

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
FOR THE OWNERSHIP OF EARTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF BY ALL THE PEOPLE AND NOT BY PART OF THE PEOPLE.
 The Appeal is never sent out on credit; if you receive it, it is paid for. Nobody owes a cent on subscription. Entered at Girard, Kansas, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.



The Appeal to Reason.

This is Number 489

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., April 15, 1905.



Statement of the Appeal Publishing Co.
 Cash on hand March 25, 1905. \$128.27
 Receipts for week ending Apr. 1, 1905. \$772.88
 Expenditures week ending Apr. 1, 1905. \$182.24
 Deficit. \$181.13
 Cash on hand April 1, 1905. \$947.02
 Obligations. \$978.12
 All money above actual operating expenses of the last will be turned into Socialist propaganda fund. No charge for use of capital employed.

Editor Appeal to Reason:
 "My Dear Sir:—I don't think I ever studied anything so hard before as I have this Socialist question during the past year, and more particularly the past two months. The paper arrives O. K., and I have received the little books. It is not necessary to state that I gave them close attention.

"If I become a Socialist, and it looks much like it now, I want to be a thorough one. I noticed so many who claimed to be rank Socialists last election and yet voted for candidates on the old tickets. I don't approve of that at all. For further information and more light, kindly send me the 'Question Box,' for which I enclose silver and stamp. You really don't know how I am placed, of course, but being a strong republican for years, holding office at times, and drawing pictures and cartoons and caricatures for republican papers for the success of the party, and at present an assistant in postoffice here, and no local organization of Socialists to back me up, it requires careful reason and study to break away. But I think you are right. I think it practicable (Socialism) and, God knows, something has to be done, and that soon. I don't believe in force, so the question of education is proper." Yours truly,



I reproduce the clever cartoon which this investigating young man sent with his letter. I would have attached his name to both letter and cartoon, but I surmised from his remarks that he did not wish too much publicity, as he is still dependent upon the Washington administration for his means of living. But the point which I wish to impress upon the minds of the Appeal Army is THAT THE WOODS ARE LITERALLY FULL OF JUST SUCH BRIGHT YOUNG MEN!

I often receive letters from comrades who have been in the work for years whose enthusiasm sometimes wanes. They are surprised that we, here in the Appeal, can keep the enthusiasm in the boiler up to the bursting point. I am frequently surprised myself—but the cause is not hard to find. Letters like the above come to the Appeal every day. And they renew the flagging courage and intensify the determination to press the battle on and on until victory at last is ours. These letters show that the Appeal is on the right track—it shows that the minds of the young men and women in this country only need the spark of the Socialist spirit to set on fire the force that will sweep away the barriers which impede our progress onward and upward to that good time when poverty and degradation will be but hideous dreams of the past.

It's the sunshine, comrades, we are working for, and it's the sunshine which drifts into the office during the trying hours of discouragement which comes to us all as our part of the heritage of the prevailing system, that furnishes the inspiration to batter the crumbling walls which separate us from the land of better things.

Did you ever experience the feeling of exultation which comes to one when he sees a brother break his political chains, and stand upright—mentally free, knowing that it was you who touched the spring and let loose this new force? That's the way I feel at this time, and if you could understand its joy it would need no urging on my part to induce you to speak to your shop mate or your neighbor, and say the word that will change him from a mere clod to an active, aggressive force.

Maybe you haven't the confidence in yourself to do this personally. Then, quietly slip a paper or a pamphlet in his dinner pail, or on his bench, or on his desk, or lay it on his porch—any place, in fact, where it will catch his eye—then watch the process of mental unfoldment. You will begin to feel the thrill which comes to the agitator in the harness. This is the only REAL pleasure permitted us today.

Doubtless you are expecting me to tell you to "get busy." That's the thought in my mind right now. And I wonder if the Appeal hadn't asked you insistently to get busy in the past whether the Socialist movement would occupy the commanding position in American politics which it does today? Tell me, would the present of the United States have called his advisors together to say to them that "unless something is done, the republican party will be called upon to face a social democracy." If the Appeal hadn't continually prodded you to "keep busy?" Do you believe if no one of the 80,000,000 (eighty million) copies of the Appeal and Coming Nations printed during the past twelve years had been circulated that such an utterance would have been made by the president of the United States?

And what we have done in the past we can multiply a thousand fold. I want you to make up your mind that, commencing as soon as you can get the papers you will drop ten stray copies each week in unexpected places for six months. This was the kind of work that started our young friend who wrote the above letter. Isn't it worth a dollar to you and to the Socialist movement to secure such a convert? This bundle of ten, which I want you to order today, will cost \$1, and it will bring ten copies each week for twenty-six weeks. You pay for the paper and postage and throw in your labor against mine.

Remember—A BUNDLE OF TEN EACH AND EVERY WEEK FOR SIX MONTHS FOR \$1.

Eighty million Appeals and Coming Nations and 20,000,000 books and pamphlets in the record the Appeal Army has to its credit during the past twelve years. Who can count the millions of readers that have been interested in social questions by this deluge of literature? Do you wonder that the plutocrats are getting alarmed?

Dispatch says that a million people are starving in Spain. They are working people. You never hear of the useless people starving. Not much. The working people vote for the system that enables the useless to have an abundance while the useful go in want. They do the same kind of things in Spain that they do in the United States of Rockefeller.

A strike in the Pennsylvania anthracite coal industry is again threatened. The masters will never live up to any agreement. Under Socialism the miners would select men from their own ranks to run the mines, make their own rules and would get the full social value of their labor. But they listen to the capitalist parties, elect them to power and then have to strike and starve! They seem to learn little by experience.

Over the protest of some of its ablest members, the American Board of Missions of the Congregational Church has accepted \$100,000 of the blood-stained Rockefeller money. The graft was too much for the principles of the members. They would sell themselves to his satanic majesty for the cash. The heathens who will get the benefit of his crime do not live abroad, but will appear in new broadcloth in the cities, each takes his part of the swag home! No wonder the people are leaving the churches severely alone. Mammon is their god.

Such an awful thing is it for one of the blue bloods to work for a living at the Chicago papers of last week depicted a whole column to narrating how the son of the president of Cornell University had been cast adrift by his father because he did not like study and was making his living by day labor in an iron foundry at Ithaca, N. Y. Honest labor is considered such a disgrace that it is reported like a murder could be! But why is it so much worse to a Schurman to work than for you or I there is any difference in the flesh and blood of him than of other human beings? Is it not more honorable to produce the equivalent of what we consume than to live on graft of the system of robbery?

Chicago, Wis.—Total vote, 5,128. Republicans, 2,881; democrats, 1,271; Socialists, 1,176. Increase in Socialist vote over two years ago, 1,100; and over a year ago, 300. Three Socialist aldermen and three supervisors elected.

Bonita Vista, Colo.—Socialists elected mayor and three members of the city council in November 80 votes polled for Socialism.

Chamberburg, Ill.—At this place the Socialists cast 22 votes, which we consider highly encouraging as there was no politics about it and each voter understood that he was voting for Socialism.—J. H. Dennis.

Potsdam, N. Y.—Total vote was 215. Democrats, 105; republicans, 22. This is the largest vote the Socialists ever cast in this place.

Coniata, I. T.—John Ingram, the candidate for mayor received 228 votes, an increase of 224, the "Citizens" vote (old parties under one roof). This was about the average vote of the Socialist candidates in Coniata. Where the Socialists become strong you will find the old parties consistently getting up on one banner, they both represent capitalism and will ultimately be driven together if they would meet the oncoming tide of Socialism with any hope of success.

Logan, Ia.—Our candidate for treasurer was high man on the Socialist ticket at this place, having received 145 votes, an increase of 62 votes over two years ago.

Topoka, Kan.—M. Hamilton, Socialist candidate for mayor received 145 votes, an increase of 62 votes over two years ago.

Kansas City, Kan.—Comrade M. R. Smith has been elected park commissioner of Kansas City, Kansas. Socialist ticket it is evident that Socialism is growing so even in Kansas.

Cherokee, Kan.—The comrades organized a local at Cherokee, Kansas, Crawford county, during the winter proceeded to get busy at once agitating socialism, and when the time for nomination of tickets arrived they were right on the ground. Their work had been so productive that the enemy organized themselves under one head, "Independent," which they had to do in order to beat the Socialists, and then they accomplished it in part. The Socialist candidate for police judge, J. B. Young, was elected by a vote of 365 to 271. The Socialist candidate for police judge, J. B. Young, was elected by a vote of 365 to 271.

Franklin, Mo.—At this place the Socialists polled 76 votes for mayor. This is the first municipal election that the Socialists have had in this place. The Gatti, candidate for councilman on Socialist ticket, received 154 votes and John Darby 136. The total vote was 322.

Girard, Kan.—J. M. Eastwood, candidate for mayor on the Socialist ticket, in Girard, received 62 votes; two years ago the Socialists polled 40 votes for their candidate, which were of doubtful character. This year, however, there were four tickets in the field, owing to the Socialist refusing the endorsement of a reform faction, who were desirous of supporting the Socialist candidates. Every vote cast for our candidates was given for class conscience. "Simon" pure Socialist vote. Candidate for police judge received 77 votes; city treasurer, 96; and treasurer board of education, 97.

Oswego, Kan.—The Socialists elected Comrade Harry Gilman, in one of the most hotly contested elections ever held in this part. The new mayor is one of the most capable and energetic men in the city, and he realizes the futility of establishing Socialism in Oswego, he will give them a clean administration and the affairs of the city will be conducted on a basis of Socialism principles as near as it is possible to do so. There is great rejoicing among the comrades at this place.—A. J. Huntington, secretary Local Oswego.

Pittsburg, Kan.—The Socialist candidate for mayor, Ben Cordray, received 298 votes, while

Marching On to Victory.

Election Returns Indicate Great Gains for the Socialists Everywhere—Racine, Wis., to the Front With Three Aldermen.

Racine, Wis.—Total vote, 5,128. Republicans, 2,881; democrats, 1,271; Socialists, 1,176. Increase in Socialist vote over two years ago, 1,100; and over a year ago, 300. Three Socialist aldermen and three supervisors elected.

Bonita Vista, Colo.—Socialists elected mayor and three members of the city council in November 80 votes polled for Socialism.

Chamberburg, Ill.—At this place the Socialists cast 22 votes, which we consider highly encouraging as there was no politics about it and each voter understood that he was voting for Socialism.—J. H. Dennis.

Potsdam, N. Y.—Total vote was 215. Democrats, 105; republicans, 22. This is the largest vote the Socialists ever cast in this place.

Coniata, I. T.—John Ingram, the candidate for mayor received 228 votes, an increase of 224, the "Citizens" vote (old parties under one roof). This was about the average vote of the Socialist candidates in Coniata. Where the Socialists become strong you will find the old parties consistently getting up on one banner, they both represent capitalism and will ultimately be driven together if they would meet the oncoming tide of Socialism with any hope of success.

Logan, Ia.—Our candidate for treasurer was high man on the Socialist ticket at this place, having received 145 votes, an increase of 62 votes over two years ago.

Topoka, Kan.—M. Hamilton, Socialist candidate for mayor received 145 votes, an increase of 62 votes over two years ago.

Kansas City, Kan.—Comrade M. R. Smith has been elected park commissioner of Kansas City, Kansas. Socialist ticket it is evident that Socialism is growing so even in Kansas.

Cherokee, Kan.—The comrades organized a local at Cherokee, Kansas, Crawford county, during the winter proceeded to get busy at once agitating socialism, and when the time for nomination of tickets arrived they were right on the ground. Their work had been so productive that the enemy organized themselves under one head, "Independent," which they had to do in order to beat the Socialists, and then they accomplished it in part. The Socialist candidate for police judge, J. B. Young, was elected by a vote of 365 to 271. The Socialist candidate for police judge, J. B. Young, was elected by a vote of 365 to 271.

Franklin, Mo.—At this place the Socialists polled 76 votes for mayor. This is the first municipal election that the Socialists have had in this place. The Gatti, candidate for councilman on Socialist ticket, received 154 votes and John Darby 136. The total vote was 322.

Girard, Kan.—J. M. Eastwood, candidate for mayor on the Socialist ticket, in Girard, received 62 votes; two years ago the Socialists polled 40 votes for their candidate, which were of doubtful character. This year, however, there were four tickets in the field, owing to the Socialist refusing the endorsement of a reform faction, who were desirous of supporting the Socialist candidates. Every vote cast for our candidates was given for class conscience. "Simon" pure Socialist vote. Candidate for police judge received 77 votes; city treasurer, 96; and treasurer board of education, 97.

Oswego, Kan.—The Socialists elected Comrade Harry Gilman, in one of the most hotly contested elections ever held in this part. The new mayor is one of the most capable and energetic men in the city, and he realizes the futility of establishing Socialism in Oswego, he will give them a clean administration and the affairs of the city will be conducted on a basis of Socialism principles as near as it is possible to do so. There is great rejoicing among the comrades at this place.—A. J. Huntington, secretary Local Oswego.

Pittsburg, Kan.—The Socialist candidate for mayor, Ben Cordray, received 298 votes, while

the rest of the candidates on the Socialist ticket received an average of about 385 votes. The vote was split up so that the boys will keep up the fight until the goal is finally reached.

Kansas City, Kan.—Kansas City made an splendid fight notwithstanding paraded reports from capitalist press. On Monday night we were in the field; glorious meeting at corner of 6th and Minnesota closed at 10:30 with three ringing cheers for labor and international Socialism that had a welkin ring. In the vote Keicher, the Socialist candidate for mayor, received 564. Socialist vote last year 339, giving us an increase while our candidate for city attorney received 690 votes.—Jack Wood.

Averill, Mich.—Out of a vote of ninety we captured eleven. Debs received eight last fall. We feel that at least four of our votes were not voted was intended, which would have given us fifteen, or almost again as many as we polled for Debs last fall.—J. Briggs.

Hannock, Mich.—The boys at this place are in the air as a result of the election. Candidate for police judge received 143 votes; candidate for mayor 84. The showing is all that could possibly be expected and we are well pleased.—M. Riedel.

Laureium, Mich.—Reports show that the Socialist vote in Laureium reached as high as 438, which should give the boys at the place great encouragement, as Debs only received 227 votes in the entire county of Houghton last year.

Battle Creek, Mich.—The Socialists elect F. A. Kulp alderman of the 1st ward by a majority of 72. The vote was 123 for Socialists, 103, and the democrats 53. The Socialist candidate for mayor received 529 votes.

Cuba, Mo.—Five Socialists elected to office at Cuba, Mo. Our city election was a quiet affair. Seven officers were elected and we quietly put in five Socialists out of the seven.—W. M. Brandle.

West Plains, Mo.—City gives Socialist ticket 22 votes; 12 votes were cast one year ago. This year all votes were straight, whereas last year the strength.—H. M. Peck.

Bellamy, Mo.—In our precinct the Socialist vote stood 33, republicans 29, and democrats 29.

Toledo, O.—"At our city election on the 4th inst. the head of the ticket, for pure unadorned Socialism, received 248 votes. Ben Kniff was candidate for mayor while at our last municipal election in 1903 our candidate Kniff received 128 votes. Of course, some of our candidates run way ahead of the ticket, some getting as many as 500 votes (but some elected). We have 125 members in our local and are still growing. Shall keep our feet to the front until the victory is ours.—Fraternizing, W. A. Adams.

Calumet, Mich.—Election for township officers resulted in an average vote of 542 for Socialist candidates, the highest number cast for any Socialist candidate since 425 and lowest 225. Last year the average Socialist vote was 250. Gain over last year 92.

Blain, Mich.—E. R. Stewart, Socialist, elected councilman by a vote of 84 to 70.

Waterloo, Ia.—For mayor: Capitalist vote, 1,068; Socialists, 520.

Pittsfield, Ill.—First township Socialist ticket in the field resulted in 22 votes for the Socialist candidate for town clerk as against 130 for republican candidate and 111 for the democrat candidate. If votes were cast for Debs last fall.

Lehigh, I. T.—Socialist candidate for mayor received 77 votes, and the

Agnes, Colo.—Out of a total vote of 919 Socialist candidate for mayor received 26 and Socialist candidate for city clerk 12. The vote in the field, two of which were elected. Last fall Debs received but 137 out of a total of 672. We hope to make a clean sweep at next election. Appeal doing good work here.—C. E. Howe.

THE HOMELESS OF NEW YORK.

A writer in the Milwaukee News objects to the statement of the Appeal that 18,000 men own the property of New York City, claiming that 35,050 out of 85,100 families own houses free and clear. Even this statement shows that the large majority are homeless, and of itself is enough to awaken the people to the trend of conditions that portend a nation of homeless slaves. But his figures do not conform to the fact as expressed in the census reports. The statement I made was based on a recent article printed in a capitalist paper for last year, while the statement of the news writer is alleged to be based on the census for 1900.

In census report, 1900, on page 205, it is shown that in Greater New York in that year there were 709,526 families of these 35,050 owned their homes free of debt, while 48,902 had mortgaged homes and 617,474 were renters. In other words, only six families of each hundred owned their homes, for a mortgaged home is not owned, as rent is paid in the shape of interest. Yes, if the propertyless will vote together they can wipe out the parasites and their funky excretors. If this is "rot," then make the most of it. The onward march of Socialism the world over shows that the leaven is working, and can no more be stayed while the present industrial conditions exist than can the swells of the ocean.

CAPITALISM ABOLISHING THE FAMILY.

Do Socialists believe in what is called "trial marriages"? Do their ideas or platform interfere with the integrity of relation of the family in any way whatever?—J. E. DeKans, Waycross, Ga.

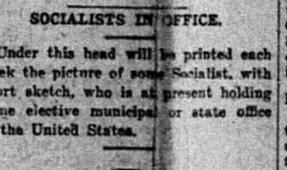
No. Socialism deals with economics, or wealth production. The only reference to "trial marriages" I have noticed was when they were advocated by a Kansas republican legislator. The only influence that Socialism would have on marriage or the home life would come from the increased income of the bread winner. It would enable every worker to have an income at least five times as great as today. Perhaps that would destroy the family, but we hardly think so. We believe such a condition would result in making the home more attractive and therefore more stable. Capitalism is destroying the home, says Jacob Riis, the friend of Roosevelt. You can see evidence of that all about you. The homes of today are more loosely held than before capitalism developed to its present perfection. There is not and never has been a word in any Socialist platform advocating trial marriages or any thing that could possibly be construed to wink at the free list we have all about us today. Society today is rotten. Read the papers and see for yourself. These things are charges to blind the people to the robbery being committed against them.

"A CHANCE OF HEAVEN."

A Russian clergyman has issued a has been widely circulated by the

SOCIALISTS IN OFFICE.

Under this head will be printed each week the picture of some Socialist, with short sketch, who is at present holding some elective municipal or state office in the United States.



EDWARD J. SCHERER, Assemblyman from 9th District, Milwaukee, Wis.

Comrade Scherer has been an advocate of Socialism for twelve years. In 1904 he was elected assemblyman from the 9th district of Milwaukee, receiving 1,360 votes, and is doing his best to improve upon the minds of his fellow legislators. Last year he was elected and is going to have some voice in the law making which has been done in the Congress. Comrade Scherer was born in 1864, in Oshkosh county, Wisconsin, moved to Milwaukee in 1878, where he has since resided. He was educated in the public schools of Milwaukee. He is a member of the German-American Union No. 23 for about 15 years. He was a delegate to the Federal Trades Council about two years and a member of the executive board of that body for two years.



The capitalist gives us an egg he robs of the hen.

DID YOU KNOW THAT the president is using special trains at the expense of the railroad companies? No wonder they are not afraid of his investigation. The president should be above such petty obligations. But then he is merely a man.

DID YOU KNOW THAT the disclosures at her trial show that Mrs. Chadwick was no more of a grafter than the bankers and financial sharks that she dealt with? They charged her 100 per cent interest, and in doing so were just as great criminals as she was. A shameless lot, these "eminently respectable."

DID YOU KNOW THAT Rockefeller has just bought, body and boots, the Congregational Church organization of the United States, with its ministers, its trustees and its power? The price paid was \$100,000 cash down. When John needs anything in his business he buys it. Religion sells on the market just as pork and beans. It looks like it was time for decent people to get out of the Congregational church after such a sale. Shame on their love of money. This church now publicly serves Rockefeller instead of God.

DID YOU KNOW THAT of the more than six million workmen who voted the republican ticket, there does not seem to be one that appears to the president to have brains enough to be appointed to a cabinet or any responsible position? The president appears to have a poor idea of the working class who elected him. The Socialist party nominates only those who have toiled for a living. Perhaps that is why the working class refuse to vote for them—think they have no brains. Only the skinner has brains!

DID YOU KNOW THAT Frick, the Homestead demon, has just rented one of Vanerhill's residences in New York at an annual rental of \$85,000 a year? It's easy to pay such rents when you have thousands of slaves in many industries piling up the profits for you. It's funny the slaves can not see their slavery. No slave master of yore then would ever have paid such a rent. White slavery is more profitable than black slavery ever was—and the white slaves don't know they are slaves, while the black slaves did. Private capital means human slavery.

DID YOU KNOW THAT the asylums and prisons of the nation are crowded beyond their capacity. Why? That there is twice the crime and five times the insanity that there was twenty years ago? Why? Your capitalistic system is bearing its legitimate fruit. Do you like it?

Then vote the old tickets and have it continue. It gets worse day by day; crime is rampant; boodle is the game; debauchery flaunts its brazen face everywhere and insanity leers in an ever-increasing force. But we would all starve if we didn't vote for the system of millionaires and paupers. What are you living for?

DID YOU KNOW THAT the money that will be spent to build the Panama canal would have built four lines of railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast and would have employed several hundred thousand American citizens for some time to do it, and would have reduced the freight rates to one-fourth of their present tariff? But, then, there would have been no graft of millions in this such as the canal affords. And thieves want good conditions for stealing—and from reports from Panama they have got the conditions all right. And the people stand all this like silly children.

DID YOU KNOW THAT the parcels post treaty with England, which went into effect April 1st, permits citizens of England to mail 70 ounces of anything in one package, while the American citizen can mail but 64 ounces! It gives the Englishman the privilege of doing this for twelve cents a pound, while the American must pay sixteen cents a pound! How do you like that? What chumps you are to permit others to use your property for less than you are permitted to use it yourself. And you vote for capitalists who make laws that they want—they and their foreign friends. Great is American liberty and justice!

DID YOU KNOW THAT a dispatch from Cheyenne, Wyo., dated March 25th, says that the Union Pacific has discharged all its white trackmen and employed Japanese, except for foremen. The Americans don't have much show—not even for action men. But they vote to have the Morganasterbilts own the roads, so they are getting just what their masters want them to have and should be perfectly happy and prosperous. I think the American voter is about the dullest thing that ever happened. He has no more idea what his ballot is for, what it will do and what it is doing, than a baby. He just votes as some fellow, interested in getting a fat office, tells him to, and lets it go at that.

DID YOU KNOW THAT in twenty-three battles in the last century one million men were killed or wounded? For what? That a few tyrants might make profit out of it. If you rich who control the nations had to do the fighting

and pay the bills war would be abolished. Why can't the voters see that they are used as so many pigeons at a trap? This seems to be the best use that the rulers can make of humanity. This is not one-fourth of the list during the time. These men properly directed could have housed the entire human race in good homes during their lives. And this in Christian (?) nations!

THE RESULT IN CHICAGO.

Chicago has been the cynosure of the eyes of the Socialists of America during the past few months. The summer in the city by the lake has been warring a terrific battle on the front against capitalism and on the bank against the municipal ownership of the middle class. The Socialist vote last fall elevated the party to a legally constituted organization, amenable to the primary laws of Illinois. To comply with the new regulations was in itself a herculean task which none of us who were not in the fray can appreciate. It taxed the financial resources of the members to the last dollar—but the primary organization was completed, and for the first time in its history Socialism went to the polls in Chicago in long pants. When one understands the situation, the vote cast at the election last week in Chicago is certainly a cause for congratulation. Steadily has the municipal vote grown, as the table following shows:

1901 (municipal)	5,284
1902 (municipal)	11,124
1903 (municipal)	29,323

The vote was considerably less than was cast at the presidential election—as was anticipated. Last fall, it should be remembered, there was no fight between the two old parties—both were running on identical platforms—and there was consequently no blurring of class lines. The beef workers' strike also contributed a very large share of voters who voted the Socialist ticket as a "protest." It was inevitable that many of them—yet very firmly grounded in the class character of the Socialist movement—should be caught by the clever arguments of the "timid" municipal ownership of the James Dimes and his supporters. But it is noticed that Socialism moves onward and upward and each year leaves it higher than the preceding year. Socialism is today stronger in Chicago than ever before. The Appeal congratulates the Chicago boys and wishes them that no complaint will issue from their source if they continue to do as well in the future as they have in the past.

THE JUNGLE

A STORY OF CHICAGO
BY UPTON SINCLAIR
Author of "Manassah," "Prince Hagen," etc.



The family would with terror send for a doctor.

CHAPTER VII

ALL summer long the family talked, and in the fall they had money enough for Jurgis and Ona to be married according to home traditions of decency. In the latter part of November they hired a hall, and they invited, not only all their friends, but their friends' friends, and all others who might chance to hear of it. For a week or two there was preparation; it was necessary that Ona should have a white muslin dress and Jurgis a new suit of black; and then from Saturday morning till Sunday afternoon there was baking and boiling, and endless trips to everywhere to borrow knives and forks and crockery. So at last the great hour arrived, and, as we have seen, the guests came and showed them what becomes of honor and decency in the dominions of the self-made merchant.

They were over a hundred dollars in debt, and all things not yet counted. It was a bitter and cruel experience, and it left them plunged in an agony of despair. Such a time of all times for them to have it, when their hearts were made tender! Such a pitiful beginning it was for their married life; they loved each other so, and they could not have the briefest respite! It was a time when everything cried out to them that they ought to be happy; when wonder burned in their hearts, and leaped into flame at the slightest breath. They were shaken to the depths of their hearts, with the awe of love realized; and was it so very weak of them that they cried out for a little respite? They had opened their hearts, like flowers to the springtime, and the merciless winter had fallen upon them. They wondered if any love that ever had blossomed in the world before, had been so crushed and trampled!

Over them, relentless and savage, there cracked the lash of want; the morning after the wedding it sought them as they slept, and drove them out before day-break to work. Ona was scarcely able to stand with exhaustion; but if she were to lose her place they would be ruined, and she would surely lose it if she were not on time that day. They all had to go, even little Stanislovas, who was so tired that he could scarcely stand, and all besides from overindulgence in sausage and sarsaparilla. All that day he stood at his lathe, rocking restlessly, his eyes closing in spite of him; and he all but lost his place even so, for the foreman booted him twice to waken him, and once more and he would have booted him out of the door.

It was fully a week before they were all normal again, and meantime, with whining children and cross adults, the house was not a pleasant place to live in. Marija and Jonas would have to do without their savings till Jurgis could earn the money to pay them back; and though they did not say anything, they were naturally disconcerted at this. And then there came Grajeunas, the saloon-keeper, with his bill, nearly thirty dollars more than they had expected—and he demanding that it be paid upon the instant. There was some reason for hispate within the family, for Jurgis

met with it and have to sit all day long in one of the cold cellars of Smith's was no laughing matter. Ona was a working girl, and did not own waterproofs and such things, and so Jurgis took her and put her on the street-car. Now it chanced that this car-line was owned by wealthy gentlemen who were trying to make money out of it; and the city having passed an ordinance requiring them to give transfers, they had fallen into a tangle at this interference with the elemental right of business men to manage their own business in their own way, and were now trying to revenge themselves. First they had made a rule that transfers could be had only when the fare was paid, and later, growing still uglier, they made another—that the passenger must ask for the transfer, the conductor was not allowed to offer it. Now Ona had been told that she was to get a transfer; but it was not her way to speak up, and so she merely waited, following the conductor about with her eyes, wondering when he would think of her. When at last the time came for her to get out, she asked for the transfer, and was refused. Not knowing what to make of this, she began to argue with the conductor, in a language of which he did not understand a word. After warning her several times, he pulled the bell and the car went on—at which Ona burst into tears. At the next corner she got out, of course; and as she had no more money, she had to walk the rest of the way to the yards in the pouring rain. And so all day long she sat shivering, and came home at night with her teeth chattering and pains in her head and back. For two weeks afterwards she suffered cruelly—and yet every day she had to drag herself to her work. Twice during the time she swooned dead away, but the foreman would not let her come home, even so. Girls were all the time wanting to go home, and it made extra trouble keeping the records; so generally they are told to go and lie on the floor in the corner a while, and see if they do not feel better. The foreman was especially severe with Ona, because she believed that she was obstinate on account of having been refused a holiday the day after her wedding. Ona had an idea that her "forelady" did not like to have her girls marry—perhaps because she was old and ugly and unmarried herself.

There were many such dangers, in which the odds were all against them. Their children were not as well as they had been at home; but how could they know that there was no sewer to their house, and that the drainage of fifteen years was in a cess-pool under it? How could they know that the pale blue milk that they bought around the corner was watered, and doctored with formaldehyde besides? When the children were not well at home, Teta Elzbieta would gather herbs and cure them; now she was obliged to go to the drug-store and buy extracts—and how was she to know that they were all adulterated, that a pure drug is not to be bought any longer by a poor man in the United States of America? How could they find out that their tea and coffee, their sugar and flour, had all been doctored; that their canned peas had been colored with copper-salts; and their fruit jams with aniline dyes? And even if they had known it, what good would it have done them, since there was no place within miles of them where any other sort was to be had! The bitter winter was coming, and they had to save money to get more clothing and bedding; but it would not matter in the least how much they saved, they could not get anything to keep them warm. All the clothing that was to be had in the stores was made of cotton and shoddy, which is made by tearing old clothes to pieces and weaving the fibre again. If they paid higher prices they might get frills and fancies, or be cheated; but genuine quality they could not obtain for love nor money. A young friend of Szardwila's, recently come from abroad, had become a clerk in a store on Ashland avenue, and had taken quickly to the ways of the place; he had narrated with glee a trick he had played upon an unsuspecting countryman, thereby gaining great favor with his employer. The customer had desired to purchase an alarm-clock, and the clerk had shown him two exactly similar, telling him that the price of one was a dollar, and of the other a dollar seventy-five. Upon being asked what the difference was, the clerk had wound up the first half way, and the second all the way, and showed the customer how the latter made twice as much noise; upon which the customer remarked that he was a sound sleeper, and had better take the more expensive clock!

There is a poet who sings that
"Deeper their heart grows and nobler their bearing,"

Whose youth in the fire of anguish hath died.

It is not likely that he had reference to the kind of anguish that comes with destitution, that so endlessly bitter and cruel, and yet so sordid a petty, so ugly, so humiliating—unredeemed—the slightest touch of dignity, or even of pathos. It is a kind of anguish that poets have not commonly dealt with; its very words are not admitted into the vocabulary of poets—the details of it cannot be told in polite society at all. How, for instance, could any one expect to excite sympathy among lovers of good literature by telling how a family found their home alive with vermin, and of all the suffering and inconvenience and humiliation they were put to, and the hard-earned money they spent in efforts to get rid of them. The cultured reader's own home is provided with a bath-room—perhaps with half a dozen; and he does not have to stand in the midst of blood and filth from seven o'clock in the morning until six, or perhaps nine at night; and he has time to use his bath-tub, and cannot understand why everyone is not as clean as he. Also, when he goes traveling, he does not sleep in places where his clothing and baggage get filled with vermin; if such a deplorable accident were to happen, he would probably bring them all. Our family tried to get rid of them; after long hesitation and uncertainty they paid twenty-five cents for a big package of insect-powder—a powder which chanced to be ninety-five per cent gypsum, a harmless earth which had cost about two cents to prepare. Of course it had not the least effect, except upon a few roaches which had the misfortune to drink water after eating it, and so got their inward set in a coating of plaster of paris. The family, having no idea of this, and no more money to throw away, had nothing to do but give up, and submit to one more misery for the rest of their days.

Once upon a time a great-hearted black chattel-slave and roused a continent to arms. She had many things in her favor, which cannot be counted on by him who would paint the life of the modern slave—the slave of the factory, the sweat-shop and the mine. The lash which drives the latter cannot either be seen or heard; most people do not believe that it exists—it is the cant of the philanthropist and the political convention that it does not exist. This slave is never hunted by blood-hounds; he is not beaten to pieces by picturesque villains, nor does he die in ecstasies of religious faith. His religion is but another snare of his oppressors, and the bitterest of his misfortunes, the hounds that hunt him are disease and accident, and the villain who murders him is merely the prevailing rate of wages. And who can thrill the reader with the tale of a man-hunt, in which the hunted is a lousy and ignorant foreigner, and the hunters are the germs of consumption, diphtheria and typhoid? Who can make a romance out of the story of a man whose one life-venture is the scratching of a finger by an infected butcher-knife, with a pine-box and a pauper's grave as the denouement? And yet it may be just as painful to die of blood-poisoning as to be beaten to death; to be tracked by blood-hounds and torn to pieces is most certainly a merciful fate compared to that which falls to thousands every year in Packingtown—to be hunted for life by bitter poverty, to be ill-clothed and badly housed, to be weakened by starvation, cold and exposure, to be laid low by sickness or accident—and then to lie and watch, while the gaunt wolf of hunger creeps in upon you and gnaws out the heart of you, and tears up the bodies and souls of your wife and babes.

There was old Antanas, for instance; the winter came, and the place where he worked was a dark unheated cellar, where you could see your breath all day, and where your fingers sometimes tried to freeze. So the old man's cough grew every day, and one time there came a time when it hardly ever stopped, and he had become a nuisance about the place. Then, too, a still more dreadful thing happened to him; he worked in a place where his feet were soaked in chemicals, and it was not long before they had eaten through his new boots. Then sores began to break out on his feet, and grow worse and worse; whether it was that his blood was bad, or there had been a cut, he could not say; but he asked the men about it, and learned that it was a regular thing—it was the saltpetre. Everyone felt, sooner or later, and then it was all up with him, at least for that sort of work. The sores would never heal, but in the end his toes would drop off, if he did not quit. Yet old Antanas would not quit—he saw the suffering of his family, and he remembered what it had cost him to get a job. So he tied up his feet, and went on limping about and coughing, until at last he fell to pieces all at once, and in a heap, like the Old Horse Slay. They carried him to a dry place and laid him on the floor, and that night two of the men helped him home. The poor old man was put to bed, and though he tried it every morning until the end, he never could get up again. He would lie there and cough and sneeze, day and night, wasting away to a mere skeleton. There came a time when there was so little flesh on him that the bones began to poke through—which was a horrible thing to see, or even think of. And one night he had a choking fit, and a little river of blood came out of his mouth. The family, wild with terror, sent for a doctor, and paid half a dollar to be told that there was nothing to be done. Mercifully the doctor did not say this so that the old man could hear, for he was still clinging to the faith that once, and next time, he would be better, and could go back to his job. The company had sent word to him that they would keep it for him—or rather Jurgis had bribed one of the men to come one Sunday afternoon and say they had. Diedas Antanas continued to believe it, while three more hemorrhages came; and then at last one morning they found him stiff and cold. Things were not going well with them then, and though it nearly broke Teta Elzbieta's heart, they were forced to dispense with nearly all the decencies of a funeral; they had only a hearse, and one hack for the women and children; and Jurgis, who was learning things fast, spent all Sunday making a bargain for these, and he made it in a trice, for a man would be walking on the street, the size of the feet of an elephant. Now and then when the bosses were not looking, you would see

Antanas Rudkos and his son had dwelt in the forest together, and it was hard to part in this way; perhaps it was just as well that Jurgis had to give all his attention to the task of having a funeral without being bankrupted, and so had no time to indulge in memories and grief.

Now the dreadful winter was come upon them. In the forests, all summer long, the branches of the trees do battle for light, and some of them lose and die; and then in the winter come the raging blasts, and the storms of snow and hail, and strew the ground with these weaker branches. Just so it was in Packingtown; the whole district braced itself for the struggle that was an agony, and those whose time was come, died off in hordes. All the year round they had been serving as cogs in the great packing-machine; and now was the time for the renovating of the machine, and the replacing of damaged parts. There came pneumonia and grippe, stalking among them, seeking for weakened constitutions; there was the annual harvest of those whom tuberculosis had been dragging down. There came cruel cold, and biting winds, and blizzards of snow, all testing relentlessly for failing muscles and impoverished blood. The packing-machines ground on remorselessly—and sooner or later came the day when the unit did not report for work; and then, with no time lost in waiting, and no inquiries or reverses, there was a chance for a new hand.

The new hands were here, by the thousands. All day long the gates of the packing-houses were besieged by starving and penniless men; they came, literally by the thousands every single morning, fighting with each other in mad frenzy for a chance for life. Blizzards and frightful cold made no difference to them, they were always on hand; they were on hand two hours before the sun rose, an hour before the work began. Sometimes their faces froze, sometimes their feet and their hands; sometimes they froze all together—but still they came, for they had no other place to go. One day Anderson had to enter, and all that day the homeless and starving of the jungle came trudging through the snow from all over its two hundred square miles. That night forty score of them crowded into the station-house of the stock-yards district—they filled the corners, sleeping in each other laps, toboggan-fashion, and they piled on top of each other in the corridors, till the police shut the doors, and left some to freeze to death outside. On the morrow, before day-break, there were three thousand at Anderson's, and the police-reserve had to be sent for to quell the riot. Then Anderson's bosses picked out twenty of the biggest, and the papers had it that the "two hundred" was a printer's error.

Four or five miles to the eastward lay the lake, and over this the bitter winds came raging. Sometimes the thermometer would fall to ten or twenty degrees below zero at night, and in the morning the streets could be piled with snow-drifts up to the first floor windows. The streets through which our friends had to go to their work were all unprepared, and full of deep holes and gullies; in summer, when it rained hard, a man might have to wade to his waist to get to his house; and now in winter it was no joke getting through these places, before light in the morning and after dark at night. They would wrap up in all they owned, but they could not wrap up against exhaustion; and many a man gave out in these battles with the snow-drifts, and lay down and fell asleep. And if it was bad for the men, one may imagine how the women and children fared. Some would ride in the cars, if the cars were running; but when you are making only five cents an hour, as was little Stanislovas, you do not like to spend that much to ride two miles. The children would come to the yards with great shawls about their ears, and so tied up that they could hardly find them; and when they would be accident. One bit morning in February the little boy who worked at the lathe-machine with Stanislovas came about an hour late, and screaming with pain; they unwrapped him, and a man began vigorously rubbing his ears. As they were frozen stiff it took only two or three rubs to break them short off, and then the little fellow lay down and rolled on the floor in his agony. As a result of this, little Stanislovas conceived a terror of the cold that was almost a mania. Every morning, when it came time to start for the yards, he would begin to cry and protest; nobody knew quite how to manage him, for threats did no good—it seemed to be something that he could not control, and they feared sometimes that he would go into convulsions. In the end it had to be arranged that he be always went with Jurgis, and came home with him again; often, when the snow was deep, the man would carry him the whole way on his shoulder. But sometimes Jurgis would be working until late at night, and then it was pitiful, for there was no place for the little fellow to wait, save in the door-way or in a corner of the killing-floor, and he would all but fall asleep there, and freeze to death.

There was no heat upon the killing-floor. The men might exactly as well have worked out of doors all winter. For that matter, there was very little heat anywhere in the building, except in the cooking-rooms and such places—and it was the men who worked in these who ran the most risk of all, because whenever they had to pass to another room they had to go through ice-cold corridors, and sometimes with nothing on above the waist except a sleeveless undershirt. In summertime the chilling-rooms were counted deadly places, for rheumatism and such things; but when it came to winter the men envied those who worked there—at least the chilling-rooms were kept at a precise temperature, and one could not freeze to death. On the killing-floor you might easily freeze, if the gang for any reason had to stop for a time. You were apt to be covered with blood, and it would freeze solid; if you leaned against a pillar you would freeze to that, and if you put your hand upon the blade of your knife, you would run a chance of leaving your skin on it. The men would tie up their feet in newspapers and old sacks, and these would be soaked in blood and frozen, and then night would come, and so on, until by the time a man would be walking on the street, the size of the feet of an elephant. Now and then when the bosses were not looking, you would see

Crystalized Poison!

Your blood is always full of poison—the poison you eat and drink and breathe into your system. It is the purpose of the blood to absorb and carry on this very poison. And the kidneys, which are the blood filters, are expected to cleanse the blood and send it back through the system clean to gather more poison which, they, in turn, will eliminate.

But sometimes the kidneys fail. And sometimes the blood filters are so clogged with full of poison that they cannot absorb it at all. This is the start of Rheumatism. The poison accumulates and crystallizes. The crystals lock like little grains of sugar or of fine white sand. The blood carries them and they increase in size. Then, when it can carry them no longer, it deposits them in a joint—on a bone—anywhere. The twinge in your leg—the dull ache in your arm—a rainy day—these are the outward signs of the unseen crystals. And the twisted limbs and wretched anguish of the sufferer are the outward signs of what Rheumatism, neglected, can do. Rheumatism includes lameness, sciatica, neuralgia, gout—for all these are the results of Rheumatism in its blood-poisoning.

Plainly the first thing to do is to remove the poison. But this is not enough. The formation of the poison must be stopped. The kidneys may have a chance to dissolve and eliminate the crystals which have already formed. Unless this can be done, the crystals will be permanent.

I searched the whole earth for a specific for Rheumatism—something that any physician could feel safe in prescribing—something that would count on not only as permanent, but always. For Rheumatism is Rheumatism, wherever and whenever relief is rare.

Mild cases are sometimes cured by a single package.—On sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

them plunging their feet and ankles into the steaming hot carcass of the steer, or darting across the room to the hot-water jets. The cruellest thing of all was that nearly all of them—all of those who used knives—were unable to wear gloves, and their arms would be white with frost and their hands would grow numb, and then of course there would be accidents. Also the air would be full of steam, from the hot water and the hot blood, so that you could not see five feet before you; then, with men rushing about at the speed they kept up on the killing-floor, and all with butcher-knives, like razors, in their hands—well, it was to be counted as a wonder that there were not more men slaughtered than cattle.

And yet all this inconvenience they

A Dollar's Worth Free To Any Rheumatic Sufferer

I spent twenty years in experimenting before I felt assured that I had a certain remedy for this great disease, one which would not only clean out the poison, but one which would stop its formation.

Certain Relief

The secret lay in a wonderful chemical I found in Germany. When I found this chemical I knew that I could make a Rheumatic cure that would be practically certain, that it would be made in an announcement—before I was willing to put my name on it—I made more than 2,000 tests! And my failures were but 2 per cent.

This German chemical is not the only ingredient in Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure—but it made the remedy possible—made possible an achievement which I doubt not could have been made in no other way.

This chemical was very expensive. The duty tax was high—in all it cost me \$4.00 per pound. But what I \$4.00 per pound cost me a real remedy for the world's most painful disease—for a real relief from the greatest torture human beings know.

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure will cure in all it will cure 99 out of 100. Impossible! But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling and then that will let you look on Rheumatism as the end of the suffering—the end of Rheumatism. That is why I can afford to make this liberal offer. That is why I can afford to give the first dollar that Rheumatic sufferers, the world over, may learn of my remedy.

Simply Write Me

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere, who has not tried my remedy. But you must write ME for the free dollar package order. I will send you my remedy free of charge, and I will accept as gladly as he would accept it himself. He will hand you from his shelves a standard sized package, and you will receive it free. There are no conditions—no requirements. All that I ask you to do is to write—write today. If you do not write today, you will never see it. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 5948, Racine, Wis.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

THIS 20 Year Guaranteed Watch for \$3.95
The best, hand-made and most perfect pocket watch ever offered for sale. Double hunting case, rich gold plated pattern of engraving, superior case, and movement. Guaranteed to keep perfect time for 20 YEARS. Full set of jewels, surplus on the face of the watch. BEING SO BELIEVED. Out this set and send it to you with express collect, and you will receive it with a 20 year guarantee. Write for complete particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

No Money Required
We will give you a trial of our famous "Wife Beater" for 10 days. It is a sure cure for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gold Watch FREE
An American-made watch, fully warranted for 20 years. Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

PRAIRIE STATE
INCUBATORS AND BROODERS
The most complete line of incubators and brooders ever offered. Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

CANCER CURED
WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OIL
Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, and all Skin and Wound Diseases. Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

STOP MORPHINE
To prevent the terrible Heroin Habits, we will give you a trial of our famous "Wife Beater" for 10 days. It is a sure cure for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

VARICOCELE
Cured in One Sitting
No Pain, No Discomfort, No Failure. Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE TO AGENTS
Flat this half ounce loose & perfect. Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

33 Days Sure
We pay \$38.00 a week for all kinds of watches. Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

TAPE-WORN
Write for full particulars to your nearest agent, or to the watch company, R. E. HALLIMAN & CO., 233 Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

We Paid \$100,000

For Liquezone. Yet We Give You a 50c Bottle Free.

We paid \$100,000 for the American rights to Liquezone; the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others. We cured all kinds of germ diseases with it—thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. We proved that in germ troubles it always accomplishes what medicine cannot do. Now we ask you to try it—try it at our expense. Test it as we did; see what it does. Then you will use it always, as we do, and as millions of others do. You will use it, not only to get well, but to keep well. And it will save nearly all of your sickness.

Kills Inside Germs.
Liquezone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there any alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we establish on every bottle an offer of

\$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquezone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetable matter.

There lies the great value of Liquezone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquezone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that we have spent over one million dollars to supply the first bottle free to each sick one we learned of.

50c Bottle Free.

If you need Liquezone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquezone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquezone costs 50c and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.
For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquezone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My doctor has told me I have _____, but if you will send me a 50c bottle of Liquezone, I will try it.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquezone will be gladly supplied for a test.

The Confessions of a Frenzied Financier

Or Who Got the Swag?

By FRED D. WARREN.

Is Thomas W. Lawson a grafter? Mr. Lawson says he is not—says it emphatically and in Lawsonian language. That ought to settle it—but it doesn't. A correspondent at Gainesville, Fla., timidly asked Mr. Lawson if he earned his millions honestly, or if he was not, in fact, just as big a grafter as any of the pals on whom he has turned state's evidence.

Lawson got real mad, and forthwith would have added another notch to that celebrated gun of his, only the critic was nearly one thousand miles away and Lawson was too busy with his ticker to handle the gun at that range. So he let it pass, adding as a P. S.:

"You add that you are inclined to think I am a grafter." In reply it can only say you would not dare—and I don't know your size, color, or length of trigger-finger—to say it in my presence, though, of course, it is immaterial what you or your kind think of me or my work."

So there, now! But is Lawson a grafter? In the first place, what is a grafter? Webster says a grafter is "one who grafts." That's clear as mud. Turning to the pages of everyday life, reeking with "graft," we find that a grafter is a man who gets something for nothing." He may do this honestly or dishonestly, according to the standard of the prevailing code of ethics. Standard Oil Rogers, who was at one time a particular friend of Lawson's, says it was right to buy slaves before it was made illegal, and that it was right to take rebates from railroads before the passage of the inter-state commerce law. Then it would follow that the man who grafted by taking rebates before the inter-state law was passed was an honest grafter—while today he is a dishonest grafter.

Lawson is an honest grafter, because there is no law on the statute books up to the present time making it unlawful for a corporation to buy a bunch of copper mines, capitalize them at ten times what they cost the promoters, sell the stock to the dear, lamblike public; then depress the market, shoot the price of the stock down and buy it back for a song. This is a perfectly legal method of doing business.

And if we are to believe Lawson, this was the manner in which he honestly earned his great fortune.

Lawson, in the April installment of his story, tells of the beginning of Amalgamated. The first move was to secure control of a little Utah copper mine, in which a number of financial patriots had placed all their money.

After telling of his heavenly ambition to combine all the "coppers" into a gigantic corporation (which would furnish a safe investment for himself and his friends), this votary of frenzied finance begins to tell how it was done.

Lawson says he "saw it first," and finally persuaded the holy man of oil to go "smacks" with him in the deal. Lawson, with the elation of a new reporter on his first assignment, buckles to the task. He hunted the stockholders of the Utah Consolidated Mining Company out of a couple of million dollars and laid it at the feet of his masters. This was done in a way that would have amazed Dick Turpin.

Lawson relates that after Rogers had become sufficiently interested in copper the word was given to absorb the Utah concern. Lawson, acting as the Standard Oil "fence," went to the Utah folks and told them that the Standard had decided to embrace them in the new Amalgamated. This pleased them very much, as they understood the potency of the name "Standard Oil." It made gold grow where before there had been only common clay. Utah shares were selling at about 15¢. Lawson took 50,000 at that price. Mind you, he did not pay for them. He simply took an option on that many—the goods were to be delivered on "call." These fifty thousand shares were in turn palmed off on the public at 32 and 36¢. That is, buyers agreed to take Utah at that price when Standard Oil got ready to deliver.

"This section of the deal," says Lawson, "was soon wound up and showed us a profit of \$1,000,000. That is, we had sold 50,000 shares which we did not possess, but which were sure to be sold for one million more than we should have to pay their owners for them. When I reported my success to Rogers he expressed complete satisfaction, and ordered me to inform the Utah people that another 50,000 shares must be added to the option, as he could not think of taking the great name Standard Oil to an enterprise in which he had less than a third interest. This second request was a bitter pill to the Clark-Ward-Untermyer (Utah) crowd, who hated to surrender for such a low figure this tremendous parcel of stock that was now selling fast at forty per cent advance."

Lawson and Rogers succeeded in brow-beating these poor folks, however, and they disgorged another block of 50,000 shares. On this deal "we," says Lawson, "netted \$1,250,000."

This made two and a quarter millions which the Standard Oil and Lawson had made without putting up a dollar. Did Capt. Kidd ever make such a haul?

"After 'pulling off' such a big 'trick,' as the professional crook puts it, and getting away with such a fat bundle of swag, you, my good readers," continues Lawson, "with that winning smile of his, 'might naturally suppose that this shining light of the 'System' would pass on to new victims.'"

(Lawson has now dropped from the first person plural to the third person singular. Before it was "we," and now it is "the other fellow.") But not so. Lawson hadn't yet reached the dizzy heights of real frenzied financing. His master ordered him to sell 50,000 additional shares of Utah. And remember, the crooks had already sold 100,000 shares on which they had simply an option. Now the game was to sell 50,000 shares which they did not possess and on which they did not have an option. This puzzled Lawson at first—but when he finally tumbled to the game, he enjoyed it just as much as did Rogers himself. Lawson sold the 50,000 shares which he did not possess and which he did not know he could deliver—deliberately put his hand in the pockets of the people who bought this stock, just as a common thief would pick your pocket, and pulled out an additional million dollars.

Then Lawson reported to his master.

"Lawson, I've been thinking that Utah matter over and have made up my mind that it is not safe to go ahead unless we have the actual control of the company, 151,000 shares. Tell them so, and that we must have 51,000 shares in addition to our 100,000."

Lawson gasped. He caught a glimpse of the dark gentleman in the wool pile.

"But, great heavens, Mr. Rogers," he protested, "those people won't stand it. There is a limit to all things, and this is over the limit. They surely will not stand it."

"They won't, eh?" grinned Lawson's partner in crime. "You look it over carefully and I think you will agree with me that they must stand it—even if I make it another 100,000."

And then Rogers, like a surgeon dissecting a chloroformed patient, explained that if the Standard Oil "got from under" the Utah company would go to smash; that the stockholders of this concern had themselves bought back for thirty and forty the very stock which they had sold to Rogers and Lawson at fifteen; had borrowed millions of money to do it, anticipating that when it became generally known that the company had become a part of the great Standard Oil wealth-extracting machine, they would reap a harvest on the advance of their stock. Now this structure was threatened by Rogers unless the Utah company sold more stock at fifteen and bought it back at forty.

Lawson was staggered. He realized that these people—some of them his personal friends—had fallen into a trap.

"They were now in the 'System's' crusher, amidst the six wheels and cylinders, and the vast engine was poised over their prostrate bodies. They had no redress. No one had done anything to them, but they were helpless as sheep in the sheering pen. As I grasped the perfection of their entrapment and the utter impotence against 'Standard Oil' of men even as smart as they undoubtedly were, I began to have a feeling that the 'System' might be the realization that has ever good my great scheme for the redemption of 'Copper' might be in itself, in the hands of these men." (Who? Lawson and Rogers? "It could be easily brought into an instrument of torture for extracting money from the helpless. Victims had no place, however, where I was then.")

Did Lawson turn from the task of mangling the prostrate forms of these erstwhile friends? Not much.

"The job cut out for me was one I hated to perform. I could refuse, but what then? Some one else would carry out Rogers' mandate, and where would I add my great copper to the list? If I balked here, they would go no further with me—and remember we were but at the beginning of our association."

The continuance of this association meant to Lawson wealth beyond his wildest dreams—the golden stream which would pour into his coffers dazed Tommy's eyes, and Tommy bowed in meek submission before the towering mind of the financial giant. He made peace with his conscience, comforting himself with the assurance that even if he did hold up the Utah crowd for another million or two, they would have left more of "value than their whole property could possibly have been worth without our association."

He took the 45-calibre revolver, for there was no "concealing the money-or-your-life-inference of the message," and visited the Utah camp. Lawson tried to soften the blow—much as a tender-hearted savage might soothe his victim before dashing out his brains. It was either dig up another million or face a panic in twenty-four hours that would ruin them completely.

Melodramatically, Lawson tells us that "great beads of perspiration streamed down their faces," as they pleaded with him for their financial lives.

"I was powerless to stop or rescue the screaming victims," and Lawson folded his arms and waited for the dying gasp of the cowering creatures before Rogers smiled. "I thought so. Those gentlemen are loaded, Lawson, and him. They dug up all right, and Lawson reported to his master.

without a by-your-leave have made up their minds that Mr. Rockefeller and myself are only in business to draw their lead to some convenient safe-deposit vaults, from which they can from time to time take it out to pay for palaces, yachts, fast horses and society crowns. Don't tell me of their plight. Don't, do you hear—don't! Don't take my time with their pleadings. What do you suppose they would do if they were in our position?"

And Lawson knew what they would do to him—and so he did it to them first. He made up his mind to act as the fireman to the engine—and he stayed with the job until Rogers got tired of him and put him off the train and left him in the ditch, as Lawson and Rogers did to Untermyer-Ward-Clark of the Utah Company.

Lawson bided his time, he tells us. But it seems that time did not arrive until after he had pulled the chestrnuts from the fire, and delivered them to Standard Oil. Then when Lawson demanded his part of the swag, as he tells in an earlier issue of Everybody's Magazine, there was trouble.

Lawson was kicked out in the mud and left for dead. He didn't die—as many of the victims of the "System" do, but lived to tell the tale. Like the lone survivor of the Custer massacre, he is here to tell of his thrilling hair-breadth escapes.

And the story is interesting—and true. But, nevertheless, Tom is a grafter—not a grafter of the first water, but about second in the scale.

His naive story of his part in the Utah deal is evidence of that.

What will be the result? There is a little old saying which runs something like this: "When thieves fall out, honest men get their dues."

This swag between the small capitalist grafter and his big brother is turning

THE LAND.

The time light on the "System." It is proving true the things which the Appeal has said over and over again for ten years and more. It has been fighting "System" with all its might and main, and that its efforts have borne fruit one has but to refer to the evidences of the awakening of the people.

Lawson is piling wood on his bonfire and he is gleefully capering about in the flickering glare—but he has started a conflagration which, had he foreseen results, he would scarcely have undertaken.

The American proletariat—the man who creates the wealth which these Wall street grafters toss back and forth—begins to see through the game.

He has felt dumbly and uncomplainingly the lash of the "System's" snail. He begins to understand.

He sees that he has been building palaces, steam yachts and automobiles, only to have them carried off by the Lawsons and the Rogerses and the Rockefelleres. He has starved and his wife and children have suffered—yet he has filled the storehouses of the world.

He begins to comprehend that when he withdraws from the structure his sneaky back, seamed and knotted with the scars of toil, the thing we call the "System" will collapse.

You have established a precedent, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Lawson, that is not lost on the humble toiler in your mines and in your factories.

Play the game—we care little which group of capitalists win now—the future belongs to the man who labors.

THE JUNGLE.

(Continued from Page 8.)

He might set out to look for him, and she too would feel the cold; and perhaps she would have some of the children with her—and so a whole family would drift into drinking, precisely as the current of a river drifts down stream. As if to make complete the picture, the oratorical gentleman and his associates paid their men in checks, refusing all requests to pay in coin; and where in Packingtown could a man go to have his check cashed but to a saloon, where he could pay for the favor by spending a good part of the money?

From all of these things Jurgis was saved because of Ona. He never would take but the one drink at noon-time; and so he got the reputation of being a surly fellow, and was not quite welcome at the saloons, and had to drift about from one to another. Then at night he would go straight home, helping Ona and Stanislova, or often putting the former on a car. And when he got home perhaps he would have to trudge several blocks, and come staggering back through the snow-drifts with a bag of coal upon his shoulder. Home was not a very attractive place—at least not this winter. They had only been able to buy one stove, and this was a small one, and proved not big enough to warm even the kitchen in the bitter weather. This made it hard for Teta Elzbieta all day, and for the children when they could not get to school. At night they would sit huddled round this stove, while they ate their supper off their laps; and then Jurgis and Jonas would smoke a pipe or two, after which they would all crawl into their beds to get warm, after putting out the fire to save the coal. Then they would have some frightful experiences, with the cruel cold. They would sleep with all their clothes on, including their overcoats, and put over them all the bedding and spare clothing they owned; the children would sleep all crowded into one bed, and yet even so they could not keep warm. The outside ones would be shivering and sobbing, crawling over the others and trying to get down into the center, and causing a fight. This old house with the leaky weather-boards was a very different thing from their cabins at home, with great thick walls plastered inside and outside with mud; and the cold which came upon them was a living thing, a demon-presence in the room. They would waken in the midnight hours, when everything was black; perhaps they would hear it yelling outside; or perhaps there would be deathlike stillness, and that would be worse yet. They could feel the cold as it crept in through the cracks, reaching for them with its icy, death-dealing fingers; and they would crouch and cower, and try to hide from it, all in vain. It would come, and it would come; a grisly thing, a spectre born in the black caverns of terror, a power primeval, cosmic, shadowing the tortures of the lost souls, flung out to chaos and destruction. It was cruel, iron-hard; and hour after hour they would wring in its grasp, alone in the silence. There would be no one to hear them if they cried out; there would be no help, no mercy. And so on until morning—when they would go out to another day of toil, a little weaker, a little nearer to the time when it would be their turn to be shaken from the tree.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

SEMONS ON SOCIALISM.

III. The Land.

"The fowls have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."—Matt. 8:20.

Nineteen centuries have passed since the carpenter of Nazareth uttered the above complaint, and time has wrought a change. Civilization has routed the fox from his lonely den only to lay other traps for human foxes at the centers of industry. Pioneers have turned the sod and disturbed the lark's nest while building series for fowl birds of prey in the skyscrapers of Wall street and Broadway. But the propertyless sons of men have no abiding places save such as they may hire from these human birds and foxes.

Census statistics show that of the sixteen million American homes over half are not owned by their occupants, and that over two million more homes are encumbered by mortgages, payable to the foxy members of the capitalist class. This is not a theory. It is an actual condition, a fact. These figures are not hatched from the fevered imagination of a calamity howler. They are taken direct from the second volume of the Twelfth United States Census Reports, which are compiled by prosperity-preaching politicians of the present republican administration.

Is it any wonder that the sons of men complain and cry out against social conditions that leave the majority no place to lay their heads? Did not Jesus complain of the same injustice and warn his disciples of the fate awaiting those that followed him? Is it not a sad commentary on our civilization that the greater part of the American people have no resting place, save such as landlords may temporarily grant them in return for tribute?

Birds have no title deeds to tree tops; wild beasts have no property in land; but both are provided by nature with a home un-mortgaged and without rent. They may be deprived of life, but not of a place to rest until the landlord appears and chases them off along with the sons of men.

Who is this landlord? Whence comes his authority and his right to the earth? Most assuredly from the same majority who are homeless and are the victims of his ownership. It is by the majority that private titles to the earth exist. The majority who pay rent are the very ones who uphold and defend the institution of private property in land.

As to the right, justice and expediency of title deeds to land read the following from the pen of Herbert Spencer, the great English economist:

"Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land. For if one portion of the earth's surface may justly be the possession of an individual, and may be held by him for his sole use and benefit as a thing to which he has an exclusive right, then other portions may be held in like manner by other individuals. The whole of the earth's surface may be so held, and our planet may be divided into private property. Observe now the dilemma to which this leads. Suppose the whole of the earth's surface to be so divided, and suppose that the land is enclosed, it follows that if one globe is to be held by one individual, all who are on its surface, hence, such an enclosure is by its very nature, an act of trespass. Save by the consent of the owner of the soil, they can have no room for the soles of their feet. Nay, should the others think it their right to be on the land, they are expelled from the earth altogether. If, then, the assumption that the whole globe may become the private domain of a part of the inhabitants, and if, consequently, the rest of the inhabitants can live together in peace, the globe cannot be so divided. For, if it is, the globe cannot be so divided, and the globe cannot be so divided, and the globe cannot be so divided."

If you are one of the proud birds or sly foxes that fatten upon rents collected from your fellows you may favor landlordism, for that works no hardship to you. If, on the other hand, you are one of the great majority who are despoiled by the privileged few, it is time you were becoming class-conscious and joining in an effort with the suffering many who have a common interest with you to restore the earth to the whole people.

Socialism provides a way by which the burdens of the capitalist class, including landlordism, can be lifted from your shoulders. It is for the world's workers to say whether they shall have a place to lay their heads; whether to get this place they must go back into the trees, as Darwin says their ancestors did, to live with the birds; whether they will return to the holes and live with the foxes, as did the cave men of olden time; or whether they will assert their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by political action that will secure for them access to the whole earth, to the means of life.—F. M. E.

There is a good opening in Girard for some comrade with letters shop.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

The comrades who have not yet received their Appeals, but who are anxious to do so, should write at once. The books have all been mailed and if you haven't received your copy we have sent it.

Definitions of Socialism. Fifteen definitions from standard authors on leaders, a hundred for the.

A bundle of ten Appeals to one person at one address every week for six months for one dollar. Every comrade should subscribe for a bundle and drop them around in the barber shops, hotels, etc.

"I am getting too old to do much for our great cause, but as long as I am able to help, I will do it. Get a few subscribers for the best paper on earth." are the words quoted from a Comrade in Chicago, O., who makes good with a club of four.

In clubs of four or more this paper will be sent one year, together with "The Chapters That Have Gone Before" of "The Jungle," for 30 cents each.

In soliciting new subscribers comrades may offer as an inducement to send each one for five cents extra a copy of "The Chapters That Have Gone Before" of "The Jungle."

The Most Interesting Phenomenon of the 20th Century

The following address was delivered by Rufus W. Weeks, secretary and second vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company, at the annual dinner of the Alumni Association of the High School, Newark, N. J., in reading the resolutions, addressed to the fact that Mr. Weeks is worth a millionnaire and a capitalist high in the circles of frenzied finance. The title of his address was "The Most Interesting Phenomenon of the Twentieth Century."

"That great movement of which we have seen the beginning in the nineteenth century, and of which the twentieth century is very likely to see the consummation, is the uprising of the working class. Before speaking of this movement, let me spend a few uninteresting moments in definitions. By the term working class is meant those people who work with their hands for wages; the term, therefore, does not include all workers, by any means, but only that largest section of the workers called the manual proletariat, whom the conditions of their employment force into a potentiality of common feeling and thought, of a common indignation, a sense of common needs, and a sense of power in common action.

"Other workers have not this potentiality of community-consciousness; for instance, there are the farmers, the clerks, the professional workers. The farmers imagine themselves independent units, and do not know the trick of coalescing for common advance; the clerks all imagine themselves to be on the road to be head-clerks or even corporation officials, and so cannot league together in comradeship; the professional worker is dominated by pride in his individual ability and training, and so he cannot grasp the notion of mutual help as the main hope.

"The working class, then, the proletariat so-called, means those who are hired in herds, mostly by corporations, and mostly to work at machines of one kind or another; from the point of view of the corporation they are simply an extension of the machine. This very merging of these men into the machine throws them into an unity with each other; it is an education, it teaches the hopelessness of resistance except by the way of mutual help; and so from guerillas they are forced to become a phalanx. Slowly, slowly, the lesson is ground into them, slowly the phalanxes themselves learn the trick of grouping into an army. An army of resistance, not essentially of aggression; for their effort is to resist that inexorable inevitable constant pressure which is inherent in the capitalist system of production—the pressure by the employing class to get the utmost possible product out of the worker for the least possible share of that product. It is this pressure and the answering resistance which are called the class-struggle; the class-struggle is, hence, a mathematical and economic fact, though so many of our pastors and masters unite in pious rebukes of the wicked agitator who points out that fact.

BALLOTS INSTEAD OF STRIKES.

"Now what is the weapon with which, thus far, the working class has been fighting in this war? Only that poor, pathetic weapon, ceasing to work, comically miscalled 'striking.' Their own starvation is their weapon, coupled, of course, with clumsy efforts to enforce the dictates of class ethics upon those weak-con-

scienced individuals who shirk the call to starvation.

"But now it is dawning on the mind of the proletarian giant that there is another weapon handy; we of the 'better classes' created it for him when we established universal suffrage, and we put the possibility of the use of it into his mind when we established universal education. Gifts, these (the suffrage and education) which having once given we can never take back. The new weapon is the ballot; and what will it mean when the working class awakes and takes this weapon in hand to work out its mind? The ballot means the whole power of the state; courts, police, army; and what will happen when the working class takes in hand all these powers to establish and enforce the idea of justice innate in its mind?

"Even in this country the numerical pre-dominance of the working class grows apace. The successive censuses tell the story in such items as these: The rapidly diminishing ratio of farm owners to the entire population, the decimation and reduction to powerlessness of the small independent business men, the deposition of the male clerk by his sister, and, greatest of all, the enormous increase of the factory population. The coming dominance of the working class even here is as sure as mathematics; in Europe it is already a numerical fact; and twenty years ago I heard James Bryce say that the drastic use of this power is only a matter of a few years, being a corollary of the universal suffrage. The ballot-armed proletariat, awake and aware, will then be able to work out its purpose. The grave question now is: What will that purpose be?

"There is in the world a group of thinkers who think they know the answer to this question. This group is international. Its members are most numerous in Germany, next in France, but increasing now in Great Britain and rapidly in this country. These men are unsparing analysts, and inexorable forecasters; they have sounded the depths of the self-unconscious proletarian mind, and they have announced what the will of the working class is to be, as fast as it comes to its sense of itself. Of course there are critics aplenty in the cultured classes who handle the conclusions of this group with all shades of condemnation and contempt; but these critics are themselves of many and shifting schools, and amidst them all what alone remains unchanged is the terrible certitude of the Socialists, for by this name is known the group I mean. They alone feel they know the future; none of their critics dare speak with any confidence of an alternative outlook.

SOCIALISTS AND ANCIENT CHRISTIANS.

"Standing, as I do, before you, and speaking of the Socialist movement, I feel something as a possible ancient incarnation of myself might have felt, standing before an audience of cultured and refined persons in Rome at the end of the first century, trying to talk to them of the Christians. For, as soon as the word 'So-

cialism' is pronounced, the average person thinks of something subterranean, something fantastic, a mixture of a lovely dream and a dynamic nightmare; and that is just what the educated Roman thought of if any one said 'Christian' to him. The average Roman of culture and refinement looked with aversion upon the Christians as underminers and overthrowers of the existing social order and institutions, just as today the same kind of person looks upon the Socialists as workers towards some cataclysmic horror.

"The resemblance goes further. Even as the disreputable Christians were at that moment the potential lords of the future, so may at this moment be the despised Socialists; and for parallel reasons. The Christians had the future because they were the only set of men possessed of a clear and passionate conviction in the midst of a tumultuous world of weltering half-beliefs and of cruel selfishness; today it is likely that the Socialists have the future, because the world of today is a tumultuous sea of half-held beliefs, and of the cross purposes of the self-seeking powerful; and the Socialists are the only compact body of men in sight who know what they believe and what they are resolved on.

"Further runs the parallel; the Christians succeeded because the doctrine they preached was one which had an irresistible fascination for the masses in the promise it held out to them of a world of bliss close by, only separated from them by the easy door of martyrdom; the Socialists, it seems, must prevail because their doctrine has an irresistible attraction for the masses of today—promising, as it does, a surcease of sordid struggle—with only one door to pass before entering upon that better state—the door of a triumphant election.

"How the history of these times to be written by and by will speak of the Socialists may, perhaps, be guessed from what the venerable German historian, Mommsen, said of them a year or two since: 'Today this is the only great party which has a claim to political respect.'

NO PRODUCT; NO INCOME.

"Supposing, then, that the Socialists have read truly the subconscious mind of the proletariat which is to fix the ways of the future community—let us go on to ask what those ways are to be? What, first, is to be the standard of right and justice? To this, the Socialists say that the workers' law will be: 'No product, no income;' that every man must be a producer, or be actually useful to the producers, or else be scorned and denied share in the product. One puff of the giant's breath will blow away all that fine mechanism of law and business through which we now mulct the product of the worker on all sides under such guises as rent, interest, profit, fee and salary. The only citizenship held honorable will be economic citizenship—comradeship in production and in the sharing of product.

"If in this attempt to read the social mathe-

matics of the times I have read aright, it appears that the working class are to be our masters! Let us hope they will be good to us. After all they will demand no more of us than the Northern states demanded of the Southern—to come in and be one with them on equal terms. We of the 'cultured' and business classes will have to go into the game on the new condition—the condition of being useful to the workers—or else will have to get out of the game. In the latter case we shall, of course, have to get off the ground where the great co-operative machine is working. I see in fancy the bulk of us shipped to some island—clerks, ministers, professors, storekeepers, bankers, lawyers, insurance men, speculators, gentlemen all—and there, without any producers to make a living out of, trying to get salaries or profits out of one another.

"This discussion ought to be summed up in a concluding definition; but Socialism is a living phenomenon, and, like all live things, eludes definition. A live thing can't be viewed at so many different angles, and, besides, it changes so insensibly from moment to moment, that to sit down and make an all-around definition of it is a task nearly hopeless. The militant movement of today known as Socialism I should define from the point of view of this present treatment as follows:

MILITANT SOCIALISM.

"Militant Socialism is the attempt to formulate the sense of justice and the will of the working class; further, it is the doctrine that that will ought to be, and must be, and will be the scheme of life of civilized mankind in the near future. The humble origin of this doctrine makes it hard for the educated classes to grasp its intellectual worthiness; and the seeming fact that the doctrine is against the interests of the educated classes makes it hard for them to see its moral worthiness. Hence not many of the educated may be counted on to rally around the standard of Socialism; and here again we may find a close parallel with the early days of Christianity. It was said then: 'Not many wise men, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.'

"The record of the Gospels, especially the Gospel of Luke, suggests, to those who will read it over without bias, a view of the carpenter of Nazareth very different from the traditional view. There are many such students who hold that he was a thoroughgoing proletarian, and that one large section of his religion has been ignored from the start by the ecclesiastical machines which have claimed to represent him, and that the social justice and universal brotherhood which he proclaimed can come only as a sequel to the uprising of the working class."

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

John Bierman, Newcastle, Pa., aged 67, cut his throat because he could not find steady employment to care for his family. It is so much to commit suicide because denied opportunity to work, than to vote for Socialism, that

ment, but will give them four times as much as they get today. Great is prosperity—the parasites. Roosevelt is enjoying his two months' vacation on full pay.

An Investment for Socialists

It is not often that a Socialist can find an investment that pays six per cent and which is at the same time safe and a boost for Socialism. The \$25,000 first mortgage six per cent coupon bonds which the Appeal is now offering the comrades at par is such an investment. I call it a safe investment—it is as safe as any investment can be under the present system. The mortgage will cover the entire publishing plant of the Appeal Publishing Company—machinery, buildings, and real estate—worth many times the value of these bonds. And remember you will have not only the present plant but also the property the \$25,000 is spent for. The Appeal has outgrown its present quarters—the largest building in town—and must have more room, and more machinery is also badly needed to take care of the rapidly growing business.

APPLICATION BLANK.

Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.
File my application for _____ First mortgage bonds of \$10 each, no more than \$200 to go to any one person. These bonds can all be sold to capitalists, but the Appeal does not wish to be under obligations to that class, as these bonds

rested for abandoning her month-old baby because she said she could not keep it and make a living. She offered to sell it for \$10. At Laporte, Ind., Mrs. Hattie Smith testified in a divorce case that she had to drag agricultural implements and do the work of beasts. This is probably not only guarantee their employment in republican Indiana. Could hell be any worse? This is the way capitalism protects the family! This is the system of home-building that you uphold with your stupid votes. This is what Socialism would abolish—but you love it so that you wouldn't think of having it changed. Not you.

And Roosevelt is enjoying his two months' vacation on full pay.

A San Francisco jeweler, O. Z. Mitchell, out of work, with a sick wife and sick baby, starving for several days without food, found a revolver and tried the hold-up business, making a dismal failure of it, and is in jail. S. Schwartz, aged 77, once wealthy, now homeless, sick and starving, stole a revolver and tried to commit suicide on the same day in the same city. These men were not criminals. Society that refuses to provide employment for its members, is the real criminal. Society is ruled by the well-fed plunderers. No man is safe under this system. You may have plenty today but tomorrow you may be ruined. You may leave your children a fortune but who can tell how quickly they will be made into paupers and criminals? And just to think that one successful Socialist election would end all this misery, uncertainty and anarchy, and the poor who suffer refuse to do it! Poor, deluded fools!

The Beef Trust White-Wash



Last fall, in its issue just preceding the elections the Appeal printed the following article:

made by the Appeal. Garfield's white-wash and the apparent impotency of the administration to make good its boast of curbing the rapacity of this commercial bandit are pretty good evidence that the administration is in the power of the Armour and Swifts.

? The Question Box?
She "Question Box" is a 64-page pamphlet that asks and answers more questions about Socialism than you could think of in a week. It's a good thing. Get a few and pass them along.
A hundred, postpaid, for \$5.00
Twelve for 1.00
Three for .25
Per Copy .10
APPEAL TO REASON, Girard, Kan.