earth"; "You could not buy it back at any price"; "Beats any light I have ever seen"; "A blessing to any household"; "It is the acme of perfection"; "Better than I ever dreamed possible"; "Wouldn't have believed it 'til I saw it," etc., pour into our office every day. *Good Housekeeping Institute* of New York tested the Aladdin and writes us—"We are pleased to inform you that we have given this device a most thorough trial and find that we can approve it."

Awarded GOLD MEDAL *at World's Exposition*

The Aladdin has just been awarded the First Prize Gold Medal at the World's Exposition at San Francisco—*the very highest honor*—in competition with the best Kerosene lamps of this country, and the leading European countries as well. *This establishes the leadership of the Aladdin.*

U. S. Bureau of Standards and Leading Universities Back Our Claims

The United States Government Bureau of Standards recently tested the Aladdin and their report reads: "The Aladdin Mantle Lamp burned about half as much oil as the luminous flame lamps and gave about twice as much light." Tests were also made at 33 of the leading Universities and their reports were fully as flattering. (Copies of any or all these reports will be sent on request.) These same scientific tests showed that in *quality of light the Aladdin has no superior,* even excelling Tungsten Electric and nearest of any to sunlight.

10-Day FREE TRIAL Coupon

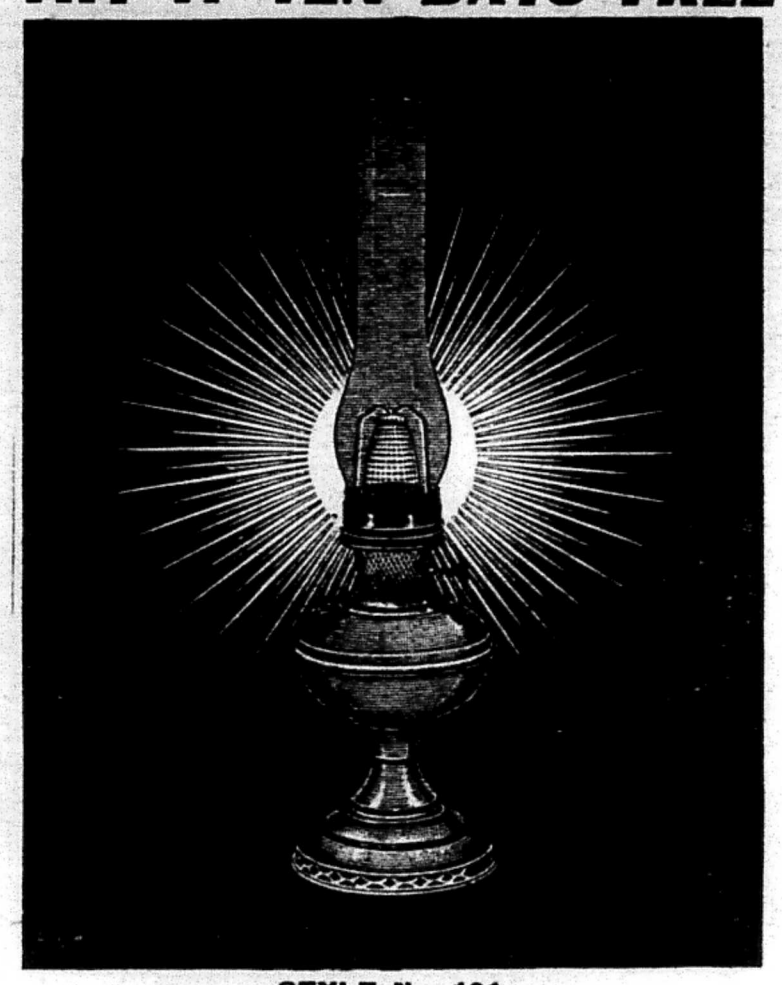
Mantle Lamp Co., 388 Aladdin Building.

I would like to know more about the Aladdin and your Easy Delivery Plan, under which inexperienced men with rigs make big money without capital. This in no way obligates me.

Name .....

P. O. Address ..... *State* .....

TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE



STYLE No. 101

Aladdin Table Lamp

(We also have Hanging Lamps and various other styles)

We Will Give $1000.00 IN GOLD

to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the Aladdin (details of this Reward Offer given in our circular which will be sent you). Would we dare invite such comparison with all other lights if there were any doubt about the superiority of the Aladdin?

NO MONEY NEEDED

We Furnish the Capital

The ambitious man who wants to get into a business of his own and make not merely a living but have a nice income, does not need capital to get started with us because we furnish him with a stock of goods on time. Don't hesitate to tell us if you need this help and we will gladly assist you.

Send This 10-Day Free Trial Coupon NOW

Mail the coupon today to our nearest office, whether you are interested in a better light for your own use or in the great money-making Aladdin agency. You can't afford to be without this wonderful light, and if you wait until the territory is taken by someone else, you lose the opportunity to make splendid money delivering to your neighbors on our easy trial plan. Address nearest office.

We Trust Comrades

We know that in making this liberal and almost unheard of offer to you, we take no risk. *We don't want you to take any risk* and that's why we do not feel we have any right to ask you to send any money in advance. We just want to place one of these new Kerosene (Coal Oil) Mantle Lamps in your home to use for *10 days absolutely free.* That is the only way you can ever get any idea of the wonderful white powerful light it gives.

Harry R. Fisher, Adv. Mgr., Rip Saw Says of the Aladdin:

"I have examined your wonderful new kerosene mantle lamp which you call The Aladdin and which you have advertised in the 'Rip Saw.' It seems to me superior to any kerosene lamp I ever saw and I think it is a very useful invention and should be popular.

"I have also read your proposition to agents and you offer an excellent opportunity for our comrades to make good money and I think thousands ought to avail themselves of it."

We Want One Responsible Socialist in Each Locality

to advertise, recommend and distribute the Aladdin. The first one who takes the agency will have the opportunity of securing the exclusive rights and should make from $50.00 to $300.00 per month, depending upon the amount of time he can devote to the work.

Men With Rigs Make Big Money

No Experience Needed

Practically every farm home or small town home needs it and will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 57 lamps the first seven days." Another who ordered over 200 in 30 days says: "I consider the Aladdin the best agency proposition I have ever had, and I have done agency work for 10 years." Another says; "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls." Thousands of others who are coining money endorse it just as strongly.

Sold 275 in Six Weeks

Here is an exact copy of a letter written us recently by one of our enthusiastic farmer distributors who has made over $2000 during spare time the past two winters:

"It is a pleasure to sell the Aladdin. It makes good on all your claims and it is easy to convince people that it is the best lamp on the market.

"I still use my first lamp as a demonstrator and it works perfectly although it has had pretty rough usage for over a year and a half.

"Between Jan. 2 and Feb. 20 I sold about 275 lamps. I never saw anything that would sell equal to the Aladdin."

Letter of Credit Helps Him

Lexington, Mo., Jan. 22

Gentlemen: Consider me one of the family, gentlemen, for your letter of credit made it possible for me to get in quick. Enclosed please find order for $225.20. Let me say that under this plan I can handle anything that comes up. So please consider me as your agent for this locality.

Very truly yours, L. H. WYSONG.

Write now for distributor's prices before your territory is taken.

The Mantle Lamp Company

Largest Kerosene (Coal Oil) Mantle Lamp House in the World

388 Aladdin Building, Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK CITY PORTLAND, ORE. MONTREAL, CAN. WINNIPEG, CAN.

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Editorials

By Eugene V. Debs

THE DAY UNCLE SAM STEPS INTO MEXICO AS THE HIRED GUNMAN OF THE WALL STREET BRIGANDS TO ASSASSINATE THE REVOLUTION OF THE ENSLAVED MASSES, WE ARE AGAINST HIM AND WE SHALL HELP TO THE FULL EXTENT OF OUR POWER THE MEXICAN REVOLUTIONISTS TO DRIVE HIM OUT IN DEFEAT AND DISGRACE.

THE EASTLAND CATASTROPHE

It had to happen before it would be believed. It had been predicted long ago and repeatedly, but to no avail. The Eastland, built to hold the common herd, was packed like a cattle train every trip.

Of course, it was an appalling affair while it lasted, but as the victims were all of the working class, it will soon be forgotten, or remembered only as one of many "accidents," in which the herd is slaughtered to yield profit to its owners.

Investigation? Indictment? Imprisonment?

What is the good of it all! The dead are dead and will remain dead, and the living who mourn for them are of the same common herd and of no great consequence.

To punish the captain or the mate or some other petty official is simply idiotic. The owners are he culpable ones and yet the results would be the same if even they were hanged and quartered.

The thing to blame is the thing that is to blame for all such crimes and inhumanities. There is no "accident" about these catastrophes. They are perfectly logical and have to happen as long as effect follows cause. The same gruesome "accident" happens every day, every hour, every minute on a smaller scale.

Every preventable "accident" which results in death or injury to some human being is a crime.

Profit is the tap-root of these crimes and as long as the profit system is allowed to exist it will take its toll in the lives and mutilated bodies of thousands and tens of thousands, sparing neither infancy nor old age.

The Eastland was run for private profit and for no other reason; for the dollars that could be made to flow into the bulging pockets of her rich owners.

The whole affair was conceived in the lust for profit and nothing else was taken into account.

The profit system is the arch criminal, the murderer of every soul that perished on the Eastland, the General Slocum, the Iriquois Theatre, the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory and scores and hundreds of similar catastrophes.

There is but one sane course to pursue, if we care to profit by this shocking experience and that is to INVESTIGATE, INDICT, CONVICT AND EXECUTE THE PROFIT-MONGERING, MURDER-INCITING CAPITALIST SYSTEM.

The wolves of Wall street are sufficient reason for our anti-"patriotism."

A branch of Rockefeller's New York Sunday School should be established at Ludlow, Colorado. "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, etc."

PLUTOCRATIC PATRIOTS

The capitalists and their professional retainers of the East have concluded to set a "patriotic" example to the working class of the country. Glowing announcements of the event are made in the capitalist papers and there is editorial comment galore. We quote from one of the press dispatches as follows:

> "Business and professional men of the United States today inaugurated a new form of vacation. Instead of lolling at ease at summer hotels, on yachts and steamers, they are going into military training. Five hundred leading men of New York, Boston, Chicago and other cities of the East have reported for a course of military training. Their camps at Plattsburg Barracks marks a new era in the military history of the United States."

Hurrah for the Plutocratic patriots!

Go to it, ye bloated bondholders and pimpled parasites!

You have our full permission to become "sojers" and make your records henceforth on the firing line. It is high time a move of this kind were made, for the wage-slaves are getting wise to the game and are quitting it cold.

The soldier business has been worked to a frazzle and now that the slaves are stalling it becomes necessary for the plutes themselves to revive the waning "patriotism" by setting a heroic example. These eminent gentlemen who are always prating about the glory of fighting and dying for "your" country do well to learn how to handle guns and rip open paunches for if it is necessary to die for one's country surely they who own the country should be the first to give up the ghost.

Industrial solidarity means industrial emancipation.

The battle of Bayonne was between the bare knuckles of Rockefeller's slaves and the mailed fists of his gunmen. The sheriff was commander-in-chief of the latter and in that capacity succeded in making an immortal ass of himself. How many more capitalist sheriffs will these slaves elect to turn their ballots into bullets to perforate them with for committing political treason to their class?

THE THREATENED MEXICAN INVASION

The United States government is on the eve of committing a monumental blunder and crime. For months the agents of Wall street and of the looting brigands of other nations have busied themselves in and out of Mexico to bring about a condition of affairs that would seem to justify armed invention by the United States.

The capitalist press has shed rivers of crocidile tears over the factional strife in Mexico while, at the same time, doing everything possible to intensify that strife and prevent pacification under any terms except such as would give the foreign looters and robbers the same stranglehold upon the Mexican people which precipitated the revolution in the first instance.

The Red Cross, ostensibly a relief organization and plying its trade in the name of "mercy," has been prostituted in Mexico to the ends of the conspirators and to accomplish the defeat of the revolution. Its agents have kept the papers filled with the most harrowing tales about the starvation of the Mexican people as if the brigands of Wall street and elsewhere who are engineering the opposition to the revolution cared one whit more for starving Mexicans than they would for so many starving prairie-dogs or cockroaches.

When it comes to the matter of starvation, the families of ten thousand miners in Ohio are without bread and actually suffering the pangs of hunger, according to the associated press, and there are workers without number in other industries and in other parts of the country who are destitute and when these have been provided for and the starvation at our own door has been relieved, it will be time enough to browse around in Mexico and weep over the starvation of the peons a thousand miles from home.

When the bloated beneficiaries of the robber system that creates peons, sheds gobs of grief over the sufferings of their victims, it is not because their hearts are moved, but because their profits are threatened, and hypocrisy and "charity" are commanding cards in the game of capitalism.

President Wilson is on record as declaring that the United States government has no business to interefere with Mexico's internal affairs and if now his administration enters that country it will be at the behest of the powerful robbers in Wall street and elsewhere,

who are and have been for years looting that country and sucking the very life blood of the toiling masses and who are determined to throttle the revolution which has broken out there and restore "stable" government under which, as under Diaz and Huerta, these foreign robbers shall have a free hand and the working class, already peonized, shall be kept down and compelled for a beggarly pittance to pile up wealth for their foreign masters.

We protest, in the name of the American workers against this monstrous outrage upon their fellow-workers across the Rio Grande. We are not so blind nor so idiotic as to believe the childish stories being palmed off on the people by the capitalist press. We have had our own correspondent in Mexico and we know the truth in regard to the revolution and particularly regarding the impelling forces that have kept the opposition to the revolution alive and prevented its successful consummation.

We are with and for our revolutionary comrades in Mexico. They are fighting for the land they till and for the wealth they produce; they are fighting for liberty and justice and we denounce in the name of the cause they are fighting for, the cause that should be sacred to every American, any attempt on the part of this government to crush their revolution, stifle the aspirations of the Mexican people, and fasten upon them anew the chains of peonage and slavery.

The Eastland disaster is easy to account for. No need to indict and punish petty officials as in the case of the General Slocum. The profit system must have its victims. If the profit system is right, the Eastland catastrophe is logical and necessary and there should be no hue and cry against it. Whoso upholds the profit system, consciously or otherwise, is responsible for its logical results.

When will the workers of the world have sense enough to quit working and fighting, living and dying for their masters and give some attention to themselves?

The Federal Commission on Industrial Relations is now on trial before itself. Certain of its eminently respectable members are in dread of its own revelations, past and prospective. Fortunately, however, the commission has a chairman with a bessemer backbone and he will have the people know the truth if he has to tell it alone. It is up to the Socialist and labor press to see to it that the meat of this report is not put in pickle, but fed to the masses to vitalize and strengthen them for the industrial revolution.

FRANK WALSH AND HIS COMMISSION

If press reports are to be believed, the Federal Board of Industrial Relations, now in session at Chicago, preparing its report, is completing the most vital part of its deliberations. It is readily understood, of course, that the board is anything but unanimous when it comes to summing up and reporting to the country. It is only necessary to consider the personnel of the board to understand why the report is to fall into three separate divisions, one for the working class, one for the middle class, and for the capitalist class. It is a strictly Socialist classification, notwithstanding, there is not a Socialist on the board.

It was chiefly through Chairman Frank Walsh that the board made a record that will stand out for years to come as illuminating the inside workings of the criminal capitalist system it was appointed to investigate. The commission, under Walsh, far exceeded the scope of its authority. It actually investigated and it was not that it was appointed for at all. It was expected, like other tribunals of a similar character, to stage a farce and provide politicians and pulpiteers with material wherewith to buttress capitalism and prolong the lease of the beneficiaries of its crimes.

But Frank Walsh happened to be the very man needed for the job, and although hampered in every way, he obtained the bottom facts regarding the industrial unrest and is determined to present them to the American people.

The capitalist press will not seek to squelch the two divisions of the report favoring the middle-class and the capitalist-class, but every possible effort will be made to suppress the report favoring the working class which will bear the signature of Chairman Walsh.

Let the working class papers be on the alert and keep both eyes open until this report is finally issued and insist that congress shall order a sufficient number to provide everyone with a copy, who is willing to pay the nominal fee charged by the government for similar documents.

THE SAME HOARY OLD LIE.

Through Francis Marshall Elliott we have come in possession of a bit of editorial comment which appeared in the Weekly Kansas CHIEF, Troy, Kansas, July 29th, 1858. The abolition movement was then spreading and was being resisted with fire and sword. Abolitionists were at that time everything that socialists are now, especially home-invaders, family-destroyers, morality-haters and, to cap the climax, **FREE-LOVERS.** Lincoln himself was branded as a "nigger-lover" and the press of the slave power was then as now prostituted to defend the iniquities and crimes of the ruling class, keep the exploited masses in ignorance, poverty and subjection, and strangle any movement they might launch for their liberation in the name of "morality," "religion," "law and order" and "freedom and civilization."

The abolitionists had just held a convention at Rutland, Vermont. John Brown was fighting the slave owners and their murderous hirelings in Kansas. Slavery was divine and abolition all that was vile and degenerate. From mouth to mouth leapt the cry of the servile retainers: "Abolition tears down the bars between the races and means indiscriminate marriage between whites and niggers." This was followed with the vicious taunt, "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE YOUR SISTER MARRIED TO A BIG BUCK NIGGER?"

Powerful argument, this, against the abolition of chattel slavery! Precisely the same filthy muck the Goldsteins, Collinses and other kennel-bred scavengers are now hired by the master class to throw at the abolition of wage slavery.

But let us reproduce the comment of the Kansas CHIEF of July 29th, 1858, organ of the slave power, on the convention of the abolitionists held at Rutland:

"WE HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING HALF AS SCANDALOUS AS THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RECENT CONVENTION OF **FREE-LOVERS,** SPIRITUALISTS AND ABOLITIONISTS AT RUTLAND, VERMONT. WHAT IS STRANGEST OF ALL IS THE FACT THAT THE FANATICS WERE PERMITTED TO CARRY THEIR DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS UNTIL THEY SAW FIT TO STOP, WITHOUT ANY HINDRANCE FROM THE LEGAL AUTHORITIES. THESE MALE AND FEMALE FANATICS COULD MEET AND OUTRAGE ALL DECENCY, MORALITY AND RELIGION, STRIKE AT THE FOUNDATION OF SOCIETY, **BLASPHEME THE NAME OF GOD AND DEFY THE LAWS OF THE LAND** AND NOT AN EFFORT WAS MADE TO PUT THEM DOWN, BECAUSE FORSOOTH THEY CALLED IT THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH! YET THIS FREEDOM OF THOUGHT AND SPEECH IS DESTROYING THE PEACE OF FAMILIES, SETTING PEOPLE CRAZY AND **BREAKING DOWN ALL MORAL LAW."**

Sounds familiar, doesn't it? What? No, this was not hurled at the socialist last week, strange as it may appear, but at the abolitionists NEARLY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

IT IS THE SAME HOARY OLD LIE!

Two thousand years ago it was spread by the pharisees as the excuse for murdering Jesus Christ. The pharisees who robbed the widows and orphans of that day were extremely "religious," just as are the pharisees of the present age, and they charged the vagabond carpenter with "spreading a false religion," for having torn off their masks, exposed their hypocrisy, and denounced their robbery and crime.

The same foul lie was sprung on the abolitionists and early Republicans. They were irreligious, godless, immoral and devoid of all sense of shame or honor. Today their names shine in history while their calumniators fertilize the soil that enriches their fame.

The thieves in high places now turn their filth batteries on socialists, the abolitionists of the present day, in the name of "religion," "morality" and "love." Ye gods! It is enough, this reeking stench of the ages, to sicken vultures and produce a pestilence.

The rich and respectable ruling class robbers have ever constituted themselves the moral guardians of their despoiled victims and have ever been profoundly concerned about their "religion" and their "spiritual salvation."

The reason for this is simple enough. The "religious" dope the robber roost that rules society hands out to their exploited and impoverished victims keeps them meek and docile and submissive, willing, aye, yearning not only to be robbed, spat upon and treated with contempt, but to shed their patriotic blood to prove their loyalty to their "religious" and "philanthropic" masters.

To paraphrase Madame Roland, "Oh Religion, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The very relation of master and slave is the denial of divinity and the rape of religion. It insults self-respect and utterly quenches the spirit of which religion is the essence.

The "religion," so-called, which the master class, to subserve its own wicked and iniquitous ends, imposes upon the slave class, is the abomination which has drenched the race with blood and tears, and should be wiped from the face of the earth.

Real religion cannot be perverted to bind slaves to their masters, and only when masters and slaves have ceased to exist and all men are equals and fellow-workers, will the religion implanted by the creator in every human soul flower in perennial beauty, bind man to man as brothers in the bonds of eternal love, shed its spiritual radiance among men and consecrate their highest energies and their loftiest aspirations to the service of their fellow-men and the fulfillment of their divine destiny.

Keeping Up the Supply

By Henry M. Tichenor

"What are we going to do for boys,"
The war-lords said,
"When all the boys we have today
Are shot stone-dead?
How will we fight another war,
With none to take the place
Of those that war depends upon,
The stoutest of the race?"

"I'll tell you something we can do,"
The war-priests said,
"We can have them wed a maid before
They're shot stone-dead;
We then can safely send them
To the thickest of the fray,
With other baby soldier boys
Fresh started on the way."

"An inspiration, reverend sirs,"
The war-lords said,
"The babies will be ours whose sires
Are shot stone-dead;
We will raise them to be soldiers,
As their fathers were before,
And they, too, shall be duly wed
When starting off to war."

The ferment is increasing among the railroad workers. Federal arbitration hit the western enginemen hard enough to give them one black eye and open the other. They can now begin to see and the rank and file are on the move. Craft aristocracy has to go. The railroad workers must have industrial organization, one union embracing them all, and when they have that, they will be the masters of the situation.

FOR THE MEXICAN REVOLUTIONISTS

To Our Comrades and Friends:

L. Gutierrez DeLara and Edgcumb Pinchon, two well known Mexican socialists and revolutionists have written a history of Mexico from the working class point of view entitled "The Mexican People; Their Struggle for Freedom." It is a book of almost four hundred pages and contains the facts without fear or favor in regard to the struggle of the Mexican people for freedom since the earliest conquest of that unhappy country. The authors of this book are both university professors and know the history of Mexico by heart. This is the first time the actual issues of the struggle and the tragic facts in connection therewith, have been brought out in their logical sequence and set down in cold type for the contemplation of the world. It is a bloody history, filled with intrigue, conspiracy and treachery by the ruling class in alliance with a criminal and corrupt priesthood, such as the world has never before witnessed.

It is extremely important to the Mexican cause that this book be translated into Spanish and put into the hands of the peons and others struggling for liberty in Mexico, in their own language. Unfortunately, however, the authors are poor, having been stripped of everything in the revolution, and they are therefore dependent upon their comrades and sympathizers to raise the necessary funds to make this translation and distribute the book among the people. For this purpose some five hundred dollars are at once necessary and the RIP-SAW has taken it upon itself as a matter of loyalty to our Mexican comrades to appeal through its columns to those sympathizing with the Mexican people in their terrible struggle for liberty to at once send such an amount, large or small, as can be spared to **L. Gutierrez De Lara, 420 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.** It would be impossible to contribute to a more worthy cause and we earnestly hope the necessary funds may be speedily raised so that the work of these socialist historians may be spread among the masses to open their eyes to the real source of their oppression and the true cause of their poverty and misery. With this book in the hands of the people, kingcraft and priestcraft, which have so long rioted in luxuries wrung from slaves, will be banished from Mexico forever.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

Breed, Mother, Breed

By Kate Richards O'Hare

"Unto the woman he (God) said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Gen. 3-16.

It was after midnight; the train on a little log railroad in Eastern Texas wheezed onto the sidetrack to let a lone freight train loaded with sawlogs snail past, and the stopping bump shook me wide awake. Thrusting my head out of the car window, I saw a sight common in the Southland—a rude arbor under a great oak tree, a few flickering lanterns, a crowd of weary, workworn men and women in the throes of "revival," dozens of children fitfully sleeping on pallets on the ground, and I heard the wailing, droning voice of an illiterate preacher repeating the age old curse of the Christian religion on women. "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy children"—"He shall rule over thee." As the preacher whined and droned the women's shoulders drooped lower and lower still; their weary eyes grew more hopeless and dull as they hushed the fretful cries of the mosquito-bedeviled children. The tobacco-juice spattered men rolled their eyes in pious accord and whined and droned, "Amen! Praise the Lord!" "Bless His Name!" "Yes, Lord, we know Thy will!" I drew my head inside the window as the train bumped and wheezed its way through the murky night.

A gentle, soft spoken, refined man had taken the seat beside me, and the utter weariness and despondency that shadowed his face touched me. I remarked to him that he looked as weary as I felt, and with the utter abandon of a man who must tell his troubles to some one or die, he poured out the gruesome tale of his sorrows. He was a doctor and had been called by wire to the little hamlet at noon to assist in a case that the local midwife could not handle. All afternoon and far into the night he had struggled with death and lost. In the little shack that he pointed out to me from the train, he had left a dead mother, a dead baby, five motherless tots and a hopeless husband.

To console him, I said that "all doctors lost a case of that kind now and then; that it was the price we women pay for motherhood." With a look of haunted misery on his face, he cried, "Lose one now and then! Yes, I know that, but I have lost seventeen babies in my practice in the last few months, most of them stillborn, and five of the mothers died also." I replied, "Great God! What a butcher! You should be in the state's prison and not running loose murdering women and children." In blazing anger, he snarled, "Yes, I know that is what you think, and the awful injustice of such an opinion. I am not to blame! I am neither a butcher nor an inefficient doctor. So help me God; in not one case can I blame myself; no doctor on earth could have done better than I did; but how can I make people believe that? The mothers had simply been starved for sufficient nourishing food. Their rations, always bad enough, were much worse this year and did not contain half enough proper nourishment for their own bodies and there was no margin for the little lives demanding sustenance. Why, the husband of the woman who just died, told me his wife had lived on corn meal mush for six weeks and he was unable to secure better food for her. You can't get live colts from a starved mare and I can not bring live children into the world from starved mothers. This European war has dealt the South a frightful blow and we are paying the forfeit in dead babies."

"WAR BABIES" in America! Sounds strange, does it not? We have shed oceans of tears and shuddered in horror over the "War Babies" of Europe, but they were born alive at any rate. In the midst of the hell and crash of war, Germany, France and even stupid, smug old England have found it possible to feed the mothers who were to bring illegitimate children into the world in order that the children might be born lusty and strong, even if they were the fruits of lust and rapine. But here in America in a time of pious peace and God given plenty, in a Christian land and under the benign reign of Woodrow-the-Wise and the grand old Democratic Party, our "War Babies," the children of decently married mothers, are born DEAD, STARVED, in their mother's womb while we send shiploads of food to Europe to feed the war!

These seventeen dead babies and five dead mothers are not all the sordid story by any means.

I have just returned from a four-thousand mile trip through the South and wherever the cotton grows that provides the explosives and the clothing for the murderfest in Europe, there may be found the pall of abject poverty, the starving mother and the shriveled fruit of her womb—THE AMERICAN WAR BABY. Unfortunately for the babes, they don't all die—God knows they would be better off dead, but many of them creep feebly into life, drag through a hungry, sickly childhood, stumble through a brain and body starved youth to become the mothers of children more unfit than themselves, or hidebound, brain-stunted voters of the Democratic ticket.

What a glorious thing our Christian civilization and the capitalist system is for women! Every fat-paunched, oily-voiced "man of the cloth" from the Pope on his gilded throne to the illiterate, malaria-smitten, tobacco-smitten exhorter in a Texas "campmeetin" mouths the cursed creed and chants and roars and whines: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy children—he shall rule over thee."

In war-smitten, blood-soaked Europe, king and emperor thunder from their thrones to womankind, "Marry! damn you! marry—if no man wishes you for a wife, submit to any human animal of the male sex in whose veins there is lust enough to implant a human life! for men must die and women breed for our glory!" and to this creed priest and clergyman chant: "Amen!" "Praise God"—"It is His will."

In poverty cursed America our industrial kings, whose chief prophet is Teddy-the-Toothful and whose Vicegerent is Woodrow-the-Wise, roar and snarl and whine: "Breed, mother, breed, we need your sons for soldiers, your daughters for wage-slaves and harlots and your babies to tend our looms, our cotton fields and our coal chutes—BREED—BREED—BREED!" To this cry our statesmen give the sanction of the law and clap in prison any ungodly agitator who attempts to teach their sisters how to avoid the breeding pen, and in tuneful chorus our priests and preachers sing, "Amen"—"Praise God"—"It is His will."

What do you think of it, you women of America? Do you believe that a great, all-wise Creator spent aeons of time and infinite power to build this earth and bring mankind to the present state of development—do you think that all the upward struggle of the human race, all that science, education and enlightenment has achieved has but one end—and that to produce breeding machines who will supply a God-chosen master class with wage slaves, harlots and soldiers, and a religion whose only function is to sanction the most hellish crimes and drown the cries poverty, misery and death with the chant: AMEN—PRAISE GOD—IT IS HIS WILL?

If you accept that creed of Hell and bow your neck to the yoke of subjection, then you are a fit mate for the sodden male wage slave who mouths the clergy's cant and votes the Republican or Democratic ticket. If you reject it with horror and feel deep down in your soul that the God who made this earth and decked it in sublime beauty, who fashioned mankind and endowed us with a heart to love, brains to reason and hands to create is a God of love and wisdom, righteousness and peace, then come and join hands with the Socialist Comrades of the World. Together we can cast the master class capitalist system, the master class religion and the master class perverted god into the deepest pit of Inferno and make this old earth a Heaven for all of God's children. ARE YOU READY TO JOIN US? THAT BROTHERHOOD THAT STRETCHES AROUND THE EARTH IS READY TO EXTEND THE HAND OF COMRADESHIP TO YOU, OUR SISTER.

TOBE SPILKINS

His Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editur: I reckon I'm a havin' uv the doggonedest time a gittin' settled down enny boddy ever had. The folks at home dident seem tu be in much uv a hurry about answerin' uv my letturs and I started out tu maik a sistermatic hunt fur the feller what invented the baby inkubater. I jist tuk the offises street by street and it wuzent long till I cum tu my old offis which I left tu go tu New York with a kommishun tu raize a regiment uv smooth riders frum amung them milyunaires and got myself in jail on akkount uv it, and am out on bail yet. Well, I walked rite in without a sayin' 'scat and bust my biler if I wuzent purty neert shocked off the earth. There wuz the very man I wuz a lookin' fur a wurkin' at sum kind uv a kontrapshun which he put under the table az sune az he saw me. I don't think he knowed me when I furst went in, fur I rekognized him furst and then I caught a open sky view uv a femonine woman a standin' by a desk a puttin' powder on her face. It wuz little Strawhed. She wuz so bizzy a gittin' uv the powder properly and judishusly distributed and a sort uv battin' it in so it woodent slide off on sum body's coat sleeve, that she dident rekognize me fur a little bit. When she did she fainted, and I jumped tuwards hur tu keep hur frum a fallin' tu the floor and a shakin' uv that powder off frum hur face.

I reckon that feller thot I wuz one uv them White-slavers fur he cum at me like a Polekat a fightin' fur hur yung polekats. I gess we wood have both murdered each uther but little Strawhed, who wuz a aktin' az hiz stenografer kum unfainted and rekognized me and with 2 or three quick steps cum over and throwed hur arms around me and exklaimed: "Unkel, oh Unkel!" Jist that natural that it maid me feel like I wuz hur Unkel sum time in the past and wuz yet and I put my arms tighter around hur til the uther feller cum and put hiz arms around hur, too. I rekon he wuz afrade we wood both uv us fall. Poor feller, he never dreemed how many times I had kept hur frum a fallin' all by my lonesum in the hey days uv the past. Purty sune she got stronger and cood stand alone by holdin' on tu the desk. I giv hur a chare and she sot down. The feller looked at me az tho he wuz a expecktin' a explanashun. I told him that the yung lady use tu be my stenografer when I wuz a speshul adviser tu the Prezident.

Purty sune the feller appeered tu rekognize me.

"Aint you the feller who bought a interest in my inkubater that nite at the salune?" he asked.

"I am," I sed; "I am the same identikal. Where iz my munny and what did you du with the masheen?"

"You kin go, Lulu, I won't need you enny more today," he sed tu the gurl.

I dident like tu see hur go without talkin' tu hur a while, but I dident know how tu manage it with that injubator man a listenin' tu every wurd that we sed, so I sed I hoped we'd have the pleshure uv a meetin' agin and sed good bye. I thought she wood hunt me up sune; I dident like the idee uv leevin' her in this inkubator man's care. Then I thought she might have sum letturs fur me that cum while I wuz a languishin' in jail in New York becoz I tride tu git them milyunaires tu jine my regiment uv Smooth Riders and go tu the frunt in kase we had war. The dadgasted galoots, they air in it now; they air chargin' the Allies in the rear. That iz they air a chargin' 'em fur guns and aminishun. Then I had sum offis furniture that disappeered when I wuz in the New York jail which I thought little Strawhed cood tell me sumpthing about. The best I cood du wuz tu wait until I cood see the gurl alone and git the desired informashun.

"Now, about that baby inkubator masheen," sed the feller, "I dun the best I cood with the munny and the masheen. I deposited half uv the munny with the bar-keeper fur you and me tu draw on in kase uv extreme emurgencies. You went away and them emurgencies cum so fast that I drawed it all out, but will pay you bak when we git the masheen tu wurkin' and kin dispoze uv it. Then, with part uv the uther half I built a masheen and set it. It iz a settin' yet. Then I made a trip over tu England and tride tu maik a deel with that country fur they needed soljers, and needed 'em bad. They had already started quite a industry in that line. Tu protekt the industry frum the formashun uv trusts so that the supply wood not be limited, or the price raized, they eliminated the necessity uv bein' married, destroyed the marital relashuns and broke down the

sanktity uv the home. They jist let all holts go and went lick-e-ty split on the same old-fashioned plan used a thousand yeers ago. Purty neert every boddy cood compete and git in on the deel. But I beleeve our masheen will beet 'em yet and I aint lost all hope."

I told the feller I'd call in agin in a day or 2 and left him settin' with hiz elbows on hiz kneeze and hiz face in hiz hands. I hurried down the stairs thinkin' maybe little Strawhed wood be a waitin' fur me down on the street sumwhere; but she wuzzent. When I got bak tu my hotel the clerk handed me a lettur. It wuz frum my wife; I knowed hur hand ritin'. I put it softly in my hip-pocket and went over tu the bar tu splice the main brace so that the old ship cood stand the shock uv reedin' it, hopin' all the time there woodent be enny shock. When the proper amount uv ballast had bin taken on I went up stairs tu my room.

I opened the lettur. My wife aint a good speeler like me, and I had tu gess at sum uv the wurds. I am a sendin' uv you a copy uv it az neer az I cood maik it out.

"My own deerest Tobey I got yoor letter day before yesterday nite. Ben brought it out frum town. It looked like it had bin opened. That old Peg Leg uv a Post Master ain't enny too good tu du a thing like that. And I don't beleeve Ben wood du ennything so meen. I kant see why you don't like Ben; he's az innocent az a gote. You ortent tu talk about a shootin' uv him with a grate big kannon. Oh, Tobey, deer, if you knowed how much I luv you I know you coodent hav enny ill feelin's agin Ben. I aint. He's bin here nigh on tu goin' on 3 yeers now and we aint had enny hard feelin's agin each uther or got cross ways 'ceptin' when that frowzly, freckled, fresh painted, second hand widder cum between us and Ben wuz a neglecktin' uv hiz farm wurk. Oh, Tobey, you never will know how much I luv you. When you went tu Yurrop and I red about how they wuz a killin' off uv the peeple over there it purty neert broke my hart, and plum broke my pocket book, fur Ben don't bring in enny munny. Insted uv that he's got tu chargin' wages, and I am in det tu him and am afrade he'll leeve if I don't pay him, and he's sich a good hand on the farm, and oh, deer Tobey, my hart beets fur you, and I must have sum munny. Aunt Tilda Huntsinger's kow haz gone mad and Pete Gaston's baby haz got the meezles and the poor little thing iz a cuttin' uv hur teeth. They shut hur up fur a while but had tu kil hur. I meen the kow. I never seed az manny meezles on a young'n in all my life. She wuz a givin' uv 4 gallons uv milk every day when she went mad and noboddy knows how she cum to go mad. The dokters say if the meezles don't go in on hur she'll be all rite in a few days. Deer Tobey I want 2 hundred dollers. I owe Ben a hundred dollars and he wants tu git sum clothes and so du I. You know that old blak kat that Granny Skinner haz had so long, it dide the uther day and every boddy in the naberhood sez that iz a sign that we air a goin' tu hav war with Germany. Deer Tobey, pleeze don't forgit the 2 hundred dollars. Anuther one uv Gabe Strong's boys haz jined the Soshialist Lokal. I know you will send me the munny won't you, luvin' Tobey? and that crippled kaff that wuz so bad off last Spring haz got purty neert well. You wooden beleeve how the children air a growin', and they have tu be dressed. Deer Tobey, I am offul proud uv you fur you have got to tu be so grait a man, and I know you will send the munny, and sum day mebby you will git the post offis at Boney Forks. Then we won't have tu farm, but we will keep Ben fur deputy clurk and you wont have tu wurk so hard, poor old Tobey; pleeze don't forgit the munny and write me sune az you git this and send me the munny. Yoor luvin' wife.

LUCRETIA SPILKINS.

"P. S. Don't furgit tu put the munny in yoor letter when you rite.

"P. S. tu the abuv P. S. And rite sune."

Now, Mister Editur, what du you think uv a lettur like that? It makes the kold chills run up my bak yet there aint a thing rong about it. It iz a rapid firin appeed frum a wife tu hur husband fur munny. That aint so offul bad bein's it haz happened several times before in the history uv the world, and in sum uv the best uv families, altho I don't rekall enny sich a incident happening in the Bible and it aint authorized by the ten commandments or the Mozaick code uv laws. It aint reckomended by Saint Paul or enny uv the other apossals. I red that letter over 3 times, and the old ship wuz a staggerin' on its keel so I had tu go down tu the bar and take on sum more ballast. I went bak tu my room and tride tu sypher out sumpthing rong about that letter, but durn my skin if I cood du it. About the only thing I cood think uv wuz that ornery Ben. The farmin had tu be dun, and bein's I wuzent there tu du it myself it had tu be dun by sumbodyelse. When Ben wuz a duin it fur nuthin' it giv me the forty angled jim-jams, now when he wanted pay fur it what rite had I tu kick. The last dikker I tuk holped tu soothe my nurves and I cum tu the konklushun that if Ben wurked on the farm he ort tu have sum clothes on, so I sent the munny. When I went down stairs tu mail the lettur with the munny in it there wuz a lettur fur me frum Shanghi Purkins but I aint got time tu tel about it now. I've got tu mete the president tumorrow on a important matter, and then I must go and see that inkubator man agin. Bizzness iz a pickin' up and I may need a typewriter sune. Mebbe it is best after all tu keep that enery Ben on the farm till I git time tu kill or kripple him.

Yoors truly,

TORE SPILKINS, Diplomatt

☞ We can safely recommend The Pure Food Co. as being a thoroughly reliable and responsible firm.—EDITOR.

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.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

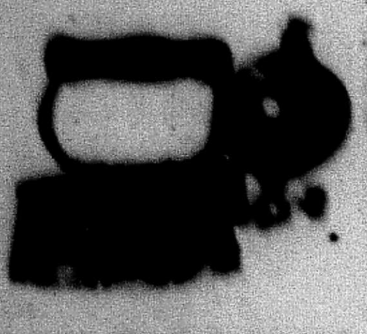
PART VIII

CHAPTER XXIX

Wireless Notes on Disorder.

Building a Business Without Capital

By E. T. Burham



come to us here all the information at hand about our organization, whether open or subterranean. We should make this room and this time, in fact, the place and the hour for the planning of the last great blow on which hangs the fate of the world. If it succeed, the human race goes free again. If it fail—and God forbid!—then the whole world will be in the grip of Flint and Waldron. With our other centres broken up or under espionage, our press forced into impotence save our underground press—and political action long rendered [illegible] as ever it was in Mexico when Diaz ruled, we have but one weapon!"

"And that is?" asked Catherine. "The general strike?"

"A final general paralyzing strike, and with it the actual physical destruction of the colossal [illegible], the Air Trust works at Niagara!"

A little silence followed. They all drew round the reading table, near the fireplace. Mrs. Trantham brought a lamp, and Brevard, opening a chest near the book case, fetched a portfolio of papers, dispatches, plans, reports and data of all kinds.

"Gabriel's right," said he. "The time is ripe, now. It will be in a week or so. Nothing can be gained by delaying any longer. Every day adds to their power and may weaken ours. Our organization for the strike and the attack on the works is as complete as we can make it. We must come to extreme measures at once, or world-organization will get it, and we shall be eternally too late!"

"Extreme measures, yes," said Gabriel, while Brevard spread the papers out and sorted them, and Craig drew contemplatively at his pipe. "The masters would have it so. The [illegible] academic discussion about ways and means has become absurd in the face of plutocratic savagery. We're up against facts now, not theories. God knows it's against the dictates of my heart to do what must be done, but it's that or stand back and see the world be murdered, together with our own selves! And in a case of self-defense, all measures are justifiable.

"Whatever happens, our hands are clean. The plutocrats are the attacking force. They have chosen, and must take the consequences they have sown, and must reap. One by one they have limited and withdrawn every political right. They have taken away free speech and free assemblage, free press and universal suffrage. They have limited the right to vote by property qualifications that have deprived the proletariat of every chance to make their will felt. They have put through this National Citizenship suffrage and [illegible] the National Mounted Police Bill making [illegible] rule supreme in the United States of America as they have made it in the United States of Europe.

"Before they changed their tool of trade, President [illegible], in 19[illegible], [illegible] the Air [illegible], we still had some constitutional rights left—a few. But now, all are gone. With the absorption and annexation of Canada, Mexico and Central America, slavery [illegible] and absolute [illegible] upon us. The unions simply crumbled [illegible] in face of all those millions of Mexican peons swamping the labor market with starvation wage labor. [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] in 19[illegible] and 19[illegible] and the [illegible] at [illegible] and [illegible] at Los Angeles and Pittsburg and [illegible] of all these. That finished what few rights were left, that killing did. And then came the [illegible] of spies and the [illegible] and the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] all those things that we all know so well. [illegible] were willing to play the game fair and square [illegible] refused. [illegible] and you say all.

"No [illegible] to dwell on details now. The Air Trust has had its will with the world so far. It has crushed all opposition as relentlessly as the car of Juggernaut used to crush its blind, fanatical devotees. True, our Party still exists and has some standing and some representatives; but we all know what power it has—in the open! Not that much!" And he snapped his fingers in the air.

"In the open, none!" said Craig, blowing a cloud of smoke. "I admit that, Gabriel. But underground—ah!"

"Underground," Gabriel took up the word, "forces are now at work that can shatter the whole infernal slavery to dust! This way of working is not our choice; it is theirs. They would have it so—now let them take their medicine!"

"Yes, yes," eagerly exclaimed Catherine, her face flushed and intense. "I'm with you, Gabriel! To work!"

"To work, yes," put in Craig. "But with system, order and method. My experience in Congress has taught me some valuable lessons. The universal, all-embracing Trust made minorities of us every one. Our strength was to theirs, no more than that of a mouse to a lion. Their system is perfect, their lines of supply and communication are without a flaw. The Prussian army machine of other days was but a bungling experiment in comparison with the efficiency of this new mechanism. I tell you, Gabriel, we've got to give these tyrants credit for being infernally efficient tyrants! All that science has been able to devise, or press and church and university teach, or political subservience make possible, is theirs. And back of that, military power, and the courts and the prisons and the electric chair! And back of all these, the power to choke the whole world to submission in a week!"

Gabriel thought a moment, before replying. Then said he:

"I know it, Craig. All the more reason why we must hit them at once, and hit hard! These reports here," and he gestured at the papers that Brevard had spread out under the lamp-light, "prove that, at the [illegible] signal, every chance indicates that we can paralyze transportation—the keynote of the whole situation.

"True, the government—that is to say, the Air Trust, and that is to say, Flint and Waldron—can keep men in every engine-cab in the country. They can keep them at every switch and junction. But this isn't France, remember, nor is it any small compact European country. Conditions are wholly different here. Everywhere vast stretches of track exist. No power on earth—not even Flint and Waldron's—can guard all those hundreds of thousands of miles. And so I tell you, taking our data simply from these reports and not counting on any more organized strength than they show, we have today got the means of cutting and crippling, for a week at least, the movements of troops to Niagara. And that, just that, is all we need!"

A little silence. Then said Catherine:

"You mean, Gabriel, that if we can keep the troops back for a little while, and [illegible] the Air Trust plant itself, the great revolution will follow?"

He nodded, with a smouldering fire in his eyes.

"Yes," said he. "If we can break the grip of this monster for only [illegible] hours and flash the news to this bleeding, sweating, choking land that the grip is loosened—after that we need fear no more. [illegible] in the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] this deluge shall forever wash away the tyranny and crime of Capitalism. Forever and a day, to leave us free! Free men, free men and women, standing erect and facing God's own sunlight, full heritage and birthright in this world!"

Catherine made no answer, but her hand [illegible] his. The light on her [illegible] masses of [illegible] hair, braided about her head, enhanced her beauty. And as, for a moment, the little group sat there about the table—the group on which now so infinitely much depended, and the hopes [illegible] upon their [illegible] plans, reports and diagrams—

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXX

[illegible]

BREVARD was the first to speak. "Gabriel," said he, "we have agreed that you must be the leader in this whole affair. The actual personal leader. [illegible]

[illegible]

Gabriel [illegible] but they [illegible] him. [illegible]

[illegible], Pa., Aug. 21, 1915.

Dear RIPSAW:

I enclose another $10.00 on account of the Kate O'Hare meeting to be held at [illegible], Pa., Sept. 4th. [illegible]

[illegible]

Yours truly,

JOHN [illegible]

The Rip-Saw Editors' Dates

[illegible]

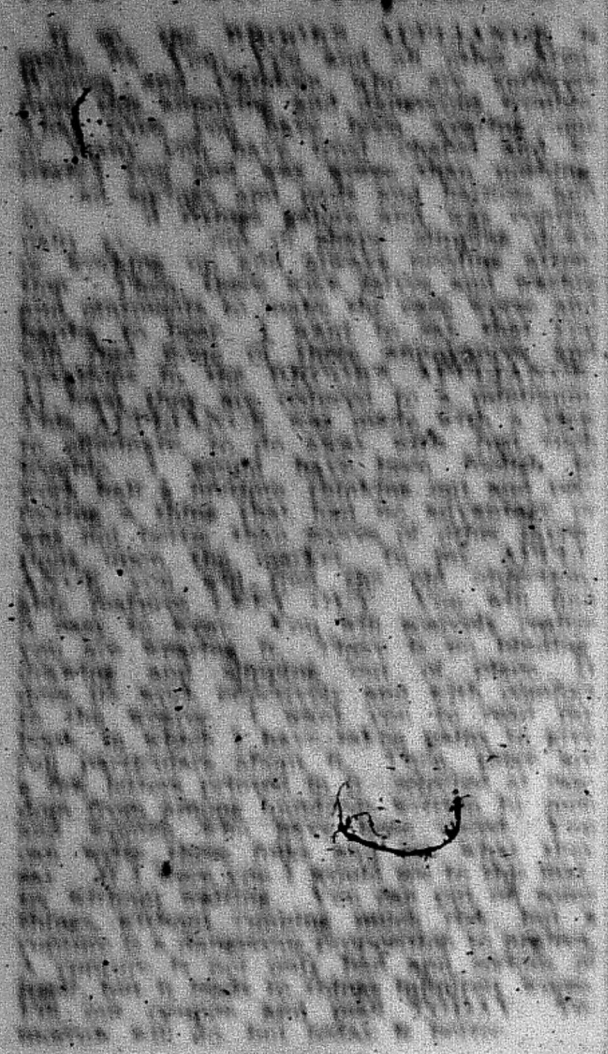
[illegible]

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS ANY LONGER

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance For Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

Are You Ruptured?



Don't Make the Child Wear a Truss Through Life

The photo of C. E. Brooks of Marshall, Mich., the inventor, who has been using rupture for over 40 years. It cured with his relief.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Others Failed But The Appliance Cured

Remember

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Cured at the Age of 78

Child Cured in 4 Months

Confederate Veteran Cured

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

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Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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City

R. F. D. State

THE WAR'S BLOODY ANNIVERSARY

The first anniversary of the European slaughter was celebrated upon a score of bloody battlefields. Six millions of corpses and six million more of mutilated bodies bear appalling testimony to the destructiveness of modern warfare. The imagination reels and staggers in contemplation of this fearful orgy of human slaughter and it almost seems as if the human race, despairing of itself, had resolved in its madness to wipe itself from the face of the earth. It is a sickening and paralyzing spectacle and what is worst of all, is that seemingly nothing can be done to stop this red deluge.

Equal in magnitude to this unspeakable crime against civilization will be the responsibility for it when it comes to squaring accounts. The capitalist system will come in for its full share, but unfortunately for us we who are opposed to that system are not without blame. Nothing better was to have been expected from the profit mongering ruling classes of the warring nations, but very much better was to have been expected from the Socialist movement.

Without being specific at this time, it is sufficient to say that there is something radically wrong with a Socialist movement which can be turned against itself by the ruling class and made to cut its own throat for the benefit of the lords of loot and plunder.

The more we think of it in the light of the horrors which have followed in its wake and which have turned a whole continent into a slaughtering tournament and whole nations into frenzied fiends and all this for the sake of a bogus "patriotism," and an imaginary "fatherland," the more we are convinced that the international Socialist movement, with all its boasted numbers and power, was weak and contemptible in the very hour the test came and it should have demonstrated its prowess and invincibility to the world.

This may not be agreeable to us Socialists to admit and yet we deceive ourselves if we imagine that we can hide the truth or escape the consequences of our folly. If the Socialist movement of Europe had been actually international and had planted itself squarely and immovably upon international principles instead of yielding to the blighting influences of "patriotism," and a lunatic "fatherland," the Socialists, so called, would not now be blowing each other to atoms and tearing out the hearts and entrails of their own comrades for the glory of internal kaisers, kings, and knaves.

Chas. Dobbs, a veteran member headquarters at 530 West Market of the Socialist Party of Kentucky, St. J. L. Stark being elected as State has been nominated for Governor and Secretary August 5th. All locals and will make a tour of the State under auspices of the State office, which sympathizes wanting Dobbs dates will has been moved to Louisville with communicate with the State Secretary.

Give Your Town A Treat

The people of your town and county are waiting for NOW to arrange to bring Comrade E. V. Debs or Comrade Kate Richards O'Hare to your town. When you make the arrangements they will fill the largest hall in order to hear the message of Socialism delivered by one or other of these great speakers and writers. At Paragould, Arkansas, or Pittsburg, Kansas, people assembled from Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois, Kansas and Tennessee to hear Kate O'Hare speak on August 1st. At a little village of Greenville, Iowa, not even backed by a local, for there was none, arranged for one of the most Debs meetings held this year. Everybody knows of Debs. Everybody wants to hear Kate O'Hare. Your work is easy and when you have a hundred or five hundred comrades you can do the great big work for Socialism.

Sure, it takes some work, some energy, some planning, but results are greater for the cause of Socialism than can be accomplished in any other strong way. 800 families reading the RIP-SAW for a year. Hundreds, thousands of people brought into contact with the Editors of the RIP-SAW. The day of the miracle is a thousand years gone. We are paid a thousand times for every work for the cause!

Send for the cards NOW. Conduct a vigorous campaign for selling them, mail the filled out subscription cards back to us and the RIP-SAW starts on its monthly visits at once. When you make the decision to pull off a big RIP-SAW rally your local springs into activity of accomplishing work that you never dreamed was possible. It is easier to do BIG things than little ones.

Comrade Debs or Comrade O'Hare will probably be in your state in the near future. Write at once so we can reserve a date for you.

TERMS FOR E. V. DEBS LECTURE

Your organization sells 800 Yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards at 25 cents each.

TERMS FOR KATE O'HARE LECTURE

Your organization sells 400 Yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards at 25 cents each.

The subscription cards are sent to you on credit to be paid for in installments as you sell them, any balance being due and payable the day of the lecture. The RIP-SAW pays the speakers' traveling expenses and hotel bill, and sends you free an ample supply of attractive and effective advertising matter. Each card has an admission coupon attached. Sell reserved seats at advanced prices to cover hall rent and profit for your local.

The RIP-SAW will set the date, giving you ample advance notice. If special dates are required write for terms.

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

To The Railroad Workers

By Eugene V. Debs

Letters are coming to me daily, especially since the failure of the long-drawn arbitration, so-called, between the western railways and their enginemen, asking what is now to be done. There is but one answer and this can be embraced in a single word.

UNITE!

You are not united now, but helplessly divided and the railroads and your own craft union officials mean to keep you so.

The train service unions still feel that they are above the common herd and that they can better take care of their interests by flocking by themselves, and dearly are they paying for their craft union blindness.

In his address before the recent convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, W. S. Carter, President of the Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen admitted that the latter organization had lost nearly 7,000 members since January and that it would probably lose as many more by December. OVER A THOUSAND A MONTH!

What does this startling statement mean? Simply that this one craft brotherhood alone strikes from its rolls the names of from twelve to fourteen thousand members a year, brands them with expulsion, and turns them adrift to recruit the great army of the unorganized, with bitterness in their hearts, possibly to become strikebreakers and even gunmen to square accounts for the injustice of being thrown out of a union for the sole reason that they were unable to bear the heavy burden of assessments levied upon them to pay for an "arbitration" that was nothing more nor less than a confidence game and that would never have been possible if the enginemen, backed by the other railroad workers and united in a single union had presented a solid front to the railroads and demanded the unconditional granting of their demands.

But that would have been industrial unionism and therefore, "impracticable," according to craft union officials, and so their thousands of victimized craft union followers must put up with the "practical" results that flow from craft organization.

TODAY CRAFT ORGANIZATION SIMPLY MEANS INDUSTRIAL DISORGANIZATION.

To the personal knowledge of the writer, hundreds among the best members of these train service brotherhoods have been discharged for their union activity along progressive lines and their unions, whose motto is "Protection," have been powerless to secure their reinstatement or to afford them any protection, whatsoever. It is nothing less than farcical to talk of "protection" in the light of these undeniable facts.

The principle that one man is entitled to as much consideration as another must be recognized by the railroad workers before they can overcome the fatal limitations and defects of craft unionism and broaden out into an industrial organization that shall have unity for its watchword and that shall make use of the power that unity confers for the protection of every employe in the service.

The conductors and engineers are not so "exclusive" as they were a few years ago when they absolutely refused affiliation with all other employes, and if they would know to what extent their narrow and selfish policy has borne corrupt fruit, let them go out on strike and see how many thousands of their own number are ready to step into their places. There is a progressive element in all these unions that sees the inevitable and is steadily paving the way to unity and solidarity all along the line.

To encourage this element and to help along in the work of opening the eyes of the great body of railroad workers is a task worthy the best efforts of everyone who realizes the urgent necessity.

SPECIAL RIP-SAW AND MELTING POT CLUBBING RATE—YOU CAN GET BOTH FOR 1 YEAR FOR 60 CENTS.

A Special Clubbing Rate is now offered to Rip-Saw subscribers who also wish to take the Melting Pot. For 60c you can get both the Rip-Saw and Melting Pot for one year. If your subscription is not yet due for the Rip-Saw, you can have it extended one year from date of expiration. Or we will send you a subscription card good for one year's subscription, or you can have the magazine sent to some one else. State which you want. This applies both to the Rip-Saw and the Melting Pot.

For all Canadian Subscriptions to this club offer, add 24 cents to cover extra postage.

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

for industrial organization as the only means of uniting the workers efficiently in their s ruggle for emancipation.

As a means to this end I earnestly commend the recently organized RAILROAD WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE, and all applicants for further information are referred to Loren P. Harriman, acting secretary, Room 204, 9 Cambridge St., Boston, Mass.

The work of this league is purely educational and this is the work that must be done and well done before there can be any hope of success.

To attempt, before this work of education has been done, to organize the railroad workers into one indusrial union, would be to court defeat. The railroad officials and craft union officials would promptly join hand in hand, as they have done before, in destroying such a union, even to the extent of scabbing outright upon its members and driving them out of the service.

This, they cannot do in the case of the Railroad Workers' Educational League, which consists of leading members in all these railway unions and is confined to the education of those who come within its influence in the true principles of industrial unionism and the class struggle. There is no chance for scabbing here. The educational mission of the League cannot be arrested. It does not interfere with the work of the existing unions, but on the contrary points out their weakness and inefficiency in the face of the facts which confront them and at the same time points out to them the road to unity and power and victory.

The leading figures in this League are seasoned and experienced men in the railroad service and in the several unions with which they are affiliated. They are of known ability and integrity and they already have assurance of the support of large numbers of railroad workers who realize that there must be a change if they are not to be reduced to utter helplessness.

The railroad and transportation workers actually hold in their hands the key to the industrial situation in the United States. They need not grovel and plead for the paltry concessions that are denied them, unless they deliberately shut their eyes to the clear and obvious facts of industrial evolution, tie their own hands and willingly place themselves at the mercy of their corporate masters.

The call to the railroad workers to awaken and bestir themselves becomes more and more insistent through their own increasing dependence and their own decreasing ability to cope with the powerful corporations which confront them.

There is but one way to deal with power, and that is with power.

They who could have power, but are content to cower, become pusillanimous and invite unmitigated contempt and unending degradation.

The highly salaried craft union official is pretty apt to favor the union that keeps him on the pay roll, however little good it may do the rank and file, rather than the union that cuts off his salary, however greatly it may be to the advantage of his followers.

From now on the work of industrial organization among the railroad and transportation workers is under way and every live and progressive member, whatever his craft or union, will energetically do his part to awaken the sleepers, dispel the old prejudices, and line up the whole grand army for industrial unity and industrial freedom.

The People's College at Fort Scott, Kansas is financed, maintained, controlled and managed by the working class. It receives no "endowment" from any bloated buccaneer for the privilege of posing as a philanthropist and throttling the teaching of the truth. In this college, organized and supported by the workers themselves, every workingman and every workingwoman, wherever located, may be enrolled and secure a practical education by correspondence for a nominal fee and, at the same time, have an equal voice with all others in the control of the institution.

It takes real men and women to keep their faces to the front and keep in tune with the revolution these days. Are you of that sturdy and unconquerable type?

"Patriotism" is to capitalism what superstition is to priestcraft.

The Red Cross is but one of the agencies Wall street has in Mexico to perpetuate conditions that will justify armed intervention of which the sole object is to put the toiling masses of that unhappy country at the mercy of foreign looters, thieves and conspirators. We are with the Mexican peons and revolutionists against the whole infernal outfit.

The private armies of industrial corporations have no warrant in law and no right to exist and should be hunted down the same all other murderers, assassins and outlaws.

We, of the working class, mean to throw off our rulers and robbers, rule ourselves, and learn how to live and love.

Humanity's Only Help and Hope

By H. M. Tichenor

The picture, drawn by Fitz, in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, speaks volumes.

It is a portrayal of the world of today, swept by the BLACK FURIES—the CYCLONE of WAR.

Weak as yet in numbers, but mighty in purpose, sane in a world of madness, the SOCIALIST grapples with the CYCLONE.

HE, and HE alone, knows whence that CYCLONE of MURDEROUS DESTRUCTION came, and HE, and HE alone, is able to overpower it.

No one is by his side to help, no, not even the soft, simple souls that pray for peace.

"WHOA!"

—*Fitz in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

All, all of these, together with the Demons of War and the Profit-Mongers, are enveloped in the STORM CLOUD of the BLACK FURIES. Within that CYCLONE of MURDEROUS DESTRUCTION are ALL the peoples of earth, save the lone SOCIALIST.

The Princes and Plunderers, and their Political Parties, are there; and the Priests and Preachers, and their blind followers are there.

The Catholic, and Protestant, and Jew, and Mohammedan, and Buddhist, with their Prayerbooks and Bibles and Korans and Vedas, that teach SUPERSTITION and SERVILITY, all are there; only the SOCIALIST, with his COMMUNIST MANIFESTO, and his SCIENCE, he is not there.

Alone, hated by Prince and Plunderer and Priest, HE is grappling with the CYCLONE of WAR

The Pope can appeal to his gods, and the President can set aside a day of prayer; and the BLACK FURIES rage on.

These heed not prayers of Pope or President; but they HATE with all the power of their BLACK HEARTS, and FEAR with all the COWARDICE of EXPOSED CRIMINALS, the UNCOMPROMISING REVOLT of the SOCIALIST.

The Pope and President and their incantations are praised and petted; but Rosa Luxemburg lies in solitary confinement in a German dungeon for dashing into the street in Berlin, and, with soul aflame, crying to a passing regiment of soldiers, "DON'T GO TO WAR, DON'T SHOOT YOUR BROTHERS!"

The BLACK FURIES fear appeals to human brains; they laugh at the prayers to gods.

Look upon the picture again. Study it.

It is a picture of Humanity's only Help and Hope.

The Swedish-Finnish Socialist Club of Portland, Ore., is publishing a leaflet entitled "Proletarens Plikt" in the Swedish language which it is prepared to furnish in quantities at the price of $1.60 a thousand postpaid. Sent for some for distribution among Swedish reading people.

Address, Allen Blomkvist, 266 N. 25th St., Portland, Ore.

Why Not Money, Too

When war needs a man's life, it takes it, summarily and without compensation. When it requires men's liberties, it abolishes them, without recourse, if it needs a man's house, it quarters its soldiers therein, without permission or payment. It batters down cities, demolishes cathedrals, and devastates fields, without hesitation or consideration. Life, liberty, property, family—these cease to exist as rights. War takes what it will; the loss is immediate and total, and falls wholly on the possessors.

But when war wants money, it must pay to the uttermost farthing. He who gives life to war, loses it. But he who gives money to war must lose nothing. He gives it only if he chooses, and then only on the guarantee that he and his children after him shall be paid interest in full and principal in full. On those who have lost everything else in war, and their successors forever, is laid the burden of seeing that those who have given money to war shall share none of the losses.

Would it not be granting rights enough to capital if it were merely granted equal rights with everything else—if capital were merely made exactly as sacred and inviolable as life, liberty, filial and paternal duty, and the other foundations of human existence? It would be perfectly workable. If a nation at war needed capital, let it simply take it, by force, from whoever had it. That is the way it gets men. Is it any more ruthless to separate the banker from his funds than to separate the husband from his wife, the father from his children, the workman from his occupation, the family from its home. War justifies this course toward everything else—why not toward capital?

This course would, to be sure, make war unpopular with the ruling classes, and therefore improbable. But is that any disadvantage? War is unpopular with women, now, but they are powerless to prevent it. It is unpopular with workingmen now, but they are helpless to stop it. If capital ran the same risks in war that life and liberty do, it would be unpopular with capitalists also—and the masters of capital have voice and power. They have no just right to complain if their interests are treated exactly like every other interest or right. If they were so treated, the capital for necessary wars could be obtained just as the men are obtained—by impressment. But unnecessary wars would become exceedingly improbable.—Fresno Morning Republican.

Cook Went

Dear Rip-Saw:

I am pleased to announce that this date, July 31, 1915, represents the date of our Comrade Kate O'Hare's lecture in our town and I am now, at 8:30 o'clock, A. M., on the only porch to my humble place of abode, watching the droves of farmers' wagons loaded to the brim, headed for the town of Denton. Both young and old, black and white, Why certainly I am going. Yes siree! I am GONE.

G. S. COOK

R. No. 4, Box, No. 60, Denton, Tex.

America's Poet Laureate

(Continued from Page 1.)

It says,

"Your landlords and your looters call you, sonny,
So kiss your wives and sweethearts all goodbye;—
We've got to have a war—we need the money—
So get a gun and be prepared to die."

The foregoing is not Reginald's. It's mine. If Reginald wants it to attach to his poem he is welcome to it. No charge will be made. I offer it freely as an expression of my own patriotic feelings these days.

The poet laureate to the American Ammunition Makers closes his patriotic plea to you, my boy, in these words:

"Will you stop to trade, will you pause to brag,
When the Stars and Stripes are in the air?
Not you! The Mother calls: 'The Flag!"—
We will all be there! We will ALL be there!"

That's the stuff—that's the sort of poetry, with "brag" rhyming with flag, and an "ocean floor" rhyming with war, to put the fight into you. Look how Rockefeller's gunmen shot to kill when the "Stars and Stripes floated in the air" over Ludlow—there's an example for you to follow. Never mind what sort of Big Business interests are floating the Stars and Stripes, or where they are floating them, it is your duty, when the bugle calls, to wade in up to your neck in gore.

"We will all be there," declares this patriotic poem. Not quite. Some won't answer the bugle call. It wouldn't do for them to go to war. The country could not spare its Rockefellers and Guggenheims and Hearsts, nor their politicians and editors that do their bidding. It could hardly even spare the new poet laureate to the Ammunition Makers. But it can spare YOU. So be ready to go.

A QUESTION OF FACT

"Will you please state through the columns of the RIP-SAW what salary was paid you by the Socialist party at the time it was first organized? There is a party here who claims to have been one of the organizers and he says the salary paid you was three thousand dollars a year and expenses. What are the facts?"

The facts are of record. The last convention of the A. R. U. was held in Chicago in June 1897; at this convention the A. R. U., made impossible as a labor union by the ceaseless persecution of the railroads, was converted into the Social Democracy, I being elected chairman of the board of directors and general organizer, and serving in that capacity for one year. My salary was fixed by the convention at one hundred dollars per month and expenses, but there were no funds in the treasury and I borrowed sufficient money to cover my railroad fare and hotel bills. All my collections went into the empty treasury for the payment of outstanding debts, including several hundred dollars donated to me personally by friends and sympathizers. At the end of the year the party owed me about fifteen hundred dollars for salary and expenses. This amount, nor any part of it, has ever been paid. I have never presented the claim and would not accept the amount if tendered. These are the facts.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

Come, Toilers!

Come, toilers, out of the night! Know that the sun is shining for **you.** *That you, O wonder-beings, should toil ever for profit of others is like robbing you of sunlight which is abundant for all; like robbing you of shelter that is within reach of all; Is like locking you from music, education, art, joy, life—all—all within easy reach,* **did you but cease letting others order your lives.** *Come, toilers, out of the night!*

*Come toilers, out of the night! Sun and wind and wave hold peace and rest for you—hold silent great lessons for you. For you, too, Color is touching with infinite hands, millions of miles today; Beauty is sending her hosts to the hills, the valleys, the rocks, the woods, the waters, the clouds, and in infinite voices of music—***for you;—for you; Did you but know;** *Come, toilers, out of the night!*

*Come, toilers, out of the night! Land in plenty awaits; coal and iron and copper, oil and gas, tools and machinery, schools and houses of beauty and strength and comfort—***all—all—***so easily here for you,* **did you but take hold of your lives, Did you but know that these days passed down to you out of the universe are FOR YOU.—And that you have no right under the stars to sell them to others! —O Joy, Joy, Joy, did you but know!** *Come, toilers, out of the night!*

Geo. F. Hibner.

Gifts for Our Jubilee

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Now comes our Golden Anniversary. For 50 years we have sold home things on credit. Now we have millions of customers. And we are going to offer them special terms—immense inducements—to celebrate this fall.

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One thing we offer is extra credit, with little payments and special terms. This offer we dare not print. It lasts only a little while, and only those who want things now should know it.

It applies to old customers and new. We will tell it to you when we send our Bargain Book. It will amaze you. It will mean the easiest terms you ever heard of on anything for your home.

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Our catalog shows over 5,000 home things. One-fifth of them are marked at special prices—at immense reductions—for this celebration. We don't tell you what these 1,000 things are, but let you pick them out.

An Extra Book

And for this occasion we have published a special Bargain Book. It is bigger than ever—finer than ever. It has over 5,000 pictures, and page after page in colors. It costs us over $1 per copy, but every home which writes us now may have a copy free.

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Only 50c Monthly

Simple and Easy to Operate. That is what makes this suction sweeper so popular with housewives. Instead of sweeping the dust from one place to another, this machine drinks it in. It is the most thorough way to clean and saves lots and lots of work. Every particle of dust and dirt is either sucked in by the bellows or picked up by the brush attachment. Machine is fitted in a handsome steel case, finished in a beautiful red mahogany shade.

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To Remove Dust Bag simply lift up the nozzle clamp and nozzle swings back on its hinges. It closes just like any cover. Machine is fitted with three large bellows, insuring continuous suction. They are made of the best grade double thickness bellows material. Dust bag is made in box form with substantial steel frame with a two-inch opening.

Brush Attachment is easily adjusted. Brush has best quality bristles, twisted in three rows deep, and works along with the suction feature to the best possible advantage. The two litter pans for the brush are automatically emptied by a simple pushing down of the plunger. The wheels are heavily rubber-tired, fitted with regulation automobile roller bearings, making machine easy to push. Handle is easily adjusted to several different positions; is never necessary to rest handle against the wall. The sweeper weighs only eight pounds.

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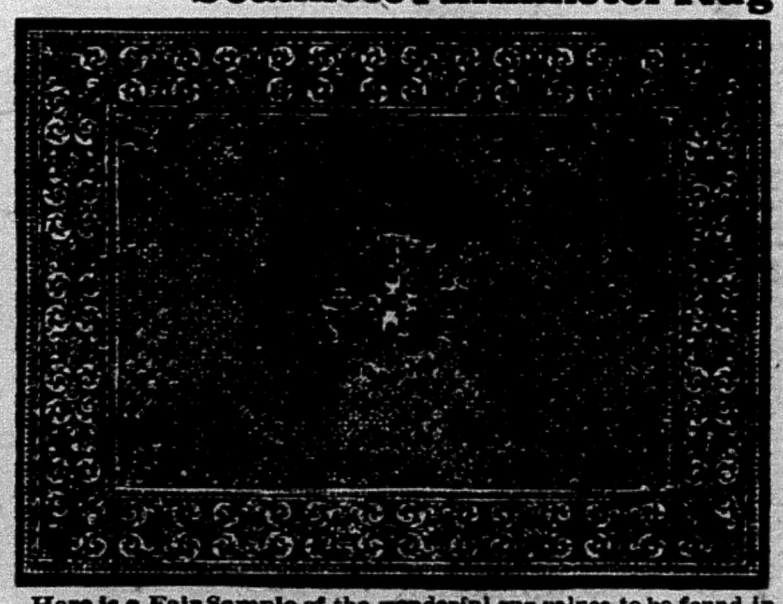

Here is a Fair Sample of the wonderful rug values to be found in our Big Jubilee Book. There were not enough of this particular number to catalog, so order right from this paper. It is a beautiful pattern seamless rug in extra quality, long fiber, all-wool Axminster yarns, very close woven. Has a rich high pile, is perfectly finished throughout. Pattern is floral medallion design with tan ground. Pattern is beautifully brought out in tan, pink, dark brown and red colors. They will go well with almost any furnishings. A most attractive and well wearing rug. Regular store price, $28.75.

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Here is a Large Size, richly upholstered **English Colonia** rocker of brand new design. Notice the beautiful ruffling around the top of the back and the lower part of the back is artistically arranged by English welts, finished off with gimp and brown enamel head tacks, giving both great comfort and beauty.

Brown Spanish Royal Imitation Leather, rich in tone, that will not crack or peel is used in the covering. The front of the seat is skirted with a neat roll of double ruffling. Seat measures 20 x 20 in., being extra large size. Entire frame is well made of extra heavy stock. Rocker is fitted with heavy runners, finished in rich mahogany shade. Notice that the arms are nicely padded and extra broad and restful. Rocker stands 37 in. high and measures 25 in. from the top of the seat. Shipping weight, 60 pounds.

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