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THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

I Hope God Will Read This

By Henry M. Tichenor

I hope God will read this article, and then inspire some professor of theology to make reply.

The writer—and I believe there are others—finds himself in the dark worse than ever regarding religious matters.

The creeds of Christendom have puzzled him for lo! these many years; and now they have become a greater enigma still.

It all came about in this way: For weeks and months I have read in the daily press accounts of the prayers for peace that were being offered by great and godly souls, and I had not, I must admit, a particle of faith that they would be answered. It appeared to me, wicked sinner that I am, that the Money Power—the Plunderers—of the world had much more to do with this war, both regarding its start and finish, than God.

Therefore, I did not look for a miracle to stop it — I looked for exhaustion to do the work.

That is, I had no hope whatever for peace in this gigantic slaughter-fest until the Plunderers had figured that they had milked the dear people of all the warring nations all they could stand—that any more milking might kill the goose that was laying the golden egg.

And then the other day a high dignitary of the Church, in the name of the Pope, called on the President of the United States. He told of the Pope's

yearnings, and the Pope's constant prayers, for peace.

I took it for granted that both the President and his ecclesiastical visitor went down on their knees in the White House and prayed to God to stop the war.

And still I had no faith that the prayers would be answered.

And then something happened. A representative of a foreign government was found to be

upon the point of bringing about such a general strike in the American ammunition factories as would close down the entire works.

"By golly," says I to myself, "God has heard the Pope's prayers, and also the President's, and has chosen Dr. Dumba as an instrument of heaven that these prayers may be answered."

But alas! once more was my

feeble faith punctured, and, as I have stated, I find myself in darker darkness than ever; for the prayerful powers that be, instead of returning due thanks to God for such manifest and speedy answer to the prayers for peace, jumped on Dr. Dumba's back and ordered him to pack his grip and light out. He was given a note, accusing him of interfering with and attempting "to cripple legitimate industries of the people of the United States and to interrupt their legitimate trade." These are the exact words, that I have quoted, that appeared in the note.

Now what can God think of that, when the parties that pray for peace go straight up in the air at the idea of putting the lie on the factories that, for profit, are furnishing ammunition to keep the war going?

What kind of answer can be expected to a prayer that runs like this: "O Lord God Almighty, for Jesus Christ's sake end this awful butchery and bring us peace!" and then a string tied to the prayer that runs like this: "Any of you butchers over in Europe, that have the price and can land the goods, can find in our market the most up-to-date machinery ever built for the purpose of murdering human beings."

As I said at the start, I hope God will read this article, and then inspire some professor of theology to make reply.

DAMN DUMBA!



"I Thought All the Time That I Was Striking for More Pay"

The Air Trust in Book Form

See Adv.
on
Page 9

HERE IT IS AT LAST

Here's the best thing that ever happened. Readers, listen sharp! Don't miss. Investigate. Hundreds of years coming—here at last—so startling you may not believe it at first—yet absolutely true.

INGENIOUS OHIOAN INVENTS A DEVICE THAT SAVES WORK, HEALTH, TIME AND MONEY

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A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY to Make Money, Both Men and Women. WRITE TODAY

How often have many lady readers longed for the death of the old stove-heated sad iron and the hard, tiresome, hot day's work it means to them each week—for the man that cut ironing day in two.

He lives—a genius of Cincinnati has invented a device that is proving a blessing to women folks. Made ironing-day troubles all over—changed—there's a new way of ironing—astonishing but true.

The family ironing can now be done in less than half the time—less than half the work, and with one-tenth the usual fuel expense. No running back and forth between stove and ironing board. Iron where you please—you do not need to stay in the hot kitchen—iron in any room—on porch—under shade of tree if you wish. No drudgery that is past. Good-bye to the old-style stove-heated irons. The easy way of ironing is here to bless our dear women.

See How Simple, Different, Easy

Light the iron; set it for the amount of heat desired. See how rapidly the hot iron slides over the damp clothes, ironing and pressing them quickly and easily, the smooth point in and out of the gathers, tucks and ruffles, drying them as it goes. Nothing to delay; it is hot, keeps hot, runs easily and smoothly. Iron on the table all the time, one hand on the iron—the other to smooth, turn and fold the clothes. It is a fast iron; you unconsciously move quickly to keep up with it. You can go as fast as you choose, and the clothes are ironed better and in one-half the time.

No waiting with this iron. Go right along, one thing after another. Irons all kinds of goods. No time wasted—iron right heat; regulate it to the required amount for any kind of ironing. If you want more heat, turn it on; if you want less heat, turn some off. Always ready for use when you want it. Just light the iron and go ahead; you don't need to build a fire in the kitchen range and wait for three or four irons to heat. With the Self-Heat-



ing Iron you have the iron when you want it, where you want it, and with the heat you want; whether you want to do a big ironing, or whether you want to press and iron only a few pieces. Sounds strange, may be hard to believe—but listen, the writer saw it demonstrated—it's all true. No experiment—going on daily. THOUSANDS ARE IN USE and customers are delighted. It not only irons white goods, finest laces, curtains, but anything that can be ironed by the old method. Saves time, fuel, health and money. Well and durably made, will last for years. Right size, right weight, right shape. Perfectly safe.—anyone can use it.

Hundreds a Week

While at the factory in Cincinnati, the writer found that this invention has caused remarkable excitement all over the U. S. FACTORY ALREADY RUSHED WITH THOUSANDS OF ORDERS. Evidently the company's agents are making big money, as they offer big commissions to active agents, and will also send a free sample to those who mean business.

It will be noticed from the engraving that this iron is different from any other iron. Construction very simple—easily and safely operated by any one, and built on the latest scientific principles.

It will be seen that the Standard Self-Heating Iron is complete in itself, simple and compact in construction. Carries its own fuel, makes its own gas, burns its own gas. The reservoir is placed above the iron and under the handle, convenient for filling, yet out of the way, does not interfere with the ironing. By an ingenious device, when lighting it is only necessary to open a small slide which can be again closed, thus retaining all the heat in the iron. With our

new burner the flame is evenly distributed over the bottom of the iron, insuring a steady, regular heat. The valve for regulating the heat is on the outside, under the handle; turning this one way or the other gives more or less heat. No attachments, connecting pipes, no elevated tanks projecting to be in the way when operating. The handle is of wood and requires no cloth or holder; the iron burns perfectly, standing on heel when not in use.

This invention must, indeed, be wonderful, yes, a God-send, that cuts ironing day in less than half and cuts fuel expense to almost nothing.

The writer personally saw this iron in operation, and after using one in his own home is delighted with it, and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that the Standard Self-Heating Iron, made by the Cincinnati firm, seems to delight the users and the makers guarantee every one.

Customers Praise It

The writer was shown hundreds of letters from actual users of this grand invention, proving it a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction. The following extracts may interest our readers: Alex. Stalker, N. Y., writes: "The Self-Heating Iron received some time ago and will say right here it is the most useful and money-saving device that was ever made. My wife has just finished a large ironing in two hours that usually took her a half a day with the old stove-heating irons, and the house is cool. It is certainly just the only iron made. We want the agency." W. P. Farnum: "After receiving your iron and giving it a thorough trial it will be a perfect success. My wife is enthusiastic over the work it does and the economy in its use." Mrs. J. E. King, Ill.: "Received iron yesterday in good shape. Well pleased with it. Want the agency." I. N. Newby, Ill.: "Find it to be all you claim for it." Mrs. Josephine Roubt, N. Y.: "Received the iron O. K. and did my ironing with it yesterday. I like it very much." A. E. Covert, N. Y.: "Have lighted it several times already and find I can do ironing so much quicker and cleaner than in the old way. Think it is the best thing I have ever had in my house." Miss Roxie Sheets, N. C.: "The two irons received and am delighted. Have turned off our regular ironer and will do the ironing ourselves, now. Sold the extra iron to the first lady I showed it to." Mrs. Watson C. McNall, N. Y.: "I am more than pleased with it and its work. It is not a bit clumsy. It is a delight to use it." Mrs. Cora Wright, Ill.: "I received the iron Saturday and like it fine." Mrs. C. M. Winstead, Ky.: "I received my iron about three weeks ago. Like it better than anything I ever saw in the way of irons."

This invention must, indeed, be wonderful, yes, a God-send, that cuts ironing day in less than half and cuts fuel expense to almost nothing.

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HOW TO GET ONE It is not sold in stores. Write to the C. BROWN MFG. CO., 4769 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, the only manufacturers of this grand invention. Send no money—simply your name and address on Coupon, and they will send you circulars giving full description, and testimonials from users. The price of the Standard Self-Heating Iron is low. The makers fully guarantee every iron. They are reliable, have been in business for years, and do just as they agree. Don't fail to send for circulars.



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The firm wants agents, salesmen, managers, both men and women, all, or part of time, home or traveling, take orders and appointing agents. All-year business—experience not necessary. This iron sells on merit—Sells itself. Splendid inducements. \$30.00 to \$50.00 a week. Standard Iron is new—nothing else like it. World unsupplied; five million to be sold. Every home a prospect. Price low. All can afford it. Where operated, people stop, get excited, watch it. How they do sell. Even 2 or 3 a day gives \$27.00 to \$40.00 a week profit; 6 sales a day is fair for an agent; some will sell a dozen in one day. Show 10 families—sell 8. Not sold in stores. Why should any of our readers be hard up or poor with such a chance at hand? Send no money. Send Coupon today for description, agents selling plan. How to get FREE SAMPLE. 4769 C. BROWN MFG. CO.

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Editorials

By Eugene V. Debs

GOMPERS AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

We have but little space for the discussion of Samuel Gompers and his opposition to the eight-hour day, notwithstanding that gentleman devoted almost thirty pages of the last issue of his journal to the socialists and their indictment of his eight hour record. Gompers is pretty nearly at the end of his string and scarcely anyone reads his journal.

At the recent convention of the A. F. of L., Gompers took his stand against establishing the eight-hour workday by law. His reason for this anomalous and amazing position would indicate that he had entered upon his second childhood. He wandered back far into ancient history and dug up a mass of irrelevant matter to mystify the issue and cover up his tracks.

The fact is that Gompers is getting into close quarters between his civic federation machine and the progressive element of his organization, and the more he explains the weaker his case and the more it requires explanation.

Gompers may deny as he pleases but he is opposed to the eight-hour day unless it can be gotten by his craft unions, and every labor-crushing member of the Manufacturers' Association, every union-wrecking corporation, and every arch-enemy of the working class, including Harrison Gray Otis himself, will heartily endorse the position of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, on the eight-hour day for the working class.

In going back to find an excuse for himself Gompers dug up the A. R. U. strike of twenty years ago, though he leaves us entirely in the dark as to what that strike had to do with his position today on the eight-hour day. Sam Gompers would better let that strike alone if he does not want his cowardly and hostile connection with it revived and set forth in its true colors to his everlasting discredit.

Gompers was heartily with the grand chiefs of the craft brotherhoods in that strike and these grand chiefs were holding joint meetings with the general managers of the railroads and furnishing them with scabs out of their own ranks to beat the A. R. U. strike. The record of Gompers in that strike and upon the eight-hour day are equally convincing in the testimony they bear to his qualifications as the colleague of August Belmont in the National Civic Federation.

Samuel insists that the eight-hour day must be established by his craft unions or that it shall not be established at all, and the reason he gives for this astounding position is that if the eight-hour day should be secured by legislation, members would lose interest in their unions. That is to say, they would stop paying dues and that would extinguish the salary fund of the high officials, a calamity not to be lightly considered.

Gompers doubtless congratulated himself that he had dealt the socialists a deadly blow when he took his stand against the eight-hour day, but he will find before he is through, that what he really succeeded in doing was in revealing his true attitude toward the working class of America.

THE CHICAGO TEACHERS

The climax to the efforts of the Chicago politicians and heelers to destroy the organization of the teachers has come at last. The board of education, controlled as all other boards are in Chicago, by the exploiters and their hirelings, the grafters and boodlers, has decided that the organization of the teachers must go and that hereafter they must submit individually to the powers that be and accept without protest what is handed out to them.

This is a matter that concerns not only the teachers of Chicago, but the organized workers and in fact the whole working class of that city. There should be immediate action on the part of the teachers and no time should be lost in registering the protest of the

working class against their persecution and the destruction of their organization.

If the teachers have no right to organize, neither have any other mental or physical slaves under the capitalist system. If the union of teachers is unlawful, so is every other union. With the teachers organized they cannot be so easily exploited, degraded and enslaved.

The outrage of the board of education should be resented by the entire body of organized workers of Chicago. Every socialist and every union man should go to the rescue of the teachers and not cease his agitation until the insulting order of the school board has been revoked and their union rights have been restored to them.

Basil M. Manly, was the man on the federal board of industrial relations who had charge of the industrial research work and his fitness for the job amounted to genius. The report issued by him is a masterly document and will keep Manly's name alive if that virile, energetic and courageous young man accomplishes nothing else. All honor to Manly! He performed an extraordinarily difficult task in a way to deserve the hearty approbation of every man opposed to industrial slavery and in favor of social justice.

There is never a time when it is not in order to urge the industrial organization of the working class. Industrially organized they have the material foundation of the socialist republic.

THE WOMEN AND THEIR FIGHT

Woman's battle for the ballot is being waged with increasing intensity in every state of the Union. Eleven states have already wiped away the stain and given woman the ballot. A number of other states have granted a limited franchise.

This is an especially important year for the women in their fight for their political rights. Four Eastern states, to-wit, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey vote on a constitutional amendment this Fall to grant women their political rights. This amendment is being fought viciously by all the powers that maintain sweating hells and the white slave traffic.

Every socialist and every one else capable of realizing the cruel injustice done to woman in depriving her of the right to vote and to have a share in the government under which she lives, will appreciate the importance of this issue and work with all their energy to have the amendment which wipes out the dishonor of these states, adopted by an overwhelming majority.

The man who is so wanting in sense of fairness and common justice as to deny to woman the rights he claims for himself is a living certificate of the absolute necessity of releasing woman from his ignorant and brutal domination.

LAW AND ORDER IN THE SOUTH

The Frank case will not soon be forgotten. The press may have ceased its comment, but the case itself will go down to coming generations.

In the Southern states the people pride themselves upon their being law-abiding and especially so when it is a question of allowing the working class to organize for its own preservation.

Socialists have been driven out of these states for the alleged reason that socialism was "an attack upon the fundamental principles of free government," that it meant violence, anarchy and bloodshed, and that it was therefore the duty of all good and law-abiding citizens to take their stand against it.

And now these self-same good and law-abiding citizens who have been going into hysterics in their hatred and opposition to socialism because of its alleged program of violence and bloodshed, have committed a bloody assault upon the fundamental law of

their own state and committed a crime so horrible that it has shocked the whole nation. When these people talk of law and order hereafter it is only necessary to refer to the Frank case to show what they, the eminently respectable ruling class, mean by law and order under the capitalist system.

PLEA FOR JOE HILL

Every possible effort must be made to save the life of Joe Hill, convicted of murder upon the flimsiest circumstantial evidence in Salt Lake City, Utah, and sentenced to be shot in about two weeks after this paper reaches its readers. Joe Hill, an I. W. W. agitator and a man of unusual mental parts, widely known as a writer of labor songs is the victim of mistaken identity. The man is utterly incapable of committing murder. Judge Hilton in arguing his case before the supreme court showed conclusively that the evidence upon which conviction was secured was utterly worthless. It appears that Hill's activity in the labor movement prejudiced his cause and was the chief factor in his conviction. However this may be, he is innocent, and we must save him. To this end we must petition the governor to pardon this unfortunate comrade of ours and every one who is willing to make an effort to save an innocent man from being executed as a murderer should at once write to Honorable William Spry, Governor of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah, in Hill's behalf. A few lines will answer, but there must be no delay. Where it is possible, petitions should be circulated and numerous signed and sent to the governor. Money is also necessary and any contributions that may be offered to cover legal and other expenses will be received by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, 511 E. 134th St., New York City, N. Y.

Pass the RIP-SAW to your neighbor that his eyes may also be opened.

The war is still on and the number of dead and maimed is still increasing, but the time will come finally when the last shot has been fired and then will be the time for socialists to begin their work where it was left off, and build up the international on a bed-rock foundation that will make it impregnable to the attacks, open or covert, of the red-handed war lords and their hungry pack of wolves and jackals.

The tears Wall street is shedding for the poor down in Mexico would excite the envy of a fire-plug. Oh, how it breaks their hearts to think of the suffering of the poor peons they have been robbing all these years, to the stealing of the last foot of land from beneath their feet!

SOCIALISTS AND UNIONISTS

There is something wrong with either or both if socialists and unionists do not harmonize, work together hand in hand, and fight every battle together.

Certain it is that when the unions have a fight they cannot charge that socialists are not in it. As a rule they are in the front rank, for the very spirit that makes them socialists also makes them fight for their class.

In a long tirade against socialists and socialism in which it is apparent that he has reached his dotage, Gompers the craft union chieftain protests that the trade unionists do all the fighting, win all the strikes, make all the progress and in fact do everything, while the socialists do nothing at all, except to hinder and seek to thwart the union men. It would be impossible to conceive of a balder distortion of the truth or a ranker misrepresentation of the facts.

When and where have the trade unions had a strike in recent years in which there were no socialists; in which, in fact, the socialists were not the leading fighters?

The most militant members of the most militant unions in the federation, as a rule, are socialists, and the worst that can be said about these unions is that they are hitched up to a civic federation machine that falsely bears the label of a labor organization.

In the strikes of the miners, of the machinists, the textile workers, the street railway employes, the shoe workers and other branches, the socialists are invariably the moving spirits and in the thick of the fight from start to finish.

The fact is that without the socialists there could not be another strike of any account that would not be a flat fizzle. Let Gompers try to start something with a bunch of his pure and simplers and see where they would get to without the socialists! They would never even make a start.

It was the socialists who led in the recent street car strike in Chicago, and if you will consult the rank and file you will find that they give the socialists the credit for the victory.

When it comes to casting up accounts for the progress made by the labor movement and by the working class, the socialists will have nothing to blush for when the net results of their efforts are compared with the net results of the efforts of those who denounce them to save their own faces and take all the credit to themselves because it will be given them by no one else.

If you are a socialist stand up and be counted. Do not be one of the milk-and-water kind, half inclined to apologize and half inclined to turn back. Have the manhood to be what you are!

The capitalist owns the machine, the machine displaces the workers, the workers join the Socialist party, and in good time the organized workers will displace the capitalist, take charge of the machine and run it to suit themselves and for their own benefit.

Keep a good grip on yourself and you are bound to win out in the end.

We workers CAN do anything. But when WILL we?

To the Socialist movement, we pledge our allegiance, our devotion and our lives!

Mat Brown at Rest

The socialist movement had not in its ranks a braver soul, a more loyal spirit than Mat Brown of Colorado, widely known as "The Old War Eagle of the Arkansas Valley," and his death will be sincerely mourned by all who knew him. On his ranch out on the plains where his faithful wife and devoted family kept open house for everybody, Mat Brown was a beacon light of our movement. Many and many a time the team was hitched up, a goodly supply of literature was taken aboard, and the good old couple made their way from ranch to ranch, from school house to school house, and from village to village, spreading the gospel of emancipation.

All his life Mat Brown fought unflinchingly on the side of the weak and defenseless. As a youth in Southern Indiana he was often in danger of his life because he was an avowed abolitionist and when the war broke out he was one of the first to enlist and to serve until its close. The latter years of his life were devoted to the cause of socialism and every hour of his time not actually required by his family and business affairs was given to the propaganda of the movement.

Mat Brown was the same kind of a socialist as he had been an abolitionist. With him there was no shilly shallying and no compromise. Every drop in the old "war eagle" was red. Friend and foe alike knew where to find him.

Like all strong men, Comrade Brown had the tender heart of a child. While he was easily aroused and would fight in an instant in defense of his convictions, he was as gentle-natured, sympathetic and kind a man as ever lived.

Mat Brown has gone to his well-earned rest and we shall indeed miss him, but his brave soul is with us yet and with us will go marching on to the goal of the revolution.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE BUNCOED RAILROADERS

It will be remembered that when the enginemen of the western railways inaugurated their wage movement and reached the point where a strike seemed imminent, President Wilson intervened and in a personal interview with the committee "beseeched and implored them from PATRIOTIC considerations not to go out on strike at that particular time," according to the press dispatches, as affairs with Mexico were approaching a crisis and war was expected.

President Wilson at the same time urged the committee to submit their case to arbitration under the federal law, giving assurance, according to the report, that their claims would be thoroughly examined into and fairly considered, and that justice would be done the men they represented. The committee took the president at his word, and what happened?

In the classic language of Roosevelt they were buncoed to a frazzle. They stood no more show before the board that pretended to try their cause than if a majority of its members had been railroad directors.

The award to the western engineers, firemen and hostlers will hardly cover the six hundred thousand dollars they had to pay for the arbitration out of their hard-earned dollars and for the non-payment of which thousands were expelled from their unions.

President Wilson was mainly responsible for the arbitration and was under moral obligation to see that justice was done the railroad workers, as it was due to his "patriotic" appeal that they refrained from going out on strike after having voted by an overwhelming majority to do so.

In arbitration as elsewhere it is the most powerful interest that controls and when the railroad unions handed over their case to the federal board they simply surrendered to the railroads and the rank and file were left to hold the bag, although it was several months before they found it out.

About My "Infidelity"

By Kate Richards O'Hare

Recently I spoke in Jonesboro, Arkansas, and evidently my speech aroused the ire of a superior male animal by the name of J. H. Hamilton. In the Jonesboro Sun, a local newspaper, he has wailed long and loud over the great excitement attending the meetings and the fact that the people are going wild over the things "she is advocating and even Christians are quitting the church."

Brother Hamilton makes three charges against me: I am an infidel, I am a deceitful blasphemer and a greedy grafter. As to my "infidelity" the Constitution of the United States guarantees me the right to worship God according to the dictates of my conscience. If my

I am sorry, but God and I will settle it between ourselves.

If I am the Devil's "prophetess" as Brother Hamilton charges, it might be well for all the preachers and clergymen of Arkansas to get together and pray to God for my elimination. If I am seducing God's children and leading them astray, why don't the clergy and church do something about it? Mere ranting through the columns of an obscure newspaper by an unknown preacher won't suffice; church and clergy should do something big and spectacular, something awe-inspiring and soul-awakening to counteract my devilish influence. Single handed and alone I will face all the church members and clergy of Arkansas who believe as

my lecture without any additional expenses to my hearers. If any man or woman feels that they did not get their money's worth for the quarter, just drop a card to the RIP-SAW and the two-bits will be forwarded to the defrauded one instanter. Will the preachers of Arkansas make a similar offer to those who have paid for their living? If not, then **WHO ARE THE GRAFTERS?**

In the Craighead County Sun (Jonesboro, Arkansas) Brother Hamilton again erupts to the extent of three columns on the failure of Socialism where it has been tried. Brother Hamilton overlooks the fact that Socialism never has been tried and never can be tried until we can bring about the collective ownership

Socialist Party in the United States and those are our platform and constitution and I will give Brother Hamilton \$100 if he will find any such a plank or article in either of them as he quotes.

The long list of colonies that have failed that he cites are not examples of the failure of Socialism, but the failure of Christianism, monuments of capitalism. Since the days of Christ there have arisen from time to time men who desired to live more Christlike lives and they have tried in many ways and in sundry places to establish communities similar to those in which the early Christians existed before the debauchery of the Christian faith by Constantine. But in most instances these good and noble men have failed in their undertakings, not because the teachings and precepts of the early Christians were wrong, but because our capitalist system crushed them out and is so anti-christian that Christian communities could not exist.

The comrades at Dughill, Ark., would like to get into communication with a good doctor, Socialist preferred. Write to Purl C. Wright, Dughill, Ark.

LIFE.

Before.
He told her his love; soft, sweet, and low
Were the words he breathed as he knelt on the mat,
She murmured, "My love none other shall know,"
And together their hearts beat pit-a-pat, pat — pit-a-pat, pat.
"Love!"
"Sweet!"
And all that
Were the low whispered words as he knelt on the mat.
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat.
After.
She screamed, as his hair in frenzy she tore,
"You're a grumbling old bear!" He called her a cat,
And squirted tobacco juice over the floor,
And together their lives went spit-a-spat, spat — spit-a-spat, spat.
"Grumbling Bear!"
"Screaming Cat!"
Where the words that were used as they fought o'er the mat,
Spit-a-spat, spit-a-spat, spit-a-spat, spat.

Honor Proved.—"Does your husband ever lie to you?"
"Never."

"How do you know?"
"He tells me that I do not look a day older than I did when he married me, and if he doesn't lie about that, I don't think he would about less important matters."—Houston Post.

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New York City, N. Y.	Wednesday, Oct. 20th
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Thursday, Oct. 21st
New York City, N. Y.	Friday, Oct. 22d
New York City, N. Y.	Saturday, Oct. 23d
Philadelphia, Pa.	Sunday, Oct. 24th
The Bronx, N. Y.	Monday, Oct. 25th
(Open)	Wednesday, Oct. 27th
Richmond, Ind.	Thursday, Oct. 28th
Indianapolis, Ind.	Friday, Oct. 29th
Louisville, Ky.	Saturday, Oct. 30th
Nortonville, Ky.	Sunday, Oct. 31st
Hamilton, Ohio	Monday, Nov. 1st

"Boo-Hoo! Nobody to Kill!"



—With Apologies to Bob Minor

TO T. R.

By the Rip-Saw Poet

Say, for the love of Mike,
Why doesn't T. R. hike
Along some foreign pike
Into the fray?

There, where the bullets whiz,
Where the shells shriek and siz,—
There a big killing is
Pulled off each day!

What use to thus cavort,
What use to rear and snort,
Scenting the bloody sport,
Wailing his lot—
Why all this noise and fuss,
When English, French and Russ,
Want every wild-eyed cuss
That they can spot?

What does he stay here for?
Why not away to war,
Where he can soak in gore
Up to his chin?
Gun in his grisly paw,
Froth dripping from his jaw,—
There he can eat them raw—
Why not wade in?

conscience and ability to read and reason lead me to prefer the religion of Jesus Christ and the Prophets to the religion of John D. Rockefeller and R. A. Long, why Brother Hamilton has no call to chide me. In my private life and in every written or spoken word I have given to the public and with all the power of my being I have proclaimed my loyalty to the teachings of Jesus Christ and all my work in the Socialist movement has been an effort to make those teaching livable instead of unblievable. The four cornerstones of my public and private religious beliefs may be found in Lev. 23-25, Deu. 24-6, Neh. 5, 1-14, and the Sermon on The Mount. If these are not satisfactory to Brother Hamilton

Brother Hamilton does and with nothing but my brain and voice defend my religion and my political and economic beliefs. If God be for the church and clergy who can be against them? And if the combined brains, logic and prayers of the clergy of the state of Arkansas can not prevail against one deceitful, blasphemous woman without brains enough to vote, then the clergy of that state must be a sorry and God-forsaken lot.

As to being a "grafter" that can be easily disposed of. Four hundred men and women in and about Jonesboro, Ark., each paid twenty-five cents for a year's subscription to the NATIONAL RIP-SAW, and in return for these four hundred subscriptions I came to Jonesboro and delivered

and control of the machinery of production and distribution and real democracy for all of God's children. Such a state of affairs NEVER HAS EXISTED.

Mr. Hamilton states that "The Socialist Party contends that all property should be placed in a common fund and all business run by the government." I dislike being harsh with Brother Hamilton but any man who makes such an idiotic statement as that is either an ignoramous or a liar and quite likely a mixture of both. The Socialist Party at no time and in no official document ever made any such contention or stated that such procedure was in line with their principles or beliefs. There are only two official documents setting forth the position of the

TOBE SPILKINS

Hiz Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editur: I told you in my last lettur about gittin' uv a lettur frum Shanghi Purkins. It wuz uv a politikal nature mostly but had several uncomplimentary remarks about that ornery Ben. He sed Ben wuzent wurkin' like he ort tu and sot around the house a good deel and went tu town 2 or 3 times a week and got boozy on hard sider. He sed the nabers wuz a talkin' about it but he dident beleev there wuz ennything in it but it wood be better if I wuz at home a lookin' after things. He sed that the grand old Demokratick party had grown fast; that old Si Bonner who run on the Republican ticket fur Jestice uv the Peece last eleckshun had jined the Demockrasy. He sed that made three Demokrats in that township acountin' uv me. He sed what the party needed in that township wuz a leeder and he dident beleev that old Si wood konsent ti hiz leadership, therefore I had better cum home. He sed that old Pegleg, the post master had becum nootril and coodent be kounted on fur shure tu vote the Demokratick ticket in the next campain.

Now, Mister Editur, I wood like tu akkommodait Shanghi but how kin he expekt me tu giv up my job here where the pay iz good and the wurk iz lite. I aint got no more letturs frum my wife, and won't, I reckon, until she wants sum more munny. I've bin up tu see Woodsaw Wilson 2 times since I last writ you. He iz a gittin' old and grey and looks wurried. He sez he's bin bizzy writin' letturs tu old Bill Kizer and John Bull and haz tu wait so long fur ansers that it iz a gittin' on hiz nurves. He told me he had several talks with that old Kount Von Durnstuff but he coodent git enny satisfackshun out uv him. He sed old Durnstuff wanted him tu wait when he'd bin a waitin' and a waitin' and a waitin'. He sed it looked like old Durnstuff took him fur a waiter. He sed he wanted peece hizself, but the fellers who wuz a sellin' uv guns and aminishun and food and clothes tu the allies wanted munny and he dident know uv enny way tu choke 'em off, espeshally if he wanted tu be eleckted agin, which he duz. He sed the Whitehouse iz a good place tu live, no rent tu pay, everything free, and 75 thousand dollars a yeer salery. He sed that wuz better than he ever dun a teechin' skool, and he'd like tu hold the job az long az he cood. He told me I mite begin tu feel around amung

the "interests," the big bizziness men who had lots uv munny and credit and employed thousands uv men tu wurk fur 'em, and find out who they air goin' tu eleckt fur next prezident.

"But what about the laboring classes?" I asked: "Must I find out who they want and air a goin' tu vote fur?"

"Naw," sed Woodsaw, "they'll vote jist like their employers tell them too. You might see Sam Gompers, but it aint no use to be in a hurry about that fur Sam won't know till he hears frum Big Bizziness Hedquarters."

I asked Woodsaw if he thought the United Staits wood git into the war.

"We air all reddy in it," sed the prezident. "Them fellers over there air a bleedin' uv each uther and we air a bleedin' uv both uv 'em. We air sellin' uv 'em things at enormous prices; the way we're a rakin' in blud munny iz a sin and a shame, but I kant help it and hold my job; aint a goin' tu throw it up like Bryan did; I don't want tu go bak tu teechin' skool. Kount Durnstuff sez the Gurmans will change their methods uv sub-mareen warfare, and that skores a vicktery fur me."

Woodsaw's face brightened up az he sed this. I aint got no konfidence in what that old Durnstuff sez. Mebby they'll maik a change, but it will be fur the wurse. Whereazhereuntubefore they have bin launchin' their torpedoes agin the bow uv the ships, they will probably hereinafter shoot them in the sturn. That's about the kind uv a change they'll maik in their sub-mareen warfare. I told Woodsaw jist what I thought about it, but he sed he hoped I wuz mistaken.

"I'll tell you, Tobe," he sed, a layin' uv hiz hand on my shoulder in that gentle and frendly way uv hizen, "I beleev the Kizer likes us; all my korrespondence with him haz bin uv a very frendly nature, a konsiderin' uv the surkemstances. We have bin a writin' tu each uther fur a long time and in all uv hiz letturs the Kizer haz expressed a ardent dezire that our korrespondence shall continue in the same frendly speerit that haz always characterized it, and haz asked me tu wait pashently until he iz not so bizzy and he will write me more fully and fix everything up. The fakt iz the Kizer iz away frum home a good eel now a tryin' tu git a peece off uv the Rushian Bear, and haz got the sed bear by the hind leg and don't want tu let loose."

"Yes, Woodsaw," I sed, "but he iz a lettin' uv hiz sub-mareens blow up sum uv our Amerikan sitizens, and what air you a goin' tu du about that?"

"Aint I bin a writin' letturs tu the Kizer about it all summer, and a settin' up nites waitin' fur ansers tu 'em?" sed Woodsaw and he riz up out uv hiz chare and walked the floor. "What more kin I du?" he sed az he shuk hiz fist at a picture uv Roozyvelt which hung on the wall among the uther ex-prezidents, "kin I go over there and chase them gol darned sub-mareens home, when the British and French navy kan't du it? Let 'em sub, and let our peepke keep off the botes and stay away frum there while there iz so much trubble in sight, then they won't git hurt."

"Yes, but don't it look like we air a bein' soft soped by old Bill Kizer?" I asked.

"Soft soped!" and Woodsaw purty neert yelled it az he stopped walkin' and faced round tuwards me; "aint I red enuff about that in the nuze-papers tu be plenty without you a cumin' intu my private home and kastle and repeetin' it? Suppoze that that old Kount Von Durnstuff duz cum round okkashunally and pour soft sope on us till it iz drippin' off our clothes on tu the floor? What air we a doin' tu hiz peepke by sendin' arms and aminishun over tu the allies? I gess these guns and aminishuns air a spillin' about az much blud and a killin' az menny Gurmans az their old sub-mareen botes air a killin' uv we'uns."

"But suppoze we git intu war with 'em?" I asked.

"We kan't git intu war with 'em, Tobe," he sed, "they kan't git over here tu fite us, and we aint got ennything to go over there tu fite them with. It's simply a munny makin' skeem with us and it aint akkordin' to the konstitooshun fur us not tu improvee the opportunity. Talkin' war iz only a stage play; the reel game iz goin' on behind the kurtin and konsists uv makin' munny out uv the unfortunait okkashun, and a prayin' fur it tu stop and a wishin' it woodent."

Then Woodsaw begunned walkin' the floor agin. I dident say nuthin' and purty sune he stopped in frunt uv me agin.

"Tobe," he sed and the tears wuz a rollin' down hiz cheeks a fillin' up the furrows that had been deepened with care since he commenced a bein' prezident, "Tobe, my hart bleeds fur the poor fellers who air bein' shot down and utherwise woonded in this awful war, but how kin I help it? I 'pinted a day fur all the peepke tu pray fur God tu stop it, and I've dun my level best at prayin' myself. But if

God won't heer all uv us, what's the use fur me tu try it alone? Besides the fellers over in Yurrop what air duin' the fightin' air prayin' fur it tu go on until they can lick the uther fellers. They have even hired the preechers and the preests tu pray fur their side, and theze men uv God air prayin' crosswise agin each uther, and sum uv 'em fightin' and a prayin' both. If I maik theze fellers over here stop sellin' guns, aminishun, food and clothin' so az tu help keep the war a goin' on they won't elekt me fur prezident agin and I want tu be 2 prezidents, and I want you tu help me all you kin."

"All right, Woodsaw," I sed, and the tears wuz a streemin' down my cheeks, too; "but what du you want me tu du? I am reddy tu begin the wurk rite now."

Woodsaw stopped walkin' and sot down in a chare in frut uv me, restin' uv hiz hands on hiz neeze.

"The furst important thing tu du," he sed, "iz tu see theze fellers whoo air sellin' guns, aminishun, food and clothin' tu the allies, and the men who air a loanin' uv munny tu them, and git them tu pledge their support tu me providin' I don't interfere with their bizziness. They own the jobs uv the men they imploy and air payin' uv them good wages, and they kin git theze wurkin' men tu vote jist the way they tell 'em tu. The workin' men in theze fakteries aint konserved much about the war. They think it kan't be holped and the longer it lasts the more munny they will maik out uv it on akkount uv gittin' uv higher wages. Du you understand, Tobe?"

"Shure," sed I, and then Woodsaw shuk hands with me and patted me on the bak and bid me good bye and told me tu start in at wonce on my wurk, and whenever I needed munny tu call on him. Then he sed that I might need sum rite away and kounted me out 5 hundred dollers. Ge-whil-i-kins! That maid me feel good, and az sune az I got out uv site uv the house I tuk a bee line fur a salune tu git sumpthin' tu stedly my nurves. Az sune az I got it I started fur my hotel and wuz a goin' along not noticin' ennything much when, az I turned a korner, I ran slap dab up agin little Strawhed. I never wuz so kerflumixed in all my life, and wuz about tu fall when she tuk hold uv me tu kind 'o stedly me. But I aint got time tu tell you about it in this lettur and will have tu wate until the next time I write. Hopin' I am well, I am,

Yours trooly,

TOBE SPILKINS,
Eleckshun Fixer.

JESUS AS A REVOLUTIONARY FORCE

Even if granted, for the sake of argument, that Jesus is a pure myth, that he never really existed at all, it must still be conceded, I think, that he is today, beyond question, the greatest moral and spiritual force in the world, a force essentially and uncompromisingly revolutionary and making unceasingly and increasingly—in spite of all attempts to divert and corrupt it—for the kinship of races, the democracy of nations, and the brotherhood of men.—Eugene V. Debs.

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New invention—just out. Needed in every home every day. Patent just applied for. Nothing else like it. Supplies what every housewife has wished for for years. Perfected after long experimental work by mechanical experts. Low priced—anyone can use it—**sells on sight.**

We want three hundred representatives at once—men or women hustlers—to advertise, accept orders and manage deliveries for our new **Quickedge Knife and Shear Sharpener**. Sharpens any kitchen knife, paring knife, carving knife, bread knife or shears and scissors in **ten seconds**. Agents are taking orders at every house—**wiring for rush shipments**. Write today for this opportunity to make \$10.00 to \$20.00 every day—over

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This little machine is a mechanical masterpiece. A child can use it. Just put knife in slot—turn crank—**grinds automatically**—draws blade to keen, sharp, perfect, lasting edge **at absolutely correct bevel for daily use**. Nothing to adjust—nothing to change, nothing to wear out or get out of order—**absolutely guaranteed**—will last for years—once they see it and use it women will not do without it for ten times its cost. One agent wrote: "It was easier for me to learn to sell the **Quickedge** than it was to learn to tear open my pay envelope in my former dollar-a-day job." Get out of the dollar-a-day class. Get this position, where profits start the first day.

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MAKE AS MUCH MONEY NEXT WEEK AS THESE MEN ARE MAKING NOW

J. C. Lewis, of Kansas, says: "**I have sold one hundred Sharpeners in four days.**" Hobart Kerr, of Md., writes: "The women can hardly wait till they get them." Herbert Cain, of Ky., sold nine after supper. At the end of his first day, J. W. Gordon, of Pa., writes: "**I have sold two dozen, and I sold to everyone I saw.**" Wm. G. Hall, of N. J., says: "I think it is great; I sold six in about one-half hour. The machine is a mighty fine proposition. **I am a mechanic, and I know what I am talking about.**" Peter Courtland, of Mich., writes: "I received your sharpener and opened it in a barber shop. I ground his shears, and got an order for one right on the spot." H. A. Henkel, of Va., says: "I have examined it and find it a wonderful little machine. **The workmanship is simply perfect.**" Frank King, Colo., says: "Sample received Saturday. Sold ten today. Sell to most every house." Forest Webb, of Pa., says: "Went out Monday afternoon for about three hours and received one dozen orders. **Profit \$12.00.**" H. Tillery, of Tenn., wrote: "Took three orders first hour. When you sharpen an old dull knife, dull as a hoe, in less than a minute, **they sit up and look.**" Ray Carter, of Mass., writes: "I went out two days and have orders for thirty sharpeners." **Profit \$30.00 for first two days.** John Durr, of Wis., also says: "**I have sold thirty in two days.**"

You can make this money. **Send now.** Territory free. Get busy. **Write Today.**

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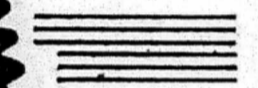
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The Story of The Air Trust

A Romance of the Twentieth Century

By George Allan England

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

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

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Isaac Flint and Maxim Waldron are planning the conquest of the world. Flint believes that if he can extract the oxygen from the air he can rule the earth. He summons Herzog, his "kept" scientist, and orders him to invent a process for doing the necessary work.

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 plan what vast power will be theirs when their nefarious scheme is completed.

On the ferry-boat to Staten Island, a sturdy and intelligent workman, nearby, overhears something of their conversation, and keenly eyes them. The 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. There Herzog shows them the process he has invented. After some discussion, the two men start back to New York again. They meet Gabriel Armstrong, the Socialist workman 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 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. He telephones Herzog to have strict search made for it. Gabriel studies the notebook, grasps the import of the tremendous plot, and resolves to fight Flint and Waldron to the bitter end.

Gabriel is accused by Herzog of having stolen the notebook. Herzog discharges him, and bitterly insults him. Gabriel takes his leave, decided to tramp to Niagara, where the plutes have planned to begin work on their Air Trust plant. A few days later, at the Longmeadow Country Club, Catherine Flint, the Billionaire's daughter, has a quarrel with Waldron, her fiancé, resulting in a rupture of the engagement. Catherine orders her car, and tells her chauffeur to carry her back to New York. The chauffeur runs the car at a mad pace. As the car hurtles southward, along the road beside the Hudson, Gabriel Armstrong trudges northward.

The car is wrecked, over a cliff, and the chauffeur is killed. Gabriel rescues Catherine, revives and cares for her. She becomes interested in him, and he in her, but neither discovers the identity of the other. Catherine is taken back home, 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 defies the Billionaire. Flint learns the identity of Gabriel, and gives instructions that Gabriel be trapped and ruined.

This nefarious plan is carried out by means of a woman detective and stool-pigeon. After a terrible fight, he is knocked out and arrested. Flint rejoices, thinking his daughter will now abandon the agitator and will return to Waldron. Catherine, however, suspects the ruse and refuses. She and her father separate forever. To help Gabriel and the Socialist movement, she leaves home.

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

Gabriel is convicted on a white-slavery charge and sentenced to five years in the Atlanta penitentiary. When released, he is met by Catherine, who helps him reach the mountain hiding place of the persecuted Socialist leaders. There he meets several fugitives, and reads them a splendid revolutionary poem.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"NOW COMES THE HOUR SUPREME."

HARDLY had the secret-service man taken his leave, slinking away like a whipped cur, yet with an ugly snarl that presaged evil, when Herzog appeared.

"Come here," said Flint, curtly, heated with his burst of passion.

"Yes, sir," the scientist replied, approaching. "What is it, sir?"

Still shiftily and cringing was he, in presence of the masters; though with the men beneath him, at the vast plant — and now his importance had grown till he controlled more than eight thousand — rumor declared him an intolerable tyrant.

"Tell me, Herzog, what's the condition of the plant, at this present moment?"

"Just how do you mean, sir?"

"Suppose there were to be trouble, of any kind, how are we fixed for it? How's the oxygen supply, and — and everything? Good God, man, unlimber! You're paid to know things and tell 'em. Now, talk."

Thus adjured, Herzog washed his hands with imaginary soap and in a deprecating voice began:

"Trouble, sir? What trouble could there be? There's not the faintest sign of any organization among the men. They're submissive as so many rabbits, sir, and —"

"Damn you, shut up!" roared Flint. "I didn't summon you to come up here and give me a lecture on labor-conditions at the works! The trouble I refer to is possible outside interference. Maybe some kind of wild-eyed Socialist upheaval, or attack, or what-not. In case it comes, what's our condition? Tell me, in a few words, and for God's sake keep to the point! The way you wander, and always have, gives me the creeps!"

Herzog ventured nothing in reply to this outburst, save a conciliatory leer. Then, collecting his thoughts, he began:

"Well, sir, in a general way, our condition is perfect. We've got two regiments of rifle and machine gunmen, half of them

equipped with the oxygen bullets. I guarantee that I could have them away from their benches and machines, and on the fortifications, inside of fifteen minutes. Slade's armed guards, 2,500 or so, are all ready, too.

"Then, beside that, there are eight 'planes in the hangars, and plenty of men to take them up. If you wish, sir, I can have others brought in. The aerial-bomb guns are ready. As for the oxygen supply, Tanks F and L are full, K is half-filled, and N and Q each have about 6,000 gallons, making a total of, let's see, sir, a total of just about 755,000 gallons."

"How protected? Have you got those bomb-proof overhead nets on, yet?"

"Not yet, sir. That is, not over all the lines of tanks. We ran short of steel wire, last week, and have only got eight of the tanks under netting. But the work is going on fast, sir, and —"

"Rush it! At all hazards, get nets over the rest of the tanks. If anything happens, through this delay, remember, Herzog, I shall hold you personally responsible, and it will go hard with you!"

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," murmured the servile wretch. "Anything else, sir?"

Flint thought a moment, glaring at Herzog with angry eyes, then shook his head in negation.

"Very well, sir," said Herzog, withdrawing. "I'll go to work at once. By tomorrow, everything will be safe, I guarantee."

He closed the door softly — as softly as he had spoken — as softly as he always did everything.

Flint glared at the door.

"The sneaking whelp!" he murmured. "He makes my very flesh crawl. I wish to heaven he weren't so essential to us; we'd let him go, damned quick!"

"You forget," put in "Tiger," "that he knows too much to be let go, ever. No, he's a fixture. And now, dismiss him from your mind, and let's go over these telegrams and radiograms again. If there is a new Socialist revolt under way — and I admit it certainly begins to look that way — we've got to understand the situation. Slade will have some more reports for us, in an hour or so. Till then, these must suffice."

Flint, curbing his agitation, sat down at the big table and turned on the vacuum-glow light, for the October afternoon was foggy — a fog that mingled with the spray of the vast Falls and hung heavy over the world — and already daylight was beginning to fail.

"Fools!" he muttered to himself. "Fools, to think they can rebel against us! Ants would have just as much show of success, charging elephants, as they have against the Air Trust. By tomorrow they'll be wiped out, smeared out, shattered and annihilated, whoever and wherever they are. By tomorrow, at the latest. Again I say, blind, suicidal fools!"

"Right you are," assented Waldron, drawing up his chair. "They don't seem to realize, even yet, that we own the whole round earth and all that in it is. They don't understand that their rebelling is like a tribe of naked savages going against a modern army with explosive bullets. Ah well, let them learn, let them learn! It takes a whip to teach a cur. Let them feel the lash, and learn! . . ."

At this same hour, in the last retreat, near Port Colborne, in the State of Ontario — once a province of Canada — half a dozen grim and determined men were gathered together. We already recognize Craig, Grantham and Gabriel. The other three, like them, all wore the Socialist button and the little tab of red ribbon that marked them as members of the Fighting Sections.

"Tonight," Gabriel was saying, as he stood there in the gathering dusk — they dared not show a light, even behind the drawn curtains of their refuge — "tonight, comrades, the final die is cast. Everything is ready, or as nearly ready as we shall ever be able to make it. Our reports already show that every line of communication has been broken by one swift, sharp blow. True, in a few hours all these avenues can be opened up again. By morning, the Niagara works will be in receipt of messages; trains will be running; the troop-planes will be carrying their hordes at the command of Flint. By morning, yes. But in the meantime —"

He spread his fingers, upward, with an expressive gesture.

"By morning," Craig rumbled, "what will there be left to protect?"

A little silence followed. Each was busy with his own thoughts.

All at once, one of the three newcomers spoke — a tall, light-haired fellow, he seemed, in that dim light, with a strong Southern accent.

"Pardon me for asking, Gabriel," said he, removing a pipe from his mouth, "or for discussing details familiar to you all. But, coming as I have come direct from the New Orleans refuge — they blew it up, last week, you know — of course I haven't got things as clearly in mind yet, as you-all have. Now, as I understand it, while we manoeuvre over the plant, blow up the barricades and, if possible, 'get' the oxygen-tanks, our men on the ground will pour in through the gaps and storm the place, under the command of Edward Hargreaves. Is that the idea?"

"Exactly, Comrade Marion," answered Gabriel. "You've hit it to a T."

Craig laughed grimly, as he drew at his pipe.

"Just as we're going to hit those big tanks!" said he. "It's tonight or never, comrades. They're putting steel nets over them, already. By tomorrow the whole place will be protected by huge grill-work fully a hundred feet above the tops of the tanks. Oh, they seem to have thought of everything, those plutes! But they'll be just a shade too late, this time; just a shade too late!"

Another silence, broken again by the tall Southerner.

"Just let me get this thing quite clear," said he. "We're to start at 5:30, you say, walk past the Welland Canal Feeder out to the Monck Avia-

tion grounds; and find everything ready there?"

"Correct," said Gabriel. "All six of us. That's our part of the program. Comrades you don't know, out there — comrades in the employ of the Air Trust itself — will have six machines ready. One of them will be the very machine that they tried to get us with, in the Great Smokies! So you see, we're going to use the Air Trust equipment, their field and even their own telenite, to put them out of business forever and to free the world!"

"Poetic justice, all right enough!" laughed Marion. "At the same time that we're attacking from an elevation of perhaps three thousand feet, the lateral attack will be delivered. About how many men do you count on, for that?"

"Well," judged Gabriel, "within a ten-mile radius of the plant, at least a hundred thousand men are waiting, this very instant, with every nerve keyed up to fighting tension. Scattered in a vast variety of ingenious and cleverly-devised hiding places, with their chlorine grenades and their revolvers shooting little hydrocyanic acid gas bullets, they're waiting the signal — a rocket in mid-heaven."

"Hydrocyanic acid gas!" exclaimed Marion, forgetting to smoke. "Why, one whiff of that is death!"

"It is," agreed Gabriel. "Remember, this is a war of extermination. It's a case of *them* or *us*! And if we're worsted, the whole world loses; while if they are, then liberty is born! That's why this gas is justifiable. They'll try to use oxygen-bullets on us, never fear. But where they can kill ten, with those, we can annihilate a hundred, with our kind. Swine, they have called us, and fools and apes. Well, we shall see, we shall see, when it comes to an out-and-out fight between Plutocrat and Proletarian, who is the better man!"

Again came silence. And this time it was Grantham who broke it.

"Comrades," said he, "after you've seen as many Socialists shot down as I have — shot down and burned, as Brevard was — you'll lose any lingering ideas of 'civilized' warfare you may still retain. They hunt us like beasts, prison us in foul traps, ride us down, crush us, break and tear us, and burn us alive, because we struggle to be free men and women, not slaves. Now that our hour has struck, now that their lines of communication and defense are breached, and they — though they still don't fully understand it — are penned there in their heaven-offending, monstrous, horrible plant at the Falls, no true man can hesitate to smash them down with no more compunction than as though they were so many rattlesnakes or scorpions!"

"This isn't 1915, when political and civil rights still existed, and we weren't hunted outlaws. This is 1925, and conditions are all different. It's war, war, war to the death, now; and if war is Hell, then *they* are going to get Hell this time, not we!"

Nobody spoke, for a little while; but Marion and Craig smoked contemplatively, and the others sat there in the dusk, sunk in thought.

All at once a door opened, and the vague form of a woman became visible.

"Comrades, you must go," said she. "It's nearly half past five. By the time you've got everything in readiness, you'll have no time to lose."

"Right, Catherine," answered Gabriel. "Come, comrades! Up and at it!"

Ten minutes later they all issued forth into the soft gloom. All were in aviator's dress, and each carried a parcel by a handle held with stout straps. Had you seen them, you would have noticed they took particular pains not to jar or shake these parcels, or approach unduly near each other.

At the door of the refuge, Catherine said good-bye to each, and added some brave word of cheer. Her farewell to Gabriel was longer than to the

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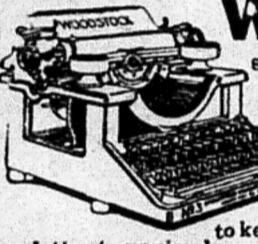
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others; and for a moment their hands met and clung.

"Go," she whispered, "go, and God bless you! Go, even though it be to death! Their airmen will take toll of some of the attackers, Gabriel. Not all the Comrades will return. Oh, may you — may you!"

"What is written on the Book of Fate, will be," he answered. "Our petty hopes and fears are nothing, Catherine. If death awaits me, it will be sweet; for it will come, tonight, in the supreme service of the human race! Good-bye!"

With a sudden motion, the girl took his face between her hands, and kissed his forehead. For all her courage and her strength, he sensed her heart wildly beating and he felt her tears. "Good-bye, Gabriel," she breathed. "Would I might go with you! Would that my duty did not hold me here! Good-bye!"

Then he was gone, gone with the others, into the thickening obscurity of the fog-shrouded evening. Now Catherine stood there alone, head bowed and wet face hidden in both hands.

As the little fighting band disappeared, back to the girl drifted a few words of song, soft-hummed through the dusk — the deathless chorus of the International:

*"Now comes the hour supreme!
To arms, each in his place!
The new dawn's International
Shall be the human race! . . ."*

**CHAPTER XXXIV
THE ATTACK.**

HALT! Who goes there?" The challenge rang sharply on the night air, outside a small gate in the barricade of the Monck Aviation Grounds.

"Liberty!" answered Gabriel, pausing as he gave the password.

"All right, come on," said a vague figure at the gate. The little group approached. The gate opened. Silently they entered the enclosure.

Another man stepped from a hangar. In his hand he held an electric flash, which he threw upon the new-comers, one by one.

"Right!" he commented, and took Gabriel by the hand. "This way!"

Ten minutes later, all of them were in the air, save only Gabriel who insisted on staying till his entire squad had made a clean getaway. Then he too rose; and now in a long, swift line, the fighting squadron straightened away to north-eastward, on the twenty-mile run to Niagara.

The night was foggy, chill and dark. All the aviators had instructions to fly not less than 2,500 feet high, to keep a careful lookout lest they collide,

and to steer by the lights of the great Air Trust plant. For, misty though the heavens were, still Gabriel could see the dim glow of the tremendous aerial search-lights dominating Goat Island — lights of 5,000,000 candle-power, maintained by current from the Falls, incessantly sweeping the sky on the lookout for just such perils as now, indeed, were drawing near.

Momently, as he flew, Gabriel perceived these huge lights growing brighter, through the mist, and apprehension won upon him.

"Incredibly strong!" he muttered to himself, as he glanced from barometer to the shining fog ahead. "Even though the mist will be thicker over the Falls than anywhere else, there's a good possibility they may pierce it and pick us up — and then, look out for their 'planes and swift, fighting dirigibles!"

He rotated the rising-plane, and now soared to 2,800 feet. Below and on either side of him, nothing but tenuous fog. Ahead, the swiftly-approaching fan of radiance, white, dazzling, beautiful, that seemed to gush from earth so far below and to the eastward. Already the thunders of the Falls were audible.

"Where are the others?" Gabriel wondered, his thoughts seeming to hum and roar in his head, in harmony with the shuddering diapason of the muffler-deadened exhaust. "No way of telling, now. Each man for himself — and each to do his best!"

And then his thoughts reverted to Catherine; and round his heart a sudden yearning seemed to strengthen his stern, indomitable resolve — "Victory or death!"

But now there was scant time for thought. The moment of action was already close at hand. Far below there, hidden by night and dark and mist, Gabriel knew a hundred thousand comrades, of the Fighting Sections, were lying hidden, waiting for the signal to advance.

"And it's time, now!" he said aloud, thrilled by a wondrous sense of vast responsibility — a sense that on this moment hung the fate of the world. "It's time for the signal. Now then, up and at them!"

Taking the rocket — a powerful affair, capable of casting an intense, calcium light — he touched the fuse to a bit of smouldering punk fastened in a metal cup at his right hand. Then, as it flared, he launched the rocket far into the void.

Below, came a quick spurt of radiance, in a long, vivid streak that shot away with incredible rapidity. Gabriel followed it a moment, with his gaze, then smiled.

"The Rubicon is crossed," said he.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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On just one day letters came from Tucumcari, N. Mex. Pineville, La. Sarepta, Miss.

All stating that the comrades wanted a Kate O'Hare Meeting in their town and asking when a date could be assigned.

For several months the Comrades at Foreman, Ark. Boydsville, Ark. Monroe, La. New Philadelphia, Miss. Blakeley, Ga. Logansville, Ga. Greenville, S.C.

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He rose again, skimming to a still higher altitude as the glare of the great Works drew closer and closer underneath. The wind roared in his ears, louder than the whirling propellers. The whole fabric of the aeroplane quivered as it climbed, up, up above the rushing, bellowing cataract.

"Where are the others?" thought he, and reached for a thanatos projectile, in the rack near the metal cup where the punk still glowered.

All at once, a glare of light burst upward through the white-glowing mist; and the plane reeled with the air-wave, as now a thunderous concussion boomed across the empty spaces of the sky.

At the same moment, a faint, ripping noise mounted to Gabriel — a sound for all the world like the tearing of stout canvas. Then followed a chattering racket, something like distant mowing machines at work; and now all blent to a steady, determined uproar. Gabriel almost thought to hear, as he launched his own projectile, far sounds as of the shouts and cries of men; but of this he could not make sure.

"They're at it, anyhow!" he exulted. "At it, at last! By the way our men have launched the attack, that first explosion must have breached a wall! God! What wouldn't I give to be down there, in the thick of it, rather than here! I —"

Crash! Again a spouting geyser of light and uproar burst into mid-air.

"That was my thanatos speaking!" cried Gabriel. "Now for another!"

Before he could drop it, as he circled round and round, directly over the great, flailing beams of the Air Trust search-lights, a third detonation shattered the heavens, nearly unseating him. Up sprang the roar, with wonderful intensity, reflected from the earth as from a giant sounding-board. And Gabriel noted, with keen satisfaction, that one of the huge light-beams had gone dark.

"Put out one of them, anyway, so far!" thought he, and swung again to westward, and once more dropped a messenger of death to tyranny.

Now the bombardment became general. Trust aerial-gun projectiles began bursting all about. Every second or two, terrible concussions leaped toward the zenith; and the earth, hidden somewhere down there below the fog-blanket, seemed flaming upward like a huge volcano. One by one the search-lights, whipping the sky, went black; and now the glow of them was fast diminishing, only to be replaced by a ruddier and more intermittent glare.

"The plant's burning, at last," thought Gabriel. "Heaven grant the fire may spread to the oxygen-tanks! If we can only get those —!"

Again he launched a projectile, and again he circled over the doomed plant.

A swift, black shape swooped by him. He had just time to exchange a yell of warning, when it was gone. The near peril gripped his heart, but did not shake it.

"Close call," said he. "If that machine and mine had met, good-bye forever! But after all, the danger of collision, here, or of being struck by a projectile from some other machine, above, is no greater than our comrades on the ground are facing. Not so great, perhaps. Many a one will meet his death from our own attack, here. In war like this, a hundred new perils threaten. I only hope Hargreaves, down there below, can hold them back, away, till we've destroyed the walls!"

Circling, ever circling, now hearing some echoes of the earth-battle, some grenade-volleys and rapid-fire clattering, now deafened and all but blinded by the vast, up-belching explosions of the thanatos projectiles, Gabriel flew among the drifting mists and vapors. Still was he guided by one

or two search-lights; but most of these were gone, now. Yet the glare of the conflagration, below, was luridly shuddering through the fog, painting it all a dull and awful red.

Red! Suddenly words came into Gabriel's mind — the words of his own poem:

Red as blood, 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!

"For your sake! For the world's sake, this!" he cried, and hurled another thanatos. "If ever war of liberation was holy, this is that war!"

Suddenly, through all the turmoil of shattering explosions, tossing air-currents and drifting, acrid smoke, he became conscious of a sudden, swift-flying pursuer.

By the light of the burning Plant, down there somewhere in the vapors of the thunderous Falls, he saw a hawk-like plane that swooped toward him with incredible velocity, savage and lean and black.

Off to right, a sudden spattering of shots in midair told him the battle in the sky was likewise being engaged. He saw vague, veiled explosions, there, then a swift, falling trail of flame. A pang shot through his heart. Had one of his companions fallen and been dashed to death? He could not tell — he had no time to wonder, even, for already the attacker was upon him, the swift Air Trust *épervier*, one of the dreaded air-fleet of the world-monopoly!

Gabriel had just time to swerve from the attack, and swoop aloft — dropping his next to last projectile as he did so — when the whirling shape zoomed past, swung round and once more charged. He saw, vaguely, two men sat in it. One was the pilot, a "Cray" or Cosmos mercenary. The other — could it be? Yes, there was no mistaking! The other was Slade himself, commander of the hiring army of Plutocracy!

Out from the attacking plane jettied sudden spurts of fire. Gabriel heard the zip-zip-zip of bullets; heard a ripping tear, as one of his canvas wings was punctured — God help him, had that explosive bullet struck a wire or a stay!

Then, maddened to despair; and burning with fierce rage against this monster of the upper air that now was hurling death at him, he once more "banked," brought his machine sharp round, and charged, full drive, at the attacker!

This tactic must for a second have disconcerted the Air Trust mercenaries. Gabriel's speed was terrific. With stupefying suddenness, the *épervier* loomed up ahead of him.

"Now!" he shouted. "Take this, from me!"

Half rising from his seat, he hurled his last remaining projectile full at Slade, then wrenched his own plane off sharply to the left.

A thunderous concussion and a dazzling burst of light told him his chance shot had been effective.

He got a second's vision of a shattered black mass, a tangle of girders, wires, collapsed planes, that seemed to hang a moment in midair — of whirling bodies — of wreckage indescribable. Then the broken debris plunged with awful speed and vanished through the red-glowing mist.

Even as he shuddered, sickened at the terrible though necessary deed, the deed which alone could save him from swift death, an overwhelming air-wave from the terrible explosion struck his speeding machine, the machine captured in the Great Smokies from the Air Trust itself.

It heeled over like an unballasted yacht under the lash of a hurricane. Vainly Gabriel jerked at wheel and levers; he could not right it.

As it seemed to come under control, a stay snapped. The plane swooped, yawed forward and stuck its nose into an air-hole, caused by the vast, up-



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rising smoke and heat of the huge conflagration beneath.

Then, lost and beyond all guidance, it somersaulted, slid away down a long drop and, whirling wildly over and over, plunged with Gabriel into the glowing, smoking, detonating void!

CHAPTER XXXV
TERROR AND RETREAT.

WHEN, despite Flint's imperative orders, Slade failed to reopen the lines of communication for him, before nightfall, and when Presi-

dent Supple wired in code for a little more time in obeying Air Trust orders, the Billionaire recognized that something of terrible menace now had suddenly broken in upon his dream of universal power.

He summoned Waldron and Herzog for another conference, and together they feverishly planned to put the works under defense, until such time as troops could be got through to them.

The Plant regiment was mustered and the Cosmos mercenaries and scabs were made ready. The machine-guns were unlimbered for action and large quantities of ammunition were delivered to them and to the aerial-bomb guns, as nightfall lowered. Herzog set eight hundred men to work covering all the tanks possible, with wire netting of heavy steel. The search-lights were all ordered into use; steam and electrical connections were made, the air-fleet was manned, and everything was done that unlimited wealth and bitter hate of the Workers could suggest.

With curses on the fog, which hid the upper air from view, the old man now stood at one of the west windows of his inner office — the office on the top floor of the main Administration Building, overlooking nearly the whole Plant.

"Damn the weather!" he snarled, his gold teeth glinting. "In addition to all this mist from the Falls, here's a regular cloud-bank settling down, tonight! Under cover of it, what may not happen? Nothing could have been worse, Waldron. Though we shall soon control the air, that won't be enough, so long as fogs and mists escape us. Our next problem — hello! Now what the devil's that?"

"What's what?" retorted Waldron, testily. He had been drinking rather more heavily than usual, that day, both because of the dull weather and because the Falls invariably got on his nerves, during his brief sojourns there. Away from New York and his favorite haunts, Waldron was lost. "What's what?" he repeated with an ugly look. "This roaring, glaring, trembling place gives me —"

"That! That light in the sky!" cried Flint, excitedly pointing. "See? No — it's gone now! But it looked like — like a rocket! A signal, of some kind, thrown from an aeroplane! A —"

Waldron laughed harshly. "Seeing things, eh?" he sneered, coming across to the window, himself, and peering out. "I don't see anything! Nothing here to worry about, Flint. With all these walls and guns, and netting, and air-ships and a private army and all, what more do you want? Not getting nervous in your old age, are you, eh?" he jibed bitterly. "Or is your conscience beginning to wake up, as the graveyard becomes more a probability than —"

"Enough!" Flint snapped at him. "When you drink Waldron, you're an idiot! Now, forget all this, and let's get down to work. I tell you, I just now saw a signal-light up there in the mist. There's trouble coming, tonight, as sure as we own the earth. Trouble, maybe big trouble. Merciful God, I — I rather think we oughtn't to be here, in person, eh? We'd be much better off out of here. If there

— there should be any fighting, you know —"

His voice broke in a falsetto pipe. Waldron laughed brutally.

"Bravo!" cried he, with flushed and mottled face. "You'll do, Flint! I see, right now, the firing-line is the life for you! Well, let the row come, and devil take it, say I. Better anything than —"

The sentence was never finished. For suddenly a shattering explosion hurled a vast section of the western encircling wall outward, out into the River, and, where but a moment before, the partners had been gazing at a high concrete-and-steel barrier, with electric lights on top, now only a huge gap appeared, through which the foam-tossed current could be seen leaping swiftly onward toward the Falls.

Hurled back from the window by the force of the explosion, both men were struck dumb with horror and amaze. Flint rallied first, and with a cry of rage, inarticulate as a beast's howl, sprang to the window again.

Outside, a scene of desolation and of wild activity was visible. The great, paved courtyard, flanked by the turbine houses and the wall, on one hand, and on the other by the oxygen tanks' huge bulk that loomed vaguely through the electric-lighted mist, now had begun to swarm with men.

Flint saw a few forms lying prone, under the hard glare of the arcs and vacuum lights. Others were crawling, writhing, making strange contortions. Here, there, men with rifles were running to take their posts. Hoarse orders were shouted, and shrill replies rang back.

Then, all at once, a kind of sputtering series of small explosions began to rip along the edge of the south wall. And now, machine-guns began to talk, with a dry, hard, metallic clatter. And — though whence these came, Flint could not see — grenades began flying over the wall and bursting in the court. Though unwounded, men fell everywhere these gas-projectiles exploded — fell, stone-dead and stiffening at once — fell, in strange, monstrous, awful attitudes of death.

Steam began billowing up; and crackling electrical discharges leaped along the naked wires of the outer barricades.

The whole Plant shook and rattled with the violent concussions of the aerial-bomb guns, already searching the upper air with shrapnel.

Somewhere, out of the range of vision, another terrible shock made the building tremble to its nethermost foundation; and wild yells and cries, as of a charge, a repulse, a savage and determined rush, echoed through the vast enclosure. Came a third detonation — and, blinding in its intensity, a globe of fire burst almost beneath the window, five stories below.

The partners, shaking and pale, retreated hastily. A swift, upward-rising shape swept over the courtyard and was gone — one of the air-fleet now launched to meet the attackers.

Far below, a sullen crumbling shudder of masonry told the Billionaire not a moment was to be lost, for already one wing of the Administration Building was swaying to its fall.

"Quick, Waldron! Quick!" he shouted, in the shrill treble of senility, and ran into the corridor that led to the

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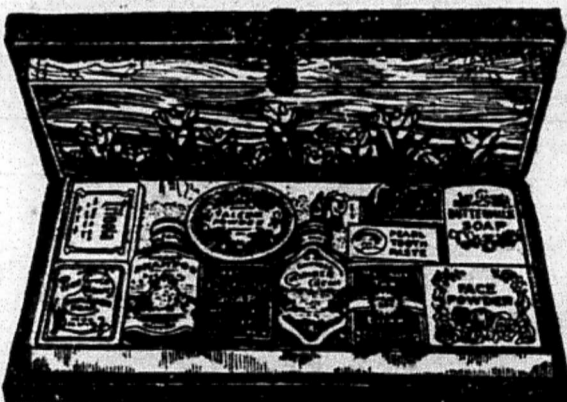
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north wing. Waldron, suddenly sobered, followed; and from the officers, where the night-shift of clerks were laboring (or had been, till the first explosion), came crowding pale and frightened men. Not the fighting cast of Air Trust slaves, these, but the anaemic chemists and experimenters and clerical workers, scabs, to a man. Now, in the common sentiment of fear, they jostled Flint and Waldron, as though these plutocrats had been but common clay. And in the corridor a babel rose, through which fresh volleys and ever more and more violent explosions ripped and thundered.

Flint struck savagely at some who barred his way; and Waldron elbowed through, with curses.

"Get out of the way, you swine!" shrieked the old Billionaire. "Make way, there! Way!"

The two men reached a door that led, by a private passage, through to the steel-and-concrete laboratories.

"Here, this way, Flint!" shouted Waldron. "If those Hell-devils drop a bomb on us, this building will cave in, like jackstraws! Our only safety is here, here!"

Thoroughly cowed now, with all the brutal bluster and half-drunken swagger gone, Waldron whipped out a bunch of keys, tremblingly unlocked the door and blundered through. Flint followed. Behind them, others tried to press, on toward the armored laboratories; but with vile blasphemies the plutocrats beat them back and slammed the door.

"To Hell with them!" shouted Flint, perfectly ashen now and shaking like a leaf, the fear of death strong on his withered soul. "We've got all we can do to look after ourselves! Quick, Waldron, quick!"

Both men, sick with panic, with fear of the unknown terror from above, stumbled rather than ran along the passage, and presently reached the laboratory.

Here Waldron unlocked another door, this time a steel one, and — as they both crowded through — pressed a hand to his dizzy head.

"Safe!" he gulped, slamming the door again. "They can't get us here, at any rate, no matter what happens! This place is like a fort, and —"

His speech was interrupted by a dazing, deafening tumult of sound. The earth trembled, and the laboratory, steel though it was, with concrete facing, rocked on its foundation. A glare through the windows, quickly fading, told them the building they had just quitted was now but a smoking pile of ruin.

Flint gasped, unable to speak. Waldron, shaking and cowed, tried to moisten his dry lips with a thick tongue.

"We — we weren't any too soon!" he gulped, without one thought of the doomed scabs in the Administration Building. Stern justice was now overtaking these wretches. False to the working-class, and eager to serve the Air Trust — not only eager to serve, but zealous in any attack on the proletariat, and by their very employment serving to rivet the shackles on the world—now they were abandoned by their masters.

Between upper and nether millstone, moving with neither, they were caught and crushed. And as the great building quivered, gaped wide open, swayed and came thundering down in a vast pile of flame-lit ruin, whence a volcanic burst of fire, smoke and dust arose, they perished miserably, time-servers, cowards and self-seekers to the last.

But Flint and Waldron still survived. Though the very earth shook and trembled with the roar of bombs, the crumbling of massive walls, the rattle of volley-fire and the crashing of the terrible grenades that mowed down hundreds as they spread their poisonous gas abroad—though the shriek of projectile, the thunder of the air-ship guns now sweeping the sky in blind endeavor to shatter the attackers all swelled the tumult to a frightful storm of terror and of death, they

still lived, cowered and cringed there in the bomb-proof steel-and-concrete of the inner laboratories.

"Come, come!" Flint quavered, peering about him at the deserted room, still glaring with electric light — the room now abandoned by all its workers, who, members of Herzog's regiment, had run to take their posts at the first signal of attack. "Come — this isn't safe enough, even here. In — in there!"

He pointed toward a vault-like door, leading to the subterranean steel chambers where Herzog eventually counted on storing some hundreds of thousands of tons of liquid oxygen — the reserve-chambers, impregnable to lightning, fire, frost or storm, to man's attack or nature's — the chambers blasted from the living rock, deep as the Falls themselves, vacuum-lined, wondrous achievement of the highest engineering skill the world could boast.

"There! There!" repeated Flint, plucking at the dazed Waldron's sleeve. "Tool-steel and concrete, twenty-five feet thick — and vacuum chambers all about — there we can hide! There's safety! Come, come quick!"

Staring, white-faced (he who had been so red!) and dumb, Waldron yielded. Together, furtive as the criminals they were, these two world-masters slunk toward the steel door, while without, their empire was crashing down in smoke, and flame, and blood!

They had almost reached it when a smash of glass at the far end of the laboratory whipped them round, in keener terror.

Staring, wide-eyed, they beheld the crouching figure of Herzog. Running, even as he cringed, he had upset a glass retort, which had shattered on the concrete floor. And as he ran, he screamed:

"They're in! They're coming! Quick—the steel vaults! Let me in, there! Let me in!"

The coward was now a maniac with terror, his face perfectly white, writhing with panic, and with staring eyes that gleamed horribly under the greenish vacuum-lights.

"Back, you! Get out!" roared Waldron, raising a fist. We —"

A sudden belch of flame, outside, split the night with terrible virescence. The whole steel building trembled and swayed. Some of its girders buckled; and the east wall, nearest the oxygen-tanks, caved inward as a mass of many tons was hurled against it.

A stunning concussion flung all three men to the floor; and, as they fell, a withering heat-wave quivered through the place.

"The oxygen-tanks!" gasped Flint. "They're blown up — they're burning — God help us!"

Scorching, yet still eager to live, he crawled on hands and knees toward the steel door. Waldron dragged himself along, half-dead with terror. Now, dripping gout of inextinguishable fire were raining on the roof of the building. A whirlwind of flame was sweeping all its eastern side; and a glare like that of Hell itself seared the eyes of the fugitives.

Quivering, trembling, slaving, the old man and Waldron wrenched the steel door open.

"Me! Me! Let me in! Me! Save me!" howled Herzog, dragging himself toward them.

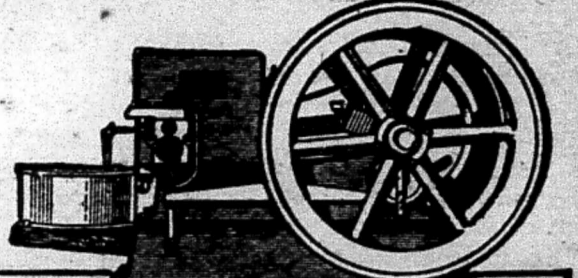
They only laughed derisively, with howls of demoniacal scorn.

"You slave! You cur!" shouted Waldron, and spat at him as he drew the vault door shut. "You cringing dog — stay there, now, and face it!"

The great door boomed shut. In the cool of the winding stairway of steel which led, lighted by electricity, to the trap-door and the ladder down into the tremendous vaults, the world masters breathed deeply once more, respited from death.

Herzog, screaming like a fiend in torment, clawed at the impenetrable steel door, raved, begged, entreated, and tore his fingers on the lock.

No answer, save the muffled echo of a jeer, from within.



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Mad with terror though he was, he whirled about, and faced the room now quivering with heat.

Even as he looked, a great gap yawned in the western wall, farthest from the flame-belching oxygen-tank that had been struck.

Through this gap, pouring irresistibly as the sea, swept a tide of attackers, storming the inner citadel of the infernal, world-strangling Air Trust.

At the head of this victorious army, this flood triumphant of the embattled proletaire, Herzog's staring eyes caught a moment's glimpse of a dreaded face — the face of Gabriel Armstrong.

Gasping, the coward and tool of the world-masters made one supreme decision. Close by, a rack of vials stood. He whirled to it, snatched out a tiny bottle and — waiting not even to draw the cork — crouched the bottle, glass and all, in his fang-like, uneven teeth.

An instant change swept over him. His staring eyes closed, his head fell forward, his whole body collapsed like an empty sack. He fell, twitched once or twice, and was dead — dead ere the attackers could reach the door of steel where his bestial masters had betrayed him.

Thus perished Herzog, coward and tool, a victim of the very forces he himself had helped create.

And at the moment of his death, the masters he had cringed to and had served, sneering with scorn at him even in their mortal terror, were tremblingly descending the long metal stairway to the impregnable vaults of steel, below.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE STORMING OF THE WORKS.

PLUNGED into the abyss of mist and flame by the attack of the Air Trust *épervier*, Gabriel had abandoned himself for lost. Death, mercifully swift, he had felt could be his only fate; and with this thought had come no fear, but only a wild joy that he had shared this glorious battle, sure to end in victory! This was his only thought — this, and a quick vision of Catherine.

Then, as he hurtled down and over, whirling drunkenly in the void, all clear perception left him. Everything became a swift blur, a rushing confusion of terrible wind, and lurid light, and the wild roar of myriad explosions.

Came a shock, a sudden checking of the plunge, a long and rapid glide, as the DeVreeland stabilizer of the machine, asserting its automatic action, brought it to a level keel once more.

But now the engine was stopped. Gabriel, realizing that some chance still existed to save his life, wrenched madly at his levers.

"If I can volplane down!" he panted, sick and dizzy, "there may yet be hope!"

— Hope! Yes, but how tenuous! What chance had he, coasting to earth at that low level, to avoid the detonating bombs, the aerial shrapnel being hurled aloft, the poisonous gas, the surface-fire?

Here, there and yonder, terrific explosions were shattering the echoes, as the Air Trust batteries swept the fog with their aeroplane-destroying missiles. Whither should he steer? He knew not. All sense of direction was lost, nor could the compass tell him anything. A glance at the barometric gauge showed him an altitude of but 850 feet, and this was decreasing with terrible rapidity.

Strive as he might, he could not check the swift descent.

"God send me a soft place to fall on!" he thought, grimly, still clinging to his machine and laboring to jockey it under control.

Close by, a thunderous detonation crashed through the mist. His machine reeled and swerved, then plunged more swiftly still. All became vague, to Gabriel — a dream — a nightmare! Crash!

Flung from the seat, he sprawled through treetops, caught himself, fell to a lower limb, slid off and landed among thick bushes; and through these came to earth.

The wrecked 'plane, whirling away and down, fell crashing into the river that rushed cascading by, and vanished in the firelit mist.

Stunned, yet half-conscious, Gabriel presently sat up and pressed his right hand to his head. His left arm felt numb and useless; and when he tried to raise it, he found it refused his will.

"Where am I, now, I'd like to know?" he muttered. "Not dead, anyhow — not yet!"

A continuous roar of explosions shuddered the air, mingled with the booming of the mighty Falls. Shouts and cheers and the rattle of machine-guns assailed his ear. The glare of the search-lights, through the mist and steam, was darkened momentarily by thick, greasy coils of smoke, shot through by violent flashes of light as explosions took place.

Gabriel struggled to his feet, and peered about him.

"Still alive!" said he. "And I must get back into the fight! That's all that matters, now — the fight!"

He knew not, yet, where he was; but this mattered nothing. His machine had, in fact, fallen near the river bank, in the eastern section of Prospect Park, beyond the Goat Island bridge — this region of the Park having been left outside the fortifications, in the extension of the Air Trust plant.

The trees, here, had saved his life. Had he smashed to earth a hundred yards further north, he would have been shattered against high walls and roofs.

Still giddy, but sensing no pain from his shattered left arm, Gabriel made way toward the scene of conflict. He knew nothing of how the tide of battle was going; nothing of his position; nothing as to what men he would first meet, his comrades or the enemy.

But for these considerations he had no thought. His only idea, fixed and grim, was "The fight!" Dazed though he still was, he nerved himself for action.

And so, pressing onward through the livid glare, through the night shattered by stupendous detonations, he drew his revolver and broke into a run.

Strange evidences of the battle now became evident. He saw an exploded grenade lying beside a wounded man who gasped at him and moaned with pain. Over a wrecked motor-car, greasy smoke was rising, as it burned. Louder shouting drew him down a path to the left. Masses of moving figures became dimly visible, through the mist. And now, stabs of fire pierced the confused and clamorous night.

Gabriel jerked up his revolver, as he ran, the terrible weapon shooting bullets charged with hydrocyanic-acid gas.

A man rose before him, shouting. Gabriel levelled the weapon; but a glimpse of red ribbon in the other's coat brought it down again.

"Comrade!" cried he. "Where's the attack?"

The other pointed. "Gabriel! Is that you?" he gasped, staring.

"Yes! I fell — machine smashed — come on!"

"Hurt?"

"No! Arm, maybe. No matter! God! What's this?"

Toward them a sudden swirl of men came sweeping, stumbling, shouting, in pandemonium.

"Our men!" cried Gabriel, starting forward again. "We're being driven! Rally, here! Rally!"

Beyond, a louder crackling sounded. Here, there, men plunged down. The retreat was becoming a rout!

Yelling, Gabriel flung himself upon the men.

"Back, there!" he vociferated. "Back, and at the walls! Come on, boys, now! Come on!"

His voice, well-known to nearly all, thrilled them again with new deter-

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mination. A shout rose up; it swelled, deepened, roared to majestic volume. Then the tide turned.

Back went the fighting men of the great Revolution, back at the machine-guns, mounted in the breached walls. Gabriel was caught and whirled along in that living tide. He found himself at its crest, its foremost wave. Behind him, a roaring, rushing river of men. Before, the Inner Citadel.

Gathering speed and weight as it rolled up, the wave broke like an ocean surge over a crumbling dyke.

Down went the Air Trust gunners and the guns, down, down to annihilation!

Through the breach, foaming and swelling with irresistible power burst the tides of victory.

Silenced now were the Trust guns. The steam-jets had none to man them. Far aloft, a last explosion told the death story of the final *épervier*.

Here and there, from windows and corners of the wrecked and blazing plant, a little intermittent firing still continued; but now the hearts of these Air Trust defenders—scabs, thugs and scourgings of the slum—had turned to water, in face of the triumphant army of the working class.

They fled, those mercenaries, and all the ways and inner strongholds — such as still were left — now lay open to Gabriel and his comrades.

Lighted by the blazing buildings and the vast fire-torch of an oxygen tank off to eastward, they stormed the final citadel, the steel and concrete laboratories, heart and soul and center of the hellish world-conspiracy.

Stormed it, as it began to blaze and crumble; stormed it, in search of Flint and Waldron, would-be murderers of the world.

Stormed it, only to see Herzog gnash his teeth upon the flask, and fall, and die; only to know that there, within the rock-hewn, steel-lined tanks, below, their enemies had still outwitted them!

The swift onrush of the fire drove the victors back.

"Out, comrades! Out of here!" shouted Gabriel, facing the attackers.

None too soon. Hardly had they beaten a retreat, back into the vast courtyard again, strewn with the dead, when a second oxygen tank exploded, overwhelming the laboratory building with tons of flying steel.

Leaping toward the zenith, a giant tongue of flame roared heavenward. So intense the heat had now become, that the solid brick and concrete walls exposed to the direct verberation of the flame began to crack and crumble.

Gabriel ordered a general retreat of the attacking army. Victory was won; and to stay near that gushing tornado of flame, with new explosions bound to occur as the other oxygen tanks let go, must mean annihilation.

So the triumphant Army of the Proletaire fell back and back still further, out into the wrecked and trampled Park, and all through the city, where shattered buildings, many of them ablaze, and broken trees, dead bodies, smashed ordnance and chaos absolute told something of the story of that brief but terrible war.

Ringed round the perishing ruins of the Air Trust they stood, these mute, thrilled thousands. Silence fell, now, as they watched the roaring, ever-mounting flames that, whipped by the breeze, crashed upward in long and cadenced tourbillons of white, of awful incandescence.

And the river, ever-hurrying, always foaming on and downward to its titanic plunge, sparkled with eerie lights in that vast glow. Its voice of thunder seemed to chant the passing and the requiem of the Curse of the World, Capitalism.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DEATH IN THE PIT OF STEEL.

AND Flint, now, what of him! And Waldron?

While the Air Trust plant was burning, crumbling, smashing down, what of its masters, the masters of the world?

A sense of vast relief possessed them both, at first, as the steel door clanged after them.

Now, for a time at least, they realized that they were safe, safe from the People, safe from the awakened and triumphant Proletariat. Even now, had they surrendered, they would have been spared; but nothing was further from their thoughts than any treating with the despised and hated enemy.

Foremost in the mind of each, now, was the thought that if they could but stand siege, a day or so, the troops of the government — their government and their troops, their own personal property — would inevitably rescue them.

With this comforting belief, together they descended the long steel staircase to the trap-door, passed through this, and climbed down the metal ladder to the vast storage-vaults.

Here, everything was cool and quiet and well-lighted. Not yet had the electric-generating plant been put out of action. Though all its workers had either been drafted into the ranks of the Cosmos mercenaries, or Herzog's regiments, or else had fled to hiding, still the huge turbines and enormous dynamos were whirling, untended. Thus, for the first few minutes in their living tomb, down over which the ruins of the now white-hot laboratory-building had crashed, the world-masters had electric light.

Reassured a little, they descended to the very bottom of the first huge tank.

"God!" snarled Flint, as he breathed deeply and glared about him. "The

curs! The swine! To think of this, this really happening! And to think that if we hadn't got here just in time, they'd actually have — have used violence on us —!"

Waldron laughed brutally, his body still trembling and his face chalky. His laugh echoed, hollowly, from the metal walls.

"You old fool!" he spat. "Canting old hypocrite to the last, eh? Violence? What the devil do you expect? Rose-water and confetti? Violence was all that ever held 'em, wasn't it? And when they slipped the leash, naturally they retorted — that's all! Violence? You make me sick! Damned lucky for us if we get through this yet, without violence, you whining cur!"

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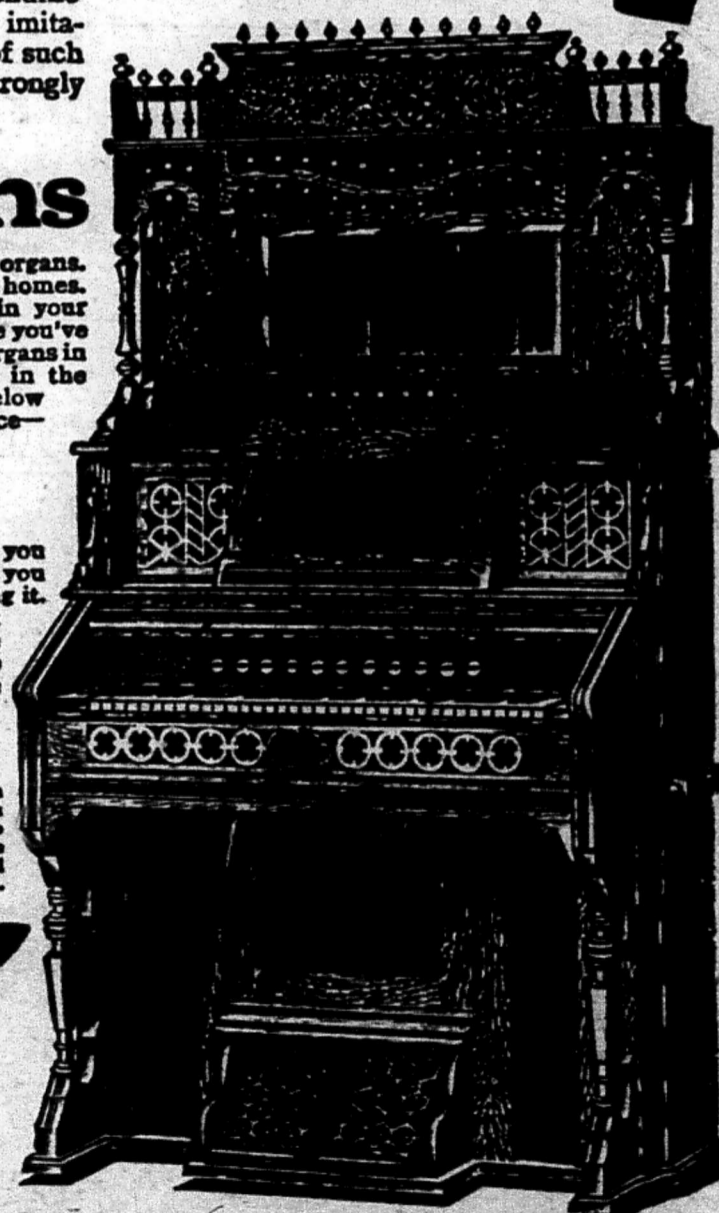
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Flint, for the first time hearing Waldron's honest opinion of him, failed even to note it. All his panic-stricken ear had caught was the note of hope, of survival.

Clutching eagerly at Waldron's sleeve, he cackled:

"If we get through? If we get through, you say? Then, in your opinion, there is a chance to get through? They can't get us here? We surely shall be rescued?"

"Bah!" Waldron flung at him, some latent spark of courage still smouldering in his sodden breast, whereas old Flint was craven to the marrow. "You nauseate me! Afraid to die, eh? Well, so am I; but not so damned paralyzed and sick with panic as all that! If you'd taken less dope, the last twenty years, you'd have more nerve, now, to face the music! World-master, you? Eh? Playing the biggest game on earth — and now, when things break bad, you squeal! Arrrh! You called me a quitter once, you mealy-mouthed old Pecksniff! We'll see, now, who quits! We'll see, at a show-down, who can face it, you or I!"

Waldron's brutality, the hard, savage quality that all his life had made him "Tiger" Waldron, now was beginning to reassert itself. His first sheer panic over, a little manhood was returning. But as for Flint, no manhood dwelt in him to be awakened. Instead, each moment found him more abject and more pitiable. Like an old woman he now wrung his hands and groaned, hysterically; and now he paced the steel floor of the vault that was destined to be his tomb; and now he stopped again and stared about him with wild eyes.

On all sides, sheer up a hundred feet or more, the smooth steel sides of the vast oxygen tank rose, studded with long lines of rivets.

Near the top a dark aperture showed where the six-inch pipe joined the tank; the pipe destined to fill it, when Herzog's last process — never, now, to be completed — should have been done.

The huge floor, 150 feet in diameter, sloped gently downward toward the center; and here yawned another pipe, covered by a grating — the pipe to drain the liquid oxygen out to the pumping station.

So deeply set in the rock of the Niagara cliff was this stupendous tank, and so cunningly surrounded by vacuum-chambers, that now no faintest sound of the Falls was audible. All that betrayed the nearness of the cataract was a faint, incessant trembling of the metal walls, as though the solid ribs of Earth itself were shuddering with the impact of the plunge.

Old Flint surveyed this extraordinary chamber with mingled feelings. It surely offered absolute protection, for the present — or seemed to — but his distressed mind conjured alarming pictures of the future, in case no rescue came. Death by starvation, thirst and madness loomed before him. Nervously he recommenced his pacing. Another terribly serious factor was to be considered. He had now been three hours without his dose of morphia, and his nerves were calling, tugging insistently for it.

"Rotten luck," he grumbled, "that I've got none with me!" Even there, in the imminent presence of disaster and death, his mind reverted to the poison, more necessary to him than food.

Waldron now had grown fairly calm. He stood leaning against the steel ladder, down which they had descended. Choosing a cigar, he proceeded to light up.

"Might as well be comfortable while we wait," said he. "I only wish we had a couple of chairs, down here. Oversight on our part that we didn't have some steel ones put in, and a line of canned goods and a few quarts of Scotch. The floor's a bit damp and cold to sit on, and I want a drink, damn bad!"

Flint swung about and faced him, pale and shaking, tortured with fear and with longing for his dope.

"You — you don't think it will

be long, eh, do you?" he demanded.

"Not long before we're taken out?"

Waldron shrugged his shoulders and blew a long, thin arrow of smoke athwart the brightly-lighted air.

"Search me!" he exclaimed. "To judge by what was happening when we made our exit, the Plant must be a mess, by this time. We seem to have been checked, even if not mated, Flint. I must admit they caught us by surprise. Caught us napping, damn them, after all! They were stronger than we thought, Flint, and cleverer, and better organized. And so —"

"Don't say 'we,' curse you!" snarled Flint. "Blame yourself, if you want to, but leave me out! I knew there was trouble due, I tell you. I saw it coming! Who's been trying to crush the swine completely, if not I? Who's worked night and day to have those bills put through, and who had the army increased, and conscription started? Who's driven the President to back all sorts of things? Who's forced them? Who made the National Mounted Police a reality, if not I? Damn you, don't include me in your blame!"

Waldron shrugged his shoulders, and smoked contemplatively.

"Suit yourself," he answered. "If we both die, down here, it won't matter much either way."

"Die?" quavered the old jackal, suddenly forgetting his rage and peering about with furtive eyes. "Did you say die, Wally? No, no! You didn't say that! You didn't mean that, surely!"

Waldron smiled evilly, joying in this abject fear of his hated partner.

"Oh, yes, I did, though," he retorted. "It's quite possible, you know. In case our government — yours, if you prefer — can't get troops through, here, or a big general revolution sweeps things, inside a day or two, we're done. We'll starve and stifle, here, sure as shooting!"

"No, no, no! Not that, not that!" whimpered Flint, shuddering. "I can't die, yet. I — I'm not ready for it! There's all that missionary work of mine not yet done, and my huge international Sunday School League to perfect; and there's the tremendous ten-million-dollar Cathedral of Saint Luke the Pious that I'm having built, on Riverside Drive, and there's —"

"Cut it!" jibed Waldron, spitting with very disgust. "If your time's come, Flint, you'll die, cathedrals or no cathedrals. Your Sunday Schools won't save you any more than my investments will — which have largely been wine, women and song. As a matter of fact, if it comes to starvation, if we aren't rescued and taken out from under the red-hot wreckage that's on top of us, I'll outlive you! I can exist on my surplus adipose tissue, for a while; while you — you're nothing but skin and bone. You'll starve far quicker than I will, old man."

"Don't! Don't!" implored the shaking wretch, covering his eyes with both trembling hands.

"Moral, you oughtn't to have been a dope-fiend, all these years," continued Waldron, cuttingly, determined that now, once for all, his despised partner should hear the truth. "How you've lived so long, as it is, I don't understand. When I tried to marry Kate, and failed, I reckoned you'd pass over in almost no time — and, by the way, that's why I was so insistent. But you've disappointed me, Flint. Disappointed me sorely. You still live. It won't be long, however. Down here, you know, you simply can't get any dope. In a little while you'll begin to suffer the torments of Hell. You'll die of starvation and drug 'yen,' Flint, and you'll die mad, mad, mad! Understand me! Mad, for morphia! And I, I shall watch you, and exult!"

Flint cringed, shuddering and stopped his ears. His partner, gloating over him, smoked faster now. A strange light shone in his eye. His pulse beat faster than usual, and a certain extravagance of thought and speech had become manifest in him.

He tried to compose himself, feeling that he must not push the cowardly Flint too far, but his ideas refused to

flow in orderly sequence. Wonderingly he stared at his cigar, the tip of which was now glowing more brightly than before.

And then, suddenly sniffing the air, he understood. His eyes widened with horror absolute. He started forward, gasped and cried:

"Flint! Flint!! The oxygen is coming in!"

Uncomprehending, the old man still stood there, mumbling to himself. His face was now tinged with unusual color, and his heart, too, was thumping strangely.

"Oxygen!" shouted Waldron, shaking him by the shoulder. "It — it's leaking in, here, somewhere! If we can't stop it — we're dead men!"

"Eh? What?" stammered the Billionaire, staring at him with eyes of half-intoxicated fear. "What d'you mean, the oxygen? In — in here?"

"In here!" cried "Tiger," casting a wild and terrible gaze about him at the vast, empty trap of steel. "Can't you smell it? That ozone smell? My God, we're lost! We're lost!"

"You're crazy!" retorted Flint, with vigor. "Nothing of the sort could happen!" His head was held high, now, and new life seemed surging through that spent and drug-wrecked body. "There's no way those curs could have turned on any gas, here.

"You're crazy, ha! ha! ha! Insane, eh? A good joke — capital joke, that! I must tell it at the Union League Club! 'Tiger' Waldron, suddenly insane, and — ha! ha! ha!"

He burst into a long, shrill cacchination. Already his face was scarlet and his mind a whirl. Though neither man understood the reason, yet the fact remained that one of the last great explosions had ruptured a subterranean check-valve closing the six-inch pipe that was to feed the storage-tanks; and now a swift, huge stream of pure oxygen gas was rushing at tremendous velocity into the vast chamber of steel.

Waldron, his heart leaping as though it would burst his ribs, raised a fist to strike down his insulter; then, with drunken indecision, joined in the maniacal laughter of the staggering old man.

In their ears a strange, wild humming now became audible. Lights danced before their eyes; their senses reeled, and violent, extravagant ideas surged through their drunken brains.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" rang Waldron's crazy laughter, echoing the old man's. All at once, his cigar broke into flame. Cursing, he hurled it away, staggering back against the ladder and stood there swaying, clutching it to hold himself from falling.

There he stood, and stared at Flint, with eyes that started from his head, with panting breath and crimson face.

The old man, in a sudden revulsion of terror, was now grovelling along the floor, by one of the massive walls, clawing at the steel with impotent hands and screaming mingled prayers and oaths. His ravings, horrible to hear, echoed through the great tank, now swiftly filling with gas.

"Help! Help!" he screamed. "Save me — my God — save me — Let me out, let me out! A million, if you let me out! A billion — the whole world! The world, ha! ha! ha! Damn it to Hell — the world, I say! I'll give the world to be let out! It's mine — I own it — all, all mine! Ha! Dogs! You would rise up against your master and your God, would you? But it's no use — we'll beat you yet — out! out! — the world — I own it! All this plant — this gas, all mine! My own oxygen — ah! it chokes me! Help! Help! — Swine! I'll scourge you yet — absolute power — the world —!"

With one final spark of energy, panting, his heart failing itself to death under the pitiless urge of the oxygen, old Flint sprang up, ran wildly, blindly straight across the steel floor, and, screaming blasphemies like a soul in Hell, dashed into the opposite wall.

He recoiled, staggered, spun round and fell sprawling most horribly — stone dead.

Waldron, at sight of this awful end, felt an uncontrollable terror sweep

over his drunk and maddened senses. Though all his blood was leaping in his arteries, and his breath coming so fast it choked him, yet a moment's seeming sanity possessed his reeling brain.

"The door! The door, up there!" he screamed, with a wild, terrible curse.

Then, turning toward the ladder, in spite of his fat and flabby muscles quivering in terrible spasms, he ran up the long steel structure with a supreme and ape-like agility.

Fifty feet he made, seventy-five, ninety —

But, all at once, something seemed to break in his over-taxed heart.

A blackness swam before his dazzled eyes. His head fell back. Unnerved, his fingers lost their hold. And, whirling over and over in mid air, he dropped like a plummet.

By one wall lay Flint's body. At the foot of the ladder, like a crushed sack of bones, sprawled the corpse of "Tiger" Waldron.

And still the rushing oxygen, with which they two had hoped to dominate the world, poured through the six-inch main, far, far above — senseless matter, blindly avenging itself upon the rash and evil men who impiously had sought to cage and master it!

CHAPTER XXXVIII

VISIONS.

THUS perished Flint and Waldron, scourges of the earth. Thus they died, slain by the very force which they had planned would betray mankind and deliver it unto their chains. Thus vanished, forever, the most sinister and cruel minds ever evolved upon this planet; the greatest menace the human race had ever known; the evil Masters of the World.

And as they died, massed round their perished Air Trust Plant a throng of silent, earnest watchers stood, with faces illumined by the symbolic, sacrificial flames—a throng of emancipated workers, of toilers from whose bowed shoulders now forever had been lifted the frightful menace of a universal bondage.

Explosion after explosion burst from the tortured Inferno of the vast Plant. Buildings came crashing, reeling, thundering down; walls fell, amid vast, belching clouds of dust and smoke; a white, consuming sheet of flame cracked across the sinister and evil place; and in its wake glowed incandescent ruins.

Then, in one final burst of thunderous tumult, the hugest tank of all, exploding with a roar like that of Doom itself, hurled belching flames on high.

For many miles — in Buffalo, Rochester, Toronto and scores of cities on both sides of the Great Lakes — silent multitudes watched the glare against the midnight sky; and many wept for joy; and many prayed. All understood the meaning of that sight. The light upon the heavens seemed a signal and a beacon — a promise that the Old Times had passed away forever — a covenant of the New.

And, as the final explosion shattered the Temple of Bondage to wreckage, flung it far into the rushing River and swept it over the leaping, thundering Falls, the news flashed on a thousand wires, to all cities and all lands; and though the mercenaries of the two dead world-masters still might struggle and might strive to beat the toilers back to slavery again, their days were numbered and their powers forever broken.

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refuge at Port Colborne, Catherine stood with Gabriel, watching the beacon of liberty upon the heavens. The light, a halo round her eager face, showed his powerful figure and the smile of triumph in his eyes. His left arm, broken by the fall in the aeroplane, now rested in a sling. His right, protecting in its strength, was round the girl. And as her head found shelter and rest, at length, upon his shoulder, she too smiled; and her eyes seemed to see visions in the glory of the sky.

"Visions!" said she, softly, as though voicing a universal thought. "Do you behold them, too?"

He nodded. "Yes," he answered, "and they are beautiful and sweet and pure!"

"Visions that we now shall surely see?" "Shall surely see!" he echoed; and a little silence fell. Far off, they seemed to hear a vast and thousand-throated cheering, that the night-wind brought to them in long and heart-inspiring cadences.

"Gabriel," she said, at last. "Well?"

"I wish he might have seen them, and have understood! In spite of all he did, and was, he was my father!"

"Yes," answered Gabriel, sensing her grief. "But would you have had him live through this? Live, with the whole world out of his grasp, again? Live, with all his plans wrecked and broken? Live on in this new time, where he could have comprehended nothing? Live on, in misery and rage and impotence?"

"Your father was an old man, Catherine. You know as well as I do — better, perhaps — the whole trend of his life's thought and ambition. Even if he'd lived, he couldn't have changed, now, at his age. It would have been an utter impossibility. Why say more?"

Catherine made no reply; but in her very attitude of trust and confidence, Gabriel knew he read the comfort he had given her.

Silence, a while. At last she spoke.

"Visions!" she whispered. "Wonderful visions of the glad, new time! How do you see them, Gabriel?"

"How do I see them?" His face seemed to glow with inspiration under the shining light in the far heavens. "I see them as the realization of a time, now really close at hand, when this old world of ours shall be, as it never yet has been, in truth civilized, emancipated, free. When the night of ignorance, kingcraft, priestcraft, servility and prejudice, bigotry and superstition shall be forever swept away by

the dawn of intelligence and universal education, by scientific truth and light — by understanding and by fearlessness.

"When Science shall no longer be 'the mystery of a class,' but shall become the heritage of all mankind. When, because much is known by all, nothing shall be dreaded by any. When all mankind shall be absolutely its own master, strong, and brave and free!"

"Like you, Gabriel!" the girl exclaimed, from her heart.

"Don't say that!" he disclaimed. "Don't —"

She put her hand over his mouth. "Shhhh!" she forbade him. "You mustn't argue, now, because your arm's just been set and we don't want any fever. If my dreams include you, too, Gabriel, don't try to tell me I'm mistaken — because I'm not, to begin with, and I know I'm not!"

He laughed, and shook his head. "Do you realize," said he, "that when it comes to bravery, and strength, and the splendid freedom of an emancipated soul, I must look to you for light and leading?"

"Don't!" she whispered. "Look only to the future — to the newer, better world now coming to birth! The time which is to know no poverty, no crime, no children's blood wrung out for dividends!"

"The future when no longer Idleness can enslave Labor to its tasks. When every man who will, may labor freely, whether with hand or brain, and receive the full value of his toil, undiminished by any theft or purloining whatsoever!"

"The future," he continued, as she paused, "when crowns, titles, swords, rifles and dreadnoughts shall be known only by history. When the earth and the fulness thereof shall belong to all earth's people; and when its soil need be no longer fertilized with human blood, its crops no longer be brought forth watered by sweat and tears.

"Such have been my visions and my dreams, Catherine — a few of them. Now they are coming true! And other dreams and other visions — dreams of you and visions of our life together — what of them?"

"Why need you ask, Gabriel?" she answered, raising her lips to his.

The sound of singing, a triumphal chorus of the accomplished Revolution, a vast and million-throated song, seemed wafted to them on the winds of night.

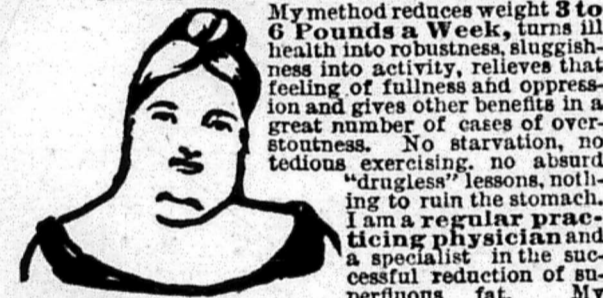
And the pure stars, witnessing their love and truth, looked down upon them from the heavens where shone the fire-glow of the Great Emancipation. The End.

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The Federal Commission and Its Report

By Eugene V. Debs

The press abstract of the report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, in three divisions, has been given to the public. These reports have been prepared by Basil M. Manly, Director of Research and Investigation, and they contain the findings of fact and the recommendations of the commission.

These reports are of the most vital importance to the working people of this country and if they are alive to their interests they will at once busy themselves in having these reports spread extensively among the people.

Never before has there been an investigation of this character put through in this country. As a rule an investigation of itself by the class in power is a farce. Most investigations are conducted for the purpose of concealing what ought to be exposed and of prolonging what ought to be ended.

But in this federal board which has just completed its splendid

labors there is an exception which all must admit and its work has been of a character which all, except the exposed malefactors, must approve and applaud.

The moving spirit in this monumental and far-reaching work was Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, than whom not one more eminently fitted for the task could have been found in all the country. Mr. Walsh had an able lieutenant in Basil M. Manly, Director of Research and Investigation, an expert of the highest grade in his line, and he was ably supported by John B. Lennon, Austin B. Garretson and James O'Connell in getting at the truth and the facts and reporting them without fear or favor to the people.

The second and third sections of the report are of especial interest to socialists, union men, and the working class. In these sections some startling facts are presented in regard to Rockefeller and his alleged "Foundation" and in regard to many other

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matters concerning which the people so urgently need reliable information.

In these reports it will be found that the charges made for years by socialists and sneered at as false and unworthy of belief by the apologists for the present order of things, have substantially all been proved true by testimony so emphatic and conclusive as to settle the matter beyond all controversy.

Socialists who have been accused of exaggerating in regard to industrial conditions in this country are completely vindicated in these reports, which show by evidence piled upon evidence that the half had not been told.

Now the important thing for the workers of this country is to have these reports printed in sufficient quantities by congress to distribute at a nominal fee among all the people who are sufficiently interested to desire them.

Mr. Walsh has well said that the work of the commission is now completed and that where the work of the commission ends the work of the people must begin, and to this Mr. Manly has added the pertinent suggestion that if the report goes to the people it will be only because the people insist upon having it.

In no other way could these facts, so important for the people to know, have been extorted from such unwilling witnesses as the Rockefellers and others of the vampires who under the pretense of being benefactors and profoundly concerned in the spiritual and moral welfare of the people, have been draining the very life-blood of the nation. These hypocrites are not spared in the pages of this report. They are neither persecuted nor shielded. They are given a perfectly square deal and allowed to say all they can possibly say in their own behalf, but at the same time their crimes are laid at their doors and with all their cunning and trickery, all their twisting, dodging and evasiveness, these crimes, of which the suffering poor are the victims, are charged up against them and they are made the squirming and unwilling instruments in their own overwhelming condemnation.

To read these reports is to understand the meaning of capitalism to the working class, and it is impossible to examine the proof here presented impartially without absolutely condemning capitalism as the prolific breeder of poverty, ignorance, disease, filth, graft, boodles, corruption, crime and every other affliction of which the great majority of the people are now the suffering victims.

It is not strange that the plutocrats are aroused and enraged and determined that these reports shall be suppressed. It would be strange indeed if this were not so. They stand uncovered before the people in all

their hideous hypocrisy and bestial greed if the light of this report is turned full upon them.

For years socialists have been under the disadvantage of not being able to prove their accusations by testimony other than that which they themselves have been able to procure, and this was usually discounted in advance. They now have the proof of their charges presented to them by a tribunal of the very class which has heretofore denounced them as falsifiers. It is a providential stroke of which they cannot fail to take the fullest possible advantage.

The truth! Only the truth can set the people free. If a copy of the Walsh report could be placed in the hands of every adult man and woman a revolution would be brewing, and a thoroughly wholesome one, within a week. This report must not only be placed in the hands of the people, but it must be clearly and fully interpreted to those who are unable to read or understand it.

THE CALL TO TAKE THIS REPORT IN HAND AND SEE THAT IT REACHES THE PEOPLE COMES TO EVERY SOCIALIST, EVERY UNION MAN, AND EVERY WORKING MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE LAND.

The very first thing in order is to see or write a personal letter to your congressman and demand of him that he vote to have a sufficient number of copies issued to meet the demands of the people.

Powerful influences are being brought to bear upon congressmen to squelch the report by permitting the publication of but a limited number of copies and this vicious attempt at suppression of the truth the people need to know can be defeated only by the people taking a hand and demanding that their servants, the members of congress, shall furnish them with the results of the industrial investigation which has covered the last two years and which has been conducted at such a large expense to the people.

DO NOT NEGLECT OR DELAY THIS MATTER. It is extremely important that the masses act and the masses always act when the individuals get into action. Each one counts. Members of congress will not dare to ignore the people if they see that the people are in earnest. They will vote to issue and spread the report among the people if they are made to understand that the people actually want it and insist upon having it.

Let each and every one write to his congressman and prevail upon others to do likewise, that the vastly important, far-reaching, illuminating and revolutionizing reports of the federal commission may be given to the masses of the people.

Pimples in an Evening Gown

Stop Embarrassment from Pimples
Beautify Your Skin Quickly
With Stuart's Calcium
Wafers. Trial Pack-
age Mailed Free

Skin-tissue is made from the blood, and as it is a tendency of nature to throw off a good share of impurities through the skin, naturally impurities gather on the surface in the form of pimples, blotches, blackheads and other eruptions. Naturally, if there are no impurities in the blood, none will appear in the skin. There'll be no skin erup-



tions. The skin will become wonderfully clear. The complexion will be perfect, angelic. Stuart's Calcium Wafers remove the impurities from the blood. They do it quickly, completely. They are the most powerful blood cleansers ever known. They are harmless. Don't expect face creams to do this big work.

Go to the drug store today and get a box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, 50 cents, but are really worth many dollars to you if your face is marred by ugly pimples, blotches, blackheads, muddiness or spots, etc. Convince yourself by actual test that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are the most effective blood and skin purifiers in the world. If you wish to try them first, mail coupon below for free trial package.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

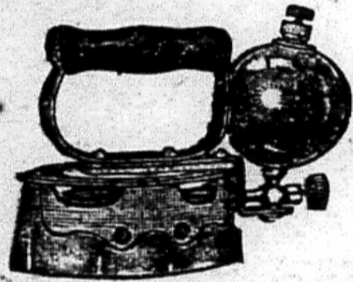
F. A. Stuart Co., 303 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.: Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A New Yorker of wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, 675 Z, Station E, New York City, will mail his book free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire.



Comfort Self Heating Iron.

Two Points. Both Ends are Front ends; Costs 1/2 cent per hour to operate. Burns 5 hours on one filling of gasoline. Lights in 30 seconds. The heat can be regulated to any degree and maintained to suit work in hand. Saves its costs in a few months, also saves thousands of steps and eliminates discomfort. No more hot stoves necessary. The Comfort is entirely portable and will operate outdoors or indoors. Satisfaction guaranteed. Buy at local dealers or write us direct and send your dealer's name.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS
Dept. 52 CHICAGO, ILLS.

6 ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS FREE

Sell 12 boxes White Cloverine Salve at 25c per box, a beautiful Picture FREE with each box. Return to us the \$3.00 collected and we will send you six (three pair) magnificent Nottingham Lace Curtains, nearly three yards long, FREE. Everyone buys when you show pictures. Write today. Be first in your town. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 422 TYRONE, PA.**

The Tenant Farmer

The paper for the farmed farmers. Patrick S. Nagle, Editor, Kingsfisher, Okla. 25 cts. per year, send for sample copy.

We Will Pay You \$120.00

to distribute religious literature and take orders in your community. 60 days' work. Man or woman. Experience not required. Spare time may be used. **International Bible Press, 813 Winston Building Philadelphia, Pa.**

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\$10 SAMPLE WATCH FREE

to anyone who will wear and sell our watches among their friends. \$10 to \$30 a Week can be earned by agents who devote their entire time to the sales of these watches. Write now for our Free Sample Watch and terms, to **DORRAN JEWELRY CO., Dept. 288 CHICAGO**

Credit on Home Things
See Jubilee Sale, Page 14

FREE TO ANY WOMAN. Beautiful 42-piece DINNER SET for distributing only 3 doz. cakes of Complexion Soap FREE. No money or experience needed. **G. Tyrrell Ward, 218 Institute Place, Chicago**

MONEY \$ \$ For wise men \$ \$ key FREE. **J. WARREN SMITH, Ottawa, Ill.**

No Money In Advance



75c Per Month

Hartman Big Heater Bargain

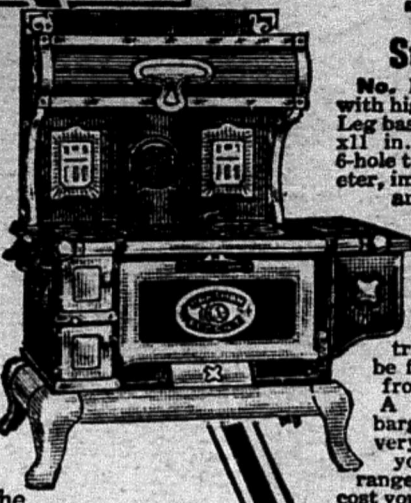
No. MJ141. A new model Hartman "Regent" Hot Blast Heating Stove made of coldrolled steel plate with cast iron fire pot. Has strong base. Swing cover, reflector, side columns, urn, foot rails, screw drafts, front base strip and front base legs are nicked. Body is 16 in. in diam. Stands 66 in. high. Price.....\$12.65



Here is the rarest money-saving opportunity you ever heard of—an opportunity so exceptional, so important as to warrant the keenest interest on the part of every homemaker, everywhere. To prove to you that the Hartman prices are lowest, the Hartman credit terms most liberal, Hartman alone extends to you this wonderful "get-acquainted" offer unparalleled in merchandising. Hartman invites every reader of this paper to order any one of the items advertised on this page without sending any money in advance, but we can only afford to send one item to each family at these terms. When you get our mammoth catalog, order whatever you wish—any amount—any number of articles—make small monthly payments to suit your convenience—we extend to you our wide open, helpful credit. Take advantage of this opportunity to get acquainted with the fair, square, liberal Hartman plan.

As the largest home-furnishing concern in the world we alone are able to control such immense quantities of the most dependable home-furnishings, that we not only secure the best the market affords but at absolutely lowest price. We allow no one to undersell us—

Our \$10,000,000 Purchasing Power Makes



"Regent" Steel Range

No. MJ146. Complete with high warming closet. Leg base, large oven 18x18 x11 in. Duplex grates, 6-hole top, oven thermometer, improved flue system and steel high closet with nicked tea shelves. Mounted on a strong steel base; with or without contact type reservoir. Silver nickel trimmings. Cannot be fitted with water front or water back. A truly remarkable bargain, made in the very best manner. If you would buy this range elsewhere it would cost you a great deal more than the low prices we ask. Without reservoir, price.....\$24.75
\$1.75 Per Month
With res. \$28.65
\$2.00 Per Month

Brussels Rug Bargain

No. MJ147. Charming Brussels Rug in a very new design, woven of excellent worsted yarns in a pattern that is sure to please. It is in a floral and floral pattern with medallion center and harmonizing border. Has rich coloring of tan, green, brown and red. This is a very choice rug and one from which lasting service can be had. Size 8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. Price.....\$9.99
Size 9 x 12 ft. Price.....\$11.35
11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft. Price \$15.76

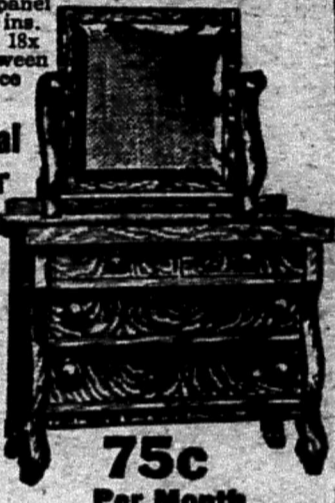
Solid Oak Rocker Bargain



50c Per Month

No. MJ148. Large, roomy Rocker. Solid oak, genuine quarter-sawn arms, rich golden finish. "Imperial" Spanish brown leather upholstery on seat and back. Removable slip seat has 6 springs. Stuffed with tow and cotton. Elegantly carved posts. Seat front is button tufted, also upper panel of back. 39 in. high, seat 18x 19 1/2 in. between arms. Price \$3.50

Colonial Dresser Bargain



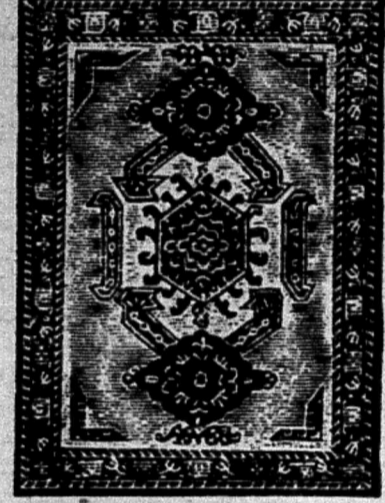
75c Per Month

No. MJ143. Here is a wonderful offering in a beautiful Colonial shaped Dresser, made of hardwood with rich American quartered oak finish. French bevel plate mirror, 24x20 in. in size, supported by strong standards. 2 small drawers at top of base, 2 full length drawers, fitted with wooden drawer pulls. Has heavy plank top, full Colonial front posts. A great bargain at our price \$8.98

Solid Oak Writing Desk Bargain

No. MJ150. A remarkable value. Surpasses anything at this price. 44 in. high, 30 in. wide, 16 in. deep. Solid oak sides, quarter-sawn oak front. Golden oak or fumed oak finish. Desk compartment has drop lid, lock, pigeon holes and shelves. Egg width drawer and a two-door book cabinet below. Doors have lattice work over glass, wood knobs and supplied with spring catches. Price \$8.40
75c Per Month

Bargains Worth While



Velvet Rug Bargain No. MJ140. Beautiful Velvet Rug in four sizes. Design is very charming being a medallion center with conventional border. Woven of best yarns that give great service. Colors: tan, green, brown and red. Size 6 x 9 ft. Price.....\$9.99
8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. \$14.35
Size 9 x 12 ft. \$16.75
Size 11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft. Price.....\$22.95



75c Per Month

Solid Oak Kitchen Cabinet No. MJ149. Sanitary "Comfort" Kitchen Cabinet of solid oak. Base has white wood table top 41x26 in., smoothly sanded; handy bread board; cutlery drawer and large utility drawer. Large, roomy cupboard. Top has large china cupboard with 2 art glass doors; metal flour bin, 45 lb. capacity; removable sifter; spice drawer; open cereal cupboard. Rich, goldenshade. 67 in. high. Price \$10.95



75c Per Month

\$10.95

Solid Oak Dining Table No. MJ142. A Colonial style Dining Table of solid oak, large 9-in. round pedestal fitted to Colonial scroll platform base the extreme width of which is 24 in. Scroll legs are 4 1/2 in. thick. Top measures 45 in. in diam., opens to 6 ft. Deep box rim harmonizes with other proportions. Excellently finished throughout and can be ordered in golden oak or fumed finish. Truly a remarkable bargain as this style cannot be purchased elsewhere at this low price.

The Hartman plan of considering no sale complete until you have received the articles selected and after 30 days' use in your own home find them all we claim, makes ordering from us more satisfactory than a visit to the largest stores. Every Hartman bargain sells on its own merit. Read our guarantee. It is without question the broadest and most satisfactory ever made—it means your absolute protection. Hartman's Legal Binding Guarantee is as strong as words can make it, backed by Hartman's Ten Million Dollar Capital and Resources. And remember—no matter who you are, where you live or what your income we extend to you wide open, helpful credit by the most liberal and satisfactory plan ever devised.

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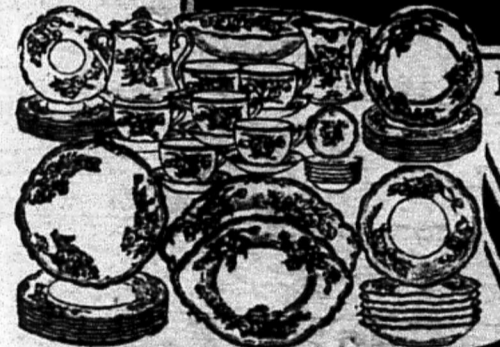
No red tape, no mortgages, no interest to pay, no collectors, no references. Everything confidential, no embarrassing questions asked. It is the most practical, most helpful credit plan ever devised.

FREE Hartman's Mammoth Bargain Catalog

It will give you more satisfaction to go through Hartman's Mammoth Bargain Catalog than it would to visit the largest city stores. Filled from cover to cover with the most stupendous bargains in guaranteed, dependable home-furnishings ever offered by any concern. Hundreds of pages done in beautiful colors—Silverware, Jewelry, Household Furnishings of every kind—Rugs and Carpets of every shade and color in exact reproduction—in many colors. We want you to see this remarkable catalog—unlike any other. You will be amazed and pleased when you see it—see the remarkably low prices and liberal easy terms. Write today for your free copy. Ask for Catalog No. 80

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.,
3815 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

48-Piece Dinner Set Bargain No. MJ151. Best quality pure white porcelain, exquisitely decorated with latest rose floral pattern in many natural colors and gold. Six dinner plates, 9 1/4 in.; 6 breakfast plates, 7 1/4 in.; 6 cups; 6 saucers; 6 fruit dishes, 8 1/4 in.; 6 new style deep soup coupes (in place of old style soup plate); 6 butter plates; 1 deep, open vegetable dish, 9 1/4 in.; 1 meat platter, 11 1/4 in.; 1 meat platter, 9 1/2 in.; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pcs.); 1 cream pitcher. Price, 48 pieces, complete service for six persons, \$3.95



50c Per Month

Hercules Never-Leak Flint-Surfaced Roofing

Don't confuse this strong, durable roofing with the flimsy stuff that masquerades under the name of "prepared roofing." Most of it is made from ordinary paper, soaked with tar and given a thin gravel coating. Hercules Never-Leak is made from highest quality, long fibre wool felt, thoroughly saturated with pure asphalt. Both sides are thickly coated with very fine sharp particles of crystal which are firmly imbedded under enormous pressure. Each roll is complete—32 inches wide, contains 108 square feet (enough to cover 100 square feet). Nails and cement included. No skill required to lay. As low as, per roll.....\$1.15
Write today for a complete assortment of free samples of this, the world's best roofing.

Guaranteed Ready-Mixed Paint Bargain

Rex-Kote Ready-Mixed Paint is made of the best and purest ingredients, made to give unusual satisfaction and a lasting testimonial of Hartman's great value. Guaranteed against peeling, blistering, chalking or rubbing off, and to cover more surface, make a better finish and last longer than any other paint. Either you or your painter may use Rex-Kote with equally satisfactory results. You can't afford to neglect any structure or building you own when we sell guaranteed paint as low as:
Roof Paint per gal.....\$2c
Barn Paint per gal.....\$3c
House Paint per gal.....\$1.02



HARTMAN'S Legal Guarantee

We Unreservedly Guarantee every article sold by us to be exactly as represented and described in our catalog. We guarantee our prices to be lower than any other concern for goods of equal quality. We guarantee to ship each and every article on approval, and if within 30 days from receipt of the goods, anything is not perfectly satisfactory, FOR ANY REASON WHATSOEVER, we will accept their return and when the goods are returned to us, we will refund all money paid on them, including payment of freight charges both ways.

FREE Color Card

Write for this magnificent color card showing all Rex-Kote guaranteed Paints, etc. And don't forget to ask for your free copy of Hartman's Special Paint and Roofing Catalog. It will save you money. Write today.

5-Piece Two-Inch Post Steel Bed Outfit

No. MJ148. Complete bed outfit, consisting of elegant 2-in. Continuous Post Steel Bed with 4-in. fillers in artistic design, height head end 52 in.; link fabric, steel frame bed spring; cotton top, fibre filled mattress and two 4 1/2-lb. selected hen feather pillows 18x25 in., which are soft and elastic and covered with striped ticking. Outfit comes in all sizes, 3 ft.; 3 ft. 6 in.; 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in., full size. Colors: White, Pea Green or Vernis Martin. Price complete.....\$8.98
75c Per Month



HARTMAN WILL TRUST YOU