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Appeal to Reason.

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Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., October 7, 1905

No man is great enough or rich enough to get this paper on credit or for a longer time than paid for. It is published as an advocate of International Socialism, the movement which favors the ownership of the earth by ALL the people—not by a PART of the people.

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THE BUSINESS MEN'S CAMPAIGN.

Owing to the active, able and energetic work of the Appeal Army during the past few years, which has, in the face of storms of ridicule, ignorance and persecution, successfully carried the flag of Socialism to heights from which it waves in full view of the American nation, such events as the following have come:

(Special to the Record-Herald.)
New York, Sept. 10.—Efforts are to be made in several portions of the country to establish the Socialist propaganda into the universities, colleges and high schools. This is being done through the establishment of Socialist clubs, by through the establishment of Socialist study clubs and other societies for the better understanding of the Socialist principles. This work is being done by J. J. Phelps Stokes, the university worker; Thomas Westworth Higgins, Jack London, Charles Perkins, Gilbert Gleason, Jack London, Oscar Lovell Trites, R. O. Lawrence, S. Darrow, Oscar Lovell Trites, R. O. Lawrence, William English Walling, and others who are interested in the advancement of true Socialism in this country. This work meetings will be held in New York, Chicago, and other cities. The meetings will be held in the evening and will be held in the evening and will be held in the evening. The meetings will be held in the evening and will be held in the evening.

Ten-Acre Tract

The Appeal has purchased a large farm three miles from Ravenden Springs, Ark., which it will divide into ten-acre tracts, giving one tract each week to the person who has sent in the largest check of yearlies during the week. There is a schoolhouse on the corner of this farm—houses, school facilities are exceptionally good on this land. It has a large bearing orchard on it, a couple of cabins, a very large barn, and hay shed, and outhouses. There is also a spring on the place. All of these improvements will be given away with the land on which they stand. The Appeal will impartially award these tracts of land, when the entire place has been given away. You may secure the terms and conditions, but in case you do not you will still have great value for your efforts.

The Era Magazine (New York)

for September, has an article on "The Despotism of Combined Millions," that fairly makes one's hair stand on end. And yet the people sleepeth.

An organization of workmen

has been formed in New York City for the advocacy of municipal ownership of every public franchise, and headquarters have been opened at 238 Fourth avenue. It shows the drift of the times.

Gov. Hoch, of Kansas

says he hopes that a law to establish an oil refinery can be made that will be constitutional. He is not honest in the matter, for if he were he would call a session of the legislature and have a constitutional amendment submitted to the people that would give them the right to determine such matters. He is just talking for a place in the United States senate. Hoch never wanted a state refinery.

M. G. POHL, of Myrtle Point, Ore.

writes that the trials of Hermann, Mitchell, and their pals there are star chamber affairs, secrecy being necessary to cover up greater frauds on the people. We all know, or should know by this time, that we can expect no effort by the men in power to punish the great criminals. Mitchell is still a senator, Burton is still a senator, Heinrich is still a senator, Depew is still a senator. The game is to steal as much as possible. Only when some prop falls do the people learn anything.

The bank at Clinton, Mo.

that went down for nearly half a million of depositors' money some time ago, is being probed. It has been discovered that the bank has been insolvent for ten years! And that the government "inspector" has reported it O. K. all this time! That is the kind of service that the politicians give the people for their elegant salaries! This is the best banking system on earth! If you were not as prejudiced as a Mohammedan you'd quit voting to be skinned this way. Serves you right to lose your money. If you will use your brain under no less pain, then take your medicine.

LAWSON, of Boston

seems to be having his inning with the insurance fakes. When Lawson intimated that the great insurance companies were grafts—the officials of the companies jumped onto him and berated him soundly as a liar, a knave and a lunatic. But the investigations that have been instituted by reason of the Lawson expose have shown that what Lawson charged was not only true, but that the corruption was a hundredfold worse than he had intimated. Investigation will show that all the companies are tarred with the same stick.

Compelled, eh? When the Appeal exposed the Dick military law, which provides for the compulsory military service of every able-bodied man, the capitalist press said it was a lie, and when we printed the bill they said it was just what the law always was, and not to be afraid! But now you have it cold. You can be compelled to enter military service whether you want to or not. If you have money you can buy your way off by bribery, but if you are poor you will have your body confiscated and put up for target practice at the wish of the masters. Is it intended to take the rich man's property to pay your salary? O, no! You will be taxed to pay your own expenses. There are strenuous times in a republic while it is being turned into a military despotism. And that's where we're at.

TALK about the Equitable scandal

—the officers of that great graft appear to be little tin angels of purity compared to the disclosures being made in the other insurance companies. Yes, you have been providing for your families! You gillies could not think of having the public conduct the insurance business, and "as have the government back of your savings! No, no! That would be paternalistic, so it would! You prefer to pay three times the real amount that should be charged and have a few grafters rake off millions from your policies! You are such wise jaspers.

GOOD-BYE, COMPETITION.

The fellows who have made successes have done so because they have not been blinded by well-phrased lies. For instance, you will hear the little fry repeating "Competition is the life of trade," when not one of them wants any more competition. Perkins, vice president of the New York Mutual Life, on the witness stand the other day, said: "Competition is no longer the life of trade; it is co-operation." Can you get what this means through your cocoon? It means, if it means anything, that all the people should co-operate and own all the things that all of them use as citizens or members of society. What they use individually they should own individually. In other words, he said that Socialism is the only theory on which to operate, but as he did not use the word, and would repudiate it, those who read his statement will not understand what he really said. John Ruskin said that same sentence fifty years ago in his talks to the working people, but they have all along been too stupid to understand it. Perhaps, now that some of the little tin gods of capitalism have had to admit it under oath, some of you will get glimmer of the light. And the light will make you free and free your children to the farthest generation.

THE tobacco trust

has finally succeeded in cornering the world's supply of licorice, without which no chewing tobacco can be manufactured. The independent concerns will have to close up, and the world will be at the mercy of this one trust. The time is coming when all production and distribution will be in the hands of corporations. The strongest corporations will have this control, for the weaker ones will go to the wall. Under capitalism you and yours will be at the mercy of these trusts, which cannot give all the people employment if they would. What are you going to do about it—sit idly by and sink into hopeless slavery to the trust owners? Are you satisfied to take the chances of having them give you employment on their own terms, and, if not successful, become tramps and vagabonds on the face of the earth? Or will you wake up and vote in Socialism, that will use all the capital of the nation to furnish you with employment of a few hours per day that will provide everything that man can make use of? It is coming up to you. Wake up.

Wonder if the coal miners

will still keep out of politics and follow Mitchell into the old party voting booths after the great strike of next April? Will they ever get their eyes open to the fact that they must go into politics for themselves and capture the government and make laws that will give them the whip hand of their masters? The capitalists are using the legal power of the nation to beat the men. The men have the votes to take this power and beat the masters. But so long as they follow Mitchell they will be the same starving strikers. They can win without a strike, without losing a day's work, without even having to pay dues. They can and should have the election of the public officials who have charge of the mines—and this is what Socialism will give them. But that would prevent some of their officials from getting secretly rewarded at the hands of the capitalists. Will they ever get wise?

THE Kansas City State bank

closed its doors September 25th. It had a million and a half of deposits. Its closing was due to its connection with the Clinton, Mo., bank that busted, together with the further fact, as the president stated, that it seemed that small banks could no longer hope to compete with the greater ones. So you see that monopoly is at work in banking circles just the same as it is in other matters.

NOTICE in the Boston American

that Allentown, Pa., is installing a telephone device by which the switch-board and the hello girls will be done away with. Little by little the machines are taking away the jobs on which the working class depend for a legal right to eat, and the benefits all go to the corporations that own the devices and the plants in which they are used. The paper remarks that the people don't like to think, but that these and other labor-displacing machines will make them think. Under Socialism when the people are displaced by better methods the working hours in all industries will be shortened and thus places will be made for everybody at the same remuneration for the shorter hours. But, then, the working people prefer to starve and strike and beg rather than quit voting the capitalist tickets. Let 'em starve a little more, and they surely will be forced to use their brains when they cast their ballots. Some people only think with their stomachs.

NOTICE in the daily press

that the Catholic orders, the Knights of St. John and Catholic Knights of America, have consolidated into a "military union." The dispatch goes on to say that there are 75,000 members of Catholic military orders in this country! Just what military orders and the Christ can have in common it seems rather difficult to see. Suppose that the Socialists should enlist and drill 75,000 armed men, what a host! would go up. There must be a reason for such arming. What do you think it is? And how much religion do you see in it? Yes, these people's leaders oppose Socialism, which would bring an era of peace and good will on earth!

THE GREAT COAL STRIKE.

The coal operators have given it out cold that they propose to close every hard and soft coal mine in the nation on April 1, in order to break up the miner's union, and that coal will advance in consequence thereof. They refuse to book an order for a ton beyond that date! They are piling up millions of tons of coal, mined at a starvation rate, for which they will charge the public double price. It is said, even by the capitalist press, that the operators will force a strike in order to have an excuse to raise the price of coal. These bandits should be sent to prison. That is the only place fit for them. They are public enemies. But then such a condition is only logical to the private ownership of the mines. Under Socialism the mines will be operated by the people for the people. There will be no capitalists connected with the mining industry. The people will be able to get coal for not over \$1.25 a ton, delivered in any town in the nation, for it does not cost more than that; transportation included. Yet the people are paying three to five dollars a ton! That is what it costs the people for electing republicans and democrats to office. Does it pay?

O, you little retailers!

The trusts are after you. Your name is soon to be written "Dennis." You have defended the trust-producing system so long that now you are in the toils. They are after your scalp. Montgomery, Ward & Co., of Chicago, have opened a great branch store in Kansas City and are sending out 1200-page catalogues. The future retail business is going to be done by corporations, says Jim Keene, the Wall Street financier, and Jim knows what he is talking about. It will not be for long that you retailers will be permitted to do business. The number of mail order houses is increasing rapidly, which shows that the corporations have discovered the profits in them, and it will be still further increased; and then large stores in small places will next be added by these corporations, and they will sound the death-knell of the individual retailer. If you retailers are wise you will prepare to have something to take the place of your business in the social organism that will permit you and your children to live, and not become one of any army of slaves to these trust stores. It is either Socialism or trust ownership. Which will you have? Will you wait until you are kicked out before you will look for a place to fight? The wise man looks ahead. Socialism offers the only possible escape—and it will be better for you than if you could own a store yourself. Don't be a clam.

THE Exchange bank of Barry, Ill.

closed its doors September 18th, and the president has gone to Mexico for his wife's health. And the dupes who were lured to put their money in the clutches of the cunning capitalist will stay at home and have their wives take in washing to help out the family expenses while the banker and his family will be seeing the world on the deposits. Ye gods and little fishes! will the common herd ever learn enough to keep their money in post-office money orders? They deserve to lose their stuff for their incomprehensible stupidity. Best banking system on earth, you know!

Rev. G. GORRISON, of Cincinnati,

says that there would be no more strikes if the people would join the church and pay tithes—or one-tenth of their income—into the church! Of course, his reverence is disinterested! Yes, if the men will give the sleek, well-fed parsons one-tenth of their measly incomes, and work hard for the masters who charge them five prices for products, all will be well, and the dove of peace will hover over the earth! The gall of some people surpasseth all understanding. Rockefeller should give that minister a big slug of dough. He is one of the kind that would deliver the work people bound to the capitalist masters.

FRANK LESLIE'S Weekly

gives statistics to show that the railroads draw from the government twenty millions a year for hauling the mails that is pure extortion, and that if this were cut out the mail service would show a profit. Everybody who has given the subject any attention knows this, but so long as the people insist on electing members of congress who are interested in railroad properties, and who are venal enough to carry passes while drawing mileage from the government, no redress from the robbery is possible. No honest congressman ever did or ever will vote for this looting of the public treasury. Elect thieves and hoodlums to congress and you get the full results of your votes in debauchery. Will you continue to do it forever?

THE SOCIALIST RETAILERS DEATH STRUGGLE.

At the California Retail Grocers' annual meeting, recently held, a boycott was adopted against any wholesale house that furnished supplies to hotels, boarding houses and boarding schools. And, inconsistently, it was proposed to demand legislation that would enable the grocers to organize a mutual insurance company so that they could get away from the expense of maintaining the insurance agents' graft. They demand a rake-off on everybody else, but don't want to stand the drain themselves. The San Francisco Chronicle makes the following timely and prophetic comment on the situation:
The social philosopher observes, with much interest, the efforts of the various classes of middlemen to force society to maintain a greater number of them than is necessary. It is a social phenomenon which forms part of our social evolution. Theoretically, it should result before long in the development of great co-operative trading companies, such as those which exist in the present in the business of Great Britain. Apparently there can be no other outcome. The pressure of population does not seem to be yet sufficiently strong here to preclude such societies. But society cannot be produced in a hurry.

THE MINOR, N.D.

National bank has gone ker-plunk, and the depositors are shedding tears because they didn't take the Appeal's advice and put their money into postal money orders. "Fools and their money are soon parted" is an old saying. Best banking system on earth!

The Socialists party

was prevented from holding a meeting at Olive and Twelfth streets last night by the police, who, with their clubs charged the dense crowd, striking right and left.
Promptly at 8 o'clock the Socialist party parade, with more than 100 men in line, marched west on Olive street and turned into Twelfth.
G. A. Hoehn, editor of Labor, bearing the banner of Thomas J. Morgan, of Chicago, mounted the box. He was no sooner up than he was down.
He attempted to open the meeting with three cheers for Morgan, when a policeman's club came in contact with his head and the box was kicked from under his feet. Then the wild scramble began.
The policemen in hiding rushed from their covers, and charging into the confused crowd, hammers, men and boys right and left with their clubs. The badly frightened Socialists ran in all directions; hats were battered to pieces, women were knocked down, and their screams added to the general confusion. The police finally finished their job by attacking the surprised banner bearers.

Banners bearing the pictures of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln met the same fate as those bearing Morgan's.
From St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
"I wish the police would raid our meetings every night. It spreads the cause of Socialism and brings us recruits," said Mrs. W. F. Humstock, of 2823 South Eighteenth street, to a Post-Dispatch reporter Tuesday. Her arm was slightly injured in the crush which followed the raid.
"Liberty cannot be crushed. I had been under a doctor's care for three months, but the brutal way in which the police acted, and the good that will come to our cause from their action, has been a tonic to me. I feel almost well!"

Disinterested spectators who witnessed the attack of the police upon the Socialists generally expressed the opinion that their action was arbitrary. The Socialists conducted themselves in an orderly manner, and the first outbreak was made by the police.

IS LABOR REALLY THINKING?

In the limited space of the Appeal it has not been possible to give any extended reports of the various Labor Day demonstrations in cities and large towns. It goes without dispute that this day is coming to mean more and more to those who toil. At Kansas City the masses at Electric Park were addressed by a number of speakers, among whom was Congressman Ellis. His speech was received with a coldness that jarred that attorney for the capitalists—in fact, he was hissed and jeered when he said that the interests of the capitalists and the workers were the same. He flushed and did not stay to have any more of it. When the Socialist speaker, Comrade Leo Shenkel, was introduced he was cheered to the echo, and held the audience for more than an hour, amid tremendous applause. It was a revelation to the sleek, well-fed, political slysters who are in the service of the employing class, yet who depend on labor votes to hold office, that there is something doing in the cocoon of the men who work. Capitalism can't fool all the people all the time. Similar incidents occurred at several places.

GOVERNMENT GRAFT.

The administration is running the expenses above the receipts, and it is estimated that the deficit will be fifty millions this year. Think the officials are sorry? Not on your life. They are doing it premeditatedly. They want to issue more bonds, so that the banks can buy them, get interest on them and then have the government issue them the face of the bonds in bank notes. See if bonds are not issued to carry on the canal work, and if these bonds are not good for bank circulation. This government is a private graft for those on the inside. It is as rotten—even more so—as the life insurance companies. Of course, those in command will deny this just as the life insurance companies denied their graft. That is to be expected.

J. J. HILL tells the Minnesota farmers that government control would mean slower reductions and higher rates for long hauls. Hill seems to know just what his government would do in advance! And that's about the size of "government control," too. Public ownership, however, would mean quite a different thing, for then Hill and his confederates would have no interest in making rates. But to have the government making the rates, with Hill as owner, would mean that Hill would bribe the men who made the rates and the public would get no relief.
It don't pay you to vote the old tickets. You have been doing it for years and what has resulted? Have the trusts ceased to multiply? Have corporations ceased to oppress? Have your wages risen faster than the increase in prices of goods? Have places for employment been increased? Has corruption decreased or increased? Has crime decreased or increased? Brother, think over these things.

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The Jungle

Copyright, 1905. The Jungle is simply immense. I do not believe Mr. Sinclair really has the power to do what he has done...

CHAPTER XXV. URGIS got up, wild with rage; but the door was shut and the great castle was dark and impregnable...

When he stopped again it was because he was coming to frequent streets and did not wish to attract attention. His heart was thumping fast with triumph...

Jurgis spent half an hour walking and debating the problem. There was no one he could go to for help—he had to manage it all alone. To get it changed in a lodging-house would be to take his life in his hands...

He began peering into places as he walked; he passed several as being too crowded, and finally, chancing upon one where the bartender was all alone, he gripped his hands in sudden resolution and went in.

"Can you change me a hundred dollar bill?" he demanded. The bartender was a big, husky fellow, with the jaw of a prize fighter, and a three weeks' stubble of hair upon it.

"Where'd youse get it?" the other inquired incredulously. "Never mind," said Jurgis; "I've got it and I want it changed. I'll pay you if you'll do it."

"All right," said the other. "I'll change it." And he put the bill in his pocket, and poured Jurgis out a glass of beer, and set it on the counter. Then he turned to the cash-register, and punched up five cents, and began to pull money out of the drawer.

Jurgis seized a bottle of the counter as he ran; and the bartender made a wild leap he hurled the bottle at him with all his force. It just grazed his head, and splintered into a thousand pieces against the post of the door.

who had been made the target of odious kid-gloved drivers. Jurgis was driven out to the Bridewell for the second time. In his tumbling around he had hurt his arm again, and so could not work, but had to be attended to by the physician.

The young fellow was so glad to see Jurgis that he almost hugged him. "By God, if it isn't the Stinker!" he cried. "And what is it—have you been through a sausage-machine?"

"No," said Jurgis, "but I've been in a railroad wreck and a fight." And then, while some of the other prisoners gathered around, he told his wild story; most of them were incredulous, but Duane knew that Jurgis could never have made up such a yarn as that.

"Hard luck, old man," he said, when they were alone; "but maybe it's taught you a lesson." "I've learned some things since I saw you last," said Jurgis, mournfully. Then he explained how he had spent the last summer, "hobnobbing it," as the phrase was, "and you?" he asked, finally.

"Neither have I," replied the other, laughing lightly. "But we'll wait till we get out and see." In the Bridewell Jurgis met few who had been there the last time, but he met scores of others, old and young, of exactly the same sort. It was like breaking upon a beach; there was new water, but the waves looked just the same.

The proprietor had never heard of Duane, but after he had put Jurgis through a catechism he showed him a back-stairs which led to a "fence" in the rear of a pawnbroker's shop, and to a number of assignation-rooms, in one of which Duane was hiding.

He was going to leave the city that very night, he told Jurgis—the police were after him again. But he was without a cent and had first to get his carfare. The other suggested that he try a freight-train, but Duane did not travel that way, least of all in midwinter.

"You're right," said Jurgis. "I'll change it." And he put the bill in his pocket, and poured Jurgis out a glass of beer, and set it on the counter. Then he turned to the cash-register, and punched up five cents, and began to pull money out of the drawer.

the price of cattle in the neighborhood, and opened a big wholesale business in a town near by, and sold all its slaughter-house products at less than cost. Also, when the company tried to ship its products to Boston and New York, the railroad-rates went up all of a sudden; and the refrigerator-cars which it had to use, and which all belonged to the trust, were never to be had on time, and the charges became so preposterous that the company had to give up and abandon its property.

He sat staring in front of him, twisting his fingers together nervously. "I can't go away from here now," he exclaimed suddenly. "I've got to pay the police, and stay—I've got to help them somehow! How could I leave them in a plight like that—and it was six months ago you saw them, and God only knows what may have happened since then!"

"Jurgis," Duane burst out, after a moment's pause—"will you go out there for me and see if you can find them? I don't dare show myself, but you can go. I know you didn't want to meet your people—"

Probably no man in the Socialist movement has been more persistently lied about and misnamed by the agents of capitalism than Comrade George D. Herron. Since the death of Mrs. Rand, controlled daily press has worked overtime inventing new falsehoods and warm-up old ones about this comrade and his noble wife.

Recollect that a ten-acre farm goes each week to the one that sends in the largest club during the week. The week closes on Friday, at 6 p. m., but if you fail to get in during the week you expected to, the club simply counts on next week, and if it is the largest one, it gets the prize.

Probably no man in the Socialist movement has been more persistently lied about and misnamed by the agents of capitalism than Comrade George D. Herron. Since the death of Mrs. Rand, controlled daily press has worked overtime inventing new falsehoods and warm-up old ones about this comrade and his noble wife.

He turned and looked at his wife. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, dark-haired man, with a kindly face. "Myra," he said, "don't blame me. My God! It ain't my fault. It's poverty. You know I ain't had work for two weeks. And there ain't a red cent!" he looked at the dead child—"to bury him with."

He walked to where his wife sat and dropped in a chair beside her, burying his face in his hands. The rocking of the chair on the bare floor, and the woman's sobs, now less hysterical, were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

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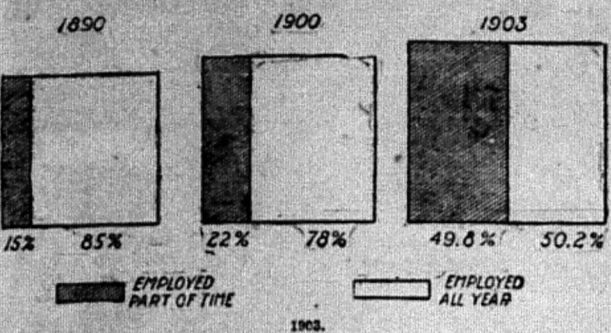
EXETER'S MAGAZINE. Right to be looked with a bunch of the finest stories, which will be the largest collection ever published on any publication on the planet.

The Unemployed

By Fred D. Warren

Our modern system of industry will not work without some unemployed margin, some reserve of labor.—Prof. Charles Booth.

STATE OF EMPLOYMENT IN THE UNITED STATES



Employed all the time 1903: 50.2% per cent. Employed part of time 1903: 49.8% per cent. For 42, Eighteenth Annual Labor Report.

There is an unemployed army composed of men and women who are willing—yes, anxious—to work, who can find no one to employ them.

The average man will dismiss the question with little consideration. If he happens to belong to that group of wage-earners, comprising 50 per cent of the working class, constantly employed, he may tell you there is a job for every man willing to work. On the other hand, he belongs to that other group, comprising 50 per cent of the working class, employed part of the time, his answer would doubtless be entirely different.

If you ask this question of a politician belonging to the dominant party he will dismiss it with a wave of his hand, and tell you that in this wonderful land of prosperity there is plenty of work, and to prove it he will quote from the February, 1904, issue of the National Magazine, published at Boston, the words of the late Senator Hanna: "There are two jobs for every man."

But do the facts, as disclosed by your personal experience and observation, backed by the official figures of your government, bear out these optimistic and careless statements?

The most important contribution made by Commissioner Wright to the economic literature of the nation is his "Eighteenth Annual Labor Report." It is labeled the "Cost of Living and Retail Prices of Food." The investigation, however, covered a larger field. In it we find carefully compiled the earnings of men and women who are employed and unemployed. More than this, it shows the state of employment and of unemployment, and the causes of the latter condition. It is with the employed problem I will deal in this chapter.

In the preface of his report, page 11, Mr. Wright, in order, doubtless, to impress the reader with the thoroughness with which the field has been covered, says: "Inasmuch as the families canvassed were distributed over 33 states and the report is a general division corresponds very closely to its importance in an industrial sense, and owing to the large number of families investigated, selected without reference to industry, it is believed that the data here given relative to cost of living are fairly representative of the conditions existing among the wage workers of the whole country."

"There was a disposition," continues the report, "on the part of the families visited to give exact information, and while individual statements may not be absolutely accurate, it can be safely assumed that averages based on any considerable number of statements correctly represent the group of families from which they were secured."

Mr. Wright's conclusions, based on his investigation, in which he was aided by the resources and prestige of the United States government, agree with those of other investigators, who followed different methods. "The figures of unemployment," says Robert Hunter, in his book, "Poverty," "although imperfect, show that the evil is widespread, even in times of prosperity."

In every industrial community the same insecurity of livelihood, due to irregular employment, exists. It has been said that during the anthracite coal strike of 1902 the entire supply of mined coal was exhausted, but the excess of laborers in that district is so great that within a short time after the strike was settled a report was sent out on reliable authority that "intermittent labor is again the lot of anthracite employes. The collieries do not average more than two-thirds time."

The census of 1890 shows that 3,523,730, or 15.1 per cent of all the workers over ten years of age engaged in gainful occupations, were unemployed a part of the time during the year. The census of 1900 places the number of unemployed during some part of the year—1899—at 4,648,964, or 22.3 per cent of all workers over ten years of age. These figures include the country as a whole, and include agriculture. In manufacturing alone the unemployment rose to 27.2 of all the workers, the industrial states of the North and East showing the greatest per cent of unemployment. In the industrial towns of Haverhill, New Bedford and Fall River the number of unemployed ranged from 30 to 62 per cent.

These figures, if one could read behind the returns, tell a story of pitiful hardship and privation which the black slave never knew. The chattel, in whose body the master had from \$300 to \$1,000 invested, was at least provided with food, clothing and shelter. He may have felt the lash on his back at times, but he never knew the haunting fear of hunger, which is the lot of millions of free American wage workers today.

The significance of these figures of unemployment is apparent when we compare them as follows:

Table comparing 1890 census of 1890 (23.1 per cent unemployed) and 1900 census of 1900 (22.3 per cent unemployed).

Table titled 'CAUSE OF IDLENESS' listing reasons like 'Establishment closed', 'Sickness', 'Variation of weather', 'Strike', 'Accident', 'Not given', 'Drunkenness'.

Before entering into an analysis of the real causes of the unemployment of the wage workers, I wish to consider the above table briefly, in order to puncture some of the glaring fallacies spread broadcast by capitalist writers and speakers.

We are calmly told by a group of self-satisfied reformers that "drunkenness causes idleness—hence misery and degradation. Abolish the liquor traffic, and you end idleness."

Mr. Wright's investigation shows that one-fourth of one per cent of the idleness which he found existing among the working class was caused by drunkenness. "It may be well to remark," says Mr. Wright, page 46, "that it is quite probable that drunkenness in some cases was reported as 'sickness' by the forbearing wife when giving data for the schedule." Assuming that this is true to a certain extent, that the figures given are not far from accurate, one has but to remember that Mr. Wright tells us the average workman's family spends 25 cents per week for liquor. As one-half of the families investigated reported no expenditure for liquor, it would leave an average expenditure for each workman who did spend his money in riotous living of 50 cents per week. Fifty cents per week wouldn't go very far towards habitual drunkenness. In the absence of any more definite figures on this particular phase of idleness we must accept the conclusions of the Labor Commissioner as approximately correct—in which case drunkenness among the working class as a cause of idleness may be dismissed as of little importance.

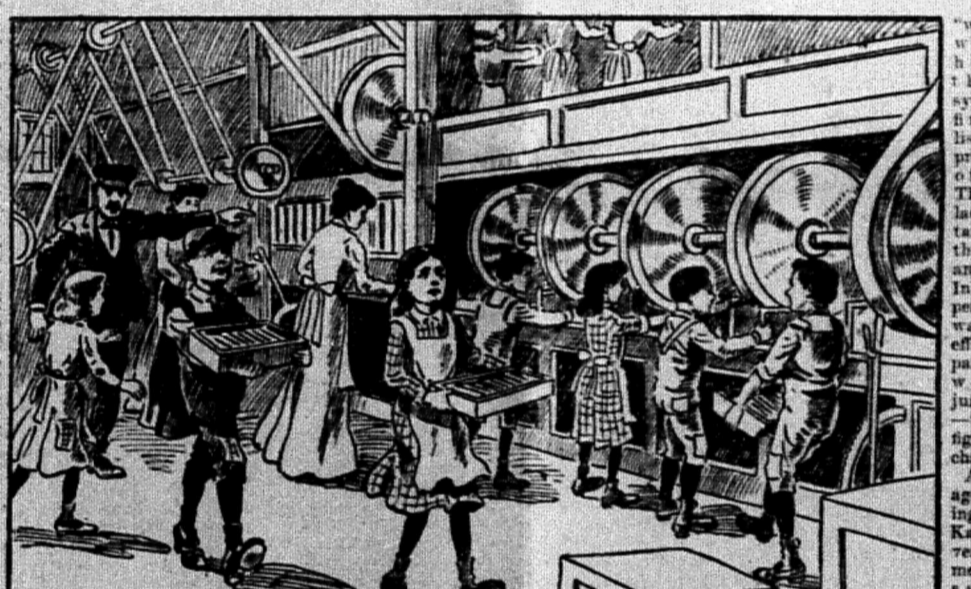
Driven to the wall on this proposition, the bourgeois economist, anxious to throw the responsibility for chronic idleness upon the working class, points to the long array of strikes—strikes, we are told, that are in all cases and at all times inaugurated by the men. Assuming that this is true, we find charged up against them responsibility for 2.07 per cent of the idleness we find in the country. Add to this the 26 of one per cent charged against drunkenness, and we find, according to the best figures produced by the capitalist class, less than 3 per cent of the appalling total of idleness which exists in the United States at a time when the country is enjoying a gratifying period of "prosperity" chargeable to the working class.

You surely will not charge our beneficent system with the idleness caused by sickness," protests the capitalist apologist.

I will let Mr. Robert Hunter answer this question as follows: "There is no other nation, comparable industrially to the United States, which is so backward as this country in its knowledge, in its legislative, in its administrative machinery for dealing with the insidious conditions in factories, mines, and workshops, and in preventing or remedying those dangerous processes in industry which are responsible for a very large number of unnecessary deaths, accidents and deaths."

No other country has so much as our own permitted individuals to be engaged, to a criminal extent, in the health and welfare of employees. I dare say no other nation has so many cases of illness wholly due to preventable industrial causes as the United States. The workmen who are crippled, maimed, or killed, who contract incurable diseases, who are debilitated, or who are incapacitated by carelessness, insanitary conditions, or dangerous machinery, are so numerous in this day that in a very few decades we shall look back upon this period as one of desperate barbarism. No one can help knowing that sickness is caused by vile tenements, by dangerous employments and insanitary workshops. Furthermore, no one can fail to know that an enormous number of deaths occur among the work people employed in certain industries and living in certain tenements. The cause and effect are clear. Then why does not the worker or employer remedy the cause of the sickness, poverty and death? Why does not the worker or employer remedy the cause of the sickness, poverty and death? Why does not the worker or employer remedy the cause of the sickness, poverty and death?

Why Men Are Unemployed. This is a strong indictment, but who is willing to undertake to...



refute Mr. Hunter's statement of facts and his conclusion that the employing and landlord classes are responsible to a very large degree for the sickness and disease among the working class!

"But these men do not have to work in these unsanitary and dangerous surroundings," again protests our capitalist apologist, Sidney Webb, in "Industrial Democracy," says:

The wage earner sells to his employer, not merely so much muscular energy or mechanical ingenuity, but practically his whole existence during the working day. An overworked or badly ventilated workshop may exhaust his energies; feverish and poisonous material may undermine his health; a badly constructed plant of imperfect machinery may maim him, or even cut short his days; concerning surroundings may brutalize his life and degrade his character; yet, when his employer has secured his services, he may make whatever machinery, tools, and materials, breathe whatever atmosphere, and endure whatever sights, sounds, and smells he may find in the employer's workshop, however intemperate they may be to health or safety.

The workingman today has no choice—if he does not like the conditions of employment the employer or his agent shrugs his shoulders and informs him there are plenty of men willing to do the job. Pressing necessity and the cry of the little ones at home decide the day, and for the broad necessary to sustain life men will face risks which the slave master would never have permitted his slave to take.

I stood at the mouth of a coal mine in Missouri several years ago, and I saw careful after careful of blackened corpses brought to the surface; to this day the walls of anguish from wife and children as the body of the loved one was discovered rings in my ears, and I wondered why men would take such risks. I was young then—I know better now. I can now understand why, the day after the wreckage of the explosion had been cleared away, men took their lives in their hands and faced the unseen dangers of blackdamp, falling slate and gas. They had to live. And then I learned that a few thousand dollars spent in measures of safety would have prevented this sacrifice of human life—that the law required this to be done. But ever against the law, against the lives of these men, against the tears of the widows and the fatherless, was balanced the dividends of the stockholders of the mining corporation. They lived in New York and London, and could not be expected to know the local situation—they demanded profits and dividends of their superintendents. The superintendent knew he had to produce dividends or hand in his resignation, and to have done that meant that he, too, must face death in the darkness of the mine. And so the law was violated and the safety appliances were not installed. Mr. Hunter is right—these capitalist are murderers, but there is yet no law to punish them.

We now come to that other phase of idleness—the "closed shop." Not the "closed shop" which Mr. Parry and his friends talk about—but the shop that is closed because the capitalist can find a market for no more of his goods. Mr. Wright enumerates under the headings "Establishments Closed," "Unable to Get Work," and "Slack Work," responsibility for 36.96 per cent of the idleness which he found existing among the workers. There is no other explanation; simply the shop was closed, or work was slack, and the applicant was unable to secure employment.

Now, in considering the real causes which lead up to this condition of unemployment, we are going to get very close to the trouble which afflicts the organism we call society.

Since the beginning of the wage system it has been the dream of reformers and philanthropists that there would come a time when all men would be employed. Wise notions in the past, but it has baffled their very best efforts. The capitalist, the employer of men, knew the effort was futile. He readily grasped the fact that should all men be employed the employer would become the slave of an aristocracy of labor.

He understood, dimly, it is true, that his modern system of industry would not work without a great reserve army of labor. He wanted this reserve for two reasons: In times of prosperity he needed it to bring him extra profits, but, in addition to this, he wanted this reserve army of labor to keep in subjection his employees. There is no known method of keeping a workman to his task so effectual as the fact that just outside the factory door stands a man willing to take his job should he be dissatisfied with the conditions made by the employer.

The cry of "work wanted" was never heard until the wage system became firmly established as the prevailing mode of production. The man never lacked for a task, nor did the work have any idle time. In these former periods there was a constant effort on the part of the workers to jump their jobs today men fight for the chance to work. A few months ago a new packing house in Kansas City advertised for 300 men. Six thousand applied for the jobs and the boys fought for the chance to work.



Commissioner Wright's "Causes of Idleness."

fought for the chance to work. I talked with one of them a few days after the riot—that's what the newspapers called it—a "riot for work." He was a big, open-faced Swede, with arms muscled like an ox. He told me they tore down the railing surrounding the stairway as the maddened crowd surged forward trying to get to the parking house agent. The agent selected the most likely and the others turned away.

"Modern life," Mr. John Hobson has said, "has no more tragical figure than the gaunt, hungry laborer, wandering about the crowded centers of industry and wealth, begging in vain for permission to share in that industry, and to contribute to that wealth; asking in return, not the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, but the rough food and shelter for himself and family which would be practically secured for him in the rudest form of savage society."

I think it is clear to the reader that there exists in the United States a great army of unemployed—you have the evidence of capitalist statisticians and capitalist writers—and above all, you have the evidence of your own experience. But why?

There are you will at once recognize, a number of causes, but we may, for the purpose of this discussion, sum them all up in the one word—MACHINERY! No student is this than even the unimaginative compiler of the United States Census Reports, p. cxxiii, volume VII, says: "A factor that has had a real tendency to lower the actual average earnings of the wage earner in many industries is the displacement of the skilled operative by machinery, which permits the substitution of a comparatively unskilled machine hand. The tendency is noticeable in many lines of industry. Its effects are two-fold: To reduce the number of employes producing the same or an increased quantity of product, and, hence, to lower the total wages of the group; and to reduce the average rate of wages because of the lower degree of skill required."

The census reports are rich in illustrations of this two-fold tendency, but we will consider but the one showing to what extent modern methods reduce the number of men required to produce a given amount of wealth, thus increasing the number of men unemployed. "In the tanning of leather," says the census report, "by reason of improved machinery, there has been a constantly decreasing demand for skilled workmen. Women and girls are now performing work formerly done by men. In 1880 a 'shaver,' who had to serve an apprenticeship of several years before he became a skilled workman, received as high as 80 per cent per day at hand work. In 1900 he had been quite generally supplanted by the 'handy man,' who did the same work by machinery, accomplishing four times as much, and, perhaps, received a third of the pay."

These statistics indicate that the increase in production has been accomplished very largely through the utilization of new and improved machinery without a corresponding increase in the number of wage-earners and wages paid.—Census, 1900, Vol. VII, page cxxiv.

Next week I will discuss "The Better Way," and show by figures furnished by our government that there is a "better way" that will give employer and worker a better life and more security and return for a day's labor an income from five to ten times that now received by the work people of the United States.

The workers produce all the wealth, allow Rockefeller and his class to appropriate it. And as appropriators they are strictly on their jobs.

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Our booklet, 'THE POWER AND ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRIAL CONCENTRATION,' describes the plan of a company that will invest and control all the power and advantage of every source of wealth and profit that is created in a co-operative city under the ownership of the people. It will be the best thing you have ever seen. It will be the best thing you have ever seen. It will be the best thing you have ever seen.

CO-OPERATORS!

You must by this time think, and say, to your mind and to your heart that the 'Lodge' must be a persistent 'come'—and you must say 'Lodge' as a persistent 'come'—and you must say 'Lodge' as a persistent 'come'.

THE APPEAL ACKNOWLEDGES THE CORRECTION.

The telegraphers on the Great Northern have declared the strike off and bow their necks to the yoke of Jim Hill. One man, one voice, one thought, one action, one result.

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Recollect that a ten-acre farm goes each week to the one that sends in the largest check during the week. The week closes on Friday, at 6 p. m., but if you fail to get in during the week you expected to, the club simply counts on next week, and if it is the largest one, it gets the prize.

When property shall have become collective, that is to say, under the Socialist regime, every man will be assured of the means of existence, and the daily labor will simply serve to give free play to the special aptitudes, more or less original, of each individual, and the best and most fruitful (potentially) years of life will not be completely taken up, as they are at present, by the grievous and tragic battle for daily bread.

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HISTORICAL ACCURACY.

The Kansas City Star, a leading western daily, mentions the fact that four elaborate histories of the United States are now issuing from the press.

The modern historian cannot, for instance, regard the Revolution as caused by the capricious tyranny of a willful government. He traces the causes of irritation in the restrictions on trade and manufacture that were a part of the royal colonial policy of the age.

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Only 400 Men wanted to contribute each to the business men's fund. Join the "400." **TEN DOLLARS**

Echoes Along the Way

By FRED D. WARREN

F. J. Moses, Jr., was at one time governor of South Carolina. A few days ago he was released from the Boston, Mass., workhouse, where he had just finished a six-months term on a charge of vagrancy. This is what the whirlwind of capitalism does for its votaries.

Washington has a new paper called "Graft." It is devoted to showing up the petty stealing among government officials at the capital. Its editor was formerly in the immigration service, but fell foul of the man higher up and was requested to resign. Another case of "when thieves fall out the people get the sewa."

At Atlantic City, the other day, Prof. Eugene Girard started a crowd of plutes by feeding some of the food purchased in the open market to rabbits, guinea pigs and dogs. The helpless animals died. So do people when they run up against this food graft. We can't get away from it so long as men are permitted to make private business of the necessities of life.

The Washington paper, "Graft," is authority for the statement, which the editor says he has the evidence to prove, that Secretary Wilson, of the Agricultural department, maintained one of his daughter's servants (note the word servant) on the payroll of the weather bureau. When the girl refused longer to be a menial Mr. Wilson, the honorable secretary, had her promptly discharged from the government service. It seems there is no crime so petty that these Washington grafters will not stoop to commit.

The latest fad among the "Ne'er Works" is a "cat tea." It is in Cleveland, where Mr. Rockefeller attends church regularly, in the home of Mrs. R. F. Bellows, No. 176 Luxure street, hundreds of cats were treated to ice cream and cake and other luxuries. I passed through that city, the other day, and I noticed a bunch of little rag-a-muffs fighting over the contents of a garbage barrel, and when I read the telegraph report of the "cat tea" I made some remarks to myself which would not look well in print.

The readers of the Appeal will be tickled to death to learn that our own Cornelius Vanderbilt and his family were entertained during the past summer by the royalty of Germany. What we need to make the life of the aristocrats in America completely satisfied with America is a king or an emperor. It does not take a very great stretch of the imagination to conceive of the "Man on Horseback" in Washington—unless Socialism wins and returns to the people their government.

Mrs. Senator Platt is the proud possessor of a dog given to her by the king of Sweden. The other day the dog and Mrs. Platt and the senator visited Denver, and were taken up the mountain on a special train. Half way up the dog became ill. The train was stopped and backed down until the doggie recovered from the effect of the high altitude. This was done twice, and finally his dogship was acclimated and reached the top in safety. And this summer no less than ten thousand babies in New York smothered to death.

How quickly the rich and powerful go to "their" government when their financial interests are at stake. Recently the Argentine Republic imposed a heavy tariff upon parts of agricultural machinery from the United States. It would seem that the completed machine heretofore has been heavily taxed by the South American republic, while repair parts have been permitted to go in free of duty. Shevard American manufacturers have been sending machines "knocked down" across the border, and thus evading the tariff for revenue tax. Once in the machines were assembled, the price to the simple farmer made the same as if the tariff had been paid, and our American captain of industry pocketed the profit. Argentine got onto the racket and has arbitrarily placed all agricultural machinery on the tariff list. This has made said American captains of industry real angry, and the United States government is appealed to for protection. War ships are threatened, and it is quite likely that Uncle Sam will send fighters south and give the unreasonable Argentinians a good spanking. Of what use are battle ships if not for the protection of the rich? And does not a tariff become wrong when it interferes with our graft?

One of the facts of tremendous interest to the Socialist is toward the passive acceptance by millions of men and women of the fundamental principles of Socialism. There is an unrest today that bodes well for the morrow. It is not confined to the working class. It finds its expression among the professional classes—more especially among the newspaper and magazine writers. During the past few weeks I have rubbed up against some of the best known newspaper men and magazine writers in the United States, and the readers of the Appeal would be surprised were I permitted to repeat what they told me in confidence. Suffice it to know, however, that the heaven is at work, and bye and bye you will see the flames of revolt spreading rapidly. Why do they not come out openly now? Some of them are cowards, while some of them honestly believe they can do more for the movement in their present positions, putting in a word here and a word there, and using their economic power to boost the propaganda. To announce openly that they were Socialists would mean in many cases loss of jobs and loss of an audience. They would be forced down into the ranks of the proletariat, where the fight is now so fierce that it makes one sick to contemplate the immediate future.

Alarmed over the tremendous strides which Socialism is making in Italy, the pope has ordered all bishops and priests to take an active part in politics, in order to stem the tide which threatens to engulf the present Italian government. Although the pope and the king are not on speaking terms, the interests of the two become identical when confronted by the threatened uprising of the people. A few

days before this papal ukase the minister of war ordered all the commanders of military garrisons throughout Italy to institute a search for Socialist literature in the luggage of the soldiers. A special telegram from Rome to the American press says: "It is said that the result of the search, which has been kept secret, has caused great alarm to government officials." You bet it has. The soldiers of Italy, like the soldiers of Russia and Germany and other European countries, have tired of fighting the battles of the debauched and corrupt ruling classes, and propose to quit. And this has alarmed the ruling class—as well it may. Imagine a ruling class without an army. How pitifully abject is their weakness, as for instance, the czar, when his Black sea fleet revolted. When once the slumbering giant of Labor awakes there will be tottering of crowns and a smashing of idols—kingly and industrial.

An eastern paper tells in glowing words and big type of the wonderful crops of the American farmer. The crop this year will equal, approximately, the total value of all the gold produced in the world during the past thirty years. Sounds big, doesn't it? Yet the farmer is not rich, as the New York World points out. Quoting from the government reports, the World finds that the total gross income per farm in the United States is less than \$800 per year, out of which the farmer must pay his hired help, his taxes, his insurance, depreciation on buildings and his machinery and the other incidentals which go to make farm life highly profitable—for the fellow who farms the farmer. Yes, the American farmer is big and rich and handsome—but he finds himself becoming more and more of a tenant, and each year he sees the slinky coils of the mortgage covering his diminishing acres.

Here is a cheerful bit of news from Allentown, Pa.: "The Consolidated Telephone company has decided to spend \$200,000 in installing girlless telephone plants here and at Hazelton, thus depriving more than 100 hello girls of their jobs. The sixty girls here are so cross about it that they left instantly, and the service is greatly impaired. The directors say they are sorry for the girls, but they calculate that the girlless exchange will save \$20,000." So 100 girls, your sister and mine, dear reader, are dumped upon the already over-crowded labor market. Some of them will get other jobs—your job and my job, brother—and the others will find a few months' lease of life in the gilded dens of vice, where a part of the \$20,000 saved by the directors will be spent in gratifying their lust—because the girls must live, and if they cannot sell their labor, they will sell their bodies. And this is called business. The kind of business the Sunday school orator tells his boys and girls they should follow. I know, because I used to tell the little golden-haired girls and tow-headed boys this fable about business and what they should do to succeed. I told them there was a place for every honest boy and every girl. They have since learned that I lied to them, and I am doing my best to redeem the past.

Tom Platt and Senator Depew have had "Hands Off!" signs hung on the furniture at the Albany state capitol. During days when the legislative jockeys are out fishing and otherwise engaged, visitors are shown the wonders of New York's state buildings—but it is understood that the visitor must keep his "hands off." He may put up the dough that erects the building, and pay the salaries of these smooth gents—but this is the extent to which he is permitted to take part in the making of laws. The other day found me in Albany with a few hours on my hands, and I joined the "rubber necks" and went up to see the castle on the hill where the political grafters do their work. A guide will show you the wonders of the building at so much per hour, which is really a modest fee, and the fellow usually earns it. The building is a towering structure and is worth seeing, if one could but disassociate the thought of Platt and Depew from the atmosphere. While the guide was pointing out to the wondering up-country visitor that the marble decorations of the building were from the different states, I felt quite sure I could see the well-manicured hand of Depew going down into the pocket of his admiring constituent and relieving him of his wad. Of course, this was but a trick of my imagination. The fact is, Depew and Platt are highly honorable gentlemen, and would not be guilty of taking what did not rightfully belong to them.

Alderman Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, New York, is an advocate of "honest graft." He says there is money in it, that he is getting rich, and that others of his tribe are getting rich by the same practice. "Just let me explain by examples," he says. "My party is in power in the city, and it's going to undertake a lot of public improvements. Well, I'm tipped off that they're going to lay out a new park at a certain place. I see my opportunity and I take it. I go to that place and I buy up all the land in the neighborhood. Then the board of this or that makes its plan public, and there is a rush to get my land, which nobody cared particularly for before. Ain't it perfectly honest to charge a good price and make a profit on my investment and foresight? Of course it is. Well, that's honest graft. Or, suppose it's a new bridge they're going to build. I get tipped off and I buy as much property as I can that has to be taken for approaches. I sell at my own price later on, and drop some more money in the bank. Wouldn't you? It's just like lookin' ahead in Wall street or in the coffee or cotton market. It's honest graft, and I am lookin' for it every day in the year. I tell you frankly that I've got a good deal of it. Too refreshing, isn't it, to listen to a man talk like that. Comrade, I have words with the cringing "take it back" soft soap which Depew and the insurance thieves have been handing out. What Plunkitt has been doing on a small scale, the senators and congressmen and cabinet officers in Washington have been doing on a large scale.

COMING NATION



What Capitalism Does for the Children.

Army Column

Club of four from Comrade Lauerdure, of Rochester, N. H.

Bunch of nine yearlies from Comrade Roark, of Danville, Ill.

Bundle of five for a year, \$1. You need them in your business.

Comrade Wilcox, of Parkersburg, W. Va., nabbed five of them for a year.

Comrade Olsen, of Logan, Utah, takes his turn at the bat. Three new ones.

Comrade Morton, of Kearney, N. Y., recollects us to the tune of six yearlies.

Comrade Brandon, of Clyde, Kas., recollects us to the extent of nine yearlies.

Comrade Haupt, of Wabash, Ind., shelled the jungles the other day, with ten casualties.

Comrade Webber, of Red Lodge, Mont., threw out his feelers last week and brought in four more.

Comrade Aclar, a cigar manufacturer of Cincinnati, O., lays in a supply of two thousand center shot leaflets.

Comrade Mathison, of Norton, N. D., got the bulge on four of his neighbors the other day, much to our equanimity.

Comrade Lally, of Salem, Mass., nabbed fifteen of 'em the other day, with which performance we are well pleased.

Comrade Harris, of Allentown, Pa., after watching the row for a while, jumps in with a snort of defiance and four yearlies.

Comrade Seidell, of Clayton, Wash., captured six economic Russians, and sent them in, with 350 kopecks to pay for their instruction.

Comrade Hart, of Kingsher, Okla., toes the mark with a club of seven—a habit that all genuine Oklahomans have got into of late years.

Comrade Springer, of Sayre, Pa., a town that has always been friendly to the poor old Appeal, gets to the front with a list of four annuals.

Comrade Clinch, of Rush City, Minn., touches us up with an order for a bundle of 250 of the Trust Edition, which makes that wonderful proposition more wonderful still.

Five of 'em failed to escape Comrade Virgo, of Pierz, Minn. But we will have to admit that two names like that at once are enough to floor almost anyone if it wasn't for the club.

Comrade Ringler, secretary of the state committee of the Socialist party of Pennsylvania, orders ten dollars' worth of ammunition with which to carry on the fight in the slave state.

Comrade Phipps, of Seattle, Wash., orders a bundle of ten for a year. Of course we make a specialty of five for a year, but if you are just bound and determined to have more we can't help it.

Comrade Ziels, of Kingston, N. Y., probably thought that his name and a club of ten would stagger the Army Editor. In this he was mistaken—we simply marked it down to "Zeal" and went on our way rejoicing.

The clubs are coming from every direction—up and down and crossways and sideways. None of them are big, and it therefore behooves you to pick up the few names that you get a chance to get. They all count!

Please recollect that you can still order copies of the Trust Edition, and that each order helps to swell the great total. One dollar will pay for 250 copies; \$2 for 500 copies, and \$4 for 1,000 copies. You will need them in your business.

The boys are crowding the campaign all over the nation. The plutes will have a fine time in heading off Socialism now. Its already secure in the minds of the people, and reaching out and spreading with the rapidity of a prairie fire. Get in and push.

Comrade Davis, of Sageton, Tex., orders a bundle of 100 copies weekly for

a mouth, and says that the fur is flying in his locality. That's the good word that is coming from everywhere, and we want you to bounce right in and help push the thing along.

Hot Cinders

Language is the yard-stick of thought.

And now Finland proposes to give Russia a few lessons in common decency.

is that the humblest comrade in the rank and file can defend its principles against any and all comers.

The public is now learning how it is that President McCall, of the New York Life Insurance company, is worth \$100,000 a year—to the grafters.

I heard a man say the other day that it was not money he wanted, but power—but he didn't explain how, under this system, he had any show on earth of getting power without money.

How to produce wealth is a problem that has been solved by the American people. The next step will be to learn how to distribute wealth in a way that will give every man his just due.

An enterprising coffin-manufacturer advertises his goods as follows: "We make the best burial basket on the market. Try one and convince yourself." Most of us will probably be willing to take his word for it.

The Swedes and the Norwegians are a thrifty people; their bonds ought to be a gilt-edged investment. Perhaps the capitalists, with their ever-increasing surplus, may yet decide to let them go to war.

First Citizen—What's the matter with the old soldier—he appears to be greatly agitated about something?

Second Citizen—He is. He walked into a Socialist meeting by mistake and he'll lose his pension.

Last week you may have noticed that there was a slight discrepancy in the sworn figures of the Trust Edition sales and the figures printed in large type. The reason for this was that figures of that size are furnished in sets, and only two figures of each numeral are in a set—that many being all that is required for ordinary business purposes. But "ordinary business" of the United States was so completely overshadowed by your orders that its arrangements are not sufficient to express the work done by the Appeal Army. On with the fight!

When Mr. Rockefeller told a friend confidentially that he had better take in his horns and hold fast to what coin of the realm he then possessed, he did not expect the warning would assume the proportions which it did. Nevertheless, we find the financier in the role of an alarmist, pointing to dire things which are quite likely to happen in the United States. It is a knowledge of the approaching crisis in the ranks of the small capitalist class that is causing the unrest now manifested on every hand. Even the large financial interests are beginning to take notice. As the octopus weakens the supports of the small fellows and takes to itself the resources of the brokers and the bankers and the merchant, uneasiness is felt at every corner. It's a brave front they are attempting to keep up, but the down hill slide has commenced. It can only end with the collapse of capitalism—and then will come Socialism and the Co-operative Commonwealth!

I sometimes wonder what the birds must think of us human animals. The birds build nests and occupy them themselves. And the birds pay no rent. We humans build houses and then pay some other human rent for them. Some professor says that in a million years or so we are going to evolve into birds. We might do worse.

According to your uncle John D.—and he usually knows what he is talking about—there is going to be ten million jobs short of enough to go round in 1907. Uncle Johnny scents trouble ahead in the inevitable fight for the jobs among the workers, and he is urging the government to prepare to put them all at work building good roads.

The honest business man today will admit that he is more or less of a grafter. He can't help being a grafter, but there is no use in his lying about it. And the most of them do not. Your average business man is brutally frank—he warns you that he wants your money and that he will rob you of it in any "legal" way at his command.

You have all heard the old chestnut story of the Irishman's horse that he trained to live without eating, and how, when he had the horse nicely educated, the blamed, ungrateful beast, up and died. A good many of the working mules of today are going to turn out like the Irishman's experiment—about the time they learn enough to vote right—they will have engagements with old St. Peter.

"Competition is no longer the life of trade; it is co-operation," says George W. Perkins, vice president of the New York Life Insurance company. He is right. Competition among the capitalists is becoming a thing of the past. The capitalists are fast learning to co-operate. That robe of barbarism—competition—can only be found in its full glory in the ranks of the working class. About the only competition we have left is competition among the workers for the jobs.

What is the difference between evolution and revolution? When evolution reaches a certain point it becomes revolution. For instance, when an egg is forming in it's shell the process is evolution, but when it begins to break the shell the process is revolution.

John D. Rockefeller says that in 1907 there will be ten million idle workers in this country. What a great "stomach"

SOCIALISM THE ONLY ESCAPE.

Evening Journal, Corv. Pa.

The more one contemplates the present status of social tendencies, the more convinced one becomes that we are entering a "crucial period in civil progress. The audacity of capitalism has forced the issue and thousands who have heretofore recoiled at the very name of Socialism are now compelled by the greed of plutocracy to cast their lot with the people. It is not a position that they have sought, but one that has been forced upon them.

NOT A MAMMON WORSHIPPER.

Rev. G. R. Varnay, pastor of the First Baptist church at Bellingham, Wash., in a recent sermon, said:

The winning cards have been dealt to capital every time.

The wealth of all the money in the country is in the hands of one man.

Let a co-operative commonwealth take the place of the competitive system.

Capital wants to get the most possible work for the least possible money, and labor wants to get the most possible wages for the least possible work.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

A 64-page collection of poems, declamations and articles suitable for readings and recitations in Socialist meetings and locals. Compiled by Mrs. L. J. Tubbs. Price, 10c; a dozen for \$1.

Ten Acres Given Free each week for the largest number of yearlies sent in by one person during that time.

argument that will be for Socialism! The empty dinner pail vote ought to be large in 1908. But the plutes will probably play the same old game—set part of them at work on the roads and hypnotize the rest with promises.

The old chattel slave never deluded himself into the belief that he was a free man. The wage-slave of today talks about "patriotism" and "our country"—(he doesn't own a foot of it)—and wants to fight if anyone even intimates that he has a master. One can't help but sympathize with the prejudice-soaked beggars, but what can one do when they don't want to be free, when they worship the chains that hold them in economic bondage, and they kiss the hand that robs them of the product of their toil?

"There is always room at the top" is an oft-quoted phrase. But it is not true. There is mighty little room at the top, and that room is growing smaller all the time; but at the bottom—oh, yes, there is always room at the bottom. That's why the Japanese, the coolies, the Italians and the crowded-out classes of all Europe are coming to this country by the hundreds of thousands. They come because there is room at the bottom. They all get jobs because their standard of living is lower than the average American, and they work cheaper.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the organizers of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, in New York, September 12th, the following officers were elected:

President, Jack London, Glen Ellen, Cal.

First Vice President, Upton Sinclair, Princeton, N. J.

Second Vice President, J. G. Phelps Stokes, 184 Eldridge street, New York City.

Secretary, Miss M. R. Hollister, 123 Roseville avenue, Newark, N. J.

Treasurer, Rev. Owen R. Lorejoy, 21 North Ninth avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Executive Committee—George Willis Cooke, Watford, Mass.; Morris Hillquit, New York; Robert Hunter, New York; Harry Laddler, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Darwin J. Moserole, West 13th, N. Y.; George H. Strobel, Newark, N. J.

The object of the society is to promote the study of Socialism among college men and women, by the formation of study chapters in universities, colleges and high schools. Any graduate or student of a college may become a member by payment of the regular dues of \$5 per year; members may also be enrolled when formed into study chapters where such chapter pays dues of \$3 per year; also any other man or woman interested in the work of the society who pays \$25 or more per year to the propaganda fund of the society.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Ought to be loaded with a bunch of the Trust Edition, which will be the largest edition ever issued by any publication on this planet. Every copy you order just buys this already phenomenal record that much higher. Prices 50c DOLLAR for 250 copies.

These Campaign Contributions.

It will be remembered that last fall, just before the election, Judge Parker, in Brooklyn, fired his bombshell into the republican ranks. The bomb was a statement to the effect that the big trusts contributed liberally to the republican campaign fund. Roosevelt galloped into the arena on his prancing charger, grabbed the spluttering bomb, and amid the plaudits of an admiring populace, hurled the thing back at Parker. Parker couldn't dodge, and it exploded under his feet. And Roosevelt was elected president of the United States with a lie on his lips. He said that not a dollar came to the campaign fund from the criminal trusts. Likewise, said his faithful man, Cortelyou—and the people believed him. And now comes President McCall, of the New York Life Insurance company, a democrat in good standing, and says that \$50,000 of the policy-holders' money was contributed to the republicans. And everybody knows that the New York Life Insurance company is a criminal and an outlaw. Roosevelt knew it—so did Cortelyou—so did every prominent republican politician in the country. Yet Roosevelt did not hesitate to proclaim with much sounding of the toms that many a dollar of tainted money slid into the campaign coffers. The Sunday following his signed denial, which was printed in every Associated Press newspaper in the United States, found the belligerent president at church service, giving praise to Him on high from whom all blessings flow, and the poor dupes who were to be slaughtered eating the hymn. And poor Parker! He had asked for the contribution—and the trust said nay. Had these men of money decided that Parker was the man the contribution would have gone into the democratic campaign fund, and the places of the two candidates for president would have been reversed. Roosevelt would have made the charge and Parker the denial. However, Teddy has made the best president from the Wall street point of view. He can fool the people easier and sleeker, and while he is doing this, the Depews, Platts, Aldriches, Burtons, Mitchells, et al., are sticking the harpoon into them.

"THE FOUR ORPHANS."

A story of four boys whose father was killed in the civil war, who lost their mother and were lost to each other until they reappear at Cripple Creek (Lame Brook), Colo., each as a representative of the interests clashing in the recent exciting phase of the class war in that state.

The great Colorado strike forms a background for the principal scenes of the story, where one of the boys, grown to manhood, figures as a union miner, another as a scab, the third as a preacher and the fourth as a wealthy mine operator.

The authors, H. W. Mangold and O. Lund, use the story to illustrate the theory of "Economic Determinism," which is done in such an artistic way as to add to the quality of the story rather than detract from it, as is so often the case in stories written for didactic purposes.

The book is one of the most forceful awakeners to class-consciousness that has ever appeared in print; but is at the same time both fair to individuals and free from that rancor that comes from the pen of authors less conversant with the mainsprings of human motive.

Its historical correctness, its sound economic deductions, its wealth of social philosophy, and, above all, its merit as a readable and interesting romance, all combine to make it by far the best story of the "Colorado trouble" yet printed, or likely to be produced.

Its presentation of where Socialism stands, what for and why its agitation and the necessity for political action by the working class, cannot be surpassed, and the book will prove a valuable means of propaganda.

The price is low, as the book contains 237 pages, and will be mailed, postage prepaid, by the Appeal for only 30c. Send today for a sample copy.

HOW CAPITALISM SAVES THE FAMILIES.

The Los Angeles Record, September 13th, gives an account of the raiding of the lower houses of prostitution there. Here is the comment of this capitalist paper on the effects of the social system which it upholds at the ballot box, for you can see yourself that profit—money—is at the root of the whole transaction, for there would be no prostitutes if there were no women who had to slave and be ignorant and degraded because they could not live as well as any other women. Read this and then let me tell you what your vote for the old parties is the very thing that makes these conditions possible, and that you are just as guilty as the woman who entices girls for the profit she can make out of it, no matter whether you are intelligent enough to see the relation between your vote and these effects or not. Here is your capitalist society. And perhaps you are one who hawks about saving the home from destruction through Socialism. These police are the same criminals who are very busy arresting Socialists for the crime of speaking on the street.

"The 'gilded palaces' of the women who have long hoarded of 'plutes' were not touched. The women who have made their money with money, the houses in fact, the money lines up long rows of automobiles, were not touched by the police. The only thing that was touched was the bodies of the slaves of some man tower than themselves who lives upon their earnings.

On the corner of the most prominent thoroughfares of Los Angeles, a man not allied with any reform elements, speaks of the situation, and what the reformers have done to the slaves of some man tower than themselves who lives upon their earnings.

"When I think of the most prominent thoroughfares of Los Angeles, a man not allied with any reform elements, speaks of the situation, and what the reformers have done to the slaves of some man tower than themselves who lives upon their earnings.

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The Future of America.

From the Houston (Tex.) Chronicle.

It is a strange thing that the most populous nation in the world should also be the weakest. China is a rich country, too, in natural wealth, but poor in men. The mandarin there has completed the deadly work that trust magnates have begun in this country. The American people are not coolies, but they should take warning from their condition. One division into classes begins, the tendency is for the rich to grow richer and for the poor to grow poorer. Money makes money. Next, to maintain their wealth and get more, the rich seize political power. When the masses of the people lose hope they are an easy prey to vices like the opium the Chinaman dopes himself with, and courage, moral character and patriotism decay.

At the end of the Eighteenth century it was thought that society was made for the individual—and from that the deduction could be made that millions of individuals could and ought to be supported by the exclusive advantage of a few individuals. At the end of our century the inductive sciences have demonstrated, just the opposite, that the individual lives for the species, and that the latter is the only eternal reality in life.—Ferry.

"The Most Delicious Ever."

That's the verdict of all who try NUTRITO, a cereal coffee that is the latest scientific discovery in food drinks.

Both the great and the little NUTRITO did not like it. If so it is because you must not follow the directions carefully. You must not merely stir the cereal, but distribute it on the leaves of the trees. If you do not stir it, it will not mix. If you do not stir it, it will not mix. If you do not stir it, it will not mix.

But in All Cases Serve it Boiling Hot.

Prepared in this manner you will like NUTRITO. It is a perfect substitute for coffee, having all the virtues of coffee, and being free from age and none of its poisonous germ. To illustrate how NUTRITO is demonstrating its superiority over all other cereal coffees, we give the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. W. H. Hultford, a grocer of Bloomington, Wis., who writes:

"NUTRITO takes well with all who will try it. Mrs. Lutz, Lutz, postmaster at Mt. Hope, W. Va., writes: 'I have been drinking NUTRITO since the morning and I drank NUTRITO. She says: 'I have been drinking NUTRITO since the morning and I drank NUTRITO. She says: 'I have been drinking NUTRITO since the morning and I drank NUTRITO.'

How do you like it?

The best thought was drinking another cereal coffee. It was a very good coffee, which commercial coffee prevents us from naming.

"NUTRITO" HAS NO EQUAL.

Try it and convince yourself. Ask your grocer for it, 40 and 25 cent packages. If your grocer does not have it, write for stamps and your grocer's name and we will mail you a sample without charge.

GIRARD CEREAL CO., Girard, Kansas.