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Appeal to Reason

J. A. WAYLAND
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THE APPEAL EDITORIAL STAFF
J. A. WAYLAND
FRED D. WARREN
EUGENE V. DEBS
CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

This paper bears a Yellow Label on which your name is printed. On the same Yellow Label and following your name is a number. If it's 767 your subscription expires with the next issue and YOU SHOULD RENEW AT ONCE.

NO DECISION

It has been eighty-nine days since I argued my case before the court of Appeals at St. Paul. No decision has been handed down. It is quite likely that the judges will not decide my fate until "after the election." This gives me a few months of freedom which I shall use to the best of my ability in furthering our common cause. Some time ago I printed a statement in the Appeal that I could under no circumstances fill any speaking engagements. I had expected that the court would decide my case before this and therefore did not wish to make any arrangements that would interfere with my engagement with the sheriff at Ft. Scott. As I will have some time at my disposal I will undertake to fill a few speaking dates during September and October. The September dates are practically all filled. These meetings will be bunched as close together as possible in the central and eastern states. Locals desiring meetings in October should address this office, or take up the matter with the state secretaries of the Socialist party of their respective states.

GO TO THE JUDGE.

Leslie's Weekly utters this plaint: "How can we expect to have good times unless capital can find encouragement in making its investments? What chance has capital in a community which proposes to tax it to death?" The editor then recites the fact that in Dallas, Tex., an ordinance was passed fixing the rate of telephone charges and giving a subscriber a 10 per cent discount on bills paid ten days after they were due.

"If a city ordinance," continues Leslie's, "can make a discount on bills for telephone and electric light bills for 10 per cent, what is to hinder it from making it 50 or 90 per cent?"

The editor of Leslie's should not become needlessly alarmed. Just wait until the federal judge gets a whack at that ordinance and he will see that capital is protected at the expense of the citizens of Dallas.

Out here in Kansas, the city of Coffeyville undertook to reduce the rate of gas to within speaking distance of the rates paid by neighboring cities to the same corporation. But our old friend, Judge Pollock, of Tampico-fishing fame, stepped into the breach and saved the day for the corporation.

TAFT AND HIS CLASS.

Class legislation is said to be in violence of the genius of American institutions. As a matter of fact there is no other kind of legislation upon any vital question. And it is all in the interest of capitalist class and construed by capitalist judges to serve the ends of the same class.

Therefore, when President Taft declared that he was opposed to class legislation and for that reason had to insist upon the prosecution of labor unions under the anti-trust law he lied so flagrantly that only fools and feeble-minded people can be deceived. The Sherman anti-trust law was enacted in 1890. There was no thought, not the remotest, at that time, that it should ever apply to labor unions. Not once was it invoked until the Pullman strike in 1894 when the officers of the American Railway Union were jailed under its provisions. They were guilty of conspiracy in restraint of trade.

Have you ever heard of a grimmer, ghastlier joke?

Only organized workers are guilty of the crime of restraining trade.

But when President Taft covered his hostility to labor with the excuse that he was opposed to class legislation he uttered a double falsehood, for on January 7th, last, he sent a special message to congress covering eleven pages pleading abjectly to have the Sherman law so amended as to permit corporations to carry on their business in spite of its provisions. This was a plea purely for the capitalist class, the big interests, the trust barons and corporation brigands, for whom Taft is simply the attorney, and whom he is serving the same as any other shyster who receives his stipend for doing his master's bidding.

Taft opposed to class legislation? Say, where were you crippled?

ANOTHER LET-US-ALONER.

James J. Hill, the crafty old railroad gobbler, has just returned from his vacation and opens his mouth to say that "if the people will only let us alone everything will be all right." By "us" he, of course, means the railroads. Hill, like highwaymen in general, wants to be let alone. Then everything will be "all right."

But we are not going to let you alone, Mister Hill. That's exactly what we don't want because you do. You have gobbled up the public domain and our railroads, and are reaching out for what is left and all you ask is to be let alone till you complete the job and order us off the earth.

Well, we're going to do nothing of the kind. We are on to your game and are preparing to take a hand in it. We are the people when we come to realize it—and we are on the way.

To be perfectly frank with Mr. Hill and his little bunch of plutes who own the railroads and everything else, we are after them and their railroads and everything else the people need to satisfy the demands of modern civilization.

And we are going to get them, too. We Socialists are, as certain as the sun and moon, going to get them.

The battle royal is on between the people and the Let-Us-Aloners and the people are going to win.

Down with the thieving Let-Us-Aloners and their rotten regime!

A LESSON OF THE FIGHT.

The Johnson-Jeffries fight has afforded a precedent and an object lesson that is thoroughly amusing.

Great preparations were made to secure picture films of the fight and show them over the country. After the negro wimp capitalist pretenders suddenly discovered that it would be highly immoral for the pictures to be shown, even the boxer Roosevelt coming out against the exhibit.

The humor in the situation lies in the fact that Roosevelt and the "good" people of the country CONFISCATED the money the film company had invested in the pictures and the profit it expected to make in exhibiting them. In doing this, they said, in effect that WHENEVER THE PEOPLE FEEL IT WOULD CONSERVE PUBLIC INTEREST TO DO SO, IT WILL BE LEGAL AND RIGHT AND A DUTY TO CONFISCATE THE RAILROADS.

How about it, Theodore? Are you sane enough to make a lucid reply?

WHEN DIAZ DIES.

The Appeal is in receipt of a communication full of rejoicing over the assumption that tyranny will soon be at an end in Mexico because, in the nature of things, Diaz cannot live many years longer.

This is where the correspondent errs. The death of the tyrant will not end the tyranny. The old cry, used when a king dies in Europe, still holds: "The king is dead—long live the king." It is not the individual tyrant that counts, but the system of tyranny.

After the death of Diaz tyranny will remain, because of the fact that the tyranny is not individual but a system. When Rogers of Amalgamated Copper passed away his death caused not a ripple and Amalgamated remains the same power as before.

Diaz may die, and will, but if there is not found another tyrant to hold Mexico for exploitation, then the armies of the United States will forcibly seize on that unhappy land, and Uncle Sam will "maintain order" while the plutes of America rob the people. The system of robbery must and will have its pound of flesh.

BOY SCOUTS OF SOCIALISM.

In England and America they are organizing boy scouts, whose nominal purpose it is to teach discipline to the boys, but which is nevertheless, a military organization training in murder and "obedience." It is there fore a criminal organization, a concerted effort to corrupt the youth.

While capitalism is seeking to develop the worst instincts in man, and to maintain its unholy hold on loot by violence, it is up to Socialists to "war on war" by organizing "Boy Scouts of Socialism."

They can be made effective in propaganda. They can offset the criminal teaching of the plutes. They can be effective for peace and a higher civilization.

The Appeal has in preparation a plan which will do all this and at the same time enable thousands to earn good money at pleasant and effective work. The offer of thirty copies free to boys and girls who will sell them is only a beginning of the plan. We shall find who "make good," and for this number greater and better things are in store.

Socialism will be here during the life of these boys if the Boy Scouts of Socialism do their duty.

GIVE THEM THIS.

When you meet a defender of capitalism, especially one who sneeringly declares that Socialism is impracticable, ask him if he knows that according to the statement of the principal insurance companies in their prospectuses:

A very large majority of men die poor.

Out of every one hundred persons who engage in business two succeed and ninety-eight fail.

These are the results of the exceedingly "practical" system known as capitalism.

Ask your capitalist friend what he thinks of a social system in this age of modern machinery, when everything can be produced in such great abundance in which a vast majority die in poverty, while ninety-eight out of every one hundred who engage in business are doomed to failure, bankruptcy, poverty, misery, crime and death.

And yet, opposing this insanity, this chaos, this appalling exhibition of plutocracy and poverty, riotous extravagance and shocking poverty, is sure evidence of being unbalanced and of having "impractical" designs upon society.

Fact that under capitalism nearly all men are failures and a large majority of them die in the grasp of poverty is enough in itself to condemn it and demand its overthrow.

What do you think of a system that produces such a complete crop of failures and dooms most of those born under it to live and die in poverty?

The famous Miller estate in California has been augmented by the purchase of the Lux estate for \$5,000,000. Miller now owns 60,000 acres in California, 200,000 in Nevada and 200,000 in Oregon. On this land there are 1,000 miles of canal and ditches, 250,000 head of cattle and 250,000 sheep. The estate cuts through the center of California, embracing nearly a third of the best part of the state. It was secured largely through a series of frauds. It appears that after all the bonanza farm is not a thing of the past.

Operation Successful

Fred D. Warren, Girard, Kan.: ROCHESTER, MINN., July 28.—Operation successfully performed this morning. Gene is resting easy. Recovery is assured and will be complete. KATHERINE M. DEBS.

Recovery Will Be Complete.

Rochester, Minn., July 28, 1910. To Our Friends and Friends: A thousand grateful thanks are due to the most countless comrades and friends whose messages of love and sympathy and good cheer have come to us since our arrival here for the intended operation on Gene. It would be impossible to personally answer all these and so I take this means of expressing my deepest gratitude for the touching remembrance in a trying hour. Particularly do I wish to thank the members of the Nebraska state convention for their beautiful and generous expression which brought such comfort and which I shall always bear in grateful remembrance. Hoping the operation has been successful and in good time the recovery will be complete. Fraternally yours, KATHERINE M. DEBS.

TAFT AND POST.

Post, the peanut philosopher and sham humanitarian, has disgorged another cargo of bilge-water at regular advertising rates. This time he calls it "Mob-Coddling by Congressmen." He belches his bilge with a bulging brow and a breath that is vile.

With a ferocity that would put a jackrabbit to flight and make an odorless skunk hunt his hole he denounces those congressmen who voted to exclude labor unions from the operation of the hypocritical Sherman anti-trust law.

This law was never intended to apply to labor unions; under the construction of capitalist courts it has been made to apply to nothing else.

And still Post, the gripenny contortionist, twin freak to Elbert Hubbard, is not happy. He wants congressmen who even squint at a labor union electrocuted without a trial.

But Post breaks out in vociferous applause of President Taft for blocking the game of these recreant congressmen and sitting down with all his three hundred pounds of avoirdupois upon the labor unions, and making them subject to the Sherman law as construed by the corporation hirelings he has placed upon the bench.

This then is the one important point in Post's latest spew; he is for Taft first, last and all the time, and calls him "a brave president, to whom honor is due for his protection."

Hurrah for Taft, the president, after Post's own heart!

But how about the union men whose votes made Taft president? What have they to say when they find themselves in the same political camp with their friend, Post?

A strange bunch of bed fellows, eh? Without the votes of union men Taft would not be president and Post Taft would not applaud him for driving the gaff straight to the heart of union labor.

Taft and Post: a beautiful brace!

IS THIS A REPUBLIC?

Seven of these United States have, through their legislatures, enacted a two-cent railroad fare law—and these have been knocked out by federal judges.

Is this a republic?

The people elect legislators and these enact laws, and these laws are annulled by federal judges placed on the bench by the corporations that are robbing the people.

The people who really believe we live in a republic and that the people here are sovereign and rule themselves are in a pitiable state, the very mental state which makes it possible for a Taft to be elected president and despotism to palm itself off as a republic.

All over this country the people demand a two-cent railroad fare law (and even that is too high) but the federal judges coolly wipe the law established such a fare from the books and ask the people what they are going to do about it.

Well, we Socialists have made up our minds what we are going to do and that is to wipe out the capitalist system and strip these judicial hirelings of their despotic power. We the people propose to rule ourselves and if you are with us on that proposition you are a Socialist and ought to join our movement.

It is worthy of notice and reflection that the seven states which have enacted the two-cent fare law and other progressive measures have only done so since Socialist agitation has stirred up the American people. This agitation is at the bottom of so-called insurgency and at the bottom of everything else in our industrial and political life that is awakening the people from their indifference and stirring them to action.

At most places hoboes are not wanted, but Pasco, Washington, is one place where they are given a royal welcome. In fact they are so eagerly sought after by the best society that the officers drag them from the brake beams and rods of passing trains and just force them to stay, sometimes, it is said, even rewarding the capture of those who chance to escape. The reason is this: Pasco is one of the hottest places on the continent, and laborers are hard to get and hard to keep. But able people of the town are ambitious. They want parks and schools and paving and sewers. But they cannot buy the labor necessary to construct them for the price they can afford to pay. So the poor hoboes are pinched, and tried, and without exception are given sentences on the chain gang. Thus the city is improved and the public spirit of its citizens is gratified.

Magon, Persecuted Patriot and Refugee

This concludes the present series of the Turner articles, by explaining the reason for things as they are. A very important part of the exposure. But while this ends the articles left over from the American Magazine's series on "Barbarous Mexico" it by no means ends the work of presentation of the subject. Indeed, this last article is rushed through this week in order to close the books for new developments. Before this paper reaches all its subscribers Magon, Rivera and Villarreal will have completed their term in the federal prison at Phoenix, Arizona on the charge of having violated neutrality laws, and will be released. It is expected that they will be re-arrested on some pretext or another for the purpose of the trial of Mexico. The Appeal has wired John Kenneth Turner to be on hand at Phoenix when the release occurs, and will hear more of the Mexican matter from Turner, with the expose brought up to date.

BY JOHN KENNETH TURNER.

THIS is the life story of Ricardo Flores Magon, president of the Mexican Liberty party. I tell it because of the light it sheds upon recent struggles for political liberty in Mexico and because Magon, the Mexican patriot, is today heroically confined in an American prison.

I am not given to rhetoric. I write my story in plain and simple words and leave the rest to the readers. But I am here moved to remark that with such a man as Magon in jail, and for such a cause, it were a wonder that the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor would not crumble with shame and sink into the sea, that the Woman With the Scales upon every courthouse in the land would not topple from her pedestal and fall crashing to the stone pavement below, that the Ghost of Justice, if Justice ever lived in this land, would not rise from her grave and go shrieking out her agony through every night of the world.

Magon was an Apostle of Liberty in Mexico and yet he came out of it alive. He escaped the knife of the political assassin, he escaped the bullets of the soldiers, he found his way to the United States, not to safety, but to prison—a victim of the partnership maintained between the czar of Mexico and our own United States.

It has now been six and one-half years since Magon fled a political refugee to the United States to escape the vengeance of Diaz. But not for a single month of that time has he been permitted to live undisturbed. He has been hounded, his home invaded, his business destroyed, and for three years of that six and one-half he has been in prison—all for no other crime than that he desired to restore constitutional government in the most despotic country on the face of the earth.

But this is not the story of the plagues put upon Magon by willing tools of the Mexican tyrant in the United States. Space decrees that I leave that for another article. This is a record of the life of Magon before he reached this country. The material I secured from various sources—much of it from the lips of the liberal leader himself in talks held with him in the county jail in Los Angeles, now two years ago.

Large framed and slightly inclined to stoutness, yet with the carriage of a soldier and the alertness of a practicing attorney, thirty-six, yet looking forty-five, with curly black hair, jaws which, once having taken hold can never be prised loose, powerful neck, strong, straight nose, eyes in which language runs riot, a practical American forehead, yet on the whole a face distinctly foreign—not unlike that of the French man of letters—such, to the eye, is Ricardo Flores Magon.

For just half of his years Magon has waged perpetual warfare on a government in whose dominion the mildest opposition often means imprisonment, disappropriation or death. Since his first political incarceration at seventeen the hand of Diaz has ever been reaching for his throat, yet he has never turned aside from the path of the rebel. Where others have died, Magon fought on and lived—and fought until to tens of thousands of Mexicans his name became a battle cry of hope.

"I have been imprisoned and tortured, yes," said he. "I have been hunted by assassins. I have been driven from my native country. A price is upon my head. For my cause I have been hungry and in want. But I have been fortunate. You should see my list of editors who have been shot, stabbed or put to rot in foul dungeons. You should know the story of noble men who have been beaten, blinded, stripped of their property, and for nothing save in peaceful words demanding the liberties guaranteed by the constitution."

Magon's Early Struggles.

Magon was born of peasant parents on September 16, 1874, in the state of Oaxaca, at the extreme southern point of Mexico. Like Benito Juarez, father of the constitution of 1857, he is a Zapotec Indian mixed with the blood of Spain.

"The first I remember of Porfirio Diaz," Magon told me, "was on a day in June, 1879, before I was five years old. I noticed my father striding up and down in front of our house. His face was flushed purple, he was shaking his fists in the air, and now and then he swore between his teeth. I trembled with fear, for I had never seen him that way before. Then my mother took me and in whispers told me of brave, good men dragged from their beds at night and shot for forming a club to work against the re-election of Porfirio Diaz. That killing is now known as the Massacre of Vera Cruz, the first of the political massacres that have stained the years of the Diaz reign.

The Mexican Desmouins.

"The people were drunk," exclaimed Magon in relating the incident, "on the hope for liberty. Oh, if there had only been a Desmouins!"

As there appeared no other Desmouins the raw lad himself essayed to play the part the following day, which the government had set aside for a demonstration in its own behalf. Just as it now does, that May the government had been sending its agents out for a week or more to scour the country and oblige the hacendados, the rich farmers, to send their peons to the capital to give the appearance of popularity to the parade. Guarded by *gendarmes*, the farm slaves were herded together early in the morning and, without breakfast or drink, were driven through the streets behind the be-medalled officers of the government.

"As the people jeered," said Magon, "these slaves walked like tired beasts, silent and with bowed heads like file victims on the way to the scaffold. As they passed, some would be funny students who had bought large baskets of stale bread for that purpose, cast the bread down from the balconies where they stood, striking the peons on their backs and in their wondering faces as they raised them. The uproar of jeers grew louder, then the peons were seen to stoop and take the bread from the ground and eat it. Not understanding the insult, the poor wretches devoured the bread for they were hungry. At this spectacle shame struck the multitude dumb. But the silence was followed by a louder roar, a thunder of protest, this time against the shameful feat of a parade of police guarded peons."

It was at this point that the youthful firebrand leaped upon a large box and began shouting his maiden speech to the populace. The crowd pressed eagerly about him and the applause of thousands drowned his voice. Then a company of *gendarmes* charged, a way was opened to the boy, revolvers were shoved against his chest and he was dragged away through the snarling, protesting mob.

"Surrounded by policemen," said Magon, "I was taken to the roof of the city hall, where I found a dozen more of my schoolmates, also in detention. My comrades told me that my brother Jesus was also arrested and locked up with many others in one of the city police stations. We were under the blazing heat of the sun and the fever of thirst burned our throats, but this physical torture was

hardly noticed because of our great enthusiasm. We knew well enough that like others, we could have been shot, but we were young and because of our dreams we would not allow ourselves to fear. But ere long we were told that we would be given "water to drink," which, in the slang of Mexican despots, meant that we were to be executed.

"A roar came up to us from the street below and with one thought we all ran to the edge of the roof and looked down. The plaza was a seething human sea. The news of our arrest and probable execution at the fall of night had fired the people like an electric spark and they had come with their bare hands to protect us.

"Quick as lightning the sabres of the soldiers were flashing their blades and after dreadful confusion the crowd was pushed back. We were shoved into a dungeon and locked up for the night. I can remember all those hours there came to us the roar of the people. Armed with sticks, rocks and knives they had come to rescue us. We could hear the rolling sound of the machine guns. The people were killing the gendarmes with knives.

The infantry was charging the masses with sabres and bayonets and the blood of the oppressed and the agents of the oppressors mingled on the asphalt pavement of the street.

"Our 'water to drink' was not given us. The protests of the people had terrified the dictator and he did not dare to order our execution.

The next day Magon was sentenced to five months in Belem prison. The charge was sedition!

His first impression of some of the milder horrors of Belem, which was afterward to become so familiar to him, are described by him as follows:

"After an interminable journey through dark aisles and down a filthy staircase we arrived in a large, roomy room whose ceiling we could touch with our hands. Thick spider webs draped the clammy walls and the silence of death was broken by the buzzing of huge flies and the creak of scorpions. This was the place of the vagrants and the beggars. There were the leprous and the phthisical, the cripples, armless, one-eyed, blind, deaf, dumb; there were the idiots, paralytics, syphilitics—a nightmare of ill flesh. How I wished to be blind so as not to see that hodge of misery!

"In the night we were taken into a large room where snored, half suffocating, nearly a thousand men, rolling restlessly from the torture of the vermin concealed in their rags. At five o'clock the next morning the guards awoke the prisoners by stamping on the floor with their sticks. Nothing could be seen in the darkness except some bats which were flying around our heads. After a while we could see each other, our faces livid from hunger and two sleepless nights.

"That day we were told that more than sixty political prisoners were in other departments of the prison and some of them were in the various police stations. News of some riots in the suburbs reached us, and we were informed that thousands of our workmen friends had been forced into the army. Thus ended the embryonic revolution of 1892."

The Daring Agitator.
When the school-boy patriot emerged from his five months' confinement the country was quiescent, the schools were once more pursuing the even tenor of their ways, and the position of Porfirio Diaz was more secure than ever. Few there were who dared again to raise their voices against the president. But among those few was Ricardo Magon. Instead of curing his revolutionary ailment, those five months within the walls of Belem had driven it into his bones. When a distinguished student of the law school, Joaquin Clause, started a newspaper, "El Democratista," in opposition to the forces of the government, Magon became one of its chief contributors.

At the end of ten weeks a squad of police surrounded the home of the young journalist, but he leaped through a window and escaped. His fellow editors were arrested and imprisoned, "El Democratista" was suppressed, and for three months the youth hid with friends before venturing to start to school again. The following year "El Democratista" was started a second time. Magon again became a contributor, but after a few weeks the government found it convenient to buy out the caustic little sheet and he wrote for it no more.

ing the clubs and destroying the liberal newspapers "Regeneracion" and its editors were among the first to suffer. On May 22, 1901, Ricardo and Jesus Magon were arrested on a charge of "insulting" the president, for which they served twelve months in Belem. During that period their mother died and Ricardo begged in vain to be allowed to attend her funeral.

Even imprisonment failed to dry the ink on the pen of this ardent patriot. Persecution acted merely as oil to the flame of his devotion and by adroit scheming he still managed to get out his paper. That he might furnish copy he wrote while others slept, and in order to smuggle his material beyond the walls he organized a club of sympathetic prisoners to help him. Picture the imprisoned man crouching in a reeking dormitory in the dead of night, the floor about him strewn with hundreds of restless, thickly breathing convicts; picture him bending low with straining muscles in order to make out his own handwriting in the dim light, and to escape the watchful eyes of the guards, and you will begin to realize the value he placed upon the cause for which he fought.

But the powers were not to be easily thwarted. In October Magon received a message purporting to be from Diaz telling him that unless he stopped publishing his paper he would be taken to a dungeon and secretly shot. So he decided that it would be the part of wisdom to stop the paper.

Release from prison meant a party for the two brothers, Jesus, having had enough of political outlawry for the time being, opened a law office in Mexico City, but within a few weeks Ricardo was again an editor. With Juan Sarabia and Santiago de la Hoz as partners he acquired from Daniel Cabrera "El Hijo del Ahuizote," the pioneer paper of the liberal movement.

But the planets were no more favorable for "El Hijo del Ahuizote" than they had been in its predecessor. In September, 1902, its editors were once more dragged out of their sanctum by the minions of the Mexican ruler. This time the charge was "insulting" the army. Tried in a military court, they were sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and to the additional humiliation of being led through the streets on three consecutive days surrounded by a company of soldiers.

But the march through the streets was not a degradation. By a display of nerve, Magon turned it into a triumph. For what the on-lookers saw was not a cowed, shuffling figure, with head bowed in shame and fear, but a man with bare head erect. And at every rod of his journey this man walking an arm's length from a company of soldiers armed to the teeth, any one of whom might try to curry favor with the authorities by shoving a bayonet between his ribs, lifted up his voice and shouted: "Muera Porfirio Diaz! Muera el ejercito!" ("Death to Porfirio Diaz! Death to the Army!")

And at the words the covering spirits of the dumb crowd rose high, the smoldering embers of their manhood leaped into flame, and despite the presence of the threatening gendarmes, the streets echoed with mighty cheers.

Persecution of the Patriot.
Three months after being released from prison the liberal leader was arrested still another time. During the interim an attempt was made to buy him off by offering him a government position. Night and day his steps were dogged and, in order to save himself from assassination, he was careful not to go out save in the company of friends. He had been imprisoned for "sedition," for "insulting the president," for "insulting the army." Finally he was arrested for "insulting the judiciary." Back again to Belem he went, this time for six months.

On June 9, 1903, while he was still in prison, the writings of Magon and of his fellow editors, Juan Sarabia, an impassioned writer and orator popularly known as "The Scorpion," and Santiago de la Hoz, a distinguished revolutionary poet, were, by solemn act of the court of corrections, outlawed in the land of their birth. It was officially decreed that whatsoever papers might be issued or contributed to by the three authors should cease from circulation. Supposedly in obedience to the man in power, the supreme court of the nation afterward confirmed this barbarous decree.

This was the most memorable imprisonment of Magon's life so far, for he was not only robbed of his vocation by the courts of the country, but there was an attempt to make an end of him in the same manner in which an end was made of Jesus Martinez Carron.

Jesus Martinez Carron was a brilliant cartoonist and much beloved of the people. Buried in a Mexican dungeon for three months, when taken out he was blind and in the last stages of consumption. He was carried to the government hospital, where he died the last day of December, 1906.

The Mexican method of blinding the enemies of the government is not done by thrusting red-hot irons into their eyes. The torture is more prolonged, just as certain it continued, and no less acute. Magon's dungeon experience and the accompanying ocular tortures are best described in his own words as follows:

feel as if a hundred cruel daggers were stabbing, stabbing into them." For thirty days this torture was kept up. Magon's eyes did not succumb, but their ruin was almost complete. He wears strong glasses now, his eyeballs look as if they had been wrenched from their sockets and then pushed back again. He looks years older than he really is.

When at last he was free once more, Magon found himself penniless and outlawed, his every step dogged by spies. The Liberal party had been literally backed to pieces, its newspapers suppressed, its clubs broken up, its leaders imprisoned or killed. With a small group of followers, comprising his brother Enrique, Juan Sarabia and Santiago de la Hoz, Magon fled to the United States, arriving in Laredo, Tex., scene of the assassination of Dr. Martine, in January, 1904. Here he waited for three months until he received from friends of the cause in Mexico funds with which to establish the old campaigner, "Regeneracion." Peaceful methods had failed and now the liberals determined to meet force with force.

Uncle Sam Becomes Refugee Hunter.
"Regeneracion" was revived in San Antonio, Tex., with the two Magons and Sarabia as editors. The beloved poet, Hoz, singer of the sweet hope of liberty, had been accidentally drowned while the four exiles were taking a swim in the Rio Grande near Laredo.

Magon holds that Diaz personally is responsible for the degraded condition of his country. While the Liberal party program advocates numerous progressive measures in addition to a restoration of the constitution, the party considers that before it can hope to gain the mildest of these reforms it must overthrow the government of Diaz. Hence its entire energies nowadays are bent toward working out a practical plan to unseat the perpetual president.

"If Diaz is the one great obstacle that stands between the Mexican people and liberty," I said, "why sacrifice thousands of lives in a revolution? Why not strike directly at the heart of the trouble? Why not send an assassin to kill Diaz? Do you not hate him? Do you not wish to have him killed?"

"Yes, I hate him," replied Magon, with a flash of something of the idealist in his eye, "and I want to see him die. But I would not have him fall by the hand of an assassin. I want him to be overtaken by the vengeance of the people. I want them to kill him. I want them to give him a trial—to try him for one of his countless murders—for just one. Then—shoot him. I would have Porfirio Diaz die the death of Maximilian!"

"When I reached the United States," Magon shook his head sadly when he told me this—"I truly believed that I had come to the cradle of liberty. I thought it a land where the meanest might speak his political faith and remain undisturbed. But I learned that Diaz's money could buy your officials and that the avenging hand of the tyrant following me was aided and abetted by the sworn administrators of your own government wherever I went. I learned that for political reasons men may suffer long months of imprisonment in your country as well as in mine."

Fooling the Wage Slave

Born in slavery the negroes in the far south have no conception of freedom. Contrary to the opinion that prevails in the north the slaves were not unhappy. Liberty being unknown, it was but natural for them to be satisfied with their condition, and particularly so as their material wants were satisfied. As a rule they never were overworked, were well housed and well fed, and songs, music and dancing relieved the monotony of existence. Being happy and contented, they loved their masters. And never to their knowledge having been told an untruth they believed them as they did their God.

We are not attempting to defend slavery as an institution but are merely making a statement of the relations that existed between master and slave in the far southern states up to the rebellion. Criticizing these relations, it was then argued that even if the slaves lived in blissful ignorance, it was a crime not to educate them to appreciate liberty; that the careful attention shown was but what any wise owner of valuable property would do from self-interest.

At the beginning of the war the slaves were told that if the Yankees came they must flee; that the yanks were devils with horns and tails who would surely kill them. So, upon the advance of the northern armies, there was a stampede of the terror-stricken negroes. With difficulty a few were overtaken and kept until they became satisfied their masters had lied, when they were sent out to spread the truth. Then came the reaction. The deception caused almost instant estrangement, the negroes transferring their esteem and loyalty to their liberators—a result contrary to that planned by the slave owners. Instead of fleeing from they began to flock to the union armies, and, knowing the country, their aid was invaluable. The lie proved a boomerang.

From the foregoing we may draw an analogy. Instead of the beneficent slave owner, we now have the arrogant capitalist, and in place of the happy chattel slave, we have the discontented and "free only to starve" wage slave. The former slave at least enjoyed the blessing of economic peace, while under the capitalist system the toiler to obtain a bare living is subjected to all the horrors of cannibalistic competition. And like unto the abolitionists of old, there are those who now preach the doctrine of political and industrial freedom. These men and women are Socialists, and their sole object is to hasten the long delayed answer to the prayer: "This will be done on earth even as it is in heaven." Now the capitalist is setting up the cry of "boogymen," their hitlings from public, press and rostrum representing Socialism in every particular. In view of these falsehoods perhaps the best definition of Socialism at present is: A system of society the very opposite what its opponents claim it to be. As Lincoln truly said: "You can-

not fool all the people all the time," so the working class the world over is beginning to catch a glimmer of the truth. The reaction has begun and soon the "fooled" and exploited producers of wealth will stamped to Socialism. As the lies told concerning the Yankees hastened the end of slavery so the lies now told of Socialism shall quicken the death of capitalism and hasten the birth of the "Brotherhood of Man."

Experience Meeting

Slavery in Southern Cotton Mills.
At a little before six o'clock a. m. you fall in line with the applicants and slowly stumble and press along like convicts in the penitentiary, until the last one in front of you hurries away with his "pass" into the mill for work. You are then "next" before the window to sign your contract for a job. The command to you is to "sign here," without a moment's delay then pass on and give away for the next hungry slave behind you.

The unrec'd contract once signed, a "pass" is then shoved out to you, with the name and number of the department into which you are to go, and after wandering around for a while and locating your place in the modern tread mill, a duds "boss" meets you and demands the "pass." Upon reading it and after a few more preliminary interrogations you take your place among the whirring machinery to start and stay away till noon. At last noon comes along bringing forty minutes of cessation from the terrible hours of torture in which you are supposed to run to your boarding house and swallow down a few mouthfuls of such dinner as may have been prepared.

Then you hear the signal bell calling you back to the close, ill-smelling room again, and away you march to the sweat-shops to grind out six hours more of your life for the idle masters. Thoughts of home and your loved ones bring to you memories of past, lappy hours and you decide that a few more days like this and all will be over.

Next morning, instead of going back to the steam heated, dark, ill-ventilated dungeons of capitalism, you decide that it will be more agreeable at home. Instead of reporting at your machine for another day in "hell" you report at the office and call for your pay for yesterday's or last week's work. But alas! the contractor is still there and tells you that you lost every penny of your pay unless you work a week's notice for the company, whether it be one week or one hour. Should you protest; he smilingly holds up the unrec'd contract for you to see your name signed thereto. Consult a lawyer if you please and he informs you that such is the rule of the company and nothing more can be done for your case.

There you are, hoard bill due, loved ones sick at home, in a far-away city, no money and all undone, an easy prey for the policeman or sheriff. Such is the conditions as they exist in the dear old land of "Dixie."

I stand ready and willing to give further information to any one who desires it. We have slavery in the United States as well as in Barbarous Mexico. DAVID CLARK, Greensboro, N. C.

Compelled to Raise Rates.
When Stillwell was building the Kansas City Southern road, and had it completed and in operation down into northern Arkansas, he undertook to give the people an honest freight rate based on the amount actually invested in the road. The rate was so low that merchants living and doing business in Springdale, Ark., on the Frisco railroad, took their teams over to Siloam Springs, Ark., thirty miles distant, and returned thirty miles again, with their goods, shipped to that point over Stillwell's road, and saved freight by doing so. But Mr. Gould, et al went into Judge Phillip's court and upon complaint got an order from this—well, God save us—compelling the Kansas City Southern to raise the rates to accord with the "pitch into the goods"—you can't call it rate—of the roads running into the south and southwest from Kansas City. This was a great crime, but not a voice have I ever heard raised in complaint or condemnation. Fayetteville, Ark. TOMP. SETHUR.

The Counsel of (Human) Rats

Once upon a time, there was an enormous Cat by the name of Magnate. This Cat was very active after Rats and played great havoc among them. One day there was called together a grand counsel of Rats to see what could be done about it. They talked it over for a long time and finally one of the Rats made the suggestion that, if they could only tell when the Cat was around, all would be well and that the best way to accomplish this was to hang a bell about the Cat's neck.

This struck them all as a good idea, but the difficulty was to find a Rat who would do the job. "I can't do it," said the Editor Rat, "for he has great influence with my advertisers and would make them withdraw their patronage." "Well, I can't do it," said the Politician Rat, "for he controls the political machine and, at the next election, I would find myself out of business." "Even though I am getting the worst of it," explained the Merchant Rat, "I can't do it, for, in order to do business, I have to borrow money at his bank and, if he discovered that I was engaged in pernicious activity, he would call my loans." "Obviously, I can't do it," said the Lawyer Rat, "because it would be unprofessional. Occasionally he gives me a little of his business." "And, of course, I can't do it," added the Professor Rat, "for then he would withdraw his endowments from my college." "And, as for me," said the Worker Rat, "the trouble is that, if I did it, no one would pay any attention to it, because I am not respectable." At last accounts the Cat was still running about loose.

Editorials by Appeal Readers

Real Democracy.
"If the people rule, why don't they get what they want?"—Senator Owen. The people do not get what they want, because they do not rule. The wealthy few rule by employing specialists in the science of government to obtain for them what they want. The people do not rule, and for several reasons:

(a) Our political and industrial systems are so complicated that none but a specialist in their study can understand them. This makes it easy for one so inclined to mislead the people.

(b) Our competitive system makes it to the interest of one man or set of men to mislead another set of men. It makes it to the interest of the man or set first mentioned to make our political and industrial system still more complicated, so that they may still further and more easily mislead the people.

(c) This same haphazard competitive system of production and distribution causes the mere making of a living to occupy so much of a man's time that he has none left in which to acquire an understanding of the systems mentioned. Here again the self-interest of the first mentioned class steps in and tries to lengthen the hours of labor and thus perpetuate ignorance. There is a vicious circle. The indifference of many, and the aloofness of others, are due largely to the above.

Remedy: (a) The initiative, referendum and recall to bring the people at large closer to their law making. (b) Education to enable them to use the initiative, referendum and recall to better and always better advantage. (c) The simplification of our political and industrial systems, by means of the adoption of pure Socialism.

A. JAMES McDONALD, Clayton, N. M. Attorney at Law.

White Phosphorus in Matches.
The United States is the only country in the world where the use of white phosphorus is permitted in the manufacture of matches. The fumes of this chemical produce a number of diseases, which often prove fatal. The most common of these, necrosis of the jaw, frequently necessitates the removal of one or both jaw bones. A recent report of the bureau of labor states that 65 per cent of the employees of match factories in the United States work under dangerous conditions, and that 95 per cent of the women and 83 per cent of the children under sixteen, so employed, were in special danger. In many factories no signs were posted to notify the employees of the character of the work. As a result of the work of the international association of labor legislation, a convention was called in 1906 by the leading nations of Europe to consider the matter. This resulted in a treaty signed by the leading continental nations which prohibited the importation of white phosphorus matches. England joined the alliance this year. The United States is the only civilized country which has not attempted to regulate the industry and where the comparatively harmless sesquiphosphide is not employed. The progress of labor legislation in any country can be accurately measured by the growth of Socialist sentiment. Asheville, N. C. N. D. LIPPINCOTT.

Quoting Omar.
Mr. Wickersham, Taff's attorney general, promises to do terrible things to the trusts, just as Roosevelt's attorney general—a wicked sham—threatened them with instant death. The people are beginning to see that they are all shams, and that both the old rats are putrid. Omar wrote: They say the lion and the lizard keep their drink deep; And Marston that great hunter—the wild ass, Stamps o'er his head but troubles not his sleep. But now: They say that Taff and Wickersham will The courts where Roosevelt floundered and sank deep; For Roosevelt—that great hunter—the wild ass, Stamped on the trusts, but put them not to sleep. Washington, D. C. —Bastille.

Suicide—Cause—Effect—Cure.
The terrible increase in the number of suicides makes it worth while to carefully study their cause and cure. Suicides are found among the young old—among all races and religions. Nearly always the awful grind of poverty is the cause. When one wearies of the unequal struggle the cheapest or most convenient way is the method chosen. If painless ways were cheap, certain and convenient they would without a question be the ones chosen. I know of only one cure—Socialism. When the Co-Operative Commonwealth encircles the earth people will want to live instead of die. B. VIGILANT.

A Poser for Your Congressman.
(The following letter appeared in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It is not an unusual case, and is printed because it is not, and because the writer asks some questions that a defender of the present system will find hard to answer. Suppose you cut out this article and send it to your congressman, asking him to give his solution to the question and to tell you what he did to put an end to conditions such as the writer pictures.) I am a wage earner thirty-eight years old and have a wife and three children all girls from nine to fourteen years old. My salary is \$15 a week. After I pay my rent, fuel, light, meat and grocery bills, there is not enough money left to buy plain, decent clothing to go around. We do not spend any money for pleasure; never go to any places of amusement and have got to a point where even a car ride is never taken absolutely necessary. In Milwaukee my oldest daughter is at an age when she could be immensely benefited by continuing in school. Yet in order to make a living there seems no other way but that she must go to work. Although I am a skilled laborer, wages in my trade remain the same, while all articles of living have continued to advance for the past five or ten years. Now I am both temperate and in-

dustrious; I am possessed of ordinary intelligence and education and practice economy in every way possible, yet I am unable to make a living for my wife and three children, which is not a large family. I do not mean a luxurious living, but a decent one, consisting of wholesome food and plain clothing. Consequently I am forced to put my half-grown children to work to put my half-grown children to work, although I know they can earn but a few dollars—about \$3.50 or \$4.50 a week in some factory.

I am told there are plenty of jobs of that kind open, and the factories are always advertising for young girls. But the question is this: What consolation on earth is there for a man to raise a family when he knows their future is to be one of these sweat shops at a pittance of wages below actual existence? What satisfaction is all of Mr. Roosevelt's or Mr. Anybody Else's talk against race suicide with such prospects ahead?

How do you suppose Mr. Taff's and Mr. Sherman's higher tariff arguments will sound to me the day I take my daughter out of school and start her to work in a factory? Yet I am not nearly as bad off as thousands of others; I have a little more than half a loaf.

I am neither begging nor looking for sympathy, but there is something radically wrong. What is it? Is there such a scarcity in the land that there is not sufficient for everyone? If that is the case what is Mr. Roosevelt's idea of increasing the population? If there is an abundance and the tariff is to blame for the prohibitive cost of living, it looks to me as though the advocates of a still higher tariff are committing a sacrilege against the bounty of Almighty God and the rights of the common people by trying to make it still more prohibitive.

I ask the Post-Dispatch. I ask anybody. What is it? E. PLURIBUS UNUM.

Socialist Fables

The Cultured Catfish.
A Catfish, having spent much of its early life in a school, prided itself on its culture. It dived deeper than most of the fish, and put on airs because it was in the swim. "I am not one of the light fellows, skimming on the surface of things," he said to some friends in extolling his merits. It is the practice of some to seek to advance themselves on all occasions, showing their superiority in every possible way. The Catfish got down to the death of things. Sunny Sides said he got so low as to delight in mud and filth. But Mr. Catfish put on great airs. He used to puff himself and blow air bubbles that broke on the top and called the fisherman his way. "I am of some importance. I am practical," he said. "I keep down to earth."

"Yes, and you would like to keep everyone else down there for the plain reason that they would afford easier picking were they as low down as you."

"I am of some importance. I am the biggest fish in the puddle," said Mr. Catfish. "That," replied Sunny Sides, "is because you have devoured so many of the smaller fry."

"I am great," responded Mr. Catfish, "because I keep my eyes open for opportunities."

With that he snapped at a worm that wiggled near, and was securely hooked. "The greatest get caught," remarked Sunny Sides.

Little Stories from History

English Labor in Sixteenth Century.
The clothing of the common people was of the poorest description, consisting of rough homespun hose, with a leather doublet, a long russet robe with a hood for winter, a round, soft hat for summer, and a pair of half-tanned shoes, though it was only the better class who could afford even these. If he desired to improve his fortunes afield he had first to obtain the consent of the lord on whose estate he was born, otherwise he was regarded as a landless man, and would be hung or have his ears cropped. Then the King's highway was but a bridge path from town to town, and goods were transported on pack horses, while the forest swarmed with robbers.

It was in vain that headstrong kings and foolish parliaments sought to fix wages by law or to tie men down to the land. Neither gibbets, whipping posts, nor branding could prevent the sturdy British laborer endeavoring to improve his position by running away from a tyrannical master.

By Leaps and Bounds.
From Advocate, Altona, Can. The Socialist propaganda in the United States is growing by leaps and bounds. The leading organ of the cult, The Appeal to Reason, published in Girard, Kan., has now reached a circulation of nearly 450,000 prepaid subscribers, probably the largest subscription list of any paper in the country. Eugene V. Debs, the great Socialist orator, has just concluded a lecture tour, embracing cities of the United States, including New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other great centers of population. At every lecture the largest audiences were filled with people who paid to hear the principles of Socialism expounded by its ablest exponent. In Milwaukee a city of 400,000, the Socialists have captured the entire municipal government, electing the mayor, Emil Seidel and many of the aldermen. Besides The Appeal there are other periodicals devoted to Socialism, dailies, weeklies and monthlies, printed in English and most of the foreign languages.

And Why Not?
From Altoona (Pa.) Tribune. You didn't know that Colonel Roosevelt and Pope Pius X really met in Rome, after all, did you? Well, the socialistic Appeal to Reason says they did, and it wouldn't lie, would it?

The Arsenal of Facts is sent free for a club of 12 subs sent in at one time. Now I am both temperate and in-

Asking About Socialism

Doing Without Capital.
How will you be able to raise the money to buy or erect a manufacturing plant unless Socialism takes more of the more capital to do that now as well as to purchase raw material.

Capital, as understood today, will be at an end under Socialism. The power to work will be the only capital there is, and that capital is abundant—more than is utilized today. If it is desired to erect a manufacturing plant under Socialism, the workers will be set to work doing that and money will be issued against their work. This will at once employ people and pay for the plant erected, which would belong to the workers. If it is desired to buy a plant already in existence this can be done by issuing government notes for the amount of the purchase. As there would be no interest taken under Socialism these notes would be no burden on the people. As there would be no profit-taking under Socialism it would be impossible for the people who are paid for the manufactures to invest the money in other enterprises. All they could do with it would be to use it for things they would wish to use. For this reason it would suit them as well to have it in installments as in the bulk. As they spent it year by year the wealth would be getting back into the hands of the people to be paid out again, so that there would be no burden resting upon the people in purchasing the machinery of production and distribution. At the same time the people, being unable to use their money for speculative purposes, would gradually come to the point where they would have to work for a living along with the rest of the people. It is not ownership within itself that oppresses, but the power to exploit through ownership. With the profit gone things will soon adjust themselves, and there will be neither poverty or great hoarding.

Investments Under Socialism.
If Socialism were in power would private ownership be allowed? And so how would you figure out the following? A man invests one hundred thousand dollars in a business and employs fifty men; now if they were to start all they produce where would he come in in his investment?—Rhode Island. You have arrived at the crux of the whole matter. A man might be permitted to go into business, yet, if he could get no profit out of it, it is clear he would not do it. He would get nothing for his investment. Therefore, there would be no investment. Public service would be managed by the public instead of by individuals and the exploitations of labor would cease. Answer this: A man invests one hundred thousand dollars, now, in business, and does not pay the workers all they produce, does he not take something from the workers that belongs rightfully to them? Again, if he sells at a profit, which is something over and above the real value of the thing, does he not dispossess somebody?

Various Ways of Holding Land.
What is the difference between the Indian holding land without working it and the capitalist keeping land that is not worked? Under the Indian holding of land there was no such thing as private title. The land, while not cultivated, was used to a certain extent by all the people; that is, they hunted on it and ate the nuts and fruits that came from it. The capitalist, on the other hand, through private ownership, is able to keep the people entirely off the land, while at the same time holding it out of cultivation and forbidding hunting on it. He is holding it for speculation. There was no speculation with the Indian holding of land. Of course with our present population, the Indian's plan would be impractical, but there is this about it, the forms of holding things are not necessarily permanent, and are good only as they can serve the general good.

Spare Men.
Under Socialism it is claimed that one must produce to be eligible to receive. Now in a number of lines of work it is necessary to keep on hands men capable of stepping in at once or performing the labor of one who may be taken ill or needs to be away for a time. These spare men are prepared to work but are not needed where are they going to fit—Massachusetts. Under the capitalist system it is necessary to have an army of unemployed at all times. If there were not unemployed and substitutes ready wages would naturally advance to the point where profits would disappear. Under Socialism the army of the unemployed would be unnecessary. If people were unavoidably disabled their pay would go on. If they chose to lay off, the adjustment would be easily made.

Pensions.
Under Socialism would an old soldier's pension be discontinued?—Wyming. No. After Socialism is in operation the soldiers of peace will practically put an end to warfare. Then all who have reached a certain age or become disabled will be pensioned, whether old soldiers or not.

Confound Those Socialists!
Editorial from Los Angeles Record, July 13, 1910. The Socialist administration of Milwaukee is considering a plan whereby all tenement houses and places of bad reputation will be labeled with the name of the owner of the property. They believe that such a method of bringing to the public knowledge the names of owners of property would deter its use for immoral purposes and that it would influence owners of tenement buildings to keep them in better condition. Maybe the Milwaukee recorder of deeds will not be kept on the jump transferring titles the day after the first property owner's name is tacked over the door of a brothel!

Coward or Slave.
He who fears to venture as far as his heart urges and his reason permits, is a coward; and he who ventures further than he intended to go, is a slave.—Heinrich Heine. The Appeal Army calendar starts people to thinking about Socialism. Get it. It comes free for a club of five subs sent in at one time.

Rockefeller and the Appeal

WITH all that has been said about the Appeal case, there is one important point that has never been touched. This is the time when that point becomes of special importance. While the prosecution of the Appeal was ordered from Washington, and according to the Kansas City Journal, by Roosevelt, it has been continued under the Taft administration and involves a power greater than any president possesses, a power that does not cease when one president is succeeded by another.

The class was in Colorado, out of which the Appeal case grew, began as an effort of Amalgamated Copper, a Rockefeller corporation, to get control of the mining situation. At first the fight was three-cornered, the Guggenheims, Amalgamated and Heinze, an independent, being involved. Afterward, the first two pooled their interests, and then the fight began on Heinze to dominate the mining industry of the west. The fight on the union was incidental to this struggle, the result of the Rockefeller determination to be supreme. It is unnecessary to trace here how the Appeal case grew out of the fight on the Western Federation of Miners, as that has been reviewed repeatedly and is familiar to Appeal readers.

Now, the significance of the fact of Rockefeller's connection with the Appeal case that Rockefeller never gives up. Twelve years ago he has been harassing and prosecuting Heinze, and is after him yet. He has not lost sight of his purpose to control the mines of the west absolutely, and he will never forget those who have opposed his purposes. This is characteristic of the man, his most striking characteristic. Attention has been called to the fact that federal judges and attorneys have agreed as to the trivial nature of the Appeal prosecution; yet the prosecution continues. It is allowed to drag, through three years. But Heinze has been involved in litigation twelve years! If you will consider the nature of the prosecution of the Appeal case, you cannot fail to note the Rockefeller characteristic; and that characteristic is not hopeful for the Appeal.

The Rockefeller interests are notorious for having corrupted the courts. It was made plain in the Colorado cases. It appears in Grosscup setting aside the \$300,000 fine of the Standard Oil company for rebating, as revealed by the Appeal. It is apparent in the Phillips case concerning the Santa Fe, a Rockefeller railroad. The Appeal case was presented by Roosevelt and Taft—yes; but behind them, and greater than they, is the influence of Rockefeller, mighty enough to induce two governors to conspire to set aside law and kidnap his opponents, mighty enough to induce the supreme court of the United States to say that this action was legal.

The very fact that the Rockefeller interests are behind the federal courts that supported them, behind the prosecution of the Appeal, which robbed them of their prey, makes it imperative that the agitation against the usurpations of the courts shall continue. If congress had investigated the Grosscup case, if there was evidence that the abuses complained of were to be ended, then the need of agitation might be over. But the persistence of the Rockefeller nature makes it needless that we be persistent. Not only is the Appeal case still an issue, but the issues of the Colorado war are not settled! There have lately been incidents that have led the Western Federation of Miners to suspect as much. They have felt it desirable to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor instead of longer going alone. Since that war began, the Rockefeller interests have secured control of the smelter trust, and in combination with that, of Alaska; they have hounded Morse, Heinze's partner, to prison as a scapegoat; they have beaten the unions in many battles; they have had their courts set aside the \$200,000 fine and the two-cent railroad fare; they have invaded Mexico; and now they have been labor which will enable them, they think, to win the long deferred victory over the union by using it in mining copper in Mexico.

With an understanding of the influence that is behind the men who are behind the prosecution of the Appeal—of the influence that was behind the contest that led up to the Appeal case—one need not expect a cessation of hostilities until the co-operative commonwealth sounds the death knell of plutocracy. The Appeal will be prosecuted to the last ditch. If the prosecution fails here, it will be undertaken in some other line. It is the Rockefeller way.

It is fortunate for the workers that the Appeal has the same pertinacity that characterizes Rockefeller. Were it not so, defeat would be certain. Because it is so, there will be no defeat so long as the loyalty of the working class of America lasts—and that will be till victory is won.

The miserable might be happy in the joy of others if the others did not find their pleasure in making them miserable.

The ballou box is the only vehicle that can bear the worker to freedom; but it can bear him to slavery as well.

In the first place, said the pirate apologist, interrupting the speaker, there is no white slave traffic. Therefore the item of profit does not enter into your wild-eyed argument. And in addition, the entire mass of the law is stamped out of the social evil.

Mexican Refugees Free

By Telegraph and Appeal to Reason. Los Angeles, Cal., July 30, 1910.—Wednesday, August 3d, about the time the five hundred thousand subscribers of the Appeal to Reason receive this paper, Magon, Villarreal and Rivera, Mexican patriots, will walk out of the territorial penitentiary at Florence, Ariz., free men. How long will they be free?

All these men are sick from the indignities of the humiliation, the health destroying, heart-breaking conditions of prison life. Magon has contracted bronchitis and Rivera is thought to be in the first stage of consumption. These men need their liberty as they need their lives. There is no equitable reason why they should not have their liberty; yet there is little doubt that within a day, a week or a month at most they will be re-arrested to go through once more a series of confinements and prosecutions.

Magon, Villarreal and Rivera have been in the country six and one-half years. Half of that time they have spent in prison. The other half they have spent trying to keep out of prison. They are not criminals. They are unselfish patriots, highminded advocates of democracy, enemies only of autocracy, chicanery and special privilege.

They are champions of the cause of the working class of their country. It is for this reason and none other that they have been in prison. Did justice prevail these men would not stay in a jail a single hour. Who Magon, Villarreal and Rivera are is pretty well known to the readers of the Appeal. They are members of the Mexican Liberal party, the most progressive political movement that has ever been known in Mexico. Magon is president. Villarreal secretary, and Rivera first speaker of this party. Had the Liberal party been permitted to go its peaceful way it would long ago have swept Mexico, unseated the bloody dictator, Diaz, destroyed chattel slavery, and peonage, and given the land back to the people. Through it would have come education, organization of the workers, and preparation of Mexico for that last great world-struggle for the annihilation of special privilege. I firmly believe that, had not the Mexican Liberal party been fought down with blood and iron, it would ere now have established a progressive government, beside which ours in comparison would be an object of derision. But by means of the military, the prisons, the Mexican Siberia, and the slave camps, the Liberal party was torn to fragments. Thousands of its members saved their lives only by fleeing to foreign countries.

Among these were Magon, Villarreal and Rivera. In Mexico the agitation of these men was peaceful; they fought only with their mouths and with their pens. Only when armed force destroyed their peaceful movement did they turn to armed force in their behalf. Who but a despicable, cringing coward can blame these men for becoming revolutionaries?

The story of the hounding of the Mexican patriots in their country will be told in detail in an early issue of the Appeal. In all the murky history of Mexican politics there is no more disgraceful story than this. Charges, which every official knew were ungrounded, were used again and again to keep these men and their associates in prison. Finally they went to the penitentiary for acts which are openly being committed in different parts of the United States at this very moment.

If Magon was sent to the penitentiary, then every official and soldier who has embarked on or is preparing to embark on Nicaragua to take part in the revolution there should be sent to the penitentiary. Then every soldier of fortune who ever took ship from our shores, every Jew who ever contributed to the defense of his countrymen in Russia every Hibernian who contributed from our soil the freedom of Ireland every political refugee who ever found safety on our soil and here prepared to return home to fight for the liberty of his people, should be gathered up and carted off to prison houses. It was for such men as Magon and their case that "Barbarous Mexico" was written. To show what frightful conditions they are fighting to abolish I gathered the facts of Mexican slavery and political oppression. The story of the persecution of these men on our soil is the last chapter, the climax, of "Barbarous Mexico." The end was to arouse the people to demand that the refugees be left alone to carry on their battle for the regeneration of Mexico.

The patriots cannot return to Mexico; but if they were free to carry on their agitation here, I predict that in three months they could organize a number of such power that the very threat of it alone would be sufficient to cause the despot to leave his place and sulk from the country like the murderer that he is.

Magon, Villarreal and Rivera are not the only Mexicans who are persecuted in this country; in our border states are thousands of political refugees who are prevented from joining the forces of Magon only by the reign of terror that agents of Diaz, working in combination with our government, has established for Mexicans in our border states. In every state, territory, and city American officials are working in conjunction with these Mexican agents to intimidate and thwart the friends of this movement in the federal court in Los Angeles. Warrants for the arrest of more than twenty supposed Liberals are ready, and city detectives in the employ of Diaz have spread the report that these warrants are to be served the day that Magon gets out of jail; and among the names are three women, Mercedes Gutierrez, DeLara, Mamie Shea and Marie Halavera. This is but one example. The Liberal leaders will come out of prison on Wednesday. Will they be taken back again? I cannot imagine of Diaz resting a single night with Magon a free man, even though it be in a foreign country. Wickersham is in Alaska, and the proceedings may be delayed, but

Debs and Warren Meetings

Eugene V. Debs and Fred D. Warren will begin their fall lecturing on September 1st, under the auspices of the Appeal, and with only a brief breathing spell the latter part of September, will keep hammering away until the election. The September meetings are practically all contracted for and will extend into Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and the New England states. Maine, with a September election, will be the field of Debs' most strenuous activity and every effort will be made to make as good a showing as possible in that state old hot-bed of Puritanical conservatism. A substantial increase in the vote of this early election state will have a stimulating effect throughout the nation for the November elections.

Chicago is planning a gigantic Debs-Warren meeting for October 5th, at which both of these noted working class champions will participate. Debs, with his wonderful eloquence and thorough knowledge of the labor movement, and Warren, with his splendid and unsurpassed logic and conclusive arguments on the rights of free press, speech and assemblage, will give the windy city a shaking up that will be felt from center to circumference. It is planned to make this the biggest meeting of this kind ever pulled off on American soil.

From Chicago, Comrade Warren will go east for the remainder of the campaign, while Debs will pursue a western course. On October 8th, Debs will speak in Milwaukee, thence through Minnesota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon for from two to four dates each and wind up the last two weeks before election in a whirlwind campaign through California. Locals in the states named above desiring a Debs-Appeal meeting should make application at once to their state secretary. There are still a few dates open and if you act promptly you may be able to secure one.

There isn't a city in the United States with a population of ten or more thousand, with a good working local, that cannot make of one of these meetings a huge success. Listen! Eugene V. Debs is the greatest living Socialist orator. The Appeal to Reason is the most powerful Socialist paper in the world. You get them both for less than the price of one.

Guarantee a thousand subscribers to the Appeal and gets a Debs lecture free. Any local can accomplish more for Socialism in three or four weeks working up one of these meetings, than in a whole year of ordinary propaganda effort.

We have now held over one hundred of these meetings and not a single local has ever in the slightest degree complained or expressed regret after everything was over and settlement made, but have universally congratulated themselves on taking advantage of the opportunity to secure Debs and add a thousand or more new readers to the Appeal in their locality on terms so entirely satisfactory.

Kansas City, Mo., cleared over \$400 on their meeting for the local; Minneapolis, Minn., Akron, Dayton, Cleveland and Cincinnati, in Ohio, Pittsburg and Reading, Pa., Detroit, Mich., and several others approximately \$200, while more than half of all the meetings held had a surplus of from \$25 to \$150 after the smoke had cleared away and settlement for all expense had been made. In many of the cities where the largest and most successful meetings were held the locals paid as high as \$300 for hall.

Locals in line with the itinerary now being arranged that secure one of these meetings will be enabled to strike the most effective blow for Socialism it has ever been able to deliver. We recommend that you write to your state secretary or direct to the Appeal office for definite terms.

Success of one of these meetings will be assured if each member of the local will, as Isaac Walton once said: "Get busy. Either pull, bail or cut bait."

(Note: Comrade Warren announced in the columns of the Appeal that he would not be able to fill any speaking dates this fall. The announcement was made, however, at a time when he supposed he would be called upon to serve his sentence. The refusal of the court of appeals to pass said sentence before it adjourned gives him freedom until after the election. Cities in the east desiring an Appeal-Warren meeting during the month of October should write either to their state secretary or direct to the Appeal.)

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

Here is the way a capitalist paper writes it. Shows that the Appeal is right. The local press can be used by Socialists in the propaganda to very great advantage if we go about it right. Read what the Evening Journal of Wilmington, Del., says about it:

One of the important papers which circulates socialist truth and fiction is the Appeal to Reason published in Kansas. Almost half a million of Appeals are printed weekly and Delaware is the only state in which the circulation of the Appeal, according to latest reports, has not increased. And the reason is doing the duty. The Appeal, however, contains suggestions which show how adroit the Socialists are in advancing their propaganda. The Appeal advises Socialists who "break into the newspapers with communications" not to overdo it. They must not with their communications make themselves nuisances to the editors. Do not write too often and too long, says the Appeal. Do not talk against the papers. In other words, use common sense and you will accomplish great things for the cause, is the Appeal's advice. Souder counsel was never given. Most newspapers will publish a reasonable amount of matter about Socialism or any other public question if it is prepared as the Appeal suggests and the writers do not become personally abusive, although it is rarely that the Socialist writers attack individuals. The plan of campaign as outlined by the Appeal is in striking contrast with that pursued by the Single Taxers when they were in the news. The Single Taxers sometimes deluged the newspapers with letters. If they had all been published these would have been little room for anything else. And how long some of those letters were!

CUMMINS VS. ALDRICH.

Senator Cummins of Iowa has made a series of specific charges against Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, which, if true, should land that gentleman in penitentiary for life. Common theft, burglary, highway robbery, are all child's play compared to the colossal piracy perpetrated upon the American people by the Rhode Island senator.

So startling and so specific are these charges that even the capitalist press is alarmed and such papers as the New York World are publishing screaming editorials demanding a congressional investigation. Cummins and Aldrich are both eminent statesmen and both are shining lights in the republican party.

Senator Cummins charges, in short, and quotes from the record to substantiate him, that Senator Aldrich, as chairman of the committee on finance in the upper body, had the tariff on manufactured rubber increased to a prohibitive rate, that he then, with Guggenheim, Morgan and others, organized the rubber trust, making his own son vice president and general manager, and then held up the American people to the tune of millions of dollars by compelling the payment of extortionate prices for rubber goods. Senator Aldrich has this, according to his distinguished republican colleague, debauched his high office and become a brazen highwayman in the guise of a U. S. senator, holding up the whole American people, going through their pockets and transferring their money to his own private coffers.

The New York World says, in demanding an investigation, that the fight must be turned on and the crime exposed.

The Appeal says that this is capitalism in full flower and that the only remedy is to wipe out capitalism root and branch and place the people themselves in power.

SIDE STEPPING.

The mental gymnastics of the average capitalist editor is amusing. A writer in the New York Evening Post after detailing the advantages of the commission form of government remarks that the "recall has been made part of the system," but that "this is not an essential feature of the plan but it is regarded by many of its advocates as in the highest degree important." Now here is where he turns a flip-flop: "On this head," continues the Evening Post writer, "it should be remembered that the question of the advisability of the recall in the case of municipal officers under the commission plan is of a wholly different character from the same question as applied to members of a legislature or to other political officers. But he fails to explain this difference. As a matter of fact there is no difference. The municipal officer is no less important than a legislative or judicial official. In Des Moines, Iowa, the home of the commission form of government, when the commissioners showed a hesitancy in carrying out the wishes of the voters the threat of the recall lined them up quickly. With this same club over the legislature and congress, there would be quite different results than we now see.

The New York Post writer ends his article with this observation: "The idea of recall as a universal medicine is repugnant to the spirit of representative government but it does not follow that it is undesirable as a preliminary instrument for other classes of officers." It would be highly interesting to have this gentleman name the particular class of officials who should be exempt from the recall, and why.

"THE ENEMY WAS SUNK."

A few days ago a gun in a shore battery at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, exploded, killing instantly eleven men and wounding a number of others. This occurred while the battery was engaged in firing upon an imaginary hostile fleet. We quote from the press dispatch as follows:

Fortress Monroe, Va., July 22.—Although death has silenced one gun and eleven men killed or fatally injured by the terrible explosion of the battery yesterday during the target firing upon the imaginary hostile fleet, which was passing up Hampton Roads, the attack on Washington, the battle continued until the enemy was sunk. The practice, which was the most extensive ever attempted, was completed with flattering success to the coast artillery corps.

These deaths are due to the idiotic and criminal practice of mimic warfare, in preparation for the real thing, when the capitalists need a killing to further their interests.

In this instance the imaginary enemy was vanquished and the imaginary fleet was sunk, but the burial of eleven young men, cut down in their prime, was not imaginary. That was real. Daily the army and the navy, the murder tools of the capitalists, keep in practice at the murder game to be prepared for it when the capitalists give the order. Millions of dollars are blown into the air and otherwise wantonly wasted in this insane and brutal pastime. But it has to be, for of such is capitalism. There is something of the irony of fate in the kicking back and explosion of this shore gun, and something perhaps prophetic of what the working class will do one of these days when it gets tired of being used to commit wholesale murder when it suits the whims of the capitalists. This paper is 20 cents per year, single subscriptions in clubs of four or more rate is 25 cents for forty weeks.

GOING SOME

The members of the "Let-Us-Along Club" are kicking up their heels in the shade of the wide spreading oaks on the banks of their private lake in Bates county, Mo. The membership of the "Let-Us-Along Club" is confined to federal judges and railroad attorneys. It is a very exclusive organization, the principal object of which is to kill time and do "other things" which only the rich and their royal servants can afford to do.

"The Up-and-at-'Em Club" is NOT taking a rest, as the circulation report which follows will disclose. It will be noted that as usual nearly every state in the union shows a credible gain—a gain by the way which is causing much concern in the ranks of plutocracy. There is a division among the big politicians as to the best way to head off the Socialist movement and keep down the circulation of the Appeal. One faction believes that by stealing some of the immediate demands embodied in the Socialist platform and making a great display of virtue that it will prevent the growth of Socialism. Another faction is in favor of using the mailed fist, and suppressing by force our newspapers and our agitation. The Socialist movement is immune from attacks on both these lines. They have been tried before in other countries but Socialism grew just in the same proportion that capitalism developed. As capitalism shows no signs of going out of business just at the present time in the United States you may take it from the Appeal that Socialism will continue to grow. Every loyal Socialist is urged to line up for the final round. Join the "Up-and-at-'Em Club"—the membership fee of which is four or more subscribers to the Appeal.

Table with columns: State, Off, On, Total. Lists subscription statistics for various states like Penn., Kansas, Ohio, Texas, etc.

Table with columns: State, Off, On, Total. Lists subscription statistics for states like Miss., N.Y., Ill., Ind., Minn., Wash., Ark., Iowa, etc.

Table with columns: State, Off, On, Total. Lists subscription statistics for states like Oregon, Wis., N.J., Va., Neb., Colo., Miss., Ky., N. Dak., La., Mont., N.C., S. Dak., Fla., Conn., N. Mex., etc.

SOCIALIST CANDIDATES.

Charles Edward Russell has been nominated by the Socialists of New York as their candidate for governor. This nomination, entirely unsought, is an example of the high character of Socialists placed in nomination for responsible positions, and in striking contrast with the character of the candidates generally placed in nomination by capitalist parties. Not that Socialists attach undue importance to individuals, but only that they are consistent in nominating men who incarnate the principles and ethics of the new politics.

Charles Edward Russell is the most brilliant magazine writer in the United States, and his name is known all over the reading world. He is more than this. He is a close student of industrial and social problems and has an exceptional intellectual capacity for dealing with these problems in a way to make the common people understand them.

He did not wish this nomination for he is a very busy man, but the Socialists, recognizing his ability and character, drafted him, and like the true soldier he is, he accepted the service and will stand as the Socialist candidate in the coming election.

Not long ago the opponents of Socialism were malcontents, failures and nobodies, but now that such men as Russell and scores of others of recognized ability and spotless reputations have avowed themselves Socialists, these opponents will have to change their tune and it will not be long before they will realize that Socialists, although not rich in dollars, are the real sombodies in the world of action today, and that they themselves are the nobodies and amount to so little and are so blind and stupid that what they regarded as a freak aggregation is in fact the greatest movement in all the history of mankind.

Roosevelt's Denial.

A reader of the Appeal wrote Theodore Roosevelt concerning the Appeal's claim that he visited the pope at Rome in spite of all that was said to the contrary, and received the following reply:

There is no such thing as the statement that you mention, Mr. Roosevelt. I never saw the pope. Faithfully yours, Frank Harper, Secretary.

The Appeal could not expect anything but a denial from Mr. Roosevelt. If he should spread the rumor for a purpose he would stay by his word. The Appeal, however, has reliable information that he did visit the pope. We regret that we cannot at this time make the source of our information known, on account of involving one high in public affairs, with possible diplomatic complications, to follow. For this reason the matter must just now stand, the Appeal's word against Roosevelt's. Later on the evidence will be forthcoming. Roosevelt is in a measure irresponsible because of hereditary mental affliction; still, exploiting a man so afflicted is dangerous business.

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THE ARSENAL AND THE PREACHER.

"Dear Appeal—One of the ministers here borrowed my Arsenal of Facts. When I asked him to return it he told me flatly that I could not have it. It was indecisive in more than I did for it was indecisive in making up his sermon. Told me to get another. So there I now make that did it for me. Well, his preaching Socialism every Sunday from the pulpit made me feel a little better about him. I asked one of the church directors when they were going to bounce him. He replied: 'We've raised his salary.' I can't live without the Arsenal of Facts. Now make that did it for me. The preacher is doing a good work of good. If you mention this in the Appeal don't locate it here or mention my name."

Holding Up 760.

Dear Appeal—The postmaster at International Falls did not give me the advance copy of the Appeal for the month of July 9th. This was the one you had to put a stamp on to get the postage department to handle it. I don't know about other points but when you get your copy here, it was suppressed even after you paid postage. Respectfully, W. A. Williams.

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