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Appeal to Reason. This is Number 527. Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., January 6, 1906

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.

1906 is here and for an "easy opener," as the actors say, you should come in with a dollar for a bundle of five to your address for a year. Make the right kind of a start and supply yourself NOW with literature for the entire year. You will need it and find use for it every week.

THE NEW YEAR.

WITH the last issue the APPEAL sped across the threshold of another year stronger, more vigorous and with greater confidence than ever before in its history. It bore with it as a recollection of the campaign of 1905 the world's record for issuing the largest paid edition ever put out by any publication, anywhere, at any time, in the history of civilization upon this globe. It feels pleased and satisfied, not only with this great triumph, but with the enormous advance in Socialist sentiment which has taken place during 1905. The year may be said to be the one in which the financial and political interests of the nation gave recognition to Socialism as a political entity and which marked, on their part, abundant and wide-spread measures to combat its growth. In Russia the pronounced recognition given it amounts to nothing less than the fact that the imperial government publicly states the revolutionary movement to have been organized and directed by the Socialists. In Germany the power of Socialism is so great that during the troubles in Morocco, in which country the German emperor was endeavoring to obtain a larger commercial interest at the expense of the French, the British government assured the French government that if the French would attack Germany in case of further aggression, that the British warships would bottle up the German fleets and the German Socialists would then be able to prevent any further war.

This is the first time in the history of the world that Socialism has been depended upon by nations to exercise a controlling influence in international affairs, and it succeeded so well that the German emperor retreated from his war-like attitude.

In England the forming of a new ministry called John Burns to the cabinet. Burns is a pronounced Socialist, but of late years his mind and efforts have run more along the lines of immediate assistance to the poverty-stricken of England. In spite of this, Socialism will gain, at last, by his cabinet position, which, by the way, is one of the best there is in the English government, considering it from every standpoint. Socialism has done extremely well during the year just gone by. The APPEAL, facing the coming year, is fully determined to make a record-breaker in every respect. It desires your assistance in this work; it wishes you to join in with the gang who cordially clasp the end of a departing year of well-earned opportunities, and give the hand to the new one already with us, freighted with greater ones.

By all means have a water level built. It would take about twenty years to do it, the stealing and graft would be greatly increased and by the time it was completed the railroad owners would also have time to monopolize all the water transportation, as they have on the lakes, and the whole world would be happy and the lords of millions would look serenely upon a conquered continent. It's all for the protection of the dear people, too!

When you hear some fellow tell about the failure of Socialism you may know he is either ignorant or dishonest. It has never been tried. But it will be in this country before many years.

The people haven't sense enough to choose a postmaster. They have one appointed for them. The rulers size you up about right. An intelligent people would select their own officials.

You pay the highest salaries for the most useless members of society. Under Socialism only useful members will get a reward.

Capitalism has been tried and found impracticable. Do you like the conditions of things as they are going?

Very few people want a home in Florida and they don't want it very bad.

Comrade Dr. H. J. Munson, Fort Smith, Ark., won the ten-acre tract of land for the largest list of yearlies for the week ending December 29th-1905.

Each week the Appeal hands out to the one who sends in the largest club of yearly subscriptions during the week ten acres of fair and sunny land in the Ozark hills of northern Arkansas. This land is about three miles from the famous summer resort of Ravenden Springs, Ark., which are well-known for their specific action in the cure of kidney, liver, stomach and other ills of the human body. The Appeal bought a farm of 160 acres, and these ten-acre tracts are sub-divisions of that farm. On one corner is a school house, which brings each tract within easy distance of such facilities. The land is suitable for a small fruit and chicken farm, being directly in the greatest fruit region in the United States. There is something peculiar to the locality for chickens, as hens lay almost the year round in that vicinity. The cause of this is unknown, even to the people living there, and this condition exists only for a short distance in each direction from where the land is located.

We have but three or four tracts left and it is unlikely that we will be able to secure any more land in that region. If you wish, therefore, to possess one of these tracts you should make an endeavor at an early date.

KANSAS is so prosperous that the Salvation army fed only two thousand hungry people who had nothing to eat in Topeka, the state capital, on Christmas!

TALK about a thieving age! You have heard about a fellow stealing a red-hot stove, but today we have ample proof that men are actually stealing land—stealing the planet on which the people live.

THE rich have community of women. In the Dodge-Morse case in New York the courts will have to decide whose wife the woman is. These are the rich parasites who want to protect the home from the blight of Socialism! Scratch them all and you will find them of the same kind. Decency among the rich is rare.

Under Socialism what will the salary of the president be?—Class, Ditton, Mitchell, Ind.

That will be decided by the people—not by a few misrepresentatives of the people. But one thing you may be sure—the president will not get as much as a hundred workingmen, for he cannot eat a hundred times as much, cannot wear a hundred times as much, cannot live in a hundred houses at once, and under normal social conditions wouldn't want it. But when graft rules society, and each one must graft to protect himself against the day of possible want, we can't expect anything different than that which is. But the Socialists will decide the matter when they come to it.

EX-JUDGE W. H. MOORE, the financier of New York and Chicago, is reported to own a \$19,000 sable overcoat, and Mrs. Leeds, wife of a rail and steel magnate, has a \$12,000 sable coat. Both families are members of the group that owns the Rock Island and Big Four roads. That is what the tariff on railroads is used for. Of course, the roads are losing money all the time! Couldn't possibly have rates reduced? You work hard all your life; your wife helps you; your children work when they are old enough. Do you have such coats for yourself and wife? Did this Leeds woman ever do a day's honest labor? Or did the judge? I let you answer. And you will see these things in the daily press and then go and vote the same old tickets to have it continue. Surely you are a dummy.

THE Saturday Evening Post thinks that it has discovered "something anti-Socialistic." "There are many leadings in the direction of Socialism," but here is something which "is not Socialistic." It is the corn crop of 2,700,000,000 bushels—worth, on the Chicago market, one billion dollars. Big sum—tremendous prosperity—bully topic for the newspapers to roll under their pens and dazzle the eyes of their readers. Most as big as the Standard Oil octopus or the steel corporation. But—and here is a fact which the Post editor overlooked—it required the work of 10,000,000 farmers, a great many horses, much machinery, etc., to do the job. One billion dollars divided among ten million farmers gives to each the magnificent sum of \$100 as the reward for one year's work in the corn field! And, mind you, out of this the farmer must pay his rent, or interest, or taxes, and other incidental expenses. Yes, I should say it was un-socialistic. If Socialism can offer the farmers no more than they are now getting for their labor under capitalism, it surely will prove a disastrous failure.

THESE who got Christmas presents were the ones who did not need them, while those who needed them got none.

THE INDUSTRIAL UNREST.

The revolution in Russia is making other thrones tremble for fear it will become contagious. The slaughter of the working class for aspiring to liberty continues, but the American eagle doesn't scream for liberty any more. It talks only for capital and the exploitation of the workers.

Unrest pervades the whole planet. The idle Japanese soldiers are threatening a revolution in Japan. Machines have taken their jobs and they are getting hungrier than usual, though their masters are feasting.

China is undergoing a revolution, but not of blood. The machine of modern production is rapidly being introduced; the old hand-workers are being huddled together in great shops and the habits and customs of centuries are being torn aside. She is mobilizing a great army with modern machines of destruction, both to keep her work people in subjection and to be prepared for the civilized barbarians when they shall again try to coerce her. With modern industrialism and cheap labor she will cause a tremendous upheaval in the other parts of the world by reason of cheap goods.

New Zealand and Australia are also in the throes of labor troubles. Their makeshifts of labor legislation have run their course and still the people are idle, goods are high and there are evidences of political explosions.

Unemployed thousands are roaming the highways of Great Britain, and the politicians are wondering what to do, but capital sits in the high places feeding off of food produced by the masses, and rightfully belonging to the masses, and the evolution proceeds with accelerated speed.

Germany and France are in like condition. Strikes of tens of thousands have occurred and have been repressed with the military force at the command of the chief robbers.

All the world is ablaze with the new impulse of the twentieth century.

Each of these is contributory to the solution—Socialism! All paths center in the one goal—the ownership of the planet by the workers living on the planet. It is great to live in these days. To be an actor on the stage for even a few brief moments is of itself more glory than achieved by any of the generals of the past. What they changed was nothing to what this change portends.

In the classic language of the immaculate Chesterfield, "Git out an' hustle."

THE door and sash factories of the middle west are all merging into a combine to cut out competition, and, incidentally, to increase the prices and pile up more profits. Sensible people have long ago seen that competition is impossible where combination is possible. Only the silly working class believe in competition. If it were not led by fakirs in the interests of the capitalists it would cease to compete and would declare a general strike until it got the full results of its labor. Under Socialism there will be no competition. Goods will be produced for use and not for profit. The working class will get about \$2,500 a year for an eight-hour day—and there won't be anybody but what performs some useful work. There will be no classes, for all will become members of the one class—the working class.

WALTER WELLMAN, republican, writes in the Chicago Record-Herald of December 21 that nine men control the senate of the United States, and through it control all legislation. He names "Senators" Aldrich, Cullom, Elkins, Foraker, Fry, Hale, Spooner and one or two more," as the men who run the entire government. And the people expect these kind of men to do something for the common people! Why not elect a king, and then we would know to whom to look for relief and whom to hold responsible? A king were better than a set of speculators and mammon worshippers.

DON'T you think it would be a good thing to have an election on "Socialism" delivered at every school commencement in America next spring? The APPEAL thinks so, and is offering cash prizes to encourage boys and girls in making the effort. You can help by calling the attention of bright students to the prize offer printed elsewhere in this paper.

THE BITTERNESS of the Chicago Daily Chronicle toward Socialism is now quite plain. Its owner, J. R. Walsh, is the defuncting banker who looted three of the greatest financial institutions in Chicago. You will find all the grafters and thieves opposed to Socialism.

THE REAL INCENTIVE.

For the privilege of skinning the common folk kings have fought and millions of the common folk were killed during the last century. Sixteen millions is the number given as killed in war. And yet every war was simply the result of the desire on the part of two sets of rulers to skin the same people. And the common fools did all the fighting, all the dying and all the paying! And war is simply a matter of business. Business is engaged in simply for the purpose of skinning people. Do you suppose that anybody is in business for the public good? If there were no rake-off, do you think men would invest their capital? The skinning is slowly being shifted from the battlefield to the counting house—but the skinning process goes on just the same. Something for nothing is the game. You can form no idea how many patches of your epidermis has been nicely sliced off you by the modern process of business skinning. Under Socialism what we know as "business" will not exist. Goods will be produced for use—not for sale. No one will profit by adulteration, and as all will lose by it none of it will be done. The citizens who handle goods will have no interest in what you buy, where you buy or what you pay. Goods will be dispensed as are postage stamps, and the sellers will be simply public employees whom you have employed for your convenience. And when business ceases war will cease, and peace and good will will take their place.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE working class, which votes the old tickets and thus perpetuates the present industrial regime in this country, are like the Cossacks in Russia who support the czar with bullets to maintain the existing regime there. In both cases the workers fight against their class, preferring their present slavery to capital to industrial liberty. The Russian working class is fighting against the industrial conditions under which the work people are forced to produce for the profit of a few useless drones, and in this country the workers are doing the same thing—producing for the drones. In Russia the working class have to use force; here they have to use the ballot. There the ignorance of the many is used to get them to fight for the autocracy; here the ignorance of the many is used to get them to vote for the capitalists' interests. And here we are.

SENATOR CLARK has given a girl baby grandchild one million dollars. This money comes from the labor of his slaves in the mines. Not Clark, but the men who work, pay the million. Their babies get nixie. And the men vote for such a system!

EX-GOV. SPRAGUE, the bold war governor of Rhode Island, in a recent interview, printed in the New York Herald, says: "The country will need some convulsion or revolution to bring about a balance of things, but when it comes, whatever the cost, it will prove a blessing." What's eatin' the fast-fading rulers of yesterday?

IT won't cost you much to look over the advertising columns of the APPEAL this week and ask these advertisers what they have to offer, but it will boost the APPEAL very much. Remember, the APPEAL has cut out all advertising except what in our judgment is gut-edged, and we ask our readers to patronize them wherever and whenever they can. This advertising revenue will help run the machine.

SCITS for half a million against grafting ex-state treasurers of good republican Illinois have been begun. It appears that the whole list for years back were looting the public. Yes, we will get relief by voting the same old tickets—relief for the lawyers who will charge up fabulous fees to the state! Do you never get tired of the farce? Graft, graft, graft! Laboringmen, keep out of politics! Let the grafters have their own way! Follow the advice of Mitchell and Comper, and you will be happy—in the next world.

WHEN THE GOVERNORS GO TO WORK.

Gov. Hoch, the Kansas country editor that sits as governor, says that "unless the American people find a speedy solution for the great new industrial problems, a tidal wave of Socialism will sweep over the country one of these days and sweep us all off our feet." What's the matter with the Hoch stripe of men finding a solution? Isn't that what they are drawing a salary for? And shouldn't they be swept off if they can't find a remedy for what they say should be remedied? They are serving the corporations—not the people, and they know it. He was elected because the corporations knew they would be safe under his power. He took the office with this object. His talk is to deceive the people. He knows he is not doing what the people want done. He wants the people to find a solution while he draws a salary for the job! Well, the people will find the solution and the Hochs will be swept off their feet, and into the oblivion where they belong. But not yet; the people haven't been skinned enough by Hoch and his friends, the corporations. Wait until a little more epidemics is peeled off. It will be a "great calamity" when useless officials are turned out to make an honest living—but the people worth the living will be better off.

THE WORK PEOPLE.

THE work people make all the clothing, but they wear only shoddy. The work people make all the food, but they eat only the coarsest grub. The work people build all the palaces, but they live in rented shanties. The work people mine all the ores, but they own no metals. The work people build all the railroads, but they own no railroads. The work people build all the factories, but they own no factories. The work people make all the machines, but they own no machines. The work people make all the autos and carriages, but they own no autos or carriages. The work people build all the hotels, but they own no hotels nor do they ever eat in a decent hotel. The work people dig all the diamonds, but they own none themselves. The work people produce all wealth, but the work people possess no wealth. The work people do all the serving to the drones, but the drones never serve them. The work people produce all the stupidity—and they possess all the stupidity. Great are the work people.

HOW SOCIALISM GROWS.

Comrade Bower writes the APPEAL from Liverpool, England, that on the last trip of the Cunard steamer Lucania across the water, a few Socialists aboard held Socialist meetings among the third-class passengers. At the first meeting 150 were present; at the second meeting 300—all the dining hall would admit. Speeches were made in English, Russian, Polish, Yiddish, Norwegian and German. Great interest was taken, and it was a revelation to many. Resolutions declaring for the Socialist republic were passed unanimously. Thus out on the wide ocean the propaganda goes rapidly on. The movement appeals equally to all people, all tongues and all classes, but especially to the working class, that is now beginning to feel its solidarity.

PROF. ROBERTS, of the Denver university, returning from Europe, called on the president, telling the chief executive that public ownership was a failure in Europe and that it would soon be abandoned! He did not find monarchy a failure, and that it would soon be abandoned! Not on your life. These mouth-pieces of plutocracy see only failure in those things that the people do for themselves. Yes, public ownership is a failure—it fails to permit the full extent of grafting that private ownership would. But then the professor could not hold his cheap job if he did not give out such statements. It's a part of the game, you know. Wonder what the president thought of him? The president recently received some representatives from New Zealand, and he told them that he had watched their actions down there for years with great interest, and that they were in the van of all nations in solving the social problems, and he was satisfied that they were leading the world in the right direction.

JACK LONDON, the Socialist, received a great ovation at Harvard college. Really, Socialism seems to be getting quite respectable.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has the constant attendance of nine officers, who cost the people \$35,000 a year! And this is our democratic simplicity! One should say simpletons! Talk about the brilliant military staffs of kings! Our Rosy beats them all.

ONE of the principal things the present congress did before adjournment for the holidays was to pass a bill for the relief of the C. C. & S. railroad in Alaska. Do you think it would have done as much for you had you been in the Klondyke, broke? Well, hardly.

AFTER all, what we want is to have the industries of the nation owned and operated by the whole people, and managed by the workers in each industry. Wrangling over fine points is simply foolishness. Put your energy into explaining these simple statements.

If I hire you and set you to work that is paternalism. If you, with other workers, own the places of employment and set yourselves to work that is fraternalism. We have the meanest kind of paternalism today. But the capitalists tell you that it would be paternalism unless they can dictate to you! And you, poor, silly gillies, believe them.

THE Social Democratic Herald of Milwaukee has just installed a fast printing machine, a linotype, and moved into an office of its own. Heretofore it was printed in a capitalist office. When the Socialist press can afford the finest of machinery to push the education of the people, it marks a long step from the time when Socialism was an outlaw and a ridicule. No one more than the APPEAL feels exultant at the progress of the Herald. May its list increase, and may it head the procession in taking Wisconsin out of the capitalist's hands.

THE Independence, Kan., Times rises to remark that while the Standard Oil company was using the railroads to ship oil out of Indian Territory the rate was five cents a hundred, but when it had completed its pipe line the roads raised the price to 19 cents and thus shut out all the small producers, who will have to sell to the Standard at its own price. This shows how railroads in private hands can be controlled—by the men who own both the railroads and the government. Where is the trust-busting president? Where is Teddy the Great? And where are the dupes who vote to have private ownership of industries?

THE people have been open-mouthed viewing Odell, the boss of New York as a wonderful man, whose very wish made all bow before him. It must come with a shock to these worshippers to be told that whatever of influence Odell has comes from the backing that Harriman, the railroad magnate, gives him. And Harriman said it, too! All the politicians in the public eye owe their places to some financial king behind the curtain that has an axe to grind. The politicians are simply the dummies. Capital rules the United States, makes the presidents and its senators and its congressmen and its governors and its judges. The people are simply the chumps that ratify at the ballot-box what the syndicate and trust barons have prepared for them. They have tamed the wild and woolly Rosy to a finish, and he is meek as a lamb.

COMPETITION requires that you sustain an army of 100,000 men, a navy costing as much, and furnish them with expensive implements of destruction; it requires you to support 250,000 lawyers, 100,000 policemen, 200,000 agents and real estate men, a million servants and waiters, 200,000 commercial travelers, 200,000 saloon keepers and assistants, 500,000 extra clerks and proprietors of stores, 50,000 unnecessary public officials, 200,000 paupers and criminals, made such by the system; 100,000 unnecessary men and women in the various advertising avenues, and a host of others who never help to produce the things that enable society to live. These consume or hold twice the national products that the producers consume, and this alone would treble the income of the workers if they were kicked off their backs and made to produce their own living. The labor of the working class supports the whole pyramid. And they are so stupid that they don't know it.

G. B. S.—There is no reason why a co-operative colony should not be successful if it was run upon business principles. But such colonies could not be conducted as Socialist colonies nor as examples in Socialism simply because, while they are composed of Socialists and based upon socialistic principles as the working of the colony and the relations of the members, each other were concerned, the institution would still necessarily be in competition with the outside world. For this reason it would be necessary for the colony to maintain itself in competition with the outside world at every point where its interests conflicted with the outside. The main cause of the failure of Socialist colonies has been on account of an attempt to maintain co-operative relations with the outside, when it is perfectly plain that no such endeavors could succeed. I know of only one colony in the United States, composed mainly of Socialists, organized upon the proper basis, which declares in its principles that it is internally co-operative and externally in competition with the world. It is making excellent progress, having taken advantage of the mistakes of previous colonies and efforts along those lines.

WHY PEOPLE ARE IGNORANT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

John R. Walsh, the looter of three Chicago banks, owns the Chicago Chronicle.

T. F. Ryan, the frenzied financier of New York, owns one of the New York City dailies.

E. H. Harriman owns another New York daily.

Speckles, the sugar king, owns the San Francisco Call.

I wish my subscribers would send me the names and connection of the owners of the dailies in their cities. A list of the owners would make interesting reading.

THE occasion is said to produce the man. There has been the occasion in Florida for a long time, but the man never got to show. It happened along in that domain of one of the Standard Oil pigs. The Jacksonville Sun started there a few weeks ago—a bright, illustrated weekly. Its first issue was filled with advertising of the banks and other "important" industries. The editor began to tell some long-winded truths about the corrupt management of affairs, and the next issue the editor received horse letters from these pirates, telling him that they could not afford to have their ads in a paper that was trying to tear up the established order of things. The next issues of the paper came out with the places where these ads had been printed in blank. There were many holes in the paper, but the matter was even hotter than hot, and the sales of the paper have doubled up, and the editor finds it even more profitable to print hot news than to have the ads. It takes time for the people to recognize a friend, but in time they will do so. The publications that are exposing the rottenness of the industrial and financial system are getting the largest circulations. Too long have the advertisers closed the mouths of editors who see the right yet fear to express it. A different era is dawning.

DID you know that the railroad men, who own this government, were given authority to build roads in the Philippines and that this government guarantees them a net profit on the business, whether they make it or not? And don't you know that they will water their stock and pay high salaries and thus make the government pay 5 per cent on nothing but wind and two streaks of rust? What would be said if the government guaranteed the farmers all their expenses and salaries and 5 per cent profit on their investment? Wouldn't there be a howl? Yet that is just what it is doing with capitalists in the Philippines. Paternalism, did you say?

REV. G. B. RICHMOND, Stamford, Conn., was turned out of his pastorate because he is a Socialist and preached for the poor and denounced the rich. The rich today, as in the time of Christ, will not stand for having their lecherous character commented on. Do you wonder that the poor are leaving the churches?

THE government maintains a press bureau at the headquarters in Panama whose principal labor it is to present matters pertaining to the canal in such a whitewashed light as to give the administration a pull with the people, and you, dear reader, help to pay the bills. The service costs \$10,000 per year.





THE WORLD OF LABOR

The big strike between the printers and the employers is now on. There are about 48,000 printers in the country, and lined up against them are the employers, backed by a billion and one dollars.

The labor unions should contribute some more good dollars to have a lobby at Washington to get an eight-hour law. It is a soft snap for some of the gang.

Says a dispatch from Chicago: The Chicago Employers' Association, at a meeting today, formulated plans for the establishment of a standing army of laborers, both skilled and unskilled, and representing every branch of trade, to be prepared to go to any city in the United States to fill the places of strikers when necessary.

There is a strike at the Wehrle stove works at Newark, O., where a stove a minute is made. Two thousand men are employed. The jaspers at the recent election elected a good republican for mayor, as usual, and he plies the strikers with the police as the czar does with the Cossacks.

If the workers want to know what Compensism means they should look at the misery, the hopelessness of the defeated cotton spinners at Fall River. When the coal strike next spring is over and the men are forced to go back to work on the bosses' terms, which they will if it takes all the militia and regular army to force them, they will know what following the advice of the Mitchells means.

The North-western Agriculturalist, quoting C. W. Post, head of the Citizens' Alliance, favorably, in which the latter says that labor unions are against the farmer, that increased wages on a wagon would mean to increase the cost to the farmer to such a degree that the farmer could not buy wagons, fails to see that the labor cost of a wagon is only \$10, and that the farmer now pays \$70 for it.

The price of labor has little or nothing to do with the price the farmers have to pay for articles. The wages of makers of any farm implement could be increased five-fold and yet not necessarily increase the price the farmer has to pay.

H. Hollenback, Everett, Wash., explains why lumber is cheap. He writes: "I have been in the lumber business here. The last year I sold lumber at 86 per thousand on board cars. The freight rate to Kansas is \$16.50 per thousand or \$230 per car of twenty thousand feet. Is it any wonder we burn millions of feet to get it out of the way when it is not the very best? And we can make only poor wages sawing, after furnishing the timber and mill throw in. The whole lumber product is confiscated by the railroads and we get just what the slaves got—a bare existence, even when we own the finest timber in the world."

Judge Gary is head of the Federal Trust Corporation, and prominently identified with a big brother, the United States Steel Trust. The judge has turned the shady side of sixty. His head is bald and he is rapidly losing those physical charms which make man attractive to women. The other day the judge was walking down Broadway, New York, and he met a handsome young lady. He sized her up with the look of a connoisseur. In the language of the street, she "looked good to him."

The judge mused over the information. The husband was apparently a stumbling block in the way of a realization of his ardent desire. But he did not despair. Money is a potent factor in the commercial world and it could be used to further his ends in other fields.

Since the senate is all of congress, Comrade Wentworth's forthcoming book will be devoted exclusively to the eighty-odd corporation officers and attorneys that masquerade as statesmen in the Washington senate chamber.

SHOTS BY THE ARMY

The Sporting Editor and the Religious Editor had been engaged in a fierce discussion on religion, which threatened physical hostilities, when the Sporting Editor had shouted to his despised colleague that "the preachers are no good anyway."

Not many of those ten-acre tracts left, gent.

Comrade Birch, of Calders Park, Utah, touches us up with a bunch of four annals.

Comrade Ralph, of Kerretown, Pa., recollects us with a club of four yearlies. That's the way.

Comrade Watson, of Alice, Oregon, nabbed eight of them recently, which performance we hope he will repeat.

Comrade Smith, of Omaha, rang the bull's eye with a club of ten yearlies lately. We want a large corps of these kind of marksmen.

Comrade Danker, of Warner, S. D., put the Togo to a bunch of ten of the Russians the other day and handed us the necessary hoops to finish the job.

Comrade Stirtion, of Cass, Mich., nailed five of the unfortunates last week with the necessarypoons to pay for their instruction in the true school of economics.

Robert Hunter, author of the widely-read book, "Poverty," joins in the fray with snorts and whoops of defiance. Three yearlies and his own scalp besides.

Comrade Celia Terrell, of Elyria, O., sent in a club of nine last week, much to the satisfaction of the Society Editor, who is always pleased to hear from the women. It kind of justifies his existence, as it were.

Comrade Hasty, of Vera, I. T., touches us up with a club of four. From the way that the clubs are rolling in from the Indian Territory we have concluded that all of them down there are good Indians and all alive.

Each and every worker needs a bundle of five for a year in his business. Five copies each week and every week will cost you only one dollar and you will have a supply of ammunition in your hands all the time.

Comrade Stevenson, of Minneapolis, hands us the frappe in the shape of six yearlies, with which we shall earnestly labor during the coming year. It only costs a quarter to get us to bounce onto a man for a year, and you can get the quarter from the man himself.

Comrade Zinn, of Elkhart, Ind., lands on us with a bunch of eight yearlies. We can very readily see how Zinn can get them without much trouble. Being a dentist he simply puts them under the influence of chloroform and extracts—no, not the tooth, first—but two bits.

Take this paper and go out and nail a few new subscribers. Don't let good intentions get cold and then die out for the lack of a practical application. You can make more fun with the animals getting subscriptions for the Appeal than you can any other way, and you are boosting for the cause at the same time.

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Don't write us long letters, jaspers. Every letter has to be read by six different people, and their time costs money. If we are put to too much additional expense in this way we can not get out the paper at the present prices. One or two letters wouldn't make any difference to speak of, but when there are hundreds daily to be read you will easily see that it requires a great deal of time. You know what we think and we know what you think, and our mutual object is to get the rest of the people to thinking likewise.

Comrade Thomas, of Whitmore, Cal., ambles amiably in with a string of ten. If we devoted our whole space weekly to California jaspers we couldn't begin to tell of the wonderful exploits of these fierce warriors for Socialism. California is always at the front, with head and tail up, scalping with unexampled ferocity every individual it happens to meet. Indeed, when that noted Indian warrior, Geronimo, was captured and it was suggested that he be sent to California, he shivered with terror. "I dare not go out there," he said to the presi-

dent. "The state is inhabited by the savage and pitiless Appeal Army, which will have my scalp in no time." The president, who had heard of the Army himself, sympathetically changed the order to another section of the nation.

Comrade Porter, of Lott, Texas, gets to the bat with a bunch of ten. We wish we had a Lott more like them. N. B.—This joke is built by the Religious Editor, who is acting in the place of the Joke Editor during the holidays. Joke came easy on account of his knowledge of Lott's wife, acquired during his pulpit days.

WHAT THEY'RE DOING

The capitalization of the trusts controlled by the Morgan-Rockefeller group exceeds the total amount of wealth of the United States in 1860.

Odell, the deposed boss of New York, threatens to expose how Depece came to go to the senate and some other queer things. When thieves fall out the people learn something about how they have been skinned.

It comes out now that the New York Life Insurance company spent \$100,000 a year to bribe republican and democratic editors to deceive the people so the skin game could go on. Which shows the condition of the American press. It is, like the law, for sale to the highest bidder.

August Belmont, the American representative of the Rothschilds, and associate of Gompers and Mitchell in the Civic Federation, now has complete control of the New York street railways built and to be built for all time. And the work people whoop it up for Belmont when they support the Gompers and Mitchell kind of labor leaders.

Since 1790 to date there have been more gold, silver and merchandise sent out of the country than came in, by the unthinkable amount of \$4,544,860,921. Can you figure out how any foreign ownership of property could be possessed in this country, when we have given back more than came in? Get your boy to figure it out for you.

An Iowa banker, E. E. Snyder, of Olin, who was convicted of receiving money after he knew the bank was bankrupt, and by which depositors lost \$100,000, was fined \$100 by the judge. It should have been one hundred years in prison. But, then, when the common folk lose their money it makes no difference. Such a fine was equivalent to no punishment at all. But the prince of finance can do no wrong.

Steps for the organization of a national public ownership party were taken at Bakersfield, Cal., recently. The politicians, seeing that the Socialists have created a tremendous public sentiment for taking over the industries, have set about capturing that sentiment and riding into office on it. They opposed every effort of the people to throw their bosses, and now come forward as the champions of public ownership! The gall of the capitalist has no bounds. And the people forget, the people forget!

William Wilson, a cattle king, of Denver, was shot and killed by a cowboy named Hensley the other day. It grew out of the fact that Wilson had Hensley enter land, so as to get it out of the public hands, and then took it from him and refused to pay the \$200 promised. This was twenty years ago. Thus the rich criminal receives the reward of his crime of getting public land contrary to the spirit of the law. But private ownership is such a good thing, you know! Riches are held only by fraud, and bring only ill results.

According to reports just filed, says the Columbus (O.) Post, a grab game has been going on in the country for years, including sheriff, coroner, surveyor, county judge, and down the line among all the deputies. Yes, these good republicans should exert increased earnestness to save the country from Socialism! The people must like to be plucked. Practically all public offices are in like condition, but the people never suspect until some of them fall out and begin to tell tales out of school. Rotten! No, just the American ideal, you know.

Shaw, keeper of the people's cash box, says that Walsh, the Chicago banker who busted three institutions with twenty millions of the people's money, will not be prosecuted, though he had violated the law. If a poor man had violated the law by boiling some corn and making it into whiskey, or if he had cheated the government out of five cents, he would have no mercy on such. The rich know each other. They are pals in the same game to skin the people. And yet the people dumberly think that public officials are protecting them, when in fact they are the very ones who are skinning them.

With money loaning at 95 per cent in New York, there can be no question about the solid condition of finances! These are only the premonitions of the coming financial storm. In fact, the storm is now on, with banks failing and bankruptcies raining all over the country. The liars will tell you the country is all right, but they told the people that in 1873, in 1892 and in 1893. It was only a year or two after these periods that the "moulders of public opinion" admitted that these were periods of depression or panic. And this reminds me that the New York money loaners are criminals, for it is a crime to charge more than the legal rate of 6 per cent. But what are laws among gentlemen?

The matrimonial escapades of the rich, as exploited in the newspapers, are getting to be really fierce. A few days ago the world was shocked by the gyrations of W. Ellis Corey, head of the big steel trust; and now comes the saintly Judge Gary, over whom is thrown the crime of the judiciary, and he bids \$100,000 for another man's wife! It would require every inch of space in this paper, using the smallest type made, to print the names of the wealthy pillars of society who have put away the wives of their youth to take unto themselves young women whose cheeks are rosy red with the bloom of health. Oh! yes, these gentlemen are very anxious to preserve the home!

The Thompson home, at 591 Ninety-fifth street, Chicago, has been guarded day and night by the family for nearly a month to prevent the Rock Island road from laying its tracks right through the yard and close against the house. No rest has the family had, day or night, until the 30th, when the city furnished them with police protection to prevent the confiscation of their property. You will remember a similar incident occurred recently in the east, when the steel trust took the home of an old lady by force. These things are common. The corporations have no respect for justice, decency or law. Let the people realize their properties and give them the means of what they are forcing upon the many. Which is better—the taking of the properties by all for all, or the taking of property for the use of the

few? These robbers hold up their hands in horror when talk of taking their properties is mentioned, but they hesitate not in taking from others. They are public enemies and but for the fact that they own the legislatures and judges they would long ago have been haled to answer their crimes.

Following the failure of the three great Chicago banks, to say nothing of the many little ones that have gone to the wall in the last month, three important banks in Memphis, Tenn., flew up the flue last week, with millions of dupes' money. The American people are the most credulous on earth. As fast as they lose money in one bank they hunt up another to repeat the evidently pleasing experience! Of course the country is prosperous! Wise people will keep their money out of bank. The banks could not pay ten cents on the dollar of what they owe depositors if they were called on any day. If even the savings banks depositors were to withdraw their funds there would not be a dollar in any bank of any kind with which the gamblers could continue their game of fleecing the people. If you furnish the money for them to gamble as if you were just guilty of the crime as if you gambled yourself.

A daughter of Frank Work, a millionaire turman, has left home because her father would allow her only \$60,000 a year for spending money. You often ask what Socialism will do with those who won't work. It is pretty certain that it will not give a fortune to gamblers and give their daughters five thousand a month for living idle, profligate, useless lives, as we do today. It is plain that the turman never produced a dollars' worth of real wealth—yet he is rolling in wealth. His daughter has spent a useless life, and yet she rolls in wealth, while those whose very lives have been coined into cash are living in ignorance, poverty and degradation. Now, really, don't you think it would be better that the real wealth be wasted on such degenerated specimens of the genus homo, or monkeys?

Private letters being printed in the papers throughout the country from Panama show that the whole thing down there is a graft. Men are on the pay roll as engineers who are barbers, carpenters and clerks—political pets. These letters show that practically nothing has been done, though millions have been spent. The thing is a graft from start to finish. It is merely a way to get money out of the public treasury legally, instead of stealing it outright, which is always more or less dangerous. This is what the old party papers are saying. So it can't be a "Socialist lie." Practically none of the people who are paying the bills know anything about the conditions of the spending. Do you? Do your neighbor? Well, are not all the people like you and your neighbor? It is easy to swindle the people who know nothing of their own business. Capitalists will steal three hundred millions of the four hundred the canal will cost.

Mr. Hughes—It has been recently charged that you get your political influence through graft. Mr. Harriman—No, I should say that Mr. Odell gets his political influence through his relations with me.

This is perhaps the most significant admission elicited from the New York financiers during the investigation conducted by the Armstrong committee. A treatise could not throw more light upon both politics and business than does this unpremeditated answer to a chance question. Mr. Harriman was caught off his guard, but almost before the statement fell from his lips he realized that he had blundered. Later he tried to break its force by saying that it was meant in a jocular sense. But Mr. Harriman can offer good excuses for his slip. Your captain of industry does not begrudge his political bagmen the applause and admiration of the multitude; but seriously to be asked whether he does not owe his fortune to these vain shakedown of his influence is there any wonder that Mr. Harriman forgot himself for the moment, and with a loud guffaw set the matter on its feet for the benefit of his astute inquirer?

Socialists have always known both from observation and from a priori considerations that the politicians, who so bravely strut and fret their hour upon the stage, are mere puppets in the hands of the financiers which amuse the populace and at the same time conceal the identity of the real actors. "The executive of the modern state is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie." (Communist Manifesto.) The American people have been gaping for years at our great quadrennial Punch and Judy show. It is to be hoped that some of the wiser ones at least will now take a peep through the rent which Mr. Harriman has awkwardly made for them, and be cured of their childishness.

WOULD BE DIFFERENT

Secretary of State Storms of Indiana, the third state official of the last batch elected by the republicans, is short on his accounts. There is nothing like electing republicans and democrats to elect if you want graft to flourish—they are in politics for what they can get out of it. They all oppose Socialism, because Socialism would make conditions under which it would be impossible to graft.

American wheat sells in Portugal for \$1.90 per bushel, according to the American consul at Lisbon. See how easy it is to farm the farmer! Under Socialism the wheat would be carried on public roads and public ships, and this country as a whole would get the benefit of the difference in price, instead of it going to a lot of hoodling, grafting speculators. But they know how to run the farmers' lives into profits, and those are opposed to Socialism. And the farmer, he votes to get only half the value of his products, too.

Our own American nobility imported \$36,000,000 of diamonds and gems last year, besides what they smuggled in. It is of vital importance that they have these baubles, whether the working people, from whom they draw their living, have decent food and clothing or not. Yes, the industrial slavery is a very practical scheme—for the dross, the people who do not work, they are still barbarians. Under Socialism, when people produce as much in useful goods as they consume, when labor is really honored and an idler will be an outcast, the wearing of jewelry will be considered as a species of mental feebleness bordering on idiocy.

A dispatch from New York describes a new electric cook stove which does the work more economically, and with no waste of energy and labor, than the ordinary method. Under a sane social system this "life-saving invention" and that's what every housewife in this country will agree that it is—would be installed in every household in the nation as rapidly as skilled mechanics and the nation's limitless resources could do it. Today, however, it becomes the property of a few individuals, and will eventually pass into the hands of a trust. It becomes a burden instead of a help to society. Just stop for a moment and think how many tired mothers would have succored from the slavery of the hot cook stove if this new electrical device were introduced in the homes. To say nothing of the joy on the part of the men folk—who would have no coal to carry and no ash pans to wrestle with! Say—the millennium would surely be here.

The Kansas City Journal, republican, prints a dispatch from Harrison, N. J., telling that women are used by the pump trust at work that requires the strongest of men, working amid steam, dust and grime that would brutalize the most hardened male worker, and at a wage of \$1.25 for ten hours' killing toil. Well, that is what the men vote for, they join unions and let a few leaders keep them out of politics, and then kick because they can't find work, while their sisters and mothers are put at work no women should do. The labor union members who vote the old tickets vote for this condition, whether they have sense enough to know it or not. Under Socialism there will be no private bosses interested in hiring women to do men's work because they are cheaper, while the men walk the streets because they can't find a job. The industries will be publicly owned, and the workers will make all the rules governing the industry, but as this can only be brought about through political action, and as the men are led by the nose by their leaders in the interest of the bosses, who want to own the industries to get rich, this thing continues. Men, have you brains? Why not use them?

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Star, old-time New York and poor, old New York. Unfortunately Mr. Nelson need not look so far as New York for "clear expositions." There is an ass's load of them to hand, at his own door. Has he forgotten the incursion of Royal B. Powder into Missouri legislation, and the service Hon. Bill Alum Stone rendered in the demonstration of the hollowness of "popular sovereignty" in that imperial state? Or the attempt of the "popular sovereignty" of Kansas to resist the exactions of Standard Oil?

But beginnings are always hard. And the Star apparently has begun. If the editor will only look long enough at the puzzle picture of American politics he may be able to make out the bosses of other bosses—even the bosses of boss Roosevelt.

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THE WORLD OF LABOR

The big strike between the printers and the employers is now on. There are about 48,000 printers in the country, and lined up against them are the employers, backed by a billion and one dollars.

The labor unions should contribute some more good dollars to have a lobby at Washington to get an eight-hour law. It is a soft snap for some of the gang.

Says a dispatch from Chicago: The Chicago Employers' Association, at a meeting today, formulated plans for the establishment of a standing army of laborers, both skilled and unskilled, and representing every branch of trade, to be prepared to go to any city in the United States to fill the places of strikers when necessary.

There is a strike at the Wehrle stove works at Newark, O., where a stove a minute is made. Two thousand men are employed. The jaspers at the recent election elected a good republican for mayor, as usual, and he plies the strikers with the police as the czar does with the Cossacks.

If the workers want to know what Compensism means they should look at the misery, the hopelessness of the defeated cotton spinners at Fall River. When the coal strike next spring is over and the men are forced to go back to work on the bosses' terms, which they will if it takes all the militia and regular army to force them, they will know what following the advice of the Mitchells means.

The North-western Agriculturalist, quoting C. W. Post, head of the Citizens' Alliance, favorably, in which the latter says that labor unions are against the farmer, that increased wages on a wagon would mean to increase the cost to the farmer to such a degree that the farmer could not buy wagons, fails to see that the labor cost of a wagon is only \$10, and that the farmer now pays \$70 for it.

H. Hollenback, Everett, Wash., explains why lumber is cheap. He writes: "I have been in the lumber business here. The last year I sold lumber at 86 per thousand on board cars. The freight rate to Kansas is \$16.50 per thousand or \$230 per car of twenty thousand feet. Is it any wonder we burn millions of feet to get it out of the way when it is not the very best? And we can make only poor wages sawing, after furnishing the timber and mill throw in. The whole lumber product is confiscated by the railroads and we get just what the slaves got—a bare existence, even when we own the finest timber in the world."

Judge Gary is head of the Federal Trust Corporation, and prominently identified with a big brother, the United States Steel Trust. The judge has turned the shady side of sixty. His head is bald and he is rapidly losing those physical charms which make man attractive to women. The other day the judge was walking down Broadway, New York, and he met a handsome young lady. He sized her up with the look of a connoisseur. In the language of the street, she "looked good to him."

The judge mused over the information. The husband was apparently a stumbling block in the way of a realization of his ardent desire. But he did not despair. Money is a potent factor in the commercial world and it could be used to further his ends in other fields.

Since the senate is all of congress, Comrade Wentworth's forthcoming book will be devoted exclusively to the eighty-odd corporation officers and attorneys that masquerade as statesmen in the Washington senate chamber.

Not many of those ten-acre tracts left, gent.

SHOTS BY THE ARMY

The Sporting Editor and the Religious Editor had been engaged in a fierce discussion on religion, which threatened physical hostilities, when the Sporting Editor had shouted to his despised colleague that "the preachers are no good anyway."

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Comrade Birch, of Calders Park, Utah, touches us up with a bunch of four annals.

Comrade Ralph, of Kerretown, Pa., recollects us with a club of four yearlies. That's the way.

Comrade Watson, of Alice, Oregon, nabbed eight of them recently, which performance we hope he will repeat.

Comrade Smith, of Omaha, rang the bull's eye with a club of ten yearlies lately. We want a large corps of these kind of marksmen.

Comrade Danker, of Warner, S. D., put the Togo to a bunch of ten of the Russians the other day and handed us the necessary hoops to finish the job.

Comrade Stirtion, of Cass, Mich., nailed five of the unfortunates last week with the necessarypoons to pay for their instruction in the true school of economics.

Robert Hunter, author of the widely-read book, "Poverty," joins in the fray with snorts and whoops of defiance. Three yearlies and his own scalp besides.

Comrade Celia Terrell, of Elyria, O., sent in a club of nine last week, much to the satisfaction of the Society Editor, who is always pleased to hear from the women. It kind of justifies his existence, as it were.

Comrade Hasty, of Vera, I. T., touches us up with a club of four. From the way that the clubs are rolling in from the Indian Territory we have concluded that all of them down there are good Indians and all alive.

Each and every worker needs a bundle of five for a year in his business. Five copies each week and every week will cost you only one dollar and you will have a supply of ammunition in your hands all the time.

Comrade Stevenson, of Minneapolis, hands us the frappe in the shape of six yearlies, with which we shall earnestly labor during the coming year. It only costs a quarter to get us to bounce onto a man for a year, and you can get the quarter from the man himself.

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