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SOCIAL REVOLUTION



ENLIGHTENMENT



FORMERLY
THE
NATIONAL RIP-SAW



IGNORANCE

ST. LOUIS

OCTOBER, 1917



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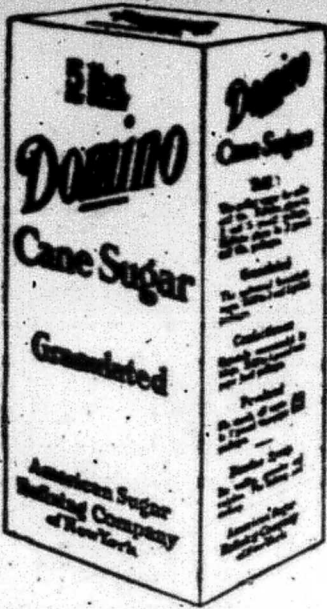
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\$0.50	5 Lbs. Pure Cane Granulated Sugar	\$0.20
.12	1 Large Size Package Quaker Oats	.06
.08	1 Package Uneeda Biscuits	.02
.08	1 Bar Ivory Toilet Soap	.03
.15	1 Can Campbell's Tomato Soup	.08
.07	1 Bar Kirk's Flake White Laundry Soap	.02
.07	1 Bar American Family Soap	.02
.25	1 Can Sardines, French Style, smoked and spiced, fried in best oil. Very appetizing, La Paris Brand	.14
.90	2 lbs. Moneyworth Brand Coffee	.70
.80	1 Lb. Tea, Highest Grade Uncolored Japan	.57
.50	1 Lb. Guaranteed Baking Powder	.39
.39	1 Bottle Family Concentrated Bluing 4-ounce bottle equal to one gallon ordinary bluing	.23
.60	1 Lb. Pure High Grade Breakfast Cocoa	.33
.50	1/2 Lb. Pure Ground Cinnamon	.20
	Our Special Catalog FREE!	
\$5.01	Our Wholesale Price To You	\$2.99

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Send us your remittance for either one or both of the Special Assortments in this page and we will then know that you mean business, and we will include with your order our Bargain Grocery Catalogue and Monthly Bargain Bulletins in which you will find big grocery bargains and save many dollars.

GUARANTEE

When You Receive These GROCERIES

call in your friends to examine them, and if you do not all agree the groceries are entirely satisfactory in every way, and just what you expected to get, and at much lower prices than you can get elsewhere, if you do not find you have saved money, simply return the entire shipment to us and we will immediately refund your money.

OUR ENORMOUS BUSINESS

in Groceries, buying as we do for more than a hundred thousand families, enables us to maintain our high standard of quality, and at the same time quote prices so low that we have no competition.

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Don't Forget! We do not send our Bargain Catalogue until we receive your trial order, nor do we sell a part of the order nor any one article mentioned in the list separately. The Ford plan of selling automobiles is our plan in selling groceries. We serve all well by serving all alike. Rush your trial order by return mail. It will put you on our permanent list of careful grocery buyers. It will bring you our catalogue and our bargain bulletins. Strike the first blow today in the battle against increasing grocery costs.

We Reserve the Right to Return Any Money Tendered Us In Payment of Goods, Contrary to Our Selling Plan.

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.12	1 Large Size Package Quaker Oats	.06
.08	1 Package Uneeda Biscuits	.02
.08	1 Bar Ivory Toilet Soap	.03
.08	1 Package Gold Dust Washing Powder	.03
.10	1 Pkg. Jell-O (The American Dessert)	.06
.15	1 Can Campbell's Tomato Soup	.08
.14	2 Bars Kirk's Flake White Laundry Soap	.04
.15	1 Can Karo Syrup, 1 1/2 Lbs.	.06
.07	1 Carton Argo Gloss Starch	.02
.75	3 Cans Sardines, French Style, smoked and spiced, fried in best oil. Very appetizing	.48
1.35	3 Lbs. Moneyworth Brand Coffee	1.05
.80	1 Lb. Tea, Uncolored Japan Highest Grade	.57
.75	5 Lbs. Fancy Head Rice	.60
.50	1 Lb. Guaranteed Baking Powder	.39
.39	1 Bottle Family Concentrated Bluing 4-ounce bottle equal to one gallon ordinary bluing	.23
.60	1 Lb. Pure High Grade Breakfast Cocoa	.33
.40	2 Lbs. Yellow Split Peas	.30
.20	1/2 Lb. Pure Black Ground Pepper	.11
.50	1/2 Lb. Pure Ground Cinnamon	.20
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	Our Special Catalog FREE!	
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Approximate saving to you of \$3.48

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R. F. D. or Street.....State.....

The above firm is thoroughly reliable. Send them your order.

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"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
 and the battle flags were furled
 In the parliament of man,
 the federation of the world."—Tennyson.

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EDITORIALS

By Eugene V. Debs

"MEN SHALL MARVEL THAT THIS COULD BE"

The men and women who have had visions, who have dreamed dreams, have led in the world's progress toward higher and better things. These prophets and seers—for such they have been—have always been regarded in their day as dreamers and enthusiasts, visionary and harmless, and but little attention has been paid to their visions and dreams until in a later day and generation they were triumphantly realized.

Victor Hugo had a vision of a day when war would be no more. He dreamed the poet's dream of a world without forts and arsenals, without soldiers and sabres, without bullets and bayonets—a world wherein peace, enduring peace, should prevail to the utmost boundaries, wherein men of all races should be brothers and dwell together in concord and love. He prophesied that "A day will come when bullets and bombs shall be replaced by ballots, by the universal suffrages of the people * * *, when a cannon ball shall be exhibited in our museums as an instrument of torture in war, and men shall marvel that such things could ever be."

Yes, the time will come when "men shall marvel that such things could ever be." The time is already here when millions are marveling that such monstrous things as war and massacre, destruction and desolation, deliberately plotted by sane human beings, are still possible upon the earth.

While war remains, savagery still rules, and our vaunted civilization is the most stupendous delusion that ever deceived and betrayed the human race.

But the day of peace is dawning. The present bloody war proclaims it. The earth rocks with the fury of the awful carnage, but out of the appalling welter of blood and desolation rises the bright star of hope.

The war is the prelude to Socialism, and Socialism will bring enduring peace to a distracted world!

"Socialism will destroy the home." Ask the Belgians or any of the rest of the people engaged in the European massacre.

Are you opposed to war? Then join the Socialists in standing for a system that will as inevitably make for peace and good will as the present system makes for war.

The captains of industry are laying the foundations for industrial democracy throughout the world.

MR. RUSSELL AND THE SOCIALISTS

Charles Edward Russell made a speech at Madison, Wisconsin, some days since in which he is reported as saying that the Socialists who are opposed to the war are "dirty traitors, and that they should be driven out of the country." We assume that Mr. Russell is correctly quoted, as it is not probable that he would be misrepresented by his friends, the capitalist newspapers, and for the further reason that the language above quoted is so near like that used by him on other occasions.

Now, when Charles Edward Russell came out in favor of war, we did not denounce him as a traitor. A few Socialists were bitter in their criticism of his action, but even they did not question his motive. We are not going to denounce him as a traitor now. We are simply going to leave him to time and to his own conscience.

When Mr. Russell denounces his former Socialist comrades, ninety-five per cent of whom do not agree with him, as "dirty traitors," and when he suggests that they should be "driven from the country," he is scarcely less severe than he was a few short months ago in denouncing the crowd with which he is now training. It is only necessary to look over the files of the *Coming Nation* when Mr. Russell had charge of its editorial columns, and some of his magazine and newspaper articles, to see that he denounced as crooks, grafters and thieves these very men.

No one attacked Elihu Root more fiercely as a Wall Street tool and a public enemy than Charles Edward Russell; but now Mr. Russell receives him with open arms, and jointly and severally these twin darlings

denounce as traitors those who are for peace, and want them driven out of the country.

Charles Edward Russell has the satisfaction of knowing that he is now welcomed by those he once so fiercely assailed as pirates and plunderers as Elihu Root himself. His every word in slandering his former comrades is heralded in the plutocratic press, and he is editorially eulogized by the "kept press" he was once so fond of castigating.

Poor Russell! He will pay dearly enough before he gets through.

Read Socialist literature, Mr. Worker, and you will see the road to freedom.

Are you tired of working hard and saving and skimping and starving, while your rich and idle master lives on the fat of the land? Then find out what Socialism is and join the Socialist party, the only party organized to put an end to poverty by making the workers their own employers and giving them all the wealth they produce.

THE SOCIALIST PRESS AND THE WAR

Since the United States entered into the European war, there has been a determined effort on the part of the government to either suppress Socialist publications by excluding them from the mails, or render them comparatively useless by a rigid censorship which virtually emasculates their policy and propaganda.

Socialist papers had a hard enough time to make ends meet before this censorship came upon them, but now it requires all the strength and support they can muster to keep the ship afloat until the war is over.

If the Socialist press is forced in these days to fight for its life, it is likewise true that never before have Socialists realized as they now do the vital importance of the press to the movement. The press is the very life-breath of any party or movement. Imagine the Republican or Democratic parties without newspapers, magazines, or other periodicals to support them! They simply could not exist, and powerful as they now are, they would soon crumble to pieces, disintegrate and disappear without the support of the powerful press (owned by the same economic class which controls these parties) which advocates their principles (?), booms their candidates and fights their battles with a loyalty that knows no shadow of turning.

In the desperate struggle the Socialist press is making to save itself for the future service of the movement, it ought to have the loyal support of every party member and every real friend of the working class.

Now is the time to unionize the working class to prepare for industrial democracy.

The logic of events is forcing the industrial and political organization of the working class in their struggle to break their chains and conquer their freedom.

The Socialist platform is the workingman's declaration of freedom.

Don't get discouraged. That's a confession of weakness no true man will make.

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

Few persons are more widely known in America than Kate Richards O'Hare. None are more deservedly popular with the working class. She has stood bravely, unflinchingly on the firing line ever since I have known her. She has gone into places few women would have ventured into to serve the men and women and children who toil. She has braved danger times without number to carry the message of Socialism to the enslaved. She has been tracked by detectives, threatened by gunmen and insulted by the dressed-up mercenaries of the master who occupy what are called Christian pulpits; but she has never wavered in her loyalty to the cause, nor faltered in the discharge of her duties.

And this is the woman who has been put under arrest and is now threatened with imprisonment. The reason for this extraordinary proceeding is not hard to find.

At the recent Emergency Convention of the Socialist party, such was the confidence in Kate Richards O'Hare that she was made chairman of the committee that wrote the Majority Report on War and Militarism which was later adopted by an overwhelming majority of the party.

From that time on, every utterance was noted and every movement watched. Of course, arrest was inevitable, for Kate Richards O'Hare could no more keep her silence, or shrink from voicing her convictions, than she could prevent her heart from beating.

And now she is under arrest. She is guilty of having publicly expressed her honest convictions.

Kate Richards O'Hare is undaunted by her arrest—if she is convicted she will go to prison without a flicker. There is not a recreant drop in her veins.

The hearts of the workers she has so loyally served are with her, and they admire, trust and love her all the more for her cruel persecution for their sakes.

The labor union that does not stand for giving the worker the full social value of his product is behind the times, and a hindrance rather than a help to the working class.

When the clouds hang low and others begin to weaken is when heroic souls make history.

Men grow great in fighting for the right.

HELP YOURSELVES, YE WORKERS!

The workers of the world have in every age and nation been the world's slaves. They have always toiled and produced in poverty that their masters might revel in luxury. They have never yet risen to the dignity of manhood nor ever yet known the true meaning of life or enjoyed the real blessings of freedom.

And now at last, after having struggled through abject slavery and degrading serfdom, a glimmer of class-consciousness is beginning to dawn upon them and for the first time in history they are coming to realize their power as a class and to dream of their coming freedom.

The Socialist movement is the crystallization of the class-consciousness of the workers, the concrete expression of their dreams and aspirations, and under its vitalizing and inspiring influence they are developing the knowledge that is power and preparing to conquer the world in the name of the workers who have created all there is of wealth and culture and civilization, and whose industrial emancipation will mean a new world and a glorious new era for the human race.

Education and organization are the paramount factors in the impending social revolution and these the workers must develop and employ themselves.

Oh, ye workers, learn how to educate and organize yourselves! No one on earth, nor even God himself, can do this for you. You can and must educate yourselves and organize your class to overthrow the cruel, despotic power that oppresses you, and set yourselves free.

Learn by the bitter experience of the past. Cease to be divided into wrangling factions. Get together regardless of race or nationality, creed or sex, and make common cause in the great struggle that is destined to shake every monarch from his throne and banish slavery in every form from the earth.

Get together, ye workers, industrially and politically, be brethren in fact and realize that you rise or fall together and that **only** when you stand united, only when you have developed the power of solidarity, only then can you shake off your fetters, rise to the dignity of manhood and freedom, and become the sovereign rulers of the world.

MAINE AND THE WOMEN

The State of Maine has shown evidence of its semi-civilization in denying votes to women.

Maine has given the world to understand that it is behind Russia and behind China in the matter of democracy and self-government.

The decent, fair-minded men of Maine ought to apologize to the women of that state for belonging to the male species.

But the worst of all is that the cowardly politicians are now blaming it all on the women. The terrible White House pickets are responsible for it.

Ye gods! Woman suffrage would have carried in Maine if the women pickets in Washington had not had themselves clubbed by brutes and jailed by official hirelings for asking for their rights as human beings.

I feel like apologizing for being a man. The cowardliest and cravenest of earth are of my sex. The miserable poltroons have blamed everything on woman since Adam.

What is there more abject and contemptible than a male biped who blames it on woman?

NEVER A TIME FOR DESPAIR

There is said to be a time for everything, but I cannot imagine a time given to despair that is not absolutely wasted. Pain and misery, sorrow and dejection, may have their compensation, but the time that goes to despair leads straight to the gates of death and oblivion.

Trials there are without end for us all, yet bitter as these may be they are not, as they sometimes appear to be, an unmitigated curse, but they have more often a purpose which, could we but divine it, would stamp them as the real blessings which come into our lives.

Despair is not the exclusive attribute of a weak character, but it may seize upon the strong and resolute for its victims, and if they succumb to its deadly influence they are lost to themselves and the world.

Just at this dark hour, when all the moral strength of the world is necessary to save it from destruction, thousands are giving up in despair, thereby confessing themselves too weak to face the crisis that confronts humanity, and therefore unfit to play their part in saving the race and finally humanizing the world.

Let the earth quake beneath our feet and the lightning flash above our heads; let the elements rage in fury and do their worst, the women and men of conviction, of courage and self-reliance, will stand their ground until the storm is passed, and when the new day dawns it will find them erect at their posts, if they did not perish there.

To weak and timid souls, those who confess their dependence and seem to rejoice in it, howling with the pack is not only a diversion of delight but the fulfillment of a life ambition. They do not doubt, they never dream, they are total strangers to a holy aspiration. They are content with the crumbs that fall from the table of Dives, and with the bones that he casts to the dogs at his gate, and woe be to these spineless sycophants if Dives, who despises them, drives them from their kennels to perish in the highway! From utter dependence they are plunged into utter despair, and the world to them is but a vast waste which forbids advance and from which there is no retreat.

Afflicted, indeed—aye, cursed beyond measure,—are those who, in the struggle of life, are morally so weak that before the battle has fairly begun their hearts sink within them and they fall ready victims of despair. To them the present war is but one appalling catastrophe with absolutely nothing beyond it. They do not think, they do not read, they do not reason, but, like the mental children they are, they fall down on their knees in despair, for certainly the hour of judgment has struck and the world is now coming to an end.

But fortunately there are in the ranks of the enslaved the women and men whom oppression has not crushed and who would never dream of despair. These alert and courageous spirits are the eyes of their blind fellow-workers, the heart of their class, the soul of the social revolution.

Each of these stands sponsor for a thousand of the rank and file who have been put to sleep by the soporific of their masters, administered by their politicians, preachers and professors, and each of them is a personal guarantee that, whatever individuals may weaken, the movement can never be driven to despair.

At the present moment the strongest among us are tested to the core, and many who would have passed as absolutely loyal and unconquerable will desert our revolutionary standard and vanish from the movement. We shall regret their weakness and failure, but their loss was inevitable. They had not the moral strength to stand the test, and had to go into the discard. But there are others who, the severer the ordeal, the more resolute their loyalty and determination to stand at their posts and perish there rather than desert. These are the souls history immortalizes, for it is they who make history and who in truth *are* history.

For these intrepid souls there is no discouragement and no despair. They set the inspiring example that challenges their fellows to emulation. Charles Ruthenberg, Alfred Wagenknecht and Charles Baker, of Cleveland, sentenced to serve a year in prison for standing by their convictions, are not despairing at their fate.

Tom Mooney and Rena Mooney and their comrades may be hung by the brutes in official control on the Pacific coast, but they will never strike their colors to the enemy.

Kate Richards O'Hare may be put in prison for expressing her convictions but every fibre in her being is loyal to the cause.

In these days of crisis let us stand straight up like true men and women, let us wage our propaganda with increased energy and determination, let us keep our banner flying, let us refuse to compromise and scorn despair, let us declare anew our allegiance to International Socialism and march proudly, joyfully, with the Revolution of Victory or Death.

Do your part, not your "bit." To do less than your part is to impose more than his part on your brother, and no honest man would be guilty of that.

Until women have votes and exercise the rights of citizenship it is vain to prattle about freedom, democracy and self-government.

To think is to grow and to blossom and bear golden fruit.

Moral courage is the soul's splendid tribute to itself.

They Shall Not Murder Tom Mooney

By EUGENE V. DEBS

The state supreme court of California has denied Tom Mooney's appeal for a new trial.

The plutocratic high-binders who have had San Francisco by the throat for years have ordered him to be murdered, and from their decision there is no appeal. They own San Francisco bodily. Its officials are their vassals, its courts their bagnios in which criminals receive their clearances and honest men are marked for the prison and the gallows.

An ordinary house of prostitution is a temple of purity compared to a foul, putrescent, vermin-infested court controlled by that robbers' roost known to infamy as the Chamber of Commerce of the City of San Francisco.

The trial of Tom Mooney was so notoriously a frame-up by these plutocratic high-binders and their venal hirelings that not only the whole nation, but all the world, including the most despotic nations, stand aghast.

The people of Petrograd, ten thousand miles away, inflamed by the monstrous outrage, stormed the American embassy in protest against it. Think of a crime against freedom and justice so revolting that it flashes around the globe and arouses Russia, of bloody and autocratic misrule, to indict Free America at the bar of the civilized world!

In China, among the so-called "heathens," the case of Tom Mooney is known, and these "heathens" have marvelled at the criminal corruption, the putrid perversion of the courts in the nation that boasts Washington and Lincoln and plumes itself upon being the foremost nation on earth.

Shades of the crucified Christ!

Who could have imagined that the leading Christian nation could have sunk to such fathomless depths of degradation as to excite the loathing and scorn of even the cannibals of the South Sea Islands for its unutterable hypocrisy, its worse than Sodomitic corruption, and its cold-blooded assassination of innocent souls in the name of law and justice!

From all around the globe, from the remotest nations on earth, from every race and creed, there issues the cry of horror, the protest of indignation against this satanic crime.

The President of the United States pleads in behalf of the innocent victim about to be killed like a mad-dog to glut the lust of the actual mad-dogs in control of San Francisco, and yet in the face of all this, the most extraordinary situation ever witnessed, without a parallel in all history, the fiendish Fickert and the monsters of Mammon who stand behind him coolly declare that Tom Mooney, innocent of the crime fastened upon him by the arch-criminals about to kill him as a babe in its mother's womb, shall be hanged like a dog by the neck until he is dead.

Tom Mooney is absolutely innocent. The very judge who tried him has repudiated the infamous perjured testimony upon which he was convicted, and demands that he be granted a new trial.

Fickert, the foul degenerate who prosecuted him, and all his venal hirelings, know that Tom Mooney is innocent.

The gang of plutocratic brigands behind Fickert who could not buy, bribe nor browbeat Tom Mooney, know that he is innocent.

Every labor union in California knows that Tom Mooney is innocent, and that the federations of a dozen states have condemned his conviction.

Every man, woman and child in San Francisco knows and every decent one of them admits that Tom Mooney is innocent.

Even capitalist papers, leaders among them, from Massachusetts to Oregon, are protesting against the Mooney outrage and branding California with the burning disgrace of its criminal misrule.

The simple truth can be put in a paragraph!

California is in the grip of a gang of plutocratic brigands. Tom Mooney tried to organize their slaves. He would not be bought, he could not be bluffed, and therefore he must die.

That is all there is in the case. The trumped-up charge against him is a lie—a damned lie concocted by monsters to assassinate an innocent man.

There is no law in San Francisco. Justice is dead in San Francisco. The courts are rotten in San Francisco.

Therefore we must turn to the people of San Francisco, the people of California, the people of the United States!

Arouse, ye slumbering hosts of labor!

All eyes on the Robbers' Roost in San Francisco!

These arch-brigands have brazenly defied the people of California, the public press, and the President of the United States.

They have placed themselves outside the pale of the law and of civilization.

Today San Francisco stands accused at the bar of the civilized world. The corruption with which she is dripping is a stench in the nostrils of nations; the crime with which she is reeking cries to heaven, and her very name has become a hissing and a by-word all around the globe.

There is a higher power than the rotten courts which have disgraced the State of California, and that power inheres in the sovereign people.

THEY SHALL NOT MURDER TOM MOONEY!

LA FOLLETTE

By MARK SULLIVAN, in Collier's

Senator La Follette is what folks often call "a trying person." Last March and April he put himself in the forefront of public attention by a stubborn and spectacular effort to prevent our entrance into the war—a performance which flooded the press with execrations of him. Thereupon he retired from public view, passing four months with only infrequent participation in the debates. Now he emerges, and it turns out that he has been busy framing a tax measure which takes no account of the bills prepared by the committees, a piece of pioneering work which commands the respect even of persons who, politically, do not like him. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts said of it:

"The Senator from Wisconsin (Mr. La Follette) has a bill on a different system from ours—a coherent system, but a different theory. I do not agree with the theory, but there is no doubt that it is a coherent and intelligent system of raising revenue." * * *

It would be difficult to exaggerate the amount of devoted application, of midnight oil, involved in this self-imposed task. On the part of Senator La Follette, it is characteristic. His career has been divided between performances which can only be described

as capricious obstinacy, and the successful performance of unique tasks, the solving of new problems born of changed economic conditions, which could only be done through high intelligence, intense application, and real courage. Taking his more than thirty years of participation in public affairs as a whole, the balance is on the credit side.

Senator La Follette's tax bill drops all that long and complex business of imports on coffee, tea and other subjects of general consumption which formed the bulk of the bill originally written by the Ways and Means Committee; he ignores that committee's arbitrary and unintelligent dip into an increased tariff of 10 per cent on imports. He makes no change in existing taxes except to increase those on incomes and liquors. He faces the business of paying for a war as a new problem. He proposes to pay it, logically, chiefly out of the excess profits made by those who make and sell war supplies. It may well turn out that no man in Congress will have made so useful a contribution to the conduct of the war as the one who most stubbornly resisted our entering it. Probably the ultimate form of the Revenue Bill will be some variation of Senator La Follette's idea. In any event, the Ways and Means Committee is now utterly discredited.

HEED THIS PLEA!

"So I ask every comrade, wherever he may be, who wishes to strengthen my arm for the fight—a fight that must grow more bitter with each passing day—to send in four subscriptions to SOCIAL REVOLUTION, or send for four subscription cards. AND DO IT WITHOUT DELAY.

"I have given fifteen years of the best of my life to the Socialist movement, and I count it little enough to give. I am ready to give fifteen years more, but the prison gates yawn before me. I never have asked any human being for a penny for my personal use, and I am not asking it now; BUT I DO ASK YOU TO HELP ME CARRY OUR MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE IN WHICH I AM TO BE TRIED FOR THE 'CRIME' OF DEMANDING PEACE AND DEMOCRACY, AND TO OTHER STATES WHERE I MAY BE ARRESTED. I AM COUNTING UPON YOU MOST CERTAINLY IN THIS DARK HOUR OF DANGER. DON'T DISAPPOINT ME, MY FAITHFUL COMRADES!"—

From Kate Richards O'Hare's story, "A Criminal at the Bar of Justice," in the September Social Revolution.

USE COUPON IN SENDING SUBSCRIPTIONS

Kate O'Hare Out-of-Jail Coupon

Comrades: Enclosed find \$ _____ for _____ Subscriptions and _____ subscription cards at 25c each as my "bit" to help Kate O'Hare spread the TRUTH.

Name _____

Street or Box _____

Post Office _____

State _____

(Paste this on a sheet of paper and list the subscribers below your coupon.)

INEFFICIENCY OF MODERN CIVILIZATION

Do You Know That 60 Per Cent of All the Work Done in the World Goes to Waste and That Half a Billion Toilers Perform Labor Which is Absolutely Without Value?—Here is a List of the Most Serious Items of Squandered Toll.

By JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

Contemplate, in the year 1915, a society guided by science, philosophy and religion, which wastes more than 60 per cent of all its labor—a society so obscure in its conceptions and so crude in its methods that it throws more than 60 per cent of the labor of its men and women on the dump.

Think of the folly which, through lack of scientific organization, permits, or rather compels, 480,000,000 of its 800,000,000 of workers to perform labor that is absolutely without value, so far as producing anything that adds to the comfort or happiness of mankind.

If a stockholder should go into the great factories of Standard Oil, or the Steel Trust, whose managers are reputed to have scientific skill, and find that through ignorance of the work to be done or prejudice in favor of ancient methods, they were losing more than 60 per cent of the labor of their men, what would happen? It would only need an exposure of such methods to revolutionize the system. Yet those are precisely the conditions under which our civilization does its work—60 per cent to the scrap pile.

Some thousands of human beings are engaged in various kinds of reform. Each is striking at some evil that is the natural and certain result of the system under which society labors. No sooner is an evil abolished, than ingenuity finds a new way to accomplish the same thing, but closer within the law. Conditions are growing worse instead of better.

The would-be reformers shut their eyes to the fact that they are but striking at the hydra heads of this monster which gobbles annually two-thirds of the productivity of mankind; that when a head is cut off, a new one sprouts out more dangerous than the one destroyed—and that the only hope of mankind is to destroy the monster itself.

But there are those who will deny that 60 per cent of all human effort is waste. And, strange to say, with all the scientific bodies of Europe and America at work, engaged in determining facts for the betterment of mankind, no effort has been made to analyze this waste—to determine how useful and necessary are the tasks upon which men and women expend their energies.

The assertion that 60 per cent of all human effort is wasted falls below what will in all probability be found to be the facts. It will be for scientific bodies, equipped with careful research work, to take up and complete such an analysis. But it is not impossible to outline here in brief form some of the more noticeable forms of labor which go towards making up this frightful total.

Perhaps there never was a time when it was easier to understand the menace of our existing system. Living amidst a smiling prosperity today, tomorrow the world is thrown into a cataclysm of destruction and horror. Everyone must now be convinced that there can be no safety for mankind under the system of which militarism is but a necessary phase. Following are some of the chief items of waste:

1. First place in the inventory of waste will be given to militarism, including the men taken from useful labor and the making of arms, armor and ammunition, the building of forts, and the endless ramifications of the business of war-making.

2. In the next place, we have only to compute the hundreds of millions used upon the navies of the world to realize that this money expended upon education, upon the building of good

roads, upon more perfect systems of transportation, would of itself bring an extraordinary prosperity. But so strong is the hold of the system that even while costly battleships by the half dozen are being sent to the bottom by torpedoes, our own country orders the expenditure of additional tens of millions upon constructions which even many naval men regard as obsolete.

3. Rising into even larger figures than either of the above is the duplication of effort in the world's work. Stores, drug stores, liquor stores, cigar stores, upon every corner, are but one of the more evident phases of this duplication.

4. A very large item of the world's waste is the labor consumed in the production of useless or badly made goods. To deceive the public into buying these, organizations are maintained and expenses of many kinds incurred; all that the public may be deceived and induced to invest its money in the wrong article.

5. Another loss occurs through the

10. The vast cost of advertising required to induce the public to buy well-made and valuable articles, in opposition to one that is fraudulent.

11. The great army of those who live as parasites upon the human family, trading upon their woes and prejudices; producing nothing themselves except additions to the sum total of human misery; such as gamblers, usurers, preachers of crank religions, clairvoyants, confidence men and the whole army of those who prey upon mankind's necessities, or upon its imaginary needs.

12. The destruction of human bodies by disease and by the vice traffic, having its roots set in the greed created by existing conditions of poverty.

13. The loss through the destruction of the individual who would have been useful in production, but whose body has been impaired in child-labor, due to the greed of the existing system.

14. The loss through bad distribution of products, or through inability

GRAND PRIZE WINNERS

Below is a list of the 10 Grand Prize Winners in our big Subscription Contest. We are delighted to announce that the contest was a big success, and has added many subscribers to the list of SOCIAL REVOLUTION, which, we are positive, in the end will make many thousands of Socialists. Besides gaining personally, every contestant did a big work for Socialism—a work that is greatly needed at this critical hour, and we ask every single contestant to accept our heartiest thanks.

First,	D. Verne Steiner,	Manor, Pa.
Second,	Howard Myers,	Dayton, Ohio
Third,	Peter Papason,	Chicago, Ill.
Fourth,	J. F. Seale,	Slim, Okla.
Fifth,	Henry Bloomfield,	Fort Scott, Kans.
Sixth,	Charles Roberg,	Escanaba, Mich.
Seventh,	David Williams,	Breeze, Ill.
Eighth,	Pierce Kersnitz,	Womelsdorf, Pa.
Ninth,	G. E. Neely,	Pittsburg, Pa.
Tenth,	J. H. Lee,	Garden City, Kansas

ignorance of individuals charged with the directing of production, resulting in bad methods and waste. This begins with the farm, and extends up through an endless number of occupations.

6. The immense army of those who do not produce, but whose services are required under the existing system of society to protect those who have from the ravenous hunger of those who have not, is the direct result of the 60 per cent waste of human effort. This item includes the armies of lawyers and judges, clerks and police, whose work would not be required if there were enough for all. For would not the conversion of 60 per cent waste into productivity be sufficient to change the snarling, hungry and vicious humans into men and women comfortably provided for?

7. Labor is wasted which is utilized in the production of articles injurious to mankind: opium, whiskey, poisonous drugs, etc.

8. The labor in homes, hospitals and asylums used in taking care of individuals who become victims of these poisons. In this item is to be included the world's loss in production through the immense number of people made idle by preventable disease.

9. The waste in manufacturing articles that serve no real purpose in the comfort or convenience of mankind, that are now foisted upon the public by appeals of the manufacturer to the vanity or weakness of men and women.

to distribute the surplus products of farms and factories, because of lack of transportation, lack of organized markets, or through other causes due to unscientific organization.

15. Labor used up in hauling over the mushy roads which cumber the earth's surface, four-fifths of which would be saved if the money now expended upon battleships could be devoted to road-building.

16. The waste through middlemen, who impose themselves upon the operations of production, or are required under existing conditions.

17. Use of machinery not calculated to do efficiently the work of the farm and factory.

18. The loss of time due to the occupation of cities built irregularly and unscientifically, under the system of speculative land holdings.

19. Lessened production due to the fear and anxiety which arise from the constantly varying conditions of labor, and through lockouts, strikes, etc.

20. Men engaged in professions which render services that are only needed in an imperfect condition of society. They serve the ideals of our present civilization without themselves producing anything that is useful, and so they help to exhaust the resources of the workers.

21. Finally, we come to the waste that is most difficult to measure, but is undoubtedly the greatest of all: the waste of brain power. First, our

education serves to befog and confuse; it tends to create machines instead of thinkers. If the mind of genius survives this ordeal, society takes it and puts it in the treadmill. It says: Your duty is not to study great problems, to design great enterprises, to write great books, but to turn the treadmill which grinds the daily grist for your family!

Great artists paint for money. Great authors are chained to the publisher's ideals of best sellers. Physicians must bow to the prejudices of their patients.

Surgeons but too often operate for the gold that is found in the appendix. The legal mind becomes the trickster for nefarious business.

The legislator attaches himself to interests needing protection. The minister of Christ avoids offensive allusion to the business crimes which his parishioners are committing.

And so these brains, distorted by the necessity for daily maintenance, fall infinitely below their possibilities of usefulness to the world. What progress the world would make if the human brain could be left free to work in the direction of its greatest talent! How the gospel of Christ would sound if preached as Christ gave it, freed from the excuses made in his name for social conditions in opposition to his every teaching! What wisdom would not be given to the world if the brains now engaged in formulating deceptions and practicing frauds upon their fellow men could be consecrated to truth and the public welfare! What ideal cities could be created if the genius of architecture could be freed of the dollar mark! What progress towards education if the schools could be dedicated to the making of real men and women! What marvelous work in art and literature if men were given time to create masterpieces!

"Of course," you say, "this is a dream that can never come true; therefore, why talk about it? It only serves to dissatisfy. It is useless even to try." But you will concede that it is interesting to speculate what society could be made, if it can ever find brains big enough and clear enough and fearless enough to take in hand the problems of production and scientific distribution, and stay with them until they are solved.

Think of boasting of a so-called civilization which wastes more than 60 per cent of all human labor, because it refuses to give its thought to the problems which would make the labor of the world efficient.

SONG OF THE PRISONER

Oh, yes, I'm guilty right enough;
It ain't no use to throw a bluff,
An' yet I guess society
Kin share the guilt along with me.
I ain't the sort to weep and whine—
But say, wot chance, wot chance was mine?

Born in a dirty, reeking slum,
Where decent sunlight never comes,
An' starved for food and starved for air
Through all my years of boyhood there;
But even then I might uv been
Reformed to be some use to men,
If ev'ry time I left the trail
They hadn't jammed me into jail,
Where thieves and all that rotten crew
Would teach me worse than all I knew.
Oh, yes, I'm guilty, that is clear,
But ev'ry guy who's listenin' here,
An' all you swells and goody folks
Who sniffs at me, and all such blokes,
Is guilty, too, along with me,
An' will be, till the world is free
Of stinkin' slums and rotten holes
That poisons people's hearts and souls;
An' cheats them from their very birth
From any decent chance on earth.
I ain't the kind to weep an' whine—
But say, wot chance, wot chance was mine?
(Unknown).

A quarrelsome resident of Brownsville was asked if he claimed exemption on National Registration Day. "I do," said the man, "I cannot fight." "Why not?" asked the registrar. "I am under bonds by the Judge to keep the peace."

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR MAN NOW POWER IN FINANCE

**Organized Capital No Longer Gets All the Big Fortune-Making Opportunities---
"Little Fellow" Now Gets Chance.**

NOTE--- *A new era has dawned in finance. It is the age of the "Little Fellow;" the man or woman with a few hundred to invest is recognized as a power in the world of money. How the industrial banker has helped to develop the industrial and commercial possibilities of the country by a new method of financing enterprises.*

All the huge fortune-making opportunities offered in this country of wonderful industries are no longer monopolized by the powers of Organized Capital.

The unconsidered "Little Fellow," the formerly despised "Small Investor" has been recognized as "A Power in the Land."

Financiers have discovered that of the approximately FORTY BILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF WEALTH existing in this country, about ONE-FOURTH — probably TEN BILLION DOLLARS — controls and operates all the industries, commercial enterprises, railroads, banks, etc., while the other THREE-FOURTHS barely earn their keep. This ONE-FOURTH of the wealth of the country has been monopolizing all the great fortune-building opportunities. It has made the millionaires and dictated the financial policy of the country. It has determined what new enterprises shall live and which shall die for lack of money. And it has waxed fabulously rich in doing so.

For years the small investor was unconsidered, although his little holdings, in the aggregate, footed up more billions of dollars than the total of organized capital many times over.

Then one day the bankers SAW A GREAT LIGHT.

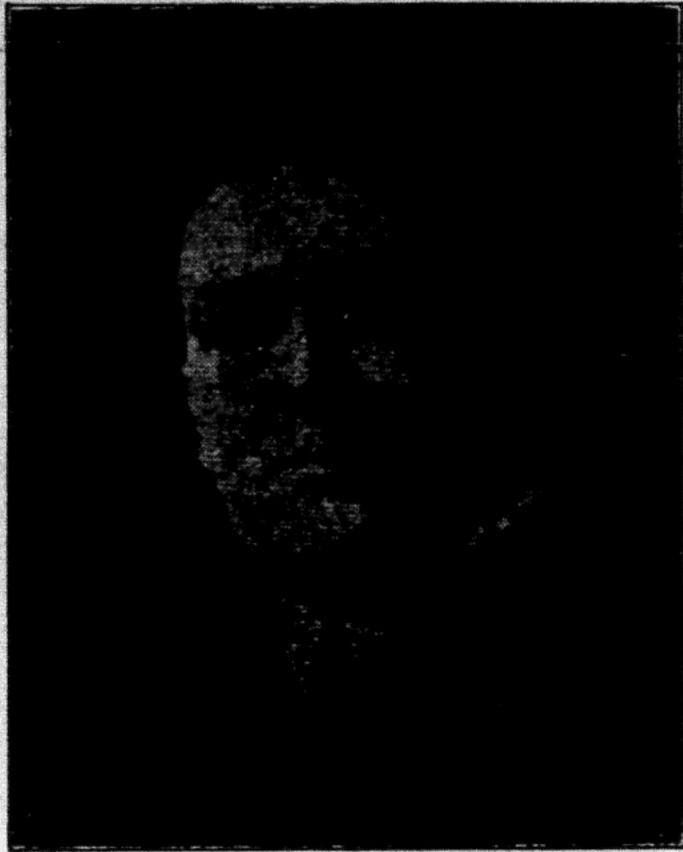
Bankers Make Great Discovery.

Strange as it may seem, the banker had never realized the fact that ten men with \$100 each represented \$1000, just as much as one man with \$1000. One day a banker's eyes were opened to this *strange* fact in finance. Up to that time the banker who issued bonds never issued them in amounts of less than one thousand dollars. After making this discovery the banker began issuing what he called "Baby Bonds" of \$100 denomination. To his surprise he found that they sold very well indeed. And now all the banks issue \$100 bonds and advertise them and create new investors by this form of investment, which pays 6 per cent as against the 3 per cent paid to savings depositors. The bankers made investors of the "Little Fellow."

Uncle Sam realized the importance of the "Little Fellow" in putting out his Liberty Loan and made the Liberty Loan bonds in denominations of from \$50 up.

Formerly when there was a company to finance, a new project to promote, the stock was taken to the financial powers, who decreed whether it would have a chance or not. If they said "No," there was mighty little chance of the projector ever seeing his hopes realized. And if the projector did see his project taken up he nearly always had to give up control and the greater part of his interest in the new enterprise for the sake of the backing the money powers could give him.

TODAY ALL THIS HAS BEEN CHANGED. The "Little Fellow," with his few hundreds of dollars and his great numbers, can finance,



P. M. POWER
(President The Power-Wall Company, Industrial Bankers)

Mr. Power explains in this article how it is now possible for the Hundred Dollar Man to profit by the same money-making opportunities that in the past have only been offered to the big powers of finance. Here is a big subject of paramount interest to tens of thousands of people all over the country who would like to know how they can share in the big fortune-making opportunities hitherto afforded only to men of great wealth.

and has been financing, scores of worthy new enterprises that have created enormous wealth, that have added to the industrial and economic importance of this country, that have given employment to tens of thousands of men and women, that have become veritable powers in the land.

The New Industrial Banker.

This has been brought about by the Industrial Banker, a new institution in the land, whose object is to bring together deserving enterprises and capital that has hitherto been disregarded as a power of finance, the capital of the "Small Investor," the "unorganized capital," with its enormous possibilities unrealized through lack of opportunities.

Today thousands of men and women have seen their small hoards grow big and strong into *real fortunes*, through investing in new enterprises whose growth has rewarded those whose money made that growth possible and practicable.

The Industrial Banker does for the "Little Fellow" what the big financiers do for themselves and their powerful clique of moneyed men. It SELECTS AND INVESTIGATES the investment opportunities. The average man or woman of limited means has neither the money, the time, the knowledge or the opportunity to investigate properly the investments offered. *The Industrial Banker does this for him.* Hundreds of investment propositions are submitted to the Industrial Banker. He picks out those which look strongest, best, cleanest, most capable of large profits and then he has these investigated so thoroughly that when the investigation is completed there are no visible loopholes for failure. When satisfied of the worth of the enterprise, he undertakes to finance the company. Then he presents the proposition to his clients, telling them truthfully and honestly all there is to know about the new enterprise, all he has discovered from his exhaustive investigation.

Small Investor Gets Chance.

This is the "Little Fellow's" CHANCE, his OPPORTUNITY. It is the chance to invest in new companies of great promise BEFORE DEVELOPMENT, and before the stock is sold on a "developed basis" when you have to pay for it according to its earning capacity.

The success of the Industrial Banker depends, of course, on the extent of his clientage. The larger the number of investors he has on his lists, the greater his chances for interesting the necessary capital in new enterprises. The Industrial Banker would rather have one thousand clients capable of investing from \$100 to \$500 each than to have 100 clients who can invest \$1000 to \$5000 each and much rather have them than 10 clients who could invest up to \$50,000 each. The reason is easily understood. The man who invests \$50,000 invests probably nearly all he has to invest, and ten of these might not be able to take up another investment for some time after putting that amount into an enterprise. But thousands of investors who put only \$100 to \$500 each can be depended on to furnish a good percentage of investors for new enterprises once they have found that their money can earn more money for them in a year in good investments than it could earn in a lifetime in the interest paid on savings.

What An Industrial Banker Says.

One of the important Industrial Banking houses is that of the Power-Wall Company of Chicago, Buffalo, Baltimore, and Kansas City, of which Mr. P. M. Power is president. Mr. Power has given this magazine some interesting facts about this important new branch of the banking business. He said in an interview:

"The Industrial Banker has been a great help in developing undeveloped resources and industries. He has brought unorganized capital and enterprise together on a fair and square basis. He has given thousands of investors who never had a chance to buy stock when it was still representing undeveloped possibilities an opportunity to make insignificant sums develop into the nucleus of real fortunes, and he has made it possible for inventors and projectors of industrial enterprises to get the necessary financial backing without having to give away the greater part of their holdings.

"We realized that there were a great many people who would like to see their money earn more than the usual interest it can draw on deposit. Mind you, savings are the backbone of this country. The savings banks are the greatest institutions we have, but savings alone will never bring wealth unless they are put to work. Any banker will admit this fact. So the Industrial Banker helps these people find good and strong investments capable of paying large returns. We are **CREATORS OF OPPORTUNITIES**. Before we undertake to finance a proposition we go into it more thoroughly than any individual could. We spend large sums of money making investigations that are so far-reaching that when we are through we are satisfied one way or the other beyond a question of doubt.

Uniting Money and Enterprises

"When we have found a proposition that answers all our requirements as to safety, personnel, profit possibilities, potential market, etc., then we offer it to our clients and tell them all our investigations have revealed frankly and truthfully and leave it to them to decide.

"In this way we manage to finance companies and at the same time give our clients chances for profitable investments.

"We have built a clientele of thousands of investors in this way and are constantly adding to this list. The larger our list of investors the easier and quicker it is for us to handle the financing of companies. We would rather have 100 men who take \$500 worth of stock in a proposition than 10 who take \$5000 worth, because in the size of our list is the power of our organization. It is natural. If we send out an announcement of a new stock issue to our clients, it is reasonable to suppose that only a certain percentage of them at that time will be able financially to buy the stock. The buying power of 100 men is greater than that of 10. That is the reason for the \$100 Bonds now so extensively advertised by every large bank. We, therefore, seek to extend our lists as much as possible.

Offers Great Opportunity

"For instance. We bought the other day from one of the original stockholders of the Refrigerator Car Equipment Company 1000 shares of the stock of that company. This issue will put many new customers on our books.

"The Refrigerator Car Equipment Company owns the patented A. B. C. System of refrigerator cars in transit invented by C. W. McCoy. The stock is owned by a close corporation with only about 30 stockholders. You couldn't buy any of this stock from these stockholders, for they have no desire to sell. One of the original stockholders had to sell some of his stock quickly to protect other interests, and we bought it for the purpose of making a special opportunity that would add a few hundred names to our clientele.

"The A. B. C. (Automatic Brine Circulation) System of car refrigeration, where applied, is revolutionizing this enormous industry. Important tests in the packing house service have established beyond all question that in that field of transit refrigeration a saving in ice consumption of 70% is made by A. B. C. equipped cars over the best type of refrigerator car today used in that service.

Economies of Hundreds of Millions

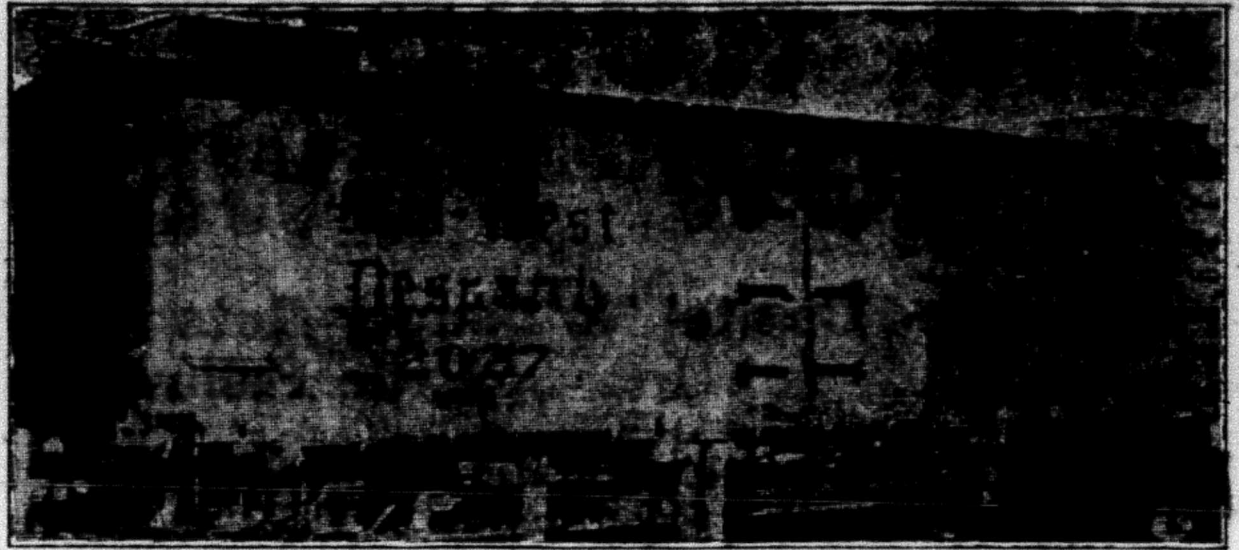
"A test with a car of fresh fish from Seattle to Pittsburgh, Pa., for the Booth Fisheries Co., gave more efficient results than have ever before been shown in the transportation of fresh fish under refrigeration. This test served two purposes, namely: to prevent the freezing of the fish, to refrigerate it when needed, and maintain a temperature without fluctuation. This car of fresh fish was carried from Seattle to Pittsburgh without re-icing and with the use of only 4000 pounds of ice as against 12,000 to 16,000 pounds regularly used in this same car before the A. B. C. equipment was installed.

"Another test with butter from Chicago to Philadelphia recently made, consumed but 3000 pounds of ice as against 15,000 pounds used in the other cars in the same train. There was no re-icing of the A. B. C. car while the other cars were re-iced. The load arrived in perfect condition.

"One of the largest packing companies in the country, after testing this system under every possible condition, offered to equip all its refrigerator cars with A. B. C. System, but asked that in consideration of the advertising value of this wholesale option of the System, the company be given a large bonus of the stock of the company. The offer was not even considered.

Mammoth Refrigerator Car Industry

"Very few people realize the extent of the refrigerator car industry. There are now in use upwards of 230,000 refrigerator cars, and these cars make a total of over 36,000,000 trips during every year. You can visualize the extent of this business if you figure that if the 36,000,000 carloads of perishable food products were strung together they would make more than **NINE TRAINS OF CARS**, each train extending from New York to San Francisco.



The Historic Old Mid-West Despatch Refrigerator Car Which Proved A. B. C. System a Success

This car had been condemned as no longer efficient after fourteen years of hard service in the refrigerator service. Without rebuilding the car in any way, except to install the A. B. C. equipment, this car was submitted to the most severe tests. In spite of its dilapidated condition, so bad that light filtered through the doors, this A. B. C. equipped car made records that had never been equalled. It showed quickest cooling, it showed a more even maintenance of temperature and it showed amazing economies of refrigerants. After being used for several months by one of the largest packing companies under every condition imaginable and under the greatest extremes of outside temperature this packing company offered to equip all its refrigerator cars with A. B. C. equipment, but asked for a bonus of stock of the company in consideration of the advertising value of this wholesale installation. The offer was not even considered. This car is still showing economies of about 70% over old-style refrigerator cars.

"Meats, fresh and salted, fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs, fish, all travel from the point of production to the consuming center by refrigerator cars. Here are some staggering figures:

"Figuring on an average of 200,000 refrigerator cars in use, during the life of these cars, which is about 16 years, the saving in ice alone would amount to \$736,000,000, figured on the known performance of the A. B. C. equipped cars and of the old-style cars.

"The A. B. C. equipped cars give 20% more loading space than the old-fashioned type now in use with ice bunkers at each end of the car. The A. B. C. System does away with these bunkers, as the complete equipment is overhead and takes up no loading space. The average cost of refrigerator cars is about \$1400 each. 200 cars at \$1,400 represents \$280,000 which, with interest at 6% for 16 years—the life of the car—makes a total of \$548,800 that represents absolute waste. On the 200,000 and more cars in service in the U. S. alone this aggregates the sum of \$109,760,000 savings from this one item of loading space.

Other Important Economies

"Old fashioned refrigerator cars have to be pre-cooled before the load is put on board. A. B. C. cars do not have to be pre-cooled. With the old system the pre-cooling takes from 12 to 24 hours, according to the condition of the car. The saving in extra cars to make up for this enormous loss of time which the A. B. C. System wipes out figures an aggregate of another \$114,000,000.

"These three items alone representing sheer waste figure up the amazing total of \$959,760,000. Add to this the waste due to improper refrigeration by the old-fashioned methods, amounting to over \$5,000,000 a year, caused by spoiling of perishable freight in transit for a period of sixteen years, and you have **OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS OF ABSOLUTE WASTE** during the life of these 200,000 cars.

"There are other great wastes to be considered. For instance, the amount of excess dead tonnage in bunkers and ice that the railroads have to carry with the old-fashioned cars and which is enormously reduced in the A. B. C. cars.

"It is estimated that the average amount of dead tonnage—ice and equipment—which the refrigerator cars of the old style carry in excess of the A. B. C. cars, exceeds 8,000 pounds per car. Four tons that the railroads have to carry as dead tonnage, free, in every refrigerator car and that they wouldn't have to carry if the cars were equipped with the A. B. C. System. This means in the cars in operation a total of 14,400,000 tons of waste tonnage which the railroads have to haul free. And it must be remembered that these are annual figures. This is carried every year. As against this enormous incubus of dead tonnage the A. B. C. will add 20% increased amount of freight for which the roads will get revenue.

Efficiency and Economy

"Efficiency and economy are the keynotes of business today. Is there any question whether the railroads will all eventually have to adopt this system of refrigeration which means such mammoth economies and so much greater efficiency in saving refrigerated products? Mind you, this proposition appeals to the great corporations, the railroads, the express companies, the refrigerator lines, the big packing companies. They are all wealthy corporations that will always spend money to save money. And this company has **PROVED THE VALUE OF ITS EQUIPMENT** by the most exhaustive tests.

"Already one of the greatest transcontinental railroads has negotiated for the equipment of its refrigerator cars with A. B. C. equipment. A great express company, one of the largest in the world, has also negotiated for A. B. C. equipment. A big company has been organized to manufacture refrigerator cars under the A. B. C. System on a royalty. The System has been patented in Great Britain, Canada, Germany, France, Russia, China, Brazil, Argentina, and Australia, and contracts have been closed for the rights in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Australia for equipping cars under A. B. C. patents on a basis that should net the company a very large yearly income.

Invention Uses Waste Motion

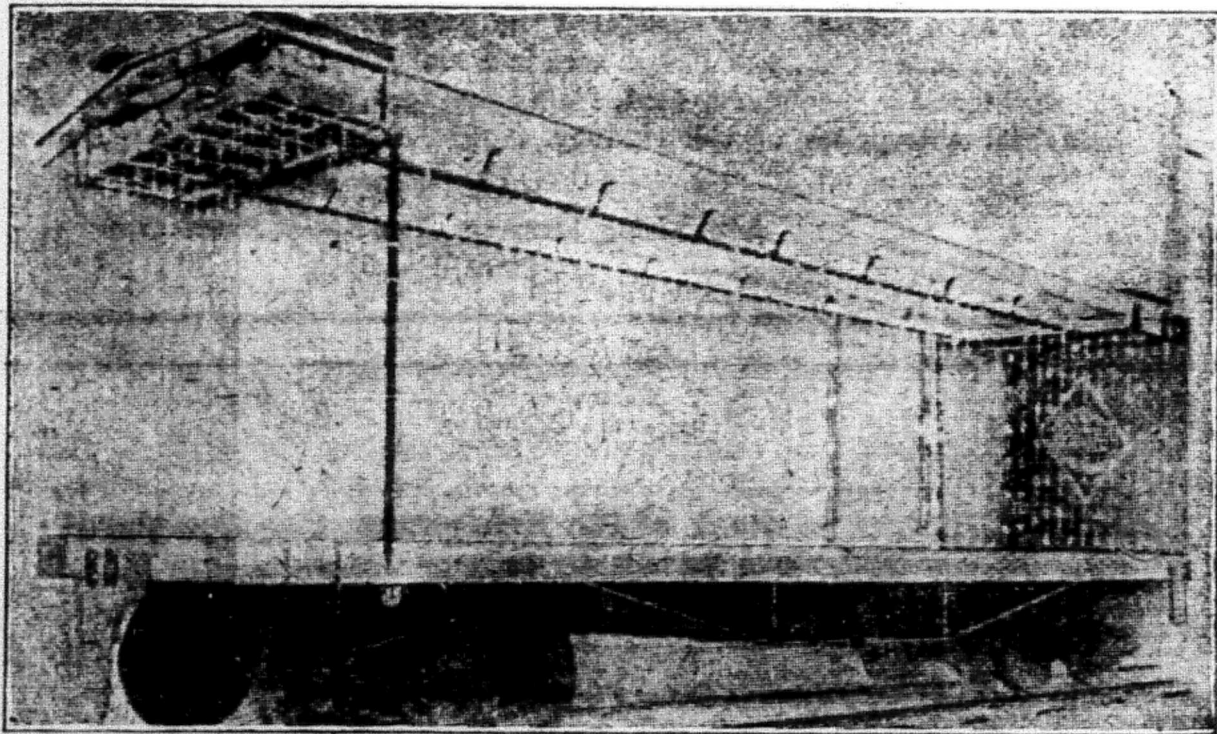
"The A. B. C. System is extremely simple. It utilizes the waste motion of the car to create an automatic circulation of super-cold brine. Each end of the car, just under the roof, is equipped with a tank thoroughly insulated. These two tanks are divided in half with a partition through which outlet valves permit the brine to circulate in one direction. The two tanks are connected by means of two wide pipes which run along under the roof of the car. The tanks are filled with ice and salt, the amount of salt being regulated according to the desired degree of temperature.

"The swaying of the car in transit causes the brine to rush from one-half of the tank into the other and the same motion forces it into the pipes, causing them to become very cold and chilling the air around them. It is a well-known scientific fact that cold air sinks while hot air rises. As the air about the pipes is iced it sinks and the warmer air rises. In this way there is a constant circulation of the air, which becomes chilled to the desired degree and keeps the entire car cold. In old-fashioned bunker-cooled cars the air at the ends is too cold, while at the center of the load, where it is most exposed to the heat, it is rarely sufficiently cooled. The result is that the freight at the center is often spoiled. In A. B. C. cars the temperature is even throughout the car, and this temperature has been proved to be maintained throughout the most violent changes in outside temperatures. It is remarkable that so simple and valuable an invention should remain asleep so long.

Refuses More Than \$200

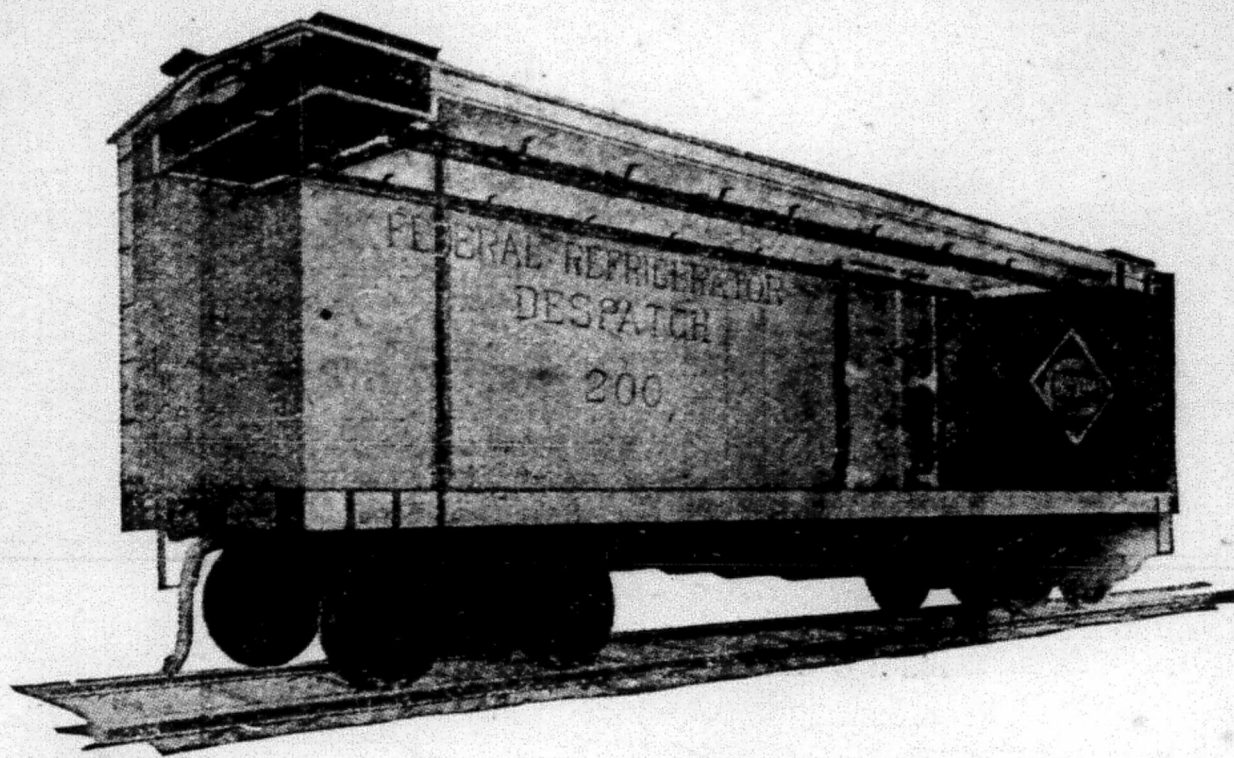
"We are offering these 1000 shares of the stock of the Refrigerator Car Equipment Company in blocks of not more than 2 shares to each person. By the plan we are adding several hundred names instead of a few to our lists. The shares are common stock, full profit-sharing, non-assessable. There is no preferred stock, or bonds. Other stockholders in the company whom we consulted consider their stock worth \$200 a share. We are offering these 1000 shares AT PAR, \$100 a share. We will **POSITIVELY REFUSE TO ACCEPT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR MORE THAN TWO SHARES.** In fact, we would rather sell the entire lot of 1000 shares in ONE-SHARE LOTS.

"You may wonder, as many others have wondered, why, if this and other propositions we handle are so good we don't keep them ourselves or why the big financial interests don't absorb them. I tried to explain this, but as it is one of the questions we are frequently asked, I will explain more fully. I have told you how **BIG MONEY DOES BUSINESS.** It has a thousand, yes, ten thousand, chances to invest, and it invests **ONLY** where it can control. Our purpose is to bring unorganized capital and industry together. That is our object and why we are in business. We say frankly that there is no philanthropy in our business. If we offer you a good opportunity to invest it is because



View of Car Showing How Air Circulates in Accord with Laws of Gravity

This cut shows by arrows how the air circulates through the car, the hot air rising (as shown by arrows pointing upward) and the air cooled by contact with the iced pipes falling to the bottom of the car (as indicated by arrows pointing downward). The tanks, full of ice, are shown at the near end. The pipes are shown covered with frost caused by the freezing of the moisture in the air of the car as it comes in contact with the extreme cold of the pipes.



This "Phantom" Drawing of a Car Equipped with the "A. B. C." System of Refrigeration Shows How the Cooling Equipment is Located Under the Roof of the Car Without Taking Up Any of the Loading Space.

This car was equipped with the "A. B. C." System for the Booth Fisheries Co., the largest fish distributors in the world, and proved the efficiency of the system so thoroughly that plans are now being perfected to equip a large number of cars to carry fish.

that's what we are in business for. The shoe man recommends a brand of shoes, because in buying and selling those shoes he makes a profit. He probably wears a pair of those shoes himself. We are heavy stockholders in a great many of the companies whose stocks we sell. I, personally, was one of the original stockholders of the Refrigerator Car Equipment Company and still am a stockholder. You buy a 50-foot lot, but you do not ask the man who owns the whole sub-division why he doesn't keep it.

Makers of Opportunities

"We are in business to make opportunities for others—not because we are philanthropists but because that is our business.

"These 1000 shares were bought by us from a stockholder who had to part with some of his holdings of this stock to protect other interests.

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\$100 invested in Western Union returned.....	15,000
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\$100 invested in American Radiator returned.....	49,000
\$100 invested in DeLong Hook & Eyes returned....	10,000
\$100 invested in National Cash Register returned...	42,870
\$100 invested in Burroughs Adding Machine.....	41,340
\$100 invested in Dunlap Tire returned.....	50,000
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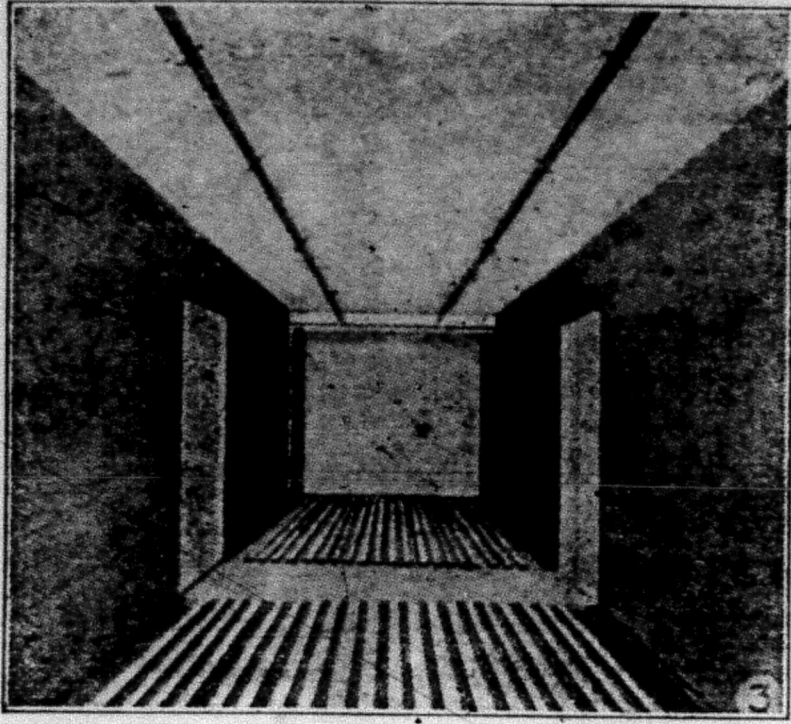
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Advertising Manager, The Social Revolution

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WHEN PEACE COMES

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

A Play for Children — In Two Acts

Characters: Mary, an American girl; her Mother; Tom, her brother; Katrena, a German girl; Fritz, her brother; Olga, a Polish girl; Felice, a French girl; Gretchen, a Tyrolese; Grace, an English girl; Ralph, her brother; and the FIVE SOULS.

ACT ONE.

Scene: An American working-class home. A small bed in one corner; a table, with a lamp on it; a rocker and chairs, some small; an open fire place on side.

Time: New Year's Eve, 1917.

(Mary and her mother are seated before the fire, Mary is undressing for bed.)

MARY: Mother, this is the very worst New Year I ever saw, daddy is gone and brother is gone and I am so lonely!

MOTHER: Yes, dear! Mother knows, but times are so hard that Daddy has to do all the overtime work he can to feed his kiddies. Get undressed now and go to bed.

MARY: I am lonely for brother, why don't he come?

MOTHER: I know, dear, and I hate to think of him out delivering packages this cold night, but food is so high we must let him earn what he can.

MARY: Food! Huh! I don't think we get much. We just had toast and tea and some tiny sardines for supper. (Mary gets up and goes to the cupboard, shakes a cocoa can and finds it empty, peers into the cream pitcher and finds there is no cream, looks in the cookie jar and finds only a half of a cookie.) Oh, Mother! the cocoa is all gone and the cream is gone and there is just this little scrap of cookie. I thought we might have a little tea party for just us before I went to bed.

MOTHER: I am sorry, darling, but you will have to wait until some other time, times are so hard.

MARY: I am so sick of hearing you say times are hard. We didn't have any Christmas tree, and Santa Claus didn't come, and we had spare-ribs for Christmas dinner, and all you say is "times are so hard." I just hate it!

MOTHER: I am sorry, Mary, but we can't help that things are not as bright for us as we wish, but you know that the war has made it very hard for working people to live at all.

MARY: I don't see any war, but every time we want anything you and Daddy say we can't have it on account of the war.

MOTHER: You can't see any war, dear, because it is in Europe, far across the ocean.

MARY: Who can see the war?

MOTHER: The people in Germany and France, and England and Russia and Austria, and lots of other smaller nations. All these countries are at war with each other. The men of one country are killing the men of other countries and things are frightful there.

MARY: Well, if the war is away off across the ocean, why does that make times hard here?

MOTHER: That's very hard for you to understand dear, but when the men stop raising food and go to killing each other, then our merchants ship our food over there, and that's what makes everything so high here that Daddy's wages won't feed us.

MARY: Well, why don't our merchants stop shipping our food over there and then the men will have to stop killing each other and raise some food for themselves.

MOTHER: Well, you see darling, the merchants make lots and lots of money selling our food to the warring nations for a very high price.

MARY: Then the merchant's little girls aren't hungry, are they mother, and Santa Claus did come to see them,

and they did have turkey for dinner, didn't they?

MOTHER: No, the merchant's little girls aren't hungry, and they did have turkey for Christmas and Santa Claus brought them dolls and candies and gold rings and lots of beautiful things.

MARY: (begins to cry bitterly). I HATE war and I HATE the merchants who send our food away, and I HATE Santa Claus who gives gold rings to little girls who have turkey, and picture cards to little girls who have to eat spare-ribs, and I hate the Germans and I HATE the French and I HATE the Russians and I wish God would kill them all.

MOTHER: Oh, hush! Child, you don't know what wicked things you say! Don't say you hate the poor Germans and English and French who are at war, God knows they have sorrow and misery enough. Just think how many little girls there are in Europe whose daddies are dead!

MARY: Well, what did they kill each other for?

MOTHER: The kings told them to.

MARY: How many daddies are there mother?

MOTHER: Several millions.

MARY: How many kings are there?

MOTHER: About a dozen.

MARY: Well, if there are only a dozen kings and millions of daddies, and they were so silly as to do what the kings told them to, they are fools and I hate fools.

MOTHER: Hush, dear! Jump into bed now and I will tuck you in and you will soon go to sleep and forget your troubles. Tomorrow will be New Year and we will pray that it will be a happier year, and that the war will end and peace will come. Good-night. (Tucks Mary in bed, turns the light low and passes out.)

End of Act One.

ACT TWO.

MARY'S DREAM.

Mary is seated by the fire when Katrena a little German girl and Fritz enter.

MARY: Who are you?

KAT: I am Katrena, a little German girl and this is Fritz my brother. We are from far across the sea, and our land is so sad on this New Year that we have come to America to find some gladness.

MARY: Gladness! Huh, I should say not. All we got is hard times on account of your nasty old war. I hate war and I hate you Germans. You make a war and kill people and eat up all our food, you got your nerve to come here hunting gladness.

KAT: Oh, no! Don't say you hate us. God is sick at heart with hate already. We didn't make the war. We lived so happy in our vineyard home by the Main, my father tended the vines and made the good wine, my mother sang all day long as she baked big loaves of bread and the sweet Christmas cakes. My little brother Fritz played with me all the day by the chimney place and on the Holy Night, Kris Kringle came and left gifts in our wooden shoes. Then the English and the French and the Russians made a war. The Kaiser called my father and he went out to fight for the Fatherland. They killed him in Lorraine, my mother died from a broken heart, and Fritz and I are so hungry on this New Year's day!

Fritz: Ach! Ya ve vass so hungry. In Germany no more iss der die gut sourkrount und nice, fat veinies; all iss hungriiness dere. We try to find some gladness in America and you say you hate us. (Katrena and Fritz begin to cry and turn to go out. Mary jumps up and goes and puts her arms around them and brings them back.)

MARY: Don't cry! I don't hate you if you didn't make the hateful war. We will all hate the Russians and the English and the French. They are to blame. (Olga a little Polish girl enters.)

MARY: Who are you?

OLGA: I am Olga, a little Russian girl who lives in Poland. My poor land is so cold and hungry and wet with blood that I have come to America to seek some happiness for the New Year's Day.

Mary, Fritz and Katrena cry together: A Russian! Get out, we hate you!

MARY: You made a war and ate up all our food and make hard times.

KAT: You made a war on our Fatherland and killed our father.

Fritz: Ya, und you eat oop all mine sourkrount and veinies, und dere iss noddings but emptiness here. (Rybs his stomach.)

OLGA: By the God of my fathers, it is not true! My father was a peasant and we lived on the Polish plain. He plowed the long, long furrows and sowed the golden grain. He told us it was good to do such work, for his yellow wheat fed all the world. On the Holy Night the Christ Child came and brought us gifts and we were so happy until the Czar called that "Russia was in danger and needed every man." Then my father went away, the Christ Child came no more, and there is no welcome and no happiness for me anywhere. (Olga turns to go and Mary runs and brings her back.)

MARY: Don't go. I think men can hate and fight enough, we little children must love each other. (Gives Olga a stool by the fire.)

A knock is heard at the door.

MARY: I wonder who that is? I never had so much company in my life. (She rises and opens the door and Felice enters.)

FELICE: Bon jour! (Good Evening in French.)

MARY: Who are you and why do you speak so we can't understand you?

FELICE: I am Felice, the daughter of a Lyons silk weaver. You will pardon me I am sure, I forgot that this was a magic night when we could all speak each other's language.

MARY: Dear me! So it is a magic night, wouldn't it be nice if we could always speak the same, then we would understand each other better.

KAT: Perhaps there wouldn't be so much hate in the world if we could all speak together.

MARY: But why have you come? You are French and we really ought to hate you for making such a dreadful war.

Fritz: Und taking all our sourkrount und veinies.

FELICE: Don't say you hate me! My ears ache with the cries of hate I have heard. My beautiful France is so sad and dark and weary. I think God has forgotten us, and even the good Mother Mary can not hear our prayers for the roar of the cannons and the cries of dying men and crying women. My father wove the shining silks, and mother kept the little home. I learned music from the dear, good sisters, and all day long we sang for very joy. Then one day they called my father, and said "the Prussian despot had struck a blow at all the world," and he went forth and died somewhere in Belgium. The sisters teach me to sing no more, they are too busy closing dying eyes, and mother works all day among the cots where the wounded sons of France moan in frightful agony. There is no place for Felice in all stricken France. Will you give me a little love and sunshine from your great America?

MARY: Daddy says sunshine is, all that Morgan hasn't gobbled up, so we can give you some of that; Food is

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awful high and times are hard, but mother has bushels and bushels of love and I suppose daddy and brother will feed us somehow.

FRITZ: Und do Americans eat sour-krount und veinies? I got an awful hungriiness for some.

(A knock is heard at the door, Mary rises and opens it and two English children enter.)

MARY: Good Evening! Who are you?

GRACE: I am Grace, a little English girl and this is Ralph my brother.

KAT: English! Why they told me the English were pigs, and these are just sad, cold looking little children.

MARY: So you are the mean English who made this nasty war that makes us all so unhappy?

GRACE: Please don't say such cruel things! We English people did not make the war. Our country is so dark and dreary that we came here on this New Year's Eve to see if there was not joy in your bright land where the curse of war has not fallen.

MARY: I don't know what you mean by the curse of war, but your hateful old war makes times mighty hard and food awful high, but anyway you are welcome. Was it the war that made you look so sad?

GRACE: We were not always sad. My father worked in a great shipyard on the Clyde, and every week he brought his wages home and mother spent them so carefully. Ralph and I were both dressed tidily and sent to the parish school. Ralph sang in the choir and on Christmas Eve we both went carolling, while father mullied the cider and mother steamed the Christmas pudding, then while we slept, Father Christmas came and filled our stockings.

RALPH: And on bank holidays father took us to see the cricket games or rowing on the river.

GRACE: One wretched day father came rushing home and cried war was declared; that Belgium had been invaded. He said that king and country called and that he like all good Britons must answer. He marched away with all the other men, then one night the king's officer came and told us he had died on the field of glory. Our soldier's pay was far too scant for us to live upon, so mother went making shells in an ammunition factory. Our Christmas was so bleak and dreary, that we came to find some New Year's joy here in blessed America.

MARY: Dear me! Did you have spare-ribs for Christmas?

GRACE: No, we had liver.

FRITZ: Und I had no veinies.

As the children talk, Gretchen slips in and stands behind them. Mary turns and sees her.

MARY: Mercy! What frightened looking little thing is this? What is your name little girl?

GRETCHEN: I am Gretchen, a child of a Tyrolese mountaineer. A spirit of the woods came and whispered that this was a magic night, and that I might fly away to any land, and speak the language of any child, so I came to your America. Will you bid me welcome?

MARY: Oh, yes! You are very welcome. I cried tonight because I was so lonely, and now I have company from many lands across the sea. I don't know anything about the funny name you call yourself, but did your father start this awful war?

GRETCHEN: Did my father start the war! Ah, God in Heaven, no! My father had no taste for war. He watched the goats on the mountain-side and lived in peace with God and man. Then the king's courier came and told him the brutal, treacherous Muscovite was coming to lay waste to our Fatherland. He went away to war and died, so the good priest told me in Poland. The goats have all wandered away, the black bread and cheese is gone, and I am so hungry and lonely. Please little American princess, won't you make a little corner for Gretchen?

MARY: Sure! I am not a princess, my father is just a clerk, we haven't any black bread or cheese, but I think

if I call mother she will find us something to eat. But before I call her I want to get the straight of this; WHO DID START THAT WAR?

THE CHILDREN: God knows, but our fathers didn't.

MARY: Well, who told your fathers to go and fight?

THE CHILDREN: THE KING.

MARY: Well, I suppose we will have to all hate the kings, there aren't any of them here to lay it on any one else. But don't you wish your fathers could know that the kings are to blame, and that they need not hate each other?

(The lights go down and the FIVE SOULS pass in front of the children, one by one.)

FIRST SOUL:

I was a peasant of the Polish plain; I left my plow because the message ran: Russia in danger needed every man To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.

I gave my life for freedom—this I know, For those who bade me fight had told me so.

SECOND SOUL:

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer: I gladly left my mountain home to fight Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;

And died in Poland on a Cossack spear. I gave my life for freedom—this I know, For those who bade me fight had told me so.

THIRD SOUL:

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom, When suddenly the Prussian hurled His fell blow at France, and at the world;

I went forth to Belgium and my doom. I gave my life for freedom—this I know, For those who bade me fight had told me so.

FOURTH SOUL:

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main, Until the Fatherland begirt by foes Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose Swift to the call, and died in fair Lorraine.

I gave my life for freedom—this I know, For those who bade me fight had told me so.

FIFTH SOUL:

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde, There came a sudden word of war's declared, Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared, Asking our aid: I joined the ranks and died.

I gave my life for freedom—this I know, For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Foot Note.

KAT: O, God! it was my father.

OLGA: And mine.

FELICE: And mine.

GRETCHEN: And mine.

GRACE: And mine.

MARY: Dear me! this is a magic night, now if some good fairy would only come from a land where the war don't make times hard and food high and bring us some supper, we would have a wonderful New Year.

The door is thrown open and TOM rushes in with his arms full of packages.

MARY: O, brother! I am so glad you came; we are having a New Year's party. Umm, don't I smell apples?

TOM: Gee! I should say you are. But who are they, better introduce me to your guests.

MARY: This is my big brother, (All the girls rise and courtsy) and brother, this is a magic night, when God lets hungry, lonesome little children go any where in all the earth and talk to any little children. Aren't you glad they came to see us? This is Katrena, a German girl and Fritz her brother; this is Olga who is Polish; this is Felice, a French girl, and Grace, who is English and her brother Ralph. This is Gretchen, but I can't say the funny name she calls herself.

GRETCHEN: Tyrolese, sir.

*Poem by W. N. Ewer.

TOM: (Whispering to Mary) Sis, have you fed them yet?

MARY: N, I didn't have anything but half a cookie.

TOM: Golly! it's lucky I got such a good tip when I took a package to a nice old lady. I got some swell eats here. Apples and cakes and a loaf of rye bread and some weinies. We will have a weinie roast. (Holds up a long string of weinies.)

FRITZ: Ach! Now I know dot America iss Heaven; I schmell a veinie.

MARY gets forks, TOM slices the bread, and puts the apples and cakes in dishes, then the children all sit down around the fire for their feast.

MARY: My! I am so glad you came.

THE CHILDREN: So are we.

MARY: It's lots nice to love you than to hate you. I am glad that we know that the kings are to blame.

TOM: To blame for what, Sis?

MARY: For the war.

TOM: O, piffle! Sis, that's the time you got the wrong steer. That bunch of peanut kings couldn't start a dog fight by themselves. Wars take scads of money and kings are always broke. The bankers have all the money soaked away in their little, old vaults, and the kings have to borrow it to run their wars on and the bankers make all kinds of profits on war bonds.

OLGA: And was it the bankers who made the war and sent our fathers out to be killed?

TOM: Sure Mike! But they weren't the only guys who had a finger in the pie; the ammunition makers got theirs too, for all the stuff the working-class boobs made to blow their own heads off with. Then the food speculators swiped our food and sold it to the kings at a whale of a profit. You see it's profits that make wars so interesting to the ginks who don't intend to do any of the dying, but do intend to get their hooks on the spondulix. Get me?

GRACE: Yes, I think I understand, my mother said something of the same thing. But what about the kings?

TOM: Say, did you ever see a Punch and Judy show?

GRACE: Certainly; Father used to take us to see them on Binden Green.

TOM: Well, the kings are Punch and Judy, but the bankers, ammunition makers and food speculators are the men who make them dance.

FELICE: O, Tom! Do you mean to say that these men murder our fathers, break our mothers' hearts and ruin our countries for profits?

TOM: That is just what I do mean.

GRETCHEN: Oh, how cruel! Is there nothing we can do to stop it?

TOM: We are only children, but if the workingmen who live to get home and their wives have any sense they will stop it. The money is about all gone now, and peace will come when profits go. Willie and Georgie and Nickie will all stop fighting when Morgan and Rothschild won't let them have any more money.

GRACE: What should the workingmen do, Tom, when peace comes?

TOM: Well, if they have any sense, they will dump the whole bunch of kings into the scrapheap, make Europe a United States, elect Karl Liebknecht, President and Marion Phillips, Vice-President—

GRACE: O! I know her, she belongs to the same Labour League with my mother. But she is a woman and I thought Vice-Presidents always had to be men.

TOM: Not on your life! The pants have hogged the job, but take it from me, when this war is over the women are going to vote and then there will be some doings in this old world.

KAT: O, Tom, who would rule us if we had no kings?

TOM: Well, we might take a whirl at it ourselves, we couldn't do any worse than the kings and we might do a lot better.

KAT: But do you think women should vote? The Kaiser says Kirche, Kinder and Kueche for women, you know.

TOM: Yes, but Willie is a back number now with his Kirche, Kinder and Kueche now. This war has knocked

a lot of big-head out of the men. They have found out that a woman can take most any old job and do it better than a man. ME FOR THE LADIES EVERY TIME.

OLGA: But what about the bankers, food speculators and ammunition makers?

TOM: Dump them, too. If the people owned the banks they wouldn't kill themselves for profits, if the people owned the ammunition factories I suppose they would loan them to Henry to make flivvers in, and if the people owned the food supply they would eat it themselves, instead of wasting it in war.

FRITZ: You vass a ferry vize man. I say lets eat em ourselves. Vor iss no gut.

MARY: Hark! I hear music! It's the chimes of the New Year.

OLGA: The old year with all its sorrow and bloodshed is gone.

FELICE: God grant it may be the end of war.

TOM: And the birth of the United States of the World.

GRACE: And of peace on earth, good will among men, as there is peace and good will among the children.

SPREADING DEMOCRACY

By SCOTT NEARING

Before the United States entered the world war, the Minimum Wage Commission of Massachusetts made an investigation into the wages of women employed in hotels and restaurants and in the manufacture of rain coats, men's shirts, overalls, neckwear, suspenders and other elastic goods, and women's muslin underwear, petticoats, aprons, kimonas and neckwear. The results of this study proved beyond any shadow of doubt that all of the despotism and oppression in the world is not to be found in Germany and Austria.

The wages of these women workers were studied during the year 1916—a year of very high prices. Four years before, when prices were fully fifty per cent less than they were in 1916 this same Commission decided that the least that a girl could exist on in the cities of Massachusetts was eight dollars plus a week. The same figures would put the limit at not less than ten dollars in 1916. Let that pass for the moment, and note some of the facts discovered by the Commission.

There were women in Massachusetts, working in the factories during 1916 whose average weekly wages were less than five dollars a week!

Take one illustration—the manufacture of men's clothing. There were 1,132 women engaged in the work on men's clothing. Of these women, 43 received average weekly wages of less than THREE DOLLARS a week; 67 were in receipt of three but not over four dollars, and 152 were getting four but under five dollars. In other words, 262 women—one quarter of all the women covered by the study—were receiving less than five dollars a week.

Among these 1,132 women, only 258 (one quarter) were receiving average weekly wages of more than eight dollars a week. Eight dollars a week is no longer a living wage for women in the cities of Massachusetts.

Some of the other industries were even worse than men's clothing. Four-fifths of the women who were working on muslin underwear were receiving less than eight dollars a week. On aprons and kimonas there were 84.7 per cent, and on women's neckwear 87.6 per cent of the women receiving less than eight dollars.

Democracy? Democracy for the Germans!

For the working women of Massachusetts—thousands of them—underpay, misery, want and shame. America! America!

The democracy, so-called, that is based upon the private ownership of the means of life is a delusion and a snare, a fraud and a false pretense.

Otherwise Unaccountable

In St. Louis there is one ward that is full of breweries. In a recent election the local option question was up. After the election the clerks were counting the votes. One was calling off and another taking down the option votes. The first clerk, running rapidly through the ballots said: "Wet, wet, wet, wet." Suddenly he stopped. "Mein Gott!" he cried. "Dry!" Then he went on: "Wet, wet, wet, wet." Presently he stopped again and mopped his brow. "Himmel!" he said. "The son-of-a-gun repeated."

The St. Louis woman who shot her husband for absence at dinner-time only did what nearly all wives have felt like doing.

Aid the Enemy.—"Many a feller is sorry his love-letters wern't censored."—Columbus Citizen.

Willing to Please.—"Here's a nickel for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual who stood under the porch with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me." "Thankee, but couln't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, ma'am?"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

The Higher Law.—"Your case would have been stronger, Mr. McGuire," said the lawyer, "if you had acted only on the defensive. But you struck first. If you had let him strike you first you would have had the law on your side." "Yes," said McGuire. "O'd have had the law on my soide, but O'd have had him on me stomach."—Chicago Daily News.

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A Journal of Organized Opinion

Edited by **WALTER HURT** and Published by **PHIL WAGNER**

EVERY LINE IS A LIVE-WIRE

It won't shock you, however—it'll only give you a thrill

This is not a paper for mental eunuchs, and it also should be kept out of the hands of children and fools. It won't hurt the women, however; in fact, it's written and edited with special reference to their requirements.

THE PALADIN is a weekly Libertarian journal that, in a plain, popular and attractive style, deals with freethought, economics, and all things that make for human advancement. It enlivens the driest subjects and is filled to the margins with wit, humor and satire. If you like a sprightly paper, you'll sure like THE PALADIN. Here are some of the things that have been said about it and its editor:

William D. Eaton (Founder of the Chicago Herald) in The Copy Desk:

THE PALADIN may be looked for as the mature result of a long experience in that sort of thing—which is equivalent to saying it should and probably will be the most aggressive and effective paper of its kind this over-annoyed country ever has had. It is not to limit its attention to any one offense against freedom, but will go after every such offense with impartial hands and evenly divided wrath. Knowledge of his past performance is clear enough to make it certain that in THE PALADIN, Hurt will land on the puritan conscience wherever it shows its ridiculous head. He says he is out to "defend fundamental democracy." I doubt whether he will defend anything. His power lies in the other direction. Nothing can be more certain than that he will attack whatever threatens fundamental democracy. It is not his way to beware of any opposition, but to so bear it that the opposed shall beware of him.

The Scoop (Formerly the Magazine of the Chicago Press Club):

Walter Hurt is a remarkably gifted man, a poet, a satirist of unusual power, a master of pure English, a scholar. * * * He has an intuitive perception of news and a faculty in bringing it out that has made his name familiar in every newspaper office in America. He is one of the greatest of interviewers, and at the same time a master of description. As an example of this last, his story of the final night of the *Inter-Ocean* was one of the most brilliant and impressive pieces of writing that ever appeared in a daily print.

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WHAT DO THE SOCIALISTS WANT?

By GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

It is far easier to understand what the Socialists do want after one understands what they do not want. The contrast between the Capitalist System and the New Order proposed by the Socialists—this contrast helps immensely in securing a clear understanding of what the Socialists want and also why they want what they want. But before I tell you what the Capitalist System is, in its chief outlines, let me state in simple propositions some of the leading results of the Capitalist System.

First: Capitalism splits society into two industrial classes, namely: the class that, as producers, uses the industrial foundations of society and receives wages; and the class that owns the industrial foundations of society and takes profits—takes as profits the total annual industrial product except just sufficient (called wages) to keep the workers in tolerable working (producing) condition. (Rent and interest are different names for profits.)

Second: The industrial interests of these two classes are in fundamental conflict; and this conflict can not be closed, or "adjusted" or "composed" or "harmonized" in any way whatever as long as Capitalism lasts, because one class, the working class, sells labor power for wages, and the other class, the Capitalist class, buys this labor power and pays wages for it. Now the interests of the buyer of a thing and the interests of the seller of that thing are never the same and can not be harmonized. Apply this principle to the purchaser and to the seller of a pound of sugar or a horse or a ton of coal. Apply this principle to ten hours of labor power—carefully.

Third: The Capitalist class understands this Capitalist system and, perfectly aware of its advantages for themselves, they make use of every social institution and of every political party (except one) to protect the Capitalist system, to protect the Capitalist class, while they fleece, boss and flim-flam the working class.

Fourth: The working class do not understand, are not permitted to understand, this Capitalist system, and, being ignorant of the power and cunning of the system, the workers accept their fate under the Capitalist system *without complaint against the system*—just as many chattel slaves attributed their condition under slavery not to the chattel slave system but to the individual master they happened to have under the system.

Now let me tell you what are the foundation and the method and the purpose of Capitalism.

First: The foundation of Capitalism is the private ownership of the industrial foundations of society—of such things as mills, mines, quarries, forests, railways, and so forth,—the things the work-

ers, as producers, have to use or starve. This is the real secret of the employers' power over the worker.

Second: The method of Capitalism is the private control and despotic management of the industrial foundations of society.

Third: The purpose of Capitalism is profits, profits for the Capitalist class—profits for the special benefit of the class that own the industrial foundations of society. Capitalism is an industrial system for the special benefit of a ruling class as much as chattel slavery was an industrial system for the special benefit of a part of society.

Now the one political party in all the world that is against this Capitalist system of industry is the Socialist party; and every crowned parasite, every dollar-marked employer—all of them mark the Socialist party as the one political party of and for the working class.

And what, now, does this Socialist party propose as a substitute for the Capitalist System?

First: The new foundation: The social ownership; that is, the public ownership, of the socially usable, industrial wealth; that is, the public ownership of the chief material means of production.

To illustrate: We propose the private ownership of whatever is necessary for the proper degree of privacy of life—such as the home, the piano, the automobile for personal use, etc., but we propose the public ownership of the forest and quarry and mine materials, and of the factories and machinery used in making such things.

Second: The new method: The social control, the democratic management, of the socially usable means of production.

The new method will be the maximum practicable degree of democratic management of industry—which is the only true line of escape from the present despotic control of the industrial life of the workers.

Third: The new purpose: The production of goods will be primarily for social service—for all the people—instead of profits for part of the people.

Fourth: The New Deal; The self-employment of all who are willing to work—by means of the joint ownership and joint control of the things the workers must use collectively in production, each to receive the product of his labor undiminished by rent, interest and profits.

This is the heart of the Socialist platform. This is the core of the Socialist program of reconstruction. This part—the four propositions above—will never be "stolen" or "appropriated" by Bryans, La Follettes, Roosevelts, Progressives, Populists, Independents, Citizens' Parties, or "Radicals." Nothing less than this would free the working class, and nothing less than the freedom of the working class will satisfy the Socialists. The American Revolution of the eighteenth century freed the American colonies from the political control of the British Empire. And the quiet, peaceful revolution proposed by the Socialists is to set the working class free from the industrial control of the capitalist class.

No other political party for a moment proposes the freedom of the working class.

This mutualism in industry will not interfere with private affairs, such as religion and the family life, any more than the mutual ownership of the public library now interferes with such private affairs.

This mutualism in industry will not be a "dividing-up scheme" any more than the mutualism of the public park is a "dividing-up scheme."

This mutualism in industry will not be anarchy or communism or atheism or free love any more than the mutualism of the post-office service is anarchy or communism or atheism or free love.

This mutualism in industry will leave an enormous amount of wealth in private hands as strictly private property.

Caution. Public ownership alone is not Socialism. To illustrate: The railways in Prussia are publicly owned, but the capitalist class is in possession and control of the powers of government, and, naturally, the railways of Prussia are managed for the special benefit of the class in possession of the powers of government. The teaching of public ownership should always be accompanied by the teaching that so long as there are two classes, the publicly owned property can be managed and naturally, inevitably, will be managed for the special benefit of the class that has possession of the powers of government.

Hence the necessity of the Socialist party.—A party with which to secure possession and control of the powers of government for and by the working class, the class whose interests would be served by the overthrow of capitalist despotism and by the new deal, by the reorganization, the reconstruction, of industrial society—to secure peace, plenty and justice for the working class, for all who are willing to work.

We have industrial despotism.

We want industrial democracy.

Remember: if political despotism is all wrong—then industrial despotism cannot be all right.

Think it all over—what we have and what we ought to have.

George Washington, Alexander Hamilton and their famous revolutionary friends did not like what they had, so they organized an army to get what they wanted, with sword, rifle and cannon.

The Socialists, however, propose to get what they want by employing the peaceful and legal revolutionary methods and means of an educated, organized class effort in industry and politics.

The Socialist party is the means with which to educate the working class as to what capitalism is,

With which to educate the working class as to what the Socialists propose as a substitute for capitalism.

With which to organize the working class for the inauguration of the program and policies of Socialism.

Taking No Chance.—ACTOR—"I say, old man, I wish you'd advance me \$5 and take it out of my first week's salary."

MANAGER—"But, my dear fellow, suppose it happened that I couldn't pay your first week's salary, where would I be?"—Boston Transcript.

Hubby Was Too Quick.—"Hubby, you know that letter I said I gave you to mail?"

"Yes, my dear; I assure you I mailed it."

"No, you didn't. I didn't give it to you. I thought I gave it to you, but I gave it to father."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Precaution.—DENTIST (to patient who is opening his purse)—"No, don't bother to pay me in advance."

PATIENT—"I'm not. I was only just counting my money before you give me gas."—Chicago Herald.

A SAFE PROPHECY

By FRANK M. EASTWOOD

Mark the prediction: *Paladin* is going to be a household word one of these days—as popular as *Tribune* was in the triumphant years of Horace Greely. This new periodical, projected by Walter Hurt and Phil Wagner, is no accident. Its birth is due to conditions, and its bringing forth is the climax of careful consideration.

Mankind is to have a champion—one to maintain that the world is for man, and not man for the world. *The Paladin* will have no party to boost or clique to serve. Its ideal is freedom and liberty for every human being, with no reservations or strings attached.

It is needed because human rights are rapidly becoming secondary to the rights of property. At the low ebb of humanitarian thought it is the prevailing practice to place wealth first and man last. Man gains consideration only as he supports his claim of rights with a demonstration of might; and it becomes necessary for humanity to stand united in mutual defense.

Knowing the promoters of *The Paladin*, their temperament and sympathies, I predict that they will deliver such a message as will inspire their readers and be hailed with delight. Some of the respectable shams will suffer, but the race will profit—especially if it heeds the message. One dollar enrolls the subscriber for twelve months and fifty-two numbers. Register today and be an efficient libertarian. Address The *Paladin* Publishing Co., 705 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BEST WAYS

OF DOING THINGS

AROUND THE HOUSE

Spirits of camphor will remove white spots from varnish.

A tablespoonful of corn-starch is a very good substitute for an egg in baking cakes.

When washing windows put a little kerosene in the water and you will find they dry quicker and are much brighter. Ammonia is also good.

Sprinkle a little flour in the frying pan to prevent grease popping onto the stove.

Never put table linen into soap suds until all the stains have been removed.

Wax for sealing bottles containing fruit may be made by melting together equal parts of resin and beef suet.

The smell of tobacco from the evening pipe and cigars will have disappeared by morning if a large bowl of water is put in the room over night.

To clean glazed tiles when spotted, wash them with lemon juice, leave for fifteen minutes and then polish with a soft cloth.

Salt sprinkled on grease spilled on the stove will prevent it from smoking.

Light soap suds are said to be excellent for making plants grow and blossom, on account of the potash therein.

When polishing floors make a thick pad of felt or velvet and fasten it over a worn out broom. This makes an excellent polisher and saves the trouble of kneeling on the floor.

Put some kernels of rice, a teaspoonful or so, in your salt shaker, in hot or damp weather, and see how much better it will work. The rice keeps the crystals of salt from matting together much more effectually than does corn-starch, which is more generally used.

I have a small cupboard fastened to the wall in the corner beside the kitchen chimney; this is a great convenience, as it is always absolutely dry, and makes an excellent place to keep such things as crackers, cereals, salt, and soap. I seldom find it necessary to crisp crackers or cereals over again, and the salt is always dry and fine.

In stringing beads, the small eye often necessitates a fine needle, which makes impossible the heavy thread desirable for safety. The needle may be dispensed with, and the heaviest thread used, if first whittled to a point and stiffened with glue.

So many times in the making of croquettes the mixture is not firm enough to handle and to remedy this and make it mold easily, soak a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in a little cold water and dissolve in boiling water, using as small a quantity of water as possible. Stir this into the croquette mixture and set in a cool place till the gelatine has had time to harden. Then shape and fry in the usual manner. The heat of frying melts the gelatine so that it cannot be detected, unless perhaps the croquettes are a little better than usual.

MR. DOOLEY ON

CAPITAL AND LABOR

"It was different when I was a young man, Hinnissy. Capital was like a father to Labour, givin' it its board an' logins. In them golden days a wurukin man was an honest artysan. That's what he was proud to be called. The week befor illiction he had his pitcher in the funny papers. He had his arr'm ar'round Capital—a rosy, bin-ivulent ol' guy with a plug hat and eye-glasses. They was going to the polls together to vote for simple ol' Capital.

"In return f'r fidelity he got a turkey ivry year. At Christmas time Capital gathered his happy fam'ly round him, an, in the prisence iv the ladies iv the neighbourhood, gave them an oration. 'Me brave lads,' says he, 'we've had a good year. (Cheers.) I have made a millyun profit. (Sensation.) Ye have done so well that we don't need so many. (Long and continyous cheerin') Those who can do two mins wurruk will remain, an', if possible, do four. The other faithful sarvints,' he says, 'can come back in the Spring.' An' the bold artysans tossed their paper caps in the air an' give three cheers f'r Capital. They wurruked till ol' age crept on them, an' then retired to live on the wishbones an' kind wurruks they had accumulated."

British Strategy.—A tired Tommy, burdened with about five tons of equipment, climbed wearily into a bus outside a London railway terminus. There were no vacant seats and no one offered the weary man a seat. He was dead tired and so resolved to get a seat by strategy. He flashed from his haversack a small bomb.

"This is one of the things we use out there, you know," he remarked to the interested passengers. "See this pin here? When I pull it out like this it should explode fifteen seconds later. They're pretty deadly, too. If I put it back again the thing's harmless." Then beginning to search frantically, "Gosh! Where on earth did I put that pin?"

The passengers rose in a body and scrambled for the door, tumbling over one another to get off. Tommy watched them go. Then, putting the bomb back in his haversack, he stretched himself full length on the cushioned seat.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A Clincher.—Pat O'Flaherty, very palpably not a Prohibitionist, was arrested in Arizona recently charged with selling liquor in violation of the prohibition law. But Pat had an impregnable defense. His counsel, in addressing the jury, said:

"Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, look at the defendant."

A dramatic pause, then:

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, do you honestly think that if the defendant had a quart of whisky he would sell it?"

The verdict, reached in one minute, was "Not guilty."—Everybody's.

Pitied His Widow.—"That fellow was an impudent fraud. How did he manage to wheedle money out of you?"

"Oh, John, he told me such a sad, pitiful tale about his poor wife who was a widow with six little children!"—Baltimore American.

ARE YOU "DOING YOUR BIT?"

E. P. WAGNER,
Circulation Manager

Have you given even a moment's thought to the great progress that Socialism is making? If not, think it over a minute and I am sure you will come to the same conclusion that we have—that NOW is the time we Socialists must DO. I base my conclusions on the following facts:

- First:** Never before has the word "Socialism" appeared so many times in the daily capitalist newspapers, where it is so reluctantly mentioned.
- Second:** The success of the Russian Socialists has set everybody to reading, thinking and studying Socialism.
- Third:** Never in the history of the American Socialist movement has the Socialist Press occupied the high position and enjoyed the esteem of the working class that it has now.
- Fourth:** We have received double the number of requests for speakers during the past few months that we ever before received for a like period.
- Fifth:** Before the second-class mailing privilege was taken from the AMERICAN SOCIALIST (owned by the Socialist Party of the United States), it had doubled its circulation since last April.
- Sixth:** A small Illinois town that never had a Socialist speaker before June, 1917, has held four successful meetings since that time.
- Seventh:** During the past three months, the membership of the party in South Dakota has doubled, and the dues have trebled.
- Eighth:** Local St. Louis is having, at each meeting, more than five times the number of applications for membership in the Socialist Party that it ever had before. Reports from all over the country tell of the tremendous increase in party membership.
- Ninth:** Local Peru, Ill., was organized on June 17, 1917. It now has over 160 members and is still growing fast. The first day they received subscription cards for the Kirkpatrick meeting, the comrades sold 100 cards and immediately wrote in for 200 extra cards.
- Tenth:** Before Kate O'Hare was arrested in North Dakota, she had filled almost 50 dates on her western trip. This trip was by far the most successful she had ever undertaken—larger crowds, more enthusiasm and greater book sales. Her eastern trip, which began September 25, comprises almost 45 dates. Twenty locals were disappointed because they could not get Comrade Kate, but it is not possible for her to fill more than 45 dates during the remainder of this year.

Don't these things prove that the Henry Dubbs are taking notice? Sure they do, and there are hundreds of these Dubbs in your town who want to read SOCIAL REVOLUTION. Their subscriptions could not begin with a better number than this October issue. The articles of Walter Thos. Mills, Walter Millard, George Kirkpatrick, E. V. Debs and Kate Richards O'Hare are convincing and clinching. They will make the staunchest supporter of the present system get his brain into action.

It is a rippin' good edition. Go out after these Henry Dubbs with it. You can easily get their subscriptions at 25 cents each. Just make a start and you will be surprised how easy it is. Everybody will subscribe. We shall be delighted to reward you with our premiums. I want to call your attention to our offer of a genuine cut-glass sugar and creamer for a club of 10 subscriptions, or the purchase of 10 subscription cards at 25 cents each. Hundreds of comrades have written in telling us what a high-class premium it is—at the same time sending in another club of 10 for another set to give to their friends. Send in a club of 10 subscribers at 25 cents each, and get this set for yourself—today.

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And the Man Moved On.—The prison visitor on his usual rounds noticed that a new man occupied a cell that had been empty for some time. "My friend," he began, "may I ask what brought you here?" "The same thing that brought you here," replied the convict; "a desire to poke my nose into other people's business, only I generally used to go to the basement window."—Chicago Journal.

Unnecessary Warning.—"This seems to be a very dangerous precipice," remarked the tourist. "I wonder that they have not put up a warning-board!" "Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning-board up for two years, but no one fell over, so it was taken down."—Harper's Magazine.



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Current Comment

By Walter Thomas Mills

Author of "The Struggle for Existence" and "Democracy or Despotism"

The Dayton Election—There can be little question as to the obligation resting on all good citizens to obey the laws of their country. If the laws are not wise or just, the surest way to hasten their repeal is to insist on their enforcement. If the laws involve the direct doing of wrongful things, the conscientious objector may reasonably refuse to participate in the doing of the things commanded, but he may not resist the law's enforcement unless he is ready to assume the attitude of an enemy of the state, and to take the consequences.

The unfortunate legislation which has been put on the statutes as war measures offers a good illustration in this connection. To resist this legislation by any overt act is necessarily an offense, but to assume the position of a non-resistant for conscientious reasons and without any resort to force to refuse service could not possibly be so construed.

All laws in this country are subject to repeal and the right to work for the repeal of any law is just as sacred as is the duty to obey the law while it remains the law. Besides, no law is a law so long as its constitutionality is challenged in a legal way and that question remains undetermined. In such a case, both the individual and the public duty lies neither in the direction of obedience nor of enforcement, but in securing without delay a judicial determination of the question of constitutionality.

Much of this war legislation has been challenged as unconstitutional, and that question is on its way to settlement. It should be settled at once.

Congress is still struggling with the war taxes and food control, with the tide of public opinion and the promise of legislation moving rapidly towards more rational conclusions than had been dreamed a possibility in so short a time.

Questions of the terms of peace, of the repeal of the conscription legislation, are taking form and wherever opportunity is given, the public vote indicates a strong revulsion of feeling on these questions.

The most remarkable instance of this is seen in the recent Dayton municipal election. The issues made by the Socialist party were national and international in their character. They declared for the repeal of the conscription law, for the taxation of excess incomes as the only war tax and for international peace without annexations and without indemnities. They carried the city by an overwhelming majority over all other parties combined. Courage, patience, persistence, victory for peace and for fair play.

Food and Fuel Control—The government has at last recognized its responsibility under the constitution for "maintaining justice and providing for the common welfare" as related to fuel and food. Definite prices are to be fixed and are being fixed

by the authorities of the national government. The principle to control in the fixing of these prices as stated by President Wilson is, in brief, that the prices shall cover reasonable remuneration for all services actually rendered and reasonable profits on the business.

Both in the matter of wheat and of coal, special commissions are at work, determining the prices to be paid to the farmers and to the mining companies. It is understood that at an early date final retail prices for the product, finished and delivered to the final consumer, are also to be established.

It is hoped that the commissioners charged with this work will extend their price fixing to determining the share of the prices authorized, which is to go to labor as reasonable payment for services actually rendered and to state in plain terms for what purposes are paid the share of the prices, not paid for labor. As a matter of fact, prices are made up of rent, interest, profit and wages. It is hoped that these commissioners will furnish the needed information, so that one can tell with reasonable accuracy what share of our living expenses in these war times is paid for ground rent, for interest charges and for monopoly profits before there is anything available for the reward of labor. It is hoped that the commissioners will apply such an analysis to the production of raw materials, to their storage, their manufacture, their transportation and their final distribution, and will give us definitely, at each step, the portion of each advance in prices which goes for rent, interest, profit and wages.

It will be easier for us who make the payments if we know in each instance what we are paying for.

Lawlessness and Labor—It is to be regretted that the Germans deported Belgians and set them to work. It is even more to be regretted that in Arizona an irresponsible group of outlaws, overriding the authority of the state and of the nation, deported 1200 Americans and left them unemployed while guarded and fed by U. S. troops in another state and, so far, not set to work. In fact, they were deported because it was their wish to work under rational conditions in what seems to have been an irrational community. Unquestionably the Belgians should be returned and their ruined industries re-established. Unquestionably the deported workers in Arizona should be returned to the possession of their own homes and to employment in their own industry. Certainly, there can be no dispute as to the justice of these proposals. But how can our country consent to this outrage at home and still feel qualified to punish a like outrage away from home?

Race Riots—It is difficult to conceive of a race riot that is really a race riot. The disorder in East St. Louis was not between negroes and white men arising because the one was black and the other white. The disorder grew out of a deliberate and very wrongful displacement of workers organized and struggling for better conditions by other workers, unorganized and willing to accept and endure a lower standard of living. The fact that one group of workers was made up of white men and the other of negroes was not the cause of the struggle. It was only an incident. The same sort of a battle went on in Colorado with white men on both sides of the Rockefeller trenches.

The hanging of Frank Little by a midnight mob in Montana and the burning alive of 160 miners, the struggle for safe conditions of employment

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on the one hand and the continued violation of the mining laws on the other, were not incidents of a war between races. If, however, the workers had been divided along race lines at the same time, Butte would have been held to have been the scene of a race war. In East St. Louis, in Houston, in Arizona, in Montana and in Europe, the wars are nowhere race wars. They are everywhere wars growing out of economic conditions and calling for economic remedies. Industrial and commercial justice, once established would make an end of it all.

Why No Annexations or Indemnities—The position taken by the Russian Socialists and afterwards endorsed by Social Democrats the world over and finally made the foundation of the Pope's appeal for peace, asks for the ending of the war with no annexations and no indemnities. What is the reason for this proposal so widely supported by Russians, Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans, and finally, jointly defended by Catholics and Socialists?

Whatever causes may have been given for starting the war, it is now admitted that the real purpose of the war, the real purpose of those on both sides of the conflict from the beginning, were to secure annexations and to cover the costs of securing these annexations by the collecting of indemnities.

The Russian and German programs for many years had involved a race

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with each other for the open waters of the Mediterranean. For a longer period, it had been the program of Great Britain to monopolize the Mediterranean and to extend her possessions from Egypt to India. As to the United States, the great industrial and commercial monopolies of this country were already contending for a leading place in the markets of the world and on the breaking out of the European war, struck at once for the place of mastery.

Now peace with no annexations and no indemnities necessarily dis-appoints all the war parties. It is now admitted that with no annexations and no indemnities, the national aims of the various countries at war cannot be attained. But these national aims cannot be attained for any one nation except at the expense of some other. If the making of war is ever to be ended, the spoils of war must be withheld from the spoilers. To permit the spoils of war to go to any nation now engaged in war will seem to justify its share in the war and to encourage the undertaking of other wars. It is for this reason that the friends of peace demand the ending of this war without annexations or indemnities. It is better even that great wrongs done during the war should remain unavenged and the losses never made good than that the war program should be justified and the undertaking of further wars made probable.

Why Love One's Country?—It is not infrequently said that most people have no country. In explanation of this statement it is asked what share of the country is owned by the landless man.

There is a wide difference between "having a country" and having private ownership of land in any country. If having a country is only possible to those who have privately owned land and the private ownership of land should be abolished, would it then be true that there would be no country?

One's country means more than the ownership of land. One's country mean all its lands, its institutions, its ideals, its associations, its memories and the cherished social purposes of his generation. In this country, each citizen is an equal shareholder in all these things. The lack of private ownership of land or other property does not involve the abrogation of one's equal and undivided right in all the resources, equipments and possibilities of this land of ours. To affirm that we have no country is to deny our own legal rights to the possession and mastery of all these things.

As a matter of fact, no one feels that he is really without a country. Those who say so are usually giving the best years of their lives in the effort to improve conditions. They do this because they love the associations, the institutions of their country and are themselves devoted to the welfare of their fellows and to the improvement of these institutions.

Love has only one way by which it can express itself, and that is by rendering service to the person or the object loved. Whoever does not love will not serve. Whoever serves in real and genuine service, loves or he would not serve. The pretended patriotism of the exploiters is nothing other than a false pretense. Whoever robs his fellows, debases his country, corrupts its laws, degrades its people and then pretends to love his country, is a liar, not a lover. Whoever gives his life, his strength, the best services of his hand and heart to the common good is a lover of his country. He serves, but service is impossible except some person, institution, ideal, shall be served. Real service demonstrates real love.

The builders of new institutions, the champions of human welfare, those who really serve unselfishly and to the end, they are the real lovers of their country and the country which they love is always in the building, loved as a mother loves a wayward child—not so much for what it is as for what she longs that it may become.

Disease Under Control—We are right sorry to hear that the ex-Czar of Russia is to be isolated, as we do not believe that czarism is contagious any more.—Grand Rapids Press.

Good for One Meal—"So your new cook came this afternoon. Do you think you can keep her long?"

"Well, she can't get any train back now till tomorrow morning."—Baltimore American.

Raw—Officer: "That's a pretty awkward lot you've got now, Sergeant."

Sorely Tried Sergeant-Instructor: "They are that, sir. It's the like o' them, sir, as brings 'ome to us what a horrible thing this war is, sir!"—Passing Show.

Good Judge—Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen."—Philadelphia Star.

The Druggist's Turn—The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves.

"What's up?" asked the soda clerk.

"Have you been taking something?"

"No. But, do you remember when our water-pipes were frozen last winter?"

"Yes, but what—"

"Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription filled."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Obvious—Old Lady: "Why can't the Admiralty tell us how many submarines have been sunk?"

Jack—"Well y' see, mum, we can't spare enough divers to walk about the bottom of the sea and count 'em!"—Passing Show.

Clever Mother—A visitor to a certain Brooklyn household was duly amazed by the wonderful likeness between the twins.

"Why," she gasped, "I never saw two children look so much alike! How does your mother tell you apart?"

"Well," explained Tommy, "she finds out by spanking us. Clarence hollers louder than I do."—Oakland Enquirer.

Completing the Record—A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother when they were asked the customary question: "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person. The boy sat quite still, as if pondering over some questions, and he, concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's thirty-one!"—Minneapolis Tribune.

Wife Didn't Count—He was particularly polite to women and usually made a good impression on them. A young woman who was visiting at the family hotel in which he resided grew enthusiastic about his manners.

"Oh, he's such a perfect gentleman!" she exclaimed. "He always remembers the little things which mean so much."

"Yes," agreed her hostess. "For instance, he and his wife were coming down from the roof in the elevator last evening. I boarded the elevator at the fourth floor, and the instant I entered he removed his hat and held it in his hand all the rest of the way down."—Life.

All in a Sign—A dear old lady who was shopping at a Great Bargain Sale had the misfortune to be struck on the head by a piece of plaster falling from the ceiling. She was just beginning to talk about damages for the injury

she had received when, with admirable presence of mind, the manager led her outside and, pointing to a large notice, said: "Excuse me, madam, but if you will read that you will see we distinctly warned our customers of what to expect. Looking up the old lady read:

NOTICE

THESE PREMISES ARE COMING DOWN! and took she departure, perfectly satisfied that her had no legal remedy.—Passing Show.

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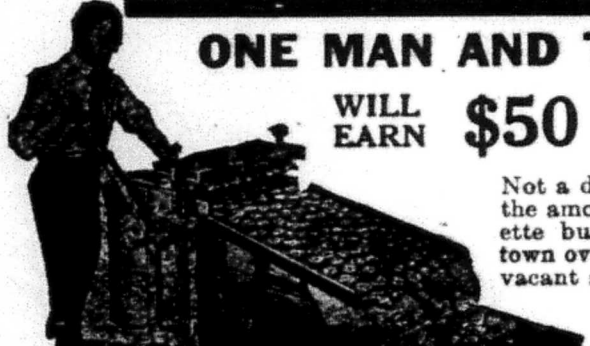


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When life was young and hope beat high,
And in youth's glamour sweet I dreamed,
Against the radiance of my summer sky
The vision of a wondrous city gleamed.

Its stately halls, its portals wide,
Its lofty sun-tipped spires
Caught in their lure my wistful pride
And held my heart's most deep desires.

I yearned to tread its unknown ways,
My soul on Truth's sweet errands bent,
To follow Beauty's mystic maze
Aflame with Learning's keen intent.

At last I found the city rare,
And passed within its noble walls,
Rejoiced to find my dream-world there,
Beyond life's earthly sordid calls.

I wandered where the golden way
Gave promise of some vision bright;
Some beauty crowned each dawning day—
Some truth made sweet each waning night.

I climbed the rugged paths and steep
To glimpse the landscape's wider rim;
Some wind-swept plain, some valley deep,
Some vista with its silence grim.

The past I scanned with eager gaze,
Alert to set its secret free;
Into the future's charmed haze
I read life's subtle mystery.

Above the common din and strife
In peace I dreamed, and quiet joy,
That in the current of my life
Would flow but good without alloy.

When lo, there came a distant call
That thrilled my spirit thro';
Farewell to dreams, farewell to all
The glories that my city knew.

The cry with pain was eloquent;
Humanity had need of me.
Back to a struggling world I went
Exiled from life's serenity.

When first my spirit, sick with care,
Sensed naught of beauty nor of peace,
My weary gaze in deep despair,
Yearned cityward for its release.

But guilt oppressed my selfish soul
And turned me to life's sordidness
To ask, what is the human goal?
How ease the pain and bitter stress?

An answer came from out my heart—
"In love to serve my fellow-man,
In joy to play a braver part,
In faith to trust a larger plan!"

And thus I yielded to the fray
And common cause of toiling men,
To set them on the open way
To find earth's heritage again.

My path was strewn with broken lives—
Mute victims to man's selfishness,
And bargains base despoilers drive,
Sunk hopelessly in deep distress.

The cry of hungry babes arose
And mothers toiling in the night,
The fierce accusing wail of those
Whom greed and lust deny the light.

The toiler's pitiful abode
Made accusations eloquent,
In contrast of his brutal load
And waste of millions, bauble-spent.

The growing tides of human greed
That turn men ruthless from their kind,
Their helpless toll of victims fed
To Mammon, conscienceless and blind,

Sometimes my spirit's faith assailed,
The dream-world beckoned unto me,
Its subtle beauty's charm revealed
Against this dark reality.

But seeing, all compassionate,
My brother's lot, I dared not spurn,
By wisdom and a gentler fate
Inspired, made fires prophetic burn.

In larger faith I saw the light
Stream from the city's mellow glow,
And faintly gild the gloom of night
That wrapped the saddened world below.

Strange echoes of the city fair
Arose from out the valley's din,
And dimly visioned patterns there
Grew in the likeness of its twin.

There, slowly mirrored in the plan,
Faint image of my city's spires
With golden threads thro' shadows ran,
And gleamed like friendly beacon fires.

A tender shaft of golden sun
Unloosed the toiler's prison bars
I saw him rise, his freedom won,
Divest of all his lavish scars.

In prayerful mood I faced the fray,
With eyes that saw thro' mist and tears
Slow dawning of a perfect day
Adown the vista of the years.

A passion of content o'ercame
The yearnings of my sin-sick soul,
And youthful dreams and idle claim
Gave place to a diviner goal.

The city's winding paths of peace
No longer lured my aching feet;
I knew that I could claim release
When brothers all the day could greet.

And so my dreams must come to me
Slow-moulded thro' the patient years,
By Love's mysterious alchemy
Dispelling human strife and fears

When Beauty's charm o'ertakes the race,
And every sorrowing soul is free,
I then may know my city's face,
My dream-world then will come to me.

—Mabel Dunlap Curry.

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Say Physicians---Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Vitality Into the Veins of Men---It Often Increases The Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous, "Run-Down" Folks 100 Per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time.

Opinions of Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City; Dr. James Louis Beyea, for Fifteen Years Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, and Wm. R. Kerr, Former Health Commissioner, City of Chicago,

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous iron men.

Dr Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on this subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Former Health Commissioner, Wm. R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago, says: "I have taken Nuxated Iron myself and experienced its health-giving strength-building effect and in the interest of the public welfare, I feel it my duty to make known the results of its use. I am well past threescore years and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is largely due today to my personal use of Nuxated Iron. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders."

"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 twenty 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 he was careworn and



nearly all in. Now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. 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 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 rid themselves 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."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Dr James Louis Beyea, for 15 years Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, says: "As a physician I have always been opposed to prescribing advertised remedies, and for fifteen years, while Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, I taught my medical students that such remedies were generally valueless, but in the case of Nuxated Iron severe tests made on myself and numerous patients have absolutely convinced me that it is a remedy of most extraordinary merit and one which should be generally prescribed by all physicians. Notwithstanding the fact that I am nearing my 80th birthday, a short course of

Nuxated Iron has made me feel like a new man. Friends say, 'What have you been doing to yourself, you look so well and full of life?' In my opinion there is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to put youthful strength and power into the veins of the weak, run-down, infirm or aged. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which often do more harm than good. To be absolutely sure that my patients get real organic iron and not some form of the metallic variety, I always prescribe Nuxated Iron in its original packages."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, 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 both in Europe and America. 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 100 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 good druggists.—Adv.

TOBE SPILKINS

Hiz Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mr. Editor: When I writ you my last lettur I told you that Ike Hawkins wuz a goin' tu write a note tu the prezident and wanted me tu hand it tu Woodrow in pursen. Well, he writ it, but it wuz spelled so bad I had tu writ it over. After I had korrekcted all the bad spellin' and the grammer it red az follers:

IKE HAWKIN'S NOTE

Mister Prezident: The present condishuns prezents a emurgency that calls every man tu ackshun and az I am dun harvestin' and got my wheet, sowed fur next yeers krop I thought I wood rite you a few lines a makin' uv sum obsurvashuns and suggestshuns. I don't know whether I kin kiver the situashen or not, az it iz somewhat muddled, but I will try and I know I kin kiver part uv it. It looks presumpshus fur an old farmer like me to be advisin' uv the prezident, but sum uv us old codgers know things that the prezident don't know. In the first place I think kongress haz bin a talkin' too mutch; it haz hurt our kase on both sides uv the watter, and most uv it haz bin dun by kongressmen fur the purpose uv skerin' uv their re-eleckshun. But that iz a habit that kongress haz inadverntently fallen intu indurin' uv times uv peece, and the war haz given sum fellers sumphthin' tu talk about that never knowed ennything before wurth menshunning.

Now, Mister Prezident, I have sum ideas about the war but I'm afrade tu express them; I don't want tu git in jail, ennyhow not till I git my craps all gathered. I notis that you aint a goin' tu pay but 2 dollers and 20 cents a bushel fur wheet; well, I wont talk that fur mine; not until I have tu. I see also that the government fixed a price on cole a makin' uv it several dollers lower on the ton. I'll buy sum uv that. I see also in the papers that the government haz gone into a sort uv partnership with the big bizzness fellers and iz a goin' tu charge them one-thurd uv what they steal from the peepul by imposin' uv a incum tax on their incums. That's bully; but why dident the government taik 2thurds? That wood have bin bullyer. And you air a goin' tu cut out the speculaytor in foodstuffs and kotten and sich things! Well, I'll be dadgummed if that don't bumfuzzle me; the Farmers Alliance and the Soshialists have had that in all their platforms, and have pefeshened, preeched and prayed fur it fur yeers and nobody paid enny attenshun tu it, and now the devil cums along and gits things in sich a bad shape that you have tu du all these things tu save your own bacon. But say, Mister Prezident, aint it unkonstitooshunal? Aint it paturalizam?

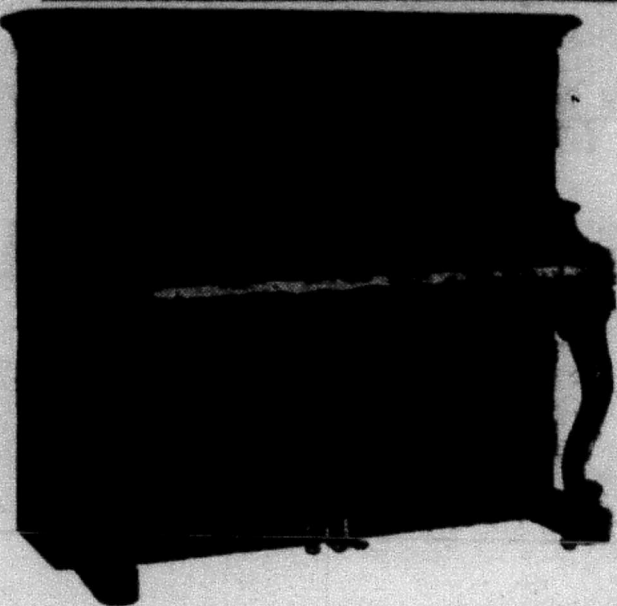
You fellers have always bin a tellin' uv us Soshialists that soshializm wuz a menace tu society and tu human liberty; wuz anarky. And now you air adoptin' uv its principles tu save society and preserve the liberties uv the whole human race and tu save the world from anarky.

What I wood like tu know, Mister Prezident, iz this: if Big Bizzness and the men who know all about finance can't be trusted in time uv war when the kountry needs them most how kin we afford tu trust them in time uv peece? Now, Mister Prezident, I aint opposin' uv the war; I wood jine the army and help ketch the Kizer if I wuz yung enuff and wuzent afrade. I aint a goin' tu try tu keep enny boddy from a goin' that wants tu or haz tu. I want tu git the thing over az sune az possible, and am a goin' tu give you a receet which I think will end the war tu the satisfackshen uv everyboddy but the Kizer and sum uv his kinfolks, and I

aint sheddin' enny teers fur them; I am willin' tu spend every dollar that the millyuniars uv this kountry have got tu put them, the aforesed Kizer and hiz kinfolks, out uv bizzness. Now, agin, Mister Prezident, I aint a sayin' nuthin' agin the war, and I don't want you tu konfiskate my sweet tater crop fur what little I du say; tu tell the trooth I kant rest eezy while that dadgasted Bill Hoehenzelhom iz a runnin' at large, but with your purmishshun, which you kin grant a'fer a re-eevin' uv and a reedin' this lettur, I wood like tu maik a few suggestshuns az tu how it ought tu be persekuted. I meen the war. I aint eggsackly satisfied with the modus operandi (whatever that iz; but 'it aint nuthin' you kin put me in jail fur, or taik me out and shoot me), with which we air a raizin' uv the spondulix tu pay the kost uv the war. I beleve it ort tu be run on a kash basis, and the feller who haz got the kash ort tu be maid tu put up. They tell us this iz a fight fur our kountry; well, then, that 2 per cent uv the paytriots who own 75 per cent uv the kountry ort tu be maid tu pay 75 per cent uv the expenses uv the war and du 75 per cent uv the fightin'. That iz what I wood call a square deal. But it aint a bein' dun that way. Purty neert half uv it iz bein' dun on a credit and purty soon more than half uv it will be dun that way. This iz a goin' tu lode a det on future generashuns which aint bin born yet and lots uv 'em wont have a chance tu be born az their fathers will be kilt befor they have a chance tu git married. I've got a grandson who enlisted in the army. He aint got nuthin' tu speak uv in the way uv property; he don't own mutch uv the kountry, but he haz tu go and fight fur it. Then I've got an unkel; he's spent all uv his life a skinnin' uv his frends and hiz frend's frends and their frends. He's a millyunaire. He don't have tu go and fite. He loans the guvernment munny on interest; he owns big faektories and gits two-thirds uv what he kin maik out uv war profits and gits mad becoz he kant keep all he maiks. If I wuz you, Mister Prezident, I wood taik this "big bizzness briggaid" by the nape uv the neck and the seet uv the pants and throw them intu the see; ennyboddy kin see that they aint a duin' no fightin', and aint a payin' no taxes except what they maik out uv the war and only a part uv that.

It aint my intenshun, Mister Prezident, tu diskurage or hinder the war program; I don't want my cabbage patch suppressed. I beleve if we had five millun American boys on French soil today the very fakt uv their prezene wood block the war and bring peece without enny more fightin', but we aint got 'em over there. But we will have 'em if it iz necessary. It iz the only opportunity most uv the yung men in this kountry will ever have tu go abroad. But what I'm afrade uv, Mister Prezident, iz that when these men cum bak they will have different ideas. This war iz makin' purty neert every boddy think, and it will maik the soljers who go tu the frunt think harder than ever. When they cum home, and even befor, they will probberly sum up the whole situashun without the aid uv a brass band or a speech from sum feller who never smelled powder and woodent smell it if he cood run fast enuff tu git away from it. They wood probberly be a sayin' tu theirselves that they had seen militarism in all its brutal and civilizashen destroyin' influences.

These returnin' soljers will realize that they have bin paid munthly wages fur the dangers and hardships they have endured, but they will see in their own kountry, the kountry they were fightin' fur, a war det so enormous in propor-



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shuns that it staggers the intellect to comprehend it. They will discover that this burdensome debt is held by the men who stayed at home, and who already own 75 per cent of the wealth of the United States and who further increased their fortunes through the opportunities given on account of the war.

A Senate investigashen kommittee haz already diskovered that this wealth autokrasie endurin' uv the year 1916 made 4 billyun \$ uv war profits over and abuv legitimate pece profits. They didnt divide up these profits with the wurkin' men who made everything that wuz sold, but kept it fur their own use. This iz how 2 per cent uv the peepul got 75 per cent uv the wealth and now have everything their own way becoz the Poet sez: "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey.

Wherewelt haccumulates and mendekay, Princes and lords may flurrish or may fale,

A breath can make az a breath haz made, But a bold peasantry, a country's pride, When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Don't you let 'em du it, Mister Prezident; just spit on your hands and snatch this autokrasie uv wealth bald headed like Lincoln did the slave autokrasie. If you don't du it I'm afrade the soljer boys will du it with their guns when they cum home from the war and find out that they wuz a fightin' fur a kuntry which wuzent theirs at all, or only a little uv it, but most uv it belonged to the two per cent who owned purty neert all the kuntry but didnt du enny fightin' and didnt want tu du enny payin' to them who dun the fightin but jist loaned the munny to them and wuz willin' tu wait fur the soljers tu cum home and wurk fur munny tu pay off the war det. Now, Mister Prezident, I'm willin' tu agree that sumboddy haz dug up more snaiks than they kin kill and that's what got the United States into the war. It aint no use tu diskuss what kind uv snaiks they air or who dug 'em up, they ort tu be killed and I'm fur doin' it and makin' a clean job uv it. The peepul beleve that all autokrasies air a menace tu the pece uv the wurld. The military autokrasie iz only the arm uv force on which the uther autokrasies depend fur proteckshun, and when we destroy the power uv militarism the uther autokrasies will follow, and, my deer Woodrow, let us pray fur that blessed catastrophe tu cum soon. In the meen time let us stop the speculators frum preyin'. Hopin' that both uv us air well when you git this, I am az ever,

Yours trooly,

Ike Hawkins.

P. S.—Now, Woodrow, sum uv the abuv things may seem tu be unkonstitooshunal, and they air, but you go ahead and du 'em and we will fix the konstitooshun up tu fit 'em when the war iz over, jist like we did when we konfiskated the black slaves endurin' uv the Civil War.

I. H.

Jist az I started tu mail the abuv lettur the male karrier brought me two letturs, one frum Tommy, my little boy, and one frum Shanghai Purkins, but I kant tell you what's in them now but will have tu wait until I rite the next lettur. It looks like that ornery Ben will have tu go tu war, and it iz my daily prayer that he will.

Yours trooly.

Tobe Spilkins, Dipplomatt.

Ain't the Men Terrible?

An old lady was introduced to an army officer. "Colonel," she said, "I am told you are a bachelor. But I suppose that you will marry after the war." "No, madam," answered the blunt soldier, "after the war I want peace."

The girls are responding nobly to the call for economy by shortening the skirts of their bathing suits.

WHY I JOINED THE SOCIALIST PARTY

By H. S. BIGELOW

The war has wrought in me, as in many others, a new purpose, a purpose which finds more sympathy, at the present time, in the Socialist party than in any other.

Personal and trivial aims seem base now. One's heart goes with those mighty armies. One feels the mystic power of the cross around which surge the regiments of death.

The old battle cries no longer rouse us. The old issue no longer suffices. One is ashamed to play the old game of political expediency and party advantage.

Henceforth I want my life to count to the utmost in the great task that lies before us, the task of destroying the seeds of war and building a new social order.

A handful of people own the bulk of the nation's wealth. The great majority live in poverty or on the verge of it.

In the populous wards of every city there are teeming thousands who pant for breath on summer nights in quarters that would gag and turn the stomach of a man used to decent surroundings.

Here is one Cincinnati picture: A woman is standing over a cook stove. She has an infant in her arms and a child crying at her feet. It is 100° in the shade. In the same room with the stove is a bed and table set for supper. This is the only room they have. There are but two windows. They face the west. The walls of the building simmer with the heat. The afternoon sun beats in relentlessly. The father has just come home from work in a nearby slaughter house. The air is full of the stench of blood and offal, mingled with the nauseating odors of clothes and bedding redolent with the fumes of victuals.

What of the sanctities of marriage? What of the sacredness of home? What of the holiness of motherhood? What of the rights of children? How can these flowers take root in such a soil?

This young mother has been caught in the trap of cruel circumstance. Look at her and then remember that another woman in Cincinnati paid \$240,000 for a picture to hang on her wall.

The poverty of one woman and the opulence of the other flow from the same cause. It is robbery in the name of law. It is injustice, avoidable, inexcusable, damnable. While such injustice lasts there will be hate and social strife and war.

The present order has come to judgment. This war is a witness against it. In the course of human events the hour has come for a new declaration of independence. Our fathers, traitors to the Government which claimed their obedience, boldly asserted, and defended with their lives, the principle of political equality. We now assert the principle of social democracy.

We are bound to admit that all persons are equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We are bound to acknowledge that the present social order distributes these blessings grudgingly and with grave inequalities. It is therefore our right to alter or abolish this social order, and to institute another in its place, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to us shall seem most likely to effect the safety and happiness of all.

The Length of His Term

Irvin Cobb states that a marshal was taking a couple of darkies to the Federal Prison at Atlanta. The prisoners came from different localities and were strangers to each other. When they got settled on the train, one asked: "How long did de jedge send you down fur?" "Three yeahs; how long you goin' down fur?" "F'um now on!"

This Might Help Some

A South Carolina man claims to have made a substantial contribution to the movement for the conservation of human life through the invention of a device which will positively prevent accidents to automobiles at grade crossings. The working of the attachment is simple and is explained by the inventor as follows: "While the car is running 15 miles an hour a white bulb shows on the radiator, at 25 miles a green bulb appears, at 40 a red bulb and when the driver begins to bat 'em out around 60 miles an hour a phonograph under the seat plays 'Nearer My God to Thee!'"

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS MAY BE OVERCOME

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head noises go to your druggist and get 1 ounce of Parminit (double strength), and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and 4 ounces of granulated sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Any one who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.—Adv.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which alone is well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly if not wholly, by your "LOOKS," therefore it pays to "LOOK YOUR BEST" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

Miss C. R. — After using my "Trados 22" for only two weeks I see a wonderful improvement in the shape of her nose.

Mr. P. R. writes—Your Nose Shaper is doing the work and I am certainly pleased with it; will recommend it to my friends.

Dr. F. D. G. writes and says that after he had used it for two weeks he thinks that "Trados 22" is fine and will recommend it to his patrons.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

Mr. J. B. is very pleased with the Nose Shaper and his nose looks much better.

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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.

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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.

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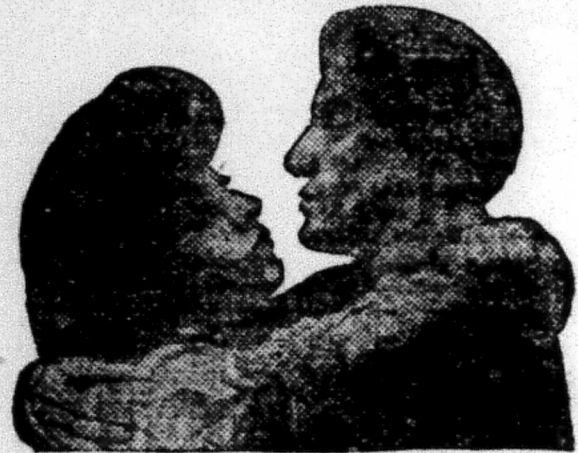
A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated 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, R 675, Station E, New York City. Keep this advertisement, it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this magazine.—Adv.

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By John's Wife



I'm the happiest little woman,
In all this little town;
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown.
For JOHN HAS QUIT HIS DRINKING
And is like himself once more,
And the world is just a paradise
With such happiness in store!

One day I read some verses—
"Mary's Miracle," the name,
And I said, that's John exactly,
And I'll send and get the same.
So I sent for GOLDEN TREATMENT.
(As sly as sly could be)
And I put it in John's supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit;
Had no odor, so, you see—
It was smoothest kind of salling
For little Doctor Me.
And I watched and prayed and waited,
(And cried some, too, I guess),
And I didn't have the greatest faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess.

And John never thought a minute,
He was being cured of drink,
And soon he's as well as any one,
It makes me cry to think!
Just makes me cry for gladness,
I'm so proud to be his wife—
Since he is cured of drinking,
And leads a nice, new life.

"Since John he quit a-drinking!"
I can't say it times enough!
And hates and loathes a liquor
As he would a poison stuff.
And when I say my prayers at night
As thankful as can be—
I pray for John the most of all—
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What Socialists Want Now

Talks on the Socialist Party Platform—Fourth Installment

By WALTER J. MILLARD

It should be stated at the outset that in the previous discussions of the St. Louis platform an important fact was not mentioned. We were not really discussing the platform but only the draft of a platform. It is true that this draft was endorsed by a convention of the Socialist party, but that did not make it a platform. It actually became the platform when, at a referendum of the party membership just completed, each plank and section received a majority of the votes cast.

The method of having a convention adopt a platform and letting it go at that may be all right for Republicans and Democrats, but to a Socialist it is too much like the old trick played on children of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what kind folks will give you." Sometimes it is sulphur and molasses. The Socialist prefers to look in the spoon to see what is in it before he opens his mouth.

The next plank in the platform and the second put in because of the war is as follows:

Resistance to Compulsory Military Training and the Conscription of Life and Labor.

It must be remembered that this is the plank of a political party, and that therefore the resistance spoken of is wholly of a constitutional, political and legal kind. It pledges all elected officials and more especially members of legislative bodies, like Congressmen, to vote and work to prevent the enactment of such laws. Those who might wish to interpret this plank as implying that each individual man is personally to resist such laws when enacted are led into this mistake probably because military training is based on the use of personal force. Hence they immediately surmise that force is to be met with force. This is not so, for while Socialists are not committed to either Tolstoyan non-resistance nor to armed revolt, yet they realize that submission to bad laws, laws that may even threaten the existence of individual lives, is better in the long run than physical resistance so long as manhood suffrage is as democratic as it is in the United States. Socialists obey the law now because they expect some day to make it, and if they obey the law now they can expect with greater reason to have it obeyed when they make it for the worker instead of the owner.

It is unthinkable that this country, situated as it is geographically and politically, will retain conscription very long, and probably the next congressional election will produce a congress that will make its removal the first order of business. An English military critic of recognized standing predicts in the Atlantic Monthly for September that the technique of war itself is fast making conscript armies out of date. He says "It is fairly safe to predict that for tactical reasons alone, not to speak of those of another order, this will be the last war in which the armies will be composed of the whole manhood of the nation. Universal military service is out of date and although some officers whose careers depend on its maintenance will struggle hard to retain it, the higher officers whose business is to direct the strategy and tactics of a campaign should be interested in its abolition or modification. War with armies of millions is becoming an impossibility."

Strange as it may seem, the campaign against compulsory military training must be undertaken in order that the terms of the President's reply to the Pope can be complied with. In that reply the President accepts disarmament as one of the terms we are willing to make peace upon. If we want to convince the German people of our good faith in this regard, surely the wrong way to go about it is to train

boys in the public schools as soldiers when they will not reach the draft age for another five years at least. They can not fight in this war, for its end is in sight and it can not last five years longer in any event. Yet Senator Chamberlain has such little faith in the Allies of this country, to say nothing of a democratic Germany, that he wants to "be prepared"—for a war ten years from now. He has actually introduced his bill at a time when not only the President but, according to a press dispatch, also the Reichstag, have put disarmament in their peace proposals.

If we are willing to talk disarmament we must show other nations that we have faith in our proposal. We must to some degree copy the good old lady of a certain story. There had been a bad drought in her section and at last the church folks decided to have a prayer-meeting to pray for rain. When the evening arrived everyone came in their summer clothes, the girls in muslins and the young men in "ice-cream" pants. But old Mrs. Brown came in a rain-coat and carried an umbrella. She believed thoroughly in what she had set out to do; and in much the same spirit of honest, yet intelligent faith, the Socialists believe in preparing for the future that lays ahead of the war. Which will you do—stand by the President and pave the way for disarmament as the Socialist party proposes or get ready for another and another and yet another war like Senator Chamberlain and the rest of the caye-men of the old parties suggest?

The next plank is:
Repudiation of War Debts.

The Government has conscripted life, let it also conscript wealth—this is the sentiment, expressed by some organizations that endorse the war and by many who are in full sympathy with both the war and conscription. While this is not the mental attitude of the Socialist, yet so far as war finance is concerned it results practically to the same thing. If wealth were conscripted to pay for the war there would be no debts such as bonds, to be repudiated. Such a measure would do much to shorten the war.

Interpreted practically, the plank means that if the Socialists were to get into power at the next election they would repudiate all attempts of the present congress to lay the financial burden of the war on the farmer and the laborer. Instant repudiation of war debts without regard to who are the individual creditors, can not be meant by this. It is conceivable that farmers who had sold grain and restaurant keepers who had fed soldiers holding government orders might be hurt thereby. In practice it will work out that the owning class as a whole will go through the delightful task of paying the war debt with the profits it has made out of war and industry.

It is very significant that President Wilson made a good many speeches and did much to secure the conscription of men, but so far only one sentence has passed his lips that can be twisted into anything like an endorsement of the conscription of wealth. And this was uttered quite a while ago. Up to the time of writing this, no label like that of "wilful men" has been stuck with literary glue on Senator Lodge and his ilk. Why this sphinx-like silence?

Feudalism and capitalism brought on this war. Feudalism undoubtedly will disappear as one of its results. Capitalism is changing its form rapidly.

Instead of owners of great industries we may end the war with a class, owning war-bonds and living on all the people instead of exploiting one industry. It is to prevent such a condition, which would be feudalism in a new form, that such a plank is advocated. Are you with us?

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GOING THE LIMIT

By SCOTT NEARING

The business world is using the war-demand to go the limit. In every direction profits are soaring as prices rise. Patriotism is no bar. The wealth owners of the country display the most sordid indifference to anything that interferes with a good return on the investment.

So critical is the situation that one Wall Street paper protests in a recent issue that the business men are going too far.

"The price of steel products continues to advance. Billets rose another \$5 a ton last week. The average price of eight steel products now stands at \$99.29 as compared with \$58.99 the same time last year and \$32.83 the corresponding week in 1915. Pig iron at last has gone beyond the \$50 level. This, too, in spite of a production of 417,340 tons in May, with one exception the largest monthly production on record! The furnaces have had difficulty in obtaining coke or the production of pig undoubtedly would have broken all records.

"Still it is difficult to justify the increase in price. The cost of production surely does not warrant it.

"The prediction is made now that prices may soar to almost any limits. They have been rising in the last month with a rapidity that is simply frightening. There is no reason when the country is at war and the demand for steel greater than ever before, why the Government and private consumers should pay prices 100 or 200 per cent in excess of the cost of producing iron and steel. Charging 'what the traffic will bear' might have had some justification before we were at war. Now it is utterly indefensible. If steel prices are going higher simply because the mills are able to put them higher it is time the Government set a maximum price for steel. After all the country at large is the sufferer from this sort of extortion, be it directed at the Government or private consumer. And both are the victims."

The protest is not very vigorous—not nearly as vigorous as it might be made, but it shows that even the wisest heads among the business men are beginning to cry "Stop thief!" lest they kill the goose that is laying the golden eggs.

The soldiers at the front hear the command from their country—"Fight!" The people who stay at home and the government that is directing the war hear from the vested interests of the United States, the command, "Pay!"—and they both pay.

The Smokeless Husband

A young Mrs. Newlywed was boasting about her husband. "George has no faults," she proudly proclaimed; "he doesn't drink and he doesn't gamble." "Doesn't he smoke?" inquired a new acquaintance. "Well," said the bride, "after a good dinner he may smoke a cigar—but that's only once a month or so."

An Industrial Beginning—As the result of lectures administered to him by both his father and the young woman of his choice, a certain young man decided to turn over a new leaf and show some interest in business.

"Well, Molly," said he to the girl one evening, "I am really going into business in earnest. Made a beginning already today."

"Good!" exclaimed Molly. "And what was the nature of your start?"

"I ordered my tailor to make me a business suit."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Conscientious Executor—A couple of Kentuckians, meeting in a feud district, according to an exchange, one asked the other:

"Look here, Bill, what did you shoot at me for? I ain't got no quarrel with you."

"You had a feud with Ben Walker, didn't you?"

"But Ben's dead."

"Well, I'm his executor."—New York Tribune.

A New Golf Term—An Irishman was suddenly struck by a golf-ball.

"Are you hurt?" asked the player.

"Why didn't you get out of the way?" "And why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didn't know there was any assassins round here."

"But I called 'fore'" said the player, "and when I say 'fore' that is a sign for you to get out of the way."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, thin, when I say 'foive,' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive.'"—New York World.

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

By PHIL WAGNER

I had heard of it for three years, conflicting reports of it. I knew the moving spirits. Inquiries without number had come to me for an opinion.

There was but one way to get this opinion, and that was to see Llano. Anyway, that is what the people at Llano ask of all who intend to take up residence there.

Llano is a city of tents and wooden shacks and adobe houses and ideals. The ideals make the tents and shacks and adobes inhabitable, for the people of Llano see into the future and their plans are founded on the future.

No finer alfalfa can be grown anywhere than that produced at Llano. The dairy at Llano consists of a rock barn with a concrete silo and half a hundred cows being milked, though there are many more out on the range. Ten miles below the colony are bunch grass ranges not surpassed anywhere. Here are much young stock, the nucleus of a beef herd.

A herd of 40 registered Duroc Jersey hogs, with many smaller thoroughbred Durocs, is a part of the several hundred hogs possessed by the colony.

The colony possesses about 100 horses, two steam tractors, a caterpillar engine, and several stationary steam and gasoline power plants.

There are perhaps 400 acres of orchards, 400 of alfalfa, 100 of garden.

In the rabbitry are several hundred rabbits, perhaps more than 1000. These furnish a good portion of the meat.

Everything is handled through the commissary on a plan, which for equality and democracy and justice could well be used as a model by the food-short countries of Europe.

The social features at Llano are one of the most interesting things. Two dances, one for the grown-ups, one for the children, and an entertainment are the weekly program. In addition are many extra offerings of different kinds.

The possibilities impressed me as being extraordinary, and I can see that the possessions of the Llano Colony may be extended so that there is practically no limit to what may be accomplished.

There the comrades are attempting to work out their own salvation by making use of the lessons they have learned from the study of Socialism.

In the minds of the comrades there no idea of failure comes. They are determined. They believe they are on the right track and they are proving it to their own satisfaction.

Couldn't Escape—With pathetic tears on her baby cheeks, little Ethel ran up to the big, stalwart policeman.

"P-p-please, sir," she sobbed, "will you come and lock a bad man up?"

"What's he been doing?" asked the man in blue gently.

"Oo-boo-boo," wailed Ethel, "he's b-b-broken up my hoop wif 'is nasty bicycle."

"Has he?" replied the bobbie angrily, as he saw her tears flow afresh. "Where is he?"

"Oh, you'll easily catch 'im," said Ethel, drying her tears. "They've just carried 'im into that chemist's shop on a shutter!"—Argonaut.

Kindly Student—"How's your boy Josh getting along with his studies?"

"Pleasantly," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "He don't bother 'em none."—Washington Star.

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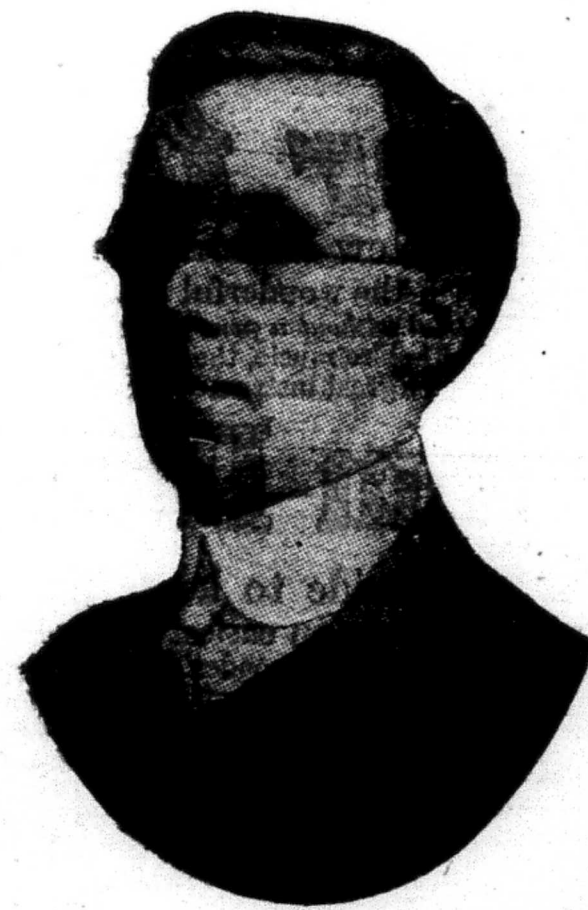
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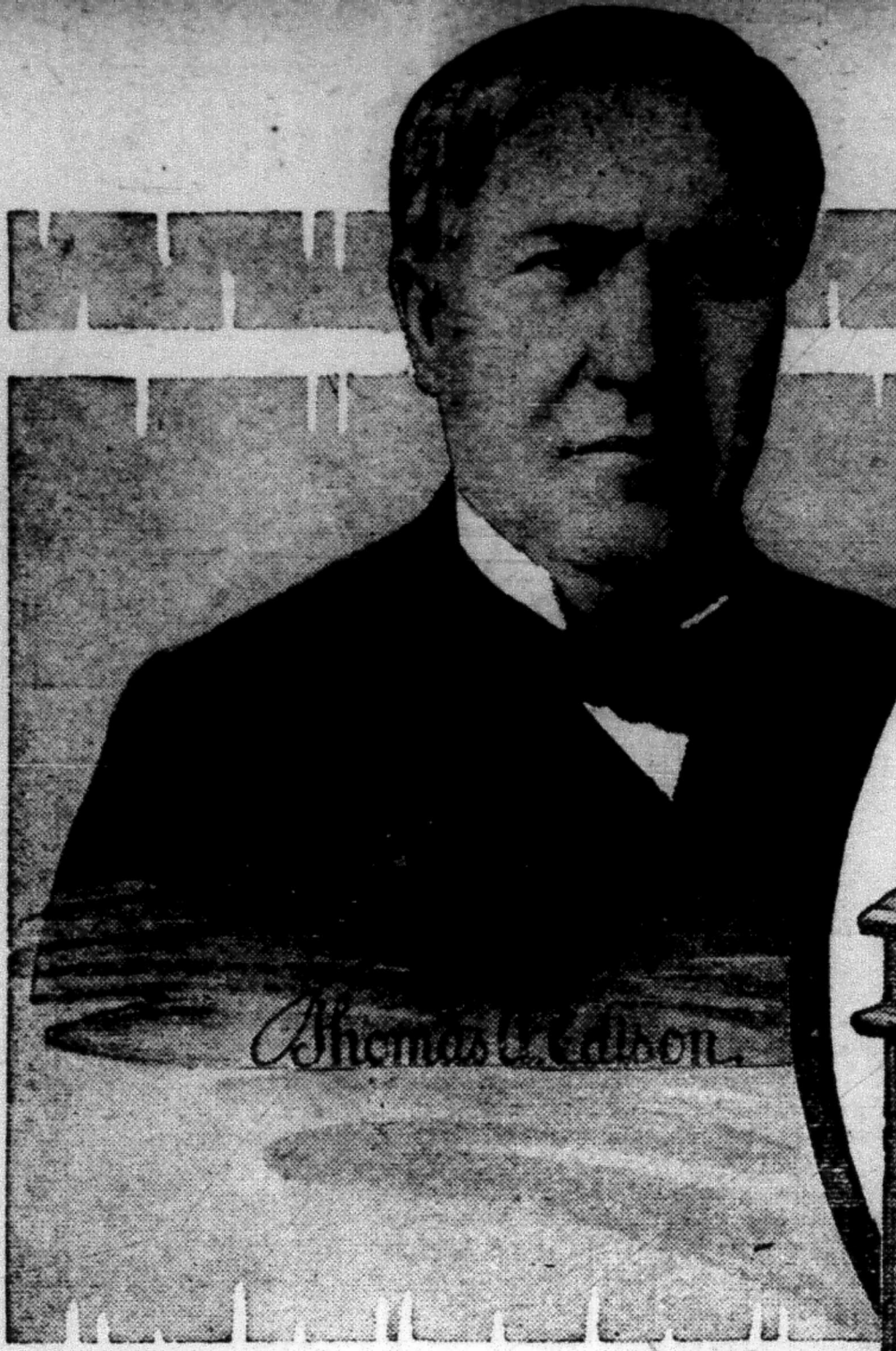
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