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Appeal to Reason.

J. A. WAYLAND

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FRED D. WARREN, MANAGING EDITOR.

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LOOK at the yellow address label, and note No. 684 the number following name. If it is No. 684 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 WHITE FLAG NEVER!

For several months a special representative of the Appeal—one of the shrewdest newspaper correspondents in the United States—has been at work digging into the facts in the cases of our imprisoned Mexican comrades. He has visited California and Arizona and will also go to old Mexico. This work is fraught with danger to our young comrade—should he be arrested by the Diaz government he would be summarily shot. The state department at Washington would not interfere in his behalf.

If you think this work should be done, I ask you to join the Appeal and take a hand in bringing it to a victorious conclusion.

You did it in the case of Mayor Haywood and Pettibone and I believe you will do it now!

Publicity is what is needed. Subscriptions will insure publicity and also provide the money required to meet the heavy expenses.

The Appeal and the Vote.

If the value of the Appeal as a propaganda paper is questioned it is only necessary to test it by the vote cast for the Socialist party. An examination of the vote cast at the recent national election in the several states shows that where the Appeal circulation is the largest the vote is the highest and where the circulation is the smallest the vote is at the vanishing point.

In every state without exception where a substantial vote was cast the Appeal has a large circulation and the inference is plain that readers of the Appeal vote the Socialist ticket. No other conclusion is possible, nor is any higher testimonial to the value of the Appeal as a Socialist-maker required.

Of course the Appeal does not claim all the credit for other Socialist papers have done their full share, but it does claim that the reading of the Appeal is a sure means of opening the eyes of the people to the truths of Socialism and that where the Appeal is read the result is registered in the vote for Socialism.

Many people who profess to incline more or less toward Socialism vote against it and that is one reason why the vote is usually disappointing, but the man who votes for it proves his sincerity and as a rule may be relied upon to remain steadfast through all the vicissitudes of the movement. To place Socialism in its various phases before the people, to disarm their prejudices and have them see it as it is, and do this in plain, earnest and convincing manner is the mission of a Socialist paper and the Appeal may claim without undue pride that its efforts extending over the past few years to produce such a paper have succeeded and that it is specially adapted to the working class and the common people and is sure to produce the desired results on election day.

This being true the problem is to place the Appeal in the hands of the people, especially non-Socialists. Thousands are Socialists today for having first read the Appeal and thousands more can be brought to the Socialist movement in the same way. The time is extremely favorable for extending the lines of our propaganda. The people are ready, so far as economic conditions can prepare them, and all they need is light.

The Warren Case.

In spite of the fact that the Appeal has twice told the result of the last attempt at hearing of the Warren case, a flood of inquiries is pouring in, asking about the next move. They reveal the fact that the people are awakening to the true significance of the case in its bearing on press censorship, and the Appeal again gives a summary of the case.

May 9, 1907.—Editor Warren was indicted. On May 9th he appeared before the court at Ft. Scott and asked for immediate trial. On application of state case was postponed till November, 1907.

November, 1907.—Warren appeared with attorneys ready for trial, and on application of state case was postponed till May, 1908.

May, 1908.—Warren appeared with attorneys ready for trial, and on application of state case was postponed till November, 1908, "after election."

November 9, 1908.—Warren again appeared ready for trial, and once more on application of prosecution, case was postponed, this time till the May term, 1909, just two years from the time that Warren first appeared ready for trial.

Now that similar action has been brought against a Filipino editor and is threatened against Pulitzer of the New York World, the deep significance of prosecuting an editor on a civil charge by the federal government is coming to be understood, and the case is awakening greater interest than ever before. It promises yet to be as important as the Dr. Scott case or the prosecution of the Western Federation of Miners.

Some people make things that are owned by others, and the men who own the things make the money.

Nobody is or can be independent of others. Therefore a social organization is necessary to secure equitable interdependence.

Few men are fallen so low that they could not retrieve themselves if they had the chance, and less still who would not do so. The trouble is that they have not the change and never will have until capitalism is abolished and Socialism opens the door of equal opportunity to all the children of men.

The Ohio State Journal of December 17th says that "figures show that 7,418,200 speeches, making about 200 tons of published matter, were distributed by the government printing office at Washington during the late campaign." Perhaps this is why the republican party did not need so large a campaign fund as usual, and also why there is a postal deficit. In plain words, the franking of this campaign matter was a plain case of graft, making the whole people pay for the republican campaign.

A \$20,000,000 lumber combine is announced. This is the way the trusts are being busted! This organization is made for the sole purpose of skinning you. It has no other reason for existence. And the laws protect it and its object. And you voters are to blame. You elect men who believe in private ownership of the earth, and this combine, like all others, is the logical outcome, sooner or later, of privately owned capital. You believe it better that the ownership of natural resources be private than public—and that is the result of your belief. Will you never get wise to the game?

Former United States senator, Wellington, of Maryland, is a republican. He is one of the holier-than-thou class that feels its mission to be to protect the home against the blight of Socialism. He is named as the correspondent in a suit of Dr. Wilson of Baltimore for divorce, after the wife had confessed. If he had been a Socialist wouldn't there have gone up a howl about free love and destroying the home? But do you hear it even mentioned about this case? They are mostly rotten, these rulers you dupes elect. Not only are their private lives corrupt, but their official lives are in perfect harmony with their private lives. Will you never wake up?

The Western Union Telegraph company claims to have discovered that on the Pacific coast more than half its messages are sent and the money kept by the operators and all records destroyed. The training in graft has had its logical effect. How could you expect men to spend a lifetime extorting from the public for others and not fall into the habit of doing a little for themselves? Now, if the public operated the telegraph as a part of the postal system, messages would be prepaid by means of stamps, and every sender would know the rate and place his stamp on the message, and there would be no temptation to steal, any more than there is for a postmaster to send letters without the stamp attached. And the public could have a ten-cent rate to any office in the nation. But the people are trained to believe that their government can perform no useful function for them, regardless of its immense expense to them. Will you never get onto the game?

Before the investigating committee, the other day, Andrew Carnegie made this statement: "You should not place any real value on testimony of interested parties. If a judge were interested in a case you would not respect his decision, would you?" And then to show his inconsistency he testified, when asked about an income tax: "Of all the demoralizing taxes that a nation can impose upon a people, the income tax is the worst." You see Carnegie, with his enormous income, is interested in the matter and on his own testimony, should have no real value placed upon it. His statement being true, do you not see that the testimony of the rich regarding their riches, of their profits in industry, of their moral character, that what they testify, even under oath, should not have any real value placed upon it? Carnegie's testimony itself, regarding steel, comes under the same head. Only by having the industries collectively owned and operated can the testimony of men regarding it be relied upon. Private ownership corrupts those who have it and corrupts the government under which it exists. Will you get that into the peg you hang your hat on?

A city or school or government that is even partly supported by money gotten from fines or prostitutes is itself a proccress and prostitute. Such fines prostitute the public service, add to its corruption, tend to foster such prostitution, and make blackmailers of public officers. Men who dress their wives and daughters from money that has been squeezed from the poor wretches forced to sell their bodies, are worse than libertines—they are pimps, though they cover themselves with all their respectability of wealth and place and power. All punishments by fine of money is only the sale of indulgences—it is buying the law. Those without money cannot buy, and those with money should not be permitted to buy the immunity. The assessment of fines makes the most unequal of all punishments. What is a \$10-fine to a man with a hundred a day income? Nothing at all. But it is a serious thing for the poor devil who worked for 210 a week. Treat them all alike. Put them all in jail for the same time for the same offense. Most of the crimes are committed by those who can buy out of punishment; and hence are not afraid to commit the crimes. City officials get their salaries from the richest of sources. They are less moral than the wretches from whom they take it.

RESCUE THE REFUGEES

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

When Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian revolutionist, refugee from his native land for attempting to overthrow its government, reached the United States, in 1851, he was received as the "distinguished Hungarian patriot" by President Fillmore, hailed as another Washington by the American congress and welcomed by the American people amidst demonstrations of the wildest enthusiasm. He was a rebel and a revolutionist and before making his escape had been condemned for "treason" and sentenced to four years' imprisonment "on account of taking a position favorable to six patriots who had been illegally imprisoned."

Five patriots are now illegally imprisoned, not in Hungary, but in the United States; not for committing crimes, but for resisting tyranny in their native lands, as Kossuth had done before them.

Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera, Mexican patriots, are in jail in Los Angeles. Jan Pouren and Christian Rudowitz, Russian revolutionists, are in jail in New York and Chicago, respectively.

Magon was the president, Villarreal the secretary and Rivera one of the speakers of the Junta of the Mexican liberal party. All three are educated men and liberty-loving patriots. They opposed the Diaz despotism, which masquerades as a "republic," were marked for vengeance and fled to the United States. Here they were dogged by detectives, thrown into prison on trumped-up charges and about to be returned to the Mexican government to be shot for treason when the Socialists started the agitation which delayed their extradition. The Mexican authorities are determined that these patriots shall not escape them.

Jan Pouren and Christian Rudowitz participated in the Russian revolution three years ago and were compelled to flee for their lives. They came to the United States, tracked hither by the hounds of the czar, were arrested at the instance of the Russian authorities and now await extradition.

The crime charged against these five men is of purely a political nature and not subject to extradition under the treaties and laws of the United States. They are criminals in precisely the same sense in which Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, Patrick Henry and Nathan Hale were criminals in 1776.

Magon, Villarreal, Rivera, Pouren and Rudowitz are patriots in the loftiest sense, doing, or trying to do, for their respective countries what the men of '76 did for the American colonies. For this they deserve to be honored as men instead of being jailed as felons.

A few years ago such an outrage would not have been attempted. It ought not to be possible now. It is an insult to every American citizen. Every one of us should blush with shame for it.

Think of these Russian and Mexican assassins being allowed to hunt down their victims in the very heart of this boasted land of freedom, this asylum for the oppressed of all nations!

Think of Uncle Sam as the blood hound and wearing the collar of Diaz of Mexico and Nicholas of Russia! Shades of Sam Adams and Ethan Allen!

Thousands of the bravest and best of this country's citizens came to these shores as refugees and exiles from European countries and were welcomed as heroes and honored as patriots. Today their children and grandchildren witness with supine indifference the spectacle of other refugees being throttled at our once hospitable doors and thrown into prison as criminals.

It is only within the last few years that such an affront to the most sacred of American traditions would have been tolerated—only since the advent of the American plutocracy and its grip upon Russian bends and Mexican concessions.

This accounts for Root's obsequious visit to Diaz and Taft's servile pilgrimage to Nicholas, exhibitions of American degeneracy revolting to the last degree.

What has become of our boasted republic and its treasured memories of the revolution? What of its traditional contempt for tyranny and love of freedom?

The five political prisoners now held by order of the Mexican and Russian despots are modern Kossuths imbued with the spirit of patriotism and fired with the passion for freedom, and in this country, of all others, unless it has taken its place among the despotisms of the earth, they should be received with wide-open arms and the blood-hounds on their track forbidden to cross the border.

Would the Austria-Hungarian government have dared to pursue Kossuth to the United States in 1851 and demand his extradition?

For the very reason that he was a rebel against tyranny and charged with treason by a despot he was officially welcomed by the American government and honored as few men have been by the American people.

Less than sixty years later this same American government arrests and imprisons the Kossuths who flee to its shores for shelter and security and delivers them in cold blood to their tyrant executioners.

Oh, what a change in three score years! When Kossuth came the love of freedom and the bravery to fight for it won for him a hero's crown and the plaudits of the nation. When Magon and Rudowitz and their compatriots came their love of liberty and patriotism won for them felons' fetters and today they sit in prison cells in contemplation of the star spangled banner and the land of the free.

The asylum provided by our revolutionary sires has been converted into a prison fortress and patriotism has degenerated into a crime.

Can any self-respecting American citizen look these brave men, these great souls, these confiding refugees in the face, even in fancy, without blushing scarlet with humiliation and shame?

What would James Otis and Patrick Henry say to see these liberty-loving and self-sacrificing spirits in American jails, guarded by Mexican and Russian blood-hounds? Their eyes would again flash fire as they launched the thunderbolts of their wrath upon the despotism of the tyrant and the degeneracy of the people.

But these are the days of Rockefeller, not Jefferson; Morgan, not Paine; Carnegie, not Kosciusko.

The bureaucracy which rules Russia and the plutocracy which rules the United States are the same in spirit and there is no material difference between Nicholas, Diaz and Roosevelt.

That is why Russian and Mexican patriots lie festering in American jails. So far as the authorities are concerned they are doomed. "Foote" acted for the whole plutocratic body. Back to hell is the verdict. The bloody czar gruffly demands it and Uncle Sam meekly grants it.

A storm of indignation ought to sweep these states and reverse that damnable verdict. It is a crime against patriotism and an insult to American manhood. It outrages decency and spits in the face of self-respect.

Every hour these comrades of ours who sought safety at our doors from the hounds of hell lie in our jails in an eternal disgrace to us all. We can never atone to them nor excuse ourselves to our own consciences.

Let us rise all over this nation and demand the liberation, immediate and unconditional of these patriotic refugees. Let us at once call mass meetings in every state of the union to resent this flagrant insult and remove this foul blot from the honor of the American people.

Let us resolve that the right of asylum shall be preserved and that refugees from tyranny shall be so welcome here that no foreign blood-hound will dare to track them on American soil.

A WOMAN IN DISTRESS

has written to the Appeal from Butte, Mont., and as the Appeal is deeply moved by her story and eager to espouse her cause she is requested to send us her postoffice address at once that we may communicate with her and obtain further information. Her letter will be treated confidentially.

The opportunity of tyrants or grafters lies in the ignorance or indifference of the nation.

Watch the character of the president's new cabinet. Does it look like it is going to favor the trusts? Would a president who desired to protect the people from the extortion of trusts put men associated with trusts into his cabinet? Really, do you think so?

The rich women of Cincinnati gave Christmas trees for their pet dogs and cats. The rich believe in and vote for capitalism—and so do the poor; I guess it's all right if their dogs and cats are treated better than the babies of the poor. The poor people of Ohio voted the old tickets so this thing could continue. Wonder if the dogs and cats would vote the old tickets if they could?

The Appeal is in receipt of a great many inquiries about depositing money with their postoffice. Paragraph 2, Sec. 976, and par. 4, Sec. 993, postal laws and regulations, give you the authority. If you leave your money longer than a year, when you apply for payment you will later receive a check on the United States treasury, which check is good for all time, cashable anywhere, and is safe as the money order or the government itself. It is the safest way you can keep your money.

The democrats have 180 members of congress. What influence will that have on the legislation? Not a bit. Is there anyone so simple as to believe that if Socialists had 180 members there would not be things doing for the work people in Washington? There is something to Socialism and there is nothing to democracy. The former is vital, the latter has no life. Plutocracy owns the democratic congressmen just as it owns the republican members. Why, half a dozen Socialist members would make more stir in Washington than the whole 180 democrats.

W. R. Kelly, an employe of the Union Pacific at Omaha, killed himself the other day. He left a note to his wife saying he could stand the "unceasing grind" no longer. This is a great civilization! And you who voted for it are responsible for this crime just as much as if you had directly aided. But you are so used to crime that you don't care. It is so much better that he should have to live on the border of want, year in and year out, that the private owners of the railroads may live in unearned luxury, isn't it? What little children, mentally, you are.

This country consumes one million dollars' worth of sugar each day, and it is controlled and sold by three men—Havenner, Spreckles and Arbuckle. They say how much the producers may have for the raw material, how much the people shall pay and of which member the people may buy. And that is what you call liberty! What would you designate as tyranny? With the sugar industry owned and controlled by one nation, it could and would be sold at much less price, and there would be no sugar trust manipulating congress and the courts. Is that too complicated to get through your thick box?

A bill to raise the president's salary to \$100,000 has been presented to congress, and will doubtless pass. The president needs \$300 a day to keep his family, but a working man is expected to keep his on 30 cents. Besides this salary, the president has a free house and all the servants and other expenses of his householding are paid for out of the public treasury. And \$200,000 more are provided for a private fund for his use. Gee! but the blue-blooded officials are expensive. Abraham Lincoln got along with \$25,000 a year and there has never been as good, as wise, or as honest a man in the place since. Bigger salaries have failed to get men. Go off to your shanty and live in less comfort than the dogs, cats and horses of your masters. You are only a working man and don't count. Why not pay the president a million a year? Give him plenty so he will serve you well. See how well Rockefeller serves you, when you pay him \$100,000,000 a year! Can't you see anything?

What do you know? Did you ever sit in silence and try to look at your own knowledge? Take any subject you like, and think how much there must be about that you are ignorant of. And then think of all the subjects, any one of which could not be absolutely known, even if you gave a whole life to its study! None of us are wise, but only struggling toward wisdom or the right conception of things. As a republican or democrat how much study have you put upon the subject of economics? The Socialist, single-taxer, anarchist, prohibitionist, populist and others of that element have each done more or less thinking and reading on the subject—but have you? Are you not playing the game of government without any preparation at all? Have you a single book in your home on the subject? Or have you read a single work, and did you get any understanding from it when you did read it?

There is nothing the matter with human association except ignorance—a wrong perception. If we knew the real facts we would not be suffering from any ill. Socialism is the study of economics, a course in the science of government, that you may play the game with intelligence. Again I ask, what do you know?

FOUL CONSPIRACY

Officials of Two Governments Unite in Desperate Efforts to Accomplish the Murder of Mexican Revolutionists.

Douglas, Ariz., Dec. 22, Special Correspondence to Appeal to Reason.

PRESENT plans do not miscarry Ricardo Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera, the three Mexican revolutionists, who are now held "incommunicado" in the Los Angeles county jail, will shortly be taken to Tombstone, Ariz., where, with Manuel Sarabia, another Mexican revolutionist, they will be tried on the charge of conspiring in St. Louis, Mo., in 1906, to violate the neutrality laws of the United States by setting on foot a campaign in Douglas, Ariz., an armed expedition against the government of Mexico. Magon has from the first been stubbornly opposed by counsel for the defense so the trial of the conspiracy charge in Tombstone promises to be a battle royal between the opposing forces that will rivet the attention of the friends of the prisoners, the working classes of the United States and Mexico, not only, but also will enlist the deepest interest of the ruling classes of the two governments.

Mexico a Despotism.

The true story of the efforts of Magon and his associates to free their countrymen from the tyranny of Porfirio Diaz is a long one, but it is replete with dramatic interest. It embraces a description of political and industrial conditions in Mexico, a history of the Diaz dictatorship, an account of the various attempts that have been made by patriots to dislodge the dictator from his position, the entrance of Ricardo Magon into the struggle, the establishment of the Mexican liberal party, and finally the transformation of the liberal party into a secret army of revolutionists, who, with Magon at their leader, have resolved to achieve by force what they found impossible to secure through peaceful methods. Much of the information in this and succeeding articles was elicited from the prisoners themselves, while much more was learned from their attorneys, the attorneys for the government, from revolutionists yet at large, and from several years association by the writer with Mexicans in Texas along the Rio Grande.

Even United States District Attorney Oscar Lawler, of Los Angeles, Calif., who has been foremost in prosecuting the prisoners, in discussing the matter in a private interview declared that no white man with a drop of red blood in his veins would tolerate for an instant the despotic situation as it existed in Mexico. Mr. Lawler, however, defends his position as prosecutor on the ground that the revolutionists have violated the laws of the United States, and that his reason for issuing the "incommunicado" order was that after his incarceration Magon made the Los Angeles county jail his headquarters from which to conduct an agitation against the Mexican government. That Porfirio Diaz regards Magon as a sincere and powerful revolutionary leader whose existence is a menace to the dictatorship is evident from his personal activity in the case and from the immense amount of money that has been spent by the Mexican government in the efforts made to capture the revolutionist and crush out his following. That the machinery of the United States government has been placed at the disposal of the Mexican dictator in his work of apprehending political opponents who have taken refuge in this country, and in the result of an understanding between the heads of the two governments whereby it is agreed that the rule of the Mexican monarch shall continue unabated, is a fact that stands out with startling distinctness when viewed in the light of the arrest and subsequent treatment of Magon and his companions.

Sarabia in a Dungeon.

Since 1892 Ricardo Flores Magon has been regarded as a factor dangerous to despotism in Mexico. As a student of sixteen at that time, with others, he was arrested and imprisoned for participating in a demonstration against the Dictator in the City of Mexico. Many times since he was jailed and his voice silenced until at last, after an eight months' incarceration in Belen prison, in Mexico City, he with others left the country and came to the United States, arriving in Laredo, Texas, January 11, 1904. Driven from this place by agents of the Mexican government, who on several occasions tried to assassinate him, Magon and his companions went to San Antonio, where they continued the publication of their paper, "Regeneracion," until fear of assassination impelled them to remove to St. Louis, where they arrived February 16, 1905. Here they renewed the publication of their paper until their arrest and imprisonment October 25, 1906, on the charge of libeling the Mexican government. Efforts to resume publication after their release in January, 1906, met with bitter opposition at the hands of the local authorities, whose action was instigated by the Mexican government, and, desiring to escape further imprisonment, Magon, his brother Enrique and Juan Sarabia departed for Toronto, Canada, March 15, 1906. Later the men went to Montreal where they remained until September 24, when Ricardo Magon and Juan Sarabia left for El Paso, Texas, reaching that city September 28, October 19, Sarabia was captured in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, and subsequently was thrown into a vile dungeon below sea at San Juan de Ulua, near Vera Cruz, where he now languishes with eight hundred other political prisoners. Enrique Flores Magon remained in Montreal until June 7, 1907, when he returned to Texas, where he is now in hiding trying to evade the pursuit of detectives who want to earn the reward that the Mexican government offers for his capture, and which amounts

The Christmas Bells

BY R. L. NOBLE. HE snowflakes had begun to paint the dirty, smoky streets white, covering the busy shops and fruit-stands with a cloak of purity, as if Nature, ashamed of the artificial creations of man, would disguise them for Christmas Day.

As the shoppers hastened by, faces aglow with pleasure and happiness, anticipating all the pleasant little surprises in store for loved ones on the morrow, a newsboy came with the merry crowd. He seemed not to have prospered, for a large bundle of papers was under his arm. Try as best he could, none would pause to buy. Amid the snow and gathering night none gave him so much as a glance, so intent were all on their shopping.

His thin, ragged coat was surmounted by a face strangely aged for a child. The large brown eyes and hard lines about the mouth told of many privations and hardships. He was one of the many who had lived a man's life in a child's years. He had faced the world and found it cold and cruel. Despite the fact that tomorrow was Christmas, the day of peace and good will, he knew there would be no peace or good will for him. That was for the fortunate laughing children he passed in the crowded street. They had parents and homes, while he had been robbed of everything.

Was it his fault that his father had been killed while at work on a bridge? Or that his mother had sewed her life away to buy them something to eat? How well he remembered her! Always sewing, sewing away, when he went to bed at night and when he arose in the morning. The tired, patient fingers always flying so swiftly over the cloth, and the sweet, pale face getting thinner, whiter, till at last one morning she did not wake up. She had at last found the rest and peace denied her here. He was seven years old when she died, and since then had lived as best he could.

Sometimes he had money for a night's lodging with the other newsboys. Sometimes he slept in one of the large boxes back of the warehouse. But tonight he seemed he would have to go hungry, as well as find shelter in some friendly dry-goods box. He had had nothing to eat all afternoon and had nothing to eat except an apple taken from a fruit stand.

It was turning so cold, and the wind went through his scanty clothing. There was no hope of a warm cot unless he could sell at least ten papers. But, with determination worthy a man, he faced the storm and started up a residence street. The crowd was not so great here, but he had hopes that some one among the warmly-clad pedestrians would give him a dime or a quarter, and wish him a "Merry Christmas." That good fortune would mean supper and a warm bed. But try the best he could, none would even buy a paper.

It seemed as if they were in conspiracy not to buy of him. A lady dropped her hand-bag and he ran to restore it to her, but before he could pick it up she cried, "Police," and said, "You little wretch; steal from me, will you?"

His explanations were in vain, so he hurried down a side street before the policeman arrived. Climbing a wall he found himself in the rear of a large stone house. The windows were alive with light, and when the door was opened the laughter of happy children reached his ears.

Creeeping to the side of the house, he gazed in at a window, through which he saw a sight that made his empty stomach ache worse than ever. It was a scene of dazzling splendor. The parents and four children were seated about the dinner table. Clusters of flowers and ferns relieved the brilliancy of polished silver and cut glass. Great stands of fruit tempted the languished appetite. Steaming viands and choice game were being served by three liveried servants. And over all was a soft glow from hundreds of varicolored lights.

Such a picture of splendor and luxury was new to the hungry newsboy, but it was a nightly occurrence at the home of the Hon. Artemus Wilmont, senator, banker, and as chance would have it, the president and chief stock holder in the United Garment Company.

This was the company for which his mother had worked the last two years of her life. Had he known that these riches, this luxury was the profit of his dead mother's work, had he known that the very life-blood of her and thousands of other women had come to enrich this human rascal, that he and his might be like the family of a royal tyrant, had he known that tens of thousands of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters were toiling day and night, enduring an endless round of work and weary toil, so that the few capitalists, in such idle luxury as would have made Nero envious, surely he would have cried to Heaven: "Why such injustice, why am I cold hungry and motherless, that we are robbed, starved and have not even a warm place to die in?" And surely the God of Christmas and of children would have heard such a cry.

But he, like thousands of other chil-

The Appeal's hardest struggle has always been during presidential campaigns. This was particularly true of the late campaign. But we're proud of the showing made, even if the plute journals do howl with delight because there is a temporary set-back in our circulation. Just watch 'em take on the cold shivers in a few weeks—the Appeal Army having served notice on the office gang to get ready for the deluge.

dren, some with size and age of manhood, only wondered at the display of wealth, and wished he had them for himself. Like the moth before the flame he hovered nearer the window till it seemed, while watching the pleasant scene inside, that the wind was not so cold. It was growing warmer. He would sit down and rest beneath the window. Was it a dream or did the window rise? The children invited him in to eat until he could eat no more. After supper he was tucked away in such a warm, soft bed, and went to sleep. Yes he had been tucked away in the downy blankets of snow. While the Christmas bells were ringing out peace and good will, he was found beneath the window with a smile on his tired face, his papers still under his arm.

Some thought he had tried to enter the house to steal Christmas toys that had caught his eye, and had been over-taken by the cold. The lady who had dropped the hand-bag verified this by his tale of the evening before. But when the great judge renders his verdict will not this little life be charged to the Hon. Artemus Wilmont as surely as if it had been taken by direct brutal murder?

If I Were Santa Claus

BY LAURA B. PAYNE. If I were Santa Claus with power enough I'd steal to the bedside of the toiling millions and would leave a blessing that would insure them immunity from want, woe, misery, privations and grinding toil forever. I'd go to the hovels of those who do the world's useful labor in mine, mill, factory, shops and field; and would whisper in the ear of each over-burdened slave the message of freedom.

I'd find the children of the sweat shops and all other places where they toil in the slave markets of capitalism, in their miserable holes and dens where the master class have forced them to dwell, and upon each wizened little face I'd leave the kiss of love, and into their soiled and tattered stockings I'd stuff opportunities for life, freedom, education and unbounded happiness.

I'd make as a present, if I were Santa Claus, to the workers of the world, the means of life that have been fled from them by the hand of greed. I'd restore to the people their goods to have and hold, free from the tyrant masters whose highest God is gold. I'd fill their hearts with joy and spread over their faces a smile that would last not only one Christmas Day, nor a year, but forever.

The present I'd bestow, if I were Santa Claus, would be the land and all natural resources, together with the great industrial mechanism for producing and distributing the world's wealth, and those to whom I'd give it would be those whose hands and brains have created the wealth.

Supreme Capitalism.

Edward Harriman, according to the interstate commerce commission, looted the Chicago and Alton railroad of \$62,600,000.

This loot, known as the "Alton Steal," is the most gigantic swindle in railroad history.

Theodore Roosevelt, while governor of New York, signed the special bill, lobbied through the legislature, which enabled Harriman to make way with this vast plunder.

These facts can not be successfully denied. Pursuing his investigations of Harriman and his sleight-of-hand as a "wizard" in mortgaging railroads which have no existence and "reorganizing" a system out of the hands of its owners and into his own, the interstate commerce commission placed the "wizard" on the witness stand and put a number of pointed questions to him in regard to his manipulations.

Harriman, upon advice of his counsel, refused to answer. The case was appealed to the supreme court, and that highest tribunal of frenzied finance has just decided that Harriman is right in refusing to answer and that he is not required to answer the questions of the commission.

This ends the matter and the investigation of Harriman is now a "closed incident."

Here we have a demonstration of the efficacy of "publicity" and of the "regulation" of railroads under capitalism and private ownership.

The farcical character of the whole proceeding is exceeded only by the pathos of the spectacle of the gullibility of the dear people who still look upon the supreme court as a sacred institution.

The supreme court under capitalism is supreme only in the interest of capitalism. It consists of the former attorneys of the Harriman capitalists, and continues in their service for but little change of function and but little change of attitude. The advantage to the capitalists of having their former attorneys draw their pay from the people.

The supreme court stands by Harriman and the big capitalists every time and each of them deserves a medal for his fidelity to his masters.

The lesson of this decision shutting off the investigation of Harriman's looting and swindling operations is that private ownership of the railroads and other social utilities is a huge graft from top to bottom, buttressed by law and sanctified by courts; that so-called "regulation" is a shell-game and "publicity" a fraud, and that the only effective remedy is common ownership by the common people as proposed by Socialism.

Honesty pays in the end, but the honest man is seldom at that end.

European Notes

BY NICHOLAS KLEIN. At Warsaw, Russia, it is reported that the government in Loda is hanging on an average of seven revolutionists a week.

The first Socialist has just been elected to the Austrian parliament from the Salzburg district. The old parties this time combined to defeat the "reds."

A mass meeting of Socialists held in Gausstutz, near Stuttgart, denounced the prime minister, Von Bismarck, and a real constitutional government was demanded.

The International is the name of the new Socialist party elected in Barcelona, Spain. Comrade Antonio Fabra Ribas will conduct the political news for the paper.

At Zwickau, Germany, the annual elections had just closed. The Socialists gained nine seats in the city council. This makes a total of thirty-five they now have in the city.

The city of Dalsburg, Germany, will put thousands of idle men to work during the winter at 50c wages a day. At Muehlenhausen the Socialists forced this same step upon the city fathers.

A combined attempt was made at Crimmitschau, Germany, to defeat the two Socialist members of the city council at the last election. They were elected by a large majority. This year they were elected by a larger majority.

On account of the death of Comrade Ehrhardt, member of the Bavarian legislature, an election was held to fill his place with the late Comrade Ehrhardt. He received 738 votes, Wolf (liberal), 3,264. Thus the Socialists are elected.

In Frankfurt Comrades Faber, Metzner, Schulz, Buscher and Gratz have been elected to the city council. We received 1,100 votes as compared to the 600 votes polled in 1907.

The German press has become so bold as to say that the Kaiser is "crazy." They offer as proof the statements of Prof. Lombroso of Italy, who is well known as a criminologist, and the actions of his royal highness. Three weeks ago this would have meant prison for the editor.

At Weimar, Germany, has just gained two new seats for the Socialists in the lauding (legislature), where formerly they had but one. It is claimed that the acute condition of the government to deal with this problem, is the cause of this victory.

Four Socialists who were members of the Reichstag and who were aligned to the Whig Manifesto have just been sentenced. One has been sent to Siberia, one received a year and a half in prison, and two received five years each as a reward for their patriotism.

Slaves, Bond and Otherwise.

See if you can get this straight in your mind: If I build a business house in your town, costing a million, I will get something like a hundred thousand a year rent from it. The people in your town will collect and pay over to me this much in rent, and the burden is so delicately distributed that all pay their part of it, whether they know it or not. For it must be true that if I get an income some bodies, somewhere, must pay it. The ones who do not own the house pay it to ones who do own it. And the people who pay it have no control over it whatever. Is that clear to you? Isn't that a fact with all property, no matter what its character, that produces an income for the owners?

Well, now, suppose that your town would build such a house, and go into debt a million, wouldn't there be a howl?

But isn't my building just as much a debt on you as would be the public ownership of it? Isn't it on bonds? I would draw an income in the shape of rent, and the other would be a smaller income to some one in the shape of interest and sometime you would get it paid for and stop interest while if I own it the tax on you will never stop, but get greater, the more your town grows.

Now, every rented house in your place, or every house used for business, is a debt upon you just as surely as a public bond is a debt on you. The people recognize only as a debt some public bonds, but all the income property in the nation is a public debt upon its people. The income property of the nation is something like \$100,000,000,000; the public debts are only four billions. But one is just as much a debt as the other. Every building built for income is an addition to this debt on you and your children to pay. The richer becomes the nation, the greater this debt upon you and posterity.

The income on this property is greater than the net income of the nation, and hence the property now held by the many is fast going into the hands of the few to pay this increasing income.

The total annual interest on the public debt of the government is about \$20,000,000. But you pay Rockefeller \$70,000,000 a year profit on oil and think you are not in debt! You see, Rockefeller is nearly four times as great a debt to you as the obligations of your government. And the same is true of every other industry that you do not own.

If you can get that into your head clearly you will never be deceived by any political haranguer. You will know the truth—and the truth will help to free you.

Socialism would destroy the homes that are kept up by "charity," and also all need of them.

New Publications.

The Barrier Truth, a Socialist paper of Australia, has changed from a weekly to a daily.

The Stanley County Socialist is a new paper recently started at Wendle, S. D., by Ralph E. Brown.

The Oklahoma Socialist is a new paper, published by E. E. Anderson, at Guthrie, at \$1 per year.

The Maine Socialist is a new Socialist paper printed by the state committee of the Socialist party of Maine at 20 cents per year. It falls from Thomaston.

"Socialism: Wage Slavery" is the title of a red-hot 75-page pamphlet by W. W. West, Springfield, Ohio. Price 10 cents. Just received by the Appeal. The day of pamphlets is not passed.

Victims of the System: How Crime Grows in Jail and Gets Bigger. By Dorothy Johns, 60 E. Main, Los Angeles, 15c.

Socialist Fight the free speech in Los Angeles and the condition of the prison here as seen by old Joe London's vivid, witty style. The story is good literature and good propaganda as well.

Show your colors and see to it that the Appeal is like a hawk. Order a copy of the following. We have but few left, so get in early. Order by mail.

Gold watch chain.....\$1.25 each

Gold watch fob......40 each

Gold watch pins......25 each

Gold watch buttons......40 each

Gold watch chain......25 each

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Table with 3 columns: Month, 1907, 1908. Rows include January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, Total (11 mo.).

The Appeal tearfully presents the circulation report for the present week, together with an additional statement of the number of yearly subscriptions received during the seven months of 1907 and the eleven months just closed.

The Appeal is the only paper in the world that has the nerve to tell the truth about its circulation. It's dead easy to "point with pride" when the list of subs is climbing high—as has been the record of this paper for the past three years, but Lord! it do take nerve to step to the footlights and say calmly and without batting an eye: "Gents, we've lost and are losing."

Ordinary circulation statements can be juggled, and the reader never know the difference, but when it comes to juggling the "offs" and "ons" for each state for a series of weeks—well, it simply can't be done except by an expert Wall Street financier. It's a blamed harder job than Cortelyou has trying to make it appear that there is no deficit in face of the appalling and telltale figures issued daily by the treasury department.

Four years ago, when I first conceived the idea of printing each and every week a detailed statement of the Appeal's circulation by states, I decided that so long as the list grew, it would be a fine thing—but against the time when the slump would come—well, it would give the plates a chance to howl with delight. But let 'em howl!

The table above does not show the 57,577 "short-time" subscriptions added to the list during the months of August and September, at the very height of the late campaign when the resources of the comrades everywhere were taxed to the limit to meet the many demands. These "short-timers" should not have been counted as subscribers in the report, but once on the list there was no way to distinguish them from the yearlies, so the Fairy who counts the "ons" and "offs" turned them in as net gain and now they are going off in big chunks. These short-time subs play smash with circulation reports as I have pointed out before.

Had the Army devoted its time and energy to putting yearlies on the list we would have had 20,000 long-time subscriptions in place of the 57,000 short ones. This would have made the list stand at the beginning of the year just 20,000 more than it does today and we would have pulled through the campaign with a net gain—something the Appeal has never done in a presidential campaign.

But we'll waste no time in vain regrets. I've told you frankly the situation that confronts the Appeal and I want you to tell me just as frankly what YOU are going to do about it. It is needless for me to tell you that the Appeal can not be published on a falling circulation. We've got to put more subscriptions on this week than go off. It means, in fact at the present subscription rate, we're merely borrowing money from you today to pay the bills for subscriptions put on the list last year. Poor financing, you say? Possibly—but the Appeal has turned the trick for fifteen years and built up the biggest circulation in the United States; stirred up excitement among the nabobs and caused uneasiness in high political circles; served notice on plutocracy that it can not hang labor leaders on trumped up charges, and helped roll up a half million Socialist votes.

The next big job is to show the rulers of the United States that they can't use foreign office holders as sleuths for foreign potentates. All this will require circulation and there is no way to get circulation except through the Appeal Army. Will you respond NOW as you have in the past?

Last year the office expenses averaged \$400 a day, and now the receipts are less than \$300, so you can see where we are.—Fred D. Warren.

Table with 3 columns: State, On, Off, Total. Lists states from Texas to Delaware with corresponding subscription numbers.

Taft's Reward.

Stiles—From front of Dr. Taff's office, a boy's wheel, American make, light blue frame, red trimmings. Reward for return. Also reward for capture of thief, dead or alive, preferably dead.—Dr. T.

After the Postal Department.

A joint resolution, introduced in congress denounces the issuance of fraud orders and the revoking of second-class privileges for newspapers without trial before someone other than the prosecutor. It is true the resolution looks no deeper than "property right," ignoring the practical press censorship that lies behind it; still, as it is being backed by a proposed law to have these cases duly heard before a disinterested judge, before the order is issued, it robs the postal department of despotic power that has been used with disastrous effect in the past. The resolution condemns, in part:

The Shame of Government.

Some one sends me a hand bill printed in two colors, soliciting recruits for the United States Army, which starts off as follows:

Men Wanted! What wages are YOU working for? Men Wanted! Do you have left after paying for your board, lodging, clothing and other necessities?

The government knows that even a single man cannot have anything left after paying these things, and it holds out an inducement of fifty cents a day and a chance to "see the world" if they will only go to "the slaves and lick the spittle of the army officers, who get big pay and all the graft that is possible. A government that reduces people to poverty and then tries to seduce them into drilling in the fine art of killing their fellow men, certainly has room for improvement. Hard times drives many thoughtful young men into the army, but they are sorry for it afterwards, as the large per cent of desertions prove.

The army is to protect the property in the possession of corporations that are skinning the people into a poverty that does not furnish them the necessities of life. This appeal acknowledges this fact. A good government would arrange conditions so that a man could not only supply himself with all the needs of life, but could supply a family and still lay up enough to care for his old age and incapacity. It should give him enough for his labor so that he could take his family with him and see the world, and not be subject to the slave-like restrictions that the common soldier always has to face. Do the plutocrats and the government think that the who are men and daughters do not have a desire to see the world, too?

When the rich want to see the world they have some junketing trip arranged for at public expense, and they have a swell time out of the public treasury. But does the poor soldier? Not on your life. Young men who go into the army never regret it but once—and that is every day until they get out. The government desires young men who can't think. They make good soldiers. You do not see men of affairs, men who can think, men who are something in the world, enlisting in the army; do you? Let's make a government where such questions about how much a man can have after the necessities of life are had, would never be asked—where it would be an insult to assume that a man had to work for just his keep. What do you say?

Mrs. Imogene R. Morrell, the only woman whose art decorates the capitol building, and who was at one time president of the National Academy of Fine Arts in Washington, was recently found dead in a room near the heart of the national capital, her death coming from starvation and neglect. It seems strange that a woman of such talent and reputation as Mrs. Morrell should be permitted to die in this manner. Surely it does not show that genius has its reward under this system. It does not show that there is safety under this system for even people of reputation and wealth. But this woman had her opportunity. In America today—and this is as pitiful as physical poverty even of the worst types—there are thousands of good morals and exceptional talent who have never had opportunity merely because they produced matter for merit's sake and not in hopes that it would sell. When Socialism comes every person will have opportunity to develop the talent that is in him; and no one, however humble, will then be under necessity of dying of hunger. Then merit will count, and "will it sell?" will not be the universal question.

Insist on having UNION LABEL on this Union Label put on all your printing. If your printer cannot do it, send your printing to the Appeal. We furnish samples and prices free, and deliver all work to any point in the United States carrying charges prepaid. Address Printing Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.

The Gompers Jail Sentence

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

JUSTICE Wright of the Supreme court of the District of Columbia, hitherto unknown, has suddenly achieved national distinction, enviable or otherwise, according to the point of view, by deciding Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison guilty of contempt of court in the case of the Buck Stove and Range company and sentencing them to jail for one year, nine months and six months, respectively.

It is worthy of note that coincident with the decision of the supreme court of the District of Columbia sentencing the Federation leaders to jail the supreme court of the United States rendered its decision abolishing Edward Hariman, the railroad king, from answering the questions of the interstate commerce commission in reference to certain stock juggling and other shady manipulations.

The Gompers contempt case began in August 1907, and grew out of the boycott placed upon the company by the American Federation of Labor and the publication of the company's name in the "unfair list" of the official journal of the Federation. Upon application of the company Justice Gould of the supreme court of the District of Columbia issued an injunction forbidding the publication of the company's name in the Federation's "unfair list," and it is for the alleged violation of this injunction that Justice Wright now sentences Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison to jail.

Justice Wright's review of the case, but argument and summing up are without law, his decision absolutely correct and his sentence reasonable and just. FROM THE CAPITALIST POINT OF VIEW. From the labor point of view it is the precise opposite and is nothing less than an exhibition of supreme judicial despotism which outrages every workingman who has intelligence and self-respect enough to know when he is outraged.

The capitalist class character of the federal court, especially in its supreme branches, is well established among the few who see and think for themselves and this decision of Justice Wright will do much to open the eyes of the unthinking and idolatrous many who still look upon courts in open-mouthed wonder and awe as sacred and infallible institutions.

All through the decision "handed down" by Justice Wright labor is treated as a commodity and in this the court is entirely logical, and so far as those who regard labor as a commodity are concerned and treat it accordingly, there is no valid reason for objection and no good ground for complaint.

But labor is not a commodity, but life, human life, with a soul in it, and as sacred as the God who created it, and that is why Justice Wright's decision is heartless and infamous; and if Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison are in contempt of his capitalist court—and if they are not they ought to be—his court is in an infinitely larger degree in contempt of enlightened human conscience.

I have nothing to say here about Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison as labor leaders. Their official attitude, views and policies I have no sympathy with, not the slightest, but this is not the time nor the place for such discussion, nor for the exploitation of any other differences or disagreements. In this fight, forgetting all else, I am with them, not half-heartedly, but as thoroughly in earnest as if they were my Socialist comrades, and I shall gladly give them all the support in my power.

This jail sentence which has been imposed upon them is an attack not nearly so much upon them as it is upon organized labor and the working class and as such it ought to be resented with indignation by all the workers of the country.

When, Meyer, Haywood and Pettibone were kidnaped the Appeal to Reason and other Socialist papers took the lead in the fight to rescue them because they had been attacked for serving labor, and the same is true in this instance of Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, and every Socialist and labor paper and every Socialist, trade-unionist and workingman and every sympathizer with labor, should make this fight his own and raise such a storm of protest that even capitalist courts will be given to understand that labor is not a commodity to be treated as hair, hides and tallow, and that it will no longer stand for outrageous court decisions jailing its officials for the meek and humble offense of serving notice that it will not patronize its enemies.

In writing of this same case in April last, I said in the Appeal:

Wendell Phillips once said that real men trample upon unjust laws and defy those who enact them. This decision, or order of the federal court, enjoining the working class from publishing or speaking the names of their enemies is not even a law. It is simply the issue of a corporation lawyer who now pretends to be a federal judge.

Most of the laws which now fetter labor unions, restrict its operations within harmless bounds, and stifle its speech, are made in that way. The constitution of the United States never conferred any such power upon the supreme court and federal judges. They have published statutes which helped themselves, and the people have submitted to be backed up by three million union men.

There are times when forbearance is a disgrace and submission a crime. The labor movement should call a halt. To legal to congress, composed of the representatives of the trusts and corporations for fresh laws to be declared unconstitutional, is the climax of folly and cynicism. The supreme court should be supreme and will be so long as the people tamely submit to its usurpation of power, and so long as its despotic and outrageous decision is unchallenged.

The working class is supreme when it wills. I have been asked what I should have done in the place of Mr. Gompers. I should have expressed myself as Mr. Gompers did, only more so. I should have done what he did not do.

Just that since I should rather have been in jail than not to have been in contempt, I should have ignored the injunction, continued the "unfair list," and compelled the court to rescind its order of enforce it. Moreover, I should have incorporated it in their columns. And they would have done it, and the people would have backed up by three million union men.

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Then let the supreme court of the trusts and

White Slave Hell.

No language can describe the horrors of the white slave traffic. It is so beastly, so repulsive, so shocking that it staggers the senses. It seems like a hideous nightmare of hell and yet it is a fact of our every-day life under capitalism, and so engrossing in the struggle for existence that but little attention is paid to this unpardonable traffic in the bodies and souls of innocent girls who are deceived by human tyrants and lured to their ruin and death.

In the recent investigation at Chicago conducted by United States District Attorney Edward W. Sims it was clearly shown that—

The white slave traffic is a system—a syndicate which has its ramifications from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific ocean, with "clearing houses" or "distributing centers" nearly all of the great cities. It is in this ghastly traffic the buying price of a young girl is \$15 and that the selling price is generally about \$200. If the girl is not within a week of the white slave dealer may be able to sell her for \$500 or \$600; that this syndicate did not make less than \$200,000 last year in this ghastly and profitable commerce; that it is a definite organization, sending its hunters regularly to scour France, Germany, Italy and Canada for victims; that the most atrocious and the most unthinkably crime is known among his hunters as "The Big Chief."

A typical case is cited in a young Italian girl who was lured to this country by a regular agent and met at New York by two "friends" who took her in charge. These "friends," according to the account—

Were two of the most brutal of all the white slave dealers who are in the traffic. At this time she was about sixteen years old, innocent and rarely attractive for a girl of her class. These two men took her to a room in the rich elite of a typical Italian. Where these two men took her she did not know, but by the most violent and brutal means they were secured. She was subjected to unpeppable treatment and made to feel that her degradation was complete. She was then taken to a room and shipped to Chicago, where she was deposited to the keeper of an Italian dive of the vilest type.

The Appeal has for some time been collecting evidence and conducting an investigation of its own and when the time comes it will hurl a bolt into this iniquitous adjunct of capitalism that will startle the country.

It is upon such a putrescent foundation as this that capitalism rests and thrives. It is deep down in the blasted lives and quivering hearts of thousands of ruined girls in the underworld that capitalism sends its profit-sucking roots to nourish in riotous extravagance the bawdy parasites who deport themselves as the immaculate lilies of society.

The white slave traffic is in poor girls only, the daughters of the working class and the victims of poverty, who, if they were not exploited by their capitalist masters, would not be doomed to perish in the brothel halls of the white slave traffic.

The Pacific states are becoming exercised over a threatened rise in freight rates, which they have figured out will result in a freight grab of \$200,000,000 a year. Of course this will come finally from the producers, and will go into the pockets of bond and stockholders in the east. During the campaign much was said about the threat against railroads, and the vote was supposed to indicate that the people were willing to let the railroad alone. So soon as the election is over, however, it is found that the captains of industry will not let the people alone. This assessment of \$200,000,000 a year from the people of the Pacific coast is part of the price that they pay for voting to continue a monarchy in industry.

The daily press said nothing of it, but the Congressional Record, on page 213, shows that the president has sent a special message to congress, recommending that \$120,000 more be paid to the Roman catholic church (that is, to the hierarchy) in Porto Rico. These things are so common they have ceased to be news, still it may be well to remember that the game is still in progress.

While it is better to be right than president, the president is always right—till his term of office is nearly over.

The good talker weighs his words and makes a commodity of them.

America: The Church's Land of Promise

Rev. D. S. Phelan in the Western Watchman, St. Louis.

HOLINESS is enthusiastic over America, especially the United States. To begin with, he likes our government and our public officials with whom he has come into official relations. It must be confessed that the United States has treated Rome well whenever we had an opportunity. The correspondence between the Vatican and Washington has been marked by respect and fairness on the one side, and candor and confidence on the other. The United States stands out in marked contrast with all other powers in this regard. The powers of the old world regard the church with distrust and yield nothing to her except forced thereto by the fear of public opinion. Our transactions with the Vatican have been open and above board, and marked by justice; nay, by generosity. If the Holy Father needed an arbitrator in any dispute with a European power he would very probably choose the president of the United States. And the confidence is reciprocal. De-pooled and persecuted in countries called catholic, hampered and thwarted by protection governments, the church is given fair play and every-handed justice in the United States. No wonder, then, the Holy Father feels kindly towards us as a nation.

But it is to the catholics of the United States that Pius X's heart goes out. He is amazed at our material and spiritual progress. The church is making advances only in America. Churches are multiplying here with wondrous rapidity. New dioceses are being formed every few years, and the dioceses already in existence are becoming emburrowed with the number of their clergy and people. Few bishops in Europe ever lay a cornerstone. It is a ceremony almost unknown. The church over there is growing weaker by dissensions and emigration. The outlook across the water is very discouraging to any but those of the strongest faith. In the midst of the gloom, abandoned by those who should stand by him in his agony, the Holy Father appeals to this country for comfort and support. And he appeals not in vain. American shoulders are today holding up the Vatican. Its revenues are largely derived from this country; and what is now a steady stream will soon be an on-flooding river.

The catholics of this country are Romans. They swear by the pope. They stand up for papal authority. We place no limitations on the jurisdiction of the Vatican. Any man who is not with the pope is excommunicate with us. Our catholicity is stamped with the trademarks of the Keys. We proclaim our loyalty from the house-tops.

It will not be long before there will not be one sectarian in the gulf. France prides herself on the title of "oldest daughter of the church"; the United States can claim the appellation of the "youngest, fairest and best."

Hard to Get.

Evidently the business of murder is losing some of its attractiveness for the average American. The government is desirous of hiring men to disobey the Mosal command, "thou shalt not kill," and finds it slow business. The way it is compelled to picture the glories of sin is thus described in the Kansas City Times:

In its anxiety to get men to keep the army up to its present standard, not to mention stopping the gaps the 5,000 deserters a year make, the war department is issuing most enticing bills. Some of them are twelve feet in length and six feet in height. They illustrate phases of army life. One stands above half a dozen men and officers in full dress rolling on one of the insular possessions, showing every evidence of the great ease and a maximum of comfort.

Capitalist civilization is a wonderful thing. The hiring of men to commit murder at thirteen dollars a month is one of the functions of government under this order. Highly moral and delightfully Christian, isn't it?

At the Country Store.

Jollying the Farmer.

"I see," said Pop Weasel, "that the farm products of the United States last year amounted to over seven billion dollars. There is nothing the matter with the farmer. He is really the foundation of American prosperity."

"What paper is it you take?" inquired Brother Ben, "republican or democrat?"

"Why, what has that to do with it?" "Precious little."

"Then why do you ask such foolish questions?" "Because I saw you had been swallowing the jolly that is being put up by papers of both parties, and I wonder that it didn't gag you."

"Why, what do you mean, Brother Ben?" "I mean that whenever the politicians begin to jolly anybody it is time for that individual to look out. He is in danger of being worked. I have noticed how the papers have been talking about the prosperity and importance of the farmer, and how the president is going to send a commission to the farmers to instruct them in how to be happy, though harried, and it makes me think that the farmer is going to get stung."

"You are always too suspicious, Brother Ben. Have you no confidence in anyone?" "I have no confidence in the system. I have observed the game and know how it works. Farming is not the greatest industry in the United States even if more are employed at it than any other. If the total farm products this year are seven billion, the largest in American history, the total products of our manufacturers for 1908, according to the World Almanac for 1908, were nearly fifteen billions dollars. The papers are jollying the farmer on his riches in order that he may lose sight of the fact that he has already lost supremacy and that the masters of industry can do with him just as they please."

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These are the official figures, look them up for yourself. The farmer is losing his grip, and if they can keep him blind a bit longer, then he will be helpless when he does get his eyes open."

Working the Workers More.

In his last message to congress the president said: "Every increase in the number of small stockholders in corporations is a good thing; and where the employees are the stockholders the result, is particularly good. I hope to see a larger share in the ownership by the wage worker of the broad mill and factory." Possibly there may be behind this a desire to fortify capitalism by causing the worker to imagine he is a capitalist because he may have a few dollars invested in another man's business. There can be no doubt that the captains of industry and their hired man, the president, are all becoming alarmed at the near-collapse of their system, and would like to bolster the inquiry as long as possible. But the Saturday Evening Post, itself

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