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SOCIAL REVOLUTION



ENLIGHTENMENT



FORMERLY
THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW



IGNORANCE

ST. LOUIS

DECEMBER, 1917

KATE O'HARE'S

Trial is close at hand.
Read in this number her

FAREWELL MESSAGE

To the comrades, written just before
she goes to face an ordeal that may
result in her spending many years

IN PRISON

I've found it!



New Sunshine Safety Lamp The Perfect Light For Homes, Stores, Halls and Churches

Yes, here it is, the whitest, brightest, most powerful home light known. It's wonderful, simply wonderful. Imagine, if you can, 300 candles—18 ordinary lamps or 10 brilliant electric lights in one room, then you will have some idea of the great volume of soft, pleasing, white light which the new Sunshine Safety Lamp gives. Think of it. You can now enjoy a far better light than either gas or electricity and the cost is amazingly low. Why worry with troublesome, dirty coal-oil lamps or expensive system lights, when the Sunshine Safety Lamp **OUTSHINES THEM ALL**.

300 Candle Power—Costs 1c a Night ABSOLUTELY SAFE | A BEAUTIFULLAMP A Child Can Carry It

Yes, so safe that you or one of your family can handle it in any way. It burns right side up or upside down with perfect safety. Look at the picture. Note the simplicity of construction. Nothing to get out of order and make you lose your temper. Surely you want this lamp when it costs so little and means so much in increased comfort and enjoyment.

That Should Last You a Life Time

This handsome lamp, with its highly polished nickle finish and large fancy, white translucent glass, or Opal dome shade is an ornament in any home. It is absolutely perfect in design and will do more to brighten and cheer up your home than anything else you could buy.

Costs Very Little—Saves You Money

You'll be agreeably surprised at the low price of the Sunshine Safety Lamp. It's a whole lot less than you would expect to pay for such a beautiful, powerful light giver. Every night in the year you and your family will bless the day you saw this offer. You save in time and trouble—besides the saving in fuel. One cent a night in the average home is all it costs to have the whitest, brightest home light in the world. The Sunshine Safety Lamp burns 94% air and 6% common gasoline.

No Wick—No Chimney— No Dirt—No Odor

Just think of the pleasure of being able to get away from those old coal-oil lamps with their dirty, greasy wicks, smoky chimneys and disagreeable odors. The Sunshine Safety Lamp does away with them all. Requires filling only about once a week and has no wick, no chimney, no dirt and no odor.

FREE To Try In Your Own Home 15 Days

Now Read This

Our Five Year GUARANTEE

Each Sunshine Safety Lamp is carefully inspected and thoroughly tested before shipping. It must be in perfect working order when you receive it. The lamp cannot fail to give you perfect satisfaction.

Should any part become injured or broken through defective material or imperfect workmanship, within five years from date of purchase, we will furnish new parts to put it in good order, free of charge, or if necessary we will replace it with a new lamp and make no extra charge. We positively will not knowingly permit any lamp to be out of use because it does not work perfectly.

Signed—Sunshine Safety Lamp Co.

This legal guarantee protects you absolutely. It is backed by our entire capital and the enviable reputation of our long business career. Our guarantee is broad and fair, and assures every purchaser.

A SQUARE DEAL

Thousands Praise It

We have thousands of letters equally strong.

Arena, Colo., May 23, 1916.
Sunshine Safety Lamp Co.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Gentlemen:—I want to say if I could not get another I would not take \$20.00 for my lamp. "I ain't got any kick coming." The mantles I am using have been in use every night for 4 months.

Yours truly,
Otto L. Priess.

We are so sure you will be pleased with this remarkable new lamp that we are making an offer to send it on free trial to any user. You can then see for yourself—know what a really wonderful light it gives—have the members of your entire family enjoy it for fifteen nights free before deciding whether to keep it or not. We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our special Free Offer.

Use This Coupon To-Day

SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.,
1205 Factory Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Gentlemen:

Please send particulars of your great FREE OFFER and your Special Offer to Agents.

Name.....

Town.....

R. F. D. or St. No. State.....

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Sunshine Safety Lamp Co.,

1205 Factory Building,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

PHIL WAGNER, Managing Editor

STAFF

Eugene V. Debs W. S. Morgan
Kate Richards O'Hare Geo. R. Kirkpatrick
E. P. Wagner Walter J. Millard

For Advertising Rates Address

HARRY R. FISHER,

Garland Building Chicago, Ill
Telephone, Central, 4340



Pontiac Bldg.
St. Louis

"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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Tide of Battle Is Turning!

As was expected, the comrades responded nobly to our call for aid in the November number of SOCIAL REVOLUTION. From the farthest states in the Union, helping hands were reached to us in relief of our distress, that our guns should not be spiked by the enemy, but be kept active and smoking all along the firing-line.

From the first, I felt sure that the readers of this paper—the gallant rank and file of the army of economic liberation—the very flower of the Socialist crusade—could be depended upon in the dark hour of need, and my faith has been amply justified.

The present promises well for the future, thanks to your good help. The downward drive was stopped, the wheels were reversed, and now we are rolling toward the top of the hill.

Keep the wheels revolving, comrades, until we reach the summit!

Don't stop!

Now that we have recovered so much lost ground, lean your shoulders against the load, and PUSH—PUSH—PUSH!

Don't let your past efforts be lost by allowing the car of Progress to get stalled again—it's too hard to get it started anew.

Remember that the task of keeping the work moving requires fresh effort every month. The subscription expirations never cease, and continuous labor is necessary to keep the old readers in the ranks, else to fill their places with new recruits. A depleted fighting force means defeat—or at least a victory long delayed. And all the arduous campaigning must be done by our devoted volunteers—in the camp of Socialism there is no such thing as conscription.

As for the few tardy comrades who have not yet responded to the call for reinforcements, I urge them to do so without further delay. Come to the front at once—get into action—and bring with you all the recruits you can rally to the red standard of Socialism.

Remember that the help given when most needed, is doubly helpful.

The enemy is eternally active, and we must match his energy if we would not see our colors trailed in the dust of defeat.

Let us be as loyal to our cause as others are to theirs.

Therefore I say, Don't stop—don't ever pause! We must keep going if we are to get anywhere. Victory is reached by marching, not by resting. We'll have to march, anyway; and it's better to march forward than to be driven in retreat. The time to rest is after the battle.

So, comrades all, keep the good work going, keep the old guns smoking, keep the red flag flying, and we shall win against all the forces the foe can marshal against us!

Phil Wagner

MAIL THIS TO ME

703 Pontiac Bldg. St. Louis

In these days of war conservation—and don't forget that there's more than one kind of war on hand just now—don't waste the following coupon, but see that it's sent to the battle front at once, along with the necessary ammunition. No campaign can be won without sufficient supplies—the "sinews of war," you know. So, cop out this coupon and get busy.

Special EMERGENCY Coupon

COMRADES: Inclosed find \$2.00, for which send SOCIAL REVOLUTION for one year to each of the appended addresses. This is my contribution to the Cause of Human Freedom, to enable SOCIAL REVOLUTION to continue preaching the gospel of Social Salvation.

Name of Sender.....

Street or Box.....

Post Office.....

State.....

(Paste this coupon on a sheet of paper and list your subscribers below. If you can't send the names now, send the Two Dollars for Five Subscription Cards.)

WAITING!

By Kate Richards O'Hare

I am waiting now, just waiting, and thereby fulfilling the age-old task of woman. It has been our portion to wait; to sit with folded hands or labor with straining nerves, but always to wait. We wait with every sense strained and quivering, and with bodies shot through with pain for the call of life that shall send us down into the valley and shadow, to return triumphant with the soft, warm body of a new-born babe to compensate; or that shall send us down the valley and over the river of death. We wait in agony while our men go forth to war; we wait in suspense while our loved ones go down into the mines; we wait while they go aloft on the swinging beams of the rising skyscraper; we wait while they go to sea in ships; we wait while they go forth into the blackness of the night on rumbling trains. Always we wait. It is our portion.

I have waited for the call of life; I have waited while my mate went forth to meet the dangers that lurk in modern industry; I have waited while those I love went forth to war; and now I wait again. This time I wait the call to court. I wait to be arraigned before the august majesty of a judge; I wait to be tried by a jury of my peers; I wait while men decide whether I shall go home to my children, or be sent to prison.

Quite naturally, while I wait, the pictures of court-room scenes flit through my mind by day, and weave themselves into my dreams at night. I see the smug, self-righteous judge upon the bench, the wrangling lawyers, the motley assortment of humanity in the jury box, the morbid courtroom loafers, the tortured prisoner in the dock; and always I try to imagine myself the central figure in the sordid scene. But my brain will not give me the picture. It is not that I am afraid, for I have never known the sense of fear; it is not that I have any sense of shame, for I have none; it is not that I recoil from being branded as a criminal, for I know that it is alleged "crimes" that have lifted mankind from the slime of ignorance; and that it has been "criminals," so called by the ruling class, that has given humanity the most noble service. I feel that the reason for my inability to fit myself into the courtroom picture is that for so many years I have fought so ceaselessly and relentlessly for my fellow creatures that I can not fix my mind on the necessity of fighting for myself.

Yet I know that the fight at Bismark, North Dakota, will be a bitter one. Since the day that I was elected Chairman of the War and Militarism Committee of the Emergency Convention in St. Louis last April, there has never been a day or night that I have not been under the eyes of secret service men. My mail has been opened, my baggage and express shipments held up, my grip searched in hotel rooms, and every sort of trap that ingenuity could fashion has been laid for me. The grim walls of the Federal prison are very close. There are hands that itch to clang the cell door upon me; and yet, I have never been more confident, more happy, and more sure of success for the cause to which I have given my life.

Don't imagine for one moment that I am at all anxious to be a martyr. I would far rather be comfortable than heroic. I would much prefer Florida to jail; and I am sure that I can be more useful to my class outside the bars than inside. We are going to make a fight for my freedom, and test the justice of our courts to the limit. We need help to wage this fight, and we are not backward in asking you to do your share. We need money to meet the cost of the legal battle; we need readers to hear and weigh our side of the question; we

need the weight of public opinion in our favor; and it is from you soldiers in the ranks of the SOCIAL REVOLUTION that these things must come.

I am ready to do my share. I wait with the patience born of ages of waiting by my maternal ancestors; I will face court, judge and jury without flinching; I will be buried behind prison bars if need be, without cringing, IF—YOU WILL SHOULDER YOUR SHARE OF THE WORK THAT I MUST LAY DOWN.



KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

One soldier more or less counts little in a battle; and, if I go to prison, the battle for human rights will go on and not miss me,—IF—YOU PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL. There is but one thing that counts today—SOCIAL REVOLUTION MUST NOT BE THROTTLED. I count for little in a world of human endeavor; but the freedom of the press, the freedom of thought, the freedom of human expression, count for much. If a petty official is allowed to usurp the arbitrary power to crush a great periodical because it adheres to a different political faith than that official embraces, then freedom and democracy are dead in our nation. Usurped power is always arrogant—tyrannical in the face of cringing servility on the part of the people; but it cringes and cowers before the righteous wrath of aroused masses. IT IS YOUR SACRED DUTY, COMRADE, TO DO YOUR SHARE TOWARDS AROUSING THE PEOPLE TO RESIST THE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF RADICAL PUBLICATIONS.

I am not nearly so much concerned as to whether I shall be sent to prison as I am concerned over whether you are going to do your duty in keeping SOCIAL REVOLUTION alive through these troubled days. I may never write another line, but if SOCIAL REVOLUTION lives, other and abler writers than I will come to take my place, and the march of human freedom will go on.

This appeal may end my work for months to come—IF IT DOES, YOU MUST SHOULDER MY LOAD. You may not be able to write; you may not be able to speak; but you can do what I can not do. You can induce your friends and neighbors to read SOCIAL REVOLUTION; and you can help to arrange the meetings for the speakers who are willing to brave the wrath of the war profiteers.

If I could only know that every Comrade who reads this (the last message I shall write before facing trial and possibly prison), would go out and get five men to read SOCIAL REVOLUTION for one year, I could go to court satisfied and happy. My case will come to trial in December. There is nothing that would mean so much to me; nothing that would give me faith and hope and courage like a message each day I faced the court, from Phil Wagner, telling me that the Comrades all over the nation had proved their loyalty to me; to SOCIAL REVOLUTION; to the Socialist movement.

I have said we need money—but don't misunderstand me in this connection. We don't ask you to donate a dollar. Every cent you send in, we want to be in the form of subscriptions to SOCIAL REVOLUTION:

I have no fear of court or judge or jury; I have no dread of prison; but it is human nature to long for the sustaining hand of comradeship in the hour of trial and travail. I want the hand of comradeship to be stretched out to me in the court room in Bismark, North Dakota. I will need YOU, Comrade. I will need you to make me strong enough to face what comes; but the best gift you can give me is to sustain the magazine and the cause to which I have given the best years of my life. WILL YOU DO IT?

EDITORIALS

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS

Congratulations are certainly in order among American Socialists since the fall elections. The increase in the vote in the several states has been enormous and unprecedented. Even the associated press feels moved to confess that the outstanding feature of the elections was the startling increase in the Socialist vote.

Just so!

You see the Socialist party had gone utterly to pieces. Ever since the emergency convention at St. Louis it had been dead. Its attitude toward the war killed it. That is what the capitalist press had been telling the people, and it must have been so for it was told to the capitalist papers by the Socialist party's own former "trusted leaders," at least six or seven of them, who felt so sure that their going would kill the party that they already saw its remains on the way to the potters' field.

But alas and alack! "The best laid plans of mice and men", etc. Now turns up the Socialist party, after being pronounced dead and damned, with a vote larger in a single state than it cast before in the entire nation, a few short years ago, showing an increase in New York and Chicago of fully 500 per cent, and this upon the very issue that the former "trusted leaders," the corporal's guard who went over to the enemy, predicted so vociferously would send the party to the morgue.

In the city of New York Morris Hillquit polled more than 150,000 votes without the soldier vote yet to come in, and this upon the straight-out issue of the party's attitude toward war and peace.

Hillquit was not elected, but the Socialists of New York did elect ten members to the legislature, seven aldermen and one city judge.

The republican and democratic politicians of New York are simply flabbergasted, speechless. It hit them squarely between the eyes. And this, too, by a political corpse.

In other states enormous increases in the Socialist vote were recorded and a number and variety of officials elected.

The tide has sharply turned. The Socialist party is rising to power. It is growing more rapidly at this hour than ever in its history, and this notwithstanding the suppression of its press and its speakers.

The people have spoken. The skies are clearing and there is light ahead. Socialism has the right of way and the working class republic is in sight.

Freedom is the Soul of Progress.

The day of justice is the day of judgment. All around the globe there rings the cry for industrial freedom and social justice.

Stand up and be yourself and make sure that there is at least one man or one woman in your community.

To howl with the pack is no sign of courage and no mark of distinction.

GARRISON, LOVEJOY AND BIGELOW

In 1835 William Lloyd Garrison was handled roughly and threatened with lynching by a mob in the streets of Boston. He was opposed to chattel slavery. This was his crime. The mob that came near murdering him consisted wholly of loyalists and patriots. They upheld slavery. This was their virtue.

Garrison lives glorified in history; the patriots who mobbed him are remembered only to be execrated.

In 1837 Elijah P. Lovejoy was foully murdered on the banks of the Mississippi by a mob of pro-slavery patriots. His crime was the same as Garrison's. A great shaft has been erected to his memory. The descendants of his murderers are ashamed to bear the names their forbears made infamous.

In 1917 Herbert S. Bigelow was kidnaped, stripped naked in a wilderness in Kentucky, whipped into insensibility, and left to perish like a dog by a mob of masked murderers who pass for Christian gentlemen and respectable citizens. Bigelow opposed industrial slavery and the savage wars of capitalism. The mob that whipped him almost to death upholds the robbery of the workers for the profit of their masters.

Bigelow, like Garrison and Lovejoy, will be loved and honored by the world when those that mobbed him are carrion.

The war is compelling capitalist governments throughout the world to show what government really can do in the way of controlling industry in a pinch, and the lesson will not be forgotten when the war is over.

The political organization of the workers as a class is good and necessary so far as it goes, but it is not enough. Industrial organization is also necessary, absolutely so, and until the workers are industrially

organized and in a position to back up their political demands by their economic power, their political progress will realize little for them except disappointment.

Spread the literature of Socialism broadcast and hasten the harvest of emancipation.

The women pickets at Washington who are being clubbed and jailed for carrying banners bearing quotations from the president's speeches are making history that will make the blood tingle in the veins of their grandchildren.

These are the days that try men's mettle. Pity the spineless weaklings who have none to try.

INDUSTRIAL SOCIALIZATION

The war has driven the class in power in spite of itself to extremities of government control of industry that are little less than startling. Under the war measures enacted by congress the president has practically unlimited power to seize and hold and operate any industry in the nation on terms fixed by himself and his administration.

Think of this, ye sneerers at Socialism, who but a year ago would have looked upon one as demented who had ventured to propose the taking over by the government of the privately owned industries of the nation, and this without so much as consulting the wishes of their owners.

It is therefore perfectly apparent, even to the most obtuse and fanatical opponents of Socialism, that if the government can take industry out of private hands in a time of war it can also do so in a time of peace.

Of course, government ownership of industry is not industrial democracy, but it shows clearly how industrial democracy can be legally established.

The war has exposed the utter bankruptcy of capitalism and demonstrated the absolute need and inevitability of the Socialist co-operative commonwealth.

There can be no democracy while the working class is in bondage.

The man who denies woman the right to vote was born several centuries too late, and lives so far in the past that he is dead to the demands of the present.

The young man and young woman who wishes to start right in life should head straight for the Socialist party and enroll their names as recruits to the revolution.

If you are a workingman or a working woman your place is in an industrial union and in the Socialist party.

The working class have always been kept in ignorance, and therefore in slavery. Socialism is waking up the workers and the light is beginning to break in the eastern skies.

All the workers employed in a given industry should join the union which represents that industry. The industrial union is the only union that actually unionizes and the only union in which the workers can develop their full economic power and use that power to set them free.

ROGER SULLIVAN'S WARNING

The notorious "Gas Boss" of Chicago has spoken. The papers of the Windy City have given wide publicity to his oracular warning. There is no longer any doubt about the prime cause of the world's chaotic condition today. It is Socialism. Roger Sullivan has said it, and he knows.

Know Sullivan? You have certainly heard of him as the great ringmaster of the Democratic party in Illinois. He is in his element at a national convention of the "Democratic" pie-counter politicians. It was at the Denver convention that William Jennings Bryan tried to have him ruled out as a delegate, and read out of the party. Bryan charged Sullivan with being "a train-robber in politics." Roger certainly has an unsavory record in politics, but it is not one whit worse than his record in "business." He is a capitalist and politician of the variety that gets there regardless of methods.

And this is the gentleman who has just issued his warning against Socialism. He sees its spectre on the horizon. Belshazzar also saw something of the kind on a palace wall in Babylon.

It is quite plain that Roger is scared, badly scared—in fact, quaking in his patent leather shoes. Heretofore he has affected to hate the republican party as about the most abominable thing on earth, but since

the late election in which the Socialists increased their vote 500 per cent and were beaten only by a combination of the republican, democratic, progressive, prohibition and all other capitalistic parties, Roger has concluded that the democratic party must fuse with the republican party to save the world from the awful menace of Socialism which confronts it.

May the good Lord have mercy on the world if it has got to be saved by Roger Sullivan and his breed!

But the warning of Sullivan will not be lost to the people. When such as he call upon all capitalist parties to combine to defeat Socialism they will conclude that Socialism must be a good thing, or at least that it will bear looking into. The warning also serves to demonstrate beyond cavil what Socialists have been claiming all these years, that, so far as the working class and the common people are concerned, all capitalist parties are alike.

Let the republican and democratic parties merge into one as Sullivan commands, and all the sooner will the Socialist party sweep the whole aggregation into oblivion.

You may be a wage-slave but you need not be a contented one. Join the Socialists and help to spread the revolt of your class.

Socialism is spreading over the world on the wings of the morning.

If every reader of SOCIAL REVOLUTION would only interest himself sufficiently to get a single subscriber among his neighbors its circulation would be doubled at once and its power to fight the battles of the workers increased accordingly.

Most men are by nature so constituted that they say instinctively, "it can't be done." And it can't, so far as they are concerned. But fortunately there are those who say, "it can be done" and proceed to make good by doing it. The latter are the makers of history and their names are emblazoned upon its pages.

Active opposition to socialism is infinitely preferable to indifference. We may rest assured that when we compel the enemy to fight us we are doing something and making progress.

THESE ARE TRIAL DAYS

It is not always easy to feel calm and serene and optimistic during these terrible days. The whole world seems to be in travail. Like a ship in a tempest, society is swaying and creaking and threatening to go back into chaos and old night. Old systems are on trial and their weaknesses are being exposed and laid bare. The mighty forces that underlie society and propel civilization are making for a world-wide upheaval.

Let us not be alarmed or discouraged. The tempest may uproot and destroy the old, but the new will take its place. For the moment the clouds are black and obscure the heavens, but the sun will shine upon the world again.

Socialists, of all others, can bear with patience all that the fiery ordeal through which the world is passing may have in store for them. It is capitalism that is responsible for the welter of blood in which the race is seething, and this same capitalism is itself in its death-throes.

Socialism is evolving from the crumbling, dying old system, and Socialism, which means true democracy, real self-government for all the people of all nations, will bring brotherhood and peace and joy to a stricken, bleeding and suffering world.

The rule of capitalism is going down in the blood-red tide of war.

Down, forever down, with the private ownership of the earth!

There is but one kind of democracy, and that is social democracy.

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.

The workingman who can think has plenty to think about as he contemplates the universal self-destruction of the capitalist civilization into which the world has been plunged by the international capitalist system.

LYNCH LAW AND MOB RULE

The ruling class is setting some examples these days it will shrink from facing in the day of reckoning. And the day of reckoning for wrongs done is sure to come. It never fails.

Everything that goes contrary to its wishes is charged to pro-Germans and I. W. W.'s. This is very convenient but hardly conclusive. Are these persons in authority so blind that they cannot see that their persecution is recruiting the ranks of the I. W. W. ten times as fast as they are temporarily decimated?

Down in Oklahoma the other day, at Tulsa, the headquarters of the

I. W. W. were raided and all who were found there were taken out by a mob, stripped and whipped until their backs streamed with blood, then hot tar was applied to them, and feathers, and they were ordered to leave and never return. Think of such hideous barbarity in a so-called civilized community! Only the vilest of cowards and degenerates could be guilty of such infamy.

Have a care, gentlemen! The dragons' teeth you are sowing will bring forth their bloody harvest in due time, when you will find yourselves the victims of your dastardly crimes.

Hundreds of innocent men and women are being jailed without cause, meetings are being broken up, and speakers assaulted. Mob rule is the order and the crimes committed under its sway, if not condoned outright, are reprovved with such mildness as to imply acquiescence.

Can it be possible that the capitalist class have set themselves deliberately to teaching the working class the efficacy of lynch law and mob rule?

Are not the workers told over and over again in every brush with their exploiters that they must respect law and order? And are they not shot down without mercy the moment they resort to mob violence?

Is it not a poor rule that fails to work both ways? And has mob violence virtue and efficacy only when practiced by capitalists, business and professional men, with the working class for its victims?

There is widespread mob violence in the land today, but it is practically all on the side of the capitalist class and directed against the working class and their efforts to maintain their rights and better the condition of themselves and families.

If the capitalists persist in mob violence, they and their system will perish in a whirlwind of it!

This paper is heart and soul for the women in their struggle for political enfranchisement. Until women are the political equals of men democracy, so-called, is but a word of scorn and contempt.

Industrial organization is the condition of industrial freedom and the foundation of the working class republic.

Read and think, Mr. Worker, and you will live, hope and aspire.

Thomas Paine, author-hero of the American Revolution, cried out in the darkest hour of that crisis, "These are the times that try men's souls," and almost as if by magic these inspirational words echoed and re-echoed through the colonies and became the flaming shibboleth of the Revolution. The crisis, intensified a thousandfold, is again upon us and once more men's souls are being tried by fire, and once more cowards and weaklings are deserting, while the men and women of red blood and heroic fibre are making immortal history.

WE NEED TO ORGANIZE

The measure of our success as a party and as a movement is the measure of our capacity to organize the workers efficiently in their several industries and in the political party which expresses their class interests.

There is a vast amount of organization in this country, but there is no organized economic and political power to correspond to it when organization is put to the test. The craft unions, lacking class-consciousness for the most part and spending the greater part of their time and most of their means and energy in combating the effects of wage-slavery instead of being bent upon its overthrow, are not infrequently pitted against one another directly and indirectly and virtually made to scab on one another instead of being industrially joined and fighting every battle unitedly, not only for immediate advantages but for ultimate conquest.

The same weakness is also found to such extent in the Socialist party. There are not a few who are more interested in political reform than in revolutionary progress.

The full measure of economic power of the working class can fully be developed when they are industrially organized on a revolutionary basis, when their craft unions merge into an industrial organization in which they all act together in every strike, every lockout and every other struggle, and in which they are fitted by themselves and by their own co-operative intelligence and discipline to take hold of the industries and operate them in their own interest and for the benefit of the people.

Along with industrial organization the workers need to develop their political power in a party of their own. The Socialist party has been organized long ago for this very purpose, but it has not had the support it should have to give it the power necessary to enable it to fight the political battles of the workers and to carry their banner to victory.

We are all alike interested in organizing the workers industrially and politically, and every effort put forth in that direction is an effort made to advance the cause of socialism and speed the day of victory.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

By **GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK,**
Author of "War—What For?"

This article is the first in a series of short articles on the theme suggested by the title, "The Rights of Man." These articles will not, of course, be exhaustive; nor will they be technical. What learned and loquacious jurists have amusingly failed to crowd into many thick volumes on this subject naturally could not be here set down in a few brief chapters,—even if lack of special training did not work such a prohibition, or restriction, on this unprofessional discussion. These articles will indeed be anything but technical and exhaustive.

These articles will, it is hoped, be suggestive.

Technically treated, "Rights" is the driest and most slumberous subject under the sun; but with the logic-chopping, hair-splitting subtleties omitted, the subject of "Rights" would seem to be the most fascinatingly interesting subject in the world—as it really is interesting to every slave alive and awake, and also to every royal and to every industrial thief who cunningly legalizes his parasitic, patriotic, profiteering plundering. These articles are intended to suggest themes for meditation and principles for guidance—particularly for the working class.

The title, "The Rights of Man," is intended to include important, but certainly not all the important, rights of man. It may be remarked that the word "man" is here used generically and not specifically, and therefore includes the ladies.

The plan or outline of this subject as here to be presented will include brief discussion of the following topics:

I. Definition of the Chief Word of the title, the word "Rights."

II. The Historic Effort to increase the number of rights to be enjoyed by anybody, and the historic effort to have everybody enjoy all the rights enjoyed by anybody.

III. The Grounds upon which—or the reasons for which—civilized societies, past and present, have granted rights.

IV. The Most Important Rights—an enumeration of and a brief discussion of the most important rights; namely:

- (1) The Right to Life.
- (2) The Right to the Conditions Necessary to Live—including the Right to Work and the Right to the Fruits of One's Own Work.
- (3) The Right to Live Well.
- (4) The Right to Freedom of Thought.
- (5) The Right to Freedom in Religion.
- (6) The Right of Private Property—

- (a) The right to private property in certain forms of wealth as the foundation of the proper degree of privacy of life.
- (b) The right of private property in certain forms of wealth as the foundation of industrial despotism.
- (7) The Right to Revise and Enlarge the Views and Visions of Life.
- (8) The Right to Re-organize Society.
- (9) The Right of Revolution—Rapid reorganization by peaceful means if permitted; Rapid reorganization by force if necessary. (Some great revolutionists.)
- (10) The Right to Organize—especially—On the industrial field, and On the political field.

(10) The Rights of Discussion and Instruction; namely: Freedom of Assemblage, Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, and Freedom to Read and Listen.

(11) The Right to the Greatest Thing in the World, Fellowship.

(12) The Right to the Supreme Condition of Fellowship; namely, Socialized Relationships in the Industrial Foundations of Society.

V. The Present as a Product of the Past.

VI. The Future as a Promise of Present Achievement and Desire.

So much, then, for the outline,—for the announcement as to what is to be discussed in these articles. Now let us begin—at the beginning—with the prime word of the title, the word "rights." What is meant by this word "rights" in a politico-social sense?

This word "right" is remarkably like several other words in very common use, such words are "civilization," "institution," "progress" and "life." Everybody uses these words, they are very important words; but they are extremely difficult of definition. Just what—precisely what—do you mean when you use these words? Try to state *precisely* what you do mean when you use these words and you will readily realize how difficult these words are to define. I mean—try to make definitions of these words that you wouldn't be ashamed of. Almost embarrassing, aren't they?

Now take the word "rights." When you rattle off the statement, "I have a right to,"—and so forth and so on—just what do you mean by the word "right?"

Let me here endeavor to indicate what is meant by the word right in these articles.

A right is:

"A legally protectable interest."

"A legally protected interest;"

An interest assented to or formally granted by society;

A privilege, a power, an interest, assented to or formally granted by society;

A right is fundamentally of the nature of a privilege, a guarantee, given by society and "which society stands ready to defend." Won't you kindly read that at least twice?

(Don't worry about the length of this description. If you are really looking for trouble, just try to dig the meaning of rights out of a mountain of words in a pile of big fat books.)

Now take the closing part of the last definition given, the phrase, "which society stands ready to defend." That part of the definition is specially important. Let me show you: You may have a right dear indeed to you, a right altogether sacred in your estimation; but if that right is attacked by some person or persons stronger than you are, and then if society refuses or neglects to defend that right for you, *that right then and there disappears*; it evaporates, it becomes as nothing for all practical purposes—useless. You may of course, have that right in your pocket, carefully and handsomely printed in a book or a constitution; your right may be stated with all possible legal precision and ponderous learning;—yet under such circumstances that right sinks to zero. Let me illustrate: Suppose that on your way along a lonely road you should be held up by a powerful ruffian and robbed of your pocket-book and money. Then suppose this interesting

ruffian, having relieved you of your pocket-book and money, should persuasively strike you on the jaw—about 800 pounds to the square inch—and tell you to "move on." With such convincing encouragement to move on you would probably decide to move on, right away. Now, naturally, in happy and prosperous times like the present, you would not miss the money, but you might be sentimentally attached to the pocket-book. And therefore, you would not move on far till, in anger, you would turn round and defiantly, proudly (and childishly) shake your fists and shout to the highwayman, "I want you to understand, sir, that I have a right to my w— pocket-book and to my own money—so I have."

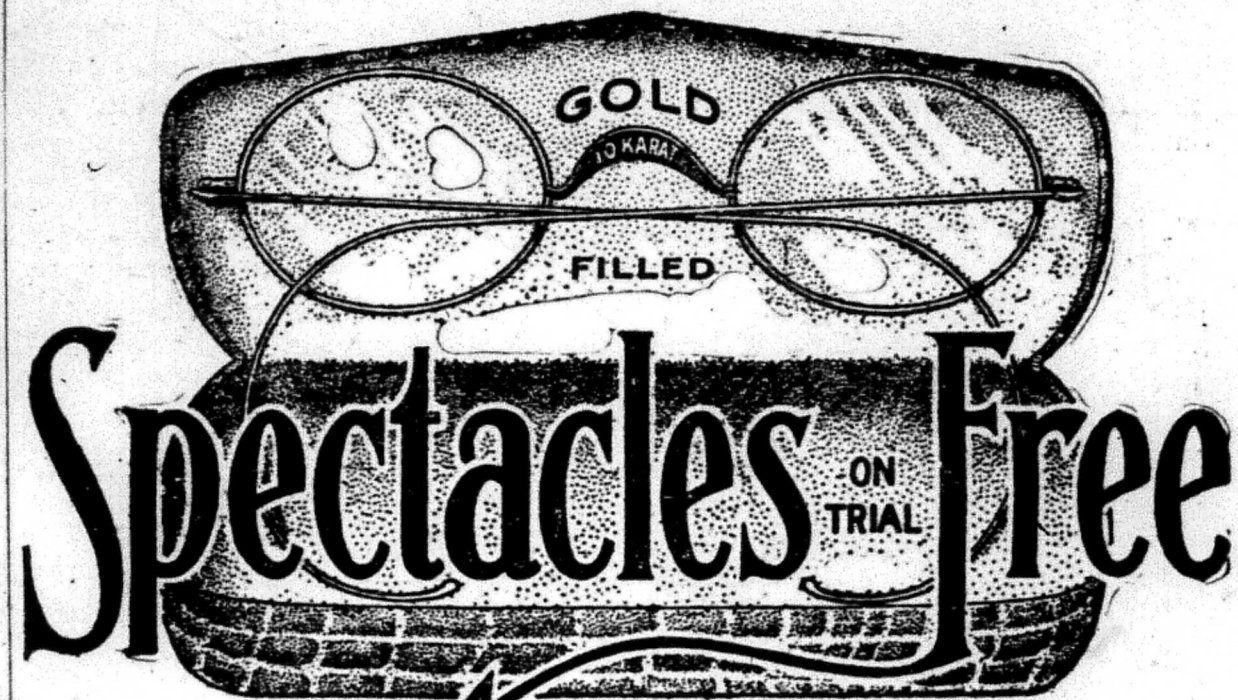
Well, if it pleases you to recite and shout that you have such a right, you are perfectly welcome to the boastful exercise of shouting about your "sacred right" to your pocket-book and money. But the other fellow has gone with the money and the pocket-book. You couldn't protect your right, and society refused or neglected to do so for you.

Similarly, you may in many other situations continue to shout automatically and chatter boastfully about your rights, your "sacred rights," long after you have lost them. Indeed there are a great many innocent people so thoroughly stuffed with oratorical hot air on certain of our national holidays about their rights and their freedom that they shout enthusiastically about many of "their" rights which they have never had or which perhaps they lost long ago. And for this reason I ask you to read carefully again the last definition of right given above.

Let me close this installment of these articles with a general statement about rights:

Those who have power, don't worry about rights—they don't wait for rights till some political savior comes and patronizingly gives them rights. Those who have power, make rights and take them.

In the next Chapter will be discussed topic II., above, and the first and the second right under heading III., above.



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BIGELOW AND THE BLACKSNAKE BRUTES

By EUGENE V. DEBS

Sunday, October 28th, 1917! Make a mental note of this date. You will have occasion often in the future to recall it. Your children and their children for generations to come will know of it, for on that day there occurred an historic event in the United States. The significance of that event is but little understood in this day and generation. The few only who have vision can see it with clarity and interpret it with understanding.

On Sunday, October 28th, 1917, Herbert Seely Bigelow, of Ohio, an eminent clergyman, chairman of the convention which framed the constitution of his State, one of the greatest of Americans, and one of the gentlest, finest and most beloved citizens of the republic, was seized by a band of masked brutes in the forms of men as he was about to enter a public hall in Newport, Kentucky, to make a plea for peace and good will on earth, for the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, flung into a waiting automobile, gagged and handcuffed, and speeded away several miles into a dense forest, where he was stripped naked, tied to a tree, beaten with a blacksnake until the lash was red and matted with his blood and lacerated flesh, and his hair saturated with petroleum until he fainted away from agony and exhaustion, as did the Man of Galilee, and left more than half dead in a wilderness, miles from home, without a soul to hear his cry or relieve his excruciating torture.

was hailed with joy by the rich and respectable elements throughout the Roman Empire. Every usurer, every money-changer, every slave-owner, every profiteer, every sweater of the poor, every hypocritical scribe, every pious pharisee and all their brood of professional retainers and apologists, rejoiced exceedingly in the summary "justice" which had been dealt out to the agitator who was charged by the Caiaphases, the solemn high priests of the Roman ruling class, with the crime of the ages: "He stirreth up the people."

The crucifixion of Herbert Bigelow, the faithful follower of Jesus, the friend of the suffering poor, is hailed in our day with almost the same unanimity of rejoicing and approval by the usurers, money-changers, sweaters of child labor and profiteers of all descriptions, including their servile preachers, professors and pencil-pushers, as greeted the execution of "the Son of Man" twenty centuries ago.

It is true that the President of the United States has indirectly and with all due mildness voiced his disapproval; it is likewise true that a few papers objected, but mainly upon the ground that it was not wise policy and that it might establish a dangerous precedent and incite retaliation. Capitalist society as a whole has placed the seal of its approval upon this monumental crime, this eternal infamy, and this constitutes its supreme significance.

Herbert Bigelow had violated no law; he was charged with no offense. He was honest, upright and law-abiding, and yet he was made the victim of a crime with scarcely a parallel in history.

Have the black-hearted villains been apprehended? No! Will they be? No! Has the governor of Kentucky or the mayor of Newport offered any reward for their arrest? No! Will there be any atonement whatever on the part of those responsible for it? No!

Why not? Because it has the whole-hearted approval of the "respectables" of our day. It registers capitalism's degree on the barometer of civilization; it reflects the morals of the capitalist system; it expresses unerringly the ethical code of the present exploiting class.

Personally, Herbert Bigelow is the most modest of men and considers himself of small consequence. But in the light of October 28th, 1917, he stands forth a martyr and a hero. His flesh may be bruised and bleeding, but his soul is erect and triumphant. The ages will come to know him.

The eminently respectable kidnapers and whippers of Bigelow have but crowned their victim with glory and given his name to immortality. Theirs is the disgrace and the defeat, and theirs the inheritance of infamy and oblivion, while the great cause for which Bigelow stood and suffered, the cause of humanity, the cause of love and peace, goes on and on in its triumphant sweep across the ages.

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TOBE SPILKINS HIZ LETTUR

(W.S. MORGAN)

Mister Editor: I have bin out uv town several days a sellin' uv Liberty Bonds tu the farmers. It's a plum site the way most uv the farmers air a buyin' uv these Liberty Bonds. I dident mutch like tu leeve the offis but Woodrow wanted me tu go and az I am a gittin' uv my salary throo-him I try tu help him all I kin. Me and Woodrow iz a goin' tu save this country if we kin git enuff men and munny tu du it; you kin jist stick a pin down on that propersishun.

Well, I told you in my last lettur that Ike Hawkins wuz a goin' tu deliver a lekture at the Boney Forks skool house on the subjeckt uv "GITTIN' UV THE BEANS TU THE FRUNT."

Ike delivered this address at the request uv Shanghi Purkins, who had had sum diffikulty about a gittin' uv hiz beans tu the frunt throo the retailed merchants and uther small dealers who paytriotically offered their survices. Ike writ hiz lekture out on paper and read it tu the audience. The house wuz crowded on one side and purty neert crowded on the tuther side, and sum wuz out doors a swappin' yarns. Shanghi sent me a cobby uv Ike's lekture, but I had tu rite it all over agin on akkont uv so mutch bad spellin'. When Ike gits rapt up in a subjeckt he plum furgits how tu spell. He iz like the steem-bote that Abe Lincoln use tu tell about; it had a 8 horse power engine and a 10 horse power whistle, and whenever it whistled the bote stopped, or if it wuz a goin' up stream it floted back down stream. I am inklosin' you a cobby uv Ike's lekture as I korreketd the spellin' and part uv the frazeyology. It reads az follers:

"Kumrades and bruthers: by request uv one uv the distinkuished sitizens uv our community I am here tu-night tu tell you what I know about gittin' beans, which have bin raised tu feed the soljers, tu the frunt. Now, Kumrades and bruthers, I want tu maik this thing so plain that a fool though a wayfaring man, kin see it and understand it. We don't all uv us raize beans, but we air supposed tu raize sumptin' tu sell. I use the wurd beans tu illustrait all things we have tu sell tu uthers who consume them. Fur the purposes uv this lekture the wurd frunt means the consumer. Then gittin' the beans tu the frunt means in effekt gittin' uv our products tu the consumer.

Now, my friends, I aint a goin' tu say ennything aginst this war; there haz bin enuff sed on that subjeckt already. Besides if I should say ennything I mite say what I ort not tu, and I don't want tu git myself or ennyboddy else intu trouble. But ennyboddy haz a right tu talk about the lessons witch this war and all uther wars, teeches. If we don't benifit ourselves by these lessons we looze part uv the glory uv killin' more uv the uther fellers than they kill uv us, witch iz kcommonly called victory. One uv these lessons iz a gittin' things tu eat and wear tu the frunt and that iz the one I have chozen fur my subjeckt tonight.

I have bin a readin' a good deel uv lait about a feller by the name uv Herbert Hoover. It seems az though Herb wants tu taik the shortest kut trum the prodooser tu the konsumer; that iz tu git the beans tu the frunt at the leest possible kost. That's the rite idea. He haz appealed tu the paytriotism uv the retailed dealers and uther middlemen tu help him du this. They wuz offul paytriotick in the Spring tu git the beans planted, went out into the kountry skool houzes a makin' speeches tu git the farmers tu plant all the beans, and uther things they cood. But sumptin' must have happened tu their paytriotism. It must have got frost bit in the lait spring or early fall. Our wurthy friend, Shanghi Purkins, tuk their advice and planted a lot uv beans. Well, the uther day Shanghi tuk a lode uv them beans up tu Skin-

nemville and what du you reckon them retailed dealers offered him fur them? Only 12 cents a pound, and they, the aforesed retailed dealers, wuz a sellin' uv 'em out tu the sitizens at 21 tu 22 cents a pound. That's what Spider Webb Jinkins told me yesterday with hiz own mouth. Now, Spider aint in the trenches, but az a konsumer uv beans he iz at the frunt, fur when the beans air put on Spider's table they air within a few minnits uv their journey's end. In this case the line iz short; Shanghi sells the beans tu the retailed dealer, and the retailed dealer weighs them and pays Shanghi 12 cents a pound fur them. Then the retailed dealer weighs them out tu Spider and gits 22 cents a pound. The retailed dealer gits 10 cents a pound fur weighin' uv the beans 2 times; Shanghi gits 12 cents fur hiz seed, fur plantin', fur plowin' uv 'em 4 times, a hoein' uv 'em 3 times, fur pickin' and threshin' and a haulin' uv 'em tu market, and Spider pays 22 cents a pound fur the privilege uv eatin' uv 'em. Spider iz wurkin' in the facktory a makin' uv aminishun fur the soljers at the frunt; Shanghi iz a wurkin' on the farm raizin' beans fur the soljers at the frunt, and the wurkers at home, like Spider, and the retailed dealer iz paytriotickally a weighin' uv the beans fur a kompensashun uv ten cents a pound when it ort tu be dun fur less than a cent a pound. When Shanghi asked the retailed dealer how it wuz that he, the sed dealer, got purty neert az mutch fur weighin' uv the beans az he, the abuv menshuned Shanghi, did fur raizin' uv 'em and haulin' 'em tu market, the sed dealer told the sed Shanghi that it wuz brains. Now, feller sitizens, if that iz true then brains iz a kostin' the peepke uv this country too darned mutch. But it aint true. It's cunnin' and raskality, decephshun and delushun. Them beans ort tu be weighed 2 times fur a cent a pound, or less. Ennything abuv that iz konfiskashun and therefore unkonstitooshunal, and the feller who charges more iz a slacker and ort tu be put in jail and fined two hundred thousand dollers. Things air weighed too menny times between the reer and the frunt, and too mutch iz charged fur weighin' uv 'em each time, so that by the time they git tu the frunt they air whittled down tu a frazzle.

It aint no use tu say that the price iz fixed by competetion and the law uv supply and demand. The elevators and the cold storage houzes, and the fellers what own them have got the law uv supply and demand strangled tu a fizzle, and the only competetion iz between the toilers who produce things, man aginst man, the wife aginst hur husband and the children aginst their parents. The lowest wages taiks the job with the private owners uv the system that iz robbin' the wurkers uv the world uv the products uv their toil. Now suppose that we had it fixed so that one man wood du all the weighin' uv all the beans that went tu Skinemville, and wood sell them out at the same price that he paid fur them plus a sum fur hiz labor equal tu that witch Shanghi gits fur raizin' the beans. That wood be a distributin' uv the beans and gittin' uv 'em tu the frunt at kost, and Spider Webb Jinkins wood be able tu buy hiz beans at about thurteen or 4teen cents a pound insted uv 22 or 20 cents.

The government sells you postage stamps at kost; there aint no proffitt in them. No boddy kin maik a fortune a buyin' and sellin' postage stamps. There aint but one post offis in a town and you go there tu buy your postage stamps; there iz jist one price tu all. Now suppose in one end uv the post offis the government wood keep beans tu sell; suppoze it wood raize sum uv these beans and buy sum, payin' uv the same price tu every boddy fur the same kind uv beans, and sellin' 'em out at the same price, keepin' out jist enuff

tu pay fur weighin' uv 'em and storage. That wood cut out about eight cents proffitt; five cents uv this cood be dun away with entirely and the uther 3 cents divided between Shanghi who raized the beans, and Spider who consumed them. If the government wanted tu send sum beans tu the soljer boys it cood ship them there without ennyboddy a maikin' a proffitt except the ralerode and steem-bote companies, and if it wood own its ralerodes and steembotes it wood nook out the proffitts there. It seems tu me that wood be the best way tu git things tu the frunt: everything we eat and wear.

But if we wood du that what wood becum uv the retailed dealer? If he dident git a proffitt how cood he live? Well, he mite live on hiz brains, jist by thinkin', until he got reel hungry and cum tu the conclushun that brains without a liberal applikashun uv muscle don't amount tu a hill uv beans. If we need brains at all, and we du, they ort tu be used tu git things tu the frunt by the shortest, cheapest and quickest route. Brains that want tu spekulait on blood and labor air full uv treachery, trickery and treason. Us Soshialists kin speak advisably on this propersishun, fur we air constitooshunally

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St. Louis, U.S.A.

SUGAR 5c LB.

One of our leaders. We save you money on Groceries—catalogue free with trial order. The requests for catalogues are enormous and hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually by mail order concerns in sending out catalogues to places where no benefit is ever derived. To avoid all this unnecessary expense and be in a position to sell our goods at the lowest possible price, we have decided on the following plan: We will only send our Bargain Grocery Catalogue to such people who can prove to us that they are really interested in saving money on groceries. We quote herewith a few of the bargains listed and which are sold in different parts of our catalogue:

FLOUR \$10.36 Per Barrel **SUGAR \$5.00 Per 100 lbs.**

(One of Our Leaders)		(One of Our Leaders)	
Our Best Flour.....	\$10.36	per barrel	25c
" " "	5.18	per half-barrel	7c
" " "	2.59	per 49-lb. sack	15c
" " "	1.30	per 24 1/2-lb. sack	15c
Our Best Granulated Sugar.....	\$5.00	per 100 lbs.	2.50
" " "	"	per 25 lbs.	1.25
" " "	"	per 10 lbs.	.50

Here is Our Plan

Send us \$1.99 for the following Trial Order and we will then know that you mean business and we will include with your order our Bargain Grocery Catalogue in which you will find big grocery bargains.

Trial Order A. L.

(Estimated) Retail Price	Our Price
5 lbs. Our Best Granulated Sugar	50c
1 large size package Quaker Oats	10c
1 lb. Guaranteed Baking Powder	50c
1/4-lb. Black Pepper (Ground)	25c
1/4-lb. Cinnamon (Ground)	25c
1/4-lb. Ginger (Ground)	25c
1/4-lb. Mustard (Ground)	25c
2 bars Kirk's White Flake Soap	16c
2 packages Ugeeda Biscuits	16c
1 bar Fels Naphtha Soap	5c
1-lb. Breakfast Cocoa	60c
3 packages Washing Powder	15c
1 Catalog Free	
Retail Price \$3.22. Our Price \$1.99	

You Save \$1.23

Our Guarantee Your money returned in full if you are not more than pleased.

We have imitators. For a square deal always send your order to

COLE-CONRAD CO.

Dept. A. L., 2214 Ogden Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

Other Big Bargains in Our Catalogue

Ugeeda Biscuits, 12 packages..... 40 cents
Quaker Oats, 6 large packages..... 36 cents

AND OTHER BIG BARGAINS

Remember we send no catalogue unless we receive your trial order.

We sell the trial order complete only and no part of same. Nor do we sell any article mentioned in this advertisement separately.

Rush your trial order at once, and get our catalogue and commence saving big money on all groceries.

Order Blank

COLE-CONRAD CO.,
Dept. A.L., 2214 Ogden Ave., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find \$1.99, for which send me Bargain Grocery Order No. A.L., and include free your catalog showing your big Grocery Bargains; it being understood and agreed if I am not perfectly satisfied that I can return the goods and you will at once return my money.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Express Office.....

READ—Sam Atkinson's Latest Book
 "Common Sense on the Sex Question"
 the most original analysis of this important question
ONLY 25 CENTS
 By same author, "The Waste of Human Energy" 10c
 "Science and a Priest" - - - 15c
CO-OPERATIVE BOOK SUPPLY ASSOCIATION
 Room 1241 - 127 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

opposed to the proffitt sistem under enny circumstances whether in time uv peece or war. We have bin ded sot on that proppershun ever since we have had a Soshialist party; we have studied the questshun in all its details and air patriotically willin' tu give freely uv

our advice to the people who air jist now diskuverin' that we have bin rite all the time, and that proffiteering iz purty neer az dangerous in times uv peece az it iz in war, becoz it iz based on greed and greed is a prolifick cauze uv war, and that permanent peece can only be sekured by the destruckshun uv the competitive sistem, and a broad socializashun uv our industries. The brutherhood uv man kin cum only when the legal privilege fur men tu rob each uther iz abolished furever. Tu taik a proffitt iz a equivalent tu a legal power tu rob yoor bruther man. It iz based on greed and breeds hatred in yoor bruther's hart, and hate breeds war, and "war iz hell," and therefore proffitt iz hellish.

The United Staits iz a fightin' uv its furst battle in the prezent war; it iz aginst the army uv proffiteers. If Unkel Sam wants tu help win the war he shood demolish this army at once, and that will open-up a short cut tu git the beans tu the frunt. There iz a good deel more tu say on this subjeckt but I can't say it all in this leckture, so I shall have tu put it off until sum uther time."

Now, Mister Editur, there air sum purty good things in that leckture, if it wuz maid by a dadgummed Soshialist. I showed it tu Woodrow and he sed it wuz about the best thing he had read along them lines. He sed that in the persecushun uv the war we wood be obliged tu borrow part uv the Soshialist program and platform, and after the war we mite have tu borrow it all, becoz the war wuz a goin' tu compel a change in our whole economick and industrial sistem. He sed that it woodent be enny trouble tu pay the kost uv the war if the government cood git the proffitts now a bein' maid by the private owners uv the publick utilities, and he thought that sirkumstances might compell the government tu taik them all over tu itself in order tu prevent a revolt in this country aginst high taxes tu pay the kost uv the war. Uv korse that wood be soshialism and wood maik about 2 purcent uv the peeple grunt, but it wood relevee the uther 98 purcent who have bin gruntin' fur these menny yeers, and free millyuns uv toilers frum industrial slavery.

Jist az I finished the abuv letter I reseeded the follerin' epistol frum my litle boy:

TOMMY'S LETTUR

Deer pa i got the 5 dollers you sent me i paid 3 dollers on the dog and loned a dollar uv it tu Ben and a dollar uv it tu ma i no it iz jist like givin' munny away fur they wil never pay it bak but they kept wurryin' uv me till i had tu du it or have no peece i owe 7 dollers yet on the dog and have tu pay 2 dollers a munth till it iz paid so you kin send me 5 dollers a munth 2 tu pay on the dog 1 tu lone Ben 1 tu lone ma and 1 tu save up tu bi me a gun Ben and ma maiks me sik a talkin' about luv i belevee they wood marry if they wuz both singel but Ben iz afrade tu git a divorce frum that one laigged wooman becoz if he duz he wil have tu go tu war and ma don't want a divorce unless Ben gits one tu i heerd ma say she wuz a goin' tu rite you or go and see you she wants a lot more munny but if i wuz you i woodent let hur have it fur she wil giv most uv it tu Ben that's all dont furgit tu send me the munny yoor luv'in' sun

tommy spilkins

Now, if that wooman cums up here she iz a goin' tu maik me trubble fur i have got little Strawhed bak in the offis, and she is purtyer than ever. But I will cloze and let you know in my next letter.

Yours trooly,

Tobe Spilkins, Diplomatt.

Judicial Correction.—Unfortunately we've mislaid the judge's name, but his court-room is in New Bedford, Mass. Before him appeared a defendant who, hoping for leniency, pleaded, "Judge, I'm down and out."

Whereupon said the wise Judge: "You're down, but you're not out. Six months."—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

READ THIS THING TWICE

From The Melting Pot

Once in a double-decade, perhaps, there appears a paper so original and distinctive that it leaves an indelible impress upon the generation of its existence. Such was the *Okolona States*, edited by Will Hubbard-Kernan, and such were "Brick" Pomeroy's *Democrat* and Brann's *Iconoclast*. And another such, I predict, *The Paladin* will prove under the editorial direction of Walter Hurt and the business guidance of Phil Wagner.

These two make a winning team in an undertaking of this kind. Phil Wagner is known wherever human thought seeks free expression, while the name and work of Walter Hurt are familiar, not only to all readers of radical literature, but to all persons who admire forceful thought formulated in effective English.

Volumes of things vastly better than I can write have been penned about Walter Hurt, and for benefit of MELTING POT readers I will quote briefly from a few of these that have come to my hand and which show how well equipped is he for his present emprise. Back in the early nineties, the brilliant Brann, writing of Hurt in *The Iconoclast*, said, "He strikes some heavy blows, albeit with a silver hammer." Dr. William Colby Cooper, in an extended editorial in the *Eclectic Medical Gleaner*, wrote:

"Hurt's habitual temperature in the shade is 312 degrees, and his regular tippie is liquid lightning. And write—say, he can write the horns off the devil, or the foretop off of Fate. * * * If you are a fraud, he will twist twenty-nine streaks of blue damnation through you in one seething sentence."

On another occasion Doctor Cooper said: "The strenuous snap of taut genius is intellectually audible in his every line."

That strange and strenuous genius, Will Hubbard-Kernan, said by Sir Edwin Arnold to be the greatest of American poets, and himself a master of incinerating invective, wrote in the *Cleveland Sun*: "Hurt's savage satires, far more bitter than those of Juvenal in his best days, are as resistless as a simoon on Saharan wastes."

Hurt's character once was well described by Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell in an article in the *Saturday Review*, of Atlanta, Ga., when he said: "Hurt is a first-class fighting man; in private life a very decent sort of fellow—in his public utterances, a curious combination of Dean Swift and John James Ingalls."

That verbal artist, William Marion Reedy, writing of Hurt recently in *Reedy's Mirror*, in a burst of alliteration referred to him as "that world's weird wonder at word-walloping."

These men value their literary verdicts, therefore are not addicted to indiscriminate praise. But just to play safe, and see whether or not they are telling the truth, suppose you send a dollar for a year's subscription to *The Paladin*, 705 Market street, St. Louis, Mo.

Tardy Advice.—If you have a feeble-minded citizen in your community, put him in the proper institution and pay taxes cheerfully for his support. Don't dodge the issue by sending him to Congress.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Big Defense Fund

There is only one way in which our liberties can be maintained during this crisis, when every possible effort is being made to fasten baseless charges upon the Socialist party and its members. This is to have a Liberty Defense Fund that will make it impossible to send innocent comrades to jail or prison. Those who have not already contributed should do so at once by sending their donations to the Liberty Defense Fund, National Office, Socialist Party, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

I Want Successful Farmers
"Who Believe In Practical Co-operation"
 TO WRITE ME ABOUT
Ruskin, Florida, Farms

Practical farmers from the North are delighted with the soil, climate, people, health conditions, prospects, artesian irrigation, schools—everything needful already established. They come, they look and they buy.

Four thousand acres are now being thrown open to actual cultivators—no more speculative buying. The farms are sold ready to operate, with houses and all equipment.

Co-operative features are carried out to just the extent that conservative and successful farmers can approve of, as being practical under present-day conditions.

Individual ownership and group ownership combined in ideal proportions.

Write me for further details. If you care to enclose 25c, a large assortment of actual photographs of Ruskin scenes will be sent you. These beautiful Florida scenes are without advertising on them, and suitable for decorative purposes.

FRANK P. O'HARE,
 Exclusive Sales Manager,
 Ruskin, Florida.

N. B.—The women will appreciate all the little details that are worked out for their comfort in the ready-to-live-on Ruskin Farms.

F. P. O.

What Did You Do Yesterday?

What did you do with the spare time you had yesterday? Have you gained anything for today from your spare time yesterday? Do you know that in thirty weeks, if you will use your spare time, and only your spare time, you can acquire an education in language that will open up the way for your own advancement and for larger service to your class?

Thousands of your working-class comrades are enrolled in the People's College Correspondence Course in Plain English. Join them and lay the foundation for a bigger future.

Thirty Lessons in Plain English.
Thirty Lessons in Spelling.

With these lessons you will receive text-books written from the working-class viewpoint, and filled with examples and quotations from our own great libertarian literature. You will receive personal attention, instruction, suggestions, and helpful criticism of all your work.

This is the course you have been looking for. It is simple, plain, clear, interesting from start to finish.

The People's College does not teach arbitrary rules. It teaches the reasons for rules.

You are never too old, too busy or too poor. This course requires only your spare time, and a few cents a day in easy monthly payments. Write today for full information concerning the Plain English Course—or the Advanced English Course, if you do not need the Plain English. The People's College is a great co-operative institution, owned by the Working Class, and rendering service at cost, without profit to any one. Help yourself and help the Cause at the same time by patronizing the school that stands for the working-class ideals. Do something today that will count for tomorrow.

The People's College, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Dear Comrades: Please send me full particulars concerning your course in Plain English.

Name.....

Address.....

R

The Comrades Answer!

Following Are a Few of the Many Hundreds of Letters, Taken at Random, Received in Answer to Our Emergency Edition.

HAVE YOU ANSWERED?

Gene Debs, Kate O'Hare and the rest have been fighting my battles for many years, and I must help them win their battle now. I inclose \$4 for subscriptions listed.

J. H. HERMAN.

Inclosed herewith please find the names of 30 subs and payment in money order for them. I am glad to state that those subscribers are students of the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy. I sincerely do regret that I have but little time for our cause. Would that I had the time, and this would be the least, instead of the most. However, I am glad to say, that I have done my bit in helping SOCIAL REVOLUTION in the fight for true democracy, and also for Comrade Gene Debs and others. I hope to send in some more subs within a few days.

BENJ. J. ROSENTHAL.

It is not much that I am able to do, but inclose check for \$4. I hope it will help. If more is needed I shall endeavor at all times to do my bit.

J. B. GODWIN.

Inclosed find \$4, my bit to help out in this emergency. SOCIAL REVOLUTION is doing great work and I am sure its readers will do all in their power not to let it suspend.

S. J. WULKAN.

I hasten to respond to your call to arms. We can't afford to hear SOCIAL REVOLUTION suspend, for it is a great and indispensable faction in the movement.

C. BAILEY.

Inclosed find \$1 for renewal. Poke it to them.

JOS. BLOUGH.

Inclosed find \$1 as my contribution for SOCIAL REVOLUTION, to bear the burden to live. Keep the SOCIAL REVOLUTION alive. I'm sure there are enough loyal readers who will stay by it until we win the battle.

J. C. SCHNORE.

I must have SOCIAL REVOLUTION. Here is my help. More to follow.

A. O. ERIGSBY.

Here is our response to the attempt to try to suppress SOCIAL REVOLUTION. Fight 'em, comrades!

JESSE AND JAS. MILLER.

I inclose my subscription to SOCIAL REVOLUTION. Can't get along without the little truth-telling magazine.

EMMA MENDENHALL.

Am 73 years old and can't solicit subs, but inclose \$4 for cards. SOCIAL REVOLUTION must live.

T. G. TATE.

I must have SOCIAL REVOLUTION every month, or life would not be worth living. I enclose \$1 for postage stamps. Hope to send a club of subs soon.

J. G. BELMONT.

Your great monthly must go on in spite of the censorship. Inclosed find \$2 for 5 subs. More to follow. Keep after them, comrades.

S. P. WILLIAMS.

It is always the case. They get the good papers out of the way first. Hope the enclosed \$2 will help.

GEO. BYRON.

I enclose postage stamps for the club of 10 I sent last week. Surely all the comrades, if they cannot raise a club, will send postage stamps for the postage on their papers. Hope they all do. SOCIAL REVOLUTION must survive. It's great.

JOHN DALEY.

I will herewith remit \$2 for 5 sub cards. Hope I will not be the first by many thousands. I cannot afford to see you go down now.

M. E. MITCHELL.

Enclosed find \$4. I am glad I can help you out and whenever you need help I insist that you call on me. Down with the money-mad system.

D. PLUGGE.

For the enclosed \$2 renew my sub and apply balance where it will do the most good. SOCIAL REVOLUTION is always a welcome visitor and I hope that no matter how many spikes the enemy may drive into that log the old SAW will Rip right through.

SAM T. MEEKER.

I have supported almost everything in this crisis, but herewith is \$2 for SOCIAL REVOLUTION sub cards. Gene, Kate and Tobe Spilkins cannot be silenced.

O. T. MANOR.

Here's my \$2. Keep SOCIAL REVOLUTION on the firing line. Our day will soon be here.

S. T. GEORGE.

With the enclosed \$2 goes a fervent prayer that SOCIAL REVOLUTION may weather the storm.

J. WILLARD DOLBUR.

Send the best paper in the world to the names below. I enclose \$2.80.

J. F. FORD.

I enclose \$2 for five sub cards. Long live SOCIAL REVOLUTION. If you need any more money let me know and I will do all I can to help the cause we all are fighting for.

A. O. WRIGHT.

Enclosed find \$2 for which send SOCIAL REVOLUTION for one year, to each of the comrades named below.

I am in the fight for the freedom humanity and have been for several years and the most effective weapon I find is such publications as SOCIAL REVOLUTION. Your paper can do more to convince a "Henry Dubbs" of the folly of the present system of economics than any paper that comes this way.

The attempted censorship planned on our paper may prove a blessing in disguise. I will send another club in soop.

GEO. HANEY.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Nevada Colony at Fallon, Nevada

October 1, 1917.

RESOURCES:

Cattle.....	\$ 8161.00
Horses.....	11950.00
Hogs.....	1900.00
Goats.....	1559.00
Poultry.....	956.00
Bees.....	30.00
Commissary.....	129.00
Hotel and Fixtures.....	3000.00
Other Buildings.....	6600.00
Real Estate.....	94360.00
Real Estate Options.....	3000.00
Automobiles.....	1858.00
Blacksmith Tools.....	150.00
Carpenter and Building Tools.....	200.00
Farm Tools and Machinery.....	3659.00
Medical Library.....	600.00
Office Furn. and Fixtures.....	264.70
Picture Show Fixtures.....	500.00
Flour Mill Machinery.....	1000.00
Petty Cash.....	2.00
Stock in Other Corporations.....	1000.00
Bills Receivable.....	13290.00
Bills Rec. Install. Members.....	89335.00
Printery.....	3266.97
Farm Products other than Hay.....	7605.00
Hay.....	10564.00

Accounts Receivable.....	8530.85
Total.....	\$273,463.12
LIABILITIES:	
Open Accounts Payable.....	\$ 2044.87
Bills Payable.....	47946.33
Bonds.....	710.00
Cash Credits to Workers.....	3604.54
Tres. Stock Subscribed for.....	214600.00
Profit and Loss.....	4557.38
Total.....	\$ 273463.12
Treasury Stock.....	\$4785400.00
Subscribed.....	214600.00
Capital Stock.....	\$5,000,000.00

Encouraging Sign.—MOTHER—"Do you think Charles means business?" DAUGHTER—"Well, every night he calls I see in his pocket The Real Estate Bulletin listing the houses for rent."—Brooklyn Citizen.

AGENTS If you make less than \$1200 a year, you should get in touch with us, the largest manufacturers of transparent handled Knives and Razors in U.S. and we will show you how to make more. Special outfit offer. ROVELLY CUTLERY CO., 114 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

GALLSTONES AVOID OPERATIONS (No Oil) If you have Gallstones, Back, Side or Shoulder; Liver Trouble, Stomach Misery, Dyspepsia, Colic, Gas, Bloating, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Catarrh, Blues, Jaundice, or **APPENDICITIS FREE** Send for Home Treatment Medical Book. GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. M-11, 218 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

To the Wife of One Who Drinks

I have an important confidential message for you. It will come in a plain envelope. How to conquer the liquor habit in 3 days and make home happy. Wonderful, safe, lasting, reliable, inexpensive method, guaranteed. Write to Edw. J. Woods, T 675, Station E, New York, N. Y. Show this to others.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



BEFORE AFTER

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 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.

Miss K. W. says that she is getting fine results and is very much elated over the Nose Shaper.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 626 Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

and so is THE PALADIN—and each will be equally welcomed. Unforeseen events have delayed the appearance of this paper, which has been impatiently awaited by so many thousands of eagerly expectant readers, but it surely will be out soon after the first of the year.

THE PALADIN is edited by Walter Hurt, which is a sufficient guarantee that it's all right; it is published by Phil Wagner, which is a sufficient guarantee that Hurt is all right.

Every Socialist, every Rationalist, every Libertarian of every description—every person who can appreciate a good thing—should read THE PALADIN. Don't miss it—don't even take a chance of missing it—but fill out the following coupon at once and send it in along with a dollar, and we'll insure you

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

PALADIN PUBLISHING COMPANY

705 MARKET STREET
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Herewith is One Dollar, for which send The Paladin for One Year to the following address:

Name.....

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

R. F. D. or P. O. Box.....

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF HERBERT BIGELOW

WALTER HURT in *The Melting Pot* for November

[It was just a few days following the appearance of this article in *THE MELTING POT* that Comrade Bigelow was mobbed in Newport, Ky.—Editor.]

One of the most hopeful happenings in these days of manifold discouragement is the entrance of Herbert S. Bigelow into the Socialist movement. This circumstance is the most striking example of equality of compensation I ever have known. Socialism needed Bigelow, and Bigelow needed Socialism. The need of each for the other was comparatively of the same degree; the quantitative difference being only that of the proportional importance of a movement over a man.

For twenty years I have watched the evolution of Herbert Bigelow, finding the process a most interesting study in the spontaneous development of the social consciousness. And I had foreseen this day as an inevitable consequence.

Bigelow started upon his public career under the greatest of all human handicaps; at the age of twenty-seven he was ordained a minister of the gospel.

Bound by the trammels of tradition, his strong soul struggled always with the impulse to soar. This struggle continued until his splendid spirit burst the chrysalis of doubt and emerged into the full-winged freedom of conviction.

For a double-decade Herbert Bigelow searched his soul, searched society, searched all the realms of recorded thought—searched incessantly for that which he failed to find. With untiring persistence his restless spirit continued this pursuit of something eternally evasive. It was the quest of the unsatisfied.

Meantime, many alleviations for the social ills claimed his attention. The Single Tax propaganda enlisted his interest, and he became one of Henry George's most distinguished disciples. He fostered the Initiative and Referendum movement in Ohio, and was secretary of the Ohio Direct Legislation League. It may be said he was father of the Ohio Constitutional Convention, over which body he presided, being by his guidance responsible for the greater part of the good it accomplished in giving to Ohio a partly civilized governmental code. For one term he was a member of the lower house of the Ohio Legislature, during which he contended continuously for rational laws.

As pastor of the historic Vine Street Church, Cincinnati, an ante-bellum institution of aristocratic traditions and respectably permeated with that spirit of conservative radicalism which is so great a foe of freedom and preventive of progress, it was Bigelow's misfortune to have a number of millionaires in his congregation. It seems a monstrously hard thing for a millionaire to be a libertarian, although one of this aggregation, Daniel Kiefer, possesses the essential instinct for social emancipation. Bigelow, by heroic effort, successfully resisted the tendency of his flock and gradually changed the character of its personnel from plutocratic to proletarian. For institutional religion he early substituted a rational teaching of ethics and economics. The capitalists of his congregation communicated him.

All the while Bigelow's love for his fellow men increased as his own soul grew and grew with an expanding existence; his indignation against the wrongs of the race intensified, and his flaming feelings leaped forth from his lips in passionate protest. It was not alone the lowly who listened to his words, for his intellectual gifts and his powerful personality compelled the attention and commanded the respect of the cultured element and the socially exalted. Bigelow became a vogue. In the Grand Opera House each Sunday

he speaks to the best brains of Cincinnati.

Then came the shock of war, and an awakened Bigelow straightway found himself. He looked abroad over a stricken world with unobscured vision. He saw at last the real seat of our social ills, and he perceived also the single remedy therefor. His previous excursions into various fields of economics, his extended experience as a public speaker and his training as a parliamentarian, had been but a needed preparation for the great work that awaited his awakening—the crowning labors of his career.

Inevitably, Herbert Bigelow identified himself with the Socialist movement. His sense of social justice directed him into the sole path of duty as infallibly as the canine retriever points the quarry of quail in an autumn field. To this work he brought all his great gifts—his wealth of mind and worth of character—as a religious votary lays his offerings on an altar. He held nothing in reserve.

As I have said, Socialism needs Bigelow. It needs his big brain and his big heart and his big strength. It needs his wise counsel and his tireless work. Among the little would-be leaders in the movement he towers a very Matterhorn of a man. These inconsequential insects—mosquitoes of the movement—will buzz about him with vicious insistence. Other varieties of vermin that infest the movement and in their small way distress it—ophidian in kind and venomous as vipers—will spit out their spite upon him. Such nuisances are unavoidable evils of close organization. These things, in fact, already have been done. They do not disturb Bigelow, however; their small effects are lost in the largeness of his soul.

For Bigelow, howbeit, there shall be comprehensive compensations. The great-hearted Debs and other generous souls will welcome him warmly as comrades should and he shall be adequately comforted, as are all who find themselves well understood by the Chosen. The rank and file, too, will know his kinship for their kind.

Herbert Bigelow scorns the office of leadership. He is too high for such things—and too lowly. His mission is not to lead, but to lift; not to govern, but to guide. In this fact lies the largeness of his inspiration and his influence, for in Socialism it is proverbial that he who seeks to lead finds none to follow. All his life Bigelow has disregarded self-interest, often when opportunity's door stood widely open, and has striven with all his strength for the common good.

Bigelow fits into the occasion as the acorn fits its cup. He is unmistakably the man of the hour. He saw the Old Order in the process of liquidation, and also he saw himself as an essential part of the social readjustment. His view of the situation may well be given in his own words: "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."

What does Bigelow bring to the Socialist movement? He brings, first of all, a superb and an unquestioned sincerity. He brings a first-class brain—a mind of rare capacity that is bountifully stored with the rich fruits of research. He brings eloquence, and energy, and executive powers. He brings the sterling stamp of basic character, upon which alone can any worthy superstructure be builded. He brings poise, both mental and temperamental. He brings that perspective which goes with a vastness of vision. He brings the qualities of real statesmanship. He brings the tact that

makes for successful tactics. He brings a personal following such as few men ever have succeeded in gathering, and with it a fine fellowship. He brings the respect of all persons who are themselves respectable, and he brings a record of achievement that all men must admire. He brings abilities so many and so varied that neither number nor value can easily be computed. Above all else, he brings that spirit of personal sacrifice and unselfish service without which the most golden gifts are but gilded dross.

With all this opulence of endowment, is not Bigelow an acquisition to our Cause that shall prove one of its most valuable assets?

Herbert Bigelow will be graciously welcomed into the Socialist movement by every member who is worthy to grasp the hand of a comrade.

In Memoriam

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

Comrades and fellow mourners: We have gathered here on this melancholy occasion to perform the last sad rites over all that is mortal of our dearly beloved Socialist Party. We loved it well and it wrings our heart with sorrow to see so fair and so promising a creature wither and die in the heyday of youth, in the rosy morning of life; but such is the fate of all things mortal. "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

We realize that our dearly beloved has died oftener and had more funeral sermons preached over her fair remains than any other thing that ever lived. Sad to relate, our dearly beloved had all the contrariness possessed by female creatures; the pesky critter refused to stay dead and the cat with nine lives was a mere novice in the art of "coming back." Every four years for the last two decades she has died and been carefully buried with all sad rites and all great honors by the "respectable capitalist press" of the nation, but just like a contrary, stubborn woman, she did not have the common decency to stay dead. After every funeral she hopped out of her grave, and ere the sable plumes of sorrow had been laid away in moth-balls by the editorial undertakers, she was prancing shamelessly through the land with vulgar advertisements of a new campaign painted on her winding sheets.

We wept until our eyes were dim and our noses red when Charles Edward Russell pronounced our dearly beloved deader than a mackerel because she refused to espouse the bloody god of war. We aired our mourning garments and freshened up our crepe, but when we arrived at what we supposed was a funeral we found our dearly beloved up to her eyes in a sizzling hot campaign. We sobbed great heart-breaking sobs of sorrow when John Sargo closed the eyes of our beloved, crossed her marble hands upon a pulseless breast in St. Louis last April, and sorrowfully pronounced her dead. It was a sad and harrowing time and we suffered keenly until we removed the black-bordered kerchiefs from our weeping eyes and discovered that shameless jade frisking about the land, full of pep and ginger.

Much as we love the dear departed, she has been a sore trial to us. We can bear one death and one funeral with Christian fortitude, but a continuous exhibition gets on our raw nerves. Then take heart and cheer, dearly beloved fellow mourners; there is a gleam of sunshine in our clouds of sorrow. WE KNOW THE PESKY CRITTER IS DEAD AT LAST. If you don't have faith, just glance over the coroner's verdict and take heart. Here it is:

SOCIALISM IS DEAD.

New York City increases vote 450 per cent and elects 11 to state legislature, seven to board of aldermen and one municipal judge.

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Send your name with ten cents in coin or stamps for a trial outfit (month's supply, either form, one dollar), which he sends by mail. You will receive some of the Remedy for smoking in a pipe, a neat little pipe, and also some medicated cigarettes, so you can decide which form you like best. (Adv.)



per cent; carry 6 out of 35 wards in Chicago and sweep 19 out of 29 towns in Cook County.

Cleveland, Ohio, elects two aldermen, one school board member, and increases city vote 400 per cent.

Rochester, N. Y., elects two aldermen, two supervisors, three constables and increases vote more than 500 per cent.

Toledo, Ohio, elects three aldermen, re-elects a fourth and increases vote 500 per cent.

Piqua, Ohio, elects mayor and two aldermen.

Byesville, Ohio, elects mayor, city clerk, city marshal, and four out of six councilmen.

Hamilton, Ohio, elects two aldermen.

Sandusky, Ohio, elects commissioner.

Elwood, Ind., elects entire city ad-

ministration with exception of few ward aldermen.

Gas City, Ind., elects mayor and two aldermen.

Marion, Ind., elects two aldermen.

Fort Wayne, Ind., elects one alderman.

Cincinnati, Ohio, home of mob that kidnaped and attacked Herbert S. Bigelow, increased vote 400 per cent.

Allentown, Pa., elects alderman.

New York State accepts woman suffrage.

Comrade Charles Edward Russell will sing that touching solo, "We will Never Say Good-Bye in Heaven," and Comrade John Spargo will pronounce the benediction, after which the friends may say their last farewell to the dear departed.

We have all been eager to loan millions of dollars, the genius of our industry and the support of our Government to stabilize conditions there and to give to the masses of the Russian people a great social democracy with its evolutionary economic program. If this program is good for the masses of Russia, it is just as good for the masses of the United States.

Socialism Loses "Menace."

As a result of these upheavals and countless others produced by the war, the term Socialist, it is argued, no longer conveys such opprobrium except to the minds of incurable reactionaries. And, curiously enough, conscription itself seems to some persons to have produced a reaction towards radical Socialism—a reaction not of those who opposed conscription, but of those who favored it. For conscription says to the entire youth of the nation:

Your bodies, your pursuits and your lives do not belong to yourselves, but to the community.

The youth of the nation acquiesces gallantly. But the thought is placed in many minds:

If the life of each citizen belongs to the community, his property, which is much less than his life, also belongs to the community.

As a result of the conscription of lives for the common good, there has grown up among some thinkers a feeling that the only fair corollary is a conscription of property for the common good. There is no demand for anything like communism, but there is a constantly growing feeling that some financial priority, some control of investment, must be established so that the capital of the nation shall be used where it will give the greatest returns in social utility rather than in dividends.

In Advance of Tide

There are many who believe that in making himself the champion of woman suffrage and of Socialism Malone is but launching his political canoe a little in advance of the political tide which some day may sweep him into high political office.—*Issues and Events.*

"LINKS"

By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE

Here we are at the furnaces! The molten liquid glowing red, flows into the bogeys with bubble and crack. Away go the workmen, and soon pour the spluttering metal into molds, in which various articles will be shaped, and in due time taken from their prison, cooled, polished, and dispatched according to order.

We are interested in every article turned out, but especially in the wonderful chains of all shapes and sizes, with links in many styles. How marvelously these links are fashioned, one loop within another, drawn out to the required length. There are chains with flat sides and circled ends, chains of bar pattern, chains of wiggling iron, but all are loose when handled, yet joined and inseparable, unless the links be broken. The principle of the link is very simple—pieces of iron, interwoven, complete in themselves, yet joined together in flowing, loose enchainment.

The chain is useful because it is linked and because it is composed of joined parts. It is flexible, capable of easy tightening or slackening. Its links bind while providing free movement. So chains are used for many purposes, from attachments to heavy machinery carrying great strains, to tiny watch fixtures.

There are few more beautifully expressive words in the English language

than this word, "Links." We link hands together in sign of friendship and confidence, or link our thoughts in telling and listening of stories, and anticipating the pleasures of holidays, picnics and rambles.

The chain of family life is bound together by links of love, or broken by the sorrows of separation. Tokens and keepsakes are memory links between friends. All the way that boys and girls, men and women and peoples of one or many nations, devise in order to know and understand each other better are links binding them closer to each other.

Socialists want to join the links in the chain of human life more closely and usefully together. The separate aims arise out of differences in wealth possession, hindering by creating class distinctions, giving privileges to some that cannot be shared by others, all arising out of the power of a few over the bodies and lives of those who are forced to serve them.

When the working people become enlightened, and fit themselves for the task that lies before them, they will understand their common interest, and become linked together for a common purpose. And the seed sown will be carried to regions beyond, and planted in other soil, to grow up, and blossom, and spread, till distance is bridged, and the progress of one shall mean the progress of all.

As the tributaries broaden to the mighty river, so the growth of the part shall become the growth of the whole, and the wars of the world shall die before the oncoming of a determined, united people, eager to share and enjoy life, freed from the terrors of the system under which we now live. The children of today, by learning to be strong and brave, by gaining that knowledge which brings real power, and by growing in the desire and determination for human justice based on Love, will forge the chain whose links will yet extend unbroken through the world.

CHANGES IN PARTY LEADERSHIP AND IDEAS

By WILLIAM C. BULLITT

Why has Dudley Field Malone resigned his lucrative position as collector of the port of New York, abandoned his promising career in the Democratic party and come out as the champion of the militant suffragists and of the candidacy of Morris Hillquit, the Socialist, for mayor of New York? Political observers in Washington who once were close to Malone assert they were able to answer these questions. But they are puzzled by the further question: Has Malone guessed right?

No attempt is made to discount the genuine idealism which is involved in Malone's actions of the last two months, but it is insisted by some shrewd observers here that, in addition, Malone has been actuated by the belief that the day is near when woman suffrage and the policies of Socialism will be accepted overwhelmingly by the nation.

He has concluded, they assert, that the Democratic party, which once seemed likely to become the great party of American liberalism, has been unable to keep pace with the changing tide of the political world and that, as a result, the radicals, liberals and progressives of the United States, most of whom voted for Wilson at the last election, are turning to the Socialist party as the organization which most nearly expresses their ideals. They believe that Malone, who is a keen political observer, has perceived this drift and has taken his present position in order to become the leader of the new movement toward a social order which may be described by any one of the words, Liberal, Radical or Socialist.

Has He Guessed Right?

Has Malone guessed right in this estimate of the movement of the political tides? No one pretends to be able to answer this question authoritatively, but many competent political prophets in Washington agree with Malone. They argue thus:

That the war has produced a movement toward Socialism which, had peace lasted, would not have risen for fifty years. That the war has proved strikingly that the strength of a nation is dependent not merely on its population, wealth and natural resources, but also on the degree to which these elements of strength are mobilized for socially beneficial objects and not for mere private use or gain. That Germany's power to endure the stresses of the war is largely due to the fact that she has taken over *in toto* many of the economic doctrines of Socialism, and although her state Socialism is perverted today she needs little more than political freedom to be a complete Socialist

State. That similarly France, England and Italy, which have long possessed political freedom, have been forced by the stress of war to take immense strides toward the utilization of every resource for the social good of the whole. That the Russian revolution has placed the feet of that great nation also definitely on the path to Socialism, although the entire mechanism of Socialist organization has still to be constructed.

Socialist Wave Nearly Here

Such prognostications insist that this wave of Socialism is now about to reach America. Those who claim to understand Malone's action argue thus:

In addition to those persons who are frankly members of the Socialist party there are thousands of men and women who are at heart Socialists, but whose true political status has been concealed under the names "progressive" and "liberal." They do not agree with the official Socialist party opposition to the participation of the United States in the war. But they will support the war only so long as they believe that it is being waged to bring about a "liberal peace."

What are the elements of a liberal peace? In general they are:

Democratic control in all nations, no annexations, no indemnities and the formation of a league of nations. But these are precisely the war aims of the Socialists in every nation. In a sentence, the word "liberal," which has been popularized by the New Republic, is nothing more than camouflage for Socialism. A "liberal" is merely a Socialist who desires to remain socially respectable.

But the goose flesh which the word Socialism once raised on most Americans is no longer felt. And this is but natural. For it is impossible to keep on having a horror of Socialists when one regards the Socialists of Germany as the only progressive people in the empire of the Hohenzollerns and when one has rejoiced unreservedly at the overthrow of the Romanoffs by the Socialists of Russia. Malone says in his letter advocating the election of Hillquit as mayor of New York:

There was a time, not many years ago, when the average American feared the name of Socialism, but the great war has forced new economic values on the world. We have seen the folly of many a fear and cast into the political scrap-heap many an old-time prejudice. . . . President Wilson, Congress, our financiers, the leaders of both old parties, conservatives and radicals alike, hailed with great joy the revolution in Russia.

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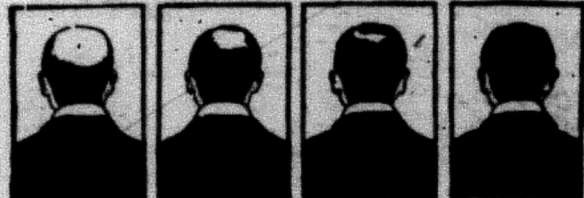
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CONCERNING THE BIGELOW MOBBIING

WALTER HURT in *The Melting Pot*

No viler deed ever was done in the perverted name of patriotism than the outrage inflicted upon that white-souled gentleman, Herbert S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati, who was kidnaped by a band of masked brutes the night of October 28, and in an automobile, followed by a flock of machines carrying his abductors, taken to a remote spot in the Kentucky hills and there horse-whipped and otherwise maltreated.

The pretext for this treatment of Bigelow was that he is a pacifist—he had committed the heinous offense of expressing a desire for peace, for a cessation of the stupendous slaughter on the battle-fields of Europe. His real crime was his relentless war upon organized greed represented by certain great corporate interests in Cincinnati, and that he recently had fortified himself for the fight by joining the Socialist movement.

Like skulking jackals that hunt only in packs, this armed mob of a score or more vented their cowardly vengeance upon a single weaponless man. The lion and other superior beasts, infinitely better than any of this foul carrion bunch, always stalk their prey singly. None but the most craven creatures ever take part in a mob.

It is futile to attempt any adequate description of these—no, not men, but male miscarriages that have survived to mock their frustrate parentage. Never before have I been so impressed with the exiguity of the English language. New words of more shameful meaning must be invented before these nameless monstrosities can correctly be characterized or classified. Compared with them the most cowardly coyote that prowls the western plains is a monument of courage, and by contrast the mangiest mongrel cur that slinks through our streets is a model of decency. Each member of that mob is a degenerate of such caliber that he is capable of violating the virtue of his own mother.

The character of this mob was well shown by the action of that one of its members who cut Bigelow's bonds when the flogging was finished. Although the victim was rendered helpless by the beating received, and was known to be unarmed, being naked, a gun was held upon him by his captor, whose festering and fly-blown substitute for a soul covered even then before the glance of a veritable man.

These terrorist tactics, as subsequent events in various parts of the country have shown, are to be employed in a general campaign of intolerance and intimidation. Thus do the profiteers hope to protect themselves with the shield of silence. It is the camouflage of commercial buccaneers.

Whatever the personnel of the Bigelow mob, or however alien to patriotism was its purpose, the ruling powers can not evade responsibility for this cowardly crime at which every impulse of respectability revolts. The attitude of federal officials toward free speech has been such as to encourage belief that the intimidation of violence by private citizens would not be displeasing to vested authority. This infinite infamy is the logical fruit of a lawless autocracy. While the post office department was busily suppressing papers whose only offense was a decent expression of free opinion, a Cincinnati daily advised the assassination of Herbert Bigelow—and the department found nothing objectionable in such incendiary utterances.

There will be other fruit from this same field, however, and bitter will be its burgeoning—full acid will be the taste thereof upon the lips of tyranny. The harvest will be garnered at the polls in next spring's elections, when will be

registered a protest of such proportions as despotism can not disregard.

Reaction provides the remedy for all existing evils. The reaction against the ruthlessness now reigning will be such as to make the bump of an ordinary boomerang seem as a soft blow from a rose.

Already the administration at Washington has voiced its alarm over the Bigelow episode. Newton D. Baker, reputedly acting as the administration's mouthpiece, has publicly expressed a mild disapproval, but no punitive action is promised. Why in this instance Baker? The outrage was committed by civilians, and its punishment does not come within the province of the war department. Why has not the department of justice spoken on this occasion? Is it because, had it done so, consistency and decent public opinion would demand action as well as words?

It will be remembered that recently men wearing the uniform of the United States army attacked a peaceable assemblage on Boston Common, maltreating, among others, women with babes in their arms; and, although the identity of these miscreants is known, it is not known that they ever have been disciplined for their disgraceful conduct, or even officially reprimanded. The head of the war department informally expressed a gentle regret that American soldiers should act in a manner so unbecoming, and no more has been heard in the matter. Is it any wonder, then, that civilian ruffians should be encouraged in the belief that they can with impunity commit crimes of violence against the person of decent citizens?

What we want is, not protests, but protection.

We ask that the flag our sons are carrying to France shall safeguard its citizens at home.

From Washington has come this significant word in connection with the Bigelow outrage:

"The danger of reaction to America's war program of greater democracy in the world is recognized by high officials, who have urged upon Mr. Wilson the advisability of issuing some statement reiterating the right of free speech."

From the foregoing it would appear that the factor considered by the administration is that of expediency and not that of justice. It will require more than reassuring statements, however, to satisfy an aroused public sentiment. While the administration is indulging in noisy protestations in favor of popular rights, papers still are quietly being suppressed for daring an open expression of legitimate opinion. A chastened administration has changed its attitude, but it has not checked its action.

Continuing, this evidently inspired news dispatch says:

"That is the general feeling among officials, who look upon the restraints to free speech as liable to win hundreds of thousands of recruits to the cause of the radicals, and give plausible basis to the misrepresentation of this country's war aims by those who declare that the fight for democracy abroad should be preceded by a greater democracy at home."

This surely is candid confession, with its speciousness of speech most diaphanously draped.

There is ample cause, however, for the administration's alarm.

Every stroke of the lash upon the back of Bigelow was a blow for human liberty. Each stripe his tortured body bears means ten thousand votes for Socialism.

One of the best things I have seen on the Bigelow case is by William Marion Reedy, in *Reedy's Mirror*, under the

head, "The Bigelow Atrocity," which herewith follows:

"We have our own abominations and atrocities. The kidnaping and whipping of Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati is one of them. Mr. Bigelow is as gentle a spirit as this later day has produced. He is a lover of his fellow-man. His Christianity is eminently practical. He has tried to give it expression in politics. He is a consummate orator, and as chairman of the Ohio constitutional convention he displayed magnificent qualities of leadership. That he opposes the war is a thing to be lamented, but he is convinced that his course is the true Americanism. His pacifism is not under suspicion of being a mask for pro-Germanism. He thinks the big world-battle should be against the industrial exploiters of the workers and he can not see that the Kaiser is the representative of exploitation in excelsis. That is a defective, even a distorted view; but even so, it is not a thing that justifies such deeds as were done against him by those who kidnaped him in Ohio, whisked him to Kentucky, and there stripped and lashed his body tied to a tree.

"Bigelow is a Socialist. The men who maltreated him are anarchists. They so lashed him in the name of the women and children of France and Belgium. He never had said a word in approval of the treatment of the women and children of France and Belgium. All he ever had said was that war itself was an atrocity and that it was plotted chiefly to injure all women and children, and men, too.

"It is probable that the things done to Bigelow in the name of the abused and murdered women and children of France and Belgium really were done as retaliation for certain political activities against nefarious and mephitic interests in Ohio and Kentucky. Bigelow was the enemy of every corrupt element in Ohio. He fought every influence that corrupted politics, whether in Cincinnati or in Columbus. As head of the People's Church in Cincinnati he led a continuous crusade against the crooks, great and small. Many persons who believe in the righteousness of our participation in the war, respected, admired and loved him for his devotion to other good fights. He was no advocate of sabotage. He believed conscription should be repealed. He was a peace-at-any-price man. But he was not one who would help the enemy. His principle was to act in accord with law. The treatment he has received is inexpressibly vile. One can not but recall in connection therewith the murder of the abolitionist, Lovejoy, at Alton, by a pro-slavery mob. In this case the mob professed to act from a most exalted motive, but the men who killed Lovejoy thought they were patriots too.

"There is nothing that would better become this country than the punishment of the men who did violence to Bigelow. We are spending billions in money, and God knows what we shall expend in lives, for the vindication of government of laws and not of men. The law should punish the men who overrode law in abusing Bigelow. While we are fighting to make the world safe for democracy we can not overlook the fact that a country in which this Bigelow outrage could occur is not itself safe for democracy or humanity or decency. The law could have dealt with Bigelow if he was in the wrong. The law should deal sharply with the men who in lynching him did an intolerable and not-to-be defended wrong to this gifted and sweet-souled man and to every conception of human rights and dignity. We can not beat the Germans by imitating the vilest practices alleged against them in their dealings with the people of France and Belgium."

Prudent.—"Do you want your wife to vote?"

"I don't like to express myself," said Mr. Meekton. "If I advocate it and Henrietta finds she doesn't like politics, she'll blame me for getting her into it." —Washington Star.

MAN AND MACHINERY

By ALLAN L. BENSON

I have never seen you, but I know you. Your knuckles are bloody from continued knocking at the door of happiness. The harder you knock, the bloodier your knuckles become. But the door does not open. It stands like an iron gate between you and the desires of your soul.

What is the matter with this world? Was it made wrong? Is it a barren spot to which too many have been sent? After Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan had been sent, should you have been kept? Is this their world and are you an intruder here?

You are not an intruder here. You know that. You have as good a right here as anyone else. But perhaps, nevertheless, this world was made wrong? If you had the power to make worlds, could you make a better one? Could you make fairer skies? Could you make greener fields? Could you improve the sun? Could you make better people?

What's The Matter?

Perhaps you could do none of these things? If not, what is the matter with this world? Look at it again. Here it is—spinning beneath your feet as it has spun since the dawn of time, and never before, since the dawn of time, has it been such a world as it is now. Never before, since the dawn of time, has it been such a world for your purposes as it is now.

Your ancestors enjoyed no material thing that they had not wearily created with their hands. You need create nothing with your hands. You need but to touch with the tips of your fingers the iron hands that can make what man could never make so well. Whatever machinery can make, you can have. And, to drive this machinery you have the forces of the sun, as they come to you in the form of steam and electricity.

Make no mistake—good, bad or indifferent as this world may be, it is at least moving. None of your ancestors ever lived in such a world. And none of your descendants will ever live in such a world as we live in to-day.

Edison once pictured to me the world that he already sees dawning. It was a wonderful world, because it was filled with wonderful machinery. Cloth would go into one end of a machine and come out at the other end finished suits of clothes, boxed and ready for the market. Every machine, instead of making a part of a thing, would make the complete thing and put it together. The world would be smothered with wealth.

But there is one disquieting feature about this world. There was not much room in it for men. Each machine, attended by but a single man, would do the work of hundreds of men. Moreover, that one man need not be skilled. He need be but the merest automaton. Only the inventor of the machine need have brains.

Was Edison Dreaming?

Maybe Edison was dreaming. The easy way is to say he was dreaming. I, who know him, have my doubts. Edison always dreams before he does, but everything that he dreams seems pitifully small beside what he does. He dreamed of the electric light before he made it, but his dream was paltry beside the light he made. And the dynamo of his dream was a wheelbarrow beside the dynamo that to-day sings its shrill song around the world.

This much, however, is not a dream. Some of the automatic machinery that Edison spoke of is already here. One man behind a machine is doing the work of hundreds of men. Men are becoming a drug upon the labor market. More than five millions are often out of work. As invention proceeds, the percentage of the population who cannot find work must increase.

What is going to become of these men? Do you expect them to starve quietly? Do you believe they will make no outcry? Do you believe they will raise no hand against a world that raises both hands against them? Moreover, what kind of a world is it in which the greater the machinery, the greater the curse to the men who run machinery? We do not yet live in such a world, it is true, but if Edison be not in error, we shall soon live in it? What shall we do when machinery does everything?

Spotlight On Machinery

This may seem like a far cry, but it isn't. The germ of the Socialist philosophy is contained in this one word "machinery." Let us put the spotlight upon that word and show everything that is in it.

Suppose there were one machine in this country that was capable of producing every material thing that human beings need or desire. Suppose the machine were so wonderfully automatic that it could be perfectly operated by pushing a button, once a day, in a Wall Street office.

Besides this push-button, suppose there were another button that operated all of the railroads in the country; passenger trains automatically starting and stopping at the appointed places; freight trains automatically taking on and discharging their cargoes. Not a human being at work anywhere.

Imagine also one man owning this great machine and the railroads.

The rest of the race, if it were to remain law-abiding, would be compelled to change the law or starve to death, would it not? What else could the race do? Nobody would have any work. Nobody would therefore have anything with which to buy. The single giant machine might be capable of producing, with the push-button help of its owner, more necessities and luxuries than the entire race could consume. The automatic railway system might be capable of delivering to every door everything that everybody might want. The single owner might have more billions of dollars than Mr. Rockefeller has cents. But nobody else would have anything.

Private Ownership Wrong

What I am trying to show is that the private ownership of machinery is a gigantic wrong. If it were not a wrong, the world would be helped by the private ownership of a single machine fitted to produce every material thing that the race needs. If the people owned such a machine, there would certainly be no more poverty. There would be no more poverty because the people would get what the machine produced.

If this be plain, let us further consider the present situation.

We live in a wonderful world.

It is big enough and rich enough to enable everybody in it to live in comfort.

But hundreds of millions throughout the world do not live in comfort because the progress of the world has brought relatively little to them.

They have no share of stock in the earth—somebody who has a little piece of paper in his hand claims the ownership of the spot of earth upon which they wish to lay their heads and charges them rent for using it.

Another little group own all of the machinery, handing out jobs here and there to the men who offer to work for the least.

Nor is this a chance situation. A small class has always robbed the great class. It has been and is the ruler of the world. The methods of robbery have been changed. Method after method has been abandoned as the people awakened to the means by which they were being robbed. But robbery

has never been abandoned. The small, greedy, cunning class that will not be content with what it can earn is here to-day, playing the old game with a new method.

Socialists declare the new method is to own the industrial machinery with which all other men must work. You may not agree with this. Probably you do not. If you do not, will you kindly answer some questions?

Answer These Questions

Why do a few men, who will work with no machinery, want to own all of the machinery in the country?

Would these men care to own any machinery if there were not an opportunity in such ownership to get money?

Where can the money they get come from except from the wealth that is produced by the men who work with their machinery?

So long as a few men own all of the machinery, must not all other men be at their mercy?

How can anyone get a job so long as the men who own the machinery say he can have no job?

How can anyone demand a wage that represents the full value of his product

so long as the capitalist refuses to pay any wages that do not assure a profit for him?

OH, YOU SKINNY!



Why stay thin as a rail? You don't have to! And you don't have to go through life with a chest that the tailor gives you; with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that stomach that flinches every time you try a square meal? Are you a pill-feeder?

Do you expect Health and Strength in tabloid form—through pills, potions and other exploited piffle?

You can't do it; it can't be done. The only way to be well is to build up your body—all of it—through nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach. It is not fate that is making you a failure; it's that poor, emaciated body of yours; your half-sickness shows plain in your face and the world loves healthy people. So be HEALTHY—STRONG—VITAL. That's LIVING. Don't think too long; send 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing of my book, "INTELLIGENCE IN PHYSICAL AND HEALTH CULTURE," written by the strongest physical culture instructor in the world.

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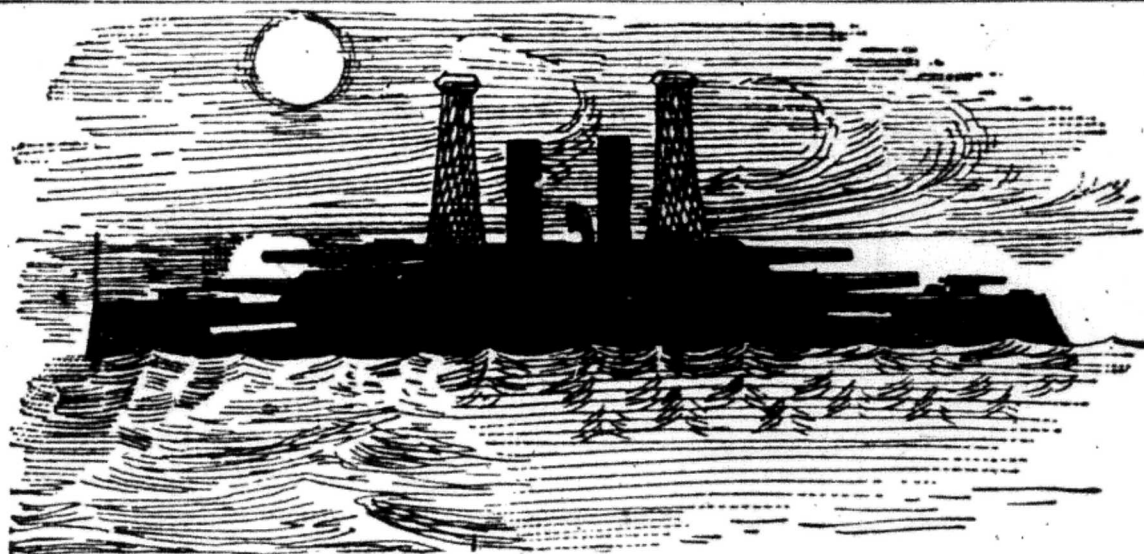
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On Watch! Prepared for German U-Boats Somewhere on the Atlantic

Our ships and men are prepared and waiting for the deadly attack of the U-boat. Our men at home in their ordinary life-work should be prepared for the hidden enemy as well.

The body, like our dreadnaughts, is a highly organized machine of complicated parts in which the stomach, liver and kidneys work for the common good. Damage to any one of these organs interferes with man as a motor mechanism. If you will clean the stomach, liver and bowels occasionally with a gentle laxative you can keep well. Too much fuel in man's machine, such as eating too much meat, or alcohol or tea, nervous overwork, and lack of exercise in outdoor air bring constipation and bad health. Eat less meat, plenty of vegetables, and with fresh air and good exercise you need little else. If the liver needs rousing—and most of us need this once a week—take a safe vegetable extract of the leaves of aloe, Mayapple, root of jalap made into a tiny sugar-coated pill, sold by almost every druggist as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—first put up nearly fifty years ago and largely used by almost everyone today.

Most people die eventually of an over-acid condition. If the blood can be rendered more alkaline, the longer we live. With regular hours, 6 to 8 glasses of water between meals, sensible coarse food and a chance to get the poisons out of the system, a man will live to be a hundred. But, unfortunately, our highly nervous way of living brings increased storage of uric acid in the blood. This acts as a poison, and when it accumulates in system we suffer from headaches, backache, neuralgia, lumbago, aches or pains any where, irregularity of the water or burning sensations or the painful twinges of rheumatism and gout.

Get rid of this uric acid poison by taking a harmless medicine called Anuric, which throws out the uric acid by stimulating the kidneys. Drink a pint of hot water before meals and take Anuric (double strength) after meals and at bed time. An-u-ric is a recent discovery of Dr. Pierce, Chief of Staff at the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Anuric can be obtained at almost any drug store. In tablets, 60c, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce for trial package and test it yourself.

—Adv.

DR. N. H. HORNSTINE

For Ten Years in the Department of
PUBLIC HEALTH AND CHARITIES

of Philadelphia, States That

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On Stubborn Cases Where Other Tonics Had Failed Absolutely, Convinced Him of Its Remarkable and Unusual Power—Says That When He Took It Personally The Rapidity With Which His Energy and Endurance Increased Was Most Surprising and that in His Opinion

The Widespread Use of Nuxated Iron Is Bound To Make a Nation of Stronger Men, Lovelier Women and Healthier Children

Probably no remedy has ever met with such phenomenal success as has Nuxated Iron—over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone, to say nothing of the vast number who are using it in France, England, South America and other countries. It has been highly endorsed and used by former United States Senators and Members of Congress; physicians who have been connected with well-known hospitals have prescribed and recommended it; Monseigneur Nanini, a prominent Catholic Divine, recommends it to all members of the Catholic Church. Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of Chicago, says it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician; Former First Assistant Post Master General of the United States, C. P. Grandfield, strongly endorses and recommends it to the tens of thousands of civil service employees who know his name and signature. Sarah Bernhardt—"The Divine Sarah"—the world's most noted actress, has ordered a large quantity sent to the French soldiers to help give them strength, power and endurance.

The famous "Cyclone" Davis, Member of the 64th United States Congress, says the effect of Nuxated Iron on him was almost magical, that after taking it nothing seemed to tire him out, no matter how strenuous it might be. Former United States Senator Charles A. Towne, the silver-tongued orator of Minnesota, says he unhesitatingly recommends Nuxated Iron to all who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions, and that henceforth he shall not be without it. Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says Nuxated Iron has proven through his own tests of it to excel any preparation he has ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders. Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, says he has never before recommended any remedy to the public, but that in the case of Nuxated Iron he would feel he were remiss in his duty not to mention it. Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says that in his recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, he has strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their weak, rundown, nervous, haggard-looking patients.

Ty Cobb, the greatest baseball batter of all time, took it to help give him renewed energy and great staying power. No matter what anybody says, you could not at this day get such prominent men to endorse a remedy that has no value—doctors, lawyers, politicians, athletes—a great array.

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and great European Medical Institutions, said: "Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. 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."

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs,

Special to Physicians

Doctor, what do you recommend to renew the supply of Iron in the blood of people in a weak, nervous, run-down state?

Dr. Hornstine, for ten years Physician in the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, says: "TAKE NUXATED IRON." So says Dr. A. J. Newman, late of the Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago; Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, and others. Wm. R. Kerr, former Health Commissioner of Chicago, says Nuxated Iron should be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country.

Now, doctor, why not give your patients the same kind of iron that Dr. Hornstine and other physicians felt was best for them to take—Nuxated Iron? Your patient's health and welfare comes first—medical ethics second. If a remedy is best for the doctor, why is it not best for the patient? Two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron taken three times per day after meals will often increase the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent in two weeks' time. Nuxated Iron will be furnished by any druggist on an absolute guarantee of success or money refunded.

READ BELOW WHAT DR. HORNSTINE SAYS:

During my ten years' connection with the Department of Public Health and Charities as District Physician, and with the Department of Public Safety as Police Surgeon, also as a member of important hospital staffs, I was often asked by both physicians and laymen: "Doctor, what do you recommend to renew the supply of iron in the blood of people in a weak, nervous, run-down state?" While knowing that iron deficiency was the cause of this debilitated condition, and that iron must be supplied before renewed strength could be obtained, I nevertheless always hesitated about giving an opinion. This was simply because of my lack of confidence in the ordinary forms of metallic iron salts, with which there has been so much dissatisfaction. After carefully examining the formula of Nuxated Iron, I realized that here at last was organic iron—the only kind I could conscientiously recommend, prepared in such a way with other ingredients as to be easily assimilated and calculated to act as a quick revitalizer of the blood and a true strength builder. ITS ADMINISTRATION IN A NUMBER OF STUBBORN CASES WHERE OTHER TONICS HAD UTTERLY FAILED, ONLY SERVED TO CONVINC ME ABSOLUTELY OF THE REMARKABLE AND UNUSUAL POWER OF NUXATED IRON. WHEN I PERSONALLY TOOK IT, I FOUND THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH MY ENERGY AND ENDURANCE INCREASED MOST SURPRISING. The fact that this preparation of iron does not injure the teeth, nor upset the stomach, makes it especially desirable. In my opinion, the widespread use of Nuxated Iron is bound to make a nation of stronger men, lovelier women and healthier children.

stimulants and alcoholic beverages. I am convinced that in this way they would ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real, true cause which started their disease was nothing more or less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood. Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. 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 Nuxated Iron three times a day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron which has been used by Dr. N. H. Hornstine with such surprising results, and 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 everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is

WHO HE IS

Dr. Hornstine was graduated from the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. Later he was physician on the hospital staff of this college for three years. He was also connected with the Hospital Staff of the Mt. Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia, for one year. He was a Physician on the Philadelphia Board of Health for ten years and Police Surgeon in the City of Philadelphia for seven years. He is also a writer of plays and has written and produced more than 30 plays and dramas.



DR. N. H. HORNSTINE
Well Known Philadelphia Physician

Dr. N. H. Hornstine
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 sixty 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 double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.—Adv.