

Number of subscribers last week 220,654
Number new subs for week ending June 30 6,827
Number expiring for week ending June 30 5,284
Gain for the week 1,563
Total number subs for week ending June 30 223,563

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This is Number 554

Appeal to Reason

J. A. WAYLAND
F. D. WARREN, Managing Editor
Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., July 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.

Record "Busted" Again.

June is the month when the Circulation Man spends sleepless nights in an endeavor to keep things moving. That is, this was true of past June. The month just closed furnishes an exception to the rule and the members of the APPEAL Army—always looking for new records to "bust"—spit on their hands and waded in, leaving the Circulation Man far to the rear with a surprised but highly pleased look on his careworn countenance.

June 1906 25,275
June 1905 13,020
June 1904 16,404
June 1903 15,370
June 1902 10,360
June 1901 16,410
June 1900 11,349

The last three months have been record-breaking ones in point of yearly subscriptions—and it was easy, wasn't it? Not an APPEAL Army worker feels in the least bit tired. On the contrary, every effort you have put forth has had a stimulating effect—you feel in fine shape for the coming battle, like the athlete who has just finished his "try out".

PERHAPS the reason congress decided to build a canal with locks was that it feared that without them the commission might steal the canal, too. "THE JUNGLE" has been barred from the Topeka, Kans., public library on the ground that it is unwholesome. Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Some people prefer putrescent meat.

Mr. Mooney may find that his sharp talk cuts no congealed moisture with the Ice Trust.

MR. MOONEY may find that his sharp talk cuts no congealed moisture with the Ice Trust. PRESIDENT CURENS, of the Wisconsin State Medical Society, at its annual convention recently held in Milwaukee, urged that doctors be sent as members to our state and national legislatures. Good idea. They no doubt could kill a great many pernicious measures. Also they could attend to the fumigation.

THE insurance committee of the American Association of Public Accountants complains that the statements of the life insurance companies are of such a nature that the public cannot understand them. There are things about the insurance companies besides their statements that the public is unable to understand.

I. W. W. to Boycott Appeal
To the Editor Appeal to Reason: The I. W. W. in the very near future will kill all Socialist papers that do not take a government stand. I know what I am talking about. I want you to get it into your mind before it is too late. This great army is getting very bitter toward the Socialist press that continues to stop with the enemy. The I. W. W. is not going to be fooled. You have nothing to fear and everything to gain. You will have this army of 2,000,000 with you. You need only call the A. F. of L. Only 20 per cent of the working people are organized. We must organize the rest. I want you to call this army the I. W. W. I believe a move along the line mentioned will mean the life of the Appeal to Reason. Send the I. W. W. an article. Write Debs, Truettman, and others. I have never wanted to see the Appeal to Reason. I never want to see the Appeal to Reason. I never want to see the Appeal to Reason. I never want to see the Appeal to Reason.

I have frequently stated through these columns that when the APPEAL ceased to be a useful weapon in the hands of the workers of this country it should no longer receive their support. It's only claim on you for your money and your time is that it is of use to you in your fight against organized capital. I have also tried to make it perfectly clear that the APPEAL is the spokesman for the 25,000,000 men and women and little children who toil in the mills and factories and shops of this boasted land of prosperity and freedom. It is a partisan Socialist party paper, because I believe that only by the adoption of the program of International Socialism can the interests of the entire working class be served. The work of the APPEAL during the past year is the record on which it must stand or fall. Whether it has served the interests of the workers, I leave for you to decide—and whether you stay with the paper until we win a lasting victory rests entirely with you. The APPEAL has repeatedly refused to be coerced, intimidated or boycotted into aligning itself with any isolated group of workers, and thus tie its hands when some great crisis in the working class world confronts the Socialist movement. The APPEAL threw all its resources and energy into the Colorado-Idaho fight, not because Moyer and his associates were members of the Western Federation of Miners (the backbone of the I. W. W.), but because they were members of the working class and fighting your battles against the capitalist class. It would have done the same thing for the officers of any other trade union had they been similarly situated. The APPEAL is purely an agitation sheet—as I have before repeatedly stated. It believes firmly in political action and purposes to fight it out on this line until victorious or hopelessly defeated. This does not mean that the APPEAL does not recognize that there are other important factors in the contest now approaching. It merely means that I prefer to fight along this line, as I know the name. I recognize clearly, as do all students of industrial conditions, that the industrial form of unionism is the logical next step in the economic organization of the working class. I also recognize that state and municipal ownership is the next step in the economic form of capitalism. It would be a serious mistake for the APPEAL to pin its faith to municipal or state ownership, and it would be a mistake for the APPEAL to attach itself to the industrial trades union movement—boycott or no boycott. This is recognized by every friend of this paper, no matter what his belief may be. It might mean a lot of subscribers to the APPEAL to adopt Comrade Alexander's suggestion. It would mean, also, a good many subscribers, so it has been intimated to me, if the APPEAL would become the organ of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, which now boasts of a membership of 600,000, and which proposes to do for the farmer what the I. W. W. proposes to do for its members. While subscribers are necessary, there is still a more vital point—there is even a point more vital than to raise wages and shorten hours—and that is to capture the political powers of government. Our I. W. W. friends recognize this as one of the important tasks to be accomplished. Even Gempers of the A. F. of L. has at last awakened to the importance of political action. It is to this task that the APPEAL has set its face—and it purposes to hammer along this line just so long as YOU think it is needed. When there is no longer a necessity for a great political propaganda paper like the APPEAL, it will stop its big press, bank the Area under the boiler and permit its editor to take a good long rest. I know my limitations—and you can't drag me out of the path. I have laid down to follow—and I only ask your support so long as you can use the APPEAL in your fight for emancipation. Keep in mind this fact, then, my comrades, that the APPEAL can never be anything more than the political expression of the working class.

Ringling Words From William D. Haywood Socialist Candidate for Governor of Colorado Speaks to the Comrades of America Through the Columns of the Appeal.

By Telegraph to the Appeal to Reason.

Ada County Jail, Boise, Idaho, July 6.—Your congratulations received. I appreciate and accept the nomination by the Socialist party for Governor of Colorado, not for the honor conferred but for the confidence assured. The campaign will be a sturdy fight for industrial liberty. I will lend what assistance an imprisoned man can, and will endeavor to resuscitate political freedom and constitutional liberty in the Centennial state. They are now on the capitalistic rack, being slowly but surely murdered by a perverted Supreme Court.

Gabbertized capital must die that a free people may live! The demarcation of the class struggle is a chasm deepened, washed with tears and blood, which nothing less than the complete uprooting of a system that has disgraced, dishonored and debauched the state can abolish! NO COMPROMISE! The working class in Colorado will unitedly say: "There is nothing in arbitration." W. D. HAYWOOD.

A Great Record.

The Fifty-ninth congress has made a great record," is the loud and repeated declaration of the old party press. It has. None there to be gnaty this. For reckless extravagance, for a wild waste of the public funds, it has in its initial session established a record which the Sixtieth congress will not find it easy to surpass. Yes, it certainly was a record-breaking session. Herebefore the "billion-dollar congress" has been a thing to hold up to the world's wonder as showing how much more expensive than royalty is a republican government. The session of the national assembly that has just adjourned nearly reached the billion mark, and left the assurance that during the next session the two billion figure surely will be reached. This is not mere prodigality—it is the most arrogant financial profligacy. Did this enormous amount represent appropriations for the actual need for the administration of this nation's affairs, there would be no complaint. But, instead, it bespeaks the extension of an evil that already was grown too great to be silently endured. This is the gigantic evil of graft that has been grafted on our political system. These figures stand for our national shame, and cry out against a colossal corruption. They represent largely, first, the enormous appropriations that have been lobbied through by syndicates of contractors and by criminal corporations. Second, unnecessary or excessive amounts for federal buildings and "improvements" throughout the country that have been agreed upon among our country's representatives in the house and the corporations' representatives in the senate, by a system of trading known to these statesmen whereby each gets for his district those things which his constituents demand, whether or not it be good for them, thereby making said statesmen solid with the men who sent them to Washington and thus, as they hope, insuring their return. They represent, in a word, the efforts of the administration to fortify its party for the coming campaign by plundering the public treasury and dropping the loot into various localities where the political fences most need repairing, as well as the securing of campaign contributions from the usual sources. They mean the rearing of breastworks against the encroachment of Socialism, which has alarmed the enemy and aroused it to defensive action. But this course is simply bringing ammunition into the Socialist camp, and reveals the blundering tactician. Far better generalship would it have been to have made a pretense of economy in the legislative halls where the lime-light streams so fiercely, and then have done the plundering quietly in those secret ways so well known to those skilled in such skull-duggery and who advise the present administration. The time is not opportune for open graft, and the temper of the people will not stand for it with the olden patience. Do you know how it came about? When in January the treasury statement registered a deficit of over \$3,400,000, the congressional brigades deemed conservatism in expenditures the wisest course as best calculated to safeguard their political interests. Soon, however, an upward tendency set in, and in April the improvement had reached a point that warranted the prediction of a substantial surplus at the end of the fiscal year unless something prompt and drastic should be done. With the deficit of \$24,000,000 for 1905 in a fair way to be wiped out and a probable surplus staring them in the face, the appropriators got busy. They cast off all restraint, and plunged their greedy hands deep into the rich booty. They went mad with money wanting, and the result was reckless pillage. Under the present system, government

Who Owns Congress?

A deplorable lack of harmony between the two houses of congress was displayed during the session just ended. In its debate and deliberations on the rate bill, the senate showed its staunch allegiance to the Standard Oil interests, while the house gave no extensive evidence of such alliance. On the other hand, the house fought hard for the packing-house poisoners, whom the senators opposed, as they always oppose any interests with which they are not identified. The situation is not difficult of analysis. The senate, dominated and manipulated by Aldrich, unofficially represents Wall Street, alias the railroad interests, alias Standard Oil. The representatives in the lower house are pronounced individualists, owing to no collective allegiance, but representing the corporations at large—and such corporation criminals as remain at large. They have no Wall Street affiliations. All corporations interests not related to the railroads are antagonized by Wall Street, therefore, are harassed by the senate. No wonder the poor packers complain so bitterly! The world furnished no parallel to the situation as we find it in Colorado today. For the first time in America a great political party nominates as its standard bearer a man in prison on the charge of murder. The men and women who know Haywood, who live next door to him, who have known him intimately for years, know he is innocent of the damnable charge, and they are willing to brave the derision of the world. THE APPEAL has camped on the trail of the Gooding-McPartland gang and will stay there until the men innocent of crime stand vindicated before the world. True, these men may be murdered, by lying testimony, but the world will be the final judge of their innocence or guilt. It will be a sorry day for the corporations if they should succeed in their game, and a day of triumph for the cause of Socialism. "NO MAN can serve two masters in business any more than in religion," declares W. J. Bryan. Which conclusion doubtless accounts for William's determination to turn conservative and devote himself exclusively to the business of conserving the interests of Wall Street. In his eager defense of capitalism, W. J. Bryan made what doubtless was an unintentional distinction. "Comparatively few American business men have been found guilty of crookedness," he said. Well, blame the jurists; don't lay it onto us Socialists. "ROOSEVELT has cost more and is worth less than any other president we have ever had," declares Senator Bailey. The Texas statesman has the happy faculty of compressing a great deal of truth into a very small compass. In Tromsjoen, Norway, so the cable confides to us, William J. Bryan "gave a talk on honesty." Glad to know he has a speaking acquaintance with the subject. An Indiana court has announced that hereafter no divorce will be granted on charges of immorality. This is great news for members of the "smart set." A stranger who tried to get Russell Sage to give him \$10,000 is supposed by the authorities to be insane. Not a bit of doubt about it. J. GORDON ARMOUR has hiked him home from Europe. Wonder if he's toted an imported soap-bone under his arm? Crispau—"I hear that Boni Castellane has challenged M. Regnier to mortal combat." Crispau—"No, he only challenged him to a duel."

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Isn't it about time for Senator Blair to adjourn?

Isn't it about time for Senator Blair to adjourn? THIS hot spell is hard on the public house scandal. BOYS, write me for my money proposition to you. SARAH BEHNICH, ex-wife of Senator Blair, of the American people. Are you? If Roosevelt "busts" the Powder Trust, what will become of all our pretty complexities? STANFORD WHITE's life was insured for \$100,000. This is plainly a case of over insurance. WHEN a man commits a crime, if he be poor, he goes to jail; if he be rich, he goes to Europe. SOON it will be so that the czar will have a new prime minister every morning before breakfast. What do you do after death? Is still—Exchange. And leave vacancies in congress. THE only thing that prevents Joe Bailey being a leader is the fact that nobody wants to follow him. It is announced that Roosevelt will take a rest. Good news! Now maybe the rest of us will get a rest also. ABOUT the only reason for doubting the insanity of Harry Thaw is the fact that the "experts" say he is insane. THE insanity plea for Harry Thaw would be sufficiently plausible. Most members of his set are "nutty" right enough. THE populists are loudly claiming Roosevelt. Bryan, LaFollette, Lawson, Folk and Hearst. Well, they're welcome to the stuff. THE czar praises Roosevelt. It's now up to Teddy to say something good about Nick. Pretty hard job, even for His Strenuousness.

Sinclair's New Story.

Sinclair's New Story. The whole world has been brought up with a round turn in its mad whirl for profits by "The Jungle." It's the most loved, most hated, most intensely criticized book written during the last fifty years. You recall that I told you what "The Jungle" would do, don't you? You felt, "I was giving you merely the usual 'hot air' in order to induce you to get subscribers for the paper. True, I wanted subscribers, but over and above all else, I wanted readers by the million for the story, because I knew what it would do. Possibly, in my effort to impress you with the importance of "The Jungle," I overdid the job. Yet, when I look back over the files of the paper, I find my statements were mild compared with what has been said about the book by friend and foe since its publication. But "The Jungle" has passed out of the hands of its friends and is now owned by a capitalist publishing house. There will be no more 25-cent editions of "The Jungle." Sinclair and the APPEAL made heroic efforts to keep the book as the property of the Socialist movement, but it required \$25,000 to bring out, market and advertise such a production, and this sum the Appeal did not have—and so "The Jungle" has passed out of our hands. Let us hope it will not meet the fate of other books that have aimed to do what "The Jungle" could and should do—stick to the jugular and against the iniquities of capitalism. But this new story by Sinclair belongs to the APPEAL. I will not say it is a greater story than "The Jungle"—but I will say emphatically that it is its equal. It portrays the other side of the social picture, and, with a master hand, with the same vivid realism that characterizes "The Jungle," Sinclair tears the mask from smug New York and shows what becomes of the enormous profits piled up by Packingtown slaves. The story will doubtless be pronounced immoral and indecent by polite society. Frankly, I must admit that it is. It could not be a truthful picture of the Thaw-White-Armour-Bellmont-Gould-Schwab-Curey gang of plagues without being indecent. But it is not vulgar—it merely swings along with the stroke of the artist and paints the hideous picture for you. It's interesting and absorbing, and will be a more "popular novel" than "The Jungle." It will be a fit sequel to that now famous book, and will make the social picture complete. Some Things That The Appeal Will Do. The next twelve months in the APPEAL's history, will be epoch making. For newspaper enterprise, the little paper down in Kansas will set the pace. Besides the new Sinclair story, there will be a series of articles on coal mining conditions in Colorado, Illinois and Pennsylvania by Comrade Shoaf, who, pending the time of the Moyer-Haywood trial, will visit the slave camps of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, in southern Colorado, following this by a visit to Fuel Baron Leiter's armed camp at Zeigler, Ill., and then invade the sacred domain of Divine Right Baer. From there he will go to the slave camps of the big railroad and lumber corporations of the south, where white and black men are kept in more squalid vassalage than ever was suffered by the negro before the war. There will be other important features, bringing out clearly and distinctly the fearsome class war now raging in America. And over and above all it will sound the clarion note of Socialism—at once the hope of the oppressed and the fear of the plutocracy. EDWARD PAGE CARTON, in his testimony before the House of Lords on juvenile cigarette smoking, warned the British legislators to look out for attempts at bribery on the part of the American Tobacco Trust. Our own legislators are always looking out for such things without any reminder. "CONGRESS made a great record," says Roosevelt, and the capitalist papers, parrot-like, repeat it. Well, it did break the record, in a way. The Congressional Record contains a total of 20,000,000 words for the session. It was the greatest gabfest ever. THE humiliating lock-step has been discontinued at the Joliet penitentiary. So many bankers and society swells were being sent to the big Illinois prison that the etiquette of the place simply had to be reformed to suit their sensibilities. THE daily papers say Harry Thaw's friends are fully convinced of his insanity and that "his relatives are alarmed by his actions." It must be admitted that some of Thaw's actions are calculated to alarm most anybody. "THE only way to restore confidence in American business integrity at home and abroad," says W. J. Bryan, "is to remove the causes which destroyed it." Can it be that Bill is going to vote the Socialist ticket? EQUITABLE HYDE ought to have decency enough to act on the suggestion of his name.

Truth About a Tragedy

High Lights on a Picture of High Life.

I feel no pride, but pity.
For the hundreds the rich address;
There is nothing sweeter in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

In this day when publicity has come to be the ruling passion of the race, the importance of any event depends upon the degree of attention accorded it by the press.

Primarily inconsequential, of no more moment than the murder of a drunken drayman by a brawling associate, because of the exaggerated exploitation given it by the epileptic press the slaying of Stanford White by Harry Thaw becomes an extraordinary event, assumes the proportions of a very grave problem, and is fairly invested with an actual importance.

At first, only a fit subject for shuddering comment by furtive creatures of the Tenderloin.

Now, a theme for the thinker; a topic to which the social philosopher may well turn his pen.

Cause and Consequence: While one stands forth with terrible distinctness, the other is equally well defined.

This crime is diagnostic of a very great danger.

It ceases to be integral.
It symbolizes the sins of an era of human existence.

The Cause? Ah, that is the greatest crime of all.
Harry Thaw had the misfortune to be born a millionaire.

Stanford White acquired his affliction. He married money.

Each, in a different way, became the victim of a vicious social system.

Characters of the Cast.
Let us consider critically the dramatic persons:

Thaw was a society thing. The blight of his birth rested heavily upon and ruined his life. Cradled like an infant Croesus, reared amid Sybaritic surroundings, inheriting a condition of idleness that engenders immorality as infallibly as filth breeds vermin, deprived of all definite purpose, he descended to the bottomless gulf of degeneracy, became a drug fiend and general debaucher, was the roughest rouser of which Broadway's "swell-tough" element ever boasted, and displayed a positive genius for making a genuine ass of himself.

Whatever of viciousness he failed to find along Broadway he familiarized himself with in the boulevards of Paris. Yet somewhere within the remotest recesses of his pitifully perverted nature there must have lingered a redeeming remnant of manhood, for when his sister was married he refused to act as "best man" for the Yaph of Yarmouth.

Stanford White was a combination that is all too common these days—a man of commanding genius and contemptible personal character, dwarfed by the glitter of wealth. Architect, millionaire, clubman, bon vivant—he presented to the world a polished exterior, while in his private conduct he disregarded all the decencies of life. A close boulevardier, a vicious voluptuary, he immolated his ideals on the altar of his evil passions, where the fires were never quenched, the victims of his lust being, in nearly every case, the daughters of the poor.

Perched in his exquisite snugness far above the earth, in the tower surmounting Madison Square garden, where Diana—mocking emblem of a mythical chastity—was lightly poised like a bird for flight; here, removed from the roar of the street, its traffic and its troubles, he looked down upon a couchant city, sleekly beautiful as a great and glossy beast of prey, and dreamed of further depths of depravity in that catacomb of vice which his Sybaritic sensuousness with safety might explore.

As for Evelyn Nesbit Thaw—she is a woman, therefore she is apt to receive a sympathy in excess of that which she is entitled. She was sixteen years old when she first met White. She had been an artist's model and was a chorus girl, and her necessities made her an easy prey to the gay architect. She was singing in the "Floradora" sextette, which included the notorious Nan Patterson. Then this but little need be said.

"Beauty and the Beast"
To this alluring little animal came Stanford White, the dissolute dilettante. She was dazzled by his dollars. It was not a case of a coy maiden being won by a calculating wooer. The transaction was purely commercial, was disgustingly sordid to the last degree. This social satyr was a connoisseur of feminine charms, and he knew the market worth of the wares he wanted. But he was a generous purchaser, and hagglers need not over the price. He posed as a patron, the girl as a protegee. In reality, White was her "protector." And the protection, on her part, was "for revenue only."

Then came Harry Thaw. He knew the history of her whom he took to wife (knew the history of the women who made up New York's small set)—was familiar with the whole sordid story. As a friend of the murdered White has in justice said:

Having accepted for wife a woman whose name was on the tongues of vulgar men and women, Thaw had a right to keep his tongue quiet and his glare to the closest.

It is not certain that Thaw objected to the part of cuckold. But there were things unspeakable of which White persisted in speaking. These things directly affected not only the woman, but Thaw himself. There had been orgies that appall the thought of the normal man, and White made these the subject of conversation in the ateliers, the cafes and the hotel corridors. He had not the one virtue of vice—which is silence. His murder was planned. "I didn't think you'd do it that way," remarked "this little woman" when she met her husband in the Tombs.

Press Also is Perverted.

The persons, the place, the manner, and all things incident to the killing served to make it sensational and spectacular to the last degree. The public appreciates the dramatic quality even in tragedy, nor complains of anti-climax. The press made the most of every detail.

White was a man of parts, and popular. Wherefore was his death bemoaned as a public calamity.

Thaw was nearly a nonentity; only his millions saved him from utter mediocrity and differentiated him from the

loafer of the slums. Accordingly was he denounced as a criminal and despised.

Then came the announcement from Thaw's relatives that every cent of the family fortune of \$40,000,000 would be spent, if necessary, to save the life of the murderer.

Evidently a goodly share of the dead steel magnate's millions has already gone into the coffers of the yellow journals, for with signal unanimity each saffron sheet ceased abusing Thaw, found previously unsuspected commendable traits in his character, retracted their assertions that he was a "dope" fiend and a sexual perverser, and suddenly discovered what had been known all along about the evils and excesses that had filled the life of White and made his name notorious the glittering length of "the great white way" from the "Sign of the Pickle" to the old-time dead-line for the promenaders at Forty-second street.

Also the picture of the woman as Phryne was withdrawn from the stereopticon and a slide showing her as the repentant and faithful wife relentlessly persecuted by a quondam paramour was substituted therefor. And public sentiment is influenced thereby.

So much for the power of money—and the power of a subsidized press.

This, whether the case be that of a millionaire murderer in New York or an innocent representative of organized labor in Idaho.

Consequences of the Crime.
The mere killing of Stanford White is not a matter for any considerable concern. Nor does the life of this self-indulgent set forth any striking lesson. Even the revelations sequential to his death fail to give us anything unusual. All the features are those of an off-repeated tale to those who are familiar with the life in this never Niveveh.

Gomrah is not greatly different from Gotham.

But the consequences of this crime are like to be tremendous to the extent of marking an era in human history. The hour is psychological. There is now a quickening of the national conscience. The deed was timed to the opportune. It surely will result in a great moral renaissance that will arouse this continent from the slumber of sin.

The real men and women of the world—those simple folk who do the work—are beginning dimly to understand that the moral code of the rich is not the moral code handed down to them for guidance—that, in fact, there is no morality among the social parasites. They begin to see that the wealth created by the working class is being used—as it always has been used—in riotous living and wasteful extravagance.

These creatures of wealth are no longer looked upon as moral guides, and public opinion is seen to be as rotten and as leprous as the coteries of frenzied financiers pictured by Lawson and the muck-rakers.

No, nothing has been uncovered by this crime that is unique or even unusual. New York is truly the modern Niveveh. Here man, born to inherit the earth has fallen as far from his primal estate as it is possible for the plummet of degradation to sound.

Here men and women seek sensation in the new, the unaccustomed; for only the bizarre can vivify their jaded and outward senses.

They explore, therefore, the psychological catacombs in search for novel experience.

Much has been said about the depravity of stage folk, and it is nearly impossible to exaggerate their immorality as a class. The writer has been behind the scenes when his ears were assailed by words, spoken by girls of the chorus, that hell would blush to hear. But it can readily be believed that much of their peccability results from association with such as Thaw and White.

And that there are a multitude of Thaws and Whites, bound in the fraternity of a common criminality, is evidenced by the hegira to Europe of so many of their friends following the exposure of this social suppurator.

So, in New York is a perpetual saturnalia.

The more fashionable it is, the more ferocious.

It is a most unusual thing to find here a woman who loves her own husband more than she does other men.

Little Family Life Found.
It is a city without homes. The married of either sex may live in bachelor apartments; elsewise, in adultery. Those who take the trouble to wed, for the most part, occupy suites in family hotels.

The atmosphere that pervades Manhattan Island from the Bronx to the Battery is one of perfect artificiality. It is supremely superficial.

It is wholly unwholesome. It stinks.

In the ultra-exclusive circles a woman's social prestige is measured by the number of her amours. If her intrigues have not been numerous she is rated as lacking in the elements of popularity, therefore, not worth cultivating.

It pleases the man to find his wife popular. If the men of his set fail to favor her with illicit attentions he attributes such neglect to an undue sense of superiority on their part, and he is properly offended thereat.

The supreme social event of the season is the great French ball at Madison Square garden. On this occasion the extremes of society meet, and swelldom vies with the slums. Here the painted Jezebel from the Tenderloin, with her urgent gestures and hot, incessant veils, touches slither skirts with the jeweled daughters of Babylon from aristocratic Madison avenue.

At functions more private no more decency prevails.

Society exposures are literal and physical. Low cut dresses are the complement of low-cut morals. Charming woman chops off her costume at about the Tropic of Cancer. Her morals are even more décollete.

Half the treasures of the bridal couch are plundered to adorn an opera box. It is the tensive life.

And this is the picture which a decadent civilization throws on the canvas and points to with pride—as the flower of a century of modern civilization.

With the shot that killed White

ringing in the ears, it is not likely that sensible men and women will fear the disastrous results upon the home life we are told Socialism would have. No picture ever painted by the most pronounced opponent of Socialism can equal in moral turpitude the moving picture thrown on the social canvas of the last two weeks.

SOCIETY DOINGS

Pittsburg continues to be the storm center of fashionable society news.

Henry Alfred Short, a wealthy clubman, who moves in New York's most exclusive society, has been arrested on a charge of ruining two fourteen-year-old school girls.

Miss Carrie Tillotson, daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family of Kenosha, Wis., eloped with Charles Dodge, a negro porter of that city. Dodge has a wife and child.

Another Pittsburg family prominent in society has come out into the calcium glare of crime. Frank Galey, son of a millionaire, has been arrested for robbing the residence of another man of wealth. He admits the crime, but pleads that he was intoxicated at the time it was committed.

Among the Fourth of July diversions for exclusive society at Newport was a dance given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to mark the opening of her new residence, "Crossways," at which all the women in attendance wore bathing suits. The affair was arranged by the notorious Harry Lehr.

The prison sentence of Elliott F. Sheppard, of New York, grandson of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt, who in France was convicted of killing a girl by running over her with his automobile, has been reduced from three months to six weeks. His fines of \$120 and \$4,000 were allowed to stand.

A wealthy man of Joplin, Mo., known as "Millionaire Jimmie" Worth, is acting as a strike breaker and is wielding a shovel at \$17.5 a day on the excavations for a new half-million dollar hotel. The only condition under which such capitalist parasites can be persuaded to do any honest labor is to show them that it will help to deprive the real workers of their rights—and under such circumstances it isn't "honest" labor.

The Seattle Star gives an account of an investigation by Chief of Police Templeton of Everett, Wash., which reveals the fact that one of the most respected citizens of that place, a prominent business man, church worker and society exemplar, owns properties that are used as houses of ill-fame and for which he collects an exorbitant rental. The investigation was conducted for the purpose of collecting fines from such property owners.

In the suit of John Delahunty, the lawyer, against Richard Canfield, the New York gambler, for \$50,000 for legal services rendered in recovery of debts contracted at Canfield's gambling tables, it was shown that swell society patronized these resorts extensively. Among the names mentioned were those of Prince Hatzfeldt, who married the adopted daughter of the late Collis P. Huntington, railroad magnate and land thief, and former corporation counsel William H. Clark, law partner of Burke Cockran.

Efforts that bid fair to be successful are being made by the friends of Frank G. Bigelow, Milwaukee bank wrecker and former society leader and republican political boss, to induce President Roosevelt to pardon him. Bigelow is confined in the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kans. The reason given for the request for executive clemency is that Bigelow's health is failing. There are plenty of other prisoners in all the penitentiaries whose health is not good, but who have no "pull." They robbed banks in quite another way.

Sensations pile up rapidly in the suit for divorce brought by Millionaire Augustus Hartje, of Pittsburg. Hartje charges his wife with intimacy with Clifford Hooe, a negro coachman. Susan Wagner, formerly a maid in the Hartje house, testified to having seen Thomas Madine, the white coachman, go frequently to Mrs. Hartje's bedroom. She also said she had seen Mrs. Hartje go about the house in her petticoat in Madine's presence, and had observed her mistress and Madine with arms about each other. A prominent and wealthy man of Pittsburg, whose identity is being suppressed, is named as correspondent in common with the white and negro coachmen.

William B. Leeds, president of the Rock Island railway system, has employed counsel to aid him in resisting payment of \$100,000 duty on a pearl necklace he imported from Paris for his wife. The bauble is valued at \$400,000, according to its owner's admission, yet the customs officials appraised it at only \$200,000. On this class of goods the import duty is 60 per cent, which would make the tariff on the necklace \$120,000, even at half value. But Mr. Leeds was allowed to take the gems upon payment of only \$20,000, and now the treasury department is making a bluff at trying to collect the remainder. It's all right to collect a cash tariff on the necessities of life, but let the plutes have their pearls "on tick."

Stable Is a Palace.
From the New York Herald.

Newport, R. I.—A safe deposit vault so deep in the earth that thieves would have to mine to get at its contents, and a plunge bath in which the water is constantly changing, are two of the novelties which Alfred G. Vanderbilt's training house for horses will present when it is opened for the inspection of friends. The underground chamber for the storage of valuables is beneath the trophy room, its floor being fifteen feet below ground. Mr. Vanderbilt wanted a vault that would really be safe in isolated Portsmouth, and he has got it. The plunge bath, which is to be so deep that one can dive into it from almost any height without striking his head against the bottom, is filled by a stream flowing from the mouth of a statue of Neptune. It is believed the building will be ready for use about July 15, a month later than the time originally set.

Exploratory.
Your coal bills seem high do they? Well, one of the coal mining companies in favor with the Pennsylvania railroad, because bribing its officials, has paid 109 per cent in dividends since 1896. Simple, isn't it, when you know how it is done?—The Congressionalist.

Aye, There's the Rub.
"We know how to accumulate wealth, but not how to distribute it," says Senator Elkins. The senator must have been speaking for the millionaires. The average man has no trouble whatever to distribute his wealth. It is the accumulating that worries him.—Kansas City Journal.

Clear to the Roof.
The report some months ago that the fire insurance companies would not maintain their exorbitant rates in Kansas

CUT-AND-DRIED.

The Rake-off.
An income tax—the gate receipts.—Kansas City Times.

Hear the Rumbblings!
Signs of a coming colic in Wall Street are plentiful. Undigestible securities.—St. Louis Mirror.

You Bet It Doesn't.
"Labor don't vinit omnia worth a dam when you've got a longin' t' go fishin'."—Uncle Si.

Sometimes They Get "Canned."
The solution of the servant problem is publicity. Public servants never quit.—Kansas City Times.

"Premature Burial."
Johann Most died just a little too soon to be embraced as a safe and sane conservative.—Washington Star.

The Worm of Suspicion.
Again we hear the croakers declaring that even the breakfast wheat is not what it is cracked up to be.—Chicago Tribune.

The Unpardonable Offense.
If anything can jeopardize Mr. Bryan's chances for the nomination now it will be his making a break for home.—Topeka Herald.

A Ridiculous People!
Making laws that create trusts and then legislating to wipe them out has made us a ridiculous people.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Never Too Late.
A New York man has been sent to jail for ten days for selling bad milk. This is a good time to begin to be honest.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hard on Chaucey.
Yale has shown the senate the way, but it is hardly likely that he senate will have courage enough to see it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

All There Was in It.
"Why," said John D. Rockefeller, "I got out of Standard Oil twelve years ago." Sure, John, sure. How much did you get out of it?—Exchange.

What a Hussy!
Mae Wood is a bold, forward thing! She doesn't seem to be ashamed to acknowledge herself as Senator Platt's wife.—Marshalltown (Ia.) Times-Republican.

Resemblance Faint, However.
Mr. Rockefeller is reported as making himself agreeable to the persons he has to meet. Some American millionaires seem to be almost human.—Washington Star.

Should Be Standard.
It might be well also to require the manufacturers of pure olive oil to put on labels telling the "ar in which the cotton seed was grown.—Kansas City Journal.

Locks Don't Prevent Graft.
It appears from the Washington dispatches that it has been formally and officially pronounced that the Panama canal is not to be on the level.—Milwaukee News.

Here, Too.
The czar is having more trouble with the douma and threatens to dissolve it. Nowhere on earth do czars seem to get on well with their congresses.—Washington Star.

Certainly is Contemptible.
Richard Croker has come out strongly for W. J. Bryan. This is a mean advantage to take of a man who is away off where he can't help himself.—Chicago Record-Herald.

When Socialists Rule.
Six workmen were killed and ten badly injured by a falling building. The person or persons responsible for the collapse will undoubtedly be punished. It happened in Hamburg, Germany.—New York World.

And Paul Can't Collect.
Robbing Peter to pay Paul was never more forcibly exemplified than in the raising of fire insurance rates in other cities to pay off San Francisco's losses.—Kansas City Journal.

Or Murderers.
Three boys who ran away from New York were found in Pittsburg. They had probably made up their minds to become millionaires and get their names in the papers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Cheerless Tune.
Senator Elkins has noticed that it is the poor man who whistles, not the rich man. But the poor man's whistle is not always cheerful. Sometimes he whistles for his pay.—Kansas City Journal.

A Question of Degree.
Gambler Canfield modestly declares that the game he ran was a fairer one than the game that is allowed to go on in Wall Street. This, however, is not much of an excuse.—Chicago Record-Herald.

They Copped the Coin.
The Pennsylvania railroad has floated a \$50,000,000 loan in Paris. Some of those clerks in the coal regions ought to have made it unnecessary for the company to go so far from home.—Topeka Herald.

City much longer has been verified. The rates have been raised.—Kansas City Journal.

This Is Barbaric.
A cobbler of Tangier, who had a penchant for killing women, was walled up alive when caught. Tangier is evidently a stranger to the beauties of the American system of court appeals.—Washington Star.

Now Grin!
Dr. Andrew D. White, in a college address at Hanover, N. H., declared his preference for "criminal laws with teeth in them." Is this a delicate way of boomer Mr. Roosevelt for a third term?—Washington Star.

Not a Lubricant.
The Standard Oil interests are now obstructing the rate bill. What an easy running machine the United States government would be if the Standard Oil company had never been thought of.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Day and the "Dough."
"The foul harpies of slaver have lost you millions of money," says Chancellor Day. What? Not coming up with the dough, eh? And after all that you have said and done for them. Chiefly said.—Philadelphia North American.

John D. a Prodigal.
The people of France expected Rockefeller to spend money when he got over there. Well, he's doing it. We are informed by cable that he has bought his little granddaughter a dollie which cost three francs.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Keeps Him Busy.
One reason why Thomas Collier Platt is so seldom in his seat in the United States senate may be that Miss Mae Wood makes it necessary for him to put in most of his time around home explaining things.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Why, Joe Is an Optimist.
Somebody who has been finding out how rich our statesmen are lists "Uncle Joe" Cannon as being worth \$2,000,000. It is not difficult to discover why a man with that much money should find it hard to believe anything is wrong anywhere.—Chicago Record-Herald.

All Mr. Bryan Lacks.
William Jennings Bryan has so far carried Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Nebraska, Ollie James and Henry Watterson. Just one vote plus half of the electoral college is all that is now required for his election.—Louisville Herald.

Among the Grafters

The city council of Terre Haute, Ind., has impeached the mayor of that city for the alleged cause that he stood in with the gamblers. This is an innovation.

Governor Mickey and Secretary of State Galusha, of Nebraska, are busy charging each other with being servile creatures of the railway interests. Each denies the soft impeachment, and the public has no confidence in either denial.

The French chamber of deputies has ousted Count Boni de Castellane from his seat in that body on the grounds of corruption and bribery. This action is unusual. It does not seem that these charges should adversely affect Boni's eligibility to membership.

In a civil suit against the voting trustees of the Asphalt trust, brought in New York City, some sensational evidence has been introduced that promises to disclose the disreputable dealings of members of the state department at Washington with President Castro of Venezuela, which same was withheld by Roosevelt.

That was a good joke the Frisco relief committee played on the charitable citizens of Minneapolis who, to guard against graft, sent their contribution to the earthquake victims in the form of 50,000 sacks of flour. The committee sold the flour, and it is alleged, misapplied the proceeds. Now the governor of Minnesota, in behalf of the donors, protesteth loudly by wire. His excellency might just as well save his telegraph tolls.

At last, by grace of the fifty-ninth congress, which made such a "great record," the National City Bank of New York, a Standard Oil institution, receives \$130,000 for rental of the old Customs House property. This appropriation was carefully concealed in the general deficiency bill, and its presence was a secret guarded with the utmost effort by the committee on appropriations. The bank is withholding from the government \$50,000 of the purchase price of the property in order that the deed and title may remain with the government and the bank thereby evade payment of taxes to the state and city of New York. The pendency of this steal has been a national scandal for many years. It remained for the congress with "a great record," which so aroused the admiration of Roosevelt, to do that which its not-over-virtuous predecessors avoided as a disgrace too great.

"At Finnegan's Cigar Store" teaches working-class politics in a series of interesting and pointed stories, easy to read and hard to understand. When a workingman reads "Finnegan" he is ready to talk about Socialism. Try a hundred, mailed, postpaid, for \$5; a dozen for \$1.

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Big Rich Loot in San Francisco

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, in St. Louis Mirror (Reb.)

They are neither sea nor woman; they are neither beast nor human; they are gonias.

Who? The wealthy interests, the big rich. They are typified best in their attitude in San Francisco, where they are fattening upon the unfortunates of the burned city, battenning upon the misery of its people.

In the first place it is made pretty plain that there has been a money subtraction somewhere on the money subscribed or said to have been subscribed for the relief of San Francisco. It has been found that the total relief fund raised for the city in the United States was more than \$21,000,000. That is a big sum. But San Francisco has only seen thus far six million dollars. Where have the other sixteen millions gone? The relief subscriptions were "padding" in various cities, or there has been a lot of money wasted—or stolen. These funds were handled in all the subscribing communities by representatives of the most respectable citizens.

Six weeks after the fire the Argonaut reports the insurance companies arrayed in a solid phalanx against their policy holders; that their attitude has varied from evasion with the rich policy holders to veiled hostility with the poorer ones; that in its opinion the time has arrived for the insured to organize in order to place themselves at least on equal conditions with the insurance companies. There is such feeling on this score, as reported in other papers, that there has been talk of lynching the insurance agents or the ground. The enormously rich companies are fighting every claim, after making a bluff boast, the day after the first news, that they would pay all losses without question. The companies are determined to make money off the necessitousness of the people; by forcing them to compromise upon paltry sums. They are violating the fundamental principle of insurance, as it ought to be, which is the distribution of losses and not the making of money off the losers.

Frank Sullivan, a wealthy attorney, has specifically charged that the fire was due to the rotten pipe-laying of the water company. The pipes collapsed in the ground when the quake came, and then there were not enough men to make repairs, to shut off the water from the broken mains and save it for distribution through unbroken ones. The fire was spread by the electric light wires. And then the first thing the street railway company did after the fire was to take possession of certain streets from which it was debarred. It grabbed possession of streets it could never have occupied with the consent of the people at a time when the population was not panic-stricken. Further, Mr. Sullivan declares that no building that was honestly built was injured by the earthquake. The shake knocked down only the buildings in the construction of which there was had building under the orders of owners or rotten construction due to graft on the part of contractors.

We read that the project for rebuilding the city on a broad and beautiful plan is hampered solely by the opposition of wealthy land holders to the sacrifice of any land to the widening of streets and the establishment of parks and squares to prevent the spread of fire in the future. The big rich landlords hold their lands in the city higher than they did before the fire. They are willing only to sacrifice to beautify the future city the property of the poor, despised Chinamen. The vested interests won't give up a foot of the soil to enable the straightening of former devious streets and avenues. The landlords are boosting prices for leases to the former but now burned out occupants of the blackened sites. These wealthy, respectable people are called by *Town Talk* "silurians."

The city's records were destroyed. It has no deeds, no plats, no abstracts of title. They were all swept away. This means dire confusion to property owners. It means conflict in re-surveys. It means clouded titles in abundance. That is, it would mean all this if the title guaranty companies had not the city, and every inhabitant thereof who owns land there on the hip. The companies are holding out for a juicy hold-up of the people. The city is at the mercy of these corporations and must pay the price. The Argonaut discusses gravely the question whether the city cannot confiscate the records of the companies for the public benefit, concluding that such action would be, at least, impolitic.

The companies are owned by the fine flower of San Francisco's reputable citizens. They need the money; they are getting it.

We have seen what the Western Union Telegraph company did. It took the money of hundreds of thousands of people during the first days of the fire to send telegrams which it knew it could not deliver. A dispatch from San Francisco to anywhere costs a good price of money. The company pocketed the money and then sent the telegrams, at a cost of two cents when the average price collected for each lowest calculation, fifty cents. This was a clean steal of a whole cart-load of money. And the telegraph company didn't contribute one cent to the city's relief. The telegraph company is composed of none but the most wealthy and respectable people. But they must get their full share of everything in sight, even in the midst of misery.

Who are they who fight the proposition that the national government shall accept the bonds to be issued by San Francisco as securities for government funds deposited in San Francisco banks? The wealthy bankers of other cities. Who opposes the lending of money by the government to poor people to rebuild their homes in the fire swept town? The big rich who want to lend the money to those poor people at a larger rate of interest than the national government would dare to ask. The wealthy and the high-minded must insist upon squeezing out of the miserable small lot owners all that broken fortune and health and heart will bear.

All the public corporations are trying to "snake through" schemes for the enlargement of their powers. The steel trust and the lumber trust won't stand for a removal of the tariff on such foreign steel and wood as may be used in rebuilding the city of the Golden Gate.

With all the mighty aggregations of wealth in their relations to San Francisco, it is grab, grab, grab at every point of their contact with the public interest.

The landlord leads all the rest in his rapacity in taking advantage of the situation and of his fellow creatures, in charging them for the

