

More Than Anything We Attorneys Can Do, Is What the Appeal to Reason, Through Its Readers, Can Do," declares Clarence Darrow, Attorney for the Imprisoned Men

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J. A. WAYLAND
Fred D. Warren
Managing Editor

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the number following name. If it is your subscription expires with the next number. You should renew at least three weeks before your subscription expires so that you will not miss any numbers.
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.

The Campaign of Lies.

THE New York Tribune of December 9th opens the Campaign of Lies by reprinting, with some down-to-date material, the story of the western situation as sent out by the Pinkerton agency a little less than a year ago. The story is being published, with variations, in the columns of the metropolitan country press from one end of the country to the other. Since the first of this malicious and untruthful story has appeared in papers with an average circulation of over TEN MILLION copies. You can readily understand the influence the constant repetition of these flagrant falsehoods will have on the public mind. It is the preparation for the final consummation of the conspiracy—the hanging of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

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The way the slave master made money out of his black chattels was to make them do work enough to pay for their care and keep, then make them do additional work that produced a surplus for him. It was this surplus that made the slave profitable. The way a wage master makes money out of his employees is to pay them in wages just enough to keep them in working condition. All that the wage worker produces in addition to this goes to the master. It's the surplus in either case that makes the master fat.

The Kidnaping Anniversary Edition

NO 585, FEBRUARY 16TH.
Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kas.
Enter my order for _____ copies of the Kidnaping Anniversary Edition. I agree to pay for these papers at the rate of 50c. per copy when they are delivered to me.
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It is understood that if the Appeal is unable to send all the papers ordered, the number of copies that will be printed, if possible, will be reduced to 20,000 (the number we are permitted to mail as extra copies—one extra copy to each subscriber). It is for this reason that I request you to send no money until you receive the papers.

Impossibility of "Reform."

The Beveridge bill for the abolition of child labor and the opposition of the American Federation of Labor to the bill have brought to public attention the magnitude of the child labor problem, and have demonstrated the impossibility of dealing justly with child laborers so long as the capitalist system dominates industry. The Houston (Tex.) Post presents the situation clearly in the following editorial:

"The American Federation of Labor has interposed what is a valid objection to the bill which Senator Beveridge proposes to introduce prohibiting child labor. The federation is in sympathy with the measure, but believes congress has no right to enact such a law, and advises a campaign in the states for the passage of a law that will stop the crushing out of child life in the mills and factories and coining its life blood into dollars upon the counters of commercialism."

"The question of child labor is one of the most difficult of all social problems. Superficially, it looks like an outrage to employ children in the mills. Such employment is, of course, compulsory, and it goes without saying that irreparable social, moral and physical injury results from such employment. 'But if the state steps in to prohibit the employment of children, what does it propose to do toward giving these children relief? It will not do to assume that the elimination of children from the mills will result in an increase of wages. Moreover, the earnings of these children are essential to their support. Many of the children are without parents to work for them. A statute can scarcely discriminate and say that there shall be exceptions based upon the needs of parents or children."

Popular Government.

Walter Clark, chief justice of North Carolina, closes an article on "Some Defects in the Constitution of the United States" in *The Mirror*, of St. Louis, with the following:
"In thus discussing the defects of the federal constitution I have but exercised the right of the humblest citizen. Few will deny that defects exist. I have indicated what, in my opinion, are the remedies. As to this, many will differ. If better can be found, let us adopt them."
For my part, I believe in popular government. The remedy for the halting, half-way popular government which we have is more democracy. When some one observed to Mr. Hadstone that the "people are not always right," he replied, "No; but they are rarely wrong." When they are wrong their intelligence and their interests combine to make them correct the wrong. But when rulers, whether kings, or life judges, or great corporations, commit an error against the interest of the masses, there is no such certainty of correction. The growth of this country in population and in material wealth has made it the marvel of the ages.
"But what avail the plow or sell, Or land or life, if freedom fall?"
The government and the destinies of a great people should always be kept in their own hands.

A West Pointer on Socialism.

Socialism has not only gained a foothold in American colleges and universities, but has even found an advocate in the faculty of the national military academy. Col. C. W. Larned, professor of drawing at West Point, delivered a remarkable address in the Academy of Music at Newburgh, N. Y., Dec. 18th, which, among other interesting things in regard to Socialism, contains the following:
"There is much solemn denunciation of Socialism as the provoker of class hatred. It is difficult to imagine anything more disingenuous and absurd. The classes exist and always have existed, and always they have been at war; and, so long as they continue to exist, will they continue to be so. Their interests as classes are not identical, and can never be so long as they remain classes under the conditions which have made them such. Let us clearly recognize the fact and not be hypocritical about it. Socialism does not urge the war of class, but, on the contrary, seeks to suppress it by removing its cause. It is organized commercialism that fosters class divisions and provokes the war of class."

If the interests of capitalists and laborer are identical, why all this quibbling over wages and the conditions of labor? Why do the workers find it necessary to organize into unions and the employers to organize into citizens' alliances, manufacturers' associations, etc.? Why these strikes, lockouts and industrial battles? Are mutual interests in the habit of organizing to fight each other? The wise man, whether capitalist or laborer, knows that the class war is a reality. Don't be such a chump as to stick your head in the sand like an ostrich and deny the evidence of your own senses.

THE extravagance of the rich doesn't help the poor. When the rich man pays ten dollars for a bottle of wine, or a like price for some other luxury, the money so paid does not go to the workers, but goes to other rich men, who have luxuries to sell. The workers get a few cents for the labor of production and the privilege of catering to their superiors, that's all; they remain poor, though the lords spend millions.

THE Yellow Jacket is a wise bug. In a recent number of the yellow journal its readers are advised to quit cursing Socialism and begin to study it. The editor of that disseminator of so-called republicanism has evidently profited by experience.

What's the Matter With White?

William Allen White's literary success, that dates from the publication of his "What's the Matter With Kansas?" has turned his head, but has, luckily, turned it in the right direction. The following frank confession from the now famous editor is commended to the notice of the Socialist-hating "stand-patters":
"Ten years ago this great organ of reform wrote a piece entitled 'What's the Matter With Kansas?' in it great sport was made of a perfectly honest gentleman of unusual legal ability who happened to be running for chief justice of the supreme court of this state, because he said, in effect, that 'the rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner.'"
"Those were paleozoic times; how far the world has moved since then. If the *Gazette* had not gouted the populist candidate for chief justice for telling the truth, the *Gazette* would have been printed in a little 20x60 office on Sixth avenue, about two jumps ahead of the sheriff. The *Gazette* was wrong in those days and Judge Dozier was right. But he was out too early in the season and his views got frost-bitten. This is a funny world. About all we can do is to move with it, and grow with it."

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Secretary Straus.

Oscar Solomon Straus, who has just entered Roosevelt's cabinet as secretary of commerce and labor, seems eminently qualified to do the useful for commerce, since he is a trustee of the New York Life Insurance company and president of the New York board of trade.
Although functioning also as secretary of labor, he is not a member of any labor organization, nor has he had anything to do with labor other than as a capitalist employer of wage workers. But he has been a lawyer, manufacturer and politician, and that is all that is needed.

Plenty a Curse?

One of the overworked objections to Socialism is the assertion that the realization of the Co-operative Commonwealth will be productive of a lazy and nerveless race that, because its necessities are provided for, will want nothing and do nothing.
In other words, we are to understand that starvation and the fear of starvation is a blessing, while plenty and the assurance of plenty would be a curse. We are to understand that starvation is the means of building up stamina, while comfort makes fat and unmakes everything else.
If this is true, there must be a serious defect in the present economy that fills the high places of government, commerce and industry with the well-fed, while the supposedly strong-nerved, hungry mob has nothing to do with the direction of momentous affairs. But the apologists for the capitalist system can't move without falling over themselves. Their statements are as weak as the conclusions to which they lead.

Kings and Courts.

In monarchies kings hold their office for life. In the republic of the United States judges of the supreme court hold their office for life. In monarchies, it is claimed that the king can do no wrong; in the United States it is claimed that the supreme court is infallible. From the decisions of kings and the supreme court there is no appeal.
To criticize the monarch is to commit *lese majeste* and suffer whatever punishment his majesty may impose; to criticize the court is to commit contempt and suffer whatever penalty the court in its unlimited power may decree.
The absolute monarch holds the power of life and death over his subjects; the supreme court holds the power of life and death over every American citizen. King George made outlaws of American patriots, and the supreme court denies redress to American citizens kidnaped by conspiracy of state officials and private interests.
Don't cuss the court. It is just what you American voting chumps have made it. You have no more reason to expect justice from life-tenure judges than from life-tenure kings. So long as you preferred the rule of a king you had to abide by his government; so long as you prefer the rule of a supreme court you will have to take whatever its members, appointed from a hostile class, may hand you.

When you get tired of lifetime privileges that mean lifetime privation for yourselves; when you get tired of a court that plays the autocratic part of a king; when you get tired of spurious democracy and ready for a genuine democracy, join the Socialist party and help establish the Co-operative Commonwealth, in which equality before the law will become a fact and cease to be a fiction.

Plenty a Curse?

THEY are rolling in wealth and prosperity; and points, as evidence, to the fact that in the last year their exports were six millions more in value than their imports. If you would send out ten millions of wealth and would get back four millions you would be getting rich at a great rate wouldn't you? The more you send out and the less you get back the richer you become, don't it? Are you fool enough to believe such rot?

SHOW YOUR HAND

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.



Copyright by J. A. Mitchell.

THE supreme court decision in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case marks a historic epoch and makes this the most important issue before the nation.

This decision constitutes the blackest chapter in the annals of that tribunal. It not only LEGALIZES KIDNAPING, but means that the workingman has no right the capitalist is bound to respect.

We shall see! The working class of the nation must, shall, and will again be aroused. The former demonstrations were tame compared to those which this infamous decision will now convoke from sea to sea.

The working class must save these men. The president of the United States, the miserable mountebank, has shown his hand, pronouncing our comrades guilty without a trial and sending his fat Man Friday to Idaho to pave the way for the execution of his sentence.

We pronounce our comrades innocent and we shall now proceed to show our hand, and before they get through with their program of kidnaping and murder they will wish they had never begun it. In an early issue of the Appeal I shall have more to say upon this subject. Meantime, it is suggested that a series of meetings be promptly arranged for by all labor and Socialist organizations, culminating in a monster international demonstration to be held on the anniversary of the outrage upon our comrades. In this connection it is suggested that all labor and Socialist papers issue a special edition, to be known as the KIDNAPING ANNIVERSARY EDITION, with which to flood the land and make known to every man, woman and child this hideous crime against the working class, pointing out in red letters the precise politicians, beginning with the president, who are responsible for it.

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Oscar Solomon Straus, who has just entered Roosevelt's cabinet as secretary of commerce and labor, seems eminently qualified to do the useful for commerce, since he is a trustee of the New York Life Insurance company and president of the New York board of trade.
Although functioning also as secretary of labor, he is not a member of any labor organization, nor has he had anything to do with labor other than as a capitalist employer of wage workers. But he has been a lawyer, manufacturer and politician, and that is all that is needed.

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HELL IN FLORIDA

Appeal's Correspondent Escapes But is Retaken and Horribly Mangled by Guards.

(By Special Correspondent.)

Miami, Fla., Dec. 10, 1906.—This is hell. I mean the fix I am in right now. It is awful the way I have been treated during the last twenty-four hours. In history I have read how slaves were beaten and maltreated, and even thrown to wild beasts in amphitheatres, but little did I appreciate their position until I was treated virtually the same treatment. Two of my fingers are broken, my arms are lacerated and torn, my back is bruised beyond description, and I am tied to a stake with a steel dog chain. And, oh, my head! It is nearly bursting with a pain that will surely end my life.

I guess you wondered why I sent no letter last week. The reply to that is easy; I couldn't. I don't know that these lustily-scratched lines will ever reach you. I tried to escape day before yesterday, but I was missed, tracked, captured, beaten and brought back to camp. The young fellow who is carrying my mail to Miami came very near being captured with me. He got away only because of his knowledge of the swamps and his ability to wade through them. He is waiting for me to finish this letter now. I can just distinguish his outlines through the trees 200 yards distant. As soon as I have finished this letter I will wrap it around a rock and throw it to him. He will then take it to the Miami postoffice. When I was captured I was stripped and searched. Paper that was sewed in the lining of my pants was overlooked. I was prepared for just such an emergency. I am writing with a forked stick, using a mixture of burnt wood and water for ink. The guards are on the alert, so I do not far away, but to think I am asleep. You will want to know how I came by my present misfortune. It was this way. Watching my chance, I stole away from the camp night before last, fully determined to get away from here. All would have been well had it not been for the watch dogs. Those infernal animals, true to their instinct, followed me, and in a moment were at my heels. While I climbed a tree, my mail carrier escaped through the swamps. It was not long until the whole camp was aroused. With guns, whips and chains, the bosses arrived at the tree and ordered me down. There was nothing to do but to obey. As soon as I hit the ground the pack of dogs was upon me. To save my face I doubled my arms around my head and rolled over on my stomach. Great God! Those dogs did persecute me. It was fully five minutes before they were called off, but to me it seemed like five hours. My neck was chewed and my back was streaming blood when I finally staggered to my feet.

Then I was manacled and led back to camp. While I cowered and watched their movements, the guards made preparations for my punishment. First I was stripped stark naked. The moon, shining bright, lighted up the scene and revealed the hideous faces of my captors. I closed my eyes and thought of the rites performed in this country hundreds of years ago when the Indians held sway. But worse than Indians surrounded me now. There was a hellishness in their looks as they surveyed me and led me to a log. When I was made to sit on the log the big boss of the camp approached and inquired why I attempted to escape. I replied that I was tired of camp life and wanted to go home. No sooner had these words passed my lips than his fist shot out, taking me square between the eyes, and I fell in a heap on the other side of the log. I was picked up and replaced on the log. Four times the boss asked me questions, and with each reply I made I was knocked clean off the log. One of these blows broke two of my fingers. When this cross-examination had ended I was laid face down lengthwise on the log. My wrists were fastened with a rope in such a way that my arms were extended their full length before me and brought down nearly under and around the log. My ankles and legs were tied the same way. I was naked, defenseless and surrounded by a pack of heartless men who knew no God but a God whose highest ambition was to do the bidding of a driving capitalist. Directly in front of me a man gave my head a kick with his foot. Following this a lash descended on my bare and bleeding back. For five minutes I was whipped that I remember about; then I sank into unconsciousness. When I came to a grinning negro was pouring a bucket of salt water over me. After I revived I was let alone for half an hour while the bosses held a parley. At the conclusion of their deliberations my case was again given attention.

No one can possibly know how I suffered. My arms and legs and back were raw and bleeding. Mentally, I raged and swore and grew philosophic in turns. A thousand times in ten minutes I resolved on revenge, should I ever get out and away from this horrible hole. Not against those guards were my resolutions passed; they were merely agents of a higher power. My mind was set against the principals responsible for these conditions. Mentally, I decided to haunt, like an Indian, the highways and byways where the great captains of industry stalked serene, and, like an Indian, there perpetrate my revenge. I was individually subjected to hell fire and damnation, and, individually, I would retaliate.

In the midst of these cogitations I was again approached by the bosses. Without warning, the log, to which I was tied, was given a sudden lurch, and I was rolled over with it. Four times was the log rolled, and four times did the weight of the ponderous affair beat down upon me, mashing my lacerated back into the sand-bags and beating weeds. Once the log was stopped while I was underneath, and while I groaned and labored with the weight, two men sat down on it and rooked to and fro, like children playing see-saw. Again I lapsed into unconsciousness. When I revived I was tied to the stake, where I now am.

The agony of the torture would appear unendurable were I at liberty, and I wonder how long I have borne it. I don't know how long I shall stay tied here, nor what will be the next order of punishment. The young fellow who will receive this letter will, no doubt, do something to bring relief. But I know it is useless to complain to the authorities. They are leagued with the owners of this camp to keep down rebellion. He may get caught up himself if he dares to open his mouth, and be given the same treatment. I can only bide my time, make my escape, and then get my revenge in the way that seems best. If possible, I will write again.

Editor Appeal to Reason: I note in APPEAL December 1st, under head of Flagler's Slaves, an article by a special correspondent (in one of Flagler's detention camps) via Key West, Fla., November 8th, descriptive of the methods worked out by the minions in his employ to deceive and delude honest workmen into the swamps of Florida to work and construct a railroad extension in an insect-infested, malarious country, every word of which I wish to corroborate, having myself been one of their would-be victims. As long ago as the fall of 1893, having been lured by an advertisement for help in a Chicago paper, I reported for particulars to their labor agent, one Louis Pic, located in Chicago, on or about August 1st. Their plan then was to contract with laborers, carpenters, etc., agreeing to pay a stipulated wage per day, said wage to include use of tents, etc., and to furnish transportation to Jacksonville, Fla., for \$15; \$7 of which they required down, balance to be worked out by applicant. Myself and son and two relatives (young men) shipped out of Chicago in company with fifty laborers, carpenters, etc., on Tuesday, August 7th, via the Queen & Crescent route, arriving in Jacksonville without mishap, and were taken in charge at that point by the agent of Flagler's East Coast road, and thence to Ave. Gallie, Fla., the terminal of the road at that time. Thence by steamer Santa Lucia down the insect-infested Indian river to Jupiter Inlet, where we were disembarked, and with baggage loaded into a lighter were poled over to an island about one-half mile from main land, to O'Kane's detention camp. A Mr. Hall made us acquainted with their method of procedure, and told of horrors of their camp, and guards whom they pretended to term deputy marshals, one of which made his appearance directly upon our landing, in company with a bloodhound, revolvers and Winchester. Apparently they were not as well skilled at that time, and their system was not as perfect as now, as they neglected to search us for weapons, some of us being supplied, myself, son and relatives being of the number. Also, being provided with money, we were not like most of the company, at their mercy. And inasmuch as they had no carpenter work to do, and for which we had contracted, we were at liberty to do as we chose, as they did not dare molest us openly. It was on Saturday eve, August 11th, when we arrived in their camp, and we used their tents till Monday morning, and the stories told us by parties detained there, of men shot down who tried to escape, who for lack of means to pay the \$8 due for fare, were forced to work it out, and in order to live while doing so were compelled to go farther into their debt for tools and food to the amount of \$6 to \$10 more, and in the end taking them four to six weeks to settle up with the company, where mosquitoes, fleas and sand flies about so thick as to make life unbearable without some kind of protection, and none was furnished. Our company of four left there on Monday morning following our arrival, and crossed over to the main land west of the island in a skiff provided by some kind of letters, in the hands of Tomahawk Bay, going four miles west, up the banks of the bay through woods and scrub palmetto that stood four to seven feet high, where we arrived at Hurst's mills, and found employment during the months of August and September. We returned north with fever contracted there and with face and limbs lacerated with fleas and mosquitoes, a pitiful sight, hardly recognizable by my family, and experiences never to be forgotten by me. I am liable, and live and have been in business in Rockford, Ill., until recently, having sold out and am now on a visit (in company with my wife) at my brother's, C. E. Carpenter, of this place, where I will answer any mail in regard to the above. If you can use the above in your valuable paper to help warn any one liable to come in contact with their nefarious methods, you will certainly be doing the laboring class a favor that will be appreciated by those warned.—D. H. Carpenter, Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Editor Appeal to Reason: I have just read the APPEAL's letter from the slave camps in the Everglades of Florida, and, knowing that thousands of people who read those letters will cast them aside with the remark that they are nothing but sensational lies, and having some substantial proof of their correctness, I hereby submit: the same to you for publication: I was stopping at Bradenton, Fla., last winter, and fished a good deal from the docks there. One day I was out on one of the docks alone when three men came out and I struck up a conversation with them. I soon saw that they were pretty intelligent fellows, and questioned them as to where they had been and where they were going. They were working their way back to New York; said they were lured to Florida by an agent to work on a railroad which was being built from Miami to Key West, by promises of high wages, etc. They told substantially the same tale of treachery and inhuman treatment that your correspondent tell. And in proof they exhibited their hands, and there wasn't a piece of original skin on one of them larger than a nickel. The balance was as thin and tender as that of a baby's hand, and it had grown after they had gotten away. They had no money, and had begged their passage from Key West to Bradenton on one Captain Fogarty's schooner, which had been to Key West with a cargo. Yours for a free Christian civilization.—Rufus Williams, Williams, Ind.

CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

THE APPEAL is in receipt of numerous letters from persons who have lived in Florida, and who can substantiate the statements made by our special correspondent. These letters will be published from time to time, in connection with the newspaper clippings. Following are two letters received from comrades, whose standing for veracity is beyond question.

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MOLLY MAGUIRE TACTICS IN HAYWOOD CASE.

Syndicated Articles Published by Capitalist Press to Influence Public Opinion and Justify the Conspirators Who Are Determined to Murder Innocent Men.

UNDER a caption of "The Approaching Trial in Idaho," the New York Tribune, of December 9, gives a five-column account of the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case, in which the history of the arrest and imprisonment of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners is deliberately garbled and misrepresented to suit the ends of the prosecuting attorneys and the Mine Owners' association. The article evidently is a syndicated affair, as it is being published generally in the capitalist press, and was no doubt written in the office of the news-bureau of the Mine Owners' association in Denver.

The purpose of this and other articles that have recently been published broadcast throughout the United States, is to influence public opinion against the imprisoned officers of the Miners' union when their case goes to trial. It is adroitly worded throughout, and biased just enough to prejudice the reading public against the victims of the mine owners' conspiracy. Where necessary to achieve the desired result, radical departures from the truth are made, and it has been found necessary to do this in nearly every paragraph. The names of the persons involved are correctly given, but otherwise the article is a fabrication of lies from the beginning to the end.

This article is only one of a syndicated series that are being published in the capitalist press concerning the Federation case. Several have already been published, and more are to follow. Following the tactics of Franklin B. Gowen, in his work of exterminating the Mollie Maguire of Pennsylvania thirty years ago, the Mine Owners' association is resorting to the press to allay the indignation of the working class while the conspiracy to hang Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone is being consummated. If false conceptions of this Western transaction can be promulgated through the land, the Mine Owners' association will be permitted to throttle the law in Colorado and Idaho, and the judicial murder of our brave comrades will soon become an accomplished fact.

Every lie published in this New York Tribune article has been fully refuted by the Appeal during the past year, and our readers will readily understand the bare-faced outrage perpetrated upon a gullible public by the papers publishing it. With the reading of the article, Socialists will realize how imperative it is to circulate the truth concerning the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case. The Appeal has made arrangements to report the trial, and to continue publishing a correct history of the case. This paper should be circulated broadcast in every state in the union, and handed to every person who reads the garbled capitalist account, for upon a faithful report of the facts depends the lives of the officers of the Western Federation of Miners.

Time will not be taken to refute here the lies contained in this article. One instance will suffice to throw light upon the remainder, where it is stated that "Vincent St. John, a leader of the Federation, is now in jail awaiting trial for that murder." Vincent St. John is now at liberty, and has been at liberty since he was released at Grand Junction, Colo., several months ago. Other lies as deliberate as this will become transparent to any one familiar with the facts when the article is read.

Read the syndicate story sent out by the Mine Owners' association, which here follows in full, and then bend your every effort, as you love liberty, to extend the circulation of the Appeal.

From the New York Tribune, Dec. 9th.

As a result of a decision of the United States supreme court last week, the public should soon know who are the murderers of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. Three of the five men accused of the crime had sought to block the trial with the plea that their arrest was illegal and that accordingly their freedom should be granted to them. The appeal was denied by the highest tribunal in the land; and the alleged murderers must now stand trial in the state where the crime was committed.

The governor of the state says that the trial will be a fair one. In spite of the powerful labor and capital interests involved in the case, Idaho, says Governor Gooding, will do her duty. Whatever Socialists may say about the alleged murderers being "railroaded to the gallows," the governor asserts "that the men accused of this murder shall have a fair and impartial trial before the best and squarest jury that Idaho can produce; that they shall be completely cleared, if innocent, and hanged by the neck until dead, if guilty. It is a murder trial, solely and simply."

According to the detective who obtained most of the evidence with which the prosecution says it ought to be able to convict the accused men, the trial will reveal a conspiracy to commit murder which is unparalleled in the criminal history of this country. And the man who makes this statement should, indeed know, for he is no other than James McParland, the Pinkerton sleuth, who ran down the Molly Maguires in the coal regions of Pennsylvania some twenty years ago. McParland joined the Molly Maguires, obtained admittance to their councils, at which they plotted the death of their foes, and as a result of the information which he made public, eleven of this murderous gang were hanged in one day.

Specifically, the trial, which is to be held in the little town of Caldwell, Idaho, is for the purpose of determining who killed ex-Governor Steunenberg. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is expected to show much more than that. Testimony has been promised by the prosecution which, it says, will prove that a great labor organization has been in the control of a few desperadoes who have not even stopped at murder in seeking to overthrow those who dared oppose them. The confessions of two of the prisoners will be made public—corroborated, so Mr. McParland says, by a mass of other evidence.

As a result of what will come to light, says the detective, the lead men of the Western Federation of Miners, a powerful labor union, with between 25,000 and 30,000 members, are responsible for at least twenty-six murders and a series of other crimes—train-wrecking, arson, assaults and the destruction of property by dynamite—which have been committed at different times for the last seven years, and which have spread terror throughout the mining camps of the Rocky Mountains. These confessions will also prove, the detective says, that a clique of these labor leaders, known as "The Inner Circle," had marked for death high state officials, governors and justices of the supreme court, who upheld the law when that law was against the interests of their union.

Five To Be Tried. The five men who will be tried for the murder of the former chief executive of the state of Idaho are Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners; Wm. D. Haywood, secretary of the organization; G. A. Pettibone, a former active member of that body, and at the time of his arrest a prominent business man of Denver, and Harry Orchard and Steven Adams, both of whom have made confessions. Orchard and Adams both say that they were members of "The Inner Circle" of

the federation, and were paid out of its funds to commit murder. Frank Steunenberg, before he was struck down by an assassin on the evening of December 30, 1905, had long been known in the little town of Caldwell as a marked man. He himself boasted of it. When he received a letter threatening his life he would read it to his friends and then turn it over to the newspaper for publication. "These fellows are only dogs," he would say. "They are too cowardly to kill me." Every one knew the reason for these threats. Certain desperate men, who had become powerful as members of labor unions, never forgave him for the bold part he played while governor of Idaho in suppressing the bloody Coeur d'Alene riots. As the result of his vigorous efforts to restore peace, the strikers lost their fight and the cause of unionism in the state of Idaho received a blow from which it has not yet recovered.

It was about seven years ago that Governor Steunenberg clashed with the miners' union in his state. He had been re-elected for the second term for the years 1902 and 1903. The strike broke out in 1902 as the result of labor agitators trying to unite the Coeur d'Alene mines in Shoshone county, in the northern and wildest part of Idaho. They made easy conquests until they came to deal with the managers of the Helena-Frisco, at Gem, and the Last Chance and the Bunker Hill mines in the Wardner territory. The Gem company closed down rather than yield. Then it imported non-union men. As was brought out afterward at a congressional inquiry, the advent of these "scabs" started the trouble. The newcomers were attacked openly and in ambush, but they refused to leave their work. Then desperate measures were taken to drive them out. Two hundred pounds of dynamite was stolen from the company's storehouse, and, after the water had been drawn from the fume, the dynamite was slid down the penstock to the water wheel. "The mill was blown to kindling-wood," said John A. Finch, the operator of the mine, before the congressional committee, "and many jacked-ribbers, as they ran they were shot down by the five hundred union men lying in ambush. Five or six were killed. I cannot say how many were wounded." This desperate demonstration of what the union men would resort to if they regarded it necessary frightened, for a time at least, all the mine-owners into submission, with one exception. Only the Bunker Hill, true to the tradition of its name

Mr. Madden's Recent Edict.

"Copies of a publication entered as second-class matter, purchased for the purpose of being given away by the publishers, are regarded as constituting free circulation. . . . If the number of copies purchased for such purpose, together with all other forms of free distribution, amount to 50% of the whole circulation of the APPEAL TO REASON, the second-class mail privileges of the publisher will be in jeopardy."

This is Madden's latest, handed to the APPEAL last April, just after the big "Rescue Edition" had been mailed. Since that time I have issued no big editions, because I did not want to go up against an order revoking our second class mail entry. Once this is done, there is no appeal—and no APPEAL TO REASON! I have complied with every requirement of the postoffice department heretofore, no matter how absurd and unjust, but we have now arrived at the cross-roads. It is necessary that an edition of at least 3,000,000 copies be printed and circulated.

With the daily press thundering its broadsides of misrepresentation, inflaming the public mind against the prisoners in Idaho, we need to stem the current of popular prejudice. No other paper is hampered by such absurd ruling as the above, and I shall call Madden's bluff—be the result what it may!

I shall need your assistance in this, and I ask that you at once sign the blank on the first page and tell me how many of the "Kidnaping Anniversary Edition" you will distribute. Remember, I do not want you to send any money until you get the papers.

TEACHERS' FUND.

The following letters came from the APPEAL mail bag in one day. I wish I had space to print all of those that have been received from school teachers. It would be most encouraging to the APPEAL Army comrades who have made it possible to do this great work. I tell you emphatically as I have told you before, THAT THE SUCCESS OF SOCIALISM DEPENDS UPON GETTING OUR LITERATURE INTO THE HANDS OF THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THIS COUNTRY WHO READ! Your own experience confirms this statement. However, read these letters:

Nellie Wright, school teacher at Chauncey, Mo., writes as follows: "I received the sample copy of Appeal to Reason and was most interested in it. It was the first Socialist literature I had ever read. Please send me 'Introduction to Socialism' which you offer to school teachers. After I have read the book perhaps I will subscribe for your paper. I secured one subscription for you which you will please find enclosed."

"I am a school teacher and I got your paper. My father takes the paper, but I am at home only on Sunday and Saturday, and I board with a man who is not a Socialist. You will find a quarter enclosed, for which please send the APPEAL to him for a year, but don't tell who sent it, as he is on the school board and might 'oust' me. There are no Socialists around here and I have to do my work on the sly for fear I might lose my job if they find out my politics. You may send me two of those booklets, 'Introduction to Socialism,' as I can make good use of them." The above was written by one of our loyal supporters who is a school teacher in Arkansas.

The sending of the APPEAL to the school teachers has aroused Comrade Bernice, principal of schools at Black Warrin, Ariz. He writes: "I am principal of district school and received copy of APPEAL. I am already a Socialist, and get my paper as often as the postal authorities let it come to me, which is quite irregular. I shall use the extra copy for the conversion of some one else."

There yet remains several hundred dollars to complete this school teachers' fund, and I would like that you who feel that this work should be closed up, contribute what you can. The following named comrades have added their mites to the fund since the report of last week:

- W. H. DeBerry, Ariz. \$2.25
W. S. Davis, Ariz. 2.25
M. Allen, Ariz. 2.25
Frank Patoka, Ark. 2.25
H. C. Toward, Calif. 1.00
W. H. Haggard, Calif. 1.00
M. H. Haggard, Calif. 1.00
E. P. Everett, Calif. 2.25
C. F. Harding, Calif. 2.25
T. J. Marshall, Calif. 2.25
J. J. Arnold, Colo. 1.25
R. J. Rudock, Colo. 2.25
Margaret O. Finston, Colo. 2.50
L. H. Krohn, Colo. 1.00
Henry Peterson, Idaho 1.50
C. H. Schreiber, Idaho 2.25
H. H. Haggard, Ill. 1.00
M. J. J. J. 1.00
Wm. Klapfer, Ill. 1.50
L. H. Krohn, Ill. 1.50
Dennis Johnson, Kans. 1.00
Joseph Nelson, Kans. 1.00
Ernest Rosenmann, La. 1.00
W. H. Haggard, La. 1.00
M. K. Toland, Minn. 1.00
Fred McEntire, Mo. 1.00
C. P. McFarlane, Mo. 1.00
J. A. Powers, Mo. 1.50
Fred McEntire, Mo. 1.00
A. B. Murray, N. Y. 1.75
George Heintzel, N. Y. 1.25
Chas. B. Kimberly, Ohio 1.25
Wm. H. Haggard, Ohio 1.25
Blanche Brown, Ore. .75
R. W. Robinson, Ore. 2.25
J. P. Wilder, Ore. 1.00
J. B. Barr, S. Dak. .50
Pearl Bennett, Va. 2.25
E. G. Lantz, Wash. 2.25
Sam Fleming, Wash. 1.50
Sam Spies, Wyo. 1.25
Chas. Froberg, Wyo. 2.25

ONLY A "WORKING GIRL."

"Oh, she's only a working girl." "Did you ever hear that expression used by some 'red-combed cock, fussy old hen or glossy-winged pullet of some kind? We guess you have if you ever mixed up much with what this country terms our 'best society.' Do you ever see any of these swell pullets from this society poultry lot out on the streets with any of those 'working girls'?" Never. Did you ever see any of the well-fed 'chicks' of this double-combed tribe at a gathering of any kind where these 'working girls' were? Yes, you have once in a while, as these 'working girls' go to church occasionally, and you will find some of these puffed, perfumed and bright-winged pullets of society occupying cushioned pews, but they have that 'I smell something' look upon their countenances when one of these 'working girls' sits near them; but still these deodorized pullets of the 'Four Hundred' and their kind are like mothers and their red-gilled rooster papa and brothers who would have these 'working girls' and in fact

SENATOR PATTERSON AND BUSINESS MEN OF DENVER

BY J. W. MARTIN. The Rocky Mountain News of December 17th contained an editorial article signed by Edward J. Livernash, managing editor, which caused one of the greatest sensations this city has experienced for years.

An indignation meeting of the various business associations of the city was held in the Chamber of Commerce the evening of the 20th to consider and refute the slanders(?) contained in Mr. Livernash's editorial.

A full report of the meeting and speeches was printed in the Denver Post of the 21st, covering some ten columns of space, and the entire editorial page was given to the subject. I had not read the News editorial, but, as the News was one of our most violent opponents in the recent state campaign, I sat down to read the Patterson roast, expecting to enjoy the barbecue.

I had not read more than a column, however, until I began to discover signs of a colored gentleman in the woodpile, and the further I read the more was I convinced that it was not Patterson or Livernash that the business men were really after, but that the fight on them was simply a pretext for the inauguration of an insidious and far-reaching campaign of influence in an entirely different direction—the object being nothing less than an attempt to strengthen the prosecution of the cases against our comrades in Idaho.

The Offending Editorial Was True. I then read the offending editorial and found that it was a first class roast of the officials of the city of Denver, of the state of Colorado and of the state courts, and that every allegation contained therein was absolutely true. Mr. Livernash stated and elaborated three propositions as follows:

First—"Law does not reign in Colorado." Second—"A republican form of government does not prevail in Colorado." Third—"Honorable capital and organized labor are not secure in Colorado."

Every resident of this state knows that the above allegations are true. The Substance of the Business Men's Protest. In all their talk there is nothing more than what their lawyers would call a general denial; not a single charge is refuted specifically. They talk about the great prosperity of the city and state, and the immense deposits in the banks. They pretend to avoid politics, yet are careful to endorse the administrations of both city and state governments, and congratulate our infamous supreme court on the fact that in the recent election its decisions were endorsed by the people. They insist that the people are misled by their elected officials, evidently forgetting that it is within the memory of the most of our intelligent people when these same business men did not stand by a state administration elected by the people—that of Davis Waite.

The Real Animus of the Affair. The following sentence in the speech of the chairman gave me a clue to the real object of the meeting: "The only kind of organized labor we are opposed to is labor organized for law-breaking purposes." This statement was received with cheers by the audience, and was understood by all present as a direct fling at the Western Federation of Miners. Yet, every business man present knew that the Federation is as much a law-abiding body as any organization of citizens in the state, and that the crimes charged against the Federation were committed by the hiring cut-throats and Pinkerton thugs employed by the business men and mine owners of Colorado.

The whole affair is an attempt to impress the country at large with the idea that since the labor difficulties in Colorado have been settled by the drastic methods of Peabody, Bell and McDonald, the state has been enjoying a period of unparalleled prosperity; that the people are satisfied with existing conditions, and that the judicial murder of Moyr, Hayden and Pettibone would not be resented by the people of this state. Patterson's Position. Although the Livernash editorial was strictly in line with the sentiments expressed for several years in the editorial columns of the News, Senator Patterson wired his emphatic disapproval of the offending article under date of December 20th to the chairman of the business men's committee, and Mr. Livernash, at once resigned his position as managing editor.

Patterson has not gone over to the enemy. He has always been with them. He has simply thrown off the hypocritical mask he has been wearing all these years to deceive the workingmen and hold them in the democratic party. That telegram is a confession that his whole course for years has been one of rank hypocrisy.

The Conspiracy. The conspiracy still goes on with its nefarious work. Not a word about the 600 per cent increase of the Socialist vote in two years. Not a word about the increased cost of living since organized labor has been crushed beneath the iron heel of organized greed. Not a word about the privation and real suffering endured by the wage slaves of this city. Not a word about the increasing army of the unemployed, but the city and the state are booming! booming! booming!!! There is prosperity! prosperity! prosperity!!! everywhere. Boost is the watchword. "On with the dance." Sustain the state administration in its career of military despotism, deportation and kidnaping. Sustain the courts in their travesties of justice, prepare the way for the judicial murder of innocent men. Let McFarland repeat the history of his infamous doings in Pennsylvania. Let the Haymarket crime be paralleled in Idaho—and all in the interest of business.

What are three innocent lives when weighed in the balance against business interests? It is the old, old story; it has been oft repeated since the Nazarene was crucified by the business interests of Jerusalem nearly 2,000 years ago. It will be repeated until the working class arouses from its slumber and says "By the Eternal, justice and humanity are and shall be superior to business interests."

TODAY AND TOMORROW. LAL, M. NORRIS. Where the verge of a rippling sea we stand, And stretch our eyes to the blue sky above, Where shines a land through a veil of mist Which we cannot pierce and our hearts are sore. And patience, it seems, we must constantly borrow, For slow sails our barque to the Land of Tomorrow.

A PERSONAL WORD FROM DEBS. To the many comrades and others who have written and have expected to hear from me there is due a few words of personal explanation. During the past few months, beginning with the death of my mother, afflictions of all kinds have come to our family. Only a few days ago my father was laid to rest, the third death in rapid succession, besides the illness of other members, myself included, an affection of the throat and an attack of sciatica, due to exposure, tending to incapacitate me for a considerable time from following my usual duties. The result has been the accumulation of heaps of letters, papers and other documents, the interruption of correspondence and the neglect of many other urgent matters for which the indulgence of comrades and friends is requested.

During the past year or more my work, especially in the field, has been carried forward under great difficulties, and very much of it has been wholly unsatisfactory to myself, and probably equally so to others. This word of explanation is all I have to offer along this line.

I wish to thank, in behalf of all our family, the many comrades, friends and sympathizers, some of whom are strangers to us in name, for their beautiful letters filled with the touching tokens of their sympathy in our bereavement. When death enters the home and takes from us those dear to us, there is no comfort equal to a loyal comrade's sympathy and love.

I am now endeavoring to clear up the accumulation, get things in their usual order, and resume my work. These are pregnant times and we all have work to do and must do it with all our strength and ability. The cause we serve is entitled to our first and last secondary. All other things are secondary. EUGENE V. DEBS.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

The way workmen waste their substance in riotous living is illustrated by the following story, adapted from an exchange. The moral, that people do not waste what they do not get, is apparent:

"While out in the country the other day, I stopped at a farm-house to get a drink of water, and got into a conversation with an old negro, in the course of which he became somewhat confidential. 'My wife,' said he, 'is powerful straggling. She's always asking for money. She wants fifty cents for the soap and a dollar for that, and there's no end to it.' 'What does she do with the money?' I asked. 'Why, she don't do anything with it,' said he. 'How's that?' I asked in surprise. 'Why, I don't give it to her,' he replied in the most matter-of-fact way."

AN APPEAL FROM RUSSIA.

The Russian government, to fight revolution, has appealed to the capitalist governments of the world for financial aid. In turn the Russian proletariat, through the central committee of the Russian Social Democratic party, is making its appeal to the working class of the world for finances in carrying on the work of undermining and overthrowing the Russian government. It is a commendable appeal, and any member desiring to contribute to this worthy cause should send the money to the American representative of the Russian Social Democratic party, Dr. Maxim Romm, 306 E Fifteenth street, New York City, who will cheerfully acknowledge receipt of same.

Only a Common Criminal.

"I had a dream that a fly cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of prosperous-looking spirits arrayed for judgment. Do you belong with that bunch?" the policeman asked. "Who are they?" was my answer. "Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working girls and paid 'em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of that bunch?" "Not on your immortal life," said I. "I'm only the fellow who set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies."—"O. Henry in 'An Unfinished Story.'"

Every subscriber you send to the APPEAL between now and February 17th means that an additional copy of the "Anniversary Edition" will be mailed out under our second class mailing privilege. A yearly bundle of five counts as five subscribers and adds five more to the "Anniversary Edition."

Don't forget The Appeal when you want any kind of office stationery, such as letter heads, name cards, stationery, bill heads, etc. We print and deliver these to you cheaper than you can have them printed in your own town. Send for samples, better yet, send us an order and we will guarantee the price and quality of work to be right.

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THE APPEAL STUDY CLUB

American History for the Workers. CONDUCTED BY A. M. SIMONS, 716 CLARK ST., EVANSTON, ILL.

LESSON V. Colonial Society.

THE number of people and the extent of territory which may be included in a single society depends first of all upon the extent and character of its transportation system.

During colonial times there were three systems of colonial communication: (1) Up and down the rivers within each colony; (2) Foreign, across the ocean; (3) Coast-trade between the colonies.

All of these, except perhaps the second, have today been so completely overshadowed by the tremendous system of internal communication by highways and railroads as to be seldom thought of.

On such a system, or combination of systems, or lack of system, according to the point of view, there would necessarily arise a series of nearly isolated societies having very different characteristics. Each such society would have its own seaport, with one or more rivers running into its interior, and would, in many ways, be in much closer touch with some European nation than with many of its sister colonies.

The colonies, however, fell into three well-marked groups, having strikingly distinct types of society. These groups were New England, the Middle colonies (embracing all between the Hudson and the Potomac), and the Southern group, lying south of the latter river.

During colonial times New England society rested on a commercial, fishing and ship-building foundation, with but a slight trace of the manufactures which are today the principal feature of her life. "The world has never, never seen a more amphibious populace," says Willis J. Abbot. Their ships were in every corner of the world. Indeed, the foreign carrying trade (to say nothing of the fisheries) both whale and cod) of New England in colonial times was much greater than that of the whole United States at the present moment.

A knowledge of the various phases of this industrial base furnishes the key to early New England history. Sometimes a farming, fishing sailor, such as made up much of the population, would build a ship, with the aid of his neighbors, at the mouth of some creek, and having launched it during the spring freshets, would load it with rum for the African coast, fish for the Canaries, or more frequently with pitch, tar, cordage and long masts for England, where ship and cargo would both be sold, while the former owner, builder and captain, would ship as a sailor on the return voyage, bringing home the proceeds of his venture.

One of the best established routes of the regular traders was the famous rum, molasses and slaves triangular voyage. Loading with rum from one of the hundreds of distilleries in Massachusetts or Rhode Island, the good Puritan captain set sail for the African coast, with instructions to "put plenty of water in ye rum, and use short measure as much as possible," as one letter which has been preserved quaintly reads. Arrived in Africa the rum was exchanged for "black ivory," as the poor entrapped negroes were called. Storing this human merchandise away in the hold, very much as he had stowed the hogsheads of rum, he set sail for the West Indies or the Carolinas, where he exchanged such of his cargo as had not died on the terrible "middle passage" for molasses, from which to manufacture yet more rum. That a society built upon such a foundation would hardly come up to the perfection which our school-books assure us prevailed among the New England fathers seems quite probable. That it did not, and that here, as at many other places, we are dealing with intentional falsification for a purpose, admits of no doubt. A such truer picture is furnished by a quotation from Wood's "Economic and Social History of New England":

"We have seen molasses and alcohol, rum and slaves, gold and iron, in a perpetual and unwholesome round of commerce. All society was fouled in this lust; it was inflamed by the passion for wealth; it was calous to the wrongs of imported savage or displaced barbarian. * * * Cool, shrewd, sagacious merchants vied with punctilious, dogmatic priests in promoting this prostitution of industry."

Moving across the Hudson into the Middle colonies we come upon a society composed of traders and merchants in the large cities, and of small farmers throughout the "back-country." Here, too, especially in Pennsylvania, are those beginnings of manufactures which were troubling the English so much. New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore were the ruling cities, and in them lived a considerable financial class. Here existed the majority of the banking facilities of the colonies. Here, too, there was a large non-property-owning laboring class, whose condition we shall presently discuss.

Crossing the Potomac, still another society is met with. Great plantations stretching back from the river, with an average size of over seven hundred acres, tell us that we are in the midst of an agriculture devoted to a single staple. Some idea of how these broad acres came into the possession of their owners is gained by the statement in Greene's "Provincial America" that—

"Governor Spotswood signed on one occasion several grants of ten, twenty and forty thousand acres, including an aggregate of over 80,000 acres for himself. Theoretically, grants were conditioned upon occupation and improvement, but the land administration was in the hands of the governor and council, or even sometimes of the council alone, who, being themselves large land-owners, were lax in enforcing rules which operated against the interests of their class."

The whole of Southern society has, until perhaps within the last decade, always been built around the cultivation of a single crop. During colonial times this was tobacco. Says Lodge, in his "Short History of the English Colonies in America," of Virginia:

"Tobacco founded this colony and gave it wealth. It was the currency of Virginia; as bad a one as could be devised, and fluctuating with every crop, yet it retained its place as a circulating medium despite the most strenuous efforts to introduce specie. The clergy were paid and the taxes levied in tobacco. The whole prosperity of the colony rested upon it for more than a century, and it was not until the period of the Revolution that other crops began to come in and to replace it. The fluctuations in tobacco caused the first conflict with England, brought on by the clergy, and paved the way for resistance. In tobacco the Virginian estimated his income and the value of everything he possessed; and in its various functions, as well as in its methods of cultivation, it had a strong effect upon the character of the people."

Tobacco planting made slaves necessary and profitable, and fastened slavery upon the province. The method of cultivation, requiring intense labor and watching for a short period, and permitting complete idleness for the rest of the year, fostered habits which alternated feverish exertion and languid indolence.

Out of each of these industrial systems there arose sharp class divisions. We hear much in the orthodox histories of the New England democracy, but the commercial, fishing, ship-building class of the seaports ruled the destinies of that section, with little regard to the wishes of the laborers and small farmers. The Southern planter, with his laboring population in chattel slavery, and thus safely excluded from political influence, could better afford to introduce the forms of democracy. But these were never permitted to endanger the rule of the rich plantation owners. In both New England and the South there consequently arose a struggle of the small farmers of the "back country" against the rule of the seacoast country. The "back-country" population was always a debtor class, and their constant effort was to depress the currency, although other points of complaint were lack of protection against Indians, heavy taxes and high prices of manufactured and imported articles handled by the coast merchants. This was really the first germ of the populist movement that continued for nearly two centuries. These back countries were shut out from obtaining a dominant position in the colonial legislatures by a system of gerrymandering, such as is familiar to every politician.

In several of the colonies this struggle took on the form of armed rebellion, the most important being "Bacon's Rebellion" in Virginia. In this uprising the city of Jamestown was burned and the rebellion was only crushed after Bacon's sudden death, when such terrible vengeance was visited upon his followers as to call forth the famous protest from Charles II concerning the judge who was trying and executing men by wholesale, that "That fool hath killed more men in that naked country than I did in England for the killing of my father." Perhaps a better idea of the character of this movement is gained from a few sentences taken from the report of a member of the Virginia council of the time: "Bacon gathers about him a rabble of the basest sort of People, whose Conditions are such as by changing could not admit of worse, with these began to stand in defiance against the Government. * * * Mr. Bacon had gotten at several places about 500 men, whose fortunes and Inclinations being equally desperate, were fit for ye purpose, there being not 2p in ye whole R. Route, but what were idle and will not work. * * * These are the men that are set up for the Good of ye Country; who for ye ease of the Poore will have noe taxes paid * * * would, have all magistracie and Government taken away & set up one themselves & to make their good Intentions more manifest stick not to talk openly of sharing nak's Estate among themselves."

ten thousand persons a year were still stolen from English cities to be sold in America. Thousands of the Palatines, who wished to emigrate to America as free citizens, were lured upon ships and sold to American employers. George Washington was one of those who was implicated in a little deal of this sort. "The class of indentured servants was not recruited from immigrants alone. The courts * * * frequently sentenced freemen to be sold into servitude for a period of years in order to liquidate fines and other debts; many sold themselves voluntarily (!), or were sold, for a specified time."—Geiser, "Redemptors in Pennsylvania," p. 28.

Such was the condition of the wage-workers when the "Fathers of our Country" were the colonial rulers. And it is of these same persons that histories are now being written telling how they abhorred slavery from conscientious reasons.

Suggestions for Study. Notice on the map the geographical divisions discussed. What relations can you see between fisheries, commerce and slavery? Why were the back country people always debtors?

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Prof. Frank Parsons tells in the St. Louis Mirror the following stories related to him by Henry Clews, the New York banker. Speaking of one instance in which an acquaintance secured a fortune without rendering an equivalent, Mr. Clews said:

A dozen years ago he bought some property on Thirty-fourth street, near Fifth avenue, for \$250,000. The buildings were worth about \$100,000, so that the land (fifty feet front on Thirty-fourth and running through Thirty-fifth, four lots 250 feet front by 200 feet deep) was valued at \$150,000.

Six months ago he sold this property for \$750,000, which was the value of the land, less the cost of removing the buildings, for the place was bought to tear down and rebuild.

Mr. Clews says he believes the land today is worth \$1,000,000. That is \$850,000 of "unearned increment" in a dozen years. Nearly 500 per cent increase in twelve years is good progress. But that is not all of the story.

Just after the close of the rebellion this same land was bought for \$48,000. So that \$952,000, or 55 per cent of the present value, is unearned increment; and if we went still further back we should find that practically the whole \$1,000,000 value is due to the growth of New York and its relation to the commerce of the country.

Mr. Clews spoke of another case even more remarkable. The owner of a southern plantation, some forty years ago, was ordered to go to the headquarters of the Mississippi for his health, so he sold his property for about \$150,000 and went West.

Stopping in Chicago on his way, he found what seemed to him an excellent opportunity for investment in real estate. He telegraphed his doctor to ask if Chicago would not do for a residence. The reply was: "Don't stay in Chicago over night if you can help it."

So he went on, and wishing to have his property where he was to live, he did not invest in the Chicago land, a fact his heirs most deeply regret, for that land in Chicago, which was offered to the planter for less than \$150,000, is worth today \$80,000,000—about 50,000 per cent increase in less than half a century.

If the planter had bought the land he could have gone away to California or to Europe, if he pleased, and the people of Chicago and other parts of the country who do the work and produce the business that goes through the city would have built his fortune while he slept or idled his years away.

A POLEMIC PRELATE.

From the Larimer Co. (Col.) Democrat. Dean Hart, of Denver, has made arrangements with the Denver Republican by which he has to furnish a series of Sunday articles on Socialism. If there is anything that Dean Hart dearly loves, it is a red-hot controversy. He is a bigoted Englishman, and the quantity of American blood in his veins could not be discovered by the aid of Lick's telescope. He is not even a quasi-liberal Englishman. If he should make a statement that did not produce a controversy he would apologize and try again. He is a man who, from his stand-point, considers everything right, and from anyone else's standpoint everything is wrong, and there is no compromise in his makeup. His articles in the Republican will be interesting and the controversy that he will create in the state will probably be more interesting than the articles.

"The cure for the evils of democracy," said De Toqueville, "is more democracy." And it is the purpose of Socialism to extend democracy so as to include industry. We believe in majority rule in the shop as well as at the polls. If you believe in genuine democracy you are right in line with Socialism, and should vote with the Socialist party, that preaches and practices, so far as possible, the real thing.

Give the little ones all the NUTRETO they like. It's the NATURAL FOOD DRINK. HARMLESS AS MILK; nothing more delicious. You don't like your children to use tea or coffee. Try a dollar's worth of NUTRETO and note the immediate change for the better. Four 25c. packages to any express office in U. S. for \$1.00. Big sample 10c. GIRARD M'FG CO., GIRARD, KANSAS. Our recent Egg Case Offer brings the inquiry, 'Why? Because of Nutreto, it's a good thing. Get in on that at once.'