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An Open Letter to President Wilson

By H. M. Tichenor

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON:

You have declared, so it has been reported, that the only war that you would sanction is a "war for humanity."

That sounds fine.

In a war for humanity there are millions of ready volunteers.

If you are really in favor of such a war do not hesitate.

You will find a tremendous backing.

Nor need you look abroad for sufficient and righteous cause for such a war.

It lies right at your door.

No need to expostulate or quarrel with the Kaiser or Carranza about the "Sacred rights of humanity," and "protecting the lives of American citizens."

There are those within our own borders far more reckless regarding our sacred rights, and our very lives, than any enemies abroad.

If you believe in a "war for humanity," why not start first on these?

The thousands of little children whose young lives are being crushed in the cotton mills, whose flesh and blood are being ground into PROFIT—do not these count as "humanity?"

The under-paid, half-fed, miserably-clothed men and women, boys and girls, in sweatshop and filthy factory—are not these a part of humanity?

The jobless and homeless, the wrecked and wretched, the down-and-outs, the utterly beaten and broken, the crucified ones of the cruel social system whose dying and dead in a land of peace and plenty outnumber the victims of the bloody battlefields—are not these humanity?

The thousands yearly slaughtered in preventable accidents in mines and on railroads owned and operated by money - lords whose lust for more PROFIT laughs at "sacred rights" and human lives—are not the lives of these toilers as sacred as the lives of the tourists traveling

was so shocked over the Lusitania—did you ever think of Ludlow?

You saw the mothers and babies drowning in the sea—did you see the mothers and babies, the innocent children, the pregnant women, their quivering flesh ripped open, their torn and tor-

rify you more than the blood-stained hands of the European warlords?

Didn't they?

And if they didn't, why not? Were not the murdered at Ludlow a part of humanity?

Or do only the rich and powerful—the exploiting class—belong to your humanity?

"A war for humanity!"

Mr. Wilson, I repeat, that sounds fine.

The country needs it, in order to make us decent and humane.

The humanity of this nation is being outraged—is being despoiled and degraded every hour of the day.

It was thus before the war in Europe started.

It will be so when the war in Europe ends.

It will continue, with all its monstrous iniquities, polluting the land with poverty, crime, vice, suicide, insanity, disease and death, so long as one class can legally live off the labor of another class.

The sight is enough to sadden the soul of a savage.

Surely, Mr. Wilson, you cannot hide your eyes from it.

And now, in conclusion, just one word.

Possibly you may not know of this, so I call your attention to it.

"A war for humanity," which, as reported, you heartily sanction, is already being waged.

I rejoice that I myself am an humble private in the army of that war.

Our weapons are bloodless—they are the tongue and pen.

And we are going to win the "war for humanity."



The Nation's Only
Anti-War Candidates!

the high seas on belligerent ships loaded with lyddite shells?

And what of the ones that strike—that dare revolt against such inhuman living conditions as you would not suffer a dog to endure in your home, and who go down to death before the machine guns of the masters that won their jobs, and thereby own their bodies—are they not humanity?

You, President Wilson, who

tured bodies, their blood and bowels and brains issuing from bullet holes and bayonet stabs, their mangled and murdered remains piled on railroad ties, Standard oil poured on them and set afire?

Did you see this?

If you did, didn't you feel that it was about time for a righteous war for humanity?

Did not the blood stained hands of the American money-lords hor-

I've found it

THE NEW INVENTION

Self-Heating KEROSENE ^{COAL} OIL IRON

The Peerless



**ONE CENT PAYS THE
WEEKLY IRONING BILL**

A Beautiful Iron That Does Beautiful Work Every Time

Every woman knows that beautiful laundry work depends on ironing. Nothing but the best iron will do the best work. That's the Peerless—the only successful self-heating iron on the market that uses low priced, safe coal oil for fuel. It is perfect in design—made for every class of work from finest laces to heaviest flat pieces. Its even, self-made heat saves hundreds of steps.

Costs Very Little Saves You Money

You'll be surprised at the price of the Peerless. It's a whole lot less than you would expect to pay. Everytime you use it you'll save its cost in steps and other labor saved—besides the saving in fuel. One cent will pay for all the oil used in a day. The Peerless burns 95% air and 5% oil.

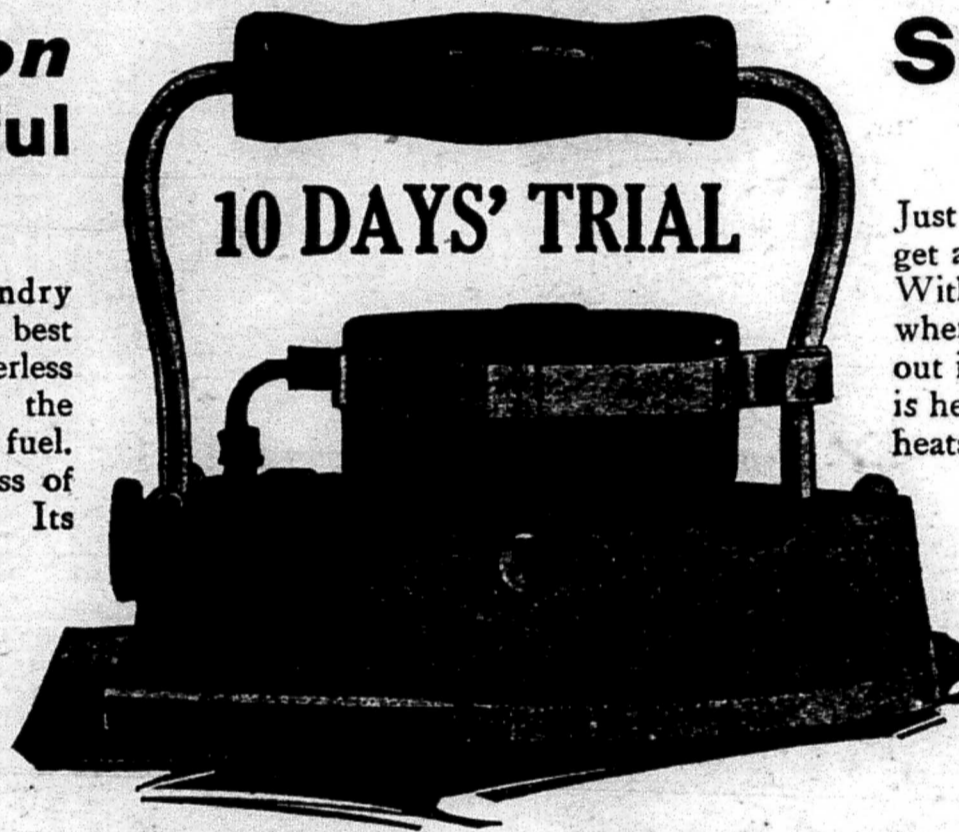
Thousands Praise The PEERLESS

Every woman loves the Peerless—read what Mrs. Wiles says about hers:

THE PEERLESS MFG. CO., Cincinnati, O.

Dear Sirs: "I certainly am well pleased with my Peerless Self-Heating Kerosene Iron. It seems so odd to me to keep on ironing and ironing and not have to change irons or put wood in the stove to keep my irons hot. I want my friends to have and enjoy the Peerless, so please send me your agents proposition and advertising matter."

YES, here it is, the only self-heating iron on the market that successfully uses the cheapest, safest fuel known, ordinary coal oil, common kerosene. It's wonderful, simply wonderful, how beautifully, how cheaply, a week's ironing can be done with the low-priced, guaranteed Peerless Self-Heating Kerosene Iron. Think of it! A whole day's ironing for a penny. That's about what it costs to heat the Peerless all day long. It's just the kind of iron its name indicates—no other to compare with it—because it looks better, lasts longer, does better work than any other self-heating iron, and costs less than usual.



10 DAYS' TRIAL

Heats In A Minute! Uses Common Kerosene Absolutely Safe

Yes, so safe that you can handle it in any way without fear—so simple that a little girl can operate it. Look at the picture. That's just how the Peerless looks. No wires or tubes to get in the way when ironing. Nothing to get out of order. No soot, smoke or dirt. Regulate your heat while ironing—by turning the small thumb screw. Nothing to do but iron, iron, iron until you're through—and that's the beauty of it—you'll be through in half the time, ready to go out or do anything you like. Remember, you don't have to take a single risk—you may have the Peerless on a 10 days' trial anytime.

DON'T DELAY—ACT NOW—USE THE COUPON

Saves Steps Saves Time

Just think of the pleasure of being able to get away from the old hot stove on ironing day. With the Peerless you can do your ironing anywhere you want to—in the house, on the porch, out in the yard, anywhere. All you have to do is heat your Peerless—that's done in a jiffy—it heats while you are putting your ironing board in place. Then iron—iron without thought of anything else—no extra steps to take—no dirty coal or splintery wood to put in the stove—no danger—no expense—everything lovely and the day's work done in no time. Surely you want the Peerless when it costs so little and means so much.

Now Read This GUARANTEE

Each PEERLESS SELF-HEATING IRON is carefully inspected and thoroughly tested in our factory before shipping. It must be in perfect working order when you receive it. The iron cannot fail to work and give you perfect satisfaction if the simple directions are followed.

Should any part become injured or broken through defective material or imperfect workmanship, or should anything happen to prevent the iron from working properly, for one year after you receive it, we will furnish new parts to put it in good order free of charge, or if it is necessary, we will replace with a new iron, for which we will make no extra charge. We will not knowingly permit any iron to be out that will not do its work.

(Signed) THE PEERLESS MFG. CO.

THIS LEGAL GUARANTEE protects you against loss. It is backed by our Capital of \$100,000.00, our financial standing, and our long, honorable business career which has never been intentionally violated. Our guarantee is broad and fair, and assures every purchaser of a square deal.

A SQUARE DEAL

**PEERLESS MFG. CO., 215 Peerless Bldg.
CINCINNATI, O.**

GENTLEMEN:—Please tell me all about your wonderful Peerless Self-Heating Kerosene Iron, also how I can secure the agency for it, with particulars about TEN-DAY TRIAL OFFER.

My Name Is _____

Street & No. _____

City _____ State _____

Agents!—Enormous Profits

Agents are making more money with the Peerless Self-Heating Kerosene Iron than with any other article in years. Women simply can't resist it. They know the minute they lay eyes on the Peerless that it's the iron they've been looking for—the iron they can afford because the price is low and the cost of using practically nothing, because it uses cheap, safe coal oil. No experience necessary—you can't help selling the Peerless—every woman wants one. Simply showing the iron usually means a sale. Our offer to your customer always holds good—10 days' trial, and every iron guaranteed. Send the coupon—get the particulars. Learn how our agents are getting rich. Many sell a dozen or more daily. Two or three sales a day brings you big income—\$30 to \$45 weekly. Costs nothing to investigate. Learn how to GET SAMPLE FREE. Send coupon now while you're at it—before you forget.

PEERLESS MFG. CO., 215 Peerless Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

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Editorials

By Eugene V. Debs

"LABOR IS NOT A COMMODITY"

Great ado is being made about the Clayton law in craft union circles. It is hailed as a wonderful piece of legislation and as marking a distinct epoch in labor's struggle against its oppressors.

As a matter of fact the declaration in the Clayton law announcing that "the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce" is sheer buncombe. There is absolutely nothing in it for the working class and it will serve them only as capitalist campaign fodder.

If labor is no longer a commodity since the Clayton law was written in the statute books why is it that every laborer in America continues to sell himself every hour of the day just as he did before?

If the laborer is no longer merchandise, why a labor market? Why discuss the "supply" of labor and the "market demand" for it?

Does one ever hear of the "supply" of capitalists and of the "market demand" for those parasites? No, nor was it necessary to enact a Clayton law to declare that they were not merchandise.

The Clayton law might just as well have declared that black men are no longer "niggers" and that workingmen are no longer poor, that they have ceased to wear shoddy clothes, and that they are now the equal partners of Rockefeller and Morgan.

The lustiest stripling on earth is the socialist movement.

Save your money and buy a book but be sure that it is a book that will enlighten and not pervert you.

UNMITIGATED BARBARITY

Hubert Eaves, a colored school boy, 11 years of age at Des Moines, Iowa, according to press reports, was sentenced to a term of nine years in the Eldora Reformatory for refusing to salute the American flag.

We are not advised as to the particulars but if the facts are as stated in the press dispatches, and we have no reason to believe them otherwise, then the court that sentenced this colored lad ought to be transferred to the jungles of Africa or some other remote wilderness where wild beasts have sway. Any court that would sentence a child for any such alleged offense is a positive disgrace to the community that tolerates such an unmitigated brothel.

If lynch law were ever justified there would be in this outrage upon a child by a so-called court of justice sufficient warrant to invoke its swift execution.

We know of no particular reason why a colored man, to say nothing of a colored child, should reverence the flag under which he was sold from the auction block after being stolen from his native land, and under which even now he has been robbed of his franchise, stripped of his citizenship and reduced to the level of merchandise.

The court that sentenced that colored lad should itself be shorn to its mangy scalp, put in stripes, and sentenced to hell where it belongs.

The capitalist politician is twin brother to the capitalist pulpiteer and in the name of "patriotism" and "religion" they defend the sordid and corrupt system that destroys both.

The necessity for the industrial organization of the workers increases with the necessity for their emancipation from wage-slavery.

VOICES OUT OF BETHLEHEM

Joan of Arc heard voices, voices, voices, and the voices continued until the Maid of Orleans was filled with the spirit of the message the voices contained and went forth on the conquering mission which has filled the world with her fame.

A different kind of voices than those Joan heard are now issuing from Bethlehem where the armor plate is manufactured for the United States government. These voices are of Schwab and Grace, chairman and president respectively of the Bethlehem steel company, and they are voices of entreaty and warning to the United States government, inspired by the resolution pending in congress which provides for the erection by the government of its own steel plant and the manufacture of its own armor plate.

Ah, such soothing, seductive voices and then again such warning, threatening voices! To fully appreciate these tense and trembling voices and the emotions they express the bulletins now being issued from Bethlehem must be read and analyzed and interpreted.

If the United States government should be so foolhardy as to venture upon the making of its own armor plate instead of being robbed of millions by private manufacturers of the blow-hole variety it would mean irretrievable ruin and disaster to the nation. Selah!

The primary laws in the several states were designed primarily to shut out the socialists. In Indiana for example the question was raised as to whether socialists had a legal right to participate in the primaries and a commission consisting of capitalist lawyers appointed by the governor decided that they were not. In their answer they stated specifically that only republicans, democrats, and progressives were entitled to vote at the primaries. In Oklahoma the necessity of reforming the election laws and "purifying the ballot" was only discovered after the Socialist party crashed into the rotten works of the enemy with half a hundred thousand votes. All of which simply attests the growth and power of socialism in American politics.

SENATOR TAGGART

Governor Ralston of Indiana has appointed Tom Taggart to fill the unexpired term of the late Benjamin Shiveley in the United States senate.

Taggart has for years been the democratic boss of the hoosier state. His methods have made him notorious but as he represents ruling class interests it is quite consistent and proper that he should be crowned with the highest honors of his party.

Governor Ralston who was put into office by Taggart for just such an emergency has now reciprocated by putting Taggart into the senate, which is to say, that Taggart presented himself with his own senatorial toga. Ralston simply served as Taggart's tool and was so eager to show his gratitude to his boss that he not only poured out his fulsome eulogy upon him but wrote it out in long hand and presented the flattering testimonial to him on parchment.

The elections of Indiana have been notoriously corrupt for some years and in these elections Taggart and his machine exercised statewide control. Taggart was the general boss at Indianapolis and Donn Roberts was the local boss at Terre Haute and the elections were controlled absolutely by force and fraud, booze and boodle, thugs and terrorists. Honest men were afraid to go to the polls. Rowdies and repeaters ruled the roost.

In due course both Taggart and Roberts were indicted. Roberts was a mere politician while Taggart was a millionaire. But they had long been political pals and their methods were the same except that Roberts was raw and Taggart exceedingly smooth.

Roberts was sentenced to the penitentiary at Leavenworth where he is now serving a sentence of six years. Taggart was never tried at all, but instead sent to the United States senate, and the dispatches say that he was showered with telegrams and congratulations and almost buried in American Beauty roses.

Senator Taggart is as good as the party he represents and both receive their commissions from the masses they delude, misrepresent and betray.

WAS THE VICE-PRESIDENT JOKING?

Thomas Marshall, vice-president, recently addressed the Chicago Bar Association. Among other things he said in praise of lawyers generally: "For fairness and justice they have a passion."

Whew! This is certainly going some, Mr. Vice-President! We have had some experience with the "passion" of the profession but it has been of a different variety.

It has been said that there are thieves, damned thieves, and lawyers. The average lawyer is trained and skilled to quibble, to evade, to cheat justice by proving his client guilty if innocent and innocent if guilty. As a rule he is on the side of the commissary. He is in it for the fee he can get and the side that offers the highest bid gets him every time. The exceptions are so few that they are not worth noting.

These are the capitalist lawyers the vice-president charged with being loaded with "passion for fairness and justice."

Ask Clarence Darrow what he thinks they are loaded with—and he knows them well—and you will get a different story.

Dispel doubt, banish fear, stand up and be a man!

If you are not class-conscious you can have no conception of the power and possibilities of your class or of your own destiny.

It is not enough to be a socialist in name only; it is necessary to join the party. It is not enough to join the party, it is necessary to be an active worker for the cause and that is the only way to prove one's self a socialist.

ROOSEVELT AND BARNES

William Barnes the republican leader, known as the "New York Boss," and Theodore Roosevelt were once upon a time political cronies. But they fell out, and then, of course, Barnes was a "liar and crook." All men are who have the misfortune to disagree with Roosevelt. He is the pope of political infallibility.

Some time afterward Barnes sued Roosevelt for slander. The trial became notorious and is still remembered. When Barnes heard that Roosevelt had been at dinner with Elihu Root, the man he had charged with having stolen his nomination at the last republican convention, he said:

"In 1912, Mr. Roosevelt said that Mr. Root was the agency through which he was fraudulently deprived of the nomination for the presidency by the republican party. In 1916 he begs the assistance of Mr. Root. 'Thieves, liars, crooks, rascals' of 1912 will all become angels in his mind if they will only be of assistance to his personal ambitions."

Roosevelt, the "political Dr. Cook" is again cheek by jowl with the politicians he denounced in 1912 as "Thieves, Liars, Crooks and Rascals"; he is feted at a billionaire dinner, consorting with those he condemned as criminals, and performing any and every kind of a stunt that may help him to the nomination of the party he repudiated as foul and a stench in the nostrils of honest men when it turned him down four years ago.

If industrial freedom is ever achieved it will only be through efficient, class-conscious, economic and political organization.

Karl Liebknecht is taking a hero's part in standing for internationalism, for real socialism, and the future will vindicate and crown him.

THE CHASE AFTER VILLA

There is not a doubt that the chase after Villa is the prelude to the invasion of Mexico if Wall street is allowed to play out its hand. The attack on Columbus was made for that specific purpose and no other. A horrible cry was raised when a few people were killed there, but the same press that was so outraged and flew into a spasm of patriotic rage when the raid was made on Columbus had not a word to say when Rockefeller's cossacks murdered women and children in cold blood at Ludlow.

Villa was simply the tool in this villainous affair. For a price, no doubt, he acted his part, sprung the trap, and then fell back into Mexico, knowing, as his capitalists instigators and backers knew, that he would be followed there by the United States army.

Who is behind Villa and Felix Diaz? Answer this question and the plot is bared. The arch-criminals in the case are the capitalists, promoters and other thieves who have stolen valuable properties in Mexico and want the United States flag raised above their booty to protect it against the people from whom it was stolen.

William Randolph Hearst could throw some light upon this subject and so could Rockefeller and Morgan and certain eminent representatives of the Roman hierarchy.

Here is a conspiracy that cries aloud for investigation. Let the searchlight be turned in the right direction and it will not be necessary to pursue Villa, a lone bandit, with an entire army.

But it WILL be necessary, if justice be done, to make some connection between hemp and broadcloth, and broadcloth will go up higher than the cost of living.

Instead of invading Mexico and adding to the misery of an already enslaved and suffering people let us invade the lairs of the pirates in the financial centers and their clerical allies and bring them to swift justice for their crimes.

DISMISSING INDICTED TRUST MAGNATES

It was startling news that flashed over the wires out of Youngstown, Ohio, a few weeks ago, announcing that Elbert H. Gary, head of the steel trust and the high officials of five other steel companies had been indicted by a grand jury for violating the anti-trust law and for other civil and criminal offenses.

The indictment followed closely upon the heels of the strike of the steel workers and the riot which attended it and the conflagration which followed, resulting in the loss of several lives and in the destruction of over a million dollars worth of property. It was reported that the grand jury had probed deeply into the cause of the fearful disaster and had found, as the United States committee on Industrial Relations had found before them, that the steel kings, and their menials had instigated and were actually responsible for the conditions which drove the impoverished and half-starved slaves of the mills to desperation and resulted in the rioting and killing and burning which followed.

There is not a shadow of doubt that the plutocratic owners of the mills are absolutely guilty of these crimes. The U. S. committee on industrial relations proved it beyond question after a thorough investigation while the ruins were still smoking.

But these gentlemen are high and mighty, far above the law, and there was no surprise when the same press dispatches announced a few days ago that a federal judge, W. S. Anderson by name, "granted the motion of the lawyers of the defendants to quash the indictments."

It would have really been something of a miracle if it had turned out otherwise.

In the present system based upon class rule it is the Garys who put the Andersons on the bench and of course it is not expected that the Andersons will reciprocate by putting the Garys in jail.

It is a safe million to one wager that if the indicted had been labor leaders instead of trust magnates Judge Anderson would have held the indictment good and prosecuted them relentlessly until they were landed behind the bars.

In the dismissal of the indictment against the criminal steel magnates we can see clearly, if not totally blind, why Wall street and its puppets in the senate are fighting tooth and nail to keep Louis Brandeis off the supreme bench.

The Rockefeller union out in Colorado is covered with scabs and a quarantine has been declared against it by the labor movement.

ROBBING LABOR OF ITS FRANCHISE

Ever conceivable way of heading off the socialist movement has been tried and failed and now it is proposed to disfranchise the workingmen politically, strip them of the ballot, and by that means keep them in slavery. It is for this very purpose that a special session of the legislature was convened in Oklahoma, and amidst scenes of thuggery and disgraceful violence, the notorious registration law, ostensibly designed to "purify and protect the ballot" but in fact to disfranchise the poor, white as well as black, was placed upon the statute books. It is by such infamous and desperate means that socialism is being resisted by the political henchmen of capitalism who cannot meet its argument and who dare not face it in open fight.

The "literacy test" is next to be invoked to shut out the "ignorant" who of course are without exception in the working class, and under pretense of having "intelligence rule" the ballot is to be taken out of the hands of the workers so that elections may be controlled entirely by their masters. The elections might as well be done away with entirely, if this program is allowed to be carried out, and the government in perpetuity turned over to the master class.

Mr. Workingman, what do you think of a system that robs a man of what he produces and thereby keeps him in poverty and ignorance, and then penalizes his misfortune, punishes him for being ignorant, by robbing him of his ballot, depriving him of his citizenship, and reducing him to a beast of burden?

This is capitalism, the thing the republican and democratic parties both stand for and the thing workingmen endorse and perpetuate when they vote the ticket of either of those parties.

The workingman who votes a capitalist ticket votes to have himself robbed of the product of his labor and then robbed of his ballot for having allowed himself to be robbed of what his labor produced.

Current Problems—Socialism, Etc.

6. Usury and Exchange

By Walter Thomas Mills

Author of "The Struggle For Existence" and
"Democracy or Despotism."

In all exchanges between producers there are two kinds of payments; the immediate payment and the deferred payment.

In the olden time when all purchases were for personal use, the making of extra charges, because the payment was deferred, was forbidden.

* * *

Payments may be deferred for several reasons. It may be that sales have been made and the goods are in transit. In that case, payment must be deferred until the delivery is finally made. If, in the meantime, the producer of the goods wishes to make purchases, he may do so, asking for the postponement of his payment until returns have been realized on his own products. Again, payments may be deferred because the would-be purchaser is in distress and without visible means of making payment may seek relief hoping to be able to do in the future what he is not at all able to do at once.

Again, loans are made for the purchase of farms, machinery, stock, equipment. In such case, payments are deferred until the rents, earnings or products resulting from the use of the thing so purchased shall be sufficient to make re-payment.

There is still another class of loans which are purely speculative in their character. Credit is not sought in order to facilitate exchanges or to increase one's productive ability, but purely for the purpose of purchasing stocks and goods in the market in order through the power of temporary ownership to profit by an advance in prices.

* * *

In all these instances interest payments are required. As the hazard is great, the rate is high. As the hazard disappears, the rates fall.

Interest charges have ceased to be payment for personal accommodations as in the olden time, and have really become a share in the profits guaranteed in advance.

Interest is not a payment for the use of money, but for the use of credit. In the ordinary daily transactions, interest is paid on some fifteen dollars which do not exist at all for every dollar in existence. But interest charges on long time loans mount up to enormous figures with but little regard to the actual money concerned in such transactions.

* * *

It is the function of the Bank to gather together in a single place

the collective credit of the community. It is true that the Bank borrows money from its depositors and loans money to its customers. But the volume of business actually transacted is very many times over and over again the amount of cash actually handled.

The Bank is all the time loaning money, but the amount of money in the bank tends all the time to increase rather than diminish on that account.

Cash is only the small change of modern business. Nearly all transactions of importance are carried on by an exchange of bank checks between the banks. The depositor deposits the check

service rendered. The services of the bank are indispensable. The advantages of advanced payments to the borrower, which is the same thing as deferred payments to the creditor, are of the very greatest advantage. The only complaint is that the credit loaned is the collective credit of the whole community, not the private credit of the Bankers.

The persons employed in the management and control of the public credit through private banking institutions are paid regular salaries for their services. The men in control are amply paid; the clerks, collectors and accountants are among the worst exploited of the workers. They are not even permitted to marry unless their income is well above their average wages. Their hours are long and their responsibilities are great. Their wages considerably less than the wages which usually prevail in the skilled trades.

It has been estimated that one half of one per cent more

ing farms, for building homes, and for carrying necessary accounts arising out of short time advances based on goods in transit.

The funds made available by such deposits are enormously increased by the government but with the joint responsibility of all the people in all these groups.

* * *

Any one can join a local group on the payment of twelve dollars and fifty cents and any one can borrow money through the majority vote of his own associates in his own group. But, every member of the group becomes jointly responsible for the repayment of the loan to the total amount of all his property. That is certainly an instance of majority rule with definite responsibilities.

Under this arrangement, there are no charges whatever for sending money from one point to another; any one being able to make a payment anywhere in Germany by notifying his own Bank to make the payment and charge the same to his own account, and the payment is immediately made through the bank and the customer is not required to pay anything for the service, not even postage!

If funds are in abundance in one portion of the Empire, and there is a scarcity in another portion of the Empire, the Government transfers funds to the places where they are needed most, but to be loaned only after the manner above described.

* * *

Compare this with the banking systems of all other countries, and especially our own!

Here, one may deposit money in the Postal Bank, but he cannot check against it. The individual depositors cannot take advantage of the credit which their collective deposits have created. The Government does not even use these deposits, but turns them over to private banking companies where the greatest loans made with the highest rates of interest paid are to finance the very undertaking whose existence is an injury to Society.

Credit which ought to be made available for moving crops, building homes, improving farms, etc., is withheld from these necessary services to finance gambling undertakings, to the injury of the farmers, producers and home-builders. In our Banks men borrow money for purposes which the depositors would never approve, and the managers lend money, not their own, and for purposes quite apart from the common good.

* * *

Three-fourths of all the farmers in West Australia were financed by the State in making their beginnings. And during twenty-five years of actual experience with the Farmers' Bank, not one farmer has been evicted, not one farmer has lost his investment and not one penny has ever been lost in bad accounts, by the Farmers' Bank.

A national movement to provide the opportunity for every citizen to deposit his savings with the Government direct; to transfer accounts under a checking system, and to negotiate loans based upon growing crops, on rents and on goods in transit, with a joint responsibility by the borrowers, and interest rates cut to the actual cost of the service rendered and of losses incurred would make an end of usury, and an end of exploitation through interest payments.

Any movement in that direction is fundamental, is revolutionary, inasmuch as it would transfer at once the whole field of credit from the control of the gambler and the monopolist to the advantage and to the control of the useful citizens.

The next article in this series will consider the "Monopolist and His Profits."

When Morgan Pulls the String

By the Rip-Saw Poet

*The editors know just what to write,
When Morgan pulls the string;
The preachers can "discern the light,"
When Morgan pulls the string;
The congressmen know how to vote,
The "diplomat" how to frame his "note"—
They all know how to get our goat,
When Morgan pulls the string.*

*The Devil utters a dismal groan,
When Morgan pulls the string;
(He's darned afraid he'll lose his throne,
When Morgan pulls the string);
Praise him ye sufferers below!
For him all earthly blessings flow!
We'll follow the flag, to hell we'll go,
When Morgan pulls the string!*

of one bank and makes his current payments by checks against his own bank on account of these checks of other banks previously deposited by him. Besides, he may negotiate a loan and draw his checks with the consent of his banker against his own promissory note which does not represent his ability to produce money if required, but is itself evidence that he did not have the money.

* * *

It is quite likely that the interest payments in the United States alone amount each year to some five or six billions of dollars. This is the lowest figure, not the highest one.

It will be seen from the above that interest payments are made in modern business for actual

than pays all salaries, expenditures, and losses in all necessary transactions where bank credits are involved. All charges in excess of this are purely monopoly charges and ought to be abolished.

* * *

The most marked difference between the Central Powers of Europe and the balance of the world is found in the financial systems of these countries. For instance, in Germany, ninety-eight per cent of the savings of the people are directly deposited with the government, and through a system of local self-management by small groups of people of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred in a group, loans are made directly for creating productive equipments, for improv-



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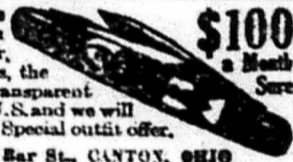
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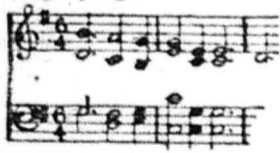
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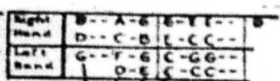


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WAITING

By Kate Richards O'Hare

"Damn it, Shirley, I don't get you on this thing at all. You are the only official of the company that won't attend the Business Men's Training Camp. I don't say you're not patriotic or don't know what your refusal to attend will do to the employees and I know that you know that from a business standpoint we can't let up for a second our hammering on 'Preparedness.' There has been such a hell of a lot of slush about the horrors of war and the beauties of peace that the working people are getting batty on the subject."

"Perhaps there is method in their madness. They may really desire a whole carcass for themselves in preference to large profits for us."

"That's the point exactly! Unless we do something to stimulate their patriotism and love of country, their damned selfish desire to keep their precious skins whole, will knock the bottom out of the armament business and we won't have any profits at the end of the year."

"That is quite possible."

"Then why sit and wait for such a state of affairs? Let's get busy! There is nothing like brass buttons, khaki, bugle calls and sky-larking camp life to knock the nonsense of peace out of men's heads and fire their sluggish blood with patriotism. If we employers don't show a proper spirit, how in hell do you expect the men to come across?"

"Barton, Holmes and Kane can keep things going at the works for two weeks (they are all well past fifty and can't be expected to do military service) you and I, Keen, Brown, Drake, McDonald and Meyer are younger and we will have to do the heroic."

"I am sorry, Nixon, but you will have to leave me out. I can't bring myself to be a decoy duck to lure men to slaughter."

"Hell! I am not talking about slaughter. You don't think for a moment that I am going to run any risks of getting my carcass shot full of holes do you? Not much! but for business reasons we must down this 'Peace' rot and keep 'Preparedness' always to the fore."

It was Saturday afternoon in the office of the great Riverside Steel Company's plant. The office force had left to enjoy their half-holiday and only the managers and department heads remained. The three older men, too old for military service smoked, peacefully tilted back in their chairs and the younger men prowled about the office or perched on desk and table tops according to their temperaments. John Nixon the General Manager stood belliger-

ently before Charles Shirley, the Secretary-Treasurer of the company, and spat out his arguments with all the irritation of a man who is in the habit of giving orders and not advancing arguments. Shirley, always reserved and quite, sat rather tensely in his chair with a strained look about his mouth and the attitude of being brought to bay in his whole bearing. Slowly Shirley turned to the General-Manager.

"Nixon, I will not attend the Training Camp, and I will not raise my voice in the damned cry of greed, 'Preparedness'; the rest of you can do as you like, but I stick right here at my desk. It is hell enough for me to see our whole plant turned into a cannon factory. I can't stop that, but I balk when you demand that I lure men out to be shot with our cannons."

"You won't attend the Training Camp? Do you mind telling us why?"

"Yes, I do mind, but no doubt you have a right to know. I won't attend because I don't need the training. I served three years in the Phillipines and I got all the military training there, I will ever need in my business."

An exclamation of surprise burst from the men and they shouted—

"What! You served in the Phillipines? You never told us!"

"No, I never told you; I am not proud of it. I never talk of that part of my life because I don't like to think of it, and I have spent all the time since trying to forget it. I suppose I will have to drag those bitter days out and parade them before you in order to make you understand why I won't prance about before our employees in Khaki and brass, as an example of the glories of war."

"Nixon, there are worse things than having your carcass shot full of holes! I have seen plenty of punctured carcasses and they died rather easy, the misery is soon over, but there are other things that are worse and last longer. There are brains shot full of venom, hate and madness and souls riddled with beastility and vice and rotten with moral gangrene. These are the by-products of war that poets and historians always overlook. Then there is the tender object of our tender, chivalrous solicitude—the women. Strange is it not, that we must establish Training Camps to train the men to die gloriously in a moment and we never dream of Training Schools to teach the women how to live bravely through long years of grilling, grinding, sordid hellishness? A coward can die and end his misery, but it takes sublime heroism to live and bear it. There is a private

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drawer in the vault that belongs to me. I hoped that I had buried there that part of my past that I loathe, but it seems that the bones can rot in decency. I must drag them out and dangle them before your eyes."

Slowly Shirley arose and passed into the great safety vault. In a moment he returned with a tin box which he opened and lifted out a bundle of neatly folded newspaper clippings.

"It is all there, gentlemen, read it if you like. 'Cuba Libre', 'The Poor Downtrodden Cubans', 'Spanish Tyranny', 'The Sinking of The Maine', 'Call for Volunteers', 'Flag Raisings', 'Bugle Calls', 'Patriotism'. Here is one from our little home paper down in West Virginia, it tells about the enlistment of our company. Another, 'Company M leaves for the Front'. H-m-m 'Mothers' 'Sweethearts', 'Heroes'. Here is some stuff about 'Chickamauga', 'Mare Island', 'The Phillipines'—it is all rather musty history now, but it was mighty live and vital then. Better read it for yourselves, you are all younger than I and possibly your memory of the Spanish-American War may be a little hazy."

At the bottom of the box lay a letter of many closely written pages, yellowed with age and stained with ugly brown spots. Reverently Shirley smoothed out the pages and looking at the men he said:

"Gentlemen, this is not my letter, I don't know who wrote it. I have tried for years to find the writer and return it, but so far I have failed. One feels like a skate reading a woman's letter that was not written to him, but I am going to read it to you for it tells the woman's side of war and that no man can do. Since I am opening graves and hauling out skeletons I suppose I had just as well do a clean job and tell you how I came to have a letter that does not belong to me.

"A little group of us were sitting on the veranda of the Officers' Mess in Manila one sultry night, almost fifteen years ago. The mail ship had come in the day before and the letters from home had roused the demon of homesickness and we were lonely and blue as hell. In spite of each of us being so busy nursing our own pet grouch, we couldn't help feeling uneasy about the Captain. I had handed him his mail from the States and in it I had noticed a letter whose handwriting was familiar. Every mail ship from home for two years had brought a letter in that same handwriting and I knew it was from a woman, for only women are capable of such patience and loyalty. I was so busy devouring my own letters that I did not notice until I heard a cry that was half a groan and half a curse and expressed the bitterness of a damned soul. The words of sympathy I would have spoken were frozen

in my throat by the look on his face and I knew whatever wound the letter had contained was not a thing that could be discussed or for which sympathy would be possible. I went back to my letters and left the Captain alone with his tragedy for there are some hurts of heart and soul so deadly that they must be borne alone. In a short time the Captain closed his desk and went to his quarters, and for more than twenty-four hours we had not seen him or dared to inquire.

"We could see his bungalow from where we sat and in spite of the sultry heat the lights were burning in the study and now and then we could see his shadow cross the open window. Suddenly a shot rang out, then a woman's terror-stricken scream and in an instant we were running headlong towards the Captain's bungalow. I was in the lead and as I rushed into the room I saw the Captain with a bullet wound in his temple from which the blood trickled down over the white nightdress of his native wife, who sat on the floor with his head held tight against her breast. Near her on the floor lay their three-months-old baby where the mother had dropped it in her fright.

"I don't suppose you care for the gruesome details and I don't care to rehash them, but as I led the blood-soaked, hysterical woman over to the native quarters where I could turn her over to some of her relatives, she kept sobbing and babbling that 'it was the letter, the letter that had come in the great ship from across the sea that had made him mad with grief and made him do such a frightful thing.' I knew she was right for when we lifted the Captain's body to the stretcher I found the letter, and knowing that whatever it contained was not for prying eyes and clacking tongues I slipped it into my pocket. I thought I could return it to the woman who wrote it, but I have never been able to find her. There it is, gentlemen, and I think I will read it to you; it may help you to get my attitude towards war." Slowly Shirley read the letter.

New York, Sept. 14, 1901.

My Own Dear Love:

I am writing you tonight to fulfill a strange request and I do not know whether that request is the last thrust of a woman's jealousy from beyond the grave, or the rarest thing in life—a mother's pardon to the woman who won her son's love. Let us hope that it is the latter, and that the poets have all been wrong who pictured death as a dark and icy river that lies in the "Valley and Shadow." It is sweeter far for me to think that death is a mountain top, free from the mists and chilling blasts of life, warmed by the sunshine of perfect love and from whose lofty summit one may look back at life and know all things. And is not an old French proverb that says "knowing all we forgive all" perhaps your mother from that mountain top of clearer vision may know the sorrow and the heartaches, the long, lonely years of waiting that have been our portion and her last request may come to us a benediction. From the lips now closed in death has come to me the task of giving you the saddest message a man can ever hear—your mother is dead.

"I know that there are times in life when human words are more than useless and tonight I feel how helpless I am to speak to the man I love, any word that may make his sorrow lighter. Words are only a part of our veneer of

civilization and when a crushing sorrow comes, we revert back to the primitive and while the touch of flesh to flesh and lip to lip might bring comfort to a degree, thousands of miles of land and sea are between us and nothing is left to me but words."

"When I reached home tonight I found a telegram that not only told me of your mother's death, but also that her last request was that no cable should be sent you and that I should tell you of your loss, then come and see her laid to rest beside the dust of her fathers.

"I have hurriedly arranged my affairs and at midnight I will leave for my first visit to our birthplace in twenty years. The intervening hours I will spend as I have spent so many, many lonely ones—writing you. What a sinister trick of fate that I should make alone, to see your mother laid to rest, the journey that for twenty years we have dreamed should be our bridal trip together. Once more I'll

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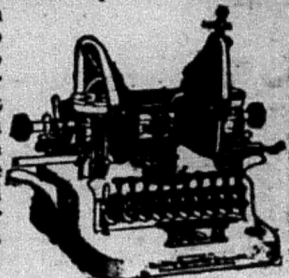
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trace of Dixie's breast the jagged scars of war. War fathered by a master class conceived in the womb of greed and born to maim and slay and ruin, that from a soil enriched by blood a greater harvest of riches might be garnered into the purses of the capitalists. True almost forty years have passed since the last gun was fired, but the grim trail of devastation can be plainly traced to-day, and though kind nature has tried to hide away the scars, tragedy is still there. Again I will see our ancestral homes, the mansions of our forefathers; yours is now a cotton warehouse and mine a livery stable. I will walk again the rambling streets of our little city and in the sagging rooftrees, broken fences, gullied yards and ravaged fields I will read the bitter fate War brought to Dixie. In the tired hopeless faces of the women, in the worn stoop of the men and in the shambling illiteracy of the children I will see the blight

and decay with which War wrought poverty blasts the souls of men. Alone—without your loved presence, or the sustaining arm of a single kinsman—I will sit in the shabby, shell-marked church and listen to a weary, poverty crushed minister mouth cant phrases that he calls "religious consolation." In a shackley, decrepit chaise drawn by the scrubby progeny of gloriously bred horses we will welter through the dust, up the long hill to the briar grown burial ground of our fathers, where we will lay the dust of your mother to rest, close to the brooding heart of Dixie.

"Your mother! Ah, God! what a marvelous woman she was. Created of that fine material from which aristocrats are made, tempered in the flames of war, beaten on the anvil of life she was fine and keen and strong as a Damascus blade. My mind goes back tonight to our mothers. They were the products of an exotic civilization, cradled in the fairest land on earth, slave labor made their fathers rich and slave labor wrapped them about with ease, beauty and culture, but left them so tragically unfitted to meet the grind of poverty and sordid care War left in its wake. Clear and vivid is my memory of our mothers, but our fathers have always been to us only a myth-glorified heroes, who lived in another world, who died as heroes die and who had no part in the sordid things with which our lives have been cursed. We know that our fathers were gay young knights of the "Lost Cause" who came between battles to woo, who wed, then kissed their brides and rode away in answer to the bugle's call. We know that they sleep somewhere in Dixie in unknown graves, but we never looked upon their faces and they never knew that they left two lives behind for fate to play with.

"Strange creatures are we, the fruits of an exalted passion, conceived in an hour's lull of battle, nurtured in suspense and agony, fatherless in our mother's wombs, born midst the crash of a falling civilization, the humiliation of defeat our birthright and War made poverty our aristocratic portion. The formative period of our youth was passed in that dark nightmare of our nation's life we call "Reconstruction." Our mothers endured its horrors, each according to her nature. Your mother was a Damascus blade, but mine was a fragile lily. Your mother bent and swayed to the fierce onslaughts of life, but resilient stood erect each time and never lost her wondrous strength and temper. My mother shriveled like a frosted flower, died of a broken heart and crept away to the grave to hide from the hell War brought her.

"The memory of my childhood seems an indistinct blur of swiftly moving events, each harsher than the other. I suppose life holds no harder lot than to be an aristocrat reduced to poverty. Then youth came, that wondrous time when hope and faith and love can lift us above the sordid, grubbing things of life and all that is harsh and ugly are hidden by young love's first passion. Perhaps we lived and loved and had joy enough in those few weeks when the secret of our love, was ours alone, to fill the measure of happiness that each life can hold and the bleak years that have followed is but the common lot. Long years have passed them, but the smell of jessamine always brings back to me the sickening fear and dread of that night when your mother guessed our secret and called us to account. Dear Love, I can see you yet as you looked that night—so tall and strong and fearless as you gloried in our love and boasted of the wonderful things that you would win from life for the woman you loved. I remember how passionately I pleaded that you and your love was all I asked of life and if I might have them, I would face poverty and toil unflinching.

"Ah! then Dear Heart, we found the temper of the Damascus blade, for relentless as fate and sure as the surgeon's knife it carved our future

for us. With faultless logic and irresistible force, your mother stripped our love of all its glamor and showed us life in all its sordid, hopeless ugliness. She pointed out our devastated lands, our wrecked fortunes, our grinding poverty and our absolute unfitness to grapple with mean and petty struggles that must beset us. She told me that love's young dream would not survive a slattern wife, an ill-kept house and brawling children and that these were all that I could offer you. To you she showed the women with life and health and happiness dragged out in poverty and want, unaccustomed to labor and child-bearing, and demanded to know if you were willing to condemn me to such a fate. With well chosen words she quickened into life my woman's power to sacrifice and fired your ambition.

"Youth's dream was gone, but the stern realities of life remained. Through family influence and a few flattering attentions paid a vulgar "carpetbagger" your mother secured an appointment to West Point for you. I wonder if in all these years you have ever realized how bitter was the price she paid for your opportunity? I suppose not, for that, only a woman can understand. You entered West Point, I did the only thing a Southern girl could do and not lose caste completely. I went to New York and entered the Training School for Nurses.

"Of the four years of my apprenticeship I can not write even to you and at this late date Dear Heart. There are some things too bitter for human words, and too exclusively a woman's lot for any man to comprehend. Suffice to say it was four years of body, brain and soul-racking toil, encompassed on every side by crime, misery, vice, disease and death. Four years of homesickness and loneliness when every fibre of my being cried out for love and companionship and every man I came in contact with felt that I was lawful prey because I was a homeless girl working for my living. I know you will say "you never told me," and that is true. There are some things a woman can not tell a man, no matter how much she loves him; then the short hours that you could spend with me, "on leave", were too precious to be spent in with heartaches; we needed them all to plan our future.

"At last the long, long years were done and we had our perfect day—your graduation. How vividly it all comes back to me. The "day of leave" grudgingly granted by the hospital; the joy with which I laid aside my uniform and wore again the garments of joy and girlhood; the midnight trip across the ferry; the twinkling lights of the city left behind; the rosy dawn behind the Pallisades; sunrise on the Hudson. Vividly again I see the tiny gray stone station; your eager face; the love light in your eyes; the joy of long deferred hope almost realized. Back over all the lonely years the searchlight of my memory flashes and each hour of that perfect day stands out in clear relief. Guard Mount, Dress Parade, the Graduation Exercises, the Hop and last, and sweetest far of all, that wondrous moonlight stroll down Flirtation Walk. O God! How merciful that youth can not know that the dreams we dream and the plans we plan may never live in substance. We dreamed of the beautiful home I would make for you in that far away frontier post where you were to be stationed. How lovingly you reminded me that the years of training would fit me to nurse our babies. But the longest day must close and the sweetest dream end in awakening, and before the next day dawned I had crept back to my iron cot in the Training Home, donned my uniform and replaced fond dreams with labor.

"The following five years of life now seems to me a tangled memory of fearful loneliness, lighted now and then by a glow of hope only to be extinguished in the blackness of despair. The pay of an army officer is pitifully small and when we found that your



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See again how you can read the finest print in your bible, or see clear across to the horizon as clear as you did in your young days. I don't want you to try them just for one night. Try them out for fully ten days—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—and three days more. Not one day; not a whole week, but a week and a half. Wear them around the house, see how easily you will be able to see to file your saw, or out of doors, at church and meeting, out hunting, and everywhere else you go. Try them faithfully. Test them at my cost and expense. Let me send you a pair of these Gold-filled Perfect Vision Spectacles now being worn and used by tens of thousands of men and women citizens of the United States.



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mother had lived through all the years of your West Point life on the bounty of a former slave, we postponed our marriage that she might live in a manner more in keeping with her birth and breeding. Don't think, Dear Heart, that I reproach you or have any vain regrets, we could have taken no other course and retained our self-respect. We simply paid the bitter price of poverty, that is all. However, we had youth and health and hope and aside from the gnawing loneliness, I think we were fairly happy. Your furloughs, few and far between fed the hunger of our love and kept our souls from dying.

"Looking back over the past, tonight, I can not honestly say what caused me to make the great change in my life. Perhaps my subconscious mind grasped the hopelessness of our waiting, possibly I was so bitterly lonely that I sought distraction in added work and I may have had some wild hope of adding to my earning power and thereby hastening the day of fulfillment. Whatever the cause, I entered the Medical School and became a physician. Again I walked alone a path that I can not discuss with you in frankness. What a woman endures who steps aside from the woman's accepted station and invades the man's realm no woman can ever express and no man can comprehend. As a nurse I had only the shoddy substitute for love men offered me, to fight, but as a physician I had to fight the deepest, bitterest, most cruel and relentless hate the masculine heart can know—the hatred of a woman who becomes a successful competitor.

"I won! I also paid the price. Alone and unaided, with the prejudice of my sex against me, relentlessly hindered by the men who hated me for my invasion of their realm, I struggled up that slippery, pitfall infested, blood-stained path that leads to success. I am a successful woman now beyond question. My earning capacity supplies me with luxuries far beyond my needs; the magazines hold me up as a glittering example of what a woman may achieve; my male competitors submit with a certain amount of grace when a fractious patient demands that I be called in consultation; the idle rich throng my reception rooms, willing to pour their gold into my purse if only I will save them from the effects of their sins and give them a crop of figs where they have planted thistles; the labor cursed poor seek me in their hour of tribulation. O! I have success, but I have paid for it in blood and brain, in heart and soul, and every step of that upward path has been paved with bits of womanhood I have turned to granite. No woman can walk the road to success in man's domain and not murder the things a woman holds dear and use her very soul for paving stones.

"I am trying to bring this letter to a close, Dear One, but each passing epoch of our lives rises out of the misty past and demands attention. There is a mighty hope welling up within my heart that I shall see you soon and the very dream of it brings back to me the memory of our parting. That parting that not only meant another separation, but the death of my youth. Does a man's youth die I wonder, stricken dead by one stroke of fate? Possibly not, but a woman's does and my youth died down there in the swampy plains of Chickamauga.

"With what cruel pranks fate tricks us! Through heart hunger and love starvation; through loneliness and stress and struggle, my youth and faith in God and man lived, only to be murdered by petty politicians I never laid eyes upon. My love for you made my love for your profession a ruling passion. Strange is it not, that one who had suffered so much from war, should love a soldier and honor his profession? But God knows I did! To me the starry folds and shiny stripes of our national banner was sacred, the sound of martial music set my pulses dancing and the tramp of

marching feet thrilled me to the very core of my being. When war was declared on Spain I responded to the hysteria as violently as any sentimental school girl. I boasted of our national prowess and the vast superiority of our army and navy. When the War Department decided to send women nurses to the front I felt that God had sent the crucible of my training to burn the dross and make me fit to care for our heroic soldiers. I was among the first to tender my services, would gladly have served as scullery servant or scrubwoman and felt such service an honor. When my commission came I dropped the practice that I had built up with bitter struggles and donned my nurse's uniform and thanked God for the privilege of serving my country. Then fate played me another tragic trick, I was sent to Chickamauga. There in that fly-blown, mosquito infested, fever smitten, stupidity and greed-cursed charnel house, my patriotism, my faith in God and man was murdered and my youth was slain. It was not the constant sight of useless suffering that did it, I was injured to that; it was not the shock of death for death and I were old acquaintances; I knew him well and had kept many a midnight vigil with him at my elbow in the hospital, that grim whirlpool of life where the wrecks of humanity eddy and swirl for a time before they are plunged into the dark waters of oblivion. The blow fell when I knew my beloved country was but the counting-room for vulgar traders, who trafficked not only in the peoples bread, but in the very lives of the noble hearted boys who volunteered to offer themselves as targets for foeman's bullets that the life and integrity of the nation might be preserved. My faith in God died when I found all my skill and training set at naught and thousands of lives needlessly sacrificed because of the petty profits made dishonest tradesmen and corrupt politicians on embalmed beef and impotent drugs. My youth died when I knew that my lover was not an honored member of a noble profession, but a legalized murderer, the blinded dupe of sordid, cowardly bankers, merchants and business men who stayed at home to amass profits while they sent other men out to kill and be killed; that wars are not waged for high and noble ends, but without a single exception all wars are for trade and profit mongering.

"The soul-sickening knowledge of these things had just dawned upon me when the order came sending you to the Philippines and I was thankful to have you go before you too, saw war and your relation to it with a clearer vision. I hoped that fate would spare you the bitterness of disillusionment, but I knew from your later letter that you know the truth and that the time has come when we must face the future honestly and with frankness and truth between us.

"After all the long and weary years of waiting, the day of consummation seems near at hand, but will we find it, food for our love-starved bodies and nourishment for our hungry souls, or will it turn to Dead Sea Fruit in our hands? We have waited, more than twenty years for marriage and now it seems within our grasp, yet there are problems that we must face, and face honestly. After the first warm flush of fulfillment can I overcome my repulsion for your profession and become the wife of a soldier, or can you give up your life-long training and at this late date enter another profession? Do you love me well enough to come back and share my earning until you have made a new life for yourself, or have I the courage to share your life in Manila? I am trying to be very frank, Dear Heart, for I feel the need of preparing your mind to meet, not the dream girl of your youth, not the sweetheart of your early manhood, but the life-scarred, soul-weary woman she has come to be. I told you that my youth was dead, buried in the grave of disillusionment and I wonder if a happy marriage is ever possible when the woman has

not youth to give? God give me strength to be honest now, for I am trying to tell you the most bitter truth a woman can ever speak. If you come back to me at once and claim the husk, the germ of life is gone and all that I have to give you is but half a woman. How bitter the irony of fate that I who have done so much for motherhood can never know motherhood for myself; I, who have brought so many children into the world can never give life to one; I, who have placed so many babes to the mother's breast can never know the touch of baby lips upon my own. You and I are the last of our race and we can never have children to bear our name.

"The hours have passed, the time has come when I must go. I have laid bare the innermost secret places of my heart and it must be your lot to bear the burden of decision. If you come back to me you will find me waiting with open arms, if you call me I will follow to the end of the earth, if you want the empty casket from which the jewel is gone, it is yours, if you want your inalienable right to a wife who can bear you children, I gladly give you your freedom. Which shall it be, Love; I am waiting for your answer?

With undying love,

Lucy."

As Shirley quietly folded the letter and laid it back in the box the silence grew oppressive. Finally Meyer could stand it no longer and with a half-strangled sob in his boyish voice, he said:

"Waiting for your answer. God! what a cowardly answer it was!"

Shirley replied:

"Yes, a cowardly answer, but essentially a soldier's. Meet all issues, solve all problems with a bullet through your own brain or some other man's brain and the problems of life are done."

"Third Annual Socialist Encampment of Stevens County, Wash., will be held July 3d, 4th and 5th in Colville, Wash., City Park."—Chas. F. Nelson, Secy., Orin, Wash.

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TOBE SPILKINS

Hiz Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editor: I've bin in the tanglest tangle since I wrote you last that I wuz ever in. Be4 I cood git a wear house tu unload that soft sope, which the kommunitty bought fur campain purposes, the dadgummed rale-rode fellers ordered me tu unlode it at once. They sed they wuz a gittin' tired uv furnishin' wear-houses fur shippers and they wuz ordered by the guvornment tu maik the abuv sed shippers unload so that the cars cood be used fur carryin' frate instid uv storage houses.

That soft sope man aint bin about enny more and neether haz little Strawhed. I'm afrade she haz gone away with him. I kant du bizziness without a stenografer uv sum kind so I had tu hire one temporanously for a while. Mebby little Strawhed will cum bak sune. Az I sed in my uther lettur I'm afrade she iz injoored inturnally in that aksident which wuz cauzed by that dadgasted sope man a settin' down on the box in which she wuz hid.

Well, you ort tu see the stenograferess I've got now; I mean the extemperanous one. She iz the redhededest wooman I ever seen in all my life, and the freckledest one. She iz a little over 6 feet long, a foot wide, and purty neert a half uv a foot thick. I have bin a wantin' uv hur tu git hur picktur tooken; I want one uv 'em tu send tu my wife. I kant think uv annything that wood be more satisfying tu the deer companyun uv my boozum, than a picktur uv this gurl and a note informin' uv hur that she iz my stenograferess. If that ornery Ben wuz az ugly az that I woodent be a wurryin' about him a bit. Az I wuz a sayin' I wood like tu have a fotograff uv this lait reinforcement tu my offis, the abuv sed redheded and freckledy gurl, but the thing uv it iz tu git it. They air not on sail and aint likely tu be. Sum gurls air ugly but don't know it; but this'n duz. She wood shy around a kameray like a aminishun maker wood shy around a rekrootin' offis or a chance tu go tu war. If she ever gits married it will have tu be dun unsight and unseen. I wish I cood git up a korrespondence between hur and that ornery Ben. They might git married by proxy. I wood be willin' tu akt az proxy fur Ben az fur az the surreymony wuz concerned, but no further. I don't think it wood be duin' uv Ben enny harm, az she wood maik him a good husband. I cood git a better lookin' one, but az I am a lookin' fur my wife tu cum in on me most enny day I don't think it iz good politix tu du it. If little Strawhed turns up I'll give hur a vakashun until

family matters air settled down tu a firmer basis, which it will du if I kin git the redheded contingent tu this offis, here-in-before-menshuned, and the afosed ornery Ben tu marry. I'd like tu git even with him enny way and if I kin unload this redheded luminairy, this quintessence uv auburn intensity, this earthly kommit fresh frum Oriental skies, I'll du it and call it even altho Ben haz bin awfull good tu my family.

Jist a few days after I writ you the last lettur I went up tu the White House tu see Woodsaw. He wuz a settin' in hiz offis waitin' fur a note frum Germany. It seems tu me it keeps him bizzy half uv the time a waitin' fur notes frum that old Bill Kizer. Well, that wuz what he wuz a duin, and I cood see at wunce that he wuz a gittin' impashunt. This wuz before he maid that speech in Kongress tellin' uv 'em that he wuzent a goin' tu waist enny more postage stamps a writin' tu old Bill Kizer about hiz you botes. I suppoze you have red this speech; it wuz printed in the papers. Now, Woodsaw haz bin very pashent; he has bin between the fire-wurks on both sides uv the oshen and Teddy Rozenvelt haz bin a punchin' up the fire on this side tu beet the band, and if he had uv had a longer poker he might have sot something afire. Ennyhow, I wuz afrade that Woodsaw, bein' wurked up tu a stait uv frenzy inkompatible with the okkashun, might brake a hame string or a betty-band uv the diplomattick harness, or cut a hole in the main sail uv the old Ship uv Stait. So, az he had sent fur me tu cum up and talk over the matter with him I felt it my dewty tu give him the best advice I had left in the shop. This advice had bin a layin' around looce in my offis fur a good while and wuzent labeled, but I think most uv it cum frum Ike Hawkins.

When I went intu the offis Woodsaw riz and handed me a chare.

"Set down, Tobe," he sed. "I am a goin' over tu Kongress in a few days tu maik a speech and I want you tu go over the matter with me; how iz the soft sope bizziness a gittin' along? Iz there much demand fur it?"

"Well, I should think so," sed I, "I'm a shippin' uv it tu kandy-daits fur Kongressmen and Guv-ernors by the car lode, and Representatives, Sheriffs, and even Dog Pelters air a orderin' uv it by the kase. Say, Woodsaw, that soft sope compound beets ennything I ever seen in all my politikal eggsperience: I put sum uv it on the kat and in less'n 15 minnits she hunted around fur a peece uv paper and when she found a

old envellup she begun stickin' it in the crack uv a box like she wuz a votin', and when she had dun voted she went out and commenced tu ketch mice fur anuther kat that wuz too fat and lazy tu ketch them fur hursel; jist put plenty uv that sope on the wurkin man and he'll vote fur you, and then he'll go and wurk fur sum uther fellers who don't du ennything but hire sumboddy tu blow the whistle uv nites and mornin's."

"I'm glad tu heer it," sed Woodsaw; "the peepel aint a takin' tu this "Preparedness" doktrine like I expeckted them tu. The gun and aminishun makers, the bankers, and all the big bizziness men who paytrioctickally serve the country by sellin' us war supplize told me the peepel wuz jist wild tu git feddy tu fite. I'm a goin' tu write anuther hair raizin' lettur tu that old Bill Kizer and then I'm a goin' down and raize a war-whoop before Kongress and see if I kant pump sum paytriotism intu them old fossils who have punktured their tire;" and Woodsaw got up and walked the floor in hiz rath.

"It aint enny uv my bizziness, Mister Prezident," sed I, "'ceptin' you sent fur me tu talk over the situashun, and I feel it my duty tu du so, but I wood like tu see you a little more kalmer."

"You air rite, Tobe," sed Woodsaw, "but I don't think ennything you can say will change my decishun tu go down and maik that speech tu Kongress. But go ahead; I will listen," and he sot down on a chare in frunt uv me.

"In the furst plaice," sed I, assoomin' uv a wize and serious look, jist like I've seen them aminishun makers du when they talk tu the Prezident, "in the furst plaice, if you go down tu speak tu Kongress you have got tu taik a pozitive stand fur sumpthing."

"That's jist what I'm a goin' tu du," interrupted Woodsaw; "I'm goin' tu put a stop tu that submareen stile uv fightin'."

"Then what?" I asked.

"I've dun writ a note tu Bill Kizer if he don't du what I tell him tu du I'll send that dadgasted Kount Von Durn Stuff home."

"But what if he wood refooze?" I asked.

"Then I'd send DurnStuff home," replied Woodsaw.

"What wood be the rezult uv sich ackshun az that?" I asked.

"That wood maik Gurmany mad and she wood deklare war on us or du sumpthing tu maik us deklare war on hur" sed Woodsaw.

"And who iz tu du the fightin'?" sed I.

"The peepel," answered Woodsaw.

"Who iz the peepel?" I asked.

"The peepel — the peepel — the pee - I - I - I, I'll be hanged if I know; Tobe, who iz the peepel?" and Woodsaw looked kind o' dazed.

"Who du we go tu fur campain funds tu elect prezidents, guvernors, Kongressmen, Senators, and uther officers tu run the government?" I asked, assumin' uv a wize look.

"That's eazy," sed Woodsaw; "we go tu the corporashuns, the big bizziness men, the aminishun makers."

"Then they run the government, fur they elect the men they want tu offis; izn't that troo?" I asked.

"I gess that's about rite," sed Woodsaw.

"Then, if this iz a government uv the peepel they air the peepel," sed I.

"You air a-forcin' uv the trooth down my throte and it iz a chokin' uv me," gasped Woodsaw.

"Well, I kant tell a lie, Woodsaw, I kant tell a lie—tu you."

"Thanks," he sed az he unchoked hizself a little.

"Now," sed I. "We proved that the abuv menshuned fellers air the peepel, and you say that the peepel will du the fightin', du you think the afosed will fite?"

"I don't think so," sed Woodsaw, a bitin' uv hiz thum nale and lookin' kind o' foolish; "them aminishun makers and big bizziness men aint never broke enny uv their neks a tryin' tu git tu the frunt."

"No, they aint bilt that way," sez I, "you know how hard we tried to organize that regiment uv Smooth Riders, and they put me in jail fur a tryin' tu git them tu enlist. Now since the abuv sed peepel wont fight fur their property and their country who air you agoin' tu git tu du the fightin'?"

"Ain't they anuther kind uv peepel?" asked Woodsaw.

"I jumped tu my feet and grabbed old Woodsaw by the hand.

"They shore iz," eggsklaimed I, "and now we air a gittin' tu the milk in the koky nutt; they air the peepel who du purty neert all the wurk. But they don't want tu fite either; they have bin a reedin' uv the war news in Yurrop and they aint a hankerin' after that kind uv fightin'. They ain't enlistin' tu du enny good. I've bin a talkin' with sum uv them and they purty neert all say they won't fite. I asked them if they wanted tu be kowards? One feller sed he wood rather be a live koward than a ded lion. Things haz changed mightily since ten years ago when I used tu run fur Sheruff bak home."

"But we kin maik 'em enlist, Tobe; we kin konskript 'em," sed Woodsaw.

"Kin we konskript the uther fellers too? I meen the big bizziness fellers?" sed I.

"I don't think they wood stand fur it," sed Woodsaw; "you see they have large interests and lots uv property and when war iz a goin' on iz the bes time fur them tu maik munny. They coodent afford tu levee all this, all they have, and go and fite."

Send Gene Debs To Congress

We want you to read Comrade Noble C. Wilson's letter to the RIP-SAW readers, which is printed on this page, then pull off your coat and go to work to help elect Comrade Gene Debs to Congress

325 Rose Dispensary Bldg.
Terre Haute, Ind., May 15th.

To THE RIP-SAW READERS:

The nomination of Eugene V. Debs for Representative in Congress for the 5th District of Indiana was equal to the explosion of a bomb shell in the Capitalistic camps of the district. Everybody here loves Gene. The labor organizations and the ministerial lines are extending every consideration to us. We have planned what we believe to be a winning campaign.

With three tickets in the field 20,000 votes will elect Gene Debs!

THERE ARE IN THE FIFTH DISTRICT:

24,000 farmers,
10,000 coal miners, (all U. M. W. A.)
4,000 Italians,
3,500 Germans.

Two counties (Hendricks and Putnam) are Quaker settlements.

Many other foreign speaking groups, Finnish, French, Slavish.

WHAT WE HAVE PLANNED TO DO

Our farmer comrades are arranging to carry the campaign into every school district. We have the names and addresses of every farmer in the district and expect to send literature to every one.

Our miner comrades will organize to reach every one of their fellow-workers with organizers, speakers and literature.

We have several Italian Socialist branches already organized to reach this section with speakers and Italian literature.

The German Socialist Branch at Terre Haute has now 55 members and interest in that direction is growing with leaps and bounds.

We have many branches of the Socialist Party organized among the other foreign speaking citizens, all of which are ready to carry on the work.

We have heretofore neglected the Quakers, who are all opposed to war and preparedness and cannot consistently vote for any other political party but the Socialist.

Our district campaign committee is well established with strong representatives from each of the six counties. Auxiliary Committees composed of comrades from the various Trade Union organizations, the farmers, the Italians, the Germans, the other foreign speaking nationalities, will each co-operate with the district organization, each committee taking charge of its own department.

WHAT WE NEED MONEY FOR

We thus have a perfect skeleton organization already perfected and we estimate that we will need the following funds:

About \$1700.00 to send 7c worth of literature to each farmer.
About \$2000.00 to keep six competent farmer organizers continuously at work, one in each county, for the school house campaign.
\$500.00 will cover the cost of literature for the miners and we will keep good speakers and organizers among them to the last hour of the campaign.
About \$500.00 will cover the expenses of the Italian organizers and special Italian literature. An equal sum will cover the expenses for the educational work among the Germans. We also estimate that we should have a thousand dollars for printing and postage on general campaign literature, an equal sum for the traveling expenses of the speakers and billing the 700 campaign meetings we have planned, and the district organization will need not less than \$1000.00 for the purely administrative work in handling this big campaign, including the direction of dozens of speakers and organizers, the hundreds of school house meetings and the campaign in the small towns. In other words, to finance a winning campaign will take not less than \$6000.00.

These funds we ask the comrades of America to help us to raise. We are all ready for action. Every comrade in the district is pledged to contribute to the limit of his time and means. We are going about this work in a systematic manner and the campaign will be just as large and successful as you help us to make it.

From every corner of the country and from Canada and Mexico come letters with moral and financial support. Everybody wants to help and we feel sure from the present outlook that we can roll up the 20,000 votes that will elect Comrade Eugene V. Debs to the Congress of the United States next November.

Fraternally yours,

THE DEBS' CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE,
NOBLE C. WILSON, Sec'y.

All Together To Send Gene Debs To Congress.

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, PONTIAC BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

How to Help

By making a direct financial contribution to the Debs Campaign Committee.

By sending in a club of RIP SAW subscribers during the month of June, mentioning "for the benefit of the Debs campaign."

For every club of four subscriptions and \$1.00 the RIP-SAW will pass 10c to the Debs campaign fund.

For every club of eight subscriptions and \$2.00 the RIP-SAW will pass 30c to the Debs campaign fund.

For every club of twenty subscriptions and \$5.00 the RIP-SAW will pass one dollar to the Debs campaign fund.

Or, send us any sum you desire as your contribution to help elect Comrade Debs and mention that it is to be used to send the RIP-SAW to Indiana farmers and for every dollar which you send eight names will be placed on the RIP-SAW mailing list and the RIP-SAW will be sent to them for six months (the entire campaign).

Or, gather up all of the unused RIP-SAW subscription cards that you can and send the cards to us and we will put two Indiana voters on the list for six months each for each yearly card you return.

Free Books to Subscription Getters

If you have already made a contribution for the Debs campaign and desire the RIP-SAW to send you books and pamphlets as a premium for your sending in a list of subscribers or an order for subscription cards during the month of June you may make your selection from our list of forty-one Socialist books and pamphlets printed on page 14 of this issue of the RIP-SAW.

With a club of four subscribers (\$1.00) select books to the retail value of.....\$0.25

With a club of eight subscribers (\$2.00) select books to the retail value of.....\$0.60

With a club of twelve subscribers (\$3.00) select books to the retail value of.....\$1.00

With a club of sixteen subscribers (\$4.00) select books to the retail value of.....\$1.25

With a club of twenty subscribers (\$5.00) select books to the retail value of.....\$2.00

You may order yearly subscription cards at 25c each to fill out your clubs.

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By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 403 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 12 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.



To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and address plainly. (We earnestly advise every reader who wishes to stop a dear one's drinking to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one. You can either use the coupon below or write her a letter just as you prefer.)

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON 403 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y. Dear Madam: Please tell me how you stopped your husband from drinking. I am personally interested in one who drinks. Name..... Street Address..... City and State.....

"That's jist the way the wurkin' man feels about it," sed I; "hiz wages iz all he's got tu support hiz family. Or, if he haz a little bizzness it iz all he's got; he kant afford to leeve it and hiz home enny more than the uther kind uv peepke kin. The wurkin' peepke think that the feller who haz the most property ort tu du the most fightin' tu protekt it, and it looks like they air purty neert rite about it. If you don't du a little az they want you tu they wdn't vote fur you, Woodsaw, and you kant be 2 prezidents. Then, agin, if you don't du az the Big Bizzness fellers want you tu they won't furnish the campain funds and you kant be 2 prezidents?"

Woodsaw put hiz elbows on hiz kneeze and leened forward putting hiz face between hiz hands. He remaned that way several minits, moanin' a little okkashunally. Purty soon he raized hiz hed; there wuz teers in hiz ize; he looked pitiful; I wuz sorry fur him. He dident speek fur about a minnit, then he sed:

"Tobe!"

"What iz it, Woodsaw?" I sed, az soothin'ly az I cood.

"Kant we put sum uv that soft sope on 'em?"

Hiz interroggtory went throo me like a shok uv elektricity. I had furgot all about the soft sope. I jumped clean akross the room and bak agin at one jump. I lit in frunt uv Woodsaw and we clasped our arms around each uther and mingled our teers uv joy together. Uv korse the sope wood du; it wood du ennything endurin' uv the kampain. It wood maik the wurkin' men go tu the poles and vote tu have themselves konskripted, sent tu the war and be shot while protekting the property uv the uther fellers whoo wuz a makin' lots uv munny out uv the propersishun.

Me and Woodsaw dride our teers and bid each uther goodbye. Az he shuk my hand he sed: "Tobe, let us feer God and uze plenty uv sope."

On my way bak tu the hotel and while acrosin' uv Pencilvainy avenew I saw little Strawhed a flyin' by in a ortermobile. She wuz with the sope man. I don't think either one uv them reckognized me. When I got bak tu the hotel the clurk handed me 2 letturs; one from Shanghi Purkins and the uther frum that ornery Ben, but I aint got time tu tell you what wuz in 'em now. Hopin' you air well, I am,

Yours trooly, **TOBE SPILKINS,** Speshul Campain Manager.

SLIPPERY PETE GOT "SCOTCHED"

EVERETT, Wash., May 12,—Information comes that the comrades at North Yakima, Wash., presented a letter from Comrade Kate O'Hare to Pete Collins at his meeting there, demanding that he fulfill his agreement to debate with her. A lawyer was present ready to draw up a legal contract for Pete's signature, but Collins slid out of it!

At Everett a copy of Theodore Debs' offer to pay Collins \$500.00 to come to Terre Haute and repeat his slanders in Gene Debs' home town was presented to Pete. Pete, read PART, not ALL of the challenge to his K. of C. audience, but failed to accept the challenge. Maynard Shipley, Editor of the Labor Journal, official organ of The Everett Trades Council rose to his feet and challenged Collins. Even Father O'Brien, who sat in a box with other priests, joined in the great applause which greeted Shipley's challenge. Collins declined Shipley's challenge because the challenge was not in writing!

The following Sunday a special mass meeting of the Everett Locals was called and papers were made out and sworn to before a notary. Shipley went to the Collins meeting at Knights of Columbus Hall, Seattle, Washington and presented the written challenge. Collins again fuked! He however offered to give Shipley the floor for thirty minutes, with no rejoinder. Shipley accepted this outrageous offer, the audience yelled approval and then the fun began. When the 1000 K. of C.'s saw that the socialist could not be bluffed or overawed, they spontaneously broke into applause for him, for the Irish love a fighter. For thirty minutes Shipley kept the great crowd clapping or applauding. It was a wonderful and encouraging sight to see how a presentation of Socialist principles could elicit such a demonstration from an audience that had just listened to Collins slime for an hour and a half. The telling blows that Shipley delivered to Collins produced an impression that no amount of lying and sophistry could offset.

My advice to the comrades everywhere is to prepare for Slippery Pete, meet him before his own crowds and thoroughly discredit him before his own people. Follow the example of Everett, Seattle and North Yakima, and his real nature will soon become known to those who now are his innocent dupes. H. W. Watts, Editor Northwestern Worker, Everett, Wash.

A Rank Outsider.

A Chicago publisher registered at the Hotel Cecil in London recently, and was assigned to a room on next to the top floor. The following morning he rang for a bell boy. When there was no response to the second call he lifted the telephone receiver and waited in vain for "Are you there?" Failing to establish any communication with the office, he dressed and started for the office to register indignation. The elevator wasn't running. He began to walk down. On the fourth landing he met a housemaid and asked in strong Chicago language what was the matter with the hotel.

"Well, sir, you see, sir," came the answer, "the Zeppelins were reported, and we were all ordered to the cellar for safety."

".....!" After which the guest said: "Well, I'm on the next to the top floor and I wasn't warned."

"No, sir," was the bland reply, "but you see, sir, you don't come under the employers' liability act, sir."

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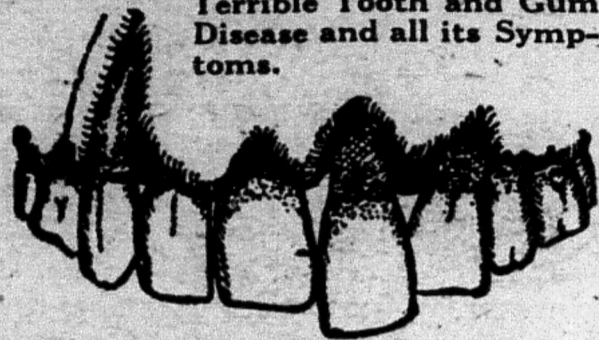
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I have found a very successful home treatment for that terrible disease called Pyorrhoea or Riggs Disease of the gums. You may have been told that there is no cure for it, that there is no cure for loose teeth, bleeding, spongy, shrinking gums and dropping out of teeth; but many who have used my home treatment say there is, AND PROVE IT.

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The letters I will send you from people in all parts of the country will tell you that they now enjoy good teeth, good chewing and a good stomach once more. If you have any of the symptoms mentioned, then Pyorrhoea, sometimes called Riggs Disease, is on the way—you are bound to lose your teeth and have to wear those awful false teeth, if you don't find a cure for it now. Simply send your name and address on coupon below and I will tell you all about this dreadful disease and how my simple home treatment may save your teeth, without pain and at small expense.

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George Washington and Paul Haffer

By Henry M. Tichenor

Comrade Paul Haffer, of Tacoma, Wash., wrote a biography of the Father of the Country of the capitalist class, in which, in the eyes of the said capitalist class, he appears to have somewhat spoiled the supposed saintship of the said Father.

Comrade Haffer, among other incidents in the life of the late George Washington, narrated some of the historic, but, of late years, hushed-up characteristics of the General. Being a truthful and honest biographer, and not a professional whitewasher, he remarked how Father George liked his toddy pretty well; how he used to swear like a pirate at times; and how he was an extensive owner of slaves. Others have told the same tale, but not with the pointed purpose that inspired Comrade Haffer. The avowed and worthy purpose that inspired Comrade Haffer was to take a swat at the humiliating habit of "hero worship" that has for ages made the masses take off their hats to some big medicine man.

That Comrade Haffer's historical sketch hit a sore spot is evidenced by the fact that he was hailed into court on the charge of libeling one of the departed heroes of the capitalist class, was found guilty by a jury composed of hopeless hero worshippers, and was sentenced to one year in jail by a seventeenth century peanut politician that sat in the judicial chair.

The trial and sentence of Comrade Haffer is so contemptible and ridiculous that even the leading capitalist daily of Tacoma, The Tacoma Times, cannot stomach it. In its issue of May 4th, this paper says:

Every normal person in Tacoma today will hope that speedy action will be taken toward obtaining either a new trial of the Haffer libel case or an appeal to the supreme court. It is unthinkable that the boy defendant should serve a prison sentence for writing a criticism of George Washington.

Every press association has been carrying reams of news regarding Washington's latest court vagary to the ends of the earth, and the papers everywhere have been printing columns of it. THE CASE HAS DONE MORE TO MAKE TACOMA A SYNONYM FOR FREAKISHNESS AND OUR COURTS A LAUGHING STOCK AT HOME AND ABROAD THAN OUR WHOLE BENCH CAN OFFSET BY JUST AND WISE RULINGS IN THE WHOLE

TERM OF OFFICE OF ITS INCUMBENTS.

* * *

A defense league has been organized for the purpose of raising funds to finance an appeal to the Supreme Court, also for agitation for a free press and free speech. Comrades, send in your contributions and stand by Comrade Haffer in his fight for liberty.

Address and send money to Comrade C. L. Allen, 906 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

How the English Ruling Class gets its Hindu Soldiers

An almost unbelievable story comes from India and is vouched for as the actual truth.

English recruiting officers endeavoring to enlist the Hindus to go to Europe and fight the battles of England were met by a flat refusal to do so from four hundred Hindus. They saw no reason why they should travel thousands of miles to shoot or be shot by men whom they had never met, and with whom they had no quarrel.

The four hundred were given their choice to join the army of England or be stood up along a wall and shot. The four hundred Hindus chose to be shot, and at sunrise the next day they gave their lives as a sacrifice to the greed, avarice and cruelty of the nation which had sent them missionaries to teach them Christianity.

The names of these martyrs will never be known to the big world, but their example will live as a power to break down the awful institution of militarism.—From the Los Angeles Citizen.



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I Am Daily Receiving Letters Like These

Read this one from MISS EULA MACCROUT, R. D. No. 7, Leesville, S. C.: "I have used the treatment and my goitre has entirely disappeared. I could tell the difference in three days. I am feeling fine. I think your treatment is wonderful."
And this from MRS. ARTHUR BELL, Walton, Ind.: "The treatment I took of you two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I was greatly alarmed about it at the time, and I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly."
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Do not allow past failures to dissuade you from giving the treatment a trial. The majority of my patients come to me as a last resort, many having had one or more operations. Satisfy yourself WITHOUT PAY OR OBLIGATION. Send the coupon today for a \$2.50 FREE TEST TREATMENT and let it speak for itself.

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This coupon and 10c in stamps or silver to help pay packing and mailing charges, is good for one \$2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail in plain package.

Age..... How old is Goitre?..... yrs.
Nervous?..... Hands tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?..... Does heart beat too rapidly?.....
Name..... Health?.....
Address..... 747

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- No. 19—Fact and Fraud.
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If the national campaign now in progress does not result in a substantial increase in the socialist vote and in a highly satisfactory showing for the Socialist party it will not be because the conditions are not favorable to such an increase and such a showing.

Up to the time the war was declared in Europe and for some time afterward the economic conditions could scarcely have been worse in this country. Many millions were out of work, the times were harder than they had ever been before, and the outlook was well calculated to excite the apprehension and alarm of the ruling class. Mutterings of discontent were heard upon every hand and the big capitalists were at their wits' ends to find some way to escape the threatening storm.

It was under such conditions that the war in Europe came as a blessed relief to Wall street and as a providential escape-valve to the rising revolt of the workless, breadless millions.

The "panic" under the Progressive administration of Roosevelt, the "hard times" under the Republican administration of Taft, and the "industrial paralysis" under the Democratic administration of Wilson demonstrate conclusively that so far as these capitalist parties and their policies are concerned they are absolutely alike to the working class, and it matters not one particle which of them is in power or which set of politicians gather in the spoils of office. Under the administration of all three of these capitalist political machines industrial stagnation set in and threatened the masses with starvation at the very time the cotton, corn, wheat and rye crops had broken all records and sufficed, as we afterwards saw, to feed the armies of Europe and most of the rest of the world.

And then what? It required the greatest catastrophe in history to rescue the American capitalists from their awful predicament and save the nation from the revolt and disaster which threatened.

Think of the system whose sal-

vation depends upon widespread calamity and ruin and of the class whose prosperity depends upon the ravage of nations and the slaughter of mankind!

This is precisely the character of the salvation and the kind of prosperity whose blessings we are enjoying today, thanks to the international sway of capitalism, the system which for the sake of pecuniary profit has declared war upon civilization, blotted out the progress of a thousand years, and is attempting to drag humanity itself down to the very depths of hell.

And this is the bloody business of which the Republican and Democratic parties are the political incarnation!

What workingman, however blind to his own interests, can be so utterly stone-blind as not to see these parties for what they actually are this year? Behold them in the lurid glare of the conflagration that is consuming the world! They and the ruling class they serve, the profit-mongering masters who ride upon the backs of the workers and filch their honest earnings, are absolutely responsible for this colossal crime against civilization, this infinite calamity to the human race.

And while Europe is burning and given over to wholesale slaughter, the pirate crew on this side are clamoring in frenzied concert for the same kind of "preparedness" and for the same

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A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated through stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mind-cure or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense, clearly set forth. The author will send it free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a postcard will do. Address: Edward J. Woods, B-675, New York City. Keep this advertisement, it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this journal.

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BY EUGENE V. DEBS

A Handsome Little Book of 176 Pages—4½x7 inches, Vellum DeLuxe Cloth Binding

In which have been gathered a selection of Eugene V. Debs' miscellaneous writings as well as four complete orations.

To every Socialist, to every lover of beautiful literature, to every one who has come under the spell of 'Gene's matchless voice, "Labor and Freedom" will be a treasure trove.

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How to Get These Books Free as Premiums SEE PAGE 11

indiscriminate massacre of the people.

In the midst of this terrible confusion, turmoil and madness the Socialist party appears, pointing out to the people the monumental issue which confronts them and appeals to them in the name of sanity and peace and all things of good report to line up against the exploiters of the workers, the looters of the nation and the enemies of the people.

The Socialist party, expressing as it does in political terms the economic interests of the workers and producers, the great majority of the people, is in truth THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE and the only party that stands for their interests and for the conservation of their rights and liberties.

The Republican and Democratic parties alike represent the master class, the scheming, conspiring, conniving profit-gougers, the legalized robbers of honest labor, the corrupters of the body politic, the hirers of mercenaries to pad poll-books, stuff ballot-boxes, falsify registration records and steal elections; the guilty promoters of "preparedness" for war for their own profit and power, and the arch-foes of freedom and progress and civilization.

The Socialist party, organized by the workers themselves, truly typifies their class and is committed in every atom of its being and every line of its platform and policy to their industrial emancipation. It stands fearlessly and uncompromisingly for the overthrow of the labor-robbing, war-breeding, and crime-inciting capitalist system, and for the establishment of an industrial democracy in which the collective workers shall be in control of industry, own their own tools, control their own jobs, and take to themselves the entire product of their labor.

To this end the Socialist party appeals to the workers to organize industrially and prepare for the day coming when they are to assume control of the industries of the nation; it appeals to them to unite regardless of nationality or race in the party of their class; it appeals to them to realize the importance of the present campaign and to take advantage of the opportunity they now have to show the ruling class where they stand, and to demonstrate that they are awake and not asleep, and that they are men and not slaves by casting a united ballot for socialism and emancipation.

Gene Debs and Kate O'Hare Meetings Rousing the Nation

The RIP-SAW Editors covering practically every section of the United States during this campaign year.

Organizations at all points are showing the greatest activity, preparing for their monster RIP-SAW rallies, which will be the feature of their local campaign for socialism.

THE LAST CALL!

Read this carefully and if you are near where either of the speakers are to travel wire at once for an appointment.

Debs June-July Trip

Comrade Debs will swing around the following circle in June-July, 1916.

Lincoln, Ill.	Wed., June 14
Abingdon, Ill.	Thu., June 15
Council Bluffs, Iowa	Fri., June 16
Webster City, Iowa	Sat., June 17
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sun., June 18
Montevideo, Minn.	Mon., June 19
Marshall, Minn.	Tues., June 20
	Wed., June 21
	Thu., June 22
Norway, Mich.	Fri., June 23
Crystal Falls, Mich.	Sat., June 24
Negaunee, Mich.	Sun., June 25
Traveling	Mop., June 26
Muskegon, Mich.	Tues., June 27
Lansing, Mich.	Wed., June 28
Cleveland, Ohio	Sun., July 2
Salem, Ohio	Mon., July 3

July 4th.

Comrade Debs can accept an appointment for July 4th at any point that can be reached from Salem, Ohio, where he speaks July 3rd. Terms: 1600 subscriptions at 25c each.

Comrade Kate O'Hare can accept an appointment for July 4th at any point accessible from St. Louis, Mo. Terms: 800 subscriptions.

Labor Day

Comrade Debs can accept an appointment for Labor Day at any point accessible from Terre Haute, Ind. Terms: 1600 subscriptions at 25c each.

Comrade Kate O'Hare can accept an appointment for Labor Day at any point accessible from Marion, Ind., where she speaks September 3rd. Terms: 800 subscriptions at 25c each.

Kate O'Hare June Trip

Broken Bow, Nebr.	June 5
Ft. Collins, Colo.	June 8
Chadron, Nebr.	June 10
Valentine, Nebr.	June 11

Dates for Caney, Tahlequah and Sallisaw, Okla., and Conway, Center Ridge, Batesville, Tuckerman, Knobel and Boydsville, Ark., and Paducah, Ky., will be announced next month.

A couple additional encampment dates can be accepted. Terms 400 yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards at 25 cents. Use the telegraph.

Kate O'Hare September-October Dates

Mrs. O'Hare will travel east of the Mississippi during these months. The following have already secured booking.

- Parson, Ind.
- Viicksburg, Ind.
- Marion, Ind.
- Elwood, Ind.
- Traverse City, Mich.

- Sandusky, Ohio
- Massillon, Ohio
- Ironton, Ohio
- Easton, Pa.
- Brooklyn, N. Y.

Make your applications at once to insure acceptance. Terms, 400 yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards at 25c each.

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After 30 Years Experience, I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture

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The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

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

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. It is well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

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

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

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

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon and mail today.

Cured at the Age of 76

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

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

Very sincerely yours, SAM A. HOOVER, High Point, N. C.

Child Cured in Four Months

C. E. Brooks,

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

Yours very truly, ANDREW EGGENBERGER, 21 Janson St., Dubuque, Iowa.

The Brooks Appliance

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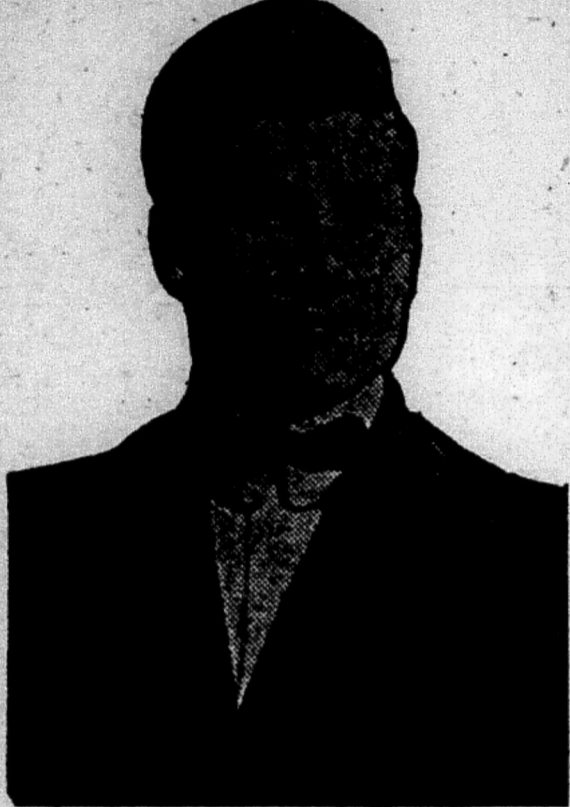
C. E. BROOKS, 1731C State Street, Marshall, Mich.

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

Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....State.....

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And Would Not Take One Hundred Dollars For His New-Found Flesh. Interesting Statement of Ohio Man.



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"I never felt better in my life since I have been taking Sargol. The first two weeks I gained 10 lbs. and am gaining every day. Sargol makes me eat and sleep and I don't get up with a tired feeling any more." writes J. C. Weaver, and N. D. Sanderson adds: "when I started Sargol I weighed 147 lbs. and now I weigh 160 lbs. Everybody is telling me how fat you have got in the last month."

Would you, too like to quickly put from 10 to 30 lbs. of good, solid, "stay-there" flesh, fat and muscular tissue between your skin and bones?

Don't say it can't be done. Try it. Let us send you free a 50c package of Sargol and prove what it can do for you.

More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test and that Sargol does succeed, does make thin folks fat even where all else has failed, is conclusively proven, in our opinion, by the tremendous business we have done. No drastic diet, flesh creams, massages, oils or emulsions, but a simple, harmless home treatment. Cut out the coupon and send for this Free package today, enclosing only 10 cents in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc.

Address the Sargol Co., 24-V Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Take Sargol with your meals and watch it work. This will tell the story.

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This coupon with 10c in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc., and to show good faith, entitles holder to one 50c package of Sargol Free. Address The Sargol Co., 24-V Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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TO THE WIFE OF ONE WHO DRINKS

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WOULD like to correspond with a socialist doctor of medicine who is willing to co-operate with a drugless practitioner. This is a good opportunity for a man of this kind provided he is willing to help bust the medical trust and work along reform lines and help establish a school now incorporated that proposes to bring about a reform in the healing art. A good chance for a good country practice. Address White School of Electric Healing, White, Nebr.

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

Capitalist "Preparedness" To Butcher the Workers

By John M. O'Neil

(In the Trinidad (Col.) Free Press. That organized greed is making preparations to suppress labor by the power of armed might is apparent to every observer who is watching closely the moves of giant exploiters. The following has been recently sent out from Washington and tells the story of "big business" equipping itself to suppress by the bullet the slaves who dare to revolt against the despotism of economic masters:

"Organized capital, warned of impending strikes in the steel mills and in other industries in all parts of the United States, has prepared for the terrorizing and slaughter of the strikers on a gigantic scale never dreamed of by the most brutal of the steel mill owners of twenty-five years ago.

"The steel trust magnates have devised a squadron of 'gasoline cossacks,' forty armored motor cars, which have been presented to the State of New York, that can dash through the streets during strike times, raining death from two machine guns mounted in each turret.

"The donors of the forty armed cars, strange to tell, are high officials or stockholders in steel plants. The leader is Judge Elbert H. Gary, president of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, which owns nearly all the steel plants, iron mines and smelters in the United States. Associated with him in the presentation is Henry Clay Frick, who hired the 'Pinks' that murdered the strikers at Homestead and is noted as a heartless strikebreaker. On the gift list is "Colonel" Robert M. Thompson, head of the Navy League and holder of munition plants stocks; Dudley Olcott, James N. Wallace and Harry G. Montgomery, military propagandists and enthusiastic supporters of the State militia.

"Montgomery is an officer of the New York militia and is given credit for making the steel trust magnates see the advantage of having forty of these death-dealing automobiles in close proximity to the haunts of the nation's wealthiest capitalists.

"The cars are armored with United States bullet-proof gunshield metal from the Bethlehem Steel Company. The frames are built by the American Bridge Company. The cars will be electrically equipped. The search-

light on each car will sink into a box when not in use, like a gun on the deck of a submarine.

"All the cars will be equipped with revolving turrets, so that the fire may be directed at the sides of the streets through which the automobiles dash, and forward and to the rear. The battle cars will be equipped with one-pound rapid-fire guns, that will throw explosive shells, carrying schrapnel or deadly gases. The cruiser cars, which will be of swifter type, will be equipped with rapid-fire guns of the latest model, which fire several hundred steel-coated bullets a minute.

"One of the advantages of the car for street riots is that it can run equally well in both directions.

"This armored car squadron is the first that strikers of the United States have had to face. If they are found to be successful it is expected that militia organizations of other States will be clamoring for them, with the result that the capitalists of all the big cities will dig up the coin if they are certain their pocketbooks will be protected."

The above information that has been sent out from Washington may well cause the membership of organized labor to meditate and ponder as to what means and methods shall be utilized to meet the machines of murder that have been manufactured by the captains of industry and presented to a commonwealth, for the purpose of shooting fear and submission into the poverty-stricken and oppressed slaves of the mills, mines and factories. The merciless exploiters of a nation realize that even among slaves chained to the bench of ill-paid toil, "patience ceases to be a virtue," and in their anticipation that victims of wretchedness and misery will rebel against slow starvation while working, and will revolt against the industrial slavery that brutalizes humanity, machines to murder by wholesale are made by soulless and heartless exploiters and presented as gifts to a State, in order that strikers who rebel against masters shall be shot down like wild beasts.

When a commonwealth signifies its willingness to accept the weapons of death from industrial oligarchies to be used in crushing the spirit of independence that becomes aroused against unbearable conditions and wages that



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Upon receipt of this coupon and your address, we will send you absolutely free, in plain wrapper, so no one can know what it contains, a trial package of the Golden Treatment so you can try it and prove it. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address:

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The Germs of War

By Scott Nearing

Prof. Scott Nearing has written a 32-page booklet which completely demolishes the arguments of the Navy League, the Munition Patriot and shows up "Preparedness" for what it really is.

Scott Nearing is one of the most brilliant thinkers, writers, teachers and speakers in America. Magnificently trained, with scholarship of the highest order, the author of a score of books, a professor for many years at the great University of Pennsylvania, he is at the same time a whirlwind on the platform with a marvelous power of being eloquent while at the same time sticking to the absolute historical and scientific facts. Nearing is more dreaded by the plunderbund which he mercilessly exposes than any other teacher in America, for he has chosen to fearlessly espouse the cause of the working class instead of winning high "honors" by serving as a retainer of the powers that prey.

"The Germs of War" is the last word on the subject. Nearing lays bare the germ of militarism and war, and tells how to slay it. The Socialists especially will rejoice for he has stated for us in the clearest possible manner our REASONS for our attitude on "Preparedness," and our remedy for war.

Every comrade should secure and study this book. It gives you the unanswerable arguments with which to confound the so-called "patriots." For the speaker and debater it is a gold mine. Let us sow this booklet broadcast by the millions.

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St. Louis, Mo.

leave to the worker but the heritage of the poorhouse and the potter's field, the fact is established beyond every shadow of a doubt that the functions of government have passed into the hands of privilege, and that it is but an idle boast when we speak of democracy beneath the fluttering folds of Columbia's starry banner.

The same pirates and brigands in finance, commerce and industry that are producing machines of wholesale murder to cripple, maim and kill the workers on strike, are speaking in trumpet tones through subsidized organs for America to "prepare for preparedness," and urging the bone and brawn of a nation that are found in the mines, mills and factories to feel the thrills of patriotism, should the war-bugle sound a call to arms.

Upon that class whose courage and manhood the exploiters in industry depend for the power to repel a foreign invasion and to uphold the supremacy of a republic whose foundations were laid by the pioneers of liberty, are to be trained the machines of slaughter, should they feel the impulse to resist the mandates of a master class.

The laboring people of this country must awaken to the hellish conspiracy that has been hatched by the Gays, Fricks, Morgans, Rockefellers and all the other multi-millionaires whose bank vaults are bulging with the corpulent dividends that have been drawn from the life-blood of toiling humanity. They must speak in no uncertain tones, and if greed is to dominate the governments of states and equip such states with the implements of murder to crush the

hopes of laboring humanity, then labor must realize that a crisis has been reached that must be met by the dauntless and heroic action of men who refuse to be slaves under the guns of the cossacks of capitalism.

Our Daily Bread

By Allan L. Benson

The nation needs bread. Some are starving for it all the while. Yet what is simpler than the furnishing of bread? We know how to grow wheat. With the scientific knowledge that the government could devote to wheat growing, combined with the improved machinery that a rich government could bring to bear upon the problem, the wheat production of the country could easily be multiplied by four. Little Holland and little Belgium, with no better soil than our own, raise almost four times as much wheat to the acre as we do.

And, with wheat once grown, nothing is more simple than to make it into flour. Probably we already have enough milling machinery to make all the flour we need. If not, we could easily build four times as many mills. We should never be unable to build more mills until we had no unemployed men to set to work. And, if we had no unemployed men to set to work, we should have, for the first time in the history of the world, a completely happy nation.

Let the nation own the trusts. Let it build the mills, operate the railroads, own the markets and put the unemployed to work, and all could be fed. Thus socialism would at least give us all our daily bread.

Mrs. McGee

Mrs. McCarthy and Mrs. Brown
Walked through the graveyard back of the town.
"That there grave over yonder, see,
Is where they buried Mrs. McGee,"
Said, Mrs. McCarthy to Mrs. Brown,
Pointing to green sod just laid down.
"They buried her yesterday. Only me
Was there to mourn for Mrs. McGee,
'Ceptin' a nun and Father Cobb,
An' the undertaker what done the job.

"It was too bad for Mrs. McGee
To loose the folks what used ter be
Her friends. Her husband was killed in the shop
At the factory, when the ceiling drop't.
She was so sociable-like before
He was killed. But after that her door
Was always locked, if we come to see
How things was goin' with Mrs. McGee.

"Rich folks give washin' ter Mrs. McGee,
An' we all thought, if we let her be,
She might ferget. But then the court,
After hearin' the factory's report,
Refused the compensation that she
Had asked for the death of Mr. McGee.

"An' then her baby took sick an' died.
'God in Heaven, be praised!' I cried.
'Cause I meself am the mother of seven,
An' they'd all be better off in Heaven.
Sez I; 'It's better the kid is dead,
Than livin' here sick an' underfed.

"An' to Father Cobb, sez Mrs. McGee:
'I've lost me faith in God,' sez she.
An' he couldn't make her believe again.
Sez I: 'the poor thing's gone insane.'

"An' so they come to take her away
To the 'sylum, where folks gets better, they say.
But they come too late, fer on her bed,
Mrs. McGee was alayin'—dead."
"Ain't it funny," sez Mrs. Brown,
"How some gets up, an' some gets down
In this world. It sure weren't made for me,
An' you, an' the likes of Mrs. McGee."

VAN K. ALLISON.

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

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

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

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

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER

We are expert brewers and will quickly show you how to easily make your own beer in your own home—when you want it and as much as you want. This is now easily done since the wonderful new discovery of Ambrew. Nothing like it ever known before. Nothing so good. The finest lager beer you ever tasted. Foaming, sparkling, healthful. Far better than most brewery beer and more healthful for the whole family than even most keg beer. And the cost to you will be less than

ONE CENT A GLASS

No experience, no apparatus, no trouble. Strictly legal and legitimate anywhere. The concentrated ingredients of the best beer. Guaranteed by us under all Pure Food Laws. Complies with United States Government regulations. No license required. Save this big expense that the breweries and saloons have to pay. Send right now for our big

FREE Trial Offer

and learn how every bit of Ambrew is guaranteed to make the best lager beer you ever tasted. Thousands are now making their own beer—dry or wet, makes no difference. Dr. Ziegler, of Ill., says: "Very nourishing and healthful." Fraley, of Florida, "Never tasted better beer." Brisbane, of Nebr., "Best drink of beer in ten years." Hundreds of letters from very delighted users.

Send your name and address today—a post card will do—and we'll send you free our interesting booklet, "Secrets of Making Beer at Home," also our Free Trial Offer.

THE AMBREW CO.,
1239 Plum St., Cincinnati, O.

FAILURE OF "606"

Are you one of those who used "606" or "914" and found it a failure? Have you been to Hot Springs and returned un cured? Have you taken the Mercury and Potash treatment and are you still suffering? Have you suffered from Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Malaria, Chronic Constipation, Eczema, Catarrh, Liver or Stomach Trouble, Enlarged Glands in Neck or Groin, or Scrofula without being benefited by any treatment? If so, write for our 100-page book, FREE, showing how to obtain the results you are looking for. All correspondence confidential.

THE C. E. GALLAGHER MEDICINE CO.
Room 138, 1622 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

BED WETTING IN CHILDREN AND WATER-TREASURES IN OLD PEOPLE CONQUERED. SAMPLE FREE. Zemeto Co., Dept. 21, Milwaukee, Wis.

Tobacco Habit BANISHED in 48 to 72 Hours

Immediate Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is a losing fight against heavy odds, and means a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you have been a user of tobacco for a single month or for 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug

or fine cut or use snuff Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind—a most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the treatment of the tobacco habit.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of Tobacco Redeemer treatment for the habit.

Results Absolutely Guaranteed

A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If Tobacco Redeemer fails to banish the tobacco habit

when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you from the habit.

MAIL COUPON FOR CONVINCING PROOF

Newell Pharmacal Co., Dept. 406, St. Louis, Mo. Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that Tobacco Redeemer will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name.....
Street and No.....
Town..... State.....

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 406 St. Louis, Mo.

JESS WILLARD SAYS "TAKE NUXATED IRON"

If you want plenty of 'stay there' Strength and Endurance and Health and Muscles like mine"

A hitherto untold Secret of his Great Victories over Jack Johnson and Frank Moran

Ordinary Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 200 per cent in two weeks time.



I consider that plenty of iron in my blood is the secret of my great strength, power and endurance.

Jess Willard

SPECIAL NOTE—Dr. E. Sauer, a well known physician who has studied widely in both this country and Europe, has been specially employed to make a thorough investigation into the real secret of the great strength, power and endurance of Jess Willard, and the marvelous value of Nuxated Iron as a strength builder.

NEW YORK—Upon being interviewed at his apartment in the Colonial Hotel, Mr. Willard said: "Yes, I have a chemist with me to study the value of different foods and products as to their power to produce great strength and endurance, both of which are so necessary in the prize ring. On his recommendation I have often taken nuxated iron and I have particularly advocated the free use of iron by all those who wish to obtain great physical and mental power.

Without it I am sure that I should never have been able to whip Jack Johnson so completely and easily as I did, and while training for my bout with Frank Moran, I regularly took nuxated iron, and I am certain that it was a most important factor in my winning so easily." Continuing Dr. Sauer said: "Mr. Willard's case is only one of hundreds which I could cite from my own personal experience which proves conclusively the astonishing power of nuxated iron to restore strength and vitality even in most complicated chronic conditions."

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old, and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test:— See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron. —E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 50 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent, or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all druggists.

"WAR—WHAT FOR?"

Here's the Answer, As Exposed By Big War-Wolves that Have Fallen Out Over the Bloody Swag.

H. M. Tichenor

Here's the story of how some United States and Canadian patriotic gentlemen split a half million dollars of profits from the sale of murder machines.

It leaked out in the Canadian investigation of the Kyte charges, at Ottawa, Ontario, May 12.

The press dispatches told the whole skulduggery.

Doubtless if the truth were known the same sort of a sweet-scented "scandal" would loom up in all the warring nations.

This is what war is for.

B. F. Yoakum, former official of the Frisco Railroad, is the witness that exposed the patriotic plot.

In the account of the exposure that appeared in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of May 12, we are told that Yoakum bared the entire transaction regarding the war munitions contract, and directly connected J. Wesley Allison with the scandal, showing that of the \$475,000 commission which he (Yoakum) was to get as his share for negotiating the fuse contract one-half was to go to Allison. The latter, providing for payments to third parties.

According to Yoakum, who said he would produce the papers, the payments were to be made as follows:

To Mable Edwards, sister-in-law and secretary to Allison, \$105,000.

To Maj. George Washington Stephens, Montreal, \$10,000.

To Col. William McBain, a protege of Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, \$30,000.

To Eugene Lignanti, \$50,000.

The money is being paid as received from the War Office following the delivery of fuses, and so far only \$61,717 has been remitted. Out of this pro rata payments have been made as follows: To Stephens, \$1299; McBain, \$3899; Lignanti, \$6500, and Miss Edwards, \$16,809.

Yoakum began with a detailed history of himself and his relations with Allison. He said that his business relations with Allison began only in February.

At that time the medium in bringing them together was H. J. Mackel, an Ottawa man, who had helped engineer the big Russian shell order for the Canada Car Company.

Shortly after meeting Allison, Yoakum and he created two corporations, the British American Company and the Allison Supply Company. They were designed to get after war orders, but subsequently they were disbanded.

Yoakum said he afterward heard of another concern, the J. W. Allison Company, formed to take a part in the Canada Car's Russian order, but he was not interested in it.

Yoakum next told of having paid \$25,000 to Allison for "his association," and afterward an agreement was made whereby in respect of any commissions obtained Allison and he were to be on a half and half basis.

Last April he went to Allison and interested him in proposed cartridge contracts for large amounts. He came to Ottawa and met Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, Allison, who was to share in any commission, being with the minister of militia at the time.

The cartridge proposition did not go through, but on the occasion of their visit Yoakum heard of the fuse contract and was "tipped off to go after it." He was told that the price which he would have to figure against was \$4.90.

One of the parties who had in the earlier evidence been mentioned as having given information leading to the fuse contract was J. B. Craven, who resides in New York, but belongs to the firm of T. McAvity of St. John, N. B.

Yoakum swore that Allison went to him and urged that Craven be settled with. Thirty thousand dollars was set apart for Craven, Yoakum explaining that he was "looking to the future," Allison having represented that through the McAvity firm there was a prospect of big foreign orders.

The \$30,000 was to be deducted from the \$475,000 to be divided between Allison and Yoakum. Afterward, for the rest of his share, Allison issued the orders above enumerated, Yoakum said.

* * *

This is but a drop in the bucket in the history of the hell-hounds that howl for war.

Modern wars are made to order, because there is BIG MONEY in them.

FOR PREPAREDNESS

Let Us Have Preparedness—
Against the Foe Within!
The Foe That—

- Makes sixty-five per cent of the people live on less than five per cent of the country's wealth.
- Allows two per cent of the people to own sixty per cent of the wealth.
- Puts one-half of the working women of the country on starvation wages of less than \$6.00 per week.
- Keeps one-third of the working men of the nation in a state of poverty.
- Starves twenty per cent of our school children.
- Robs, destroys, maims, kills the men, women and children of this nation without mercy—
for PROFIT!

People's College News.

Preparing for Preparedness

By Oscar Ameringer

I had no idea that this nation stood on the brink of war until I came East. It was in the City of Brotherly Love when I first struck signs of the approaching struggle. Strolling down Chestnut street, not looking for any trouble, I ran into a small crowd of hyphenated and Morganatic Americans in front of a show window. On the glass was printed in bold type, "The National Security League."

Behind the window was a display of trench tools, machine guns, shells, shrapnels, cartridges, subsea mines and other kingdom-come transportation facilities.

The collection was strictly up-to-date and looked mighty tempting. But I noticed that nobody went on the inside and bought anything.

This sort of hurt my feelings, because I like to see everybody get along and make a living, especially people who have spunk enough to start an infant industry.

I didn't want to buy anything myself, but I thought I'd look around and price a few things, just to encourage the store people a little. On the inside I was met by a sad faced youth, who, in a kind of an undertaker whisper, inquired, "Are you interested, sir?"

I said I was. Thereupon he handed me a leaflet and without saying another word sunk down on an ambulance stretcher. I had no idea it was as bad as all that. But that leaflet would make anybody sick. It said we were living on the brink of the abyss, dancing on a volcano and fiddling while Rome burned. It further said we were about to be invaded by foreign hordes and had nothing to defend; or nothing to defend ourselves with, or something like that.

The fellow who wrote the thing claims that we have only about 30,000 soldiers, who are too busy breaking strikes, to fight a foreign enemy. I knew that was true, so I was ready to believe the rest. "Our navy," it went on, "is without ships and they are inadequately manned. New York is defended by a blind night watchman and Philadelphia by a one-legged veteran of the Mexican war. Our coast defenses are without guns. Target practice is neglected because there are no gunners, and if there were, they would be without ammunition, and if they had ammunition, they would have no mark to shoot at, because our target ships sink when pushed into the water."

By this time I was almost as badly scared as the sad faced youth on the ambulance stretcher. I knew it was no use trying to get any information out of him. So I turned my pleading gaze

toward another individual who looked as if he had swallowed Gottschalk's Lost Hope. "When is he coming?" I asked in a shaky voice.

"Soon," came the answer as from a sepulchre.

"Who is he?"

"That's it, who is he?"

"Why does he want to invade us?"

"Dunno, but he surely will."

"Is it the Germans?"

"Most likely."

"Or the British?"

"Looks like it."

"Or both of them?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

And now the realization of the approaching calamity broke upon me like a thunder clap from the clear sky. Here we were, a helpless, unprotected nation of not more than 100,000,000 people, about to be invaded by, God knows whom, when, why, or wherefore.

The Republic stood on the brink of an open grave. Our property, our commerce, our lives were in eminent danger of being swept off the earth. And still the thoughtless group in front refused to purchase the goods displayed in the windows. Alas! that Americans could sink so low.

I did not buy any of the goods myself. Neither did I sign the membership application card of the National Security League. They asked \$25 for life membership. I told the man I didn't expect to live that long seeing what danger we were in. Certainly I could have joined on the installment plan by paying one dollar down and one dollar annually ever after. But who wants to be a piker when the very life of the nation is at stake? So I kept the dollar and assured the gentlemen of the National Security League of my moral support. He didn't thank me quite as warmly as I thought he should. Some folks are never satisfied no matter what you do for them. But I am too good a patriot to have my ardor dampened by a little thing like that, and I sincerely hope that by the time the European nations have exterminated each other, the National Security League will have aroused sufficient interest among the American people to sell their goods on this side of the water.

AN HONEST JUDGE

Once in a while a judge surprises the natives. Even the legal mind can see through a ladder if he gazes in that direction long enough. Judge John H. Stevenson, of the municipal court of Portland, Ore., recently resigned his seat with the statement that the whole process of criminal jurisprudence "merely adds to the misery of people who need help. My work—the farce of administering so-called justice—has become so distasteful to me that I can continue it no longer,

although, to be frank, I need the \$3,300 the office pays. I am going back to private practice." How many more such protests will be needed before proper changes are made in our methods of handling crime disease?—Seattle Union Record.

35,000 KILLED, 1,500,000 HURT, IN U. S. INDUSTRIES ANNUALLY

Figures Submitted by American Museum of Safety Which is Planning Exposition.

NEW YORK, April 8.—"The United States," says Arthur Williams, president of the American Museum of Safety, in a statement issued today, "is continually waging a bloody war within its own borders, a war in which the casualties amount to 35,000 lives each year and in which the total number of wounded is annually 1,500,000. It is the number of workers killed and injured every year in our American industries.

"In two years it would more than equal all of the Union soldiers killed in battle during the Civil War. The number of workmen injured annually, if left whole and sound, would constitute a force sufficient to render the United States free from invasion from any nation in the world.

"The museum is now planning its third national safety exposition, which will take place in New York, May 22-27. Among the prominent men who have promised their backing are Thomas A. Edison and Gen. Leonard Wood."

FREE TO Asthma Sufferers

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as Hay Fever or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write today and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 357A, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y. Send free trial of your method to:

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC. are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F. 399 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Over-Fatness May Cause Heart Failure, Loss of Vigor, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. It Spoils the Figure, is Uncomfortable, Unsightly, Burdensome and Shortens Life.

DO YOU WISH TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT 1 POUND DAILY?



Proof Treatment FREE

Artist's Illustration showing how my Perfected Treatment Reduces Fat

Note what my Treatment has Done for Others; let it do the same for You.

Mrs. A. A. BRANTLEY, Providence, Ky., writes: "I have now lost 56 pounds. I am recommending your treatment to all I see."

Mrs. FRANCIS HOFF, Beaver Dam, writes: "I am 59 pounds less and cannot praise your treatment enough. It has done me lots of good in health and appearance."

Mrs. W. M. HANLEY, Chicago, writes: "I have lost 40 pounds. I shall always remember you as the best friend for fat women."

Mr. WILLIAM MENZEL, Minnesota, writes: "I have lost 119 pounds. I sleep good and have lots of strength and vigor. My health is good."

Mrs. M. A. LINK, Preston, writes: "Have lost 35 or more pounds. My kidneys seem to be much better, as I do not bleed nearly so bad."

Mrs. WM. H. MART, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "You talk about a happy woman, that is what I am. I was so full of rheumatism I could hardly walk a step. I could not sleep nights. I can thank your treatment for my good health. I weighed 260 pounds. I now weigh 100 and am still losing."

Mrs. GEORGE KYLE, Junction City, writes: "I have reduced 20 pounds. I can go upstairs much easier than I could before. I will gladly recommend your treatment."

Mrs. E. M. MORGAN, Massachusetts, writes: "I have lost 66 to 65 pounds. My waist was 38 inches, abdomen was 48 inches, bust measure was 46 inches. Now my bust measure is 34 inches, waist measure 26 inches, and abdomen measure is 33 inches. No wrinkles, no biliousness or stomach trouble whatever."

SUMMER IS BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION

Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy, causing quick Death, or followed by Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility, and Complete Lacking of Vital Energy are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these dangerous disorders, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headache, flatulency, etc. Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think, or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the fat is packed in more tightly than ever around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. Fat people usually die 10 to 40 years too soon. Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that over-stout people die much earlier than those who are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulency) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows older. I know the merits of my method so well that I will send a proof

FREE TREATMENT treatment free. No starvation; you can eat any kind of food or drink any kind of beverage you like. No tiresome exercising. Absolutely no dangerous drugs. Mine is a modern, scientific, successful, guaranteed system. In many cases weight reduction is one pound daily. Correspondence sent confidentially, nobody need know what is reducing your size and improving your appearance unless you choose to tell. Ladies will find mine an unequalled beautifying method; double chin and wrinkles disappear. Weight reduction can be easily maintained as permanent. Remember, you pay nothing for testing packet; it is free to fat people (men or women) for the asking. Sent anywhere. Write today and you will receive by return mail my FREE PROOF TREATMENT, a multitude of Testimonials, and my very interesting BOOK ON OBESITY, showing how to quickly and safely reduce your weight to normal. Address:

DR. F. T. BROUGH, 200 BROUGH BLDG., EAST 22D ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. NOTE.—Dr. Brough is a diplomated, practicing physician; licensed and registered by the State of N. Y.; famous as a reliable, conscientious specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

FREE TO SUFFERERS OF CATARRH

I Want Every Catarrh Sufferer to Know How I Cured Myself of Catarrh

Are You Disgusted With Your Lack of Success in relieving Your Catarrh? If You Are, Send Me Your Name and I'll Tell You Absolutely FREE How I Conquered My Stubborn Case of Catarrh. You Will Thank Me All Your Living Days For This Offer I Am Making You. Don't Wait—Every Day Delays Your Happiness.

I Was a Sufferer From Catarrh for Many Years, Now I Am a Well Man

The Sufferings, Physical and Mental, That I Endured in Those Years Were Horrible. Then I Learned How to Cure Myself. I Told My Friends and They Were Cured. You Can Conquer Your Catarrh The Same Way, and I'll tell You How Absolutely Free. I Want Every Catarrh Victim to Write to Me

UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU EVER HEARD OF BEFORE

This secret treatment is different from anything you ever heard of before. No salves, lotions, jellies, ointments, pastes, greases, sprays, atomizers, nebulizers; no masks, plasters, bandages, baths; no massage, electricity or vibratory treatments; no smoke to inhale; no surgery; no instruments, appliances or devices; no pain, no operation; none of the old, time-worn methods, but a simple, easy, pleasant, painless, invisible way that heals twenty-four hours a day, no matter where you are or what may be your occupation. A secret worth a fortune to you that I give you absolutely free.



I Want to Place in the Hands of Every Catarrh Sufferer FREE the Secret of How I Cured Myself of This Offensive Disease

I AM THE LIVING PROOF CATARRH IS CURABLE

Some people say that catarrh cannot be cured. I am a living, healthy proof that it can be cured, for I cured myself and have had no more trouble from this terrible and most objectionable disease.

I not only cured myself, but this treatment cured my friends, and have told thousands, who testify that they are cured. I wish you could read with me the letters of gratitude I receive from those who thank me for having rescued them from the horrors of this disease. They are a glorious reward for my efforts to stamp out this loathsome disease. Write to me today and I'll tell you my secret.

I Have Tried Dozens of Remedies, I Doctored for Years, I Fought to Rid Myself of Catarrh by All Means I Could Find, But Nothing Helped Me. Has This Been Your Experience? Then Write to Me AT ONCE.

Oh! the Joy of Being Freed of This Filthy, Disgusting and Offensive Disease.

One Happy Day I Tried This New Secret Method and in 24 Hours I Felt Relief. I Am Now Absolutely FREE of All Catarrh Trouble. You Can Conquer Your Catarrh As I Have Let Me Tell You How.

Conquer Catarrh Before It Conquers You

Hawking, Spitting, Coughing and Foul Breath Due to Catarrh are Disgusting to All.

The catarrh sufferer has my sympathy. He has much to suffer, physically and mentally. I have seen the loved ones of the catarrh sufferer turn away in disgust at his foul breath, his hawking, spitting, coughing, strangling. It creates repulsion. Strangers glare at him and avoid him. Socially he is an outcast—a thing so disgusting that even close friends turn their backs on him. Instead of sympathizing with the victim he is suffering from the effects of this horrible disease, they shun him as they would the plague, for they know that he is a scatterer of disease germs—a danger, a menace to all.

It is bad enough to be a sufferer, but to be avoided, shunned by friends and strangers, adds a mental torture to the physical anguish.

The terrible feature of catarrh is that it starts so mildly. When catarrh first grips you it is only a trifle annoying and you think it will pass away like a cold. That is when you should start treating it—RIGHT AWAY. But you don't. You neglect it and every day it grows worse.

Pretty soon you wake up in the morning with head and throat filled with filthy mucus. You strangle, you cough and spit and hawk to clear head and throat. Then it begins to spread. You swallow the disgusting stuff and your stomach becomes infected.

The progress of the disease, then becomes more marked. You begin to suffer from deafness; head noises manifest themselves; your breath becomes tainted; the senses of smell and taste becomes less sensitive; headaches follow; your digestion is impaired; your nerves are affected; your circulation becomes bad; the poison is all through your system.

You are then a chronic catarrh victim, unfit to do your life work; weakened physically and mentally; suffering tortures; abhorred like a leper; a thing unfit to associate with your fellow-beings. Not even pitied!

Truly catarrh is a plague. And the shame of it is that catarrh is curable. It is a miserable sacrifice to ignorance—an ignorance that is truly criminal, for the catarrh victim spreads the disease. The mother gives it to her children, the coughers, spitters, sneezers scatter broadcast the infectious germs. They don't mean to, but they do. And every new victim adds new victims. It is an endless chain of horror, clamping mankind in a horrible network of disgusting infection.

I said ignorance caused it. It is true, for ignorance of this simple secret I hold makes it possible for catarrh to endure.

Why not banish this ignorance. Let me tell you this secret. Let me show you the simple, easy way to banish your catarrh as I cured mine, as I have taught thousands to cure their catarrh. I don't ask you to send me a cent. Just send me your name and I'll tell you all. I'll show you the quick road to recovered health. Don't waste time and hard-earned money on worthless stuff that won't help you. Let me send you FREE this priceless secret that has already done so much for catarrh sufferers.

Sam Katz's Own Story

What I suffered from catarrh only a chronic victim of this plague can understand. I could wish my worst enemy no worse fate.

Not only physical suffering but humiliation and mental distress were my lot for years. In that time I tried everything I heard of. I spent a small fortune for remedies, for medical treatments, for so-called cures. I tried salves, jellies, lotions, sprays, atomizers, ointments, masks, massage, electricity, smoking, inhaling the fumes of burning chemicals, vibratory treatments, snuffing snuff, douches, appliances, etc., etc. But nothing helped me.

I had almost given up hope when I ran across a secret treatment that appealed to me. It was simple, easy, convenient, inexpensive and painless. I tried it and in 24 hours I could notice a real improvement. In a week I was much better—in a short time, I was completely cured.

I was so delighted I told my friends about it. They tried it and they were cured. I told others, strangers, and they were cured.

I will gladly tell you my secret if you are a catarrh sufferer. Don't send me a cent. Just fill out the coupon and I'll tell you how I cured myself.

I don't want you to think I am a doctor, or a chemist or a scientist. I am not. I am just a plain business man. I have found that I can help others so I make you this offer.

SAM KATZ, 2909 Indiana Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



Catarrh is a Most Dangerous Disease Affecting Whole Human System

Don't fool yourself with the idea that catarrh is a harmless disease. It isn't. It is a real danger and menace. Ask any doctor about it.

Catarrh in its early stages is not serious, but it is what it develops into that makes it dangerous. Catarrhal asthma, catarrhal deafness, catarrhal bronchitis, catarrh of the stomach, catarrh of the bowels and catarrh of other vital organs are only a few of the serious disorders that develop from it. But it is in the weakening of your system that lies catarrh's greatest danger.

Our body is the battleground of an endless struggle between evil disease germs and our blood. As long as the blood is clean, pure, vigorous disease germs are fought and conquered. But once it poisons the wellsprings of life, then disease germs win an easy victory over us.

That is the great, ever-menacing danger of catarrh—it unfits our body to fight off disease by weakening the powers of resistance. In case of an epidemic a catarrh victim is an easy victim.

Catarrh is a wasting disease. It pervades the digestive organs so that they fail to digest the food we eat and the organs of assimilation so that we fail to get the nutrition from our food. That is why so many catarrh sufferers are weak, pale, thin, or what is equally dangerous they are bloated, puffed up with stomach gases, flabby of muscle, short-winded, incapable of effort.

Don't neglect your catarrh, no matter how mild your case may be. Take it in time before it has set its claws deep into your vital organs.

Don't put off writing to me. Every day NOW is precious to you. Every delay is dangerous. For physicians agree that catarrh is a real menace, a real danger. It not only develops into such diseases as bronchial catarrh, asthmatic catarrh, catarrhal deafness, intestinal catarrh, catarrh of the stomach and other vital organs, but it weakens the human system so as to make it incapable of fighting off contagion and infection from other diseases. Catarrh weakens your body, your nerves, your faculties, your mental powers.

You just can't afford to let it go on undermining your constitution. Smash it as you would a poisonous snake, for it is as dangerous to you as a snake.

Do it NOW, when it is easiest conquered. Send TODAY. You may forget it tomorrow. All you have to do is fill out this coupon and mail it to me. BUT DON'T DELAY.



Fill Out This Free Coupon. Mail It TODAY!

FREE COUPON
SAM KATZ,
 Suite B1033, 2909 Indiana Ave., Chicago.
 Please send me FREE the secret of how you cured yourself of Catarrh.

Name

Street or R. F. D.

Postoffice..... State.....

P. S.: I want you to send me everything you offer free to Catarrh sufferers.