



Where are the Husky Heroes that Marched in that Parade?

By the Rip-Saw Poet

*Where are the fearless bankers, and all the
politicians,
The reverends and lawyers, the scholars and
physicians,
The brave preparedness people, that marched
in that parade,
With waving flags and beating drums and
brass bands fiercely played?
Prepared to go to slaughter across the wild
frontiers,
Where are they, now the call goes forth for
valiant volunteers?
Why don't they form in line again and tramp
the streets once more,
On to the recruiting station and enlist to go
to war?
Where are these husky heroes, where are they
one and all?
Are they deaf and dumb and blind as bats
that they do not heed the call?
Why do they skulk to cover? Why do they
shrink and shirk,
And send young boys—mere children—to do
their bloody work?*

The Characteristics of the Two Capitalist Candidates

By Henry M. Tichenor

In some respects there appears a marked similarity between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson.

In others there seems to be quite a difference.

In politics both are patriots. There can be no doubt about this.

The second day after Mr. Hughes was nominated for the presidency by the Republican party the daily papers printed the following press dispatch:

WASHINGTON, June 12.

—Charles E. Hughes has promised to march in the preparedness parade to be held here Wednesday, provided business does not keep him out of the city on that day. President Wilson, in response to an invitation from the Arrangements Committee, has promised to head the parade, to review it from a stand in front of the White House and later to deliver an address on "America First."

Both are ready to march in the same preparedness parade in times of peace.

Both are also ready to remain safely at home in times of war.

Their patriotism is therefore as alike as two peas in a pod.

Also both believe in prosperity for the noble sons of toil.

It is doubtful if there is a difference of more than 25 cents a day between the two, so far as this prosperity is concerned.

Probably they could get together on about \$1.50 for ten hours work.

Perhaps even less.

Having enjoyed the prosperity of both the Republican and Democratic parties for all the past, happy years of his life, any workingman who is intelligent enough to vote for somebody else to own his job is well aware that the difference in his prosperity (that is, when he is lucky enough to be at work) as estimated by both the old parties is merely a matter of a few cents a day.

It never runs into dollars.

If it ran into dollars it would take away the workingman's incentive to work.

Prosperity running into dollars—hundreds and thousands and millions of them—is all right for the capitalists, but would be the ruination of the workers.

Both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson agree upon this.

And both have the same sort of medicine to regulate the workers' prosperity.

It's the "tariff."

You have heard of it in previous campaigns.

Herein is where Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson somewhat differ.

Mr. Hughes believes that a highcockalorum tariff is the correct dose to administer to the noble son of toil, while Mr. Wilson says it ought to be a low-

cockahirum tariff in order to get in the work.

These are two Latin (or some other dead language, I am not quite certain) words which, when translated, mean respectively, skinning-the-bark-up-the-tree, and skinning-the-bark-down-the-tree.

The workers seem to have a mania for trying first one and then the other.

Sometimes they are afraid the foreign capitalists will upset their prosperity by flooding them with foreign-made goods.

Then again they are afraid the domestic capitalists will do the same with home-made goods.

So far neither of these capitalists have been able to damage them much worse than the other.

It is largely upon this difference of administering the tariff that the workers will be called upon to decide how to vote.

In religious matters—and the workers should take this into account, as it is, though not made an issue in the campaign, just as important as the tariff—Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson also have different opinions.

Mr. Hughes is a Baptist, while Mr. Wilson is a Presbyterian.

One believes it necessary to salvation to be completely immersed in a tank of water, while the other maintains that a few drops carefully sprinkled on the head of the sinner will soothe the wrath of God.

Further, Mr. Hughes' creed claims that it is safe for the sinner to wait until he or she has arrived at the years of discretion before taking the treatment, while

Mr. Wilson's creed declares that it must be a hurry-up job during early infancy.

Mr. Wilson's creed hasn't the patience that Mr. Hughes' creed has.

Mr. Wilson's creed starts the damnation the minute the child is born, and will not wait until the youngster is old enough to realize what he is up against.

These things should be taken into consideration when casting your vote—especially as the Socialists are in the field with a proposition that seems to utterly ignore both the tariffs and the creeds, and which offers both prosperity and salvation by having the workers own their jobs, and the fruits of their toil.

What then would become of the capitalist masters and their tariffs and creeds does not seem to disturb the Socialists in the least.

They might possibly have to do honest work for a living.

There is one more distinguishing feature between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson that the worker should consider before casting his ballot.

It's whiskers.

Whiskers or no whiskers are as important a factor in the workers' prosperity as high tariff or low tariff, immersion or sprinkling.

Don't forget this.

As you humbly hike to the ballot box in November keep these three things in your mind—Tariffs, Baptizings and Whiskers.

And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!

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Editorials

By Eugene V. Debs

NEW YORK'S NEW MILITARY LAW

Governor Whitman, the "reform" governor of New York, recently signed five bills of a military character which converts the Empire State into a military autocracy. The common herd of New York little dream of what there is in these bills and one of these days there will be a rude awakening for them.

Under one of these bills every man of military age must be enrolled as a member of the militia reserve by August 1st. of this year. In the other bills camp service and military training for boys and girls are provided for and made compulsory. A Military Training Commission is created and vested with extraordinary powers.

All five of these bills were carefully drawn after many conferences behind closed doors and are said to be absolutely proof against attack of any kind or from any quarter, and it is claimed that there is no escape from their provision for any school child or any man of military age.

This is putting preparedness over with a vengeance. Militarism works while the people sleep and when they awaken it will be to find themselves in fetters of steel which can never be broken until violent revolution lays hold of the land.

The great State of New York is now a military despotism. The five laws in question settle its fate and the future will prove it. That such infamous laws could pass through their legislature, or at least their supposed legislature, is anything but a flattering commentary upon the working class of New York. The very possibility of enacting such despotic and utterly undemocratic legislation proves the weakness of organized labor in the Empire State.

Conscription, against which the working class of England revolted even in the midst of war, has been fastened upon the working class of New York in a time of peace.

New York has taken the initiative in the conspiracy of preparedness, hatched in secret by the profit-mongers of capitalism, boomed by all their harlot press and mouthed and palavered over by their countless brood of menials and hirelings in every department of prostituted activity.

We shall see what we shall see as the result of these militarist laws in New York with the further international complications arising from capitalism, which may not be so very long in requiring the workers of that State to get out of the overalls in which they work for their masters and into the cheap uniforms in which they are riddled with bullets and die like dogs for them.

Industrial democracy is, in the main, a matter of industrial organization. The workers in all the great industries must realize this and organize themselves industrially if they expect to rise from wage-slavery to industrial freedom.

The women are still political nonentities in three-quarters of the States of this union, but the battle is on and will be fought more and more energetically until woman has been enfranchised and is man's political equal throughout the nation.

JAMES CONNOLLY'S FOUL MURDER

The British government has eternally disgraced and damned itself by the brutal and cowardly murder of the leaders of the Irish revolt. Granting all that can justly be charged against them their motive was of the purest and their attempt to establish a republic and liberate their people as brave and patriotic an act as ever sent heroes to martyrs' graves.

The Sinn Fein movement consisted of liberty-loving Irishmen who were brave enough and grand enough to offer up their lives to speed the day of freedom and self-government for their long-suffering fellow-countrymen. The leaders may have miscalculated in the making of their plans and been precipitate in executing them but they set the example of heroic self-sacrifice and paid the penalty

with their lives. Pearse, the provisional president, was one of the most cultured of men and one of the bravest that ever gave his life to the cause of freedom. Skeffington was eminent as a humanitarian and though he had not even an active part in the outbreak, he was shot like a dog without even the semblance of a trial.

But one of the commanding figures of the Sinn Feiners, and one of the most heroic was our Socialist comrade, James Connolly, whose fate will make Great Britain blush for a thousand years to come.

James Connolly was well known to the Socialists and working people of the United States. He addressed them by thousands and often they were stirred to enthusiasm by his eloquence and his inspiring appeals. He was a man of extraordinary ability and power, magnetic personality, and a natural leader of men, and his foul taking off, the eternal disgrace of his royal murderers, is an irreparable calamity to the labor movement.

In the first outbreak between the Irish rebels and the British soldiers Connolly was severely wounded and it was while he was in a semi-unconscious state as the result of his wounds that he was dragged forth to be shot. Limp and almost lifeless this heroic comrade of ours was propped up against a dead wall and while trying with glazed eyes to look his assassins in the face the firing squad riddled his great heart with bullets.

James Connolly is dead and yet does he live and speak to the oppressed and as he never lived and spoke before.

The seed that James Connolly sowed in the brains and hearts of his enslaved countrymen will germinate now that his precious blood has fertilized the soil and in due time the social revolution will accomplish what the Irish rebellion failed in, and sweep landlordism and capitalism and every other form of oppression from the Emerald Isle and from the face of the earth.

Allan L. Benson and George R. Kirkpatrick, the banner-bearers of the Socialist party, the only party of the people, are beginning to loom up on the political horizon and all the signs point to a vote for them that will surprise the nation.

Education of the masses is the watchword of the Socialist party. That is the fundamental difference between the Socialist party and the capitalist parties. The latter rely upon mis-education to keep the people in ignorance and bondage and themselves in power.

DAVID CAPLAN ON TRIAL

The jury in the case of David Caplan, falsely charged with complicity in the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times, failed to agree by a vote of 7 to 5 and has been discharged. The Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, the Harrison Gray Otis gang, are bitter with rage and more than ever determined upon Caplan's conviction.

There is not a particle of valid evidence against Caplan. He is simply a workingman and has faithfully served the labor movement. This is sufficient warrant for his hunting down by the hounds of capitalism that are after his blood.

The workers for whom Caplan has stood all his life must now stand by him. A few hundred dollars will help mightily to provide the defense that will clear him. Send your contribution to Edgcomb Pinchon, General Secretary Workers' International Defense League, 621 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Benson and Kirkpatrick are labor's only presidential candidates his year.

The Republican and Democratic national conventions are both long on prayer and never fail to arrange with both Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen to invoke alternately the divine blessing upon these aggregations of "political crooks, grafters and

election thieves," as Theodore Roosevelt characterized them after old pal, Elihu Root, whom he accused of having stolen his nomination, and his gang of galvanized standpatters had ignominiously booted the Rough Rider out of the convention.

A PATRIOTIC PREACHER

In a recent speech, bristling with the fighting spirit the Rev. Dr. Chas. A. Eaton, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, demanded the election of Theodore Roosevelt as president of the United States. Dr. Eaton scoffed at pacifists, derided all peace talk, and made a fervent plea for military and naval preparedness.

But this patriotic preacher will not have his own lily-white diaphragm shot full of leaden slugs when the war demons are let loose. He is for preparedness and war with his mouth only, and when he pleads for plutocratic preparedness, which means militarism and war, he simply echoes the demand of his economic masters, the trust magnates who wax fat and beastly in the horrors of war.

The Rev. Dr. Eatons are simply the clerical mouthpieces of the John Pierpont Morgans. The Eatons are provided with luxurious pulpits, palatial parsonages, and princely salaries to prostitute the religion of Christ to the service of Mammon.

If war results from such frenzied appeals as this plutocratic preacher is making and the country is turned into a bloody shambles, he and his like should be taken by the neck and forced into the front ranks to have their own bellies filled with the shrapnel and slugs they intend for their deluded fellow-men.

Child labor impeaches capitalism at the bar of humanity and condemns it as the wrecker of the family life and the destroyer of civilization.

The recent Irish Republic may have been premature but the leaders of it were men as brave and self-sacrificing as ever went down to martyrs' graves.

If "America for Americans" is a patriotic slogan what's the matter with "Mexico for Mexicans."

A UNITED SOCIALIST PARTY

The proposal of the Socialist party by referendum vote to meet in conference with the Socialist Labor party with a view to finding common ground for unity and thus putting an end to the confusion resulting from having two parties in the field has been met in the spirit in which the proposal has been made and the prospects are now favorable for at least a mutual understanding and concerted action if not for a united party.

Let us hope that the conference may result in such action as will in time effect not only complete unity but the consolidation of all American Socialists in a single party. The time is ripe for such consolidation. There is no longer any reason why there should be two Socialist parties in the United States.

The Socialist party needs the Socialist Labor party and the Socialist Labor party needs the Socialist party. It is true that there are differences between them but they are not fundamental, and such obstacles to unity as there may be will be speedily assimilated in a consolidated party.

The Socialist Labor party, in convention assembled, responsive to the proposal of the Socialist party, has issued a statement entitled "Basis and Form of Unity Proposed to the Socialist Party." With the main features of this statement we are in full agreement and we commend it to the careful reading of every member of the Socialist party.

Probably the principle obstacle in the way of unity is the difference between the two parties in their attitude toward economic organization and upon that subject we believe the Socialist Labor party to be right. It does not palter with craft unionism, nor compromise for the purpose of currying favor with craft union officials, but it takes its stand squarely for the revolutionary industrial organization of the workers, the only stand consistent with a revolutionary political party. Industrial organization is the foundation of the revolutionary movement and without such organization political action is in vain and industrial democracy remains a dream.

We earnestly hope for the success of the unity conference and shall with joy hail a united Socialist party in the United States.

Thomas Paine said: "Right by chance and wrong by system, are things so frequently seen in the political world, that it becomes a proof of prudence neither to censure nor applaud too soon." The author hero of the American Revolution has been a long time dead but it is still "right by chance and wrong by system" and the great majority still censure the one and applaud the other as unthinkingly as they did in "the days that tried men's souls." But a wide-awake revolutionary minority is at work and the light of a new day is dawning for the human race.

GET OUT OF MEXICO

There was never the slightest excuse for the recent invasion of Mexico by the army of the United States; there is not now the remotest justification for that army remaining there.

The instigators of the Columbus raid, the incident on the border which precipitated the invasion, were not the ragged Mexican bandits who were charged with the crime but rich American bandits who long ago fastened their clutches upon Mexico and have been looting that wretched country ever since.

President Wilson well knows that the raids on the border are plotted by American conspirators to force intervention for the conquest of Mexico. He has himself issued warning against the false reports circulated by the newspapers controlled by these looting interests and calculated to inflame the American people against the Mexicans. Harrison Gray Otis and William Randolph Hearst are among these arch-conspirators who have secured fat concessions from the Mexican rulers to lend their support in suppressing the revolt of the Mexican people, whose lands these infamous conspirators have stolen from beneath their feet and whose resources they have seized and whose millions of toiling poor they have reduced to a condition of peonage that cries in protest to the civilized world.

Otis and Hearst and their gang of American buccaneers are the conspirators and criminals responsible for Columbus and the border warfare. It is they who are bent upon possessing themselves of the fabulous wealth of Mexico that has kept alive the guerilla warfare on both sides of the border, and if President Wilson would stop that warfare and restore peace to Mexico and that country to its own people, let him busy himself in hunting down the rich brigands in this country who are responsible for the crimes perpetrated upon both the American and Mexican people.

One or two of these plundering plutocrats hung high as Haman would with amazing suddenness put an end to the raids and threatened raids on the Mexican border.

IF "AMERICA FOR AMERICANS," THE BATTLE CRY OF OUR PLUTOCRATS AND PROMOTERS OF PREPAREDNESS HAS SUCH A PATRIOTIC RING, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH "MEXICO FOR MEXICANS!"

Let Wall street take its foul claws from the throat of Mexico and the people there will do the rest.

Let the United States army get out of Mexico; it has no business there.

We are with the Mexican people in their determination to take possession of their own country and rule it in the interest of their own people.

When Vice-President Thomas Marshall declared in a speech recently that the members of the legal profession "have a passion for fairness and justice" Artemus Ward turned in his grave and the shades of Bill Nye exclaimed, "It is too much, too much!"

A couple of boys in the employ of J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, absconded with a package of currency belonging to the bank and were promptly arrested. They were too young to realize that stealing to be safe and honorable must be legalized and on an extensive scale. The petty purloiner is always despised as a thief and thrown into jail with contempt while the royal robber is loaded with honors and occupies the highest seat in the synagogue.

The modesty of Theodore Roosevelt is the one quality he possesses in such an eminent degree that his devotees find it necessary to apologize for this weakness of their idol.

THE MAGON BROTHERS

The names of the two brothers, Ricardo and Enrique Magon, editors of El Regeneracion published at Los Angeles, are familiar to our readers. They have been from the beginning prominent figures in the Mexican revolution and have been hounded not only by the Mexican government, but shamelessly persecuted by the government of the United States.

The Magon brothers are staunch and uncompromising fighters for the proletariat of their native land and for this reason and no other they have been hunted down again and again, thrust into prison, their paper suppressed, and subjected to other innumerable outrages. These two valiant revolutionists are again in prison in California, charged with having violated the United States mails. It is the same old chestnut charge. The truth as published by them is sedition in the eyes of the plutocratic looters of Mexico and their subsidized hirelings on both sides of the line.

Money is needed for the legal defense of these Mexican comrades and it should be promptly provided by the Socialists and workingmen of this country. Send your contributions to Edgcomb Pinchon, 621 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Margaret Sanger

By Kate Richards O'Hare

Margaret Sanger is a trained nurse; for ten years she did nursing for a charity organization in the lower East Side of New York City. Her work took her among the poorest of the poor, where the birth rate is the highest of any place in the world and where the baby death rate is higher still. She not only nursed poor mothers through the agony of unwanted motherhood of surplus babies for the potter's field, but she was often called upon to watch the death agony of a woman who had braved the dangers of abortion in preference to bringing into the world a child for whom there was no place.

When Mrs. Sanger changed her work and went into private practice, and was employed not by the poor but by the well-to-do and rich, she found little call for maternity nursing; for babies are few and far between on the Upper West Side; most of her patients required her services for other ailments beside babies. Down on the East Side Mrs. Sanger found that women bore the many babies that could not possibly survive because they knew no way of avoid forced motherhood; on the West Side the women who were physically and financially able to give a baby a fair chance in life had few babies because they were able to buy from their physicians the knowledge of how to prevent undesired maternity. This seemed bitterly unfair to the little trained nurse and she decided that if it was right for the rich woman to limit her family to the desired number of children, then it was right for the carpenter's or hod-carrier's wife. What was good for the "Captain's lady" was also good enough for "Judy O'Grady." So Margaret Sanger began giving free to the women of the working class that information that the rich have always purchased at high prices from their fashionable doctors.

Then the storm broke over her head!

The church, the state, and the press piled on her. No woman would take a stand by her side, no man would openly espouse her cause. Her little magazine was suppressed by the postal authorities and she was indicted for the crime of circulating "obscene" matter, (the said obscene matter being material that has long been circulated through the mails in medical books). The story of Mrs. Sanger's departure to England, the arrest of her husband by trickery for passing out her literature, his conviction, her return to this country and the farce of her trial has all been told in the RIP-SAW as well as in hundreds of other newspapers and magazines. In one year Margaret Sanger has

risen to national and international prominence; and no woman in the United States today has more friends and sincere admirers.

She Visits St. Louis.

So when Margaret Sanger invaded the city of St. Louis on May the twentieth, for three whole days the city trembled in abject fear.

A stranger arriving in our fair city and observing the fear and consternation of certain bankers, clergymen and lawyers would no doubt have concluded that Margaret Sanger was a cohort of the Kaiser, armed with lyddite shells, carrying a supply of poison gas, charging about the country in airships laden with gun-cotton and machine guns!

A Dainty Low-Voiced Nurse.

It would have been hard indeed to convince such a stranger that Margaret Sanger is just a tiny scrap of a woman, the typical trained nurse, dainty, sweet and soft-spoken, with soft brown eyes, alluring curves and the most kissable mouth imaginable, and that her only weapons were her voice and an array of terrific facts; for she jarred sleepy, reactionary old St. Louis as it has not been jarred since the cyclone twenty years ago.

Margaret Sanger ruffled the serenity of the most hidebound, conservative city in the country simply because she was a woman who dared and she came loaded with an IDEA. Every human being worthy of the name admires a woman who is willing to fight the whole world bare-handed and alone for her opinions and every right-minded man or woman must agree with Mrs. Sanger that the most sacred thing in life is the creation of life and that the creator should have the right and power to say WHEN a life shall be called into being.

In the most astounding manner the people of St. Louis responded to the message of this brave little woman. The largest crowd of businessmen that ever attempted to enter the City Club dining-room listened to her address with rapt attention and cheered her words. At the Town Club the business women of St. Louis overran the facilities of the American Hotel and the doors were closed while many clamored for admittance.

Her Public Meeting Suppressed.

The Victoria Theatre had been rented for her public lecture. At the last minute the manager refused to open the doors to the thousands of people who had purchased tickets and who thronged the street. When Mrs. Sanger attempted to address the immense crowd from an automobile she was unceremoniously pro-

hibited from saying a word by a police sergeant at the head of his squad. The people cheered Mrs. Sanger and jeered the police when she was refused the right to speak in the theatre that had been hired for the occasion, or on the public street. The St. Louis folk were sent home to bed for fear that they might be contaminated by such dangerous doctrines.

Who Was Back of It?

The people of St. Louis welcomed Margaret Sanger; they wished to hear her message whether they agreed with it or not and they had every desire that the right of free speech should be maintained in this city, yet a few powerful men were able to insult this woman whose shoes they are not fit to touch; these men were able to put the Constitution of the United States to naught and deny a whole city the right to pay for and to hear a lecture on a vital topic.

Who Were These Men and Wherein Did Their Power Lie?

Mr. Festus Wade, one of the most powerful bankers in the middle west and a capitalist unrivalled in the art of attracting other people's earnings to his own pockets; Archbishop Glennon, head of the Catholic Church of this city, and a lawyer named Schneiderhahn who did the dirty work for these gentlemen.

The manager of the Victoria Theatre was approached and was given to understand that if he dared to carry out his contract with Mrs. Sanger he would be boycotted and ruined in business by the societies controlled by the above named gentlemen. As Robert Minor remarked, "These gentlemen and the Black Hand societies use the same weapon, the THREAT."

The newspapers, which at first gave Mrs. Sanger fairly favorable notices were likewise bludgeoned into a silence so thick that it would have served for armor plate!

In this way were the "common people" of St. Louis denied the right to see and hear Mrs. Sanger discuss the question of Family Limitation.

One can understand that the Festus Wade class of society is able to buy and is buying all the "birth control" information it needs and that his Grace is not supposed to need it; but what of the rights of the thousands of women of St. Louis who honestly feel that motherhood is too sacred to be abused, that the power to give life is a sacred responsibility and that its control should be in the hands of the woman who gives life rather than at the caprice of the man whose only responsibility is the gratification of physical passion.

If the Archbishop and the Catholic church are sincere in their teaching that women should accept motherhood without question or revolt as often as the

stork decides to come, whether once or twenty times in twenty years, then let the Catholic church use its mighty power for the protection of motherhood and childhood by uniting in an effort to secure:

- Maternity compensation laws;
- Widows pensions;
- Certain jobs and adequate wages for the bread winner;
- The abolition of child labor;
- The abolition of the tenant system of farming;
- The abolition of Mr. Wade's control of the cotton market.

When the church has used its power to make society as a whole responsible for the welfare of all children, provide every prospective mother with funds enough to care for herself and her unborn child in such a manner that the highest state of mental and physical fitness shall be insured; when there is care during confinement, freedom from harmful labor following childbirth and security of life and opportunity for the offspring; when such conditions prevail then and not until then has any male biped without feathers the right to forbid to any women the scientific knowledge that will enable her to decide when and under what conditions she shall call a new life into being.

I know that the great mass of men and women who read the RIP-SAW feel with me that neither Archbishop Glennon nor Festus Wade have any right to demand that the women of the working class shall continue as breeders of child slaves to perish in capitalism's shambles for the glory and profits of the American plunderbund.

Margaret Sanger is fighting a brave battle on behalf of the working class. Write to her and tell her so. She needs the hand of comradeship and appreciation to give her courage to walk the danger beset path that lies before her. Every word of cheer from a comrade now will be worth tons of flowers on her grave. Let us see that she gets it NOW. Margaret Sanger's address is 163 Lexington Ave., New York City and every right-minded man and woman will send her a word of comradely greeting.

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Gompers and His "Successful" Leadership

By Eugene V. Debs

A copy of the June issue of the American Federationist, organ of the American Federation of Labor, has come to me from a devotee of Samuel Gompers, its editor, with a marked editorial entitled "Debs, The Apostle of Secession," and a note requesting that the editorial be reproduced in the RIP-SAW for the benefit of its readers. The request is complied with and the editorial follows:

DEBS, THE APOSTLE OF SECESSION.

"Long ago there was a strong man who began his career in the service of a noble cause slaughtering thousands with the jawbone of an ass!—he ended a spectacular life by pulling down the pillars of a mighty temple and dragged men, women and children down with him to death. Since the time of this tribal hero, there have been many who have conspicuously striven to perform heroic deeds, but who have lost their strength and the opportunity of manhood through the seduction of some Delilah-like ambition and have sought to conceal their own defeat by dragging others down in the wake of their ruin.

Such a one is Eugene V. Debs. He had power of personality, many qualities and parts that foreshadowed the possibility of a useful life. But he came under the baneful influence of a desire for conspicuous action. He saw injustice and suffering in the world and conceived a vision of their removal and even with HIMSELF as the center of all eyes performing these things for the people. He felt the lure of the spotlight, the hunger for first page notoriety, a nervous unrest that found gratification only in noisy applause.

Addicted to these tastes, Mr. Debs began a career which has emulated a "Wild West" show in thrilling situations and excitement to invidious sportsmanship. The stakes for which he gambled involved human welfare and human opportunity—the agencies he manipulated were trustful human souls. The egoism of Debs urged him on to emulation of the heroic mood. He felt that HE must save the people.

About 1894 Mr. George Howard, before that an officer of the Order of Railway Conductors, disclosed to the writer in Kansas City, Missouri, a project he had of launching a new organization of "all railway men of the country, absorb all the men in the railroad brotherhoods and supplant those organizations." He asked us to join with him in that movement. We endeavored to impress upon Mr. Howard not only the unwisdom but the injustice of such a course, and that we could never place ourselves in the position to try and tear down what it had cost so much to build up in the interest of the workers. Mr. Howard's answer was: "Then I shall have to get Gene Debs." And Mr. Howard got Gene Debs and there was then launched the "American Railway Union," Mr. Debs assuming its presidency while he was still editor of the official magazine of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. In other words, Debs became the head and front of a movement to destroy the organization of which he had been a trusted officer both as secretary-treasurer and later as editor of its official journal.

Under his leadership the stupendous struggle of 1894 was undertaken, which led the men into needless journeys through the wilderness of sacrifice, resulting in despair.

Failing in his project, his next step was to organize a movement of workers in rivalry and antagonism to the American Federation of Labor. He organized the American Labor Union with which he proposed his famous land colonization scheme and a minutive cooperative commonwealth; each proposition being abandoned, one after the other with equal celerity as they were dreamed by him over night.

Mr. Debs' next move was the organization of the Western Labor Movement, an effort to divide again and destroy the bona fide wage-workers' movement of America.

Later, when the Western Federation of Miners withdrew from the A. F. of L., no one exerted so potential an influence to keep that organization from reaffiliation to the A. F. of L. than Mr. Debs. How disastrous and mistaken were the policies of the W. F. of M. as advised and guided by Mr. Debs has been recently recounted by President Moyer in an illuminating bit of labor history that must prove a lasting lesson and blessing for all wage-earners.

In rapid succession Mr. Debs translated his potential leadership to the perverting inhibition of his dominating egotism from one field of destructive activities to another until we find him launched in the maelstrom of the Industrial Workers of the World.

A perusal of the published stenographic report of Mr. Debs' speeches in the convention of the I. W. W. is illuminating and instructive to the student not only of the labor movement, but one of the most notorious egotists the world has yet possessed.

From the moment that he was lured from his duty and devotion to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen his leadership has evinced the coercive miasma that has inflamed his mind and poisoned all his relations with the men and women of the bona fide labor movement of America. He inculcated the spirit and the habit of secession and to him this amounted to a fetish.

But a new period in his life is marked by a change in his ambition. He no longer saw himself as the general of the labor forces in the active industrial struggle but he conceived of himself as the philosophical advisor. It was when he reached this stage some years ago that we designated him as the "Apostle of Failure." He associated with the Socialist party, which is based upon what a writer has called, "The Philosophy of Misery," and as its candidate for the Presidency, led the red flag consistently toward that goal. But not content with being the "Apostle of Failure"—a living example of failure—he wishes to drag all with him to a final undoing and chaos. The "Apostle of Failure" evolves into the "Apostle of Secession," of Division and of Disruption.

Gompers and His "Successful" Leadership

Mr. Gompers may now show that he is equally fair by reproducing the following in his American Federationist:

The article of Mr. Gompers was discreetly timed so as to follow closely upon the heels of my nomination for congress by the working class. At about the same time his article appeared he issued a statement, to which the associated press gave wide publicity, commending the democratic party in the highest terms for what it had done (?) for labor, and earnestly appealing to workingmen to give that party their support. This is the prelude to Mr. Gompers' entry upon the national campaign. He is the political ally of Tom Taggart, Roger Sullivan, whom William Jennings Bryan denounced as "a train-robber in politics," Charles Murphy of Tammany Hall, Bathhouse John and Hinky Dink, and will soon be on the stump with these eminent patriots, making speeches for the democratic party. He will be wise enough, however, fat-witted as he is, to make all his speeches this side of Mason and Dixon's line. He will not go into the Southern states where the democratic party has been supreme for a century and tell the disfranchised peons down there about the blessings the democratic party has brought to them.

Now that Gompers has taken so much interest in my nomination I want him to come into the district and meet me face to face

Not only did Mr. Debs interpose to prevent the reaffiliation of the Western Federation of Miners with the A. F. of L., but failing in that, he appealed to all the miners to secede from the national labor movement and to work out an independent existence in conflict with the A. F. of L. Failing in that, he now encourages, aids and abets disruptive elements within the United Mine Workers.

For years the miners have struggled to organize the miners of West Virginia—to secure for them the benefits of union standards and the protection of the organized labor movement. When that was accomplished after untold sacrifice, suffering and even loss of human life, Mr. Debs has the hardihood to address an open letter to malcontents who seek to destroy the power and the unity of the miners' organization of West Virginia. His own craven spirit and motives are reflected in the motives he attributes to men in the miners' organization and in the charges he makes against them. Failure has been his own portion—failure he would bring upon others even if that purpose should mean the disruption of the trade union movement which alone protects workers and brings betterment into their lives.

This "Apostle of Failure," this failure as the standard-bearer of the party of failure, wants to demonstrate a recrudescence of power in tearing down the pillars of the Temple of Labor.

But the spirit of disruption will not prevail!

There are now over 3,000,000 organized workers who appreciate the necessity of union; their number is constantly increasing. They know that through united action come better opportunities and better lives; that through division results oppression, deterioration of present standards and loss of opportunities and freedom. They know that if they stay together they can somehow work out their own differences of opinion and advance the general cause. They regard secession as treason not only to the labor movement but to the movement for humanity.

Secession from the organized labor movement or attempts to disrupt existing organizations mean to the wage-earners the destruction of their one means of protection. Whatever the purpose of advocates of secession may be, their progaganda is fatal to the democratic organization of workers, fatal to the interests of the seceders, cowardly desertion of the general interests of all the workers. If the cause for which seceders stand is just, they would be willing to remain among their fellows and to work for the establishment of their ideals of justice. Mr. Debs, both as an apostle of failure and as an apostle of disruption, is no friend of the workers of this country, indeed whether consciously or ignorantly he has constituted himself their enemy."

before the workers and repeat his charges that they may be warned betimes that I am their enemy and that it is their solemn duty to give their support to the Democratic party of which he is the champion, the only party that is the friend of labor and the only party entitled to labor's support.

Will he come? He will not. He dare not come. He is the rankest of cowards. There is not a drop of fighting blood in him and he was never in a fight for labor in his whole career, nor has he ever put his nose for a moment where his hide might be endangered.

The dray-horse style of the Gompers editorial which characterizes all his utterances, his ponderous phrasing and stilted sentences, including his stupid Samsonian analogy, are readily recognized. It is something quite different from "coercive miasma," whatever that may be, that he is afflicted with, and is constitutionally quite as incurable as the office and salary itch.

I shall enter upon no defense of my labor record. Paltry as it may be it needs none. I admit that I have failed to unite the workers even as Mr. Gompers has succeeded in keeping them divided. He has not failed to unite them, because he has never tried. He is a craft unionist and has not moved an inch for forty years except as he has been compelled to move to keep himself in office.

I have no reason to blush for my failure, if failure it be, and I would not for all the world exchange it for Gompers' success.

He has indeed been a shining success as a labor leader. He has the longest salary record in the labor movement and is as popular in Wall street and among the politicians at Washington as any captain of industry. He has had hold of the salary teat until he has grown toothless, and has held office until he has "coercive miasma" on the brain, and this should bear sufficient testimony to the brilliant success of his leadership.

But let it not be supposed for a moment that Mr. Gompers' perpetual lease of office is due to the rank and file of the unions that make up his federation. They have no voice and never will have as long as he can help it. The intelligent, progressive union men are against him and if the rank and file had to elect him he would never hold another office in the labor movement.

If Samuel Gompers imagines that his silly story about the starting of the A. R. U. will be believed by any person not feeble-minded he himself needs a guardian. According to this story George Howard called on him to organize the A. R. U. and it was only after he declined that Howard came to me. Two years before this absurd story, at the time I resigned my office in the B. of L. F., I announced my purpose in the convention of that organization to organize a union that would embrace all the railway employes in the service. The idea originated with myself and the preliminary arrangements for organizing the A. R. U. were all made before Howard attended a meeting of its organizers. This stupid falsehood is on a par with the rest of the editorial and if the friend of Gompers who sent it to me asking me to publish it in the RIP-SAW, with the covert hint that I would not dare to do so, will only coax that gentleman to meet me on a public platform before a body of union men, his own followers, I will not only rip his editorial into rags, but I will also answer for my "failure" after I get through analyzing his "success" as a labor leader.

Gompers declares that I am the enemy of labor and so I am without a doubt if he is its friend.

The reference that Gompers makes to the miners of West Virginia would make any other than he blush scarlet with shame. I was in that state at my own personal expense fighting for the miners and trying to organize them at a time when organizers were slugged and driven out and when he could not have been dragged into the state. I was sunstroke and came near losing my life fighting for the miners of West Virginia, and the first injunction ever issued against labor in that state was issued by Judge Jackson of the federal court against me twenty years ago because of the success of my efforts in behalf of the miners. And where was Gompers at this time? Playing the role of a "successful" leader by loyally holding office and unflinchingly drawing his salary.

It is true that I advised these same miners to revolt when I saw them made the victims of corrupt union officials, hand in glove with the rotten politicians of the thieving and murderous corporations. When union officials become the dirty tools of the masters and traffic in the confidence of their followers and the union backs them in their perfidy and corruption, it is a crime against labor to remain silent, but Sam Gompers has never opened his mouth in such an extremity for fear of offending the corrupt unionists and losing caste with the exploiting masters. The "successful" labor leader, whose success depends upon his holding his office at whatever cost, never takes a stand in such a situation but remains discreetly silent, becoming accessory to the crime for the sake of saving his salaried bribe and preserving his "successful" leadership unspotted before the world.

Years ago I made my choice between duty and office. I could easily have remained in office had I so desired. For over thirteen years I was unanimously re-elected in the Brotherhood of Locomo-

The August RIP-SAW

The August RIP-SAW will be brimful of timely and effective articles on the present problems. Among the big features are:

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The great Socialist cartoonist Sesinger has drawn a masterpiece around the RIP-SAW poet's latest and best war poem. "He's a Patriot, by Heck!" This double page picture and poem should be pasted up for all to see and read. It is sensational. Send for extra copies of the August Rip-Saw with this cartoon and poem to mail to your friends.

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On Socialism, by Walter Thomas Mills. In August Comrade Mills will discuss "Where is the Money Coming From," to acquire the national industries. This is number 8 of the Mills Series. Scores of locals and study clubs use the Mills article each month for class use. The entire series constitutes an complete education in elementary Socialism.

Tobe Spilkins

Attends the Democratic convention, and his experience is such as to make even a "Bull Moose" laugh. The author, W. S. Morgan is rapidly obtaining national recognition as one of the great living purely American humorists. He is the Artemus Ward of the present day. Hundreds of RIP-SAW readers tell us that they always read "Tobe" first, before wading into the serious articles. Tobe Spilkins appears exclusively in the RIP-SAW.

Kate Richards O'Hare

Contributes an article, "A Crack in the Solid South." This powerful article should be placed in the hands of every southern voter. Comrade Kate, born of Southern parents, knows the problems of the South as few do. Northern people will find much inspiration and hope in her story, but the Southern born and bred will get the full force of this deep analysis of the problems of the Southland.

Eugene V. Debs

Besides his usual editorial comment on current events, Eugene Debs will have a thorough explanation of the Mexican situation. For years Comrade Debs has been in touch with the situation, and he is no better writer to furnish the Socialist viewpoint of the history and current events in regard to the situation south of the Rio Grande.

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The National Rip-Saw

Pontiac Building

St. Louis, Mo.

tive Firemen. There was never a vote cast against me and when I finally resigned to organize the A. R. U. it was immediately after I had been unanimously re-elected. The delegates insisted upon me fixing my salary at any figure I might name and in all the years I was in office I never accepted within \$500 the amount of salary the delegates were willing to allow me. But I insisted upon resigning and frankly told the delegates the reason why and when shortly afterward the A. R. U. was organized, I went to work for that organization at \$75 per month. All of which simply proves my "failure." In the surpassingly successful record of Gompers' leadership there is no such evidence of failure. He has never been foolish enough to resign an office, nor so inoculated with "coercive miasma" as to reduce his own salary year after year and finally refuse it entirely.

Not the least of Gompers' brilliant achievements is his enrollment as a leading light in Wall street's own and only Civic Federation, where he has dined at non-union banquets and been served by non-union waiters to attest his fealty to his masters. But even they, smiling down upon him with ill-concealed indulgence, in their hearts detest his servility and hold him in contempt. At one of these meetings an incident occurred which expressed the contempt of the capitalist plutocrat for the labor sycophant. According to the story Elihu Root, the darling of Wall street, was making a speech. Gompers sat near him and aspiring to be his water-boy, passed a glass of water up to the speaker. Root deliberately turned his back in contempt and left Gompers with the glass of water in his hand staring into Root's coat-tails.

On the eve of the Interborough strike in New York City, August Belmont had Farley, the notorious strike-breaker, engaged to break the strike. Thousands of thugs were quartered in the hotels of New York ready to take the places of the strikers. Shortly afterward August Belmont, the American representative of the Rothschilds, and Samuel Gompers the brilliant and successful labor leader had their feet under the same mahogany at a banquet of the Civic Federation.

I may be "the most notorious egotist the world has yet possessed" and the most dismal failure ever known, but I would see myself scorned from the face of the earth and eternally damned before I would purchase success at such a price.

Gompers is intent upon having it appear that I betrayed the

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Says he: "Debs became the head and front of the movement to destroy the organization of which he had been a trusted officer." Then why do the members of this organization still love and honor me as they do? Why do they throng my rooms at the hotels and flock to the meetings I address and tell me over and over again that if the railroad men had only followed my leadership of more than twenty years ago they would not be in the slavish and almost helpless condition they are today?

Gompers will not dare to go with me before the members of this organization anywhere in this country and make the lying imputation that I betrayed them. They know me and they also know Gompers; they know why I am hated by every railroad corporation and denounced by every railroad official while Gompers basks in their smiles as they commend his "conservative" course and crown him the wise and eminently successful labor leader.

Gompers has forgotten that it was I who started most of the unions of his own federation south of Mason and Dixon's line. When I first covered the Southern states after my release from Woodstock jail there was not a state federation in the South and there was scarcely a trace of a local union of any kind in that entire section. The notoriety that followed my "failure" in the Pullman strike at least gave me packed houses over the South and after every meeting I took it upon myself to assemble those who responded to my appeal to organize, gave them the address of the secretary of the A. F. of L. and urged them to at once organize a union and join the federation. I did this night after night at every point I visited and in some places formed a temporary organization, and it was not long after I covered that section before unions began to spring up and state federations began to form in the Southern states. Gompers does not remember this, but the old union men in that section have not forgotten it.

As for my efforts to destroy union labor, is it not a bit strange, even to a victim of "coercive miasma," that such trade unions as the Typographical union, the Western Federation of Miners and others should make me an honorary member? And while upon this point suppose we quote a few lines from J. P. MacDonagh, one of the pioneer organizers of the American Federation of Labor and one whose record and standing Gompers will not question. MacDonagh and I organized most of the trade unions in and about Terre Haute and here is what he wrote in answer to an infamous falsehood uttered by one of Gompers' hireling organizers and brought to his attention:

"If I were to recount one-half the good offices Eugene V. Debs did for the trade unions while I was in Terre Haute, I could fill up the entire pages of the RIP-SAW, and then a supplement would have to be added. Suffice it to say that he helped the writer to organize many of the trade unions of Terre Haute in those days, and many a night did we rouse him out of his bed to come and help settle some dispute or another between employer and employes, for the printers, the painters, the lathers and plasterers, the coopers, the cigar-makers, the carpenters, the brick-makers, the hod-carriers, and many others which I have borne witness to."

To the above, Phil K. Reinbold, president of the Central Labor Union of Terre Haute, added the following:

"The fact is that Debs organized most of the unions in this city and when he was grand secretary and treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen his office was headquarters for organized labor unions of every kind and form. When unions needed money they went to Debs; when they were in trouble they went to Debs; when they had grievances they went to Debs. It was Debs who arbitrated all their early troubles or led their strikes over and over again, and never once did he turn his back on a labor union or a union man."

Gompers may at his leisure produce similar testimonials as to himself and in the meantime I shall be entirely satisfied with the fruit of my "failure" in the labor movement.

In what he has to say of the Western Federation of Miners, Gompers is careful not to add that this union, for which I have always had the strongest attachment, all but went upon the rocks after its re-affiliation with the Gompers machine; that it has had a most desperate struggle to keep from perishing and that many of its most militant spirits and best fighters deserted it because of that very re-affiliation.

Not in the least do I envy the "success" of Samuel Gompers. He may have all the laurels he is entitled to as the grand old woman of the labor movement.

I am seeking neither glory nor success. I am fighting for the working class. Their cause is my cause and their failure my failure. There is no hope for the toiling masses until they are industrially and politically united and though I fail to the end of my days I shall strive with all the energy of my being to unite them in the same industrial union and the same political party for their common emancipation.

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Current Problems—Socialism, Etc.

7. The Monopolist and His Profits

By Walter Thomas Mills

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

Labor is exploited through ground rents, interest payments and monopoly profits.

We have seen in the earlier articles that the only remedy for this exploitation in the matter of ground rents is the appropriation of these rents for public purposes and that the only remedy for exploitation through interest payments is the public organization and management of the public credit.

It will be the purpose of this article to show that the only way of escape from the exploitation of labor through monopoly profits is to create a public enterprise in the place of every unavoidable private monopoly.

The only power by which an unfair price can be established and maintained is monopoly of some sort. Where there are many sellers of the same article and there is no mutual understanding among them, it will be impossible to prevent underbidding in fixing prices. This underbidding can find no stopping place until it reaches the general level of the cost of production.

If, in the effort to make the sale any one consents to sell for less than the cost of production, bankruptcy would speedily eliminate such a seller from the problem. Hence, it is that bankruptcy that will prevent the falling of price below the cost of production, while underbidding will prevent the price from going very much above the cost of production.

To give in exchange for an article all that it costs in human service to provide it, is only just. In such a market the exploitation of labor would be entirely impossible.

But when monopoly arises, underbidding ceases and with no underbidding to pull down the price in this work-a-day world of ours prices are sure to advance.

With monopoly once established, the cost of production no longer determines the selling price. The selling price is then determined—not by asking how much the thing cost—but how much will the people pay rather than do without. The great monopolies are in control of all the great necessities of life,—things without which life becomes impossible, and hence, by this monopoly power to fix an unfair price, the exploitation of labor becomes inevitable in every such market, and that exploitation must continue as long as such monopoly markets are permitted to continue.

It is perfectly evident that whatever remedy is to be applied must be some measure or movement which will bring down the

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During the last quarter of a century, the effort has been made by regulations, by fines, by imprisonment and by denunciation to remedy this evil of private monopoly, but in no instance have any of these efforts succeeded in bringing down the selling price of any single human necessity in such a market. At no time has the breach between what can be produced by one's labor and what can be purchased with one's income, so rapidly widened and deepened as during these very years of pretended regulation and control.

Only one remedy has ever been tried which has really succeeded and which in the nature of the case, whenever honestly administered, must always succeed in bringing down the selling price of monopoly-controlled services or commodities.

That one remedy is the creation of a public enterprise in the place of the private monopoly.

When a private monopoly charges more than the cost of the service, and so accumulates a surplus, the surplus is divided among the monopolists and, if possible, the selling price still advanced in order, next time, to create a larger surplus.

Under the public ownership of such a monopoly, if the charges are in excess of the cost of the service, a surplus also arises, but, in that event, there being no private interests among which it would be either just or lawful to divide the surplus, the surplus is made to disappear by reducing the selling price. And that reduction must necessarily in the end

be continued until the selling price shall reach the general level of the cost of its production.

In every competitive struggle between great private companies for the final mastery of the market, that one will finally win which is able to command the largest capital, the best machinery and the most effective organization and management.

Whenever the great monopolies, like the monopolies in transportation, in fuel, oil, sugar, meat and bread, have once been established, the only other enterprise which can possibly be undertaken, which will, always be able to control larger capital, better machinery and more scientific management, is necessarily an enterprise belonging to all of the people, and therefore able to control all the resources and to employ all the capacity of all the people in the undertaking.

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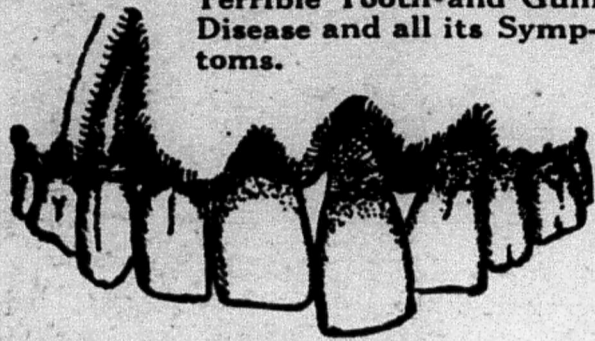
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Protest Against Exchange of American Blood for Mexican Gold Sent to Wilson

Here is the protest sent by the Socialist Party national executive committee in session in Chicago to President Wilson on the Mexican situation, declaring that American blood must not be sacrificed for Mexican gold:

Mexico's national wealth amounts to seven billion dollars. Of this wealth, four billions is owned by Americans. The Socialist Party sees a connection between these facts and the fact that American interests for several years have been trying to force your administration to embroil the two countries in war, the evident purpose being the subjugation and annexation of a part of Mexico. We protest against the exchange of American blood for Mexican gold. We have what we believe is reliable information that Mexican raids upon American territory are inspired by and paid for by American interests. We believe our frontier should be protected, but we believe it should be protected by troops stationed upon our side of the Rio Grande. The Mexicans are a proud people. They have but to read the memoirs of our own General Grant to learn that in his opinion the United States once waged an unrighteous war against them and robbed them of half of their country. Naturally they resent the presence of Americans on their soil now. Naturally they are suspicious. The Socialist Party believes they have abundant reason to be suspicious. We demand the protection of our frontier by soldiers stationed only on the American side of the Rio Grande, but we also demand the capture of the Americans who

Overgrown military establishments are, under any form, inauspicious to liberty and are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. —George Washington.

Though I have been trained as a soldier and participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not be found to prevent the drawing of the sword.—Ulysses S. Grant.

Louisville, Ky,
May 16, 1916.

Dear Rip-Saw:
Comrade Kate Richards O'Hare made a splendid address here and everybody was delighted. She is certainly one of the best speakers in the movement today and we are all proud of her as our leading woman fighter for freedom.
J. L. STARK, State Sec'y.

have inspired Mexican raids across our border.

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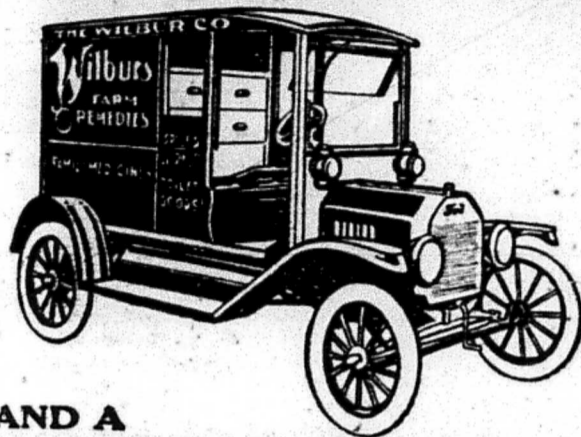
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TOBE SPILKINS

Hiz Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editur: It wuz purty urly in June that I wuz a settin' in my offis. a dividin' uv my time between wonderin' how tu answer that ornery Ben's lettur and tryin' tu kount the frekles on one side uv that new stenograferess' face, when I got a hurry message frum Woodsaw tu cum up to the Whitehouse at oncet. I obeyed the summons and when I aroved at the Whitehouse wuz immejiately taken tu the prezident's private offis. Woodsaw wuz there a waitin' fur me.

I coodent help but notice that there wuz sumpthin' speshul on his mind. I dident have long tu wait tu find out what it wuz. He got up and walked akross the floor 2 times then sot down in hiz chare again. Leanin' over, he put hiz 2 hands on my kneeze.

"Tobe," he sed, "I have sent fur you fur a speshul purpis. I want you tu attend the Republikan konvenshun at Shekawgo. I want you tu go there az my sekret agent. I never wuz at a Nashinul Konvenshun and I don't know how they du things, exsept what we reed in the nooze-papers and I know they don't print it all. I want you tu go there and git behind the scenes and see how they du it, and then cum bak and tell me. I know you air a good mixer; I want you tu go there and mix with them; paregorickally speekin' I want you tu 'be all things tu all men,' and also what wimmin there iz there and see what they want and when they want it. We kant tell; we may have tu du sum uv them things at the Demokratick nashinul konvenshun if I git the enominashun for 2 prezidents. Du you understand?"

"I du," sed I, "I am the graitest konvenshuner in the world. I bit 2 fellers ears off in one konvenshun and skatched another's face so bad that it looked like a new war map uv Yurrope. You cookent git a better man."

"When kin you go?" asked Woodsaw.

"I'll start tomorrow," sed I, "it's the early wurm that gits acquainted with the burds."

"All right," sed Woodsaw, and he writ me out a check fur 5 hundred dollars. I dident have enny dee I'd use all uv it, but I changed my mind afterwards.

I had never bin tu Shekawgo before and dident know how tu git tu plaices. I seen by the papers that the main fightin' wood be along Mishygan Avynoo, so when I got off the train I met a feller that wuz a goin' up tu that Avynoo, and he asked me tu ride with him. I thought it wuz mighty kind uv him, and me a purfekt strainger, so I got into hiz ortermowbill and away we flew. I told him I wanted tu

stop at sum good hotel up on the avynoo, and he sed all rite. We sune reeched a hotel. I got out and started tu thank him fur hiz kindness. "Gteen dollars pleeze" he sed, a holdin' out uv hiz hand.

"That's purty high aint it?" I asked.

"Yes," he sed, "everything iz high now. It's the war in Yurrop and it kosts so much tu keep the masheen greezed."

I went into the hotel; the clurk sed he wuz "full up" and coodent keep me. I went tu 4 uther plaices. At the last one the clurk sed he had one bed left. I asked him how mutch he wood charge me fur it. He sed 20 dollars a day. I told him that wuz too high. He sed "all right; I'm a gittin' 20 dollars a peece fur the 3 uther beds in that room and I'm a goin' tu ask 25 dollars fur that one tu-morrow if you don't want it." I told him I wood taik it. He maid me pay a hundred dollers down and sed I cood pay the balance in installments. He then called a porter and told him tu taik me up tu my room. We got in the ellavator and went up tu the 18th story. I looked out the window. Sum uv the uther bildin's wuz higher than this and sum lower.

"Jee Whillikins!" I sed tu the porter; "this iz purty high."

"Yes," he sed, "they air a holdin' uv a lot uv knovenshuns here and everything iz high."

I asked him when the ellavator wood be up agin. He sed he dident know. I told him I'd like fur it tu git bak in time tu taik me down stairs in time tu attend the konvenshun next Wednesday. He laughed and told me tu git in and he'd show me how long it tuk tu go down. I follered him in; he shut the door and grabbed a lever. The dadgummed thing dropped clean tu the floor without stoppin'. I tride tu keep up with it, and my feet hit the floor a half a seckond after it stopped. A minnit later my breth cum down and I got it. Az sune az I got out uv the ellavator I went into the bar-room and bought me a high-ball. It wuz only 15 cents; it wuz the only thing in the city that wuz low, exsept sum uv the politishuns. I felt like huggin' uv the bar-keeper, but I changed my mind and bought another high-ball. I felt better now and concluded tu go tu findin' out things so I cood tell Woodsaw when I got bak. I went down tu the womans' sufferingist's hedquarters. I saw lots uv men a goin' in there. A bootifull yung lady gave every man who passed in a stick uv chewin' gum; them az had red nozes got 2. She gave me 3. There wuz a woman a

makin' uv a speech. She sed the wimmin frum all over the kountry wuz there a representin' uv about fifteen millyun uv wimmin who coodent cum. "We air not beggin' fur the rite tu vote;" she sed, "we alreddy have that—jist az good rite az the men have; what we air askin' iz the opportunity tu vote, and if theze politikal parties that have been a managin' uv things in this kountry don't give us that opportunity there'll be sumpthin' doin'. We want them tu put a plank in their platform sayin' they will du it."

She sot down and I went out. It wuz too deep a subjeck fur me. I know they have a rite tu vote but I hate tu du without my likker, and so duz a whole lot uv uther men.

Jist az I stept down on the street I met my bruther Zeke. We wuz both uv us glad tu see each uther. He wuz a old guard Republikan and a delegait tu the konvenshun. He sed he wuz in a hurry; he wuz goin' down tu the Roozevelt Hedquarters tu try tu git the Roozevet delegaits tu help throw Hughes

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**What my treatment has done for others;
It can 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 bloat 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 200 and am still losing."

Mrs. GEORGE KYLE, Junction City, writes: "I have reduced 30 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 60 to 65 pounds. My waist was 38 inches, abdomen was 48 inches, bust measure 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."

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, stomach and kidneys become diseased, breathing is difficult, blood impure and congested, and the end may come in Sudden Death by HEART FAILURE, APOPLEXY, or other disorder. You should save yourself from these DANGERS; do not delay!

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or dieting, in legions of cases; why not you? Clear, pure skin; no flabbiness, no wrinkles. Lost vigor restored. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles, female ailments, nervousness, leave as fat goes away. I send you PROOF TREATMENT FREE. It is aimed to make you feel better at once. I also send you Free my book of advice, and testimonials from many well known people. Write me today.

DR. F. T. BROUGH

909 Brough Bldg., 20 East 22d St., New York.

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.

over the brest-wurks. He sed the old guard jist put Hughes out tu kill off the Roozevelt boom and now the Hughes' boom wuz about tu run over the whole durn shootin' match, favorite sons and all. He wanted me tu go with him and I sed all rite." He sed I had no delegait's badge.

"You kant git in," he sed, "without a badge, but we kin fix that; I've got a extra one, and he pinned it on the lappell uv my cote. We tuk a ellayatoreed kar and wuz sune down there. I never seen sich a crowd in all my life. The Hedquarters wuz full, and the salunes fur a quarter uv a mile around wuz full. Everything wuz full and purty neert everyboddy. I wuz neerly dyin' fur a drink myself, but Zeke don't drink and I didnt want tu hurt hiz feelin's, espeshually since we hardly ever seen each uther enny more. At the Hedquarters they had a long, high counter tu keep the surgin' crowd bak. Inside uv this they had a glass house with a lot uv trees higher than my hed and with munny a growin' on them. The branches wuz loaded down with all kinds uv munny. The crop looked tu me like it wuz ripe and reddy tu pick. I seen 'em pick sum uv it while I wuz there. We went up tu the kounter and Zeke whispered sumptin' tu one uv the clurks. This clurk went over and whispered tu anuther clurk. This thurd clurk winked at Zeke and beckoned fur him tu cum in. Zeke told me tu wate there a few minnits and he wood be bak. Then he slipped throo a small door under the kounter which they opened fur him, and went bak tu the thurd clurk. They then unlocked a door du the munny orchard afore-sed menshuned, and went down tu the bak end uv it and got behind sum munny trees, and I cood not see what they wuz a doin', but I supoze that bruther Zeke wuz a helpin' uv them tu pick their munny crop. Az sune az he cum bak we came out uv the bildin' where the Hedquarters wuz. When we reched the side-walk Zeke cougth me by the hand and sed:

"I'll have tu say goodbye, Tobe; I'm so bizzy with important bizziness that I can't stop tu talk a minnit. I've got tu git bak tu old guard Hedquarters, and then I've got tu visit the Hedquarters uv all the favorite sons. Goodbye, we may not meet agin."

He wuz gone; in 2 seckons he wuz lost in the crowd. But he left me the delegait's badge what he had pinned on my cote. While I stood there a smoothin' uv it out, a feller with a Roozevelt badge on hiz cote cum up and put hiz hand on my shoulder.

"Have you voted?" he asked. "No," sed I.

"Then cum with me," he sed. We went around tu the bak uv the bildin' and he unlocked a door. We went in; we wuz in the basement. There wuz lots uv fellers there a settin' around

tables a drinkin' uv all kinds uv likker. We sot down tu a table. He ordered wine and I ordered korn joose. He got right down tu bizziness at once. He asked me if I wuz fur Hughes? Uv korse he thought I wuz a delegait az I wuz a wearin' uv a delegait's badge. I told him I had a slight preferance fur Hughes, but not so bad but what I cook sackrifice it in kase uv extreem necessity. He asked me if I thought 5 hundred dollars a kase uv extreem necessity. I told him that wood be satisfactory. We went up stairs intu the room abuv and cum out slap dab intu the bak end uv that munny orchard with a glass fence around it. We picked the amount uv fruit agreed upon and went back down the same way. When we got down in the sellar the feller left me. He sed he wuz a goin' after more rek-roots. Before he went he pinned a Roozevelt badge on my cote. Then he told me tu set down and maik myself at home and tu order ennything I wanted and it woodent kost me a cent. I did. Then I brought my master mind tu bear on the situashun and tu try tu figger it out. There wuz 13 kandydaits; one uv them wuz a justis uv the peece, eleven uv 'em wuz favorite suns and the uther one whose name iz Teddy, wuz a prodigal sun. The real fight wuz between the justis uv the peece and the prodigal sun, but the market wuz fairly active among the favorite suns. It didnt taik me long tu maik up my mind what tu du. I wood go on the market. I had 2 badges fur capital tu wurk on. I pulled off the old guard badge and struck out fur their hedquarters immejjately with my Roozevelt badge a flappin' in the wind. They didnt have enny munny tu put out jist then but wuz a lookin' fur sum every day. They promised to maik me Post Master General if I wood vote fur whoever they wanted me tu, but they didnt know who that wood be jist then. This wuz where they kept the Republikan masheen, but in two minnits after I had looked over the old thing I knowed they wood have trubble a startin' uv the masheen, and when they wunce got it started they wood have trubble a gittin' it stopped. I visited the hedquarters uv all the favorite Sons. Purty neert all uv 'em "chipped in" fur my vote. Then I visited the Stait delegashuns. They wuz also purty liberal. Sum uv the delegashuns had dubble hedders; I hitched on tu both heds. It wuz the graitest munny skeme I had ever struck. I don't remember how long I kept it up, but it wuz several days and nites. I went tu the old guard konvenshun the furst day it met. I got chilled clean throo before it wuz half over. Then I went over tu the Roozevelt konvenshun and cum purty neert a gittin' killed. They wuz a rehursin' uv a stampede and I got mixed

up in it. I coodent keep out uv the way so I crawled out and went back tu the sellar under the munny orchard. The door wuz not locked and I went in. There wuz no one there. There wuz a bar'l settin' close tu the stair steps with these wurdz printed on it: "G. Purkins, Hiz Bar'l;" it wuz empty but I found 30 cents lyin' on the floor beside it. I looked around tu kind a place tu hide my munny. I hid it all but a thousand dollars. Then I got sum old gunny sacks, threw them down on the floor by the bar'l and laid down. I think I had a attack uv intoxicated-sleepful-exhaustshun. The dokters say this iz a very kommon dizeaze at politickal konvenshuns.

When I woked up I dident know whether it wuz the next day or the day before. I dident know whether it wuz in the forenoon or afternoon. I asked a feller who wuz a pickin' up empty bottles and a loadin' uv them in a waggin tu haul away. It wuz forenoon. I tried tu find the munny which I had hid, but I had furgot where I hid it. I felt empty about the stummick and went out tu git sum refreshments to ete and drink. After that I felt better. "Richard wuz hizself agin." I went up to the Progressive Headquarters. They wuzent ennybody here. The clurk sed they wuz all up tu the konvenshun hall. Then I went round tu the Hedquarters uv the Favorite Suns. They wuz all empty; nuthin' but a lot uv bottles left, and they wuz empty too. Then I went up tu where the Progressives wuz a holdin' uv their Konvenshun; they had dun nominated Roosevelt and he woodent have it. That wuz a hard blow; it hit me in the solon plexus. I wanted the Kurnel tu be in the race; he iz so funny and it wood have made it eazier fur Woodsaw tu git elektet. I started down tu the Old Gard Republikan Konvenshun, but it was a rainin' so that I had tu stop in purty neert every salune on my way down tu git out uv the rain. As it wuz I got wet inside and out. When I got there it wuz all over but the yellin'. I jined in that. After the yellin' wuz all over I found out that they had nominated Hughes. I don't know yet how they dun it, and havent seen ennybody that duz. The Favorite Suns jist curled up on the floor and barked fur Hughes. They aint nuthin' left uv the Bull Moose party but the stags and mavericks who want offis. The elephant iz now hitched up to the Regular band waggin which haz a trailer behind. There iz rom enuff fur all tu vote. Woodsaw iz alreddy mounted on hiz mule and haz got the start in the processhun. The elephant kin never ketch him. Selah!

Jist az I wuz about tu leeve Chicago tu go back to Washington I reseved a telegraff frum Wood-

saw tu go on tu the Demokratick Konvenshun tu be held at St. Louis on the 14th of June. I went, but I kant tell you about it now. I wanted tu see the inside uv it, and I did. Goodbye; the docktor thinks I'll be abel tu git out uv bed and set up sum in 2 or 3 weeks.

TOBE SPILKINS,
Diplomatt.

Who Cashed It?—"I sent a check to that fund, but I don't believe in parading my charity."

"Well?"
"So I signed a fictitious name to it."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Impatient.—LAWYER—"You say you want this damage suit pushed through with the utmost speed?"

CLIENT—"Exactly. I have a child six weeks old, and I want the money to pay his college expenses."—Gargoyle.

Qualified.—RECRUITING AGENT—"Have you had any military experience?"

RANDALL—"No, but I'm a born murderer."—Life.

The Rockefeller Massacre at Ludlow

April 20, 1914

By S. A. Nelson.

There is nothing like John D., the devil,
There is nothing as brutal as he;
There is nothing as cruel
As John D. and his fuel
That burned up the babies at Ludlow!

There is nothing like John D., the devil,
Though you hunt high and low all
through hell;
John D. with his fuel
Was more damnably cruel
Than Satan himself ever fell!

There is nothing like John D., the devil,
There is nothing as brutal as he;
There is nothing as cruel
As John D., and his fuel
That burned up the babies at Ludlow!
Oh! toilers, remember the DAY—
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How Nuxated Iron Helped Me to Whip Frank Moran

Jess Willard Tells Secret of His Easy Victory. Also reveals hitherto untold secret of his great triumph over Jack Johnson; Says Iron is Greatest of all Strength Builders.

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

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 fight with Frank Moran, I regularly took nuxated iron, and I am certain that it was a most important factor in my winning the fight 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



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

Jess Willard

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 or 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 60 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 in this city by all druggists.

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've 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 long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer is absolutely harmless and contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind—the most marvelously quick and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit the world has ever known.

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 to 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.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 406 St. Louis, Mo.



Mail Coupon NOW for FREE Booklet

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.....