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-PART of the people.

Entered at Girard, Kan . postoffice as second class mail matter.



The World's Record on gen busted by the Appeal have digested the they act like this: the Trust Editionsmashed, tore to pieces and pounded into the It has, at this moment of writing, over

THE APPEAL ARMY, IN SOME TEN EKS. NOT ONLY BROKE THE REC-WEEKS, NOT ONLY BROKE THE REC-ORD OF ALL THEIR PREVIOUS EF-FORTS, but EXCEEDED IT BY 541-575 COPIES, and have made a new high record in the history of World En-deavor that will remain unbroken by aught save that made by Socialism itself.

I call your attention to the fact that Socialists are able, in a few brief, pass-ng days, to outdo anything that the caping days, to outdo anything that the capitalists have ever done, are doing now, or have any reasonable possibility of doing in the near future. Your effort stands alone, the topmost peak in the publishing field, a towering pyramid, plainly visible to the naked eye—a World's Record without a parallel, and without any prospect that others may do more than battle impotently in a futile endeavor to scale its rugged heights.

You may add to this huge tower as

You may add to this huge tower as you will until the hour of publication. It is true that the farm contest is now closed, but the record is made up mostly of small orders, and you may increase them if you wish. Anyone who has not ordered may do so.

# THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, G. P. McCorkle, Cashier.

ly do it, taking chances on results.

I am approaching the "WEST" in more light. I keep you will place minusleation with the source of light

Now that is the condition of mind of The World's Hecord on thousands upon thousands of business mem throughout the nation. AFTER they digested the tenets of Socialism

Rudolf Pfeiffer, Law-Loans, 425 Market Stree

There are 96 pages in each of these books, and Comrade Pfeiffer therefore places 960,000 pages of Socialist literature before the reading public in one order. Let us have your contribution of ten dollars to the good end that we may add more soldiers of the Co-operative Commonwealth te the ranks.

UNKNOWN to the wife, C. E. Con fect torrest. All that the publishing verse, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sold by hundreds of thousands of men, served which amount was put in bank beby the ablest, keenest, most energetic fore he got a divorce, which was brains that the world affords, backed by granted on the evidence of her serbeen able to do in the centuries of printing is 1,000,000 copies of a paid edition. It took ALL of them, working with that end in view, all the time up to the present to perform that feat.

Selling wives among the right. Pro-Selling wives among the rich! But tracts are gone. most of them don't have to be sold -they just trade temporarily, if reports printed can be relied on.

THE New York Life Insurance company put a lobbyist named Ham- you can use 250, or 500, or 1,000 tive session and gave him \$235,000, you can. Each and every order, no ilton at Albany during the legislafor which he was to give no account, except to the president! That's nificent total. The bulk of the orwhat's done with the money you pay for insurance to protect your family! Used to corrupt public officials! Say, isn't it about time that you voted the Socialist ticket, which every one join in and crowd this help the g. o. p.! The corporations are being created as rapidly as they would make insurance a public func- great edition above even its present tion, in which none of the money tremendous figures, and we will andollar went and what for? Or is it to do, cannot do now, and has really a pleasure to you to have no prospect of being able to do in your money used for corruption?

I would again call your attention to the need of some four thousand dollars' additional money required to send the frust Edition to business men. The bulk of what is now ordered is to be mailed to those who ordered the papers for distribution, but we need four thousand dollars man that the nation cannot have lars more to finish the job of mailing copies of the Trust Edition to business men. This will run the edition up to over 2,000,000. The pluies have spent years, and fortunes untold, trying to get above the million mark, and you have passed it and gone them a half million copies better in ten weeks. This is fierce work. Get in your orders for any amount you can use. 250 copies \$1.00; 500 copies \$2.00; 1,000 copies \$4.00.

To being lackeys and alms-takers of being lackeys and alm "tendered by the railroads as a trying to get above the million independent sovereign voters of the listen to their real friends, and so courtesy!" Sure. Whom the king mark, and you have passed it and nation! You know what is good would corporations and trusts dis-

a man is elected to some position of power the railroads at once send there rest, nor men crushed for simply doing their duty. But the perfect to be robbed rather than of the public at heart would spurn these bribes—but the corporations see that the men who are nominated are the kind of men who are nominated are the kind of men who are nominated and proving anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated and the men who are nominated and the men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations and the men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated and proving anything to prevent the corporations and the men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated and proving anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are nominated anything to prevent the corporations are the kind of men who are not serving the members of the work is sound. Any of August, when the great Mitchell mental out entire plan for down the work is

## A Ten-Acre Farm

Will be given each week to the worker

tract can be built up to a nice, small producing farm by intensive production methods. One tract will contain a house and orchard, another a house, another a spring of water. All of them are equal, in productive capacity to any of the tenacre tracts that larger farmers are selling off big farms and acquiring. It has been found that these small tracts of ten acres, well handled, will pay more money than a farm of 160 acres, illy man-aged, will pay:

We do not state that there is any fortune in these farms for the winner. There is a good, comfortable living, freedom from the insecurity in making a living under the wage system, good water, good air and good health. The av-erage number of yearlies to the club has been under five names for a long time. The workers are not accustomed to get go for comparatively few names each

business on this gray old globe, manned her to Paul MacCormac for \$5,000, to poel their property and place a man-business on this gray old globe, manned her to Paul MacCormac for \$5,000, to poel their property and place a man-by hundreds of thousands of men, served which was put in bank be-fore be get a diverge, which was by the ablest, keenest, most categoria.

granted on the evidence of her serto install large orchards near by, and as brains that the world affords, backed by granted on the evidence of her serto install large orchards near by, and as wants in the pay of the huyer. This this corporation is one of the largest of money by the hundreds of millions, has is what the upper crust of society its kind in the world, the soil, climate and transportation facilities must be perfect or it would not take this step.

Edition to be mailed in bundles to vourself until further notice. If bunco. copies, be sure and order as soon as 250 to 1,000 copies-and maybe UNITED STATES JUDGE GROSSCUP, over 2,000,000. The plutes have

who are above acts that cause suspicious?

So long as the people elect corporation lawvers to congress and to judgeships, they ought to expect that the corporation interests will be served faithfully. Just as soon as a man is elected to some position of power the railroads at once send the rest, nor men crushed for sim-

him passes and other favors. A passes are the kind of men who will carry these bribes—but the corporations are the kind of men who will carry these bribes. So don't be surprised at the way things are going. You took for it.

It is recent sermon in Brooklyn, N.Y., Rev. Donlan said: "In the many things are going of the post state of the passes and will hat it men and a complete revolution of the commission of the control of the post states of the passes and will hat it means that the passes of the same course of the passes and the same than the passes and the same course of the passes are the kind of men who are observed the government for these are the kind of men who will carry the passes are the kind of men who are observed the power post throughout the passes are the kind of men who will carry the passes are the kind of men who are observed the power post throughout the committee, and the sign of the passes are the kind of men who are observed the power post throughout the passes are the kind of men who are control to the passes are the kind of men who are control to the passes are the kind of men who are posted to the passes are the kind of men who are control to the passes are the kind of men who are controlled that the men who are posted to the passes and the kind of the passes are the kind of men who are controlled that the men who are posted the passes and with kind the men who are posted to the passes and with kind the committee, and the passes are the kind of men who will be committee, and the passes are the kind of men who will be committee, and the passes are the kind of the passes and the passes and the passes and the same of the thing the passes and the passes and the passes and the passe

J. H. HIXON, formerly owner of a NO JAIL FOR THE RICH CRIMINALS. \$100,000 flouring mill in Minnesota, was forced out of business by the that sends in the largest club of yearly milling trust and financially ruined. guilty to accepting rebates from the riod ending at 6 p. m. on Fridays.

There are sixteen of these tracts, all of them lying in a body, with a school-house on one corner. The land is about three miles from Ravenden Springs, Ark, and is finely adapted to the growing of fruits, vegetables, the production of fowl, eggs, bees, honey, grapes, etc. Each tract can be built up to a nice, small producing farm by intensive production of the production of the producing farm by intensive production of the subscriptions during the week, the pe- He was committed to an insane railroads. They are self-confessed to go crazy then by being forced out of business and robbed of their

means of having plenty.

COMRADE DEBS will be here October 6th to count the orders and de- sentence has any terror for them cide the winner of the 80-acre farm, And, by the way, the railroads are and the result will be announced in also criminals, for the law prohibits the next issue. We are not able to them from giving rebates. Nothing even guess at the name of the win- will be done to them. The courts ner, as no attempt has been made to are a mere farce, except when the keep track of individual records, common herd are concerned. When Comrade Debs will examine each en- Socialist judges are elected every try carefully and he will be the first mother's son of the packers and the person to know the name of the railroad managers will go to prison winner. to stand back and wait for the de- The packers have advanced the price ting in big lists, and these tracts should cision before it can state who the of dressed meat and the dear public

NOTWITHSTANDING that improvements in the processes of manu- and don't seem to have enough facture have decreased the cost of gumption to know it. The McNair Fruit company is preparing production of foot-wear, ten to fifteen cents has been added to the price the retailers have to pay for the cheap shoes worn by the working class. Just how long the work Recollect, one ten-acre tract each week people will vote for this kind of a for the largest list until the sixteen thing remains to be seen. They been doing it for years, and have seem to think that their votes have of farms, being almost wholly in the nothing to do with it! Skin 'cm, rural districts." Some people con-You can order copies of the Trust nothing to do with it! Skin 'em, Messrs. Trusts; they are easy to

THE New York Mutual Life inestigation shows that it contributed fast going into the hands of fewer matter how small, swells the mag-\$144,000 to the republican cam-owners and the days of the small paign fund! The corporations are farmer is as surely doomed as the ders are for small quantities—from not in polities. O, no! Life indays of the small factory or pack-250 to 1,000 copies—and maybe surance victims, of democratic pro- ing plant or railroad. You might clivities, must grin when they read as well prepare to see European conhow their premiums are paid to ditions here first as last, for they decoys, who are acting as labor lead more chance be spent for bribing without swer the ravings of plutocracy ers, advise the workers to keep out against Socialism by doing some-of politics? And the workers bedollar went and what for? Or is it thing that it never has been able lieve! There is nothing like pri- And you keep on voting for the vate enterprise to stimulate men to same old system by casting your balaction! And it is this kind of ac- lots for the same old parties. You the future—issue a paid edition of tion, too. Pay up your premiums seem as blind as the supported over 2,000,000. The plutes have and see the animals eat! Gilly? royalty, who live in poverty. of Chicago, travels in a private car spent years, and fortunes untold, No, you are one of the great, free, alty would disappear from the face "tendered by the railroads as a trying to get above the million independent sovereign voters of the would corporations and trusts dis-THE San Francisco Call notes the car only to the attorneys of these

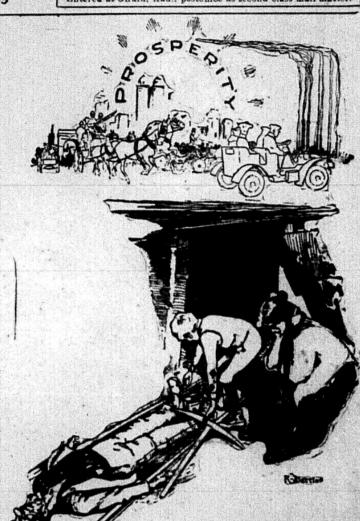
pitiable scenes that occurred when modern canibalistic giants. Wake theatre company advertised for up! hree hundred men to take part in

Four of the packers have pleaded afford to pay that much every day which will not be required. money fine is no punishment for such criminals. Only a prison The Appeal itself will have for their crimes when convicted. winner is and what the record made. will have to pay the fines in the increased price of meat! Great, isn't And this is what you vote for.

### CRUSHING THE SMALL FARMERS.

The census of Iowa just completed shows that state to have lost 30,481 population in the last five vears. The report closes with this statement: "Authorities agree that the loss is due to the enlargement tend that the law of concentration does not apply to the farms, but it does just the same. The lands are seem as blind as the supporters of

make to equal it that they will only nearly make to equal it the it is the make to equal it the it is the make to equal it the make to equal it the make the it is the make to equal it the make the will only nearly make the it is the make to grant the make the make to grant the make to grant the make the make to grant the make the make to grant the make the make



THE RETAIL MERCHANT.

In an interview in New York Sept. 16, James R. Keen, who has thrice lost and regained a fortune in Wall Street, says:

And another bad feature of our rmous industrial corporations is ence as individuals. It is my firm conviction that the day is coming when the individual small merchant will cease to exist. In his place will be millions of persons working for wages and salaries, whereas yesterday and today they were, and are, proprietors. In other words, I believe the time is coming when practically all mercantile and industrial affairs will be conducted by corporations. will be conducted by corporations.

The Appeal has been declaring this for years, as the only and inevitable outcome of the present era of concentration. Not only the small merchant must go, but the owner of small business properties will have no tenants, for the big stores will require big buildings and they will be owned by the corporations who own the stores. And those who are now living off of these rents will find themselves with property bring-ing no income, and, therefore, worthless. If the men of small means will not see this before it hits them, they will see it when they find themselves up against it and helpless. Already the

and then as to when the Trust Edition will be issued. We expect to get it out soon after the balance of the \$5,000 is raised to send the paper to the business men. We have had eight extra clerks at work preparing for this edition for sec demonstrated that the Appeal will have to employ at least one hundred people more than usual in order to handle the enormous volume of work engendered by the great pro-portions of the edition. Recollect that when the balance, \$4,000, is put up, we must get out an edition of over 2,000,000 copies, OR MORE THAN TWICE AS MANY AS HAVE EVER BEEN GOTTEN OUT BY ONE PAPER-an edition of the Ladies' Home Journ of 1,000,000-which was a record breaker at the time. No pr office in the nation would take a contract to print such a vast number of papers in the time that we expect to do it, in addition to carrying on the usual business of the office. It requires a great deal of work in preparation, in mapping out the campaign, for when the paper is once on the press any stoppage or delay means that we must pay wages to 140 people while straig ening matters out. At the pri-charged for the papers the off great corporations are selling all cannot afford any hitches, and in their small properties. They see it coming.

Prosperity for the Capitalist Sorrow and Misery for the Worker.
From the Courade.

We are in receipt of queries not

Nevertheless vast wealth is "saved." The census sta-

With machinery came business organization-co-oper-

Brother Farmer, it means that so-

ciety is trying to adjust itself to the new

mode of production by machinery. And nothing is more certain than that

the struggle between these classes must

continue until these adjustments are made

ized forces stands the farmer, almost

wholly unorganized. What is sure to

happen to the farmer under these cir-

half socialized society, and this class

struggle cannot end 'till evolution has

completed its work in that respect. Not

until society is fully socialized in har-

mony with the mode of production can

peace come. Labor must some time win

this struggle or go back to the feudalism

and chattel slavery from which it has

continue to levy tolls and taxes upon

Production by machinery has already

cumstances?

only recently emerged.

And the farmer looks on this world-wide struggle and

the trusts" and leave the present competitive system un-

smashed, the weak ones would soon be again driven to the

wall, the stronger would survive and the struggle continue until only a few strong ones would remain. These, to avoid

utter destruction, would be compelled to organize a trust-

talist is past. The only thing we can do is to organize the socially useful citizenship into one great Social Trust, eliminate the socially useless class and place society on a social

fact a tax. The trusts are exercising the governmental power

of taxation. They are asking us farmers what we are going to do about it and they are going to force us to answer the question. There is only one time and place when and where

we can answer, and that is election day at the polls!

service—that is to say, an honest labor—base.

not yet as well as they can and will do.

Brother Farmer, the day of the small individual capi-

When the trusts came that which was profit became in

Farmers have been told so often that they "can't or-

When the panic of 1873-9 came, the Grange, which had

been struggling for some years, suddenly spread over most

of the country. The farmers met in their country school

corporations. This was only about thirty years ago.

Then in 1889 another panie set in, increasing till 1894,

and there we are again!

And squarely between these two organ-

# A Farmer's Talk to the Farmers

Comrade Clayton J. Lamb.

The first men were hunters. From among these came levying taxes upon their labor. the herders—the first farmers. Then came the planter. His entire farming outfit was a simple strong stick, which, for This income is about equal to four per cent net annually

After many centuries iron was smelted and the fire sharpened sticks were provided with iron points, as were the arrows and spears of the hunters. These iron points grew and other one-man tools. From the fire-sharpened stick all tools and machines for tilling the soil have developed.

From the farm came the backsmith, and iron smelting

smith was also a miner and smelter man.

their beginnings on the farm.

In 1782, only one hundred and twenty-three years ago, Watt invented the crank to the steam engine, and very soon sand-dollar farmer who manages well, after that the governor.

Then began the age of machinery. A thousand in-ventors brought forth a thousand machines for doing a thou-of most of his own business into the hands sand kinds of work and hitched them to Watt's engine. Then of the trusts and trust politicians without any disagreeable kicking, and then production were thus revolutionized. Old feudal institutions goes to the trust market, as he must, and gave way and then began the era of Capitalism.

Now, Brother Farmer, I want to call your attention to one basic fact in connection with the evolution of the means

of production. It is this:

BEFORE MACHINERY CAME PRODUCTION (OF FOOD, CLOTHING, ETC.) WAS AN INDIVIDUAL ACT. AFTER MACHINERY CAME PRODUCTION BECAME A SOCIAL ACT.

It required one man to sharpen a stick in the fire and only one man could use it after the rude tool was made. So with the other hand tools which followed. They were adapted only to individual usc. There was no opportunity for co-operation in the use of hand or one-man tools or in the distribution of their limited output.

One man, with only a little help from the blacksmith. uld make a wooden cart, a yoke, and thongs of raw-hide. Alone he could break his oxen and haul goods. But it takes thousands of men to run a railroad. One man could make a flail and thresh grain, but it takes thousands to make a threshing machine. One man could gather bark, build his vat and beam, tan a calf's skin, spin his thread from flax grown and backled by himself, whittle his pegs from wood shape a last and make a pair of shoes. That was individualism in production.

But, now that machinery has come, things are done differently. Thousands of farmers produce cattle, other thou sands of workers haul them to vast slaughter houses where thousands of other men produce the hides. Other thousands spin thread and turn spools; other thousands make all kinds of tools and machinery from iron which is mined by other thousands using coal mined by still other thousands. . More thousands fell trees and saw lumber, which other thousands work into buildings, and while these thousands are doing these things thousands of farmers are feeding them all, and all these tens of thousands of farmers, railroad men, lumber and masons, and the others, are co-operating in the produc-tion of each pair of shoes. This is Social Production.

Thus machinery has made us dependent upon each We are not independent; no man is. We are interdependent-made so by the mode of production by machin-ery, and the terms of this inter-dependence must be arranged.

There are several sorts of farmers, but, arranging them ording to the source of their incomes, there are four gen-

do the work-landlords pure and simple.

2. WORKING FARMERS-Who are also small capitalists; those who till the land they own; those who are working about fourteen hours a day while their hired men kick if called upon to put in more than ten or eleven hours; those ] who are struggling fiercely to keep out of the renter or wageworking class, towards which they are rapidly drifting, as shown by United States census statistics herein quoted.

3. THE RENTERS—Those who own their own teams and tools (quite generally subject to chattel mortgages) and who farm land they do not own, paying each or share rent. Usually these, and also those who actually farm their own respectable business men. THE RENTERS-Those who own their own teams land, think they are their "own bosses," but the shrewd capitalists know better.

4. FARM LABORERS-These have no land, no teams. no machines. They have nothing to sell but their labor. They work for so much per day, month or year. They are proletarians. Generally they work shorten hours and have more leisure and less worry than their employers.

The first sort are not farmers at all. They are landlords. By farmers, I mean those who work their own or rented farms; not landlords or wage-workers.

The farmer's income is derived from three sources: from his capital, from his own labor and that of his family and from whatever profit he can make by employing wage-workers. This last item on the whole is very small, because as a rule all he can make is passed up to the trusts in the form of rent, interest or profit. And that is what makes of it worse than wasted. And, Brother Farmer, these socially the shrewd capitalist smile. It means for him summers at useless people wear better clothes and live much more ex Newsert, yachts, private cars, dog funerals at \$1,000 per pensively than the working farmer. They are supported threw itself solidly into politics—their only way out then people.

Brother Farmer: Let me tell you that Socialism is a dog, trips to Europe, political preferment, servants galore subject that each person approaches and considers from his own standpoint and in the light of his own material interests. We see it differently according to the spectacles through which we look.

Brother Farmer: Let me tell you that Socialism is a dog, trips to Europe, political preferment, servants galore in gaudy livery, "sassiety," introductions to royalty and selves. Mostly they are parasites on the useful class, and as a man upon the political field, and they proceeded to do nobility, ennui, freeded to do nobility, ennui, freeded to do not they are to be found lying in wait for the gentle things. They captured state legislatures; they elected consaction and force scandals, exemption from taxation, notices in "Fads and Foncies" and numerous other privileges, luxuh we look.

The business man is apt to view it from the business ries and dissipations. These people stand between the farstandpoint; scientists go at it with logic, philosophy and mers and their market and levy tolls and taxes on industry, other scientific tests; artists see the art side; wage-workers and these tolls and taxes they call rent, interest and profit. are very spt to consider it from the bread-and-butter point for, Brother Farmer, we should remember that our real of view; preachers from the religious or ethical side. I am market is the millions who work in mines, forests and fac- created by the socially useful class and nine times out of ten interest of the capitalist element. The great panic lulled,

ballots? want of knife or ax, he sharpened to a point by burning in upon the value of his investment. Indeed, Brother Farther ation—among business men. The use of machinery commer, and with this fire-sharpened stick and his bare mer, it is plain that if farms would afford more than pelled, and still compels, business organization. On the side the usual net rate of interest they would soon go the way of capital, at first the partnership, then the joint stock of the mines, forests, railroads and factories—that is, they company or corporation, followed by the combination of corwould be sought for by capitalists as an investment. As porations into trusts. On the side of labor, at first the it is at present the capitalist class (by which I mean the unions of men in shops, then the organization by entire hoes were formed. In the process of evolution came these real capitalist and not the little \$5,000 or \$10,000 imita-crafts, then by entire industries and then combination of tions) can make more by letting the farmers think they all wage workers into federations covering the entire country. own the farms and then skinning them when they go to the markets. So long as the capitalists can control the means as much as the wealth of entire states under one control, and working became a separate industry. The first black- of transportation and the markets in which the farmers must and wage-labor with the voting strength of entire states in buy and sell they have a better thing than they would have one solid organization, and these two great social forces So, too, the other now great industries, such as tanning, by owning the farms and running them with hired labor, arrayed against each other in an almost constant warfare. In fact, Brother Farmer, there is no man so profitable to What does all this mean?

the trust, or so "casy" for them, as the little ten or fifteen-thouproduces much, imagines he is the real thing capitalist, votes the control gets skinned.

The interest of the \$10,000 farmer as a capitalist is about \$400 per year. But what is his interest as a workingman? Let us sec.

When I first read in the good old Appeal, many years ago, that under Socialsm the yearly income of the average workingman (farmer included) would be the equivalent of not less than four thousand dollars per year my first thought was that Editor Wayland had set the fig-ures too high. Many Socialists accused him of exaggeration. But I knew that he had been a successful business man and that exaggeration would surely injure him. Besides, I had labor under the guise of rent, interest and profit. This is tested other of his "large" statements and found them cor- the CLASS STRUGGLE. Here's another big job for us

rect. The proper thing to do was to investigate before de- farmers. If it is not "up to us" now it soon will be. ciding. I have done this, and am very glad to testify my wonders what it is all about. He sees the trusts: but more,
Actually we do not live very much better than our he feels them getting in their work on him. His first imrandfathers' fathers did, though we produce twenty or forty pulse is to with them "smashed." No use. They can't be belief that Comrade Wayland was right. imes as much. Of the vast increase in wealth produced the smashed; they control the smashing machine—that is to say

armers and wage-workers get very little. We know that, the government-themselves. Besides, if we were to "smash Then where does it go? Who does get it? There are two kinds of people-those who are socially seful and those who are socially useless. The former are hose who render useful social service by providing food lothing, shelter, fuel, transportation, education, communieation, etc. The socially useless class comprise those who ender no useful social service, and these are far more nunerous than is generally supposed. There are millions of

them, all fed and clothed largely at the expense of the farmer, and altogether supported by labor. 1. The army and navy-Used by the capitalist class for men, carpenters, brick-makers, tanners, machinists, spinners purposes of conquest and to keep labor subject to capital 2. The police-Who see to the preservation of order

while capitalism gets in its work. 3. Lawyers and courts-Who juggle with the prece dents-established in the days of feudalism and chattel slavery, applying them to the settlement of issues between labor and capital in these days of semi-Socialism, uniformly deciding against labor even to the extent of declaring the constitution itself unconstitutional.

parties absolutely and use the powers of government through them against the useful citizenship.

5. Advertising-An immense army of agents, printers paper-makers engaged in diverting trade from one person or firm to another, rendering a personal and not a social service.

6. Makers and venders of shaddy and adulterated good

7. Gamblers-Including board of trade men, specula tors of all sorts, stock-exchange men, card sharps, old line insurance (fire and life), and their clerks and assistants.

8. Lackeys-Those engaged in personal service.

9. Landlords, pawn-brokers, collectors, installment sales nen, and other "hold-up" men.

10. Three-fourths of the merchants and salesmen, working miserably in the miles of little, pasty, individualist stores and saloons, a survival of the days of hand production.

This list could be greatly enlarged; to it can be added millions of honest workingmen who render themselves socially useless by serving socially useless people.

tution of capitalism—the constitution. But they were di-Nevertheless vast wealth is saved. The census sa-tistics show what class "saves" it. It piles up in the hands wided in interest. They were part capitalist and part work-of those who "own" the means of transportation and who con-ingmen. They abandoned their public warehouse proposia farmer, and, naturally, have considered the questions which tories and on railroads and ships, and not the few rich socialism raises from the farmer's view point.

The first men were hunters. From among these came levying taxes upon their labor.

The first men were hunters. From among these came levying taxes upon their labor.

These were two great movements and they prove several things: 1. That the farmers can organize when they set themselves about it. 2. That so far they have only set themselves about it when they were pinched beyond endurance. 3. That farmers take to the political form of organization like a duck takes to water. 4. That the farmers, politically organized, are a great social force. 5. That un-organized farmers are as clay in the politician's hands. But why did the Grange and Alliance movements fail?

They were organized to protect their interests as far--that is, as both workingman and as small capitalists. Here were two horses going in exactly opposite directions and they could not ride both—not very far—and they didn't They could not protect their interests as capitalists and as workingmen at the same time, and they never can. Neither can they organize as capitalists—they are financially too in-consequential. It is as workingmen that farmers loom large, and it is only upon the strictly labor side that any effective organization, economic or political, is possible for them. On this side they can strike hands with the immense army of wage-workers. It is in the power of farmers to organize the useful citizenship into a political party that can sweep this nation clean of social usclessness, but not as small capitalists. Honest Labor has no more use for small parasites than it has for large ones. That is why the Grange and Alliance movements failed.

Brother Farmer, I am here to tell you that small capitalism is essentially an individualist institution. It cannot command the use of the best machinery at all. It cannot use even its own poor, little machinery to the best advantage. It cannot avail itself of the best business methods. It cannot "produce the goods" and it is too weak to get its puny product to a decent market after it has produced it with two to ten times the necessary labor. My dear brother, please do catch on to this thought: The age of small capitalism passed when big machinery came,

Modern modes of production are competing the small A class of mere owners of the half farmer out of existence. We see this process going on all socialized means of production seeks to around us. The United States census reports show it plainly continue to levy tolls and taxes upon See page 218, Abstract of 12th Census, 1900. Here are the official figures:

YEAR	Percentage of Farms Operated by Owners	Percentage of Farms Operated by Tenant,	
1890 1900	74.5 per cent 71.6 per cent 64.7 per cent	25.5 per cent 28.4 per cent 35.3 per cent	

But a very large proportion of the farms reported as being "operated by owners" are mortgaged—about one-third of them, as shown on page 94 of the same report:

Brother Farmer, this shows that only four-ninths of the farmers of the United States own their farms free, while five-ninths of them are practically renters.

So much for the farmer. Now, let us see how it is with the people generally. On page 91, same census report, find:

So it appears that much less than one-third of the families of the United States own their homes. Brother Farmers, is that what you are voting for?

ganize" that most of them actually believe it. We see nearly all other occupations organized—doctors, lawyers, grain and man tools, when the products of labor were not one-twentieth eral divisions of them:

1. Capitalist Framers—Usually bankers or business and Butler—a savory men of the towns, who, because of ownership, are enabled to levy a tax, which is otherwise called rent, upon those who do the work—landlords pure and simple.

4. Politicians—All grades, from Bosses Belmont and butler—a savory packing-houses, tanneries—in fact, the whole caboodle of bunch of grafters—down to the bum ward heeler who does their dirty work for two dollars per and free beer. These do the work—landlords pure and simple.

4. Politicians—All grades, from Bosses Belmont and butler—a savory packing-houses, tanneries—in fact, the whole caboodle of bunch of grafters—down to the bum ward heeler who does their dirty work for two dollars per and free beer. These do the work—landlords pure and simple. the only way we can keep even is by farmers' organizations. upon the least portion of its product that it will consent But so far, though farmers have made several excellent to live on. Under the capitalist system the wages of labor spurts towards organization, they have not yet succeeded as they would wish; nevertheless they have done well, though the cost of its living at the lowest standard to which it can Labor, pages 24 to 70.) Labor lived then as it lives now, be forced. And the reward which the farmer receives for nis labor is governed by this same iron law of wages.

Mining, manufacturing and transportation have passed under the control of the trusts; agriculture comes next. houses and gravely deliberated; hard times were upon them and they were being squeezed. Politics was rotten and they with his little old two-horse plow is trying to compete with Grange would have nothing to do with politics—strictly the steam plow with which one man does the work of twenty. nothing. "No politics in the Grange," said they, "not a The result is certain—the little two-horse farmer will go nothing. "No politics in the Grange," said they, "not a bit of it." Nevertheless the Grange did go into politics. They took to politics somewhat as a bullfrog takes to water. It was a plunge—ke nug! and the farmers were in the way of the village shoemaker, the one-man tannery and the was a plunge—ke nug! and the farmers were in the will own the land. The little farm owners are rapidly bewirm." They captured whole state legislatures—a good string of them—and went to making laws for the farmers duction are in position to dictate the terms upon which the and even to changing state constitutions. They did it so socially useful people shall work. The trusts cannot be demonstrated that their opponents were surprised, but not more and even to changing state constitutions. They did it so socially useful people shall work. The trusts cannot be dequickly that their opponents were surprised, but not more troyed; they are organizing the industries of the world. I so than the farmers themselves. When the hard times am trying to tell you that machinery compels social organipassed the farmers resumed their old way, and so did the zation. We cannot go back to fire-sharpened sticks or oneman tools. What we need is not less organization, but more. The power exercised by the trusts is a taxing power then in 1889 another panic set in, increasing til 1894, and the Farmers' Alliance sprang up almost in a day. But they, too, were firmly resolved that politics should be kept out of the Alliance and the Alliance should be kept out of politics. They would have nothing to do with the unclean

politics. They would have nothing to do with the unclean thing, but notwithstanding this high resolve, the Alliance means of production in the interest of the socially useful

Farms Larger—Farmers Fewer.

The state census of lowa for 1905 has brought out a most startling fact in regard to agriculture in that state. Hith crit the taking up of unoccupied land and the changing to more and more in the larger farmers are buying up the larger farmers fewer.

The perfection of farm machinery, very much larger farms than formerly."

When it is remembered that we are only at the beginning of the process of improvement of agricultural machinery, with moder of the one who is the more able purchasing one or more of those small farmer sections in order to increase his holdings.

The perfection of farm machinery have the farm unit from increasing in size, seems to be actuated by the same desire as his neighbor with large means. He holdings. Men are now able to handle desires a larger area of land for his chilling to this last census, the foremost age.

APPLES

# The Jungle

"The Jungle" is the long looked for American novel come at last. It is the equal of any of Zola's. -Ryan Walker, New York.

Written for the Appeal by UPTON SINCLAIR, author of Manassas.

CHAPTER XXIV.

T was really a fact that every circumstance that might have been expected to help Jurgis, was in reality a hindrance to him, in competition with the professional mendicants. It was a hindrance that he was actually mendicant from weakness

drance that he was actually suffering from weakness and cold, while they were strong and hardy. It was a hindrance that he told the truth, while they had a hundred different tales, thing them by shrewd intuition to character of every victim. They had a haunts to retire to, and confeder to help them, and also they had rared" the police; Jurgis, on the r hand, had to be always upon the e-if they observed him working would tip the patrolman, and he ld get a clubbing.

hey would tip the patrolman, and he would get a clubbing.

In the face of handicaps such as these, he was obliged to make the price of a odging, and of a drink every hour or two, under penalty of freezing to death. Day after day he roamed about in the arctic cold, his soul filled full of bitterness and despair. He saw the world of he jungle then more plainly than ever the had seen it before: a world in which the subjugation of those who had it, for he subjugation of those who had not. He was one of the latter; and all outfoors, all life, was to him one colossal rison, which he paced like a pent-up iger, trying one bar after another, and ming them all beyond his power. He ad lost in the fieres battle of greed, and so he was doomed to be extermitated; and all society was busied to see hat he did not escape the sentence. Evrywhere that he turned were prisonars, and hostile eyes following him; he well-fed, sleek policeman, from those glances he shrank, and who semed to grip their clubs more tightly the the sea whim; the saloon keepers. ned to grip their clubs more tightly n they saw him; the saloon-keepers, never ceased to watch him while on ever ceased to watch him while was in their places, who were jealous every moment he lingered after he depaid his money; the hurrying rongs upon the streets, who were deaf his entreaties, oblivious of his very istence—and savage and contemptuse when he forced himself upon them, bey had their own affairs, and there is when he forced himself upon them, hey had their own affairs, and there as no place for him among them. There as no place for him anywhere—every ace he turned his gaze, this fact was reed upon him. Everything was built express it to him; the residences, with leir heavy walls and bolted doors, and is sement-windows barred with iron; the eat ware-houses filled with the produce of the whole world and guarded hy

of the whole world, and guarded by shutters and heavy gates; the swith their unthinkable billions of And it was not enough that these saped-up treasures were there, and he ith no share in them—but their owners must faunt them in his face! Jurs had known all along that are was wealth in Chicago: It while he was working or eking work in the factories and mills, nd living in slum tenements, he had no casion to see it. Now, however, he as free to roam the shopping district. azing through miles upon miles of late-glass windows, that blazed by ight with electric lights, and were the glass windows, that blazed by the with electric lights, and were wided with all the dazzling, blaspheus, soul-terrifying splendor of the v. He was perishing of cold; and here reliterally blocks upon blocks of cloth—whole windows full of shoes, others of gloves, others of robes of every of the sade-areas of the sa m that he had labored, by them that had been dispossessed—it was they o were crushing him down! It was y who made the laws, and enforced m—it was by them that the world arun. Before this, Jurgis's bitterness i all been impersonal; it was the way things that he had hated, it was life, it was occuel and so hard. But now he people for whom life was not hard, d his hatred became personal and dit—he hated the rich. He would wantout along the great boulevards and veways, where they had built their laces, where they had built their laces, where they had built their eatness to the world. He saw them de past him in their automobiles and eir sleighs; he saw their children, pading on exhibition with their nurses; saw their wives, in bejeweled and dis-

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dainful splendor, emerging from jewelryshops and florists; he saw their coroneted equipages, with lackeys robed in bearskins, their faces charged to the point of bursting with insolence and contempt. Shivering, starving, agonized, he wandered about among sights such as these, one helpless arm tied fast, and the other outstretched for a pittance of money or a bit of bread, and a rage that was almost madness heaping itself up within him, a longing to hurl himself upon it, to smash it and crush it, to fling a bomb into the midst of it all, and blow it into eternity.

Lean do as I please—the gur'ner's own very orders, b' God! Hip! hip!"

They had started down the street, arm in arm, the young fellow pushing Jurgis along, half dazed. Jurgis was trying to think what to do—he knew he could not pass any crowded place with his new acquaintance without attracting attention and being stopped. It was only because of the falling snow that people who passed here did not notice anything wrong.

Suddenly, therefore, Jurgis stopped. "Is it very far" he inquired. "Not very," said to other. "Tired, are you though! Well, we'll ride—whatcha

Then one day there befel him the one adventure of his life. It was late at night, and he had failed to get the price of a lodging. Snow was falling, and he had been out so long that he was cov-ered with it, and was chilled to the had been out so long that he was covered with it, and was chilled to the bone. He was working among the theatre-crowds, fitting here and there, taking large chances with the police, in his desperation half hoping to be arrested When he saw a blue-coat start toward him, however, his heart failed him and he dashed down a side street, and field a couple of blocks. When he stopped again he saw a man coming towards him, and placed himself in his path.

"Please sir," he began, in the usual formula, "will you give me the price of a lodging I've had a broken arm, and I can't work, and I've not a cent in my pocket. I'm an honest workingman, sir, and I never begged before. It's not my fault, sir—"

Jurgis usually went on until he was

. Jurgis usually went on until he was interrupted, but this man did not interrupt, and so at last he came to a breath-less stop. The other had halted, and Jurgis suddenly noticed that he stood a little unsteadily. "Whuzzat you say?" he queried, suddenly, in a thick voice.

Jurgis began again, speaking more slowly and distinctly; before he was half slowly and distinctly; before he was half through the other put out his hand and rested it upon his shoulder. "Poor ole chappie!" he said. "Been up—his—up— against it, hey!"

Then he lurched toward Jurgis, and

the hand upon his shoulder became an arm about his neck, "Up against it my-self, ole sport," he said. "She's a hard ole

Jurgis got a glimpse of his face. He was a young fellow—not much over eighteen, with a handsome boyish face. He wore a silk hat and a rich soft overcoat with a fur collar; and he smiled at
Jurgis with benignant sympathy. "I'm
hard up; too, my goo' fren'," he said.
"I've got cruel parents, or I'd set you
up. Whuzzamatter whizyer?"
"I've been in the hospital."
"Hospital!" exclaimed the young fellow, still smiling sweetly, "thass too
bad! Same's my Aunt Polly—hic—my
Aunt Polly's in the hospital, too—ole
auntie's been havin' twins! Whuzzamatter whiz you?" He wore a silk hat and a rich soit over-

Tve got a broken arm-" Jurgis began. "So," said the other, sympathetically.

"So," said the other, sympathetically.
"That ain't so bad—you get over that. I
wish somebody's break my arm, ole
chappie—damfidon't! Then they's treat
me better—hic—hole me up, ole sport!
Whuzzit you wamme do?"
"I'm hungry, sir," said Jurgis.
"Hungry! Why don't you hassome
supper?"
"I've got no money, sir."
"No money! Ho, ho—less be chums,
ole boy—jess like me! No money, either,
ole chappie—a'most busted! Why don't
you go, home, then, same's me?
"I haven't any home," said Jurgis.

you go home, then, same's me:
"I haven't any home," said Jurgis. whole windows full of shoes, others all of gloves, others of robes of every and of rich and gorgeous fur, others aring with diamonds and rubies, and ramments of silver and pearl and gold. We was half-dead from long-continued and habitual under feeding; and here are tempting viands gathered from all the corners of the world, clubs and holes and banquet-halls ablaze with light and glowing with flowers and palms; in hich he might have glimpses of the rich poicing in their power—sleek and implicate men, beautiful women in luxuous raiment. These were the victors of estruggle, they were the rulers, the asters of life. The factories and the mills of the atores were theirs; it was for tem that he had labored, by them that the had been dispossessed—it was they howere crushing him down! It was the most of the struggle heaving him down! It was the most of the world was the week that the first pour men that he had labored by them that the had been dispossessed—it was they however think that, my fren, a nice, who were crushing him down! It was the most of the wind the world was the me, too—servants appin on me—who were crushing him down! It was the most of the wind the structure of the city, hey? God, thass bad! Better come home with me—yes, by Harry, thas the trick, you'll come home an' hassome supper—hic—wiz me! Awful lonesome—no-body home! Guv'ner gone abroad—Bubby on's honeymon—Polly havin' twins—every damn soul gone away! Nuff—hic—nuff to drive a feller to driak, I say! Only ole Ham standin' by, passin' plates—damfican eat like that, no sir! The club for me every time, my boy, I say! But then they won't lemme sleep there—guv'ner's orders, by Harry—home every night, sir! Ever hear anythin' like that! The properties of the city, hey?

The club for me every time, my boy, I say! Only ole Ham standin' by, passin' plates—damfican eat like that, no sir! The club for me every time, my boy, I say! Only ole Ham standin' by, passin' plates—damfican eat like that, no sir! The club for me every time, my boy, I say! Only ole Ham sta "No home! Stranger in the city, hey? which me, too servants spyin' on me
whuzyer think that, my fren' A nice,
quiet-hic-good-hearted young feller
like me, an' his daddy can't go to Europe
hup!—an' leave him in peace! Ain't
that a shame, sir? An' I gotter go home
every evenin' an' miss all the fun, by
Harry! Thats where

every evenin' an' miss all the fun, by Harry! Thass whuzzamatter now—thass why I'm here! Hadda come away an' leave Kitty—hic—left her cryin', too—whujia think of that, ole sport! 'Lemme go, Kittens,' says I—'come early an' often—I go where duty—hic—calls me. Farewell, farewell, my own true love—farewell, farewell, my own true love—farewell, farewell, my own true-love!"

This last was a song, and the young gentleman's voice rose mournful and wailing, while he awung upon Jurgis's neck. The latter was glancing about nervously, lest some one should approach. They were still alone, however.

proach. They were still alone, however.

"But I came all right, all right," continued the youngster, aggressively. "I can—hic—I can have my own way when I want it, by Harry—Freddie Jones is a hard man to handle when he gets goin! 'No, air,' says I, 'by thunder, and I don't need anybody goin' home with me, either—whujjs take me for, hey? Think I'm drunk, dontcha, hey?—I know you! But I'm no more drunk than you are, Kittens,' says I to her. And then she answered, 'Thass true, Freddie dear' (she's a smart one, is 'Kitty), 'but I'm stayin' in the flat, an' you're goin' out into the cold, cold night! 'Put it in a pome, lovely Kitty,' said I. 'No jokin', Freddie, my boy,' said she 'Lemme me call a cab now, like a good dear—but I can call my own cabs, dontcha fool yourself—I know what I'm a-doin', you bet! Say, my fren', whatcha say—willya come home an' see me, an' hassome supper? Come long like a good fellow—don't be haughty—I likes you, ma honey, 'deed I do!' You're up against it same as me, an' you cas unserstan' a feller; your heart's in the right place, by Harry—come 'long, ole chappie, an' we'll raise hell. Ye will—lace, by Harry—come 'long, ole chappie, an' we'll raise hell. Ye will—whoop-lal S'long's I'm inside the house

"Master Frederick!" exclaimed the

was the other's response; and he linked his arm in Jurgis's. Jurgis was about to say, "I have the money for him," but he restrained himself. The stout man in uniform signalled to the other, who went out to the cab, while he followed Jurgis

out to the cab, while he followed Jurgis and his young master.

They went down the great hall, and then turned. Before them were two huge doors.

"Hamilton," said Master Freddie.

"Well, sir!" said the other.

"Nothing is the matter, sir."

Suddenly, therefore, Jurgis stopped.
"Is it very far?" he inquired.
"Not very," said the other. "Tired, are you though? Well, we'll ride—whatchs say? Good! Call a cab!"

And then gripping Jurgis tight with one hand, the young fellow began searching his pockets with the other. "You call, ole sport, an' I'll pay," he suggested. "How's that, hey?"

And he pulled out from somewhere a big roll of bills. It was more money than Jurgis had ever seen in his life before, and he stared at it with startled cyes.

Freddie, fumbling with it. "Fool you, though, ole chappie—they're all little ones! I'll be busted in one week more, ones; I'll oe dusted in one week more, sure thing—word of honor. An' not a cent more till the first—hic—guv'ner's orders—hic—not a cent, by Harry! Nuff to set a feller crazy, it is. I sent him a cable this af'noon—thass one reason a cable this af'noon—thass one reason more why I'm goin' home. 'Hangin' on the verge of starvation,' I said—'for the bonor of the family—hic—sen' me some bread. Hunger will compel me to join you.—Freddie.' Thass what I wired him, by Harry, an' I mean it—I'll run away from school, b' God, if he don't

After this fashion the young man continued to prattle on-and meantime Jurgis was trembling with excitement. He might grab that wad of bills and be out of sight in the darknes before the other could collect his wits. Should he do it? What better had he to hope for, if he waited longer? But Jurgis had never committed a crime in his life, and now he hesitated half a sec-

ond too long. "Freddie" got one bill loose, and then stuffed the rest back into his trousers' pocket.

"Here, ole man," he said, "you take it." He held it out fluttering; they were in front of a saloon—and by the light of the window Jurgis saw that it

was a hundred dollar bill!

"You take it," the other repeated
"Pay the cabbie an' keep the change—
I've got—hic—no head for business!
Guv'ner says so hisself, an' the guv'ner knows the guvner's got a head for business, you bet! 'All right, guvner,' I told him, 'you run the show, an' I'll take the tickets!' An' so he set Aunt Polly to watch ine—hie—an' now Polly's off in the hospital havin' twins, an' me out raisin' the devil! Hello, there! Hey!

Call him!"
A cab was driving by; and Jurgis sprang and called, and it swung round to the curb. Master Freddie clambered in with some difficulty, and Jurgis had started to fellow, when the driver shouted: "Hi, there! Get out—you!"

Jurgis hesitated, and was half obeying; but his companion broke out: "Whuzzat? Whuzzamatter wiz you,

And the cabbie subsided, and Jurgis And the cabbie subsided, and Jurgis chimbed in. Then Freddie gave a number on the Lake Shore drive, and the carriage started away. The youngster leaned back and snuggled up to Jurgis, murmuring contentedly; in half a minute he was sound asleep. Jurgis sat shivering, speculating as to whether he might not still be able to get hold of the roll of bills. He was afraid to try to go through his companion's peckets,

the roll of bills. He was afraid to try to go through his companion's pockets, however; and besides, the cabbie might be on the watch. He had the hundred safe, and he would have to be content with that.

At the end of half an hour or so the cab stopped. They were out on the water-front, and from the east a freez-

water-front, and from the east a freezing gale was blowing off the ice-bound lake. "Here we are," called the cabbie, and Jurgis awakened his companion.

Master Freddie sat up with a start.
"Hello!" he said. "Where are we! Whuzzis! Who are you, hey! Oh, yes, sure nuff! Mos' forgot you—hic—ole chappie! Home, are we! Lessee! Br-r-r-it's cold! Yes—come 'long—we're home—be it ever so—hic—humble!"

chappie! Home, are we! Lessee! Rr rr i's cold! Yes—come long—we're home—be it ever so—hic—humble!"

Before them there loomed an enormous granite pile, set far back from the street, and occupying a whole block. By the light of the driveway lamps Jurgis could see that it had towers and huge gables, like a mediaeval castle. He thought that the young fellow must have made a mistake—it was inconceivable that any person could have a home like a hotel or the city hall. But he followed in silence, and they went up the long flight of steps, arm in arm.

"There's a button here, ole sport," said Master Freddie. "Hole my arm while I find her! Steady, now—Oh, yes, here she is—saved!"

A bell rang, and in a few seconds the door was opened. A man in blue livery stood holding it, and gazing before him, silent as a statue.

They stood for a moment blinking in the light. Then Jurgis felt his companion pulling, and he stepped in, and the blue automaton closed the door. Jurgis's heart was beating wildly; it was a bold thing for him to do—into what strange, unearthly place he was venturing he had no idea. Aladdin entering his cave could not have been more excited.

The place where he stood was dimly lighted; but he could see a vast hall, with pillars fading into the darkness above, and a great stair-case opening at the far end of it. The floor was of teasalated marble, smooth as glass, and from the walls strange shapes loomed out, woven into huge portiers in rich harmonious colors, or gleaming from paintings, wonderful and mysterious-looking in the half-light, purple and red and golden, like sunset glimmers in a shadowy lorest.

The man in livery had moved silently towards them; Master Freddie took of his hat and handed it to him and then, letting go of Jurgis's arm, tried to get out of his overcoat. After two or three

his hat and handed it to him and then, letting go of Jurgis's arm, tried to get out of his overcoat. After two or three attempts he accomplished this with the lackey's help; and meantime a second man had approached, a tall and portly personage, solemn as an executioner. He hore straight down upon Jurgis, who shrunk away nervously; he seized him

by the arm without a word, and started towards the door with him. Then sud-denly came Master Freddie's voice: "Hamilton: My fren' will remain wix

ne."

The man paused and half released Jurgis, "Come 'long, ole thappie," said the other, and Jurgis started towards

"See that the cabble—hic—is paid."
ras the other's response; and he linked

"Whazzamatter wizze dinin'-room

"Nothing is the matter, sir."
"Then why dontcha openum?"
The man rolled them back; another vista lost itself in the darkness.
"Lights." commanded Master Freddie; and the butler pressed a button, and a food of brilliant incandescene streamed from above, half blinding Jurgis. He stared; and little by little he made out the great apartment, with a domed ceiling from which the light poured, and walls that were one enormous painting—nymphs and dryads dancing in a flower-strewn glade, Diana with her hounds—and 'horses, dashing headlong through a mountain streamlet, a group of maidens bathing in a forest-pool—all life-size, and so real that Jurgis thought it was some work of en-chantment, that he was in a dream-pal-ace. Then his eye passed to the long table in the center of the hall, a table black as ebony, and gleaming with wrought silver and gold. In the center wrought silver and gold. In the center of it was a huge carven bowl, with the glistening gleam of ferns and the red and purple of rare orchids, glowing from a light hidden somewhere in their midst. "This's the dinin'-room," observed Master Freddie. "How you like it, hey.

ole sport?"

He always insisted on having an an swer to his remarks, leaning over Jurgis and smiling into his face. Jurgis liked it.
"Rummy ole place to feed in all lone, though," was Freddie's comment—"rummy's hell! Whaxya think, hey!" Then another idea occurred to him and he went on, without waiting: "Maybe you never saw anything blo-like this fore? Hey, ole chappie?"
"No," said Jurgis.

"No," said Jurgis.

"Come from country, maybe—hey!"

"Yes," said Jurgis.

"Aha! I thosso! Lossa folks from country never saw such a place. Guvner brings 'em—free show—hic—regular cit-cus! Go bome tell folks about it. Ole man Jones's place—Jones the packer—beef-trust man. Made it all out of hogs, too, dam ole scoundrel. Now we see where our pennies go—rebates, an' private-car lines hic by Harry! Bully place, though—worth seein! Ever hear of Jones the packer, hey, sie chappie!"

Jurgis had started involuntarily; the

other, whose active eyes missed nothing, demanded: "Whuzzamatter, bey! Heard

And Jurgis managed to stammer out:
"I have worked for him in the yards."
"What!" cried Master Freddie, with a yell. "You! In the yards? Ho, ho! Why, say, thas good! Shake hands on it, ole man—by Harry! Gw ner ought to have you. Great from the it, ole man—by Harry! Guv'ner ought to be here—glad to see you. Great fren's with the men, guv'ner—labor an' capital, commun'ty 'I int'rests, an' all that—lac! Fanny things happen in this world, don't they, ole man? Hamilton lemme interduce you—fren' the family—ole fren' the guv'ner's—works in the yards. Come to spend the night wiz me. Hamilton—have a hot time. My fren'. Mr. —whuzya name, ole chappie? Tell us your name."

"Rudkos—Jurgis Rudkos."

"My fren', Mr. Rudnose, Hamilton—

"My fren', Mr. Rudnose, Hamilton—shake han's."

The stately butler bowed his head, but

made not a sound; and suddenly Master Freedie pointed an eager finger at him. "I know whazzamatter wiz you, Hamilton—lay you a dollar I know! You think—hic—you think Pm drunk! Hey,

now!"

And the butler again bowed his head.
"Yes, sir," he said, at which Master Freddie hung tightly upon Jurgis's neck lock, and went into a fit of laughter. "Hamilton, you damn ole scoundrel," he roared, "Fill scharge you for impudence, you see "I don't! Ho, ho, ho! I'm drunk! Ho, bot"

The door; The door; observed the government of the said of the said, at which Master observed the said of the said, at which Master observed the said of the said, at which Master observed the said of the said, at which Master observed the said of th

"Il scharge you for impudence, you see "I I don't! Ho, ho, ho! I'm drunk! Ho, ho!"

The two waited until his fit had spent itself, to see what new whim would seize him. "Whatcha wanta do?" he queried suddenly. "Wanta see the place, ole chappie! Want me play the guyner—show you roun? State parlors—Loose Cans—Loose Sez—chairs cost three thousand apiece. Tea-room—Maryanntnet—picture of shepherds dancing—Ruysdael—twenty-three thousan! Ball-room—bale'ny pillars—hic—imported—special ship—sixty-eight thousan! Ceilin painted in Rome—whantat feller's name, Hamilton—Mattatoni? Macaroni! Then the conservatory—flowers an' music—hic! Country folks got lest in it once! Then this place—silver bowl—Benven-uto Cellini—rummy ole Dago! An' the organ—thirty-thousan' deliars, sir—starter up, Hamilton, let Mr. Rednose hear it. No—never mind—clean forgot—says he's bungry, Hamilton—less have some supper. Only—hic—don't less have it here—come up to my place, ole sport—nice an' cosy. This way—steady now, don't slip on the floor. Hamilton, we'll have a cole spread, an' some fizz—don't leave out the fixs, by Harry. We'll have some of the eighteen thirty Madeira. Hear me, sir!"

"Yes, sir," said the butler, "but Master Frederick, your father left orders—"And Master Frederick drew himself up to a stately height. "My father's orders were left to me—hic—an' not to you." he said. Then, clasping Jurgis tightly by the neck, he staggered out of the room; on the way another idea occurred to him, and he asked: "Any—hic—cable message for me, Hamilton!"

"No. sir," said the butler.

"Guv'ner must be Travellin' An' how's the twins, Hamilton!"

"They are doing well, sir."

"Good!" said Master Freddie; and he added fervently: "God bless 'em, the Ht-tle lambs!"

They went up the great staircase, one step at a time; at the top of it there

"Good!" said Master Preddie; and he added fervently: "God bless 'em, the little lambs!"

They went up the great staircase, one step at a time; at the top of it there gleamed at them out of the shadows the figure of a nymph crouching by a fountain, a figure ravishingly beautiful, the fiesh warm and glowing with the

hues of life. Above was a huge court, with domed roof, the various apartments opening into it. The butler had passed below but a few minutes to give orders,

ticks. An enormous moose-head, with horns six feet across, faced a buffalo head on the opposite wall, while bear and tiger-skins covered the polished floor. There were lounging-chairs and sofas, window-seats covered with soft cushions of fantastic designs; there was cushions of initiation described in Persian fashion, with a huge canopy and a jeweled lamp beneath. Beyond, a door opened upon a bed-room, and beyond that was a swimming pool of the purest marble, that had cost about forty thousand dellars.

Master Freddie stood for a moment or two, gazing about him; then out of the next room a dog emerged, a monstrous bull-dog, the most hideous object that hull-dog, the most hideous object that hull-dog hull-dog, the most hideous object that hull-dog hull-

next room a dog emerged, a monstrous bull-dog, the most hideous object that Jurgis had ever laid eyes upon. He yawned, opening a mouth like a drag-on's; and he came towards the young on's; and he came towards the young man, wagging his tail. "Hello, Dewey!" cried his master. "Been havin' a snooze, ole boy! Well, well—hello there, whuzza matter!" (The dog was snarling at Jurgis.) "Why. Dewey—this' my fren', Mr. Rednose—ole fren' the guv'ner's! Mr. Rednose, Admiral Dewey; shake han's—hie Ain't he a dairy though han's-hie. Ain't he a daisy, thoughblue ribbon at the New York show-twenty-three thousan' dollars at a clip! How's that, hev?"

The speaker sank into one of the big arm-chairs, and Admiral Dewey crouched beneath it; he did not snarl again, but he never took his eyes off Jurgis—he was perfectly sober, was the Admiral.

was perfectly sober, was the Admiral.

A moment or two, and then the young fellow's restless eye was caught by a leather dress-suit case, with name-plate and trimmings of gold. "Hello," he said, "it's come, has it!"

He jumped up and ran to it. "Ain't that a peacherina?" he cried. "Look a-here—hic—ole chappie—ever see anything like that! Chris'mas presen from the guv'ner—thass why I'm so good! Come near—it won't hite you—jes look at that." It contained a shaving and at that." It contained a shaving and tollet set, with half a hundred imple.

They went out without a sound, and down the great echoing stair-case, and through the dark hall. At the front down the gused, and the follow proposed close to him.

"Hold up your hands," he snarled Jurgis took a step back clinching his one well fist. "Hold up your hands," the man ordered again.

"What for?" Jurgis cried, and then understanding that the fellow proposed to search him, answered, "I'll see you the liftst." toilet set, with half a hundred imple-ments for purposes unimaginable. Each ments for purposes unimaginable. Each of them was carved with individual de-

The butler had closed the door, and he stood by it, watching Jurgis every second. Now there came footsteps out-side, and, as he opened the door a man in livery entered, carrying a folding-table, and behind him came two men with cov-ered trays. They stood like statues while the first spread the table and set out the the first spread the table and set out the contents of the trays upon it. There were cold pates, and thin slices of meat, sent him down the great stone steps at tiny bread and butter sandwiches with the crust cut off, a bowl of sliced peaches and cream in land of the country and cream (in January), little cakes, pink and green and yellow and white, and half a dozen ice-cold bottles

"Thass the stuff for you!" cried Mas ter Freddie, exultantly, as he spied them. "Come long, ole chappie, move

And he seated himself at the table; And he seated himself at the table; the waiter pulled a cork, and he took the bottle and poured three glasses of its contents in succession down his throat. Then he gave a long-drawn sigh, and cried again to Jurgis to seat him-

self.

The butler held the chair at the opposite side of the table, and Jurgis thought it was to keep him out of it; but finally he understood that it was the other's intention to put it under him, and so he sat down, cautiously and mistrustingly. Master Freddie perceived that the attendants embarrassed him, and he remarked, with a nod to them, "You may

They went, all save the butler

They went, all save the butler.

"You may go too, Hamilton," he said,
"Master Frederick—" the man began,
"Go!" cried the youngster, angrily.
"Damn you, don't you hear me!"

The man went out and closed the door: Jurgis, who was as sharp as he, observed that he took the key out of the look, in order that he might peer through the keyhole.

Master Frederick turned to the table again. "Now," he said, "go for it."

Jurgis gazed at him doubtingly, "Eat!" cried the other, "Pile in, ole chappie!"

---nt anything?" Jurgis asked.
"Ain't hungry," was the reply—"only thirsty. Kitty and me had some candy

"Ain't hungry," was the reply—"only thirsty. Kitty and me had some candy—you go on."

So Jurgis began, without further parley. He ate as with two shovels, his fork in one hand and his knife in the other; when he once got started his woll's hunger got the better of him, and he did not stop for breath until he had cleared every plate. "Gee whiz!" said the other, who had been watching him in wonder.

Then he held Jurgis the bottle. "Lessee you drink now," he said; and Jurgis took the bottle and turned it up to his mouth, and a wonderful unearthly liquid eactasy poured down his throat, tickling every nerve of him, thrilling him with joy. He drank the very last drop of it, and then he gave vent to a long-drawn "Ah!"

"Good stuff, hey?" said Freddie, sympathetically; he had leaned back in the big chair, putting his arm behind his head and gazing at Jurgis. And Jurgis gazed back at him. He was clad in spotless evening-dress, was Freddie, and looked very handsome—he was a beautiful boy, with light golden hair and the head of an Antinous. He smilel at Jurgis confidingly, and then started talking again, with his blissful insoncience. This time he talked for ten minutes at a stretch, and in the course of the speech be told Jurgis all of his family history. His big brother Charlie was in love with the guileless maiden who played the part of "Little Bright-Eyes" in "The Kaliph of Kamakatka." He had been on the verge of marrying her once, only "the guvner" had aworn to disinherit him, and had presented him with a sum that would staggered the virtue of "Little Bright-Eyes." Now Charlie had gote sway in his automobile on the next best thing to a honeymoon. "The guvner" had made threats to disinherit another of his children also, sis-

below but a few minutes to give orders, and then followed them; now he pressed a button, and the hall blazed with light. He opened a door before them, and then pressed another button, as they staggered into the apartment.

It was fitted up as a study. In the his pocket. Freddie was up in arms it is only because the peasant tills the centre was a mahogany table, covered with books, and smokers' implements; the walls were decorated with college trophies and colors, flags, posters, photographs and knick-knacks—tennis-rackets, cance-paddles, golf-clubs, and polositions and polositions and polositions and polositions are considered with college with leavened them.

what happened then.
So the cheerful youngster rattled on, until he was tired out. He smiled his sweetest smile at Jurgis, and then he closed his eyes, sleepily. Then he opened them again, and smiled once more, and then he closed them and smiled once more, and then he closed them and forget to over then he closed them and forgot to open

toe, seewling at him; and Jurgis rose up, and retreated, scowling back. So until he was against the wall, and then the butler came close, and pointed ward the door. "Get out of here!" whispered.

rhispered.
Jurgis hesitated, giving a glance a Freddie, who was snoring softly. By making a noise he might awaken him. "If you do, you son of a \_\_\_" hissed the butler, "I'll mash in your face for you before you get out of here!"

And Jurgis wavered but an instant more. He saw "Admiral Dewey" com-ing up behind the man and growling solitly, to back up his threats. Then he surrendered and started towards the They went out without a sound, and

in hell first."

"Do you want to ge to jail?" demanded the butler, menacingly. "I'll have the police onto you so quick.—"Have 'em, then," roared Jurgis, with fierce passion. "But you won't put your hands on me till you do! I haven't touched anything in your damned house,

So the butler, who was terrified lest his young master should waken, stepped suddenly to the door, and opened it. "Go on out of here!" he said; and (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ter Gwendolen, who had married an Italian marquis with a string of titles and a duelling record. They lived in his chateau, or rather had, until he had

it is only because the peasant tills the land, because the miner extracts the minerals, because the laborer sets machinery in motion, because the chemist makes experiments in his laboratory, because the engineer invents machinery, etc., that the capitalist or the landlord-though the wealth inherited from his father may have cost him no labor, and though he may practice absenteeism and thus make no personal exertion—is able every year to enjoy riches that others have produced for him, in exchange for cases, poisoned by the minematic vapors from rivers or marshes, by gas in mines and by dust in factories—in brief, in exchange for wages which are always inadequate to assure the workers conditions worthy of human creatures.-Ferri.



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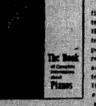
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# The Children of the Farm and the Farmer

rection at the first jar.

Our society is today like that plate of iron filings, with the city playing the part of the magnet. The faces of all are turned toward it. The millions that have gone on before draw their friends after them. Great beaps of human atoms are piled up here and there.

Why does this great migration go on? What is the magnetic force that is drawing these multitudes from the farm to

It is not because the city offers a pleasanter place in which to live. Smoke is not so refreshing to the lungs as pure air. The crowded tenement and the narrow alley, or

ment and the narrow alley, or the paved street are a poor exchange for the old farm house and the broad, shady highway. To be sure, there are museums, libraries, theaters, lectures, grand balls and beautiful palaces for those who have wealth and leisure. But such things are not yet for those who do the work of the world, either on the farm or in the either on the farm or in the

Nevertheless, these great, congested spots on the social continue to fester and spread, and to carry the infection to greater multitudes of the healthy country corpuscles.

What is the motive power, then, that sets this great array in the sand causes it to grow larger each year?

then and causes it to grow larger each year?
THESE PEOPLE GO TO THE CITY BECAUSE THEIR WORK

When ninety-seven per cent of the population lived in the country it was because nearly all the work of the world was done upon the farm. They lived there to do that work. Most of the city industries of today then lived on the farm.

Carding, spinning and weaving were as much a sulture as raising sheep or planting cotton Meat was prepared for the kitchen by the same hands that cared for the animal. The report of the first census tells us that certain "doubtful articles" were excluded from the statistics of manufacture, which "from their very nature were nearly allied to agriculture, including cotton pressing, flour and meal grain and saw mills, barries for packing, malt pot and pearl ashes, maple and cane sugar, molasses, rosin, pitch, slates, bricks, tiles, saltpetre, indigo, red and yellow ochre, hemp and hemp mills, fisheries, wine, ground-plaster, etc." How many farmers of today recognize even the names of all these early children of agriculture, so long has it been since they left Carding, spinning and weaving were as much a part of agri

even the names of all these early children of agriculture, so long has it been since they left the old homestead: Some, about whose inclusion with agriculture there was not even a question at that time, have since left the farm. Cheese-making was first classified as a manufacturing industry by the census of 1870, while butter did not follow its elder brother until ten years later, and cotton-ginning was only classified apart from agriculture in 1900.

Agriculture is the great ancestral trunk from which all other industries are descended. It is the parent of all our modern industries, although many of its children have wandered far away. While young and small these children stayed close to their parent. As they grew older and stronger they left the farm and wended their way to the city. The spindle and the loom, the flour mill and cheese press, the dye vat, soap kettle, slaughter house, and even the churn, have gone to the city, or are on their way there. But however far they have gone, or however great the changes through

was quickened. They were herded together in great prison like buildings called factories. They turned night into day and whirled on with feverish speed for a few years. Then they were worn out and thrown upon the scrap-pile to rust away.

Following the tools came the workers. After these industrial children of agriculture came the farmers' boys and girls. They, too underwent a great transformation in changing their residence. They, like the machines, are herded in prison-like barracks. They wear shoddy, eat poisenous adulterations. are herded in prison-like barracks. They wear shoddy, eat poisenous adulterations, and work day and night until worn out and flung aside to die. Worse still, the machines produce so much and men receive so little for tending them that there are more workers than work. A great host of the children and grandchildren of the farmers are drafted into that most desperate of all armies, the army of the unemployed, whose death rate is far higher than that of any body that ever followed the flag of militarism.

While tool and worker were both changing, the relation between these two became transformed. On the farm the connection

While tool and worker were both changing, the relation between these two became transformed. On the farm the connection between the tool and the man was simple and direct. The tools belonged to the worker and he kept what he made. The producer owned the means of production and the product. But when the farmer's child reached the city h. found that the tool which he had followed now belonged to someone else, and could be used only after the user had agreed to give up to this new owner all the product save a bare living.

Nor is the relation between the farmer and these city-dwelling descendants of the farm less significant. When these industries left

Nor is the relation between the farmer and these city-dwelling descendants of the farm less significant. When these industries left for the city they did not lose connection with the farm or the farmer. Weaving, spinning, grinding, slaughtering, transporting, storing, once but mere babes at the knee of agriculture, now have grown to such giant proportions that they threaten the existence of their parent. Large as they are, and loudly as they swagger, they still consider that they have a "vested right" to "live on the old man."

### The Farmer Still Does the Work.

Perhaps we can understand this if we take as an illustration the industry of transportation. When the Declaration of Independence had just been written (and while it was still suppose to mean what it says) the farmers' crops were carried to market in the old lumber wagon, drawn by oxen, mules or horses. When the farmer of today wishes to send his wheat to the far-off market he finds that the old farm wagon

off market he finds that the old larm has changed into a long line of fifty-ton pressed steel freight cars, hitched to a great which will move more Mogul locomotive, which will move more grain in a minute than the old methods could transport in a year. The farmer's son may still drive the new steed, but, nevertheless, there has been a great change in the social relations of the farmer to his means of ranscortation.

relations of the farmer to his means of raissportation. While the farmer or his son owned the old farm wagon and the team, NEITHER FATHER NOR SON OWN THE RAIL-ROADS. Yet the farmer still supplies though, and the son drives the rig as they always have done. The OWNERSHIP of the tools has somehow got out of the family, while the WORK still remains.

## The New Man Who Works Not.

A new social class has entered upon the scene, which seems to have nothing to do but

IT HITS

HEN Uncle Sam first counted up his children in 1790, he found that about ninety-seven per cent of them lived in found that about ninety-seven per cent of them lived in found that about ninety-seven per cent of them lived in found that about ninety-seven per cent of them lived in found that about ninety-seven per cent of them had moved to town, and more were going every day.

When agriculture itself was thus going piecemeal to town the agriculture itself was thus going piecemeal to town the farmer was compelled to follow.

The CHILDEN OF THE FARMER WERE FORCED TO FOLLOW THE CHILDEN OF THE FARMER WERE

These new machines made it possible for the workers to produce from five to a thousand times as much as they could have produced with the old simple tools. The workers cannot live unless they can get a chance to use these new tools called "Capital." But the capitalists will not let the workers nee these tools unless they agree to give up to the owners, the capitalists, all above the living wage that was produced with the old crude implements back on the farm. Consequently, it was not long until the capitalists began to get possession of everything the rest of the family produced. "They toiled not, neither did they spin." but just held fast to their tiple to the machines while the farmer and his sons did the work.

Steadily more and more of the wealth of the world came into

Steadily more and more of the wealth of the world came into the hands of the capitalists. During the last few years, there being almost nothing that this class did not already own, its mem-

bers have turned upon each other in a cannibal-like fight, until at the present time less than ten per cent of the population, and this the most idle, useless portion, owns more than half of all the wealth in the country.

### What Twenty Men Could Have Done.

We can get some idea of how much the very biggest of the capitalists have got when we remember that the total wealth of the United States in 1860 was valued at only a little over \$16,000,000,000, and that the trusts now own over twenty-five billion dollars' worth of wealth, and that less than twenty men are able to control this whole vast sun. In other words, if a few of our trust mag-nates (less than could crowd into even an ordinary workingman's home) had been alive at the beginning of the Civil war, with the same amount of money that they now possess, they could have bought all that lay between the Atlantic and the Pacific, be-tween the Canadian border and the Gulf of Mexico—all the cities, with all the stores and factories, mills, mines and railroads, all the chattel slaves of the South, and the cotton fields in which they

the charter staves of the South, and the cotton helds in which they toiled; all the farms, and horses, cattie, sheep and hogs of the North; paid all the expenses of the four years of fighting, and still had enough small change left to purchase a half dozen European nations to take home to their children.

The command of these vast sums of money enabled the capital-sts to secure control of the government in all its branches. Then, their legislatures made laws, their courts interpreted them, and their mayors, governors and presidents enforced them, saying that all things done by the capitalists were right. Then the newspapers were bought, colleges endowed, churches, libraries and missionary societies given large donations, until "public opinion" gave its approval to this whole state of affairs.

When the farmer wishes to use the railroad to ship his products to market he is charged "what the traffic will bear," until the fruit for which his children and grandchildren in the city are dying rots in the old home orchard. When he wishes to convert his live-stock into meat, he finds that the Meat Trust, that owns the machines for transporting, slaughtering and preparing the meat, will only pay him enough to barely keep body and soul together, while the price of meat to the children in the city climbs ever higher and higher.

At different times in the past the farmer has grown indignant, and organized Alliances. Wheels, Granges, etc., with the purpose of doing terrible things to this class of idle owners. Sometimes the farmers have even captured the offices of a few states, and made laws fixing the amounts to be charged for the use of some of the

sion. Then they went to the political par-ties owned by their masters and asked them for better legislation. Sometimes they were laughed at; sometimes the laws were given to

them, and then, before their shouts of rejoicing had died away, the supreme court declared the laws unconstitutions. Finally, some of the brightest of the workers began to ask why they should not own the tools with which they worked. They did not see any reason why the great machine that was made and, cared for by workers should not be owned by those who made and used it, just as the plain, simple tool from which the machine tame had been owned before either tools or men came to town. They are reaching their hands across the seas to all the sons

They are reaching their hands across the seas to all the sons of all the farmers, all round the world, to organize a political party, whose object is to change the laws so as to return the ownership of the machines and their products to the makers and the users of those machines. But the wage-workers of the city are also too few to accomplish this task unaided. The casitalists recognize this fact and seek to keep the farmer and his wage-working children fighting among themselves. They tell the wage-worker that the farmer is a member of the capitalist class, and wishes to exploit the workers. They tell the farmer that the laborers want to get his farm away from him. All this unmindful of the fact that the farmer could not exploit the laborer, or the laborer run the farm, if he had a chance.

Don't you think it is about time the family got together political party.

Don't you think it is about time the family got together politically to fight the capitalist who is robbing both? The farmer, fighting the capitalist owner of the instruments by which his crop is transported to market and prepared for use, should join hands with his children, who are fighting with that same capitalist for a chance to use those same tools and get what they produce. Just because the different processes of industry are scattered

Just because the different processes of influence and processes of influence and past because simple tools have given place to great, complex machines, are no reasons why a class of idle owners should be permitted to live upon the labor of those who made and use the things with which wealth is produced and consumed. All the processes of production were once a part of agriculture. All the work has always been done by the farmer and his descend-

The family is now so scattered, and the processes of produc-tion so divided, and the machinery so complicated, that it is no longer possible to restore all the old conditions of ownership, and let each member of the family own some one individual link in the

let each member of the family own some one individual link in the chain of production.

THE WHOLE PROCESS, WITH ALL THE TOOLS AND RAW MATERIAL, MUST BELONG TO THE WHOLE REUNITED CO-OPERATIVE FAMILY.

This family, as a whole, must own the farm and the factory, the mill and the mine, the railroad, store, slaughter-house and elevator. All will co-operate in doing the work, all will unite in the ownership, all will share in the products.

Whenever the family gets together politically they can accomplish this. The overwhelming majority which their combined numbers will give them assures victory. Victory at the polls will enable them to restore the tools and the product to the farmer and his children. It will unite the industrial and social family.

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Drlp, Drip, -then an Ulcer

By Zada Taylor.

The social and political problems that confront the world did not originate in the minds of (anatics, but have a material foundation in economic conditions. Phoughtful men everywhere see the

THE TYRANNY OF PLUTOCRACY.

threatening dangers which are discussed threatening dangers which are discussed on the street, in the shop, in private and in public. History again repeats itself in the massing of wealth under control of the few, and the question naturally to follow is as to whether history will continue in repetition and America go down as have the nations before her, when monopoly and private interests garned unlimited coutrol of them.

The murmuring of the discontented in our own courtry, as well as in every civilized nation, emphasizes the existence of the great class struggle; the impov-

ilized nation, emphasizes the existence of the great class struggle; the impoverished working class oppressed by the rich or ruling class, and the middle class rapidly losing hold on land and property and settling down into the class of workers who live by wage alone. It is the tyranny of plutogracy.

The increasing ownership of the soil by the few creates discontent that is not to be wondered at, for this is a process that separates the man who must use land from the land he must use. A farmer without land is necessatily as

cess that separates the man who must not for the form the land he must use. A farmer without land is necessarily as farmer without land is necessarily as helpless as man can be, for he must secure the privilege of having land to work from the lord of the land who owns it. The landlord is his master and can exact tribute from, him before he can apply his labor to the soil to carn a living.

MONTHS FREE

It you are interested in any kind of invented to the landlord plut to carn a living. William Scully, of London, is a fair specimen of interesters for 5 months free charge. A hoursel of the land who owns it. The landlord plut to carn a living. William Scully, of London, is a fair specimen of interesters fixed laborated and most reliable information contribute new enterprises. Knowledge is power that the land master than the land of the land who owns it. The landlord plut to carn a living. William Scully, of London, is a fair specimen of interesters that our forefathers refused to pay king George. In one county in Missouri today.

WANTED District Managers the man without land is necessarily as helpless as man can be, for he must use. A farmer without land is necessarily as helpless as man can be, for he must use land from the land for white land is necessarily as helpless as man can be, for he must use. A farmer without land is necessarily as helpless as man can be, for he must use land from the land for white land is necessarily as helpless as man can be, for he must use land from the land on who owns it. The landlord is the lord of the land who owns it. The landlord is a fair specimen of the land who owns it. The landlord is a fair specimen of the land who owns it. The landlord is a fair specimen of the land who owns it. The landlord is a fair specimen of the land who owns it. The landlord is a fair specimen of the land who owns it. The landlord is a fair specimen of the land who owns it. The landlord is a fair specimen of the land who owns it. The landlord is a fair specimen of the land who owns it. The landlord

work the actual farmers of the land for a profit.

But it is not only through ownership of the earth, but through much of its fullness as well that plutocracy tyran-nizes over the moneyless. Mechanics who do not own the tools and machines wherewith they labor are at the mercy of him who owns them, just as the ten-

# ant farmer is at the mercy of the landlord.

and or in factories, are for the one pur pose of getting between the man whives by working and the means be which he has to work. Once in this position, and with all the powers of gov-ernment at his command, he can dictate

> Between these two extreme classes of rapitalists who live by rent, intere and dividends, and workers who ow nothing but the labor power of their bodies, is a middle class who partake somewhat of the nature of each. Some have a limited amount of money and ex-ploit the workers in a small way, while at the same time laboring somewhat themselves; but these are being driven out of their small businesses by the trust methods and concentration of cap-

tral, and there is only one place for them to go, and that is down into the wageworking class. Occasionally, by rare opportunity, one of them gets up into the few at the top, but the process of thinning there goes steadily on, and while plutocracy grows in wealth it at the same time diminishes in number, dropping its victims one by one as it squeezes out of each all the wealth he has.

It may be said with some degree of truth that the rich originally gained the advantage by superior ability and management; but, granting this to be true, it cannot be shown that depressions and closing down of factories that periodically occur are due to the inability of the poor to make wealth, but rather by their enforced inability to buy it after it is made.

From the Lemon of Greed all these evils proThis planet was made by the Father of all.
Some day in the not distant future
His children will come to their inheritance, and plutocracy will be dethroned.
This end will be gained by the uniting of
the world's workingmen, who have nothing to lose but the chains their masters
have so craftily wound about them, and
before whom lies the whole world to gain
by united class conscious effort.

Let every worker add his mite to the
Socialist movement, that will restore him

Socialist movement, that will restore him to his own and remove those from the high places who have enslaved him.

## This Week

Let us have your contribution of ten dollars toward filling out the \$4,000 required to send the Trust Edition to the business men. We already have the world's record smashed to smithereens on this edition, but we propose to pulverize and grind it up so fine that no one will ever again mention anything but the Appeal record. Do your share, and do it now.

# Party Notes

THE TEN-ACRE

Tracts are desirable property, one of which you can secure by running up your list a little above the average. Get in your work this week and recollect that the biggest club takes on each week, even if it has only six or seven aames on it.

### (ADVERTISEMENT) FACTS ABOUT CANCER.

A new booklet, published at considera-ble expense by L. T. Leach, M. D., of 416 Main street., Dallas, Tex., tells the cause of Cancer, and instructs in the care of the patient. Tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, str. and is wenter and grind it up so fine that no one will ever again mention anything but the Appeal record. Do your share, and do it now.

There can be no profit, interest or rent where every man receives the full product of his toil. Surely that is plain enough.

# Bunion Comfort

Free On Ten Days' Trial

MAKE MONEY EASY

ty Cuttery Co., S.I. Bar St., Car



for office life by sking the large months 225 course-Road Typewirling Commercial Law Artifaction, Rapid Calculation, Banness Correspondent of the Commercial Commerci AGLETS WANTED Men or wamen: all spare those, so sell line of Imported Me citize—the commended by more uncertainty by cines, no skings; nothing like them under in every home; unergette agents can are \$25.00 a week, no experience necessaring \$25.00 and \$25.00 a week, no experience necessaring \$25.00 and \$25.00 a week, no experience necessaring \$25.00 and \$25.00 a week.

# AMERICA-A NATION OF TENANTS By Fred D. Warren

1903 For the United States (U. S. Labor Re-	Rented per ct.		Mortgd per ct.
port, 18th Vol., pp. 54-55), working class families	81.11	10.6	8.3
For the United States (Census Report, Vol. II., p. excii), all families	53.5	31.8	14.7
1890 For the United States (Census Report, Vol. II., p. excii), all families	52.2	34.4	13.4

MERICA is very rapidly becoming a nation of tenants. A giance at the above summary discloses this fact-a fact which our friends of the capitalist parties would hide from their constituency. Mr. Roosevelt of late has had much to say about "race suicide"-but I have seen nothing from his pen which would indicate that he was aware of the startling tendency toward "home suicide."

Did you ever read of a "homeless chattel slave?" Did you ever read of a chattel slave who lived in a rented or a mortgaged house—in constant fear that he would be kicked out by the landlord for non-payment of rent or failure to meet the interest installment? No! Rented and mortgaged "homes"—excuse the satire—among the working class came only with the establishment of the wages system of production by "free" labor, which concentrates the workers into large cities and industrial centers.

"When this revolution," says Hunter, "brought into the world large cities and a new industrial life, it, at the same time, destroyed what has been described as the Home. In our largest cities this home no longer exists. The economic development of the last hundred years has destroyed it and left in its stead a mers shadow of what orice was the source of all things essential to the world. The home is now a few rooms in a crowded tenement or apartment house."

But homelessness, however, is not confined to the large cities as one would infer from Mr. Hunter's remarks, but extends to the remotest districts in the agricultural states. The plate herewith printed is taken from the census reports. It will be noticed that the per cent of rented and mortgaged homes is greater in the North Atlantic states—the most advanced industrially section of the country—where we find the greatest per capita wealth and

	Capitalist	Middle	Working
	Class.	Class.	Class.
Allegheny, Pa Baltimore, Md Beston, Mass Buffalo, N. Y Chicago, Ill	Free,	Mortgaged.	Rented.
	4,021	2,324	18,983
	19,286	6,969	69,761
	0,944	10,305	89,083
	10,965	11,844	47,298
	39,246	43,735	258,582
Cincinanti, Ohio Clevaland, Ohio Columbus, Ohio Deaver, Colo Detroit, Mich	9,725	4,915	56,384
	16,240	12,246	48,844
	4,445	3,204	17,822
	5,000	3,114	21,215
	12,378	9,172	35,178
Fail River, Mass Indianapolis, Ind Jersey City, N. J Kannas City, Mo Los Angeles, Cal	1,473	2,008	16,711
	6,741	5,832	25,004
	4,569	3,729	34,060
	4,501	3,774	26,466
	5,969	0,743	12,745
Louisville, Ky Memphis, Tenn Milwaukee, Wis Minneapolis, Minn Newark, K. J.	8,861	2,692	31,640
	2,676	607	15,851
	0,541	11,278	37,466
	6,287	4,993	28,522
	4,415	6,517	41,270
New Haven, Conn	2,413	3,598	16,722
	10,634	1,608	43,120
	35,050	48,002	617,474
	8,948	18,938	884,340
	8,127	2,113	13,041
Paterson, N. J. Philadelpha, Pa Pittsburg, Pa Providence, R. I. Rochester, N. Y.	2,016	3,088	17.285
	29,633	24,013	196,124
	9,041	7,178	44,364
	4,087	3,708	20,696
	6,001	6,280	20,481
St. Joseph, Mo St. Louis, Mo St. Paul, Minn San Francisco, Cal Scranton, Pa	3,062	1,352	11,080
	16,007	9,699	90,983
	5,556	2,851	-20,266
	10,186	5,130	49,656
	4,600	2,583	12,129
Nyracuse, N. T Toledo, Ohlo Washington, D. C Worcester, Mass	4,082	5,115	15,439
	6,703	4,990	15,851
	8,441	4,261	40,753
	2,035	3,807	17,877
Total in 46 leading cities of the United States	847,005	306,504	2,593,084
-From Census, 1900, Vol	. II., p. c	civ.	1

the greatest per capita production—the more recently settled sec-tions showing a greater per cent of Take New York City, for

HOMES RENTED

Take New York City, for instance. New York, it might be mentioned in passing is the wealth-lest city in the union. Its banks stand on a par with the financial houses of Europe, and it is whispered that the seat of financial power is soon to be, if not already, located on Manhattan Island.

In the value of its manufactures it stands at the head of the list. Its per capita wealth production is exceeded by but three other American cities.

It leads in the number of millionaires within its bordersin point of fact, New York City
typifies American financial and
industrial progress, and yet what
do the census reports show?

Read in the history of New York City the history of every other city and know to a cer-tainty that the homeless condition of its inhabitants is the condition in which the people of every other city will find themselves at no dis tant day.

ported by the census, a few over 400,000 "homes." Of this num-ber less than 9,000 are owned free and unincumbered; less than 14,-000 families have even a mortgaged title to shelter over their heads-

And 384,349 are rented!

Ponder over the spectacle. Of the two millions of people in New York City, surrounded on every hand by wealth, a few over two per cent can say they have a home exempt from the tell of the home exempt from the toll of the landlord and the money shark!

New York City is but a type, a little more intensified, of

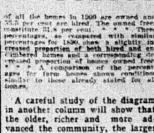
a little more intensified, of other American cities.

island of Hawan. Induct tension of the census statistician has pain-stakingly gathered his infort a state that produces more wealth per capita than any state in mation, and it should damn any politician who claims responsible Union, follows next, with New York, the great Empire state, bility for the prosperous times of the past twenty five years.

following a close third. Massachusetts shows less than one fourth bility for the prosperous times of the past twenty five years.

Bad as this showing is, it does not convey to the mind a picture of the true condition of the working class-the great army of wealth producers.

Turning to page claim, Vol. 2, Census Reports, we find that Manhattan's 2.000,000 people, embracing 433,000 families, live in 190,000 dwellings. Take from this one-half of the houses owned free and mortgaged, and, assuming that but one family lives in each, it leaves 90,000 dwellings to 400,000 families.



emerging from 'primitive say agery,' and where the beneficent reign of the higher civilization has not yet been introduced, less than twenty per cent of the people live in hired homes. And, strange, the ccusus does not report a single mortgaged home! Benighted Alaska—may she be

Next comes New Mexico, Okla homa, Idaho, Nevada and Utah. Here the blessed mortgage—that badge of prosperity-makes its debut and spreads its slimy iebut and spreads its slimy oils around the firesides of the free American people.

Gradually the tenant and the mortgages make their way down through the line of states. The free homes disappear under the barner of the auctioneer's red fing and the tenant takes his place in the procession. Wiscon-sin, Vermont and North Dakota are neck and neck for first place the greatest number of mortgaged homes.

New Jersey leads the procession with the smallest per cent of homes owned free and the great-est number of rented houses, with the exception of the trust-ridden island of Hawaii. Rhode Island.

of her families living in homes free from encumbrance. . And what effect has this industrial revolution which has made bencless the wage-worker had upon the individual? Here, again, we may quote from Mr. Hunter's book, "Poverty," with the assurance that he has not overdrawn the picture. It exists as he describes it, as you may see for yourself—if you are so fortunate as not to be a part of it:

MARKE

0

"Without the security which comes only with the ownership of property, without a home from which they may not be evicted, without any assurance of regular employment, without tools with

free and mortgaged, and, assuming that but one family lives in cach, it leaves 90,000 dwellings to 400,000 families.

Startling as this condition is, the situation is steadily growing worse. Says the United States Census Report; page excit, Vol. 1890, show a slightly increased proportion of both hired and encumbered homes, and a corresponding decreased proportion of homes when the convent free." Nor is this homeless condition confined to the city proletariat. Says the Census Report, page and volume last quoted: "A comparison of the percentages for farm homes shows conditions similar to those already stated for all homes."

This report was made at a very lavorable time. On page 50 (lix), Volume VII, the report says:

The census of 1900 was falen at a time of special sctivity and predictives, and thus its revert in of a volume of indestry at almost high water mark. The same pensent conditions existed during the cere-i of 1880, in degree less matical perhaps, but so mearly bleatised that comparisons between the perhaps but so mearly bleatised that comparisons, and the comparison of the satisfity of state two censues can safely and marifacturily be made. There is perhaps, no decude covered by previous resuses in which the conditions were so nearly alike at the beginning and at the each of the decade. This may be allowed the same of the covered to the submines situation at the line of each resume for the routire. These leeps except situation at the line of each resume for the routire of promounced business depression, in the manifesturing in the decade that followed was a lightly prospectual previous rears in the volume and the country of the routire. These leeps except allowed the recovery and the resume of the country of the country. These leeps except situation at the line of each remainded in the second quarter of 18th, and extending into the decade that followed was a lightly prospectual procession, in all start was a year of recovery. And is a proposed to the submines depression, the submit of the recovery and I have quoted thus at length from the report in order to get the thought firmly fixed in the mind of the reader that we are discussing figures indicating the high water mark of capitalistic prosperity. Naturally during prosperous Aimes men buy homes, and it is not assuming too much to say that every family who possibly could availed themselves of the extraordinary opportunity to secure this very desirable possession. But what do the figures tell us: Says the government statistician, page 193 (exciti), Vol. II:

Brow this ermonary it appears that of the 16.187.715 homes on the mainland of the United States in 1900. 7.220.002 are returned as coursed by the families the United States in 1900. 7.220.002 are returned as coursed by the families the United States in 1900. 7.220.002 are returned as coursed by the families the men alone often could not support their families, and prictorship were not stated. Heavigarding the unknown element and considering the percentages based upon known proprietorship, it appears that 66.5 per cent

of all the benees in 1900 are owned and the percent are hired. The owned free constitute all a per cent are hired. The owned free constitute all a per cent are hired. The owned free constitute all a per cent are the stable and a silently in percentages, as comparison of the hired and an emphasized with shaller by tremendous exertion they could overcome their powerty; but they gained while at work only enough to keep their bodies alive. Theirs was a sort of a treadmill existence, with no prospect of anything else in life but more treadmill. When they were not exceed proportion of the percent ages for tarm benees shows conditions and the mill they starved, and when they grew desperate to those already stated for all thought of joyful living, probably in the hope that by tremendous exertion they could overcome their powerty; but they gained while at work only enough to keep their bodies alive. Theirs was a sort of a treadmill existence, with no prospect of anything else in life but more treadmill. When they were not given work in the mill they starved, and when they grew desperate to the sale of the splendid consistency with no prospect of anything else in life but more treadmill. When they were not given work in the mill they starved, and when they grew despending to the splendid consistency with no prospect of anything else in life but more treadmill. When they were not given work in the mill they starved, and when they grew despendent of the splendid consistency with no prospect of a treadmill existence, with no prospect of anything else in life but more treadmill. When they were not given work in the mill they could overcome their powerty; but they grew they grew they grew they grew they grew the prospect of a treadmill existence, with no prospect of a treadmill existence, with no prospect of a treadmill existence, with no prospect of anything else in life but more treadmill.

A careful study of the diagram in another column will show that the older, richer and more advanced the community, the larger is the per cent of hired or rented and encumbered homes.

The negro in slavery had no the constitution:

"The negro in slavery had no the constitution:

"The negro in slavery had no thought for the morrow, but he spent his quiet, humble life in his little cabin, with his master to care for every want of self and family. He lived under the best hygienie restraint. His habits of life were regular, food and clothing substantial and sufficient, and the edict of his master kept him in doors at night and restrained him from promisenous indulgence in the baneful influence of the liquor saloon. In sick-ness he was promptly and properly eared for by physicians and nurse."

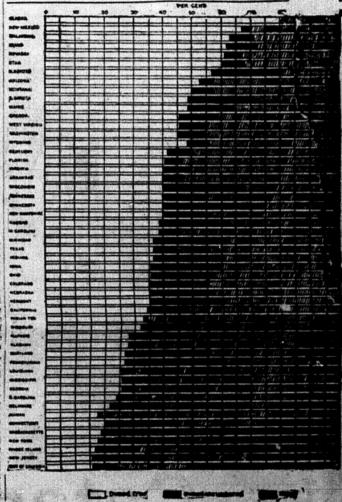
strange, the ccusus does not report a single mortgaged home! I do not know what may be the object of Southern journals in report a single mortgaged home! Renighted Alaska—may she be with what he has lost. Surely no master would advocate a return to chattel slavery after a half century of prosperity unstupidity.

Next comes New Mexico, Okla

As advantageous as may have, been the system of chattel slavery in America to the slave, as compared with the present slavery in America to the slave, as compared with the present system, there is no hope for either the black or white wageworker in looking to the past. It is the future that holds the key to the situation. That under the prevailing condition advantages have come to the working class there is no question—but that these advantages have kept pace with the power and privileges of the capitalist class I deny most emphatically. By comparison there is a wider gulf, measured by dollars and cents and economic advantages, between the wage-worker and his employer today than existed between the slave and his master or the serf and his lord. In support of this statement I refer you to the information collected by Mr. Wright, the labor commissioner for the United States, the Census Reports. Mr. Hunter's book and the evidence which you see on every hand.

Is Appeal No. 515, October 14tt, I will discuss the "Better Way," for a

In Appeal No. 515. October 14th, I will discuss the "Better Way," for a truly believe there is a hetter way a way that will return to the man whe labors all he produces and under such specifies that his income will be fremitre to ten times what it is today. It will raise humanity from poverty remisery to affluence.



# Dollar Bottle Free

The Greatest Woman's Medicine in the World.

Not one cent to pay. No charges to collect. No deposits to make. No papers to sign. No receipts to give.

Zoa Phora The Dollar Bottles FREE

There isn't a woman in the world who has tried or tested Zoa Phora who even wonders now at this great free offer.

# Zoa Phora Cures Women.

Thousands of tired, suffering, silling, run down, weak and afflicted women who were tortured and reduced by the troubles peculiar to their sex—are today CURED. They are strong, well, hearty and plump; in good health, good color, clean complexion, robust and roay—and they know that it was Zoa Phora and Zoa Phora ALONE that brought them back to the glow and heartiness of girlhood days. If you will not believe the truth, my sister, then here at last is the first opportunity to prove it absolutely free. Zoa Phora means everything to women. It means healthy, natural menatruation periods. Without it the constant tendency either to searty flow or to flooding is not properly regulated. Zoa Phora is the one regulator for the monthly troubles of women. It esses, normalizes and evens the natural flowing; no discomfort, no backachs, no more nervous, breaking, sinking sensation, or the agonizing, trembling weakness every suffering woman has so miserably experienced.

Thousands upon thousands of well women bear willing enthusiastic witness that this is true. There is no need, either, for the pain or weakness. Zoa Phora sustains and fortifies by upbuilding; it resuscitstes and heals. It cures by contact.

It is NOT an inferent remedy. It reaches in to the disturbed parts themselves; southes and relieves all irritation, and cures the cause by cradication. Common remedies do not do the—and they cannot be expected to.

Zoa Phora has cured thousands. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars—\$120,000 has been expended upon this great cure for women. Today it stands alone, proven absolutely by its recest among all remedies as the cure—the cure for female diseases—falling of the womb, leucorrhes, displacement, growths, painful or suppressed periods, extreme menstruction or flooding (expectant maternity, child birth and motherbood), change of life, kidney—and bladder troubles, nervousness, tendency to cry, hysteria, spinal pains, weakness, etc.

This offer rests upon a record of gures. Without such record we would not and could not gi

ZOA PHORA CO., 580 Free Distribution Dept., Kalamazoo, Mich.

COUNTY OF TORMOO SARE. THE RESERVE

By Lenas Taylor.

The road to harmony and happiness is plain to those who seek the way. Those not blinded by immediate and gross material interests look forward to the time when harmony shall take the place of competitive strife.

To them the bitter fruits of the present social system are the result of causes

ent social system are the result of causes that must be removed in order to secure relief. It is by the removal of these causes that the day will come when "They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn It is not for man to ask charity, but

to demand justice; and conformity to an enlightened moral sense must at last se-cure this for all. The march of Man has cure this for all. The march of Man has removed him somewhat from the military battle field to the battle fields of commerce, where money takes the place of the sword and markets instead of crowns are the prizes. The new war, as fierce as the old, is marshaled by captains of industry rather than by princes and potentates; but, as ever, it remains the war of the rich and the fight of the

The many subjected in the struggle for existence stand in the same relation to the present ruling class that the oppressed of ancient Fgypt, Assyria and Babyton sustained toward their rulers when those once powerful nations passed the zenith and inevitable decay

passed the zenith and inevitable decay began.

Our American forefathers threw off the political yoke of the British king but we are not yet free from the great red dragon of capitalism, that alike grinds the faces of the English and American working classes. It is for us to secure industrial freedom, to end the struggles between nations, or follow those nations into oblivion that have gone before.

Intelligent man knows that his own weal is bound up in the welfare of others, and of this knowledge is born the altruistic conviction that the individual is to become free and happy only as all secure like freedom and happiness. Our destiny cannot be separated from that of all, and that country alone can be esteemed truly free wherein there are no alayes, either chattel or wage. Therefore, we look forward to the day when—

"Man by love and mery taught, shall ray the work his fary wrought; had lay the word away."

The imperishable principle of fruth met crystallize into a nation or into

What is a slave? A slave is one who, through his necessities, is forced to give up to others without receiving any squivalent a part of the product of his labor. All wage earners do this and all wage workers are slaves. Most of them don't like the name, but their likes or dislikes do not change matters any.

## This Week

Let us have your contribution of ten dellars toward filling out the \$4,000 required to send the Trust Edition to the business men. We already have the world's record amashed to smithereens on this edition, but we propose to pulverize and grind it up so fine that no one will ever again mention anything but the Appeal record. Do your share, and do it now.

One hears a good deal of twaddle about "freedom of contract," of how the worker is free to "contract" to work freedom! Imagine yourself standing in a dark corner of the street with some one holding a revolver at your head demanding that you "dig up" or die. Well, such a picture is a good illustration of the worker's "freedom of contract."

Just step into one of Morgan's Steel Trust offices and ask for a job. See how much you will have to say about the "contract."

The Ten-Acre

Tracts are desirable property one of which you can secure by running up your list a little store the verges. Get in your work this week and resolved that the blessy work this week and resolved the track the policy that the property and the contract.

mations with institutions based upon justice. This cannot come without a conflict which will be but a continuation of the old conflict between conservatism and progress, between the dead old and the living new. He who cannot read these signs of the times is either blinded by selfishness or apathetic in fancied security. The glorious day is coming. The dawn is at hand, and above the awakening continents from shore to shore, blending with the songs of the birds, rises the glad refrain, "Peace, on carth; good will toward all men."

What is a slower to the continuation of the povernment forces, Port au Prince made a requisition on the authorities at Cape Haitien for men to aid in putting down the uprising. After a somewhat rough experience of two or three days, the authorities got together the required number of men to aid in putting down the surprising continents from shore to shore, blending with the songs of the birds, rises the glad refrain, "Peace, on carth; good will toward all men."

What is a slower to the continuation of the worker's sacred is membered of the worker's sacred is membered. The membered of the worker's sacred is membered for the worker's sacred is membered. The membered of the worker's sacred is membered for the worker's sacred is membered for the worker's sacred is membered. The worker's sacred is membered. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer from kidney treatile. The cry of millions is now answered—if you suffer manner tseverhment percent prince—Sir: I send you per steamer Saginaw today 100 volunteers. Please return the ropes with which they are tied.—Commander at Port Haitien."

Rot since when have the interests of buyer and seller become identical. Assass 11y Star. Under the present system the interests of the buyer and seller cannot be identical. As a buyer of labor power it is to my interests to sell for cheap as I can. As a seller of labor power it is to my interests to sells for as much as I can. The Star, in its editorial, from which I take the above except, insists that the interests of buyer and seller are not identical, yet methinks upon divers and various occasions the upon divers and various occasions the Star has told its readers that the inter-ests of capital and labor are identical Oh, Consistency, then are a jewel!

Tracts are desirable property, one of which you can secure by running up your list a little above the average. Get in your work this week and recollect that the biggest club takes one each aveal, seven if it has only cix or seven mannes on it.

This has cursed legions. Will it cure you.

This has cursed legions. Will it cure you.

The first purposes the training of the curs of the same and the first the curs of the curs of the curs of the curs. The province of the curse of the cu

HE TURNOCK MEDICAL CO., 2793 Bush Temple, CHICAGO, ILL

## Comrades:

I know just how you feel, and just what you filink, and I don't bizme you a "got darn bit."
You say: If "Incide Joiney" conducts that right it will be a nig thing for those who had you have a perfect fight to those who had you have a perfect fight to have been a company in it, and for the cause. I know a company is the second in for our free bookiet, that the second in feet the feet is the feet in free statement in fight but that our plans are correct. The facts that mills are now effering to turn over their plants for stock in our company is proof of their faith in us. But for it is the company is proof of their faith in us. But it is the company is proof of their faith in us. But it is the free plants for the second in the second i colletered; however, it sums be advertised. It is the only means of communication tent we have the form of the colletered of the colletere

Editor, angrily, who had never had a nickel of money that didn't belong to him in his whole life, "this earth is better off without such liars as you—" and he advanced menacingly upon the Sporting

into complicated machines, and his cheap methods of farming into expensive processes. He cannot keep up with all the progress, unless he runs into debt am mortgages everything he owns.

Be Satisfied With the Farm.

come a wage earner and save himself the worry and trouble of trying to ma

two ends meet, when they refuse to join.

There is just this answer to be made to the dissatisfied farmer:

"It matters not whether you star the farm or go to the city, you will he this battle to fight wherever you sta

You might just as well fight it out your own green fields, in the pure of your native hills, as in the fi

slums of the overcrowded city."

There is no escaping it. Wherever

justly entitled, there will be found the vampire of capitalism ready to snate

Capital Grasping for the Farm

If we are to remain a free people, vampire must be grappled with. It many hands and a thousand eyes.

organism of our national life. It sucking the life blood of our people the farm, as well as in the factory.

How is he to fit himself for this terr

the price of butter and the profit and loss for the year, but the deeper problems of social and political economy that

underlie the prices of necessities.

He must stand for the principle the labor everywhere shall receive what

produces the full value of its produce. And he cannot stand alone. Co-ope

tion and combination are the torchlig

of this age. The day of rabid individualism is passing. The day of comme

cial competition is passing. A gloric destiny awaits the people who acc the Brotherhood of Man as the high

expression of their patriotism. Our illization so far has been based on principle of "every man for himself", the devil take the hindmost." It is impossed to the devil take the hindmost.

ignoble, degrading principle. Be through all the strife we have string!

upward into a wider, freer outlook, the gives us this nobler ideal: "That the interest of one is the interest of all."

Combination to Rob the People.

Most basely have the capitalists us

the principles of co-operation and com-bination for their own advantage. Most

cleverly have they schemed to rob th people by combinations among the "chosen few" that were unsuspected by

What, then, is our farmer's boy

He must study economics-

ble struggle?

bor seeks the reward to which it

from the producer that which he

# Our Mechanical Servants or Masters

When the census of 1900 was taken it was found that 11,300,081 horse-power was utilized in manufacturing, as compared with 5,954,655 in 1890; 3,415,837 in 1880, and 2,346,142 in 1870. Since nat over 15,000,000 horse-power was sed in manufacturing in 1904.

number has been increasing duced by that great struggle. still more rapidly. Morerailways and in moving the steamalong the coasts. It leaves out of ish it. consideration all power used in operating mines, on farms or in office ica, hand in hand with those of a buildings, all use of wind power and hundred other countries, are attackbuildings, all use of wind power and ing the same enemy. But they proby the tens of thousands of auto- ing the same enemy. But they proby the tens of thousands of ears pose to strike at the root. They mobiles, and the multitude of cars pose to strike at the root.

much larger than the ones that are We are safe, therefore, in of the United States. people of the United States. All of this has been developed during the last century, nearly all during the last fifty years, and much more than half during the last generation.

ures. Engineers compute each horse power as equivalent to the work of eight men. That means that 240,breath of steam, and nerves of electricity, are now ready to do the work of the American people.

There are about twenty million sequently there are twelve of these servants to each household. These They never grow tired. It of which Aristotle wrote when the spindle and shuttle would move of year and see which you would rather their own accord," and when, so vote for. thought the old Greek philosopher. "there would no longer be need of human slaves.

The family of today should be able to live at least twelve times as good as that of Revolutionary times. and yet do no work beyond overseeing these mechanical slaves. Moreover, there are millions more of the same race ready to be set to work as soon as mankind desires their services.

Today those who do the work of the world are rather the slaves of the inanimate creations, instead of owning them. Socialists demand that the workers wake up and vote to own the mechanical slaves, that men themselves may be free and that all may enjoy the wealth which they are capable of producing.

## THE FARMER'S NATURAL ALLY.

It is time that the farmer began the Kansas grain grower, in the grip of the railroads and elevators;

then the power used has been increasing capitalism. They were nearly twice at an even more rapid rate, so that the scientific American, in 1904, estimated tion as at present. They were fighting a much weaker enemy. Yet the social student of today would be puz-URING the last year this zled to find the slightest effect pro-

There were two reasons for this this calculation takes no ac- failure. In the first place the farcount of all the power used on the mers fought alone. Secondly, they sought only to hamper and restrict ships upon the lakes and rivers and the forces of capitalism, not to abol-

Today the wage-workers of Ameroperating on our streets and inter-intend to abolish the very foundation of exploitation—the ownership These omitted items are certainly of the means by which men are exploited. They are asking the farmer to join hands with them for that concluding that at least 30,000,000 purpose. Such a union means vichorse-power is now utilized by the tory. Such a purpose means free-All dom.

Benjamin Franklin said, over a hundred years ago, that a careful calculation had convinced him that four hours a day for each able-Look a little closer at these fig- bodied man was sufficient to do the work of the world. He never saw a railroad, a power-loom, a selfbinder, or a steel mill. Any one of these will do more work in a minute than the man and tools of his day could do in a week.

Socialism proposes that all shall have the benefit of these machines, families in the United States. Con- and that there shall be no idlers. Figure out for yourself how many minutes, not hours, would be reservants are using the most perfect quired, to do the work today, if Franklin's computation was correct would seem that the time had come in his time. Then compare it with the number of hours you put in last

> "It is often difficult to draw a line of demarcation between agriculture and manufacturing. The husbandman is often both farmer and manufacturer. Manufacturing which is done on the farm, and is of secondary importance to the raising of crops or stock, is commonly spoken of as agriculture. The manipulation or manufacture of some agricultural products requires such special skill and appliances that it becomes a business by itself, and is then manufacture proper. Thus. the making of flour is no longer thought of as agriculture; and the making of wine, jellies, cheese, butcoming more and more into the category of special manufacturing industries. Strictly speaking, agriculture stops only at the factory door."

sence in national elections. The not yet found a place in the diefruit grower of California, fighting tionaries, but was "one of the new the private car lines; the Texas words waiting to go into the next stock raiser, bled by the beef trust; revised edition."

southern cotton grower, fighting the first reaper enter the grain fields of cotton and baling trusts; the small America, and the prime of life has fruit grower of the Middle States, not passed for those who carried whose fruit is shut out of the mar-bundles behind the first self-binder.

Army Column

Each week and every week for four months the Appeal vill give away a tenacre tract of fruit and vegetable land near Ravenden Springs, Ark. This land is a 160-acre farm, cut up into ten-acre tracts, and on one of them there will be a cabin and a large orchard in full bearing. Recollect, that if you get in the BIG-GEST club during any one week of this contest, you will win one of these farms. The average number of clubs has been less than five for a long time. less than five for a long time.

Bundle of five for a year for one dollar. Comrade Weichel, of Elyria, O., hands

Comrade Mick, of Osnaburg, O., recol-

The Cincinnati local of the Socialist party takes 100 copies of "The Question Box."

You will need a bundle coming to you oach week. Five for a year, \$1; ten copies, \$2.

The shelled jungles coughed up four rearlies for Comrade Walden, of Gar-ser, Mo.

Comrade Weller, of Austin, Nev., cap-tured four of 'em, headed straight for Death Valley, and turned 'em toward

Comrade Barnard, of Justus, O., shelled the jungles the other day, with five cas-ualties. Barnard seems to go on the

Comrade Munson, of Paterson, N. J., nabbed twenty-four economic Russians last week and forwarded them to this office as prisoners of war, with twelve roubles to pay for their care.

Land is going up rapidly, now, and if you want a good ten-acre tract in return for some work for Socialism, now is the time to get it. A ten-acre tract goes each week for the biggest club. Weeks end at 6 p. m. on Fridays. THE TEN-ACRE

got the range last week and landed on us with a shell that disclosed six year-lies when it exploded. "The ville may be green, but La Mance isn't.", said the antly for applause.

Mont., gallops to the front with six scalps. That's a pretty tough name to lambast the Army gent with, but for a gummed and guaranteed certainty. Ruh-samer is no chestnut. (Editorial Note-Ruhsamer may draw a sight draft on the Joke Editor for a million dollars dam-

Comrade Fritschy, of Buffalo, N. Y. came calmly in last week with a list of ten, which name one might think would floor the Army Editor, but it didn't. In-deed, when in the very next letter followdeed, when in the very next letter following was a club of thirteen from Comrad Heid, of the same town, the Army Editor didn't let on. He didn't dare to, for the office bull dog, feeling the need of exercise, was scrutinizing him closely.

"Comrade McKinny, of Cole Camp. Mo., comes digging in with an order for 250 copies of the Trust Edition." remarks not yet found a place in the dictionaries, but was "one of the new took waiting to go into the next revised edition."

Men are still living who saw the first reaper enter the grain fields of America, and the prime of life has not passed for those who carried.

Taking the work people as a wages war on noxious insects, and expendently became as dry whole, they have no interest in the papers right now, and any number will do. I'll just take 250 of the last edition and go over with them to cole Camputage.

off without such liars as you—" and he advanced menacingly upon the Sporting Editor, with his bible in his hand as an offensive weapon. Just at this moment, however, the office bull dog evidently decided that matters had gone far enough, and when that benevolent animal had finished his labors the Religious Editor had not only to buy a new suit of clothes for himself, but stood good for a new one for the Sporting Editor also. Crumbaker—he's to blame. The Ten-Acre

Tracts are desirable property, one of which can secure by running up your list a little bove the average. Get in your work this we and recollect that the biggest club takes or ach week, even if it has only six or sevenames on it.

### WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Bradstreet's report for week ending September 14th says the failures were 188 against 167 for the same week last year. The Dun agency gives the figures for the same times as 194 and 224. Why this vast difference? Are the companies reliable
at all? And what constitutes a fail
And let in new light on the chance passer by.

A thousand, postpaid, for \$1. able to pay their bills, were counted. there would be several thousand each reek. But, when an ordinary man fails in life he is not counted. What does the world care for him? A man or firm is not a man or a firm money that makes the man today. Men without money are merely so much driftwood in which the commercial world has no interest. And you vote for this and place confidence in the confidence game!

I HAVE observed that the mar who seldom eats a meal that costs less than \$2 is the fellow who thinks that the laborer ought to keep himself and his family on \$2 or \$3 a day. Why, the daily wage paid to the average worker will not buy one meal in the hotels where the mas ters sit. It has always appeared to know what it requires to live decently. And why shouldn't the working class live decently? When those who live at an expense of thousands a year expect the work people to live on a few hundred a year, it shows that the rich care absolutely nothing for the men who produce all wealth. But so long as the work people will vote for the eapitalist class I suppose they serve nothing better than the de-gradation and disgust which there inspire in the master class.

in the public printing office, it is shown that the fact that some of the officials wives were interested in the corporation selling the goverpment \$240,000 worth of machines was cause to assume that corruption the Army Editor. "I can't see it very existed. Now, when the govern-well from here, but he seems to have a ment makes contracts with railroad pretty flashy letter head. Some red in and other corporations in which sendustries. Strictly speaking, agriculture stops only at the factory door."

—From Prof. L. F. Bailey's "Principles of Agriculture."

pretty flashy letter head. Some red in and other corporations in which stocks and congressmen hold stocks in geditor, languidly, as though it really didn't matter much, anyway. "By Heaville and bonds, why does not that show corruption also? Three-fourths of quit my job if you fill that order. That It is time that the farmer began to realize that alone he is helpless to meet the great financial and commercial forces that have him at their mercy. Taking the nation as a whole, the farmers are too few, too isolated from one another, too divergent in their interests to ever hope to exercise even any important influence in national elections. The finance in national elections. The first cheese factory in the directive means a subject to meet the great financial and commercial forces that have him at their mercy. Taking the nation as a whole, the farmers are too few, too isolated from one another, too divergent in 1853, and the first creamery in Iowa (now among the gent in their interests to ever hope to exercise even any important influence in national elections. The finance in national elections. The first cheese factory in the directive means as a shoulted the Religious Editor, "Till corruption also? Three-fourths of quit my job if you fill that order. That the tetterhead save 'Anheuser-Busden Brewing as the tetterhead save 'Anheuser-Busden Brewing and Cigars.'

The first cheese factory in the letterhead save 'Anheuser-Busden Brewing and Cigars.' and all of them and he is a wholesale dealer in the Demon Rum." The Sporting Editor was bery. They are as shameless in their instantly at the files. Palpably, he depraying as the most hardened couldn't believe his cars. He thought it must be some joke the Religious Editor, "Till corruption also?" The members of congress are directly interested in corporations which are testered as as 'Anheuser-Busden Brewing and Cigars.' as wholesale dealer in the Demon Rum." The Sporting Editor was bery. They are as shameless in their instantly at the files. Palpably, he depraying as the most hardened couldn't believe his cars. He thought it members of congress are directly interested in corporations which are testered as as 'Anheuser-Busden Brewing and Cigars.' as wholesale dealer in the Demon Rum." The Sporting Editor was bery. They are as shameless in their testered as a wholesa

specifically grower of the Middle States, who should be shirted for those who should be shirted the first self-bring to make they the refrigerator trust—all who shall say what sort of machines the specifical states and the shirted for the states in the state specifical that you see indignation at different seasons of the vera often in different years, always in a variety of way, demanding (apparently, at least, a variety of measures of relief.

Whe shall say what sort of machines?

When this government was formed as impossible of the states in the stronghold section of the entire farmer class impossible.

When this government was formed the stronghold section of the entire farmer class impossible of the states in the stronghold section of the entire farmer class impossible of the stronghold section of the entire farmer class impossible of the stronghold section of the entire farmer class impossible of the stronghold section of the entire farmer class impossible of the stronghold section of the entire farmer class impossible of the farmer of today must politics. The Standard oil only smiles in its New Jersey-home when Kansas farmers go into politics. The Standard oil only smiles in its New Jersey-home when kansas farmers led loose their legis lative dogs. Wall Street never lative dogs. When the strongholds of pli will do. If just take 250 of the last eq. water the product are. That wage tion and go over with them to Cole Camp is as little as they can exist on, and myself, so as to be sure that he gets it can't go much if any lower withthem." With the last words the street out their streeting. If they did the

Book Talk

The office bull dog is about to desert the circulation department and transfer all his affection and good will to the black-eyed damsel at the book wrapping desk. When that big order for "Question desk. When that big order for "Question Boxes" and "Suppressed Information" came in from Comrade Gardner of Cincinnati, followed close by another from Comrade Liebenthal of the same city, the circulation boss had to give the canine an extra feed of yellow paper to soothe his nerves and keep him at home.

If you have any of those old fossils left in your neighborhood who think that Socialism and anarchy are the same, send 15 cents for a dezen copies of "The Trial," a pamphlet full of evidence to the contrary from such republican papers as the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the Chi-cago Inter Ocean and the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, and such democratic oracles as the New Orleans Picayune, the New York Times, and the Tacoma (Wash.) News. (Wash.) News.

"The Dark Side of the Beef Trust" contains a revelation for those who ea canned meats. Written by a practical butcher of forty years' experience, who knows what he is writing about and how to write it. In cloth, 75c; paper covers, 50c, postpaid.

unless he or it has been able to go broke for over \$5,000. It is money that makes the man today. "The Greatest Trust in the World" (the Beef Trust), by Charles E. Russell, are two "lid-lifters" that show up the meth ods of capitalism in a way never don before. Either sent postpaid for \$1.50.

> "Suppressed Information." Fred D Warren's digest of the Eighteenth An nual Labor Report, is having the greatest sale of any pamphlet ever printed by the Appeal. 'There's a reason for it that anyone can understand by a study of the official statistics it contains. A hundred, postpaid, for \$5; a dozen for \$1; single copy, 10c, delivered at your postoffice.

"The Question Box" is one of those ance. The question and answer method of education is just as good in teaching Socialism as in teaching the many other me that men who require \$10 to things to which it is applied. In making \$20 a day for living expenses should up your list of literature don't forget be in favor of high wages, for they "The Question Box," 10c; twelve for \$1; a hundred for \$5, postpaid.

> "The National Party Platform." The National Socialist Party Platform

is a pretty fair piece of propaganda lit-erature itself, and the price is low enough to admit of its liberal use. A hundred sent postpaid for only 20 cents.

## This Week

Let us have your contribution of ter dollars toward filling out the \$4.000 required to send the Trust Edition to the business men. We already have the world's record smashed to smithereens on this edition, but we propose to pul verize and grind it up so fine that no one will ever again mention anything but the Appeal record. Do your share, and do

## THE ACRICULTURAL DEPAREMENT

The only department of our present government that is in any important way like the government that will be when the worker shall really control, is

the agricultural department.

In its plan this department is a gatherer of information, a means to accumulate and disseminate knowledge con-cerning agriculture. It is to its efforts in no small degree that, during the last generation, the element of chance has been taken out of farming. It ransacks the world for new seeds, new plants, new methods of work; it studies in minute detail the soil and climatic condition of America, that each plant may be ad-

tinuous lightening of his labor, a con-tinuous increase in his income. But to-

# Impressions of a Socialist

S I have said, one of the strangest things about farm life is that the majority of farmers seem to always planning how they can get y from it.

S I have said, one of the strangest in their position, with others dependent on him for support—and a boy's wages offered him upon which to support them. What, then, is he to do? He cannot keep up with the industrial evolution at the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the coal of the farmer's son is to get the coal of the A things about farm life is that the majority of farmers seem to be always planning how they can get

away from it.

The goal of the farmer's son is to get to the city—to become a wage slave in itead of an independent land owner.

The reason for this—as I have shown
—is that the independent land owners
are few and far between. The majority
of farmers do not own the land they apjear to possess. The capitalist has his
grip on all that they produce. In many
cases he either owns the farm outright
or holds a mortgage on it.

The evolution of industry has caught
up the farmer along with the wage.

It is a common saying that it takes every cent that is made on a farm to run the farm. What is left is a bare liv-ing just what the wage earner has in the city. Why, then, should he not be up the farmer along with the wage-earner, and is whirling them both into

ne valleys of the dispossessed.

Now, it surely cannot be a desirable thing for our American farms to be de-serted by their owners, and to pass into the hands of a tenant class.

### Farmer the Typical American.

The American farmer has always been considered the typical American, and the backbone of the nation. We have looked on him with pride, and have looked on him with pride, and have lovingly exaggerated his weather-beaten, astute features and his homely person into that extraordinary figure which we delight to honor as "Unele Sain"—the presiding

genius of the nation.

When we consider how all-important is the vocation of the farmer—when we remember that he is the first great producer that feeds and sustains us all it is no wonder that we should have chosen him to represent us on the pic torial page of the world's history.

It is true that the cartoonist has lately think that I represent honest labor, but I can tell you that my baggy treusers and loose cotton shirt are stuffed out with bank notes: I represent Capital, not Labor, and I wear these old clothes just to fool you into the bell of that I represent the outwitted workers of field and factory."

### Is It the Same Old Uncle Sam?

Let the farmer study that singular hypocritical countenance the next time he comes across it in print, and ask him self if that is indeed the "Uncle Sam" of his youth-if it still represents him and If the farmer knows anything at all

If the farmer knows anything at all of conditions in the big cities, he must know that his problem is not solved when he forsakes his mortgaged farm and forces his way into the overcrowded ranks of wage-earners and small merchants of city life.

To begin with, the wage-earners and small merchants are engaged in a desperate battle of their own with the same for that menaces the farmer.

for that menaces the farmer. The appearance of the farmer's boy eager to take what wages he can get or whatever terms are offered reduces the chances of all wage carners for better terms.

Ignorant Used as a Club. The farmer's boy knows nothing of the battle that is raging around him. He has no idea that the ease with which The farmer's boy knows nothing of the battle that is raging around him. He has no idea that the ease with which he gets hold of a "job" is merely part of the discipline intended for the older workers.

He rarely stops to think that when he agrees to long hours of labor for a barely living wage he is being used as a club to crush his fellow workmen; and that the day will come when he will be

I heard a man say the other day: "The Socialist ideals are all right, but they are not intended to be realized this side of heaven." This man calls himself a

christian, attends prayer meeting and teaches a class in Sunday school. He

believes in Socialism in some other world, but not in this. This man claims

world, but not in this. This man claims to be a follower of the lowly Jesus, but, if the Nazarene has been correctly quoted, he believed in something very akin to Socialism in this world, here and

Most of our trouble is home ma

# SIXTEEN-PAGE PAMPHLETS.

Here is a list of cheap and effective amphlets. Mailed, postage prepaid, for pamphlets. Mailed, postage prepaid, to oc each; per dozen, 15c; per hundred, 81 in Allion, in Community of Socialism and Capitalism, f. C. Hitchcock.

Thy Workingmen Should Re Socialism, by Garlard Wilhire, he Militia Bill Life Dick Military (aw).

Represt Unionman

And the system of metayage (tenant farming) does at least give the tenant the tranquilizing a saurance that he will reach the end of the year without experiencing all the horrors of enforced idleness to which the ordinary day or wage laborers are condemned in both city and country. But, in substance, the whole problem in its entirety remains unsolved (even under this system), and there is always one man who lives in comfort, without working, because ten others live poorly by working.—Ferri.

Whr Farmers Should Re Socialists, by Green.
The Parable of the Water Tank, by Eduard Reliamy.
Religiou and Politics, by Ernest Untermann.
Resisting A New World Movement, by Sciences Untermann.
Resisting Made Plain, by Robert Blatrictord, Socialism and the Negro, by Rev. Chas. II.
Vall.
Whr Railroad Men Should Re Socialists, by a Socialist.
The Reign of Conflict and Capital, by Climton Rancroft. APPEAL TO REASON.

If the Lord took a notion to visit the earth with another flood he'd have a hard time finding anyone to build another ark unless there was some kind of graft in the job.

# RESULTS

# That's what we are all after-RESULTS

When an advertiser tells you his goods are the best it provenothing. A trial of the goods is the only proof of their quality. We are manufacturing a cereal coffee that we claim is the best food drink on the market. We claim it surpasses any other cereal coffee in flabor; we claim it is a nerbe tonic and an aid to digestion- a perfect substitute for coffee. We want you to try it and prove to your own satisfaction that our claims are based on facts.

# NUTRITO Pronounced

That's the name of this latest scientific discovery in food drinks.

send a two-cent stamp to pay postage on a small sample package and we will send it to you. And we would be glad to have you send along the name of your grocer—you'll want him to handle NUTRITO as soon as you have tried it.

GIRARD CEREAL CO., Girard, Kansas.