

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

SUPPOSE WE ALL GET PICKLED

By Henry M. Tichenor

The lords and looters of England, for whose special benefit England went to war, have all of a sudden discovered that too much booze-fighting is interfering with their war game.

The men employed in the English ammunition and gun factories are filling their hides with such quantities of liquor that they are unable to work overtime.

And, be it remembered, the supplying of ammunition to England's heroic army of French and Irish and Hindoo soldiers at the front, is England's patriotic and prominent part in this war.

No wonder that the noble lords and looters of England are hiding their faces in shame at the sight of England's army of powder and shot makers being so soused that they can't furnish England's French and Irish and Hindoo soldiers with all the ammunition they need.

It has even got its work in on King George. He has had Lord Stamfordham, his Private Chambermaid, write a letter to David Lloyd George, Chief Buccaneer of the Exchequer, in which the King, by proxy, says:

"It is without doubt largely due to drink that we are unable to obtain the output of war material indispensable to meet the requirements of the army in the field, and that there has been such serious delay, in consequence of the necessary re-enforcements of supplies to aid our gallant troops at

the front.

"A continuance of such a state of things must inevitably result in the prolongation of the horrors and burdens of this terrible war.

"I am instructed to add that if it be deemed advisable, the king will be prepared to set an example by giving up all alcoholic liquor himself and by issuing orders against its consumption in the royal households, so that no difference shall be made, so far as his majesty is con-

cerned, between the treatment of the rich and the poor in this question."

(Signed)

"Lord Stamfordham."

You will note the string tied to King George's proposition to climb on the water wagon himself—the note reads, "IF IT BE DEEMED ADVISABLE, the King will be prepared to set an example by giving up all alcoholic liquor himself."

Doubtless, this will so touch the hearts of King George's loyal

subjects, that, though a Kansas prohibition law be plastered on the British Isles, yet provision will be made that no officer shall harm any bootlegger seen monkeying around Buckingham Palace.

But even at this the matter has certainly become serious, when a king of England, "if it be deemed advisable," actually offers to sober up in order to set an example to an army of ammunition makers that have become so addicted to high-balls that they can't be depended on to make enough ammunition to keep a first-class war going.

And suppose this drink habit among ammunition makers should extend to all the other nations?

Suppose all the world's workers in murder-machine factories should become such chronic booze-fighters that the murder-machine factories had to close? Where would our boasted civilization be?

What respect would the heathen sitting in darkness have for our religion, if we ran short of powder and shot?

What—what would become of the Democratic party's last hope of prosperity if the dum-dum bullet makers of America went on a spree?

Is it any wonder that Secretary Bryan got so frightened at the sight of a buck beer sign in Philadelphia that he hiked to Billy Sunday's tabernacle to hold a prohibition meeting?

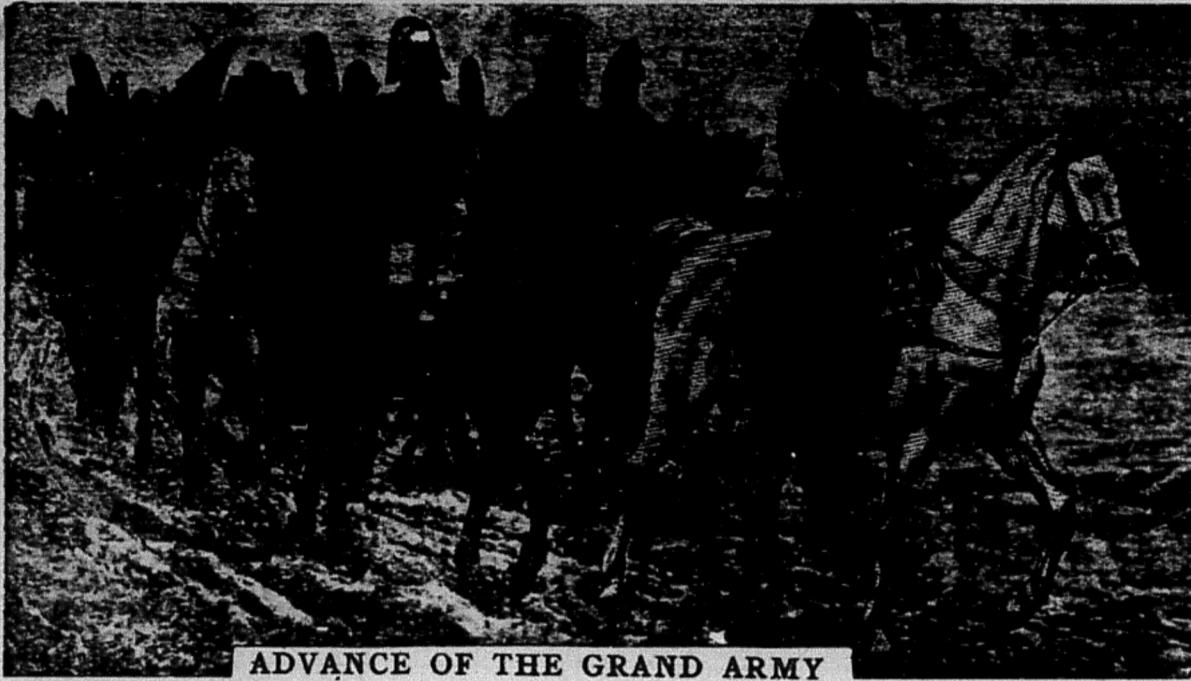
If booze is seriously interfering with war—say, suppose we all get pickled and dump the infernal murder factories into the hole in the bottom of the sea?



—From St. Louis Post Dispatch

ALL ABOARD!

Terrific Indictment and Dramatic Exposure of War
By Kate O'Hare — See Ad Inside!



ADVANCE OF THE GRAND ARMY

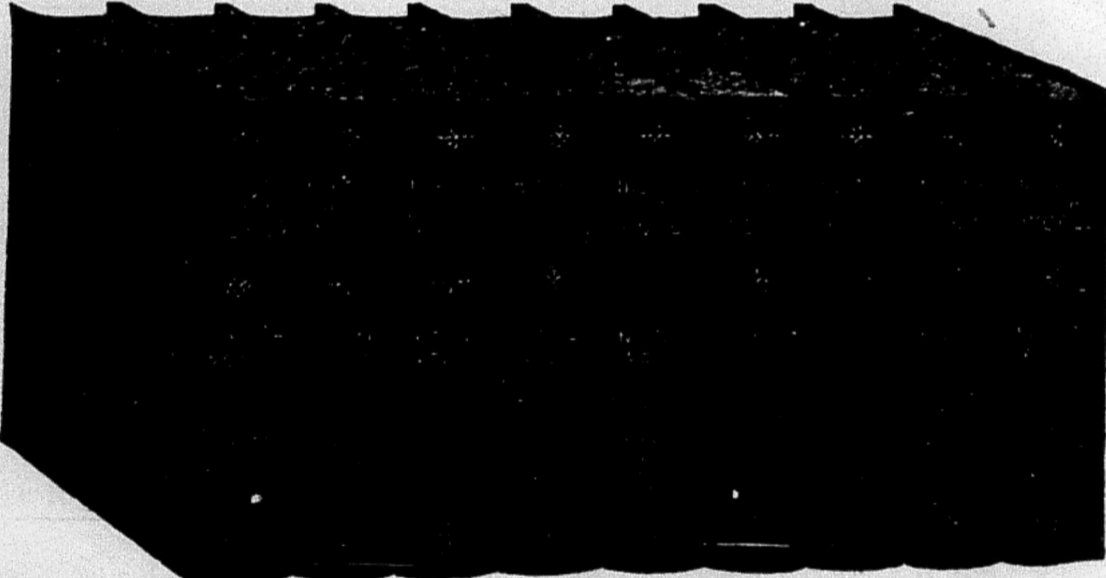
NAPOLEON'S name fills more pages in the world's solemn history than that of any other mortal. The advance of his Grand Army into Russia is the turning point of his career and marks the beginning of his downfall. Mighty armies are once again marching over the same battlefields where Napoleon fought a hundred years ago. The picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's history, is one of the 2000 in the work and illustrates but one event of all the thousands fully described in the world-famed publication.

Ridpath's History of the World

Dr. John Clark Ridpath is universally recognized as America's greatest historian. Other men have written histories of one nation or period: Gibbon of Rome, Macaulay of England, Guizot of France, but it remained for Dr. Ridpath to write a History of the entire World from the earliest civilization down to the present day.

Very Low Price and Easy Terms

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending us the Coupon below. Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it. Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his widow derives her support from his history, and to print our low price broadcast, for the sake of quickly selling these few sets, would cause great injury to future sales.



9 MASSIVE VOLUMES 2,000 PICTURES 4,000 PAGES

Six Thousand Years of History

Ridpath takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement to the dawn of yesterday. He covers every race, every nation, every time and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written.

Ridpath's Graphic Style

THE REASON for Dr. Ridpath's enviable position as a historian is his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian in any generation has ever equalled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the Southern Seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest fiction.

Endorsed By Thousands

DR. RIDPATH'S History is strongly endorsed by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley. Dr. Cuyler, Rabbi Hirsch, Presidents of nearly all other colleges and universities, and by the Great American People, a quarter of a million of whom own and love it. The scholarship of the world has endorsed this as the most authoritative, unbiased and unprejudiced History of the World ever written.

Mail coupon for sample pages. Western Newspaper Ass'n CHICAGO

FREE COUPON. Western Newspaper Association, H. E. SEVER, President, 140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Please mail, free, 46 page sample booklet of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photographs of Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, Socrates, Caesar and Shakespeare, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to The National Rip-Saw readers. Name Address

The Blood of Martyrs

By Kate Richards O'Hare

The summer suns have scorched the grass above the graves of the martyrs of Ludlow, the winter snows have covered them like a mantle of mercy, and lured forth by the springtime sun, the tender grass and delicate flowers cover on this first Memorial Day, the lowly resting places of these fallen soldiers of the Common Good.

A mighty world war has thundered and roared across a continent and millions of brothers and sisters of the humble toilers of Ludlow have found their last resting place on the war torn breast of Mother Earth, since the crack of the Mauser and the shriek of the Gatling gun on the mountain side at

path slippery with human blood. As a mother must share her blood in giving life to a child, so the race has been compelled to yield its blood in giving life to greater liberty and justice for the working class.

In the past no wrong, no oppression, no system of human exploitation has been killed by the concerted, intelligent action of the workers; each system has died by suicide. When the greed and avarice of the master class fattening on success grew more and more rapacious, the workers dumbly submitted until swollen greed and glutted rapacity drowned itself in a flood of carnage. Then, and not until then, did the workers scramble out of the old system of exploitation and into one slightly more favorable to themselves. Slavery killed itself by excesses, feudalism committed suicide by brutality, and capitalism has opened its own veins and is letting its own blood in the excesses, brutality and greed of commercial power. When capitalism has bled to death upon the industrial battlefields of America and the political battlefields of Europe, then the workers will wipe the blood from their eyes, clamber over the bloated, rotting carcass of capitalism to the higher plane of Democratic World Federation in politics and Co-operative production in industry.

Out of the Depths.

Here are the brave twenty that stood forth—their homes crumbling into ruins, the walls of their world tottering around them—who so valorously laid down their lives on the altar of unionism, justice, and the right of the common people. Born in obscurity, working in the lowly places, these heroic souls, on their last day arose to great heights. Verily, the head is well chosen, for they came out of the depths.

- LOUIS TIKAS. PRIMO LARESE, age 18 years. RODERLO PEDROGONE, age 6 years. CLORIVA PEDROGONE, age 4 years. LUCY COSTA, age 4 years. PEDELINA COSTA. ONAFRIO COSTA, age 6 years. CHARLES COSTA. JAMES FYLER. FRANK RUBINO. JOHN BARTOLOTTI. FRANK W. SNYDER, age 11 years. PATRIA VALDEZ. EULALA VALDEZ, age 8 years. MARY VALDEZ, age 7 years. ELVIRA VALDEZ, age 3 months. RUDOLPH VALDEZ, age 9 years. FRANK PETRUCCI, age 6 months. LUCY PETRUCCI, age 3 years. JOE PETRUCCI, age 4 years.

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here, Warm southern wind, blow softly here, Green sod above, lie light, lie light, Good night, dear hearts, good night, good night.

A CAPITALIST DESCRIPTION OF SOCIALISM.

By Joe Hayden.

Socialists believe that every successful man is a thief, and that those who fail are martyrs to capitalism. Those who are in jail ought to be out, and those who have tried to run a farm, a barber shop and a hot tamale joint and failed, ought to take charge of the U. S. Government.

The Socialists can correct all mistakes of God Almighty and take the Devil out of men. A Socialist is a bundle of walking bellyache suffering with the delusion that he knows a great deal more than anybody else, and spends his time repeating the spiel of the Socialist spouters. He thinks that there should be no rails on the bottom fence, but all the rails should be on top.

A Socialist is a man with his headlight on behind; a dream mill with the governor belt knocked off; a cross-eyed rainbow chaser; a Darwinian donkey trying to rub his tail off against the present system; an all-round double-back-action, five-jeweled, nickel-plated, brass-faced, stem-winding, stem-setting, 24-hour bore, guaranteed when once wound up to never run down until the machine wears out.

A Socialist is a mixture of all sorts. There is found in his makeup 40 per cent brass, 40 per cent gall; 10 per cent of Paris green, 9 per cent laziness and 1 per cent brains. He wears a No. 12 shoe and a No. 5 hat. He persuades himself that he has been robbed by the rich when he has never had enough to buy a negro's supper. He wants restored to him that which he never possessed. His case is hopeless, our only hope is to prevent him from exploding with overmuch gas, which he would certainly do if it were not for the safety valve in his wind-jamming apparatus.

Ludlow opened the last and final war of the great class struggle.

A score of workers died in Ludlow last April, millions have since been slain in Europe; the fruitful bosom of Mother Earth has been saturated with blood and future historians will find no words with which to write the horrors of this fateful year. So damnable and cursed has the year been that were not our feet firmly fixed on the solid rock of scientific knowledge every intelligent, thinking, feeling man and woman would have been driven raving mad with the horrors of it all.

The whole blind, upward struggle of humanity has followed a

Editorial



Section

By EUGENE V. DEBS

LEXINGTON AND LUDLOW

APRIL TWENTIETH is a red letter date in American annals. It was on April twentieth, 1775, that the battle of Lexington was fought.

It was in this historic fight, the beginning of the war of the Revolution, that the "shot was fired that was heard around the world."

The battle of Lexington signalized the death of king rule and the overthrow of political despotism in the United States.

One hundred and thirty-nine years later, on April 20th, 1914, the anniversary of Lexington was celebrated by Rockefeller and the ruling class in free America by the murder of working-class women and babies at Ludlow, Colorado.

The massacre of the innocents at Ludlow was as shocking and infamous as the battle of the patriots at Lexington was glorious and inspiring.

Lexington won an immortality of fame and Ludlow imperishable infamy.

APRIL 20TH, 1914, must never be forgotten by the working class of the United States. It was on that day that Louis Tikas, his arms extended, pleading that the women and children be spared, was brutally murdered by Rockefeller's gunmen while the same inhuman fiends applied the torch to the tents to which these women and children had been driven by Rockefeller's greed and barbarity and deliberately roasted them to death.

The charred bodies of babies murdered at the breasts of murdered mothers cry from the ground at Ludlow.

All the tardy confessions of guilt and professions of repentance by the Rockefellers will not bring the dead to life nor atone for the monstrous crime of their taking off.

We do not thirst for revenge. Neither do we forget our duty to the dead. On the anniversary of Ludlow we lay our blossoms of love and loyalty where they perished and resolve that they shall not have died in vain.

Ludlow, where on April 20th, 1914, the gunmen of the ruling class murdered the mothers, wives and babes of the working class, signalized the revolutionary struggle for the end of king rule in industry and the overthrow of industrial despotism in the United States.

MAY DAY INSPIRATION

The first day of May, the wide world round, is the day of the working class and of the social revolution.

This day is not granted by the benevolent masters as a day of fawning for "blessings" received but a day boldly seized by the slaves and dedicated to their own emancipation.

May Day, the day of the revolution, is an inspiration to the labor movement and the workers of all lands and climes do well to unite in its joyous celebration.

This is the day for clear thought and for brave speech; for high hopes and for noble inspirations.

A day for the workers to clasp hands across all boundary lines and all racial divisions and to pledge to one another their mutual and eternal sympathy and fellowship.

This is the day to strike boldly for the industrial union, leaving the outgrown craft union far behind; the day to pledge anew our fealty to the Socialist party and energetically strive to build it up and make it strong for its mighty task; the day to realize the need of a socialist and labor press to fight the battles of the party and the movement; the day to feel the galling chains of wage-slavery that fetter our class and to swear that we shall not rest until these chains are broken and the workers of the world are free.

On this glorious day, the Rip-Saw sends its happy hail to all the hosts that march beneath the crimson standard of the revolution; to each and all it extends the fraternal hand and pledges itself to renewed energy and determination in the struggle to overthrow the despotic system of capitalism and establish the world-wide COMMONWEALTH OF COMRADES.

Let not this May Day pass without the united and indignant protest of the workers being launched against the unspeakable curse of war. In this tragic hour, we behold our European comrades arrayed against each other in deadly strife by their inhuman masters, engaged in a massacre which blackens history and disgraces civiliza-

tion, and as we look upon this shocking, sickening spectacle, let us vow that we will make impossible the repetition of this appalling tragedy be absolutely refusing under any circumstances to support, directly or indirectly, any war of capitalism for any purpose whatsoever.

War is the crime and curse of the ages and accursed by the system of capitalism which breeds war between class and class, between nation and nation and transforms the fairest dominions of God's earth into seething hells of slaughter and destruction.

All hail on this auspicious May Day to the International Socialist Movement whose coming triumph means the end of savage war and the beginning of peace and brotherhood throughout the world!

JESUS, THE CRUCIFIED REBEL

It is clear to every seeker of the truth that Jesus of Nazareth was a labor agitator and social rebel and that this was the real cause of his crucifixion as a felon. A carpenter by trade and at a time when labor was virtual slavery, he knew the meaning of oppression and poverty and woe, and there is not a doubt that his great heart went out in deepest sympathy to his own suffering class and that his outraged soul rebelled against the system of extortion and robbery of which they were the victims.

He did not associate with the rich except to rebuke and scourge them. The suffering poor, the unfortunate, the derelict, in their poverty and misery, could commit no excess he could not excuse.

All his disciples were chosen by Jesus from his own class, the toiling class, the "lower class" in which he was born and to which he remained loyal and steadfast to the day of his death.

Jesus was accused of blasphemy and of "spreading a false religion." This was but the pious pretext of the pharisees to poison the minds of the ignorant and superstitious against him. He was dangerous to the money-changers, the extortioners, the plunderers of the poor, and he lashed them with whips of fire, and it is they who with the connivance of their high priests and other retainers brought false charges against him and plotted his cruel death.

The naked truth is that Jesus was crucified for inciting his fellow-slaves to rebellion against their arrogant and merciless masters, and today the lineal descendants of these same masters who murdered him as a dangerous agitator, profess to worship him because he died that they might be made immaculate in the blood of the lamb.

Jesus loved the poor among whom he was born with a holy passion and fiercely hated their rich and respectable despoilers, and were he to return today and attack the gamblers of Wall street as he did the money-changers in the Temple, the very gentry who now profess to be his meek and lowly followers and worship in his name, would be the first to rise up and demand his blood, and the only mercy they would show him as the result of twenty centuries of Christian civilization would be the substitution of electrocution for crucifixion.

FRED HOLT AND HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS

In two months more the sentence of six months Fred Holt and his fellow-prisoners are serving in the Federal prison at Fort Smith, Arkansas, by the grace of the mine owners and their servile court, will expire, and these comrades will walk forth, better equipped than ever before, to renew their activities in the movement. Fred's course of university training behind the bars has given him advantages he could not otherwise have enjoyed; he has had time for serious reading, for study and reflection and when he again enters the field it will be with a power and influence greater far than he had when he entered upon his prison sentence.

The Socialists of Oklahoma have already booked Comrade Holt for half a hundred speeches and they will all be delivered to great crowds of receptive and enthusiastic people. Other states in the southwest are making similar arrangements and it is safe to assume that, before the year closes, Fred Holt and his ten fellow-prisoners will have proved by their works that a term in prison for serving the labor movement is time well spent and yields abundant returns to the working class.

THE QUINLAN FRAME-UP

Pat Quinlan is serving a sentence of from two to seven years in the state prison at Trenton, N. J.

He is innocent of the crime for which he has been convicted and the court which sent him to prison knows it.

Pat Quinlan, the Socialist and industrial unionist is the victim of a police frame-up.

He fought the silk barons of Paterson, it is true, but he fought them openly, squarely and by lawful means.

It was to Pat Quinlan's eternal credit that he espoused the cause of the poor slaves of the silk mills; the cause of the women and children who toil and suffer in these gloomy dungeons where misery reigns and hope dies, and they welcomed him with open arms in their desperate battle against the crushing power of mammon.

Pat Quinlan did not disappoint the despairing victims of the silk mills but plunged into their struggle and fought for them as he could only have fought in such a hopeless cause. His words were white-hot with the passion of a liberator and his burning appeal fired the hearts of the strikers and moulded them into solidarity. But he counseled no violation of the law. There is not one scintilla of evidence to the contrary.

Nevertheless Quinlan was a dangerous man. The silk barons were unanimous in condemning him. He had no business to interfere with their slaves. This of itself was sufficient proof of his guilt and for such a felon there was only one place and that was behind prison bars.

But there was no legal way to punish Quinlan as he had kept strictly within the law. How then was he to be reached and disposed of?

The answer was, **BY A POLICE FRAME-UP!**

He was charged with having delivered a reckless and incendiary harrangue at a certain meeting when, as has been proved beyond a doubt, **HE WAS NOT EVEN IN ATTENDANCE.**

So notoriously flagrant was the frame-up that even the capitalist press in the East is denouncing the infamy. I have before me the New York Globe containing an expose of a column and a half by one of its special representatives who made a thorough investigation and reported the facts in detail, proving even by witnesses personally hostile to Quinlan, that he was either the victim of mistaken identity or of a police frame-up.

The latter is undoubtedly the true solution of the damnable affair. It is impossible to read the testimony and escape this conclusion. Pat Quinlan had flayed the brutal police who had openly taken the side of the mill owners and clubbed unoffending strikers without mercy; he had the courage to denounce them to their teeth. He told them to their faces of the dirt work they were doing and his words burned into their scaly hides like a white-hot iron.

The police did not dare to club Pat Quinlan, but they sneaked away and framed up the false charge against him of inciting to riot for which he is now doing time in the Trenton penitentiary.

The capitalist newspapers of New York and New Jersey know that he is innocent.

The servile priests of mammon know that he is innocent and hundreds of strikers will swear to his innocence, but unless the working class bestir themselves and let loose a storm of protest, Pat Quinlan will serve his atrocious sentence to the eternal infamy of the master class and to the scarcely less damning disgrace of the labor movement.

DISMISSAL OF SUIT

The action brought against the Melting Pot and its editor and publisher in the federal court for cartooning Billy Sunday and Big Business has been dismissed with a fine of one hundred dollars assessed against the defendants. The peculiar character of the law under which the indictment was brought has already been made clear in these columns. Technically there was no escape. Conviction in the end was as certain as it was in the Warren case, with the chances for a far heavier penalty on account of the influence of the Roman Catholic political machine which was bent upon putting the Melting Pot out of business.

After canvassing the situation carefully and taking into account the utter hopelessness of escaping conviction in a capitalist court; after realizing that the case, if carried to its conclusion, would require several years and the outlay of thousands of dollars for lawyers' fees and court costs, which are notoriously exorbitant in a federal court, and that this vast expense would have to be levied upon friends and sympathizers, most of whom have already to skimp and deny themselves to make ends meet—after realizing, moreover, that this costly litigation would sink the Melting Pot, the very end sought by the prosecution, it was deemed the wiser part to yield first than last, admit technical violation, pay a nominal fine and end the case.

Had there been the shadow of a chance for a favorable verdict, the case would have been fought to a finish, as first intended, regardless of the penalty that might have been imposed upon the defendants.

It was not because Phil Wagner and Harry Tichenor shrank from penal servitude but because they drew the line at extorting thousands of dollars from their loyal sympathizers to waste in a brace game in

a capitalist court, and because they deemed it of first importance to save the Melting Pot, that this course was taken.

There is no dishonor in a revolutionary editor, publisher or publication being branded a violator of the law in a master class court.

If the Melting Pot has violated a capitalist class law it is because it has been true to working class interests. There is no stain upon its escutcheon. It has sacrificed no right and compromised no principle. It stands today where it stood before, the staunch and fearless champion of the oppressed and the implacable foe of slavery and superstition.

The only change there will be in the Melting Pot will be the exercise of a greater degree of vigilance in avoiding the technical traps set by the master class to ensnare undesirable publications.

WE NEED TO BE STRONG

We have undertaken to win a world and we need to be strong and calm and have faith AND WORK.

We need to have courage such as men have never required in the past; and to develop that courage and to be sustained in every hour of trial we need to have the socialist spirit, the spirit which springs from the great heart of comrades united in a common cause. When all else fails this will sustain.

The sordid and selfish may never know the joy that comes to those who give themselves heart and soul to a noble cause; they may never share in "the love of comrades," for love comes not to those who know not how to serve their fellow-men.

The greatest among us are they who are strong and hopeful, self-reliant and optimistic when adversity beats upon us and the movement, like a great ship in a tempest, is threatened with disaster. They are the incarnation of our principles and our ideals and though they may live in humble cottages and not be known beyond their neighborhoods, they are the true leaders of our cause and the real makers of our movement.

FRANCIS MARSHALL ELLIOTT

The name of the comrade at the head of this article should be known to every member of the Socialist party.

Francis Marshall Elliott has for ten years been dying of consumption and yet living for socialism. He has been tried by fire but he survives for the cause. For ten years death has stared him in the face and the doctors have told him he could not live; the wife of his bosom, the idol of his soul, was snatched from him and a dishonest partner left him without a penny in the world, but through all this ordeal of agony and grief he has been sustained by his devotion to the cause.

Away out in a suburb of Los Angeles, in the sunny nook of a small cottage this dauntless comrade battles for breath from day to day that he may serve the movement; and he is always cheerful and never complains. He is the most gifted of writers and the most efficient of propagandists; he is a true poet and James Whitcomb Riley paid him the beautiful tribute of sending him a rare edition of his works with each volume autographed.

Francis Marshall Elliott is an inspiring example of true courage, unconquerable will and deathless devotion to the principles and ideals of the socialist movement.

John M. O'Neill, for many years editor of the Miners' Magazine, official journal of the Western Federation of Miners, is now in charge of the editorial columns of the Free Press of Trinidad, Colorado. O'Neill wields a trenchant pen and a fearless one. As editor of the Miners' Magazine he achieved a national reputation and was widely quoted. He has a style all his own and can be flowery or vitriolic according to occasion. But John is at his best when it comes to handling the ward-heeling politician who poses as a labor leader or the pure and simple grafter who wears a union button the size of a horse-shoe the while he is trafficking in the confidence of his unsuspecting dupes. The Free Press is already responding to O'Neill's virile pen in an increasing circulation and enlarging influence which the RIP-SAW hopes may continue indefinitely.

The workers of every industry will sooner or later be forced by the very power that oppresses them to organize their entire industry, and only then will they develop the full power of unity essential to their emancipation.

The rank and file of both the economic organization and the political party of the working class must learn more and more to take the initiative and do things themselves instead of depending child-like upon their leaders.

The dauntless soul that presses on when others get discouraged is the real leader of the Socialist movement.

A Fortunate Settlement —But Let Us Not Forget

By Phil Wagner

The indictment against Comrade Tichenor and myself has been settled in the Federal Court without going to a jury trial. We were each fined \$100 and costs. This is a rare piece of good fortune in a case of this kind, that will doubtless be appreciated by our comrades and friends as much as it is by the defendants themselves.

When we stop to consider our own limited revenues, especially these hard times, and then realize the enormous expense of a long drawn trial in the courts, such as the lawyers are forced to put up in order to try and win a case, we certainly feel that we have made a lucky escape. Under the technicality of the law, no matter if we had spent thousands of dollars—which we were absolutely unable to do—conviction, according to the best legal advice we could obtain, was inevitable, with the probability at last of a penitentiary sentence to boot. Any way we could look at it this simply meant putting myself out of business and silencing Tichenor's pen. With this prospect in view it is needless to state that when we learned that the case could be settled, we immediately, and with the hearty approval of all the comrades we consulted, took advantage of the opportunity. Such opportunities are not often offered to "undesirable" citizens like Comrade Tichenor and myself.

For the benefit of those not fully understanding the trap that lurks in the Federal Statutes to catch publishers and editors that are hated and feared by the powers that be, the following lucid statement by Eugene V. Debs is well worth repeating:

The crime charged against Editor Tichenor and Publisher Wagner is a heinous one—the publication of a cartoon reflecting upon Billy Sunday and Big Business, and the penalty provided by law is a fine of five thousand dollars and five years at hard labor in the federal penitentiary.

Considering the gravity of the offense the penalty is mild enough;—a couple of hundred years ago the culprits would have been burnt at the stake.

It has always been a crime to scoff at a priest or to mock the king; reverence for both has had to be enforced by blood and fire, by thumb-screw, rack and dungeon-bars since man first robbed his fellow-men by law and sanctified the crime in the

name of religion.

The particular "law" under which this pussy-footed prosecution is brought, is Section 498 of the Federal Statutes which provides that certain matter therein specified may not appear on the **outside cover** of a publication.

If the matter complained of in the indictment had appeared on the **inside** instead of the **outside** cover of the Melting Pot, there would have been no violation of the law.

Rather a peculiar law?

Not at all, if the purpose clearly written between the lines is read and understood.

Of course a libel is a libel whether it be printed on one side of a paper or another, but the object of this particular law is not to punish libel in general but to penalize particular offenders who, like the editor and publisher of the Melting Pot have the vicious habit of telling the truth about the gilded gang that loots this nation and the liveried priests that roll their eyes heavenward in pious benediction for their share of the swag.

This "law," set like a steel trap, and sprung only to catch offenders against the exploiting class, has been violated by every capitalist publisher in the country, but not one of them has ever been indicted.

A copy of the law is before me and if the provision Comrades Wagner and Tichenor are charged with having violated were impartially enforced there is not a capitalist publisher who would not be at hard labor in the federal penitentiary.

The virtue of Section 498 lies wholly in its elasticity when it comes to being "construed" by a Federal Court organized and maintained to protect ruling class robbery and keep its despoiled victims in subjection.

As it is it has cost us upwards of \$500. The case against Fred Warren and the Appeal, ending after six years' litigation with the conviction of Warren with a fine and sentence to prison from which he only escaped by an unlooked-for pardon from President Taft, cost the Appeal about \$15,000. Such a prolonged and costly fight was simply out of the question. It meant ruin. Such a result would be exactly what the powers that be are after. I am thankful that both Comrade Tichenor and myself

are free once more (until at least some other cunning charge is made) to keep on with our work.

BUT WE MUST NOT LET THE MATTER DROP—we must and will be more fearless than ever in exposing the machinations of the capitalist masters and their cunningly devised laws, and we call upon every man and woman in America who cherish the rights of free speech and a free press, the very foundation rocks of liberty, and who revolt at the avowed purpose of the powers that be to throttle these precious heritages, to help get these facts before the public. If your friends and neighbors are not willing to subscribe at

once to a publication that is fighting the battle of the exploited people, then loan them your RIP-SAW or other Socialist papers. They will soon thank you for doing this, and gladly subscribe themselves.

LET THE DIRTY DEEDS OF THE EXPLOITING CLASS, SUCH AS THE COWARDLY INDICTMENT OF CAMRADE TICHENOR AND MYSELF UNDER A CUNNINGLY DEvised FEDERAL STATUTE, BE EXPOSED AND SCATTERED BROADCAST UNTIL THE PLUTOCRATIC POWERS THAT BE AND THEIR POTENCY TO PLUNDER IS ENDED FOR ALL TIME TO COME!

The Awakened Mother

By Henry M. Tichenor

So this is what you name the mothers' fate—brood creatures framed to furnish food for fiends; the sons they bear to be as herds that drovers drive to shambles; the womb a spawning ground for sport of kings, whose meat and drink are human flesh and blood.

The deathly travail—and the love divine that comes with each new life; the hopes and infinite desires; the passion of the soul so like a god—these sacred things, ordained to glut the lust of sceptered swine.

But listen, lords of loot and murder, THE MOTHER HAS AWAKENED—she shall trample on the myths and laws that doom her to be dams of slaves that do your savage service—her cry shall rise above the roar of brutes, and when someday you call her flesh and blood to slaughter, her lips shall bid the Christless kings and crooks to go to hell.

And she shall teach her sons to hate you and defy you—she shall pour that hatred into every drop of milk that leaves her breast—she shall raise a race of rebels, free-born rebels, who scorn the swine that lurk in gilded dens and set the mad feast of war.

Pass this copy of the RIP-SAW to your republican, democratic or progressive neighbor and get his subscription—or at least try.

If there is not a socialist local where you are, see that one is organized. It is organization that is needed today to crystalize the sentiment and to pave the way to industrial democracy.

A live socialist is a host in himself. His blood is red and his heart true.


To reflect upon the stainless virtue of Billy Sunday and Big Business on an outside cover page is a violation of the law, but for Billy Sunday to denounce Socialists in the vilest terms from the public platform and for Big Business to cap the climax by sending them to the penitentiary on a frame-up, as in the case of Pat Quinlan, is perfectly compatible with capitalist justice and capitalist civilization.

Freedom is the hope and aspiration of every slave beneath the shining sun.

Every worker who is alive to his interests and aspires to manhood and freedom is duty bound to take active part in organizing his class upon both the economic and political fields. The worker who shirks this duty is false to himself, false to his class and the willing instrument in his own and his family's enslavement and degradation.

Woman is slowly but steadily coming to her own. The agitation in her behalf initiated by the Socialist movement has spread far and wide and this agitation will increase and become more and more insistent and emphatic until it is crowned with triumph and woman enjoys equal freedom and equal rights with her male companion.

Any Watch You Want ON CREDIT



**WALTHAM
ELGIN
HOWARD
HAMILTON
ILLINOIS**

SENT ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

No Money Down
Express Prepaid in Advance by Me

You take no chances with me. I am "Square Deal" Miller and I trust the people. That is why I am doing the greatest credit Watch, Diamond and Jewelry business in the country. Suppose you want any one of the country's best makes of watches? Name any one, I have it for you. **No money down, Express prepaid.** A full month to carry it in your pocket; and the easiest of Long Time Payments. That's the test that tells. All these watches **Guaranteed for 25 Years.**

I Smash the Terms
No References Demanded

My terms are made to suit you. You get unlimited credit, with no red tape, notes or collectors.

An "Open Charge" Account
the same kind of credit you get from your grocer. No matter where you live or what your income might be, you can now own the finest of watches, a beautiful diamond or any rare jewelry and never miss the money.

Costly Catalog FREE

Send me your name and address so I can mail you. Free and postpaid, the most beautiful catalog of its kind ever printed. I want you to have this book. It's a gem. It illustrates all makes of valuable Watches, Elegant Genuine Diamonds, and a vast assortment of Beautiful Jewelry, all on the easiest and most liberal terms. Write for this book today and get a letter from me that will make you a friend of mine from the start.

Square Deal MILLER, Pres.
Miller-Rosier Co., 462 Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Aunt Miranda on Woman's Suffrage

By Kate Richards O'Hare

Mawnin! Sis Jenkins, mawnin! O Ise fair to middlin but Ise riled, Ise jist bilin ov'r wid madness. What's de casion? Law sakes, Sis Jenkins, what's de casion ob all de trubbles ob de female sex since Adam done et dat apple ob Eve's—a man. Yes it's dat triflin, no count nigger Mose ob mine. Now Sis Jenkins you know Mose an you know jist how peste'-in he kin be when he gits to doin dat fool supe'ior male animal stunt. Laws Amassy he kin jist out strut any gobbler in de ba'nya'd.

Say, when dat nigger goes prancin' down de ile in chu'ch he done rars back twill youse fea'd he gwine to tip obber backa'ds an when dat man prays he jist rattles de winders, but Ise done noticed dat when it comes to doin' de religion he stacks up bout lak all de udder men I knows, black and white, green and yaller. He shore specs de old lady to have vi'tue and pioucity nuff to supply de hull fambily.

An' how dat man do love to quote Paul, say he jist dotes on dat man Paul. He's allers tellin' 'bout Paul sayin' dat wimmin must keep silent in chu'ch an' if we want to know 'bout t'ings jist ast de ole man at home. Now I s'pects if if I ast Mose to splanify some pint in de se'ip-tu'es, he done do it, but if I ast Mose whar's we gwine to git co'n pone and bacon for de pickninnies? I spect he say "Gwad knows."

An' say, Sis Jenkins, dat Mose am sho got de most 'commo-dat' rumatiz dat ebber wuz. Mose kin set on de crick bank an' fish an' fish from de comin' up to de goin' down ob de sun an' nebber say rumatiz wunst, but jist let me say "Mose kaint ye tote me up sum water frum de spring an' chop sum fat pine so I kin do de ole misses washin," an' den dat nigger git de mise'y in his back right now, an' he sets out on de front galle'y an' smokes an' moans an' moans an' smokes twill de washin's done an' de las piece is i'oned an' he gits bettah most sprizin.

Den I totes de cloz home an' when Ise cumin out de side gate ob de big house Mose meets me an' he says "Mirinda I knows you is de weaker vessel, I knows you is a pore weak woman an' needs de strong, manly shoulder of a husban' to lean on. Ise gwine to rest you ob de heavy bu'den of toting dat dolla' an' six bits. Lay yo' bu'dens on me Mirinda by handin' ober dat pocketbook."

An' Sis Jenkins, if de is any subject dat Mose is jist natchelly rabid on it's wimmin suff'age. Ye'd jist ort to lissen to dat man spout 'bout "wimmin's spe'e, an'

de queen ob' home, an' de han' dat rocks de cradle rules de wo'ld." I got fussed wid his spoutin' wunst an' I says dat's all right ole man but Ise dun noticed dat de han' dat rocks de cradle is ginne'ly too busy poundin' de washboa'd to do any rulin', an' dat wimmin's spe'e youse alle's talkin' 'bout am a mighty bumpy, uncomfo'table, shaky kind ob seat less de ole man hustles out an' gits a few dolla' bills to pad it wid."

But de 'casion ob dis tribulation am dis. Yistiday de Dorcas society had a meetin' wid Sis Jones, an' 'long in de afte'noon we got to 'scussin' wimmin suff'age. We wuz in de middle of a most awful hot scussion when in walks Mose an' Pa'son Tomkins. Law sakes! when supe'ior male animals dun found out what we wuz talkin' 'bout de jist swelled up lak pizened pups. Mose he sno'ted like a balky mule an' de Pa'son folded his hands on his white weskit an' groaned an' grunted lak he dun et green apples.

Well dat busted up de meetin' an' all de way home Mose kept a pest'in' an' a pest'in' an' a jawin' 'bout wimmin suff'age, an' 'bout wimmin fo'sakin' de home an' su'pin' de rights ob man an' all dat so't ob clack. He pest'ed me fo' we went to bed an' he pest'ed me dis mo'nin' an' he kep' a naggin' an' a naggin' twill I sho got mad, I got my back up an' I says "now Mose you has bin a spoutin' an' a spoutin' an' I has lissened to you, now you jist lissen to me fo' a while. De good Lo'd allers had to speak to de squinched up minds of his deciples in pa'ables an' Ise gwine to speak a pa'able to you.

"Geo'ge Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Ma'quis de Lafayette, Ab'aham Mose Johnsing, I may be a rib but Ise a scrappin rib an' right now Ise gwine to take de floo' fo' 'bout ten minnits.

"Ole man does yo'member dat time long yea's ago when I left de ole miss an' went to wo'k fo' de young miss. Well I ain't bin wid de young miss berry long when she cums into de kitchen one mawnin an' she says 'Mirinda, you dust round an' git de dishes washed an' go down to ba'nya'd an' help out.' An' I says 'Law Sakes! I aint no ba'n ya'd nigger' but de young miss say dats all right, dis am de day we pick de geese an' all hands helps.

"Well I flies round an' gits de dishes slicked up an' goes down to de ba'nya'd an' I see de niggers dun druve all de geese into de ole co'nerib an' all hands had a rag tied round da haid an sacks to put de fadders in. A nigger would grab a goose an' tuck its haid under da arm an' flop its breast

up an' den da would jist yank de fadders out in big handfuls. It look so easy I t'ink I kin sho do dat. I wuz a pe't nigger in dem days an' I wanted to show em what a sma't wench I wuz, so I tied a rag round my haid an' got a sack to put de fadders in an I sees a great big ole gander back in de co'ner. Dat gander wuz de boss of de ba'nya'd an' he mak ebry t'ing step livily when he comes round. So I slips up on dat gander an' I mak' a grab at his laig an' tuck his haid under my arm an' flop up his breast an' den I jist yanked out de fadders in big handfuls. Dat ole gander he jist squaked 'bout th'ee times awk-Awk-AWK, den he jist lay down an' let me pick him. I dun picked dat gander wing fadders, tail fadders, pin fadders an' down. I didn't leave him a fadder to bless hissself wid, an' when he wuz clean nuff to go in de pot, I draps him an' goes atter nudder one, I grabs fo' a nice, plump young gander, but I miss my holt an I gits de laig of a pore ole goose. De duties of mudderhood hat set heavy on her dat summer an' she was a pindlin looking specimen, but I wants to tell ye she wuz a diff'ent kind of a specimen. Dat ole goose she bit an' squawked an' kicked an' flopped an' jist yanked me all obber dat place. I kicked obber a keg o' fadders an' young miss she yelled at me an' say 'Fo' Gwad sake what ye doin' Mirinda?' an' I yells back 'Law sakes miss! dis am a peste'in ole animal, I caint do any t'ing wid her.' An young miss, she jist look sco'nful at me an' she say 'Mirinda, don't be a fool. Drap dat one yo' got, dats a goose, a gander am 'bout yo' size, yo' is too new to dis job to pick a goose.'

"Ise tellin' yo' Mose dem trusts an' politicians have dun picked yo' pore, ole, fool votin' ganders wing fadders, tail fadders, pin fadders an' down. Da aint left ye a fadder to bless yo'self wid, an' Mose, dat aint all, dem trusts an' politicians aint satisfied wid pickin' yo' ole ganders, da is a grabbin' fo' us pore ole geese. In dis Land Ob De Free an' Home Ob De Brave da is nine million wimmin, black an' white dat aint settin' on dat wimmens spe'e, an' da aint rockin' any cradles or rulin' any wo'lds, da is a wo'kin' in de cotton mills an' de sweatshops an' de packin'houses an' de laund'ries, an' sum ob em is sellin' da bodies down in de Red Light an' it aint any wimmin's spe'e fo' dem, it's wo'k or sell yo' body or sta've.

"Dat aint all Mose, but in dis pious, ch'istian nation ob our'n da is sebben million little chillins black an' white dats dun bin drug outen de home, an' yanked offen de play-ground an' druv outen de school-house an' dese pore little chillins am a wo'kin' an' a toilin' an' a dyin': Fo' Gwad! Mose da take our babies outen our arms fo' de milk am dry on da lips an' jam dem down in de facto'y

AGENTS: \$40 A WEEK

Startling new hosiery proposition—unheard of. Hosiery for men, women and children. Guaranteed for one year. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. H. W. Price sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Mrs. Fields 109 pairs on one street. G. W. Noble made \$35 in one day. Sworn prof. Sold only through agents. Not for sale in stores. A hosiery proposition that beats them all. Big money sure. A chance of a lifetime. Write quick for terms and samples. **THOMAS HOSEY COMPANY** 6030 West St. Dayton, Ohio

If I Send You this Suit



made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

Could you use \$5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal card at once and say "Send me your special offer," I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my surprising liberal offer.

Address: **L. E. ASHER, President**
BANNER TAILORING CO. DEPT. 31 CHICAGO

New Illustrated Book on Drugless Healing

FREE (Mechano-Therapy)

Not one cent to pay, either now or later—no obligation; just your simple request brings you this valuable illustrated Book and beautifully colored Anatomical Charts by return mail, **Without Cost.**

DOCTORS OF MECHANOTHERAPY
EASILY EARN \$2,500 TO \$6,000 A YEAR

If you want an established profession that is remarkably profitable, then send for the Free Book and Charts and see what Drugless Healing has to offer you. Remember—This Offer Is Limited! Write now for free Book and big Charts. Get facts. **Send NOW.**

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANOTHERAPY,
Dept. 179, 81 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

BIG CHANGE FOR AGENTS
You can earn **BIG MONEY**



Call the most complete line of guaranteed transparent handle Knives and Razors with Photo, Name and Lodge Emblem—also full line of cutlery. Write today for catalog and terms. **Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 654 N. Lake St., Dept. 249, Chicago, Ill.**

FREE TO ANY WOMAN. Beautiful 42-piece **DEWEY SET** for distributing only 3 doz. cake of **Complexion Soap FREE.** No money or experience needed. **G. Tyrrell Ward, 218 Institute Place, Chicago**

to have da pore little bodies an' brains an' souls made into money fo' de rich folks. Mose, dem trusts an' politicians aint satisfied to pick yo' pore ole ganders an' us ole geese, da is a pluckin' de breasts ob our babies to mak' soft de seat ob de idle. Man, if ye want to see a woman fight, ye jist lift yo' hand to hu't her baby. Ise a fightin' nigger! Ise a fightin' fo' my chillins.

"Say Mose, yo' know dat coal mine down in de holler. Yo membe' dat time when dat mine had a splosion? Yo' know we stood by de mouf ob de shaft an' watched 'em bringin' up de smashed, roasted bodies ob one hund'ed an' six men an' boys, black an' white? Yo' membe' de wild eyes ob de wimmin an' de moanin' wail ob de chillins.

"Yo' know, Mose, what made dat mine blow up. Yo' know dat sumpin busted down at de power house an' de lect'ic lights went go no mo. Dat railroad company what own dat mine wont spend de money to fix de light an' da run dat mine wid open to'ches. One day a pore little black boy drapped off to sleep down dere at de trap doo' an' let a ca't ob hay stop under de open light an' de hay cotch fi'e an' de mine blow up an' haff de men an' boys in dis town got smashed an' roasted an' da is all down in de porehouse graveya'd an Gawd knows wha de wimmin an' chillins da left am?

"Mose, yo' know dat cotton mill up on de hill. Well I cum by dat mill last night jist as de whistle blowed an' I saw dem chillins comin' out. Pore little skinny, spindlin', naked kids a coughin' da little gizza'ds up an' spittin' pink. Fo Gawd, Mose, dem pore scamps' aint got no mo chance in dis life dan a rich man has a gittin to Heavin, de debbil dun had 'em grabbed fo' da wuz bawn.

An', ole man, dat aint all, taint only de coal mine an' de mill dats reachin' fo' our babies but de fat, wine gizzlin' speclators dat fattens like buzza'ds on de ruin of battlefields is jist itchin' to mak' cannon meat out my boy jis lak de done wid millions of mudders' boys ov' in Europe. Law, day don't count all de pains we had to feel to bring dem boys into de worl', dey jist feed dem into de bloody mouf of war lak meat scraps into a sausage mill. Dem buzza'ds don't

ask us if we want our boys chewed up. We aint got no say-so 'bout it. Taint right ole man taint right. I knows my babies is jist little black pickaninnies, but I loves dem jist lak de was white as lillies.

"Dat little Evalina, dat little yalla' scamp, I knows she is bow-legged an' kinky haided but I membe' when my mudder dun brung dat little bundle an' tucked in side ob me, an' when I felt dat fuzzy little haid a nuzzlin at my breast I jist laid holt ob glory. An' dat little Mose, dat little black ragamuffin, rascal, I knows what a triflin' nigger he is, but he is my boy. I membe' de night when he come an' Sis Jo'don leans obber de foot ob de baid an' says 'Bless Gwad it's a man child.' I jist looked out a crack in de cabin roof an' saw smack into Heavin.

"Mose, I kin feel dat coal mine an' dat cotton mill an' dat war hell a reachin' an' a reachin' fo' my babies an' I aint got nothin' to stand 'tween dem an' dat mine an' mill an' cannon 'cept dese ole black hands an' a wash boa'd, an' dat nuff Mose. Dese ole black hands aint stout nuff to fight 'em off.

Ise only a pore ole black woman, I aint got any eddication, I caint mak fine speeches lak dem politicians, but Ise got a feelin' here in my hea't dat mebbe if all de mudders in dis lan, all dem mudders what lubs da chillins jist lak ole black mammy, had a vote, mebbe da would have da minds mo on de babies dan gittin' 'lected to offis. Mebbe da would pay less 'tention to gettin' nice, fat jobs for politicians up at Washington an' mo' to gettin' co'n pone an' bacon fo' de chillins, an' I knows no mudder ever vote for war.

"Mose, Ise jist a pore ole black woman, Ise igno'ant an' Ise wo'ked all my days but long as da is a breff in dis ole black body Ise a gwine to fight fo' my babies. I bleeves all de udder mudders gwine to fight too, an' Ise got a feelin' dat when all de mudders have a say in runnin' dis country, dat de chillins will come outen de facto'y an' de coal mine an' go back to de schools twill da little bones is set, an' da a'ms git stout an' da brains is edicated, den when da go out to fight de wo'ld it aint like now, da is men an' wimmin an' not pore little helpless chillins, an' I knows when

women vote cannon will done be melted to make fryin' pans and swords be made in to carvin' knives. Mose, dats why I bleeves in Wimmin Suff'age."

Socialism Will Make Great Strides, says Beveridge

New York, April 13.—Just back from Europe, where he "covered" the self-imposed assignment of studying conditions in France, Germany and England during the present war, former United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge presented to the Sphinx Club at its dinner tonight what he termed the outstanding facts about the great conflict. He said in part:

"No matter what side wins, one result is certain:

"That, excepting in Russia, there will be an advance in democracy greater than has been made in a century. Socialism will make great strides. When this thing is over the workingmen will have a lot to say about the economic distribution. The masses will demand a hand in the affairs of their respective governments.

"The feeling is unanimous in England that at least the railroads will never pass back into private control. The old economic disposition is passing away and a new one is being born."

"The great lesson of the war for the United States," Senator Beveridge said, "is that 'we cannot live for ourselves alone, but are part of the family of nations.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WITTE Sells For Less

And gives you better engines. Sold Direct from Factory to Users. Cash or Easy Terms

WITTE Engines

Kerosene, Gasoline and Gas

2 to 22 H-P. Standard for all farm and shop work for 23 years. Recommended by users in all parts of world. No cranking; Long wearing; Steady power.

Liberal 5-Year Guaranty.

Engines shipped ready to work, easy to start and run. 2 H-P. \$34.95; 4 H-P. \$69.75; 6 H-P. \$97.75; 8 H-P. \$139.65; other sizes proportionally low. Catalog Free.

WITTE ENGINE WORKS, 2457 Oakland Ave., KANSAS CITY, - MO.



Automobile Free To Students

who qualify as auto experts.

Get a "Coe Junior" to demonstrate, get orders and make big money. It's great to ride around in this dandy four cylinder, two passenger car! We teach you the automobile business in few simple lessons. Furnish model FREE. No experience necessary. Answer this ad and get first lesson FREE.

C. A. Coey's School of Motoring

21 Coey Building, 2010-12 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



SONG POEMS WANTED For publication.

You may write a big song hit! Experience unnecessary. Publication guaranteed if acceptable. Send us your verses or melodies today. Write for free valuable booklet. MARKS-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept. 137, Washington, D. C.

FREE TO TRUSS SUFFERERS

Oh, if you whose hopes of freedom from truss-wearing pain and inconvenience seem to be eternally blasted—whose lives seem to be one long string of days of suffering—if you could only realize what quick relief there is in store for you, I don't believe anything could stop you from writing me this very day! For I say to you positively that rupture can be cured when treated along the right lines and in accord with common sense, no matter what anyone may tell you to the contrary. "When treated along the right lines"—yes! But that does not mean the wearing of a truss—nothing could be much less in accord with common sense than that. A truss is only a makeshift—exerting a harmful pressure against the weakened muscles and still further reducing their strength by retarding the circulation of the blood. That's what a truss does, as every truss-wearer knows from bitter experience.

The Common-Sense Way To Treat Rupture

Weakened muscular tissue—that's the real cause of the trouble. The logical, common-sense thing to do is to restore the **lost elasticity and contractile strength** to the weakened muscles.

Scientific research has made this possible and I want to prove it to every rupture sufferer by sending a trial of **Plapao**—the result of this research—**ABSOLUTELY FREE**. There's not a cent for you to pay for this trial of **Plapao**—now or ever.

How Plapao Works

This common-sense method of treating rupture consists primarily in keeping the medication called **Plapao** constantly applied to the relaxed and weakened muscles. This is done by means of the **Adhesive Plapao-Pad**. Plapao is a strongly contractive medication which tends to stimulate the blood circulation, thereby revivifying the muscles, calculating to restore them to their normal strength and elasticity in a comparatively short time. Then, and **not until then**, can you expect the rupture to disappear.

Abolish the Truss Forever!

READ BELOW!

These letters are taken at random from hundreds which we have on file. Each has been sworn to. They prove positively that **Stuart's Plapao-Pads** are a successful treatment for rupture.

Upon Their Oath

Rev. John Mitchell, Bethel, Minn., declares under oath: "I am cured perfectly after 20 years of anxiety and suffering and I want no support of any kind. I tried treatment from two specialists in New York, one in Michigan, and one in Anoka. Your Plapao Pads are so effective that it doesn't take long to find out that you are getting better, and they are far easier to wear than any truss. The fact that I am over 76 years old surely makes this cure a marvelous one. I will surely recommend your Plapao-Pads for they are better than gold to anyone who has a rupture."

State of Minnesota—ss. This is to certify that Rev. John Mitchell personally appeared before me on this 20th day of March, nineteen hundred and one, and declared under oath, that the statements in the above letter are true in every respect. (Signed) G. B. Sigmondson, Notary Public.

Mr. S. A. Fish, 758 Foster St., North Andover, Mass., states under oath: "I regard my cure a little short of a miracle for I am over 71 years old, and was so bad that I came pretty near answering to the last roll call. I only used the Plapao-Pads for 90 days to effect a complete cure. I am an old soldier and ex-railroad engineer, and am well known all over the United States. I hope my testimonial will convince others for I want to help the suffering all I can."

This is to certify that Mr. S. A. Fish personally appeared before me on this 15th day of March, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and nine, and declared, under oath, that the statements made in the above letter are true in every respect, and that he is still cured. (Signed) Wm. K. Cole, Notary Public.

Send Today for Free Trial Prepare to Throw Away Your Truss Forever

And oh, the quick, restful, soothing comfort and relief the **Plapao-Pad** brings—with the discomfort and pain of the truss wholly lacking. **No straps, buckles or springs attached.** The **Plapao-Pad** is soft as velvet, easy to apply, never slips out of place.

Won't you let me prove to you at my own expense that you can conquer your rupture? When the weak muscles recover their strength—And the painful, dangerous protrusions disappear—And that horrible "dragging down" sensation is banished—And you recover your vigor, vitality, energy, strength—Then you'll know your rupture is conquered, and you'll sincerely thank me for urging you so strongly to accept NOW, this wonderful free trial.

If you have some friend who is ruptured tell him about this offer. He will thank you for your kindness.

Mail Coupon Now

Get the FREE TRIAL of Plapao and my valuable 48-page book on Rupture. Only 5,000 Free Books and Treatments can now be distributed. Fill out coupon—mail today.

The Plapao-Pad Explained

Made of a strong, flexible material "E" designed to conform to movements of the body and be perfectly comfortable. Inside surface "D" is adhesive to prevent pad "B" from shifting out of place. "A" is enlarged end which overlies the atrophied and weakened muscles, immediately sustaining them, and all the time applying the medication intended to restore them to normal strength and elasticity. "B" is the properly shaped Pad to be applied in such a way that it blocks up the hernial orifice, and tends to prevent contents of abdomen from protruding. Within Pad is placed a wonderful absorbent-astringent medication called **Plapao**. As soon as this medication is warmed by heat of body it becomes soluble, and escapes through small openings marked "G," and is absorbed through pores of skin down to the impoverished and weakened muscles. "E" is long end of PLAPAO-PAD to be plastered over hip bone—calculated to give necessary solidity and support to the PLAPAO-PAD.



Plapao Laboratories, Block 516 St. Louis, Mo.

PROVE IT At My Expense!

NAME.....
STREET AND NO.....
CITY.....STATE.....
RETURN MAIL WILL BRING FREE TRIAL PLAPAO

Ludlow — 1st Anniversary

By Frank J. Hayes

One year ago—and yet it seems not long,
So deep the hurt, so monstrous was the wrong,
That still I see the shambles seared and red,
And hear the mothers crying for their dead.

One year ago—and now we come to lay
These flowers upon their graves—turn not away;
Nor hide the tears—nor think that you are weak
Who feel within what tongue can never speak.

The Story of The Air Trust

A Romance of the Twentieth Century

By George Allan England

Author of "Darkness and Dawn," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," "The Afterglow," etc., etc.

(Copyright 1915, by the National Rip-Saw Publishing Co.)

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Isaac Flint, the Billionaire, and Maxim Waldron, his partner, engaged to Catherine Flint, the Billionaire's daughter, are planning the conquest of the world. Flint has conceived the idea that if he can extract the oxygen from the air, and make it an article of commerce, he can rule the world. Waldron pretends to mock at the scheme. Flint summons Herzog, his "kept" scientist, and orders him to invent a process for doing the necessary work.

In eleven days, Herzog telephones from the experiment station on Staten Island, that he is ready to exhibit his process. Flint and Waldron go in a motor-car to Staten Island. On the way they view their demesne of Manhattan, and plan what vast power will be theirs when their nefarious scheme is completed.

On the ferry-boat to Staten Island, they stand by the rail of the boat, to discuss their scheme. A sturdy and intelligent workman, nearby, overhears something of their conversation, and keenly eyes them. The sea-breeze, blowing aside the workman's coat, reveals a button with joined hands and the inscription: "Workers of the World, Unite!"

Flint and Waldron proceed to their huge experimental works at Staten Island. There Herzog shows them the process he has invented. Both experience the effect of this ozone, and become intoxicated on it. After some discussion, the two men start back to New York again. On the way, they meet Gabriel Armstrong, the Socialist workingman and agitator—the same man who overheard part of their conversation on the ferry-boat. Flint leans over the side of the car, to get a look at Gabriel, and drops from his inner coat pocket a little notebook, containing plans for strangling the world by means of the Air Trust. Gabriel picks it up, unseen, and continues his way toward the experiment station where he is employed. Flint, back in New York, notices his loss, and is panic-stricken. Yet he consoles himself by thinking that nobody can understand any such scheme, even if the book is found. He telephones Herzog to have strict search made for it. That night, Gabriel studies the notebook, in his room, grasps the import of the tremendous plot, and resolves to fight Flint and Waldron to the bitter end.

Next day, Gabriel is accused by Herzog of having stolen the notebook. Gabriel controls his anger, hoping to retain his position and find out more about the plot, but Herzog discharges him, and bitterly insults him. Gabriel says good-bye to his mates, and takes his leave, decided to tramp to Niagara, where the plutes have planned to begin work on their Air Trust plant. There he will await developments. A few days later, at the Longmeadow Country Club, Catherine Flint, the Billionaire's daughter, has a quarrel with Waldron, her fiance, resulting in a final rupture of the engagement. Catherine orders her car, and tells the chauffeur to make haste in carrying her back to New York. The chauffeur has been drinking, and runs the car at a mad pace. As the car hurtles southward, along the road beside the Hudson, Gabriel Armstrong trudges northward, knapsack on back, swinging his stick and whistling merrily.

The car is wrecked, over a cliff, and the chauffeur is killed. Gabriel rescues Catherine, carries her to a deserted sugar-house, revives and cares for her. She becomes interested in him, and he in her, but neither discovers the identity of the other. Finally Catherine is taken back home by a passing automobilist, and Gabriel, pensive, continues his way.

PART V.

CHAPTER XVII.

THOUGHTS.

DURING the long days, the June days, of her convalescence, Catherine found herself involuntarily reverting, more often than she could understand, to thoughts of the inscrutable and unknown man who had in all probability saved her life.

"Had it not been for him," she reflected, as she sat there gazing out over the River, "I might not be here, this minute. Caught as I was, on the very brink of the precipice, I should almost certainly have slipped and fallen over, in my dazed condition, when I tried to get up. If I'd been alone, if he hadn't found me just when he did——!"

She shuddered at thought of what must almost inevitably have happened, and covered her face with both hands. Her cheeks burned; she knew emotion such as not once had Waldron's kiss ever been able to arouse in her. The memory of how she, half-unconscious, had lain in that stranger's arms, so powerful and tense; had been carried by him, as though she had been a child; had felt his breath upon her face and sensed the vigorous beating of his heart—all this, and more, dwelt in her soul, nor could she banish it.

Gratitude? Yes, and more. For the first time in her two-and-twenty years, Catherine had sensed the power, the virility of a real man—not of the make-believe, manicured and tailored parasites of her own class—and something elemental in her, some urge of primitive womanhood, grappled her to that memory and, all against her will, caused her to live and to re-live those moments, time and time again, as the most strange and vital of her life.

Yet it was not this physical call alone, in her, that had awakened her being. The man's eyes, and mouth and hair, true, all remained with her as a subtly compelling lure; his strength and straight directness seemed to conquer her and draw her to him; but beyond all this, something in his speech, in his ideas and that strange reti-

cence that had so puzzled her, kept him even more constantly in her wondering thoughts.

"A workingman," she murmured to herself, in uncomprehending reverie, "he said he was a workingman—and he knew that I was very, very rich. He knew my father would have rewarded him magnificently, given him money, work, anything he might have asked. And yet, and yet—he would not even tell his name. And he refused to know mine! He didn't want to know! His pride—why, in all my life, among all the proud, rich people that I've known, I've never found such pride as that!"

She reflected what would have happened had any man of the usual type rescued her, even a man of wealth and position. Of course, thought she, that man would have made himself known and would have called on her, ostensibly to inquire after her condition, yet really to ingratiate himself. At this reflection, she shuddered again.

"Ugh!" she whispered. "He'd have tried to take liberties any other man would. He'd have presumed on the accident—he'd have been—oh, everything that that man was not, and could never be!"

Now her thoughts wandered to the brief talk they two had had there in the old sugar house. Every word of it seemed graven on her memory. Disconnected bits of what he had told her, seemed to float before her mental vision: "I? Oh, I'm just an out-of-work—don't ask me who I am; and I won't ask who you are. We're of different worlds, I guess—don't question me; I'd rather you wouldn't. Am I happy? Yes, in a way, or shall be, when I've done what I mean to do!"

Such were some of his phrases that kept coming back to her, as she sat there in that luxurious and beautiful room, her book lying unread in her lap, the scent of flowers everywhere, and, merely for her taking, all the world's treasures hers to command. Strange man, indeed, and stranger speech, to her! Never had she been thus spoken to. His every word and thought and point of view, commonplace enough, perhaps, seemed peculiarly stimulating to her; and wakened eager curiosity, and would not let her live in peace, as heretofore.

(Continued on page 10.)

Building a Business Without Capital

By E. T. DURHAM



FIVE years ago if you had gone into my little home town on a branch of the O. R. & N., out in Oregon, and asked about me you would have been told that I was sort of a handy man at one of the sawmills, pulling down less than \$2 per day, and not much chance of ever doing any better. To-day, if you'll go to the same town and ask the same question, they'll tell you something like this: "Five years ago he wasn't worth a cent, but to-day he's the best-fixed, best-dressed man in town, owns one of the finest automobiles in the section and can get a thousand or two at the First National any time he wants to sign his name."

The secret of my success can be told you in one word—Soap. In fact, I'm known as the soap man in our town even to this day. But to get down to essentials, I had no father or mother, but a mighty considerate uncle was sort of a guardian and confidante. One day I went to him with my first big idea.

"Uncle," I said, "I've decided that fellows who work for wages, or salaries either, for that matter, never get anywhere. The fellows who make real money and get the most out of life don't lie down on the board like a lot of checkers and let the boss move 'em around where he pleases—they get right into the game on their own account."

Uncle agreed, said he'd like to see me get into some kind of business, promised that if I'd save till I got \$500 he'd stake me for as much more and help me start a store.

"No chance," I replied, "I can't wait to

save a cent—some way or other I'm going to get into business for myself, and I'm going to do it before the summer is over."

Uncle laughed at my nerve, but I want to tell you nerve is the one thing most \$2 a day men need. Because I had it I did get into business with less than \$10 capital before another month was over, and it was a business that has made me much more than any store I could have started with \$1,000.

Somebody told me about the big money in the agency business. I didn't fancy it at first. Thought it might be hard to approach people—never was any good at that; but I decided that wasn't going to keep me out of the capitalist class. So I began answering advertisements and studying over the propositions sent me. I think I must have received more than twenty sets of circulars in the next two weeks. All of them were attractive on first sight, but I wasn't going to be taken in on big statements, and analyzed the propositions carefully for myself.

Anyway I figured it one of these stuck out head and shoulders above the others. It was the proposition of the E. M. Davis Soap Company, 625 Davis Building, Chicago, just like the one that appears below.

I decided in its favor for three reasons. First, because they put out combinations of toilet preparations to sell from 50 cents to \$2 that would cost the consumer four times that much in the regular way—the regular price being plainly printed on each article so the consumer could see his saving. Second, they didn't want all the profit themselves, but left a commission for me that made it worth while.

Third, the commodities were staple and had possibilities for steady repeat business that none of the others had.

I felt quite sure of ultimate success, yet I decided to play safe, and so I kept my regular job at the sawmill and sent for a sample outfit, with the idea of taking orders evenings and on days when the mill didn't run.

In spite of a whole lot of bashfulness I took orders for \$8 worth of products the first evening. On this evening's work my profit was a little over three dollars. The next evening I didn't do quite so well, but the third evening more than made up for it with a clear profit of over \$7. That ended the sawmill life for me, I quit the next morning; and I've never had any cause to be sorry.

The first week after I left the mill I cleaned up \$35, and although I've frequently made almost double that amount in a single week since, I don't think any week's work gratified me quite so much as that first one.

Now, just stop and get the significance of this. I was an ordinary sawmill hand—never sold a dollar's worth of goods before in my life—hesitated at every door I knocked and hunted around for an excuse not to call. Yet in spite of these drawbacks I was making really big money right at the outset, more money, I knew, than some salesmen were making who were traveling on regular routes for big houses.

After the first month I found myself settled in an established business, without the worry of store rent or other expenses. Already some people's stocks of soaps and toilet articles were running low and they were hunting me up to replenish them.

Gradually I learned to sell goods more

efficiently myself, and to help my men to do the same. That was easy because Davis supplied us with carefully studied out selling talks that told us just how to show the goods and just what to say to land the sale. From that time on it was just simply a case of hustle to keep up with the demand. Demand on the part of the customers, on the one hand, and on the part of the people who wanted sub-agencies, on the other. I was soon able to weed out my poor subs and get a good force that paid me handsomely in commissions. At this point I could have laid back on the oars and let my subagents keep me going. That would have been easy, but I wasn't built that way, so I kept hammering away every day.

The other day a man said to me, "Why don't you get into an established business? You've made enough to get started into something big. Why don't you do it?" He was surprised when I explained that I didn't know of another business I could get into where I could make so much, even though I invested a large sum of money.

Now there is a reason why I have told you this story. It is this: You are probably one of the great army that is struggling away on a salary, trying to get somewhere and living up to every cent you make, just as I was five years ago. A fortune can't be made that way. But you won't admit that you haven't got as much ability and as much salesmanship about you as a very ordinary sawmill roustabout, will you? You have, and you can do just what he did. The same company is just as anxious to get agents to-day as it was when I started. You can't get any territory in my section. I've got that cornered, but there are plenty of towns just as good; perhaps your town is open. Besides, the company are even more liberal to-day than they were in those days. Why don't you muster up your nerve, just as I did, and write them to show you how you can get started into this paying business?



E. M. DAVIS, President

I WILL GIVE YOU A JOB

That Pays \$30 to \$50 a Week

The Big Money Starts at Once

Positively the most staggering and sensational money-making offer to ambitious men and women ever made! Write me today for this position that beats anything you ever heard of! My wonderful line of highest grade soaps, perfumes, creams, and other household necessities sells like blazes year round. Every housewife is your customer because you save her one-half regular prices. Our amazing new sensations this year are simply sweeping the country. Send coupon today sure and get full particulars.

I Must Have 500 Agents Quick

HERE'S THE PROOF—LISTEN!

This is an honest straightforward business for honorable people. I pay bigger commissions and in cold cash—not premiums. You're as good as anybody. See what these folks are doing and remember I'll help you do the same:

G. O. ERNEST, for five consecutive days

averaged \$3.00 an hour. The following week, one day he made \$25.00 in 5 hours. J. C. MESSICK reports 45 to 55 sales per day, averaging easily \$20.00 daily profit. E. F. NEWCOME averages 30 orders a day, a profit of over \$15.00 a day. G. RAY BURNS and his three brothers have paid their entire college expenses selling our goods during vacation.

READ THIS!

JESSE DE CHURCH worked in the coal mines at \$1 a day. He answered my call for ambitious people, and now he writes me this way. "I found that all your words are true. An agent can make \$10 to \$20 a day. If a man don't try he will never believe. I believe now because I have made it. Good-Bye Coal Mines!"

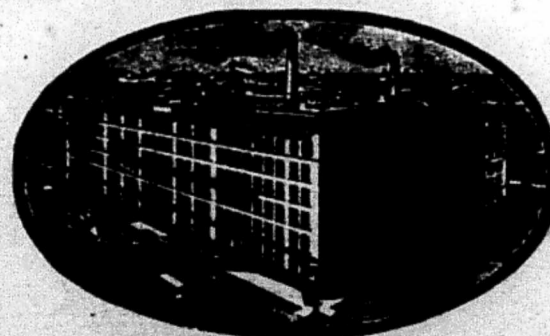
Hurry to Get Territory
Send Coupon TODAY!

In addition to big cash commissions of \$25 to \$50 a week and up, we have liberal plans whereby you share in our profits. You are really a partner with me in this great business. I can use only a certain number of agents, so you must get in touch with me at once. This opportunity may never come again. You can't afford to wait a minute. Be on the safe side and send coupon today for my grand proposition. \$2000 to \$5000 a year isn't to be sneezed at! Costs nothing to get the facts, so mail coupon this very minute. This time next month you can be spending some of the big profits I tell you about! RUSH COUPON!

E. M. Davis, President.
E. M. Davis Soap Co.
625 Davis Bldg. Chicago

200% Commission

I go the limit to make you succeed. No company in the world offers such inducements to good men. Our clever plans, free circulars and catalogs simply MAKE business. One of our packages worth \$1.75 at store prices sells like hot cakes for 75 cents! You make 50 cents on each sale, 200% profit. 10 little 75 cent sales a day and \$5.00 commission is yours! Can you beat it? Another hot 50 cent seller makes you 32 cents on each one. \$5 clear profit daily is easy! Many are making \$10 to \$20 I tell you this business is a world beater.



The Factory that stands back of you.

E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO.

625 Davis Block, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me absolutely Free, beautiful colored circulars and full particulars about your wonderful opportunity for agents. I am interested. RUSH.

Name.....

P. O.....State.....

Street or Box No.....

\$30 a Week EASY Men and Women Wanted to Sell PERFECTO Kerosene Irons



No experience necessary. Big profits selling this wonderful self-heating iron. Absolutely safe, no smoke. Easy to operate and demonstrate. Selling 100,000 units. Use Kerosene (Coal Oil) or Gasoline with same satisfactory results. Absolutely safe, no smoke. Get facts in detail and let us tell you how to obtain Free Sample and start you in a big paying business. Sample can FREE to Agents. Complete Can FREE to Agents.

Perfecto S&I Factory, Dept. L, 128 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

THIS 1915 Model Free Trial 30 DAYS



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—30 days free trial on this finest of bicycles—the "Ranger." We will ship it to you on approval, freight prepaid—without a cent deposit in advance. This offer absolutely genuine. **WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at prices never before equaled for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices. A limited number of second-hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at 50 to 75 cents each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1915 model Ranger furnished by us. It Costs You Nothing to learn what we offer and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W-132 CHICAGO, ILL.

New Illustrated Book FREE

Write at once for your free copy of this intensely interesting:

CHIROPRACTIC—practical, profusely illustrated course surely and quickly prepares you at home, during spare time, to enter this amazingly profitable profession. Everything so clear and easy that if you can read and write, you can readily master it—splendid openings. Easy, pleasant and surprisingly lucrative. Chiropactors make as high as \$25 a day while yearly incomes of \$5,000 and \$8,000 are not uncommon.

Free Charts and Lessons For a short time only we offer five complete lesson sections of the Course and 15 sets of charts absolutely free. This offer strictly limited. Send your name and address today for valuable free illustrated book on drugless healing and full particulars.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY, Dept. 327 162 N. Dearborn St. Chicago

KENTUCKY TOBACCO BOOK FREE

It tells how to get Kentucky natural leaf tobacco direct from the grower. How to make your own cigars, smoking and chewing tobacco at home for one-fifth store prices. It tells how to dodge the revenue tax, cut out the middleman's profit and help bust the tobacco trust. How to save most all the money you now spend for tobacco and still have the finest on earth; the kind we who raise it, use at home where it grows. Also a free bottle of Kentucky Flavoring Mixture to improve its fragrance. The pamphlet is FREE and gives full directions. If you would like to have it written—**MOSS J. BEALL, The Trust Buster, R. 6, CAVE CITY, KENTUCKY.**

\$3.75 SUIT NO EXTRA CHARGES

Made to measure in latest style. Not \$12.75, not even \$1, not even one cent cost to you under our easy conditions.

No extra charge for fancy swell styles, extra big, extreme peg-tops, pearl buttons, fancy belt loops, no extra charge for anything, all free. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. Write and say "Send Me Your Offer" the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charges.

KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO.
DEPT. 236 Chicago, Ill.

Agents—New Mighty Money Making

Marvel. World started. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines—women astounded, wild over it; absolutely harmless. \$1,000 guarantee goes with it; make \$50 to \$100 weekly easy. Exclusive territory, no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business, supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry. Write today, get overwhelming proof, all free.

EQUITABLE CORPORATION
Dept. 276, 215-217 W. Superior, Chicago,

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

\$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attys
Est. 16 Years 1069 F. St. Washington, D. C.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves bait with Magic-Fish-Lure. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write today and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.

J. F. Gregory, Dept. 36 St. Louis, Mo

Corporations and Trade Unions. 32 page booklet 10 cents. 3 booklets 25 cents.
G. S. Hughes, 915 East 55th St., Chicago.

"He said he was a Socialist, too," she murmured, "whatever that may be. But he — he didn't look it! On the contrary, he looked remarkably clean and — intelligent. And the words he used were the words of an educated man. Far better vocabulary than Waldron's for example; and as for poor little Van Slyke, and that set, why, this man's mind seems to have towered above them as the Palisades tower above the River!

"Happy? Rich? He said he was both — and all he had was eighteen dollars and his two big hands! Just fancy that, will you? He might as well have said eighteen cents; it would have been about as much! And I — what did I tell him? I told him I, with all my money and everything, was vacant, empty, futile! Just those words. And — God help me, I — I am!"

Suddenly, she felt her eyes were wet. What was the reason? Herself she knew not. All she knew was that, her beautiful and queenly head bowed on the arm of her Japanese silk morning gown, as its loose sleeve lay along the edge of the Chippendale table, she was crying like a child.

Crying bitterly; and yet in a kind of new, strange joy. Crying with tears so bitter-sweet that she, herself, could not half understand them; could not fathom the deeper meaning that lay hidden there.

"If!" she whispered to her heart. "If only I were of his class, or he of mine!"

And Gabriel, what of him? As he swung north and westward, day by day, on the long hike toward Niagara, the memory of the girl went with him, and hour by hour bore him company.

He was not forgetting. Could he forget? Strive as he might, to thrust her out of his heart and soul, she still indwelt there.

Not all his philosophy, nor all his realization that this woman he had saved, this woman who had lain in his two arms and mingled her breath with his, belonged to another and an alien class, could banish her.

And as he strode along, swinging his knotted stick at the daisies and pondering on all that might have been and now could never be, a sudden, passionate longing burst over him, as a long sea-roller, hurled against a cliff, flings upward in vast tourbillons of spume.

Raising his face to the summer sky, his bare head high with emotion and his eyes wide with the thought of strange possibilities that shook and intoxicated him, he cried:

"Oh — would God she were an orphan and an outcast! Would God she had no penny in this world to call her own!"

CHAPTER XVIII.
FLINT AND WALDRON PLAN.

TOLD man Flint, regarding Catherine's breaking of the engagement, was particularly electric. Promptly at the appointed hour, Waldron appeared, shook hands with the older man, sat down and lighted a cigar, then proceeded to business.

"Flint," said he, without any ado, "I've come here to tell you some very unpleasant news and to ask your help. Can you stand the one, and give me the other?"

The Billionaire looked at him through his pince-nez, poised on that vulture-beak, with some astonishment. Then he smiled nervously, showing his gleaming tooth of gold, and answered:

"Yes, I guess so. What's wrong?"

"What's wrong? Everything! Catherine has broken our engagement!"

For a minute old Flint sat there motionless and staring. Then, moving his head forward with a peculiar, pecking twitch that still further enhanced his likeness to a buzzard, he stammered:

"You — you mean —?"

"I mean just what I say. Your daughter has severed the betrothal. Haven't you noticed my ring was gone from her finger?"

"Gone? Bless my soul, no — that

is, yes — maybe. I don't know. But — but at any rate, I thought nothing of it. So then, you say — she's broken it off? But, why? And when? And — and tell me, Wally, what's it all about?"

"Listen, and I will tell you," Tiger answered. "And I'll give it to you straight. I'm partly at fault. Mostly so, it may be. Let me assume all the blame, at any rate. I'm not sparing myself and have no intention of doing so. My conduct, I admit, was beastly. No excuses offered. All I want to do, now, is make the *amende honorable*, be forgiven, and have the former status resumed."

Thus, Waldron. But all the time his soul lay hot within him, at having so to humble himself before Flint; at being thus obliged to eat crow, and fawn and feign and creep.

"If I didn't need your billion, old man," his secret thought was, as he eyed Flint with pretended humility, "you might go to Hell, for all of me — you and your daughter with you, damn you both!"

The Billionaire sat blinking, for a moment. Then, picking up a pencil and idly scrawling pothooks on the big clean sheet of blotting-paper that covered his reference-book table, beside which the men were sitting, he asked:

"Well, what's the trouble all about? What are the facts? I must have those, in full, before I can guarantee to do anything toward changing my daughter's opinion. Much as I deplore her action, Wally, I don't know whether she's right or wrong, till you tell me. Now, let's have it."

"I will," the other answered; and he was as good as his word. Realizing the prime futility of any subterfuge, or any misstatement of fact — which Catherine would surely discover and tell her father, and which would react against him — Waldron began at the beginning and narrated the entire affair, with every detail precisely accurate. Nay, he even exaggerated the offensiveness of his conduct, at the Longmeadow Club, and in various ways gave the Billionaire to understand that he was a more serious offender than in truth he really was. For, after all, the only real offender was the lack of any compatibility between the girl and himself — the total absence of love.

Flint listened carefully and with a judicial expression. If he blamed Waldron, he made no statement of that fact. A man, himself, and one who viewed man's weaknesses and woman's foibles with a cynic eye, he could judge motives and weigh actions with considerable skill.

"I see, I see," he commented, when Waldron had quite done, and had poured forth a highly false declaration of his great love for the girl and his determination that this rupture should not be permanent. "I understand the case, I think. It all seems an unfortunate accident — just one of those unavoidable incidents which strike into and upset human calculations, against all expectation."

"You're not terribly guilty, Waldron. You acted inconsiderately. Irritatingly, perhaps, and not wholly like a gentleman — for which, blame the rotten Scotch they will persist in selling, out there at Longmeadow. But even that's not fatal. Many men have done worse and been forgiven. I'll have a talk with Catherine, inside a day or two, when the psychological moment offers. And, you may be sure, if a father's advice and good offices are of any avail, this little quarrel will be all patched up between you two. Surely will be! I can almost positively promise you that!"

"Promise it?" asked Waldron, leaning eagerly forward, a strange light in those close-set, greenish eyes.

Flint nodded. "Yes," he answered. "I've never yet failed to bring Kate to reason and good commonsense, when I've set out to. This will be no exception. My word and my counsel possess the greatest weight with her. She'll listen and be advised, I'm sure. So have no uneasiness,"

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER AT HOME

SOMETHING NEW—You can now make your own Beer at home with "AMBEW"—a concentrated beer made of Barley Malt and Hops. Let us show you how—very simple—a few minutes does the work—you just add water—that's all. Pure Lager Beer with the snap and sparkle, topped with rich creamy foam. Guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food Laws—delivered to your door by Parcel Post, anywhere—wet or dry.

ONE CENT A GLASS

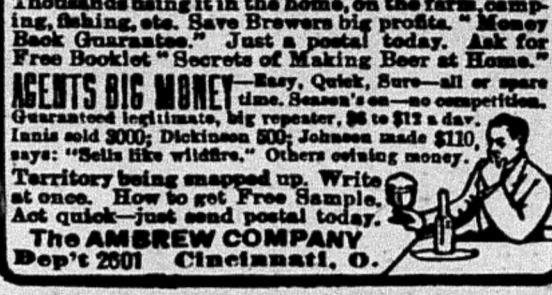
Thousands using it in the home, on the farm, camping, fishing, etc. Save Brewers big profits. "Money Back Guarantee." Just a postal today. Ask for Free Booklet "Secrets of Making Beer at Home."

AGENTS BIG MONEY—Easy, Quick, Sure—all or spare time. Season's on—no competition. Guaranteed legitimate, big repeater, 96 to 113 a day. Ianis sold 3000; Dickinson 600; Johnson made \$110, says: "Sets like wildfire." Others eating money.

Territory being snapped up. Write at once. How to get Free Sample. Act quick—just send postal today.

THE AMBEW COMPANY
Dept 2601 Cincinnati, O.

CREDIT to ALL DIAMONDS and WATCHES



\$39.50 SPECIAL! Genuine Diamond— Ring, Value \$75, 14K Mounting, Credit terms, \$5 down, \$4.50 a month. Easy Terms.

Lowest prices, greatest time-payment offers in U. S. on all famous Alfred Ware Guaranteed Diamond Rings, All Styles. Brilliant, perfect-cut diamonds, Money back 30 days if wanted. Sensational!

17 Jewel ELGIN, \$12.50

Regular \$28 value. Guaranteed Eight Movement—25-year Case. Engraving FREE. World's greatest watch bargain. FREE Catalog—64 pages—astounding jewelry, silverware bargains on FREE Trial.

ALFRED WARE COMPANY
St. Louis Mo.
Dept 211

BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience required to get one of them. Write today for list of openings offering opportunities to earn Big Money while you learn and testimonials from hundreds of our students who are earning \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 419

National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago, New York, San Francisco

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE

Have a Heart to Heart Talk with Yourself

Where will you be next year? Are you going forward or backward? What are you doing to better yourself and to fit yourself to help in the fight for your class? Wouldn't an education be of tremendous value to you. The work you ought to be doing requires trained men and women. Have YOU had the training? If you haven't, why don't you get it? Here's your own college ready to help you get an education. We do not rob you like capitalist schools, for the People's College is not organized for individual profit, but for the service of the working class.

Stop wishing you could do this or that. Wishing never got anyone anything. Get busy and prepare yourself. Here's your chance. Let us tell you how. No matter how little you earn, no matter what your present position or your previous lack of opportunity, the People's College can help you.

Clip the coupon below and mail to us today. Put a cross in the square opposite the course you are interested in.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE,
Fort Scott, Kansas.
Send me full particulars concerning the course in

Public Speaking.

Plain English.

Shorthand and Typewriting.

Bookkeeping.

Name.....

P. O.....

State.....

he concluded, holding out his hand to his partner. "Leave everything to me. You'll see, it will all come right, in the end."

"Tiger" shook his hand, cordially. "I haven't words to thank you!" he exclaimed, with as much emotion as he could simulate from a perfectly cold heart and calculating soul.

"Don't try to," the Billionaire replied, with seeming benevolence. "All the thanks I want, Wally, is to patch up this little difficulty and reunite two — that is — two loving, sympathetic hearts!"

"You old hypocrite!" Waldron thought, eyeing him. "All you want of me, if anything, is to keep me as your partner, because you know you're growing old and losing your grip, and I'm still in the game with all four claws! Paternal philanthropist you are — I don't think!"

Wally was dead right. "I can't lose this man," the Billionaire was thinking. "Whether or no, Kate has got to marry him. This Air Trust business demands a strong, a quick, a perfectly unscrupulous hand. And no outsider will do. My partner has got to be my son-in-law. Love be damned! Romantic slush can go to Hell! Kate will marry him — she's got to — or I'll know the reason why!"

"Though, after all," he soothed his conscience, as Waldron stood up, walked to the window and stood gazing out as he smoked, "after all, Wally will make her as happy, I fancy, as any man. He's a fine figure in the world, commanding, heavily propertied, energetic and successful, also of the finest family connections. Yes, a husband any woman might admire and be proud of. Certainly, the only son-in-law for me. Even if she can't idolize and worship him, as some fool women think they must, a man, she can respect and be respected with him. And with him she can take the highest position in the land, without a qualm as to his competence and manner. Beside all that, what's love? Love? Bah!"

With which philosophy, he too arose, went back into his own office, and returned to the dictating of some very private letters to Slade, the Cosmos Detective Agency manager, in re the ferreting-out and jailing or deporting of all Socialists and labor leaders at Niagara. This preparatory work on the ground of the huge new Air Trust plant, he deemed most essential. The Cosmos people, scenting a big contract, had fostered his belief, and now, already, the work was well under way. Subterranean methods were still sufficing; but, should these fail, others lay in the background.

Flint smiled a grim, vulturine smile as he read over the finished letters of instruction, a few minutes later.

"And to think," he mused, as he finished them, "that these fanatics believe — really believe — they can make headway anywhere in this country, now! Ten years ago, yes, they might have. But that's not today. Then, public opinion — stupid and futile as it was — could still be aroused. Then, there was a really effective labor and Socialist press. And the Limited Franchise Bill hadn't gone through. Neither had we the enlarged Military Bill, the National Censorship nor even the Grays — the National Mounted Police. While now — ah, thank Heaven, it's all so different and so easy that I call myself a fool, at times, for even giving these matters a single thought!"

"Well," he concluded, handing the letters back to his confidential secretary, for mailing, "well, now that's done, at any rate. So then, to the S. & S. committee meeting. And tonight my little talk with Kate. I'll soon bring her to reason, I'm sure. There's nothing can't be accomplished by a little patience and persuasion."

The old Billionaire chose his time well, that night, for the vital interview with his daughter, who had so far rebelled against his authority as

to break with the man most eminently acceptable to him. After a simple but exquisite dinner in the Venetian room, he asked the girl to play for him, which (he knew) always pleased her and put her in a receptive mood.

"Play for you, father?" she answered. "Of course I will, anything and as much as you like! What shall it be, tonight? Chopin, or Grieg, or —?"

"Anything that pleases you, suits me, my dear," he answered, smiling with satisfaction at his ruse. Never had he felt more masterful. He had allowed himself a trifle more morphia than usual, that day, by reason of the approaching interview; and now the subtle drug filled him with well-being and seemed to enhance his self-control and power. Lighting a cigar — rare treat for him — he offered Kate his arm; and together, unattended by any valet or domestic, they walked along the high, paneled hallway, hung with Gobelin tapestries, and so reached the magnificent music-room which Kate claimed, in a way, as her own special place at Idle Hour.

Here everything suggested harmony. The mahogany wainscotted walls were decked with fine portraits of the world's great masters of melody. Handsome cabinets contained costly and elaborate collections and folios of music, a complete library of the entire world's best production. The girl's harp — a master piece by Pestalozzi of Venice — stood at one side; on the other, a five hundred dollar Victrola, with a wonderful repertoire of records. But the grand piano itself dominated all, especially made for Catherine by Durand Frères, in Paris, and imported on the Billionaire's own yacht, the "Bandit." A wondrous instrument, this, finer even than the pipe-organ in an alcove at the far end of the room. It summed up all that the world's masters knew of instrument-production; and its cost, from factory to its present place at Idle Hour, represented twenty years' wages, and more, of any of Flint's slaves in the West Virginia mines or the Glenn Pool oil-fields of Oklahoma.

At this magnificent piano the girl now seated herself, on a bench of polished teak, from Mindanao. And, turning to her father, who had sunk down in his favorite easy-chair of Russia leather, she asked with a smile:

"Well, daddy, what shall I play for you, to-night?"

He looked at her a minute, before replying. Never had she seemed so dear, so beautiful to him. The rose-tinted light that fell softly from a Bohemian chandelier over her head, flooded her coiled hair, her face, her hands, with soft warm color. The slight dressing that her wound now required was covered by a deft arrangement of her hair. She had regained her usual tint. Nothing now told of the accident, the close call she had had, from death, so short a time before. And old Flint smiled, as he answered her:

"What shall you play? Anything you like, my dear. You know best — only, don't make it too classical. Your old father isn't up to that ultra music, you know, and never will be!"

She smiled again, with understanding, and turned to the keyboard. Then, without notes, and with a delicate touch of perfectly modulated interpretation, she began to render "Traümerei," as though she, too, had been dreaming of something that might have been.

Flint listened, with perfect content. The music soothed and quieted him. Even the foreknowledge of the difficult task that lay before him, the interview that he must have with his daughter, faded from his mind, a little, and left him wholly calm. Eyes closed, every sense intent on the delicious harmony, he followed the masterpiece to the end; and sighed when the last notes had died away, and kept silence.

Then Kate, still needing no music on the rack before her, played the

"World Peace"

**A New Book in which the Authors Make
The Curse of Capitalism
and its Insane World War a Moving Picture
before your eyes—a Drama drawn from
the Blood and Tears of Exploited and
Outraged Humanity—a Book and Play by
Frank and Kate O'Hare that Explodes**

The Crime of the Ages

"WORLD PEACE"

**Is a drama, written to be played on the stage and to
be read as a book**

**The First Performance Will Be
Given in St. Louis Shortly**

Two hundred players are now studying their parts for the first production of "WORLD PEACE." The largest theatre in St. Louis, seating 3000 people, has been secured and it is hoped that the great spectacle drama will be played in every great city in America during the next few months.

You should come to St. Louis to see the first performance of "World Peace," but if you cannot come, read the book and as you read it the whole tremendous tragedy of the world war will pass before your eyes.

You will see the peoples of Europe at peace with each other, fraternal and friendly. You will see the secret conspiracies of the rulers, the bankers and the cannon makers—the declaration of war which threw the whole world into consternation—the protests of the astounded people—the slaughter of the millions of our brothers—the most colossal butchery in the history of the human race—the sorrowing women at home. You will see America busy shipping food supplies and ammunition to feed the war.

Then you will see the rulers of the nations called to judgment before the assembled peoples. You will hear the claims of the different governments, the demands of the kings and of the money lords. Then you will hear the voice of the working class, of the women, of Democracy and of Peace proclaiming the end of exploitation and butchery.

And then you will see the part that you can play in bringing to a stop this mad massacre for markets. You will understand the problem. Before your eyes will come the vision of a world-wide and enduring peace—the end of all wars.

The ripened powers of Kate O'Hare burst into burning, throbbing genius in the dialog. The hand of Frank O'Hare is seen in the plot and structure of this supreme offering.

You must not wait a day before sending for this great book. The price of "WORLD PEACE" is within reach of all—25c a copy postpaid, printed on fine paper, strong paper covers.

(Three copies 50c; seven copies \$1.00; fifteen copies \$2.00.)

FREE TO YOU

The RIP-SAW will send you a free copy of the great book "WORLD PEACE" at once. All you need to do is to send us a club of four yearly RIP-SAW subscribers at twenty five cents each, or an order for four yearly subscription cards, enclosing one dollar and the book goes to you by return mail free of charge. Do not delay. Secure a copy of "WORLD PEACE" now and help us reach the millions with its message.

**THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW
PONTIAC BLDG.
ST. LOUIS, MO.**

For those who want "WORLD PEACE" beautifully bound in silk cloth, on elegant paper with wide margins for their library, or for presentation, a special LIBRARY EDITION has been issued. Price 50c per copy postpaid; three copies for \$1.00; seven copies for \$2.00.

AGENTS - SOMETHING NEW - BIG WINNER - JUST OUT

WE want a representative in every county at once to advertise, accept orders and deliver our marvelous, new **Quickedge Knife and Shear Sharpener** to every home. We want hustlers—men who want to work fast and make money fast. This is an immediate cash opportunity of

\$10⁰⁰ PER DAY

New invention. No competition. Low-priced. Ten-second demonstration at every house. No talking necessary. Sold upon absolute, money-back guarantee. **Sharpens any kitchen, paring, carving knife in ten seconds.** A child can use it. Always ready. Women demand it on sight. Exclaim: "Just what I've always wanted." The biggest, fastest seller invented in ten years. Abolishes dull knives and shears forever from every home. A necessity. **Leave 50 on trial—50 orders at 200 per cent cash profit.**

\$300⁰⁰ PER MONTH

We guarantee the **Quickedge and Shear Sharpener** to you—and to your customers. **We take all the risk.** No charge for territory. Business furnishes capital. Profits start first morning—**200 per cent to you.** No boss. Your time is your own. The cash stays in your own hands. No experience required. No delay. High class, clean, money-making business of unlimited opportunity. **Send no money.** Just write for complete particulars, free. We will hold exclusive county agency for you. Learn what **10 a Day** others are doing. Act at once. Territory is being rapidly assigned. **This means cash for the agent who gets your county.** You can have it—free. **Write today—now.** Send your name and address, and give name of your county. Address **THE QUICKEDGE SHARPENER CO., Dept. 525, 215 W. SCHILLER ST., CHICAGO**



Sharpens any Kitchen Knife, Carving Knife or Shears in Ten Seconds

Only **\$150** Selling Price

MAKE \$250⁰⁰ A MONTH REPAIRING AUTOMOBILE TIRES

Be first to enter this new big paying business in your town. Open your pockets. Let the dollars pour in. Act quick. Every auto sold means more tires to mend. Automobile business is growing fast—enormous field for tire repairing. Punctures and blowouts are common. Tires need retreading and vulcanizing. Something going wrong all the time. Thousands forced to buy new tires because they can't get old ones fixed.

Think of the old bicycle days—repair shops on every corner—all making money—busy day and night. Autos make same proposition over again—only ten times bigger and better. Users of Haywood Tire Repair Plants are making big money. Johnson, Tex., writes: "I made as high as \$18 profit in a day." Another man who bought a plant September, 1911, writes he has cleared over \$3000.00. That's going some! Operate a plant as a side line in connection with auto business—garage or as an independent business. Find neighborhood where there's a bunch of autos—get all the steady business besides transient work. Experience unnecessary. You learn quick. Simply follow directions—practice a few days on a couple of old tires and you'll be ready to coin money. Business comes fast and easy.

This Bunch of Tires Will Make Several Dollars Profit



This Man is Making Money

The new money making business. Start now. Put yourself Where This Man is.

Repair Tires at Home

Young men! and boys repair father's tires—get money he pays garage man. Get the neighbor's work. Make money to attend college or to start a garage and repair business. Auto owners—repair your own tires—save money—pay for your outfit in short time. We have outfits for home use. Anyhow, investigate. Send today for catalogue. See the wonderful possibilities in this marvelous field. Learn of the enormous money-making opportunities in this fascinating new business.

HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT CO., 620 N. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Miserere from "Il Trovatore," a Hungarian "Czardas," Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied" and the overture from "William Tell." She followed these with the Intermezzo and the Pizzicato from "Sylvia," and then with "Narcissus" and "Sans Souci." And at the end of this, she paused again; for now her father had arisen and come close to her. With a hand on her shoulder, looking down at her with stern yet kindly eyes, he said:

"Sans Souci? That means 'Without Care,' doesn't it, Kate?"

"Yes, daddy. Why?" she answered.

"Oh, I was just thinking, that's all," said he. "It made me wish I had no cares, no troubles, no sorrows."

"Sorrows, father? Why should you have sorrows?" she queried, turning to him and taking both his shriveled hands in her warm, strong ones.

"Sorrows? Why shouldn't I?" said he. "Every man of large affairs has them. Every father has them, too."

And he bent over her and kissed her, with unusual emotion.

"Every father?" asked she. "What do you mean?" Am I a sorrow to you?"

"A joy in many ways," he answered.

"In some, a sorrow."

"In what ways?" she asked quickly, her eyes widening.

"In this way, most of all," he told her, as he took her left hand up, and pointed at the finger where Waldron's ring had been and now no longer was.

She looked at him a moment, hardly understanding; then bowed her head.

"Father," she whispered. "Forgive me—but I couldn't! I—I couldn't! No, not for all the world!"

Flint's drug-contracted eyes hardened as he stood there gazing down at her. Once, twice he essayed to speak, but found no words. At last, however, blinking nervously, he said:

"This, Kate, is what I want to talk with you about, to-night. Will you hear me?"

CHAPTER XIX.

CATHERINE'S DEFIANCE.

"HEAR you, best and dearest father in the world?" she cried, looking quickly up at him again. "Of course I will! Only, I beg you, don't—don't ask me to—"

"I will ask you nothing, Kate, my girl, save this—to consider everything well, and to act like a reasoning, thinking creature, not like an impetuous and romantic school-girl!"

Releasing her hands, he once more sat down in the easy-chair, crossed his legs and peered keenly at her, to fathom if he could the inner workings of that other brain and heart.

"Well, father," she said, "I'll admit, right away, that I've done wrong to keep this from you, or to try to. We—I—broke the engagement, that day of the accident, out at Longmeadow. I meant to tell you, tell you everything, and explain it all, but somehow—"

"You needn't explain, my dear," said Flint, judicially. "Wally has already done so."

"And does he blame me, father?" cried the girl, eagerly, clasping her hands on her knees.

"No, not at all. On the contrary, he claims the fault is all his own. And he's most contrite and repentant, Kate. Absolutely so. All he asked in the world is to make amends and—well, resume the old relation, whenever you are willing."

Kate shook her head.

"That's noble and big of him, father," said she, "to assume all the blame. Really, half of it is mine. But he's acted like a true man, in taking it. However, that can't change my decision. I want him for a friend, in every way. But for a husband no, no, never in this world!"

The Billionaire frowned darkly. Already a stronger opposition was developing than he had expected; and opposition was the one thing in all the world that he could neither tolerate nor endure.

"Listen, Kate," said he. "You don't grasp the situation at all. Wal-

dron is an extraordinary man in many ways. In refusing him, you seriously injure yourself. Of course, he has never done any spectacular, heroic thing for you, like—for instance—that young man who rescued you, and whom I shall suitably reward as soon as I find him—"

"What?" she exclaimed, peering eagerly at her father. "What do you mean? Find him? Reward him?"

"Eh? Why, naturally," the Billionaire replied, scowling at the interruption. "His game of refusing his identity was, of course, just a clever dodge on his part. He certainly must expect to get something out of it. I have—er—set certain forces at work to discover him; and, as I say, when I've done so, I will reward him liberally, and—"

"You'd better not!" ejaculated Kate, with animation. "He isn't the sort of man you can take liberties with!"

"Hm? What now?" said Flint, with vexation. "What do you know about him?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, father," the girl answered quickly. "Only, I think you're making a mistake to try and force a reward on a man who doesn't want it. But no matter," she added, her face tinged by a warmer glow—which Flint was quick to see. "Forgive my interruption. Now, about Wally?"

The old man peered intently at his daughter, a full minute, then with a peculiar sinking at his heart, made shift to say:

"About Wally, yes; you simply don't understand. That's all. Listen now, Kate, and be reasonable."

"I will, daddy. Only don't ask me to marry a man I don't and can't love, ever, ever, so long as I live!"

"That isn't everything, my girl. Love isn't all."

"It is, to me! Without it, marriage is only—"

She shuddered. "No, daddy; a thousand times better for me to be an old maid, and— and all that, than give myself to him!"

Flint set his teeth hard together. "Kate," said he, his voice like wire, "now hear what I have to say! I want you fully to understand the character and desirability of Maxim Waldron!"

Then in a cold, analytic voice, carefully, point by point, he analyzed the suitor, told of his wealth and power, his connections and his prospects, his culture, travel, political influence and world-wide reputation.

"Furthermore," he ended, while Kate listened with an expression as cold as her father's to himself, "he is my partner. We are allied, in business. I hope we may be, too, in family. This man is one that any woman in the world might be proud to call her husband—proud, and glad! Love flies away, in a few brief months or years. Wealth and power and respect remain. And, with these, love too may come. Be strong, Kate! Be sensible! You are no child, but a grown woman. I shall not try to force you. All I want to do is show you your own best interest. Think this all over. Sleep on it. Tomorrow, let us talk of it again. For your own sake, and mine, do as you should, and let this folly be averted. Renew the engagement. Hush the breath of gossip and scandal. Conform. Play the game! Do right—be strong!"

She only shook her head; and now he saw the glister of tear-drops in those beautiful gray eyes.

"Father," cried she, standing up and holding out both hands to him. "Have mercy on me! I can't—I can't! My heart refuses and I cannot force it. All this—what is it to me?" She swept her hand at the glowing luxury around her. "Without love, what would such another home be to me? Worse than a prison-cell, I swear! A living death, to one like me! Barter and sale—cold calculation—oh, horrible prostitution, horrible, unspeakable!"

"Poverty, with love—yes, I would choose it. Without love, never, never can I give myself! Never, so long as



A CHARMING LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT OF THE BABY OR YOU—WITH A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CALL, FOR \$1.50

Never anything like this before, that combined a handsome portrait for the home with a month's FREE reading of the greatest working class daily newspaper in America! By extraordinary arrangement with a Portrait House of National Fame, THE NEW YORK CALL will take any photograph in your home—a cabinet picture of some lovely face, a summer snapshot or a gay tin-type taken at the seashore—and reproduce from it a beautiful 12x15 CONVEXED OVAL PORTRAIT that will NEVER fade! These are not cheap crayons, but hand-finished photo-*portrait* enlargements, true to every line and detail, regularly sold for \$5.

With every portrait goes one month's free subscription to the Daily Call, to be sent to you or a friend. The CALL'S arrangement includes these handsome reproductions of MARX, DEBS, etc. Your choice of any famous Socialist, \$1.50.

This is an extraordinary ART offer; send your photograph to the CALL with \$1.50 and receive an exquisite enlargement. A perfect likeness guaranteed and your photograph returned undamaged!

We would like to have you use this coupon THE NEW YORK CALL, 441 Pearl Street, New York City. Circulation Department.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find \$1.50 for a Convexed Oval Portrait of the accompanying picture, whole or half figure?..... or bust?..... and one month's subscription to the CALL, to be sent to.....

Name..... Address.....

Various Forms Of Headache

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ray of Blockton, Ala. Continuing, he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble has been removed. To answer this purpose Anti-kamnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in the most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headaches of women."

When we have a patient subject to regular attacks of sick headache, we should caution him to keep his bowels regular, for which nothing is better than "Actoids", and when he feels the least sign of an oncoming attack, he should take two A-K Tablets. Such patients should always be instructed to carry a few Anti-kamnia Tablets, so as to have them ready for instant use. These tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended on to produce relief in a very few minutes. Ask for A-K Tablets.

Anti-kamnia Tablets can be obtained at all druggists.

life endures!"

The Billionaire, too, stood up. He was shaking, now, as in a palsy, striving to control his rage. His fingers twitched spasmodically, and his eyes burned like firecoals behind those gleaming lenses.

Then, as he peered at her, he suddenly went even paler than before. Through his heart a stab of understanding had all at once gone home. The veils were lifted, and he knew the truth.

Her manner in speaking of that unknown, wandering rescuer; the blush that had burned from breast to brow, when he had mentioned the fellow; her aversion for Waldron and her reticence in talking of the accident—all this, and more, now surged on Flint's comprehension, flooding his mind with light—with light and terrible anger.

And, losing all control, he took a step or two, and raised his shaking hand. His big-knuckled finger, shaken in denunciation, was raised almost in her face. Choking, stammering, he cried:

"Ah! Now I know! Now, now I understand you!"

Terrified, she retreated toward the door of the music-room.

"Father, father! What makes you look so?" she gasped. "Oh, you have never looked or spoken to me this way! What—what can it be?"

"What can it be?" he mouthed at her. "You ask me, you hypocrite, when you well know?"

Suddenly she faced him, stiffening into pride and hard rebellion.

"No more of that, father!" she exclaimed, her eyes hardening. "I am your daughter, but you can't talk to me thus. You must not!"

"Who—who are you to say 'must not'?" he jibed, now wholly beside himself. "You—you, who love a vagabond, a tramp, scum and off-scouring of the gutter?"

A strange, half-choking sound was his only answer. Then, with no word, she turned away from him, biting her lip lest she answer and betray herself.

"Go!" he commanded, bloodless and quivering. "Go to your room! No more of this! We shall see, soon, who's master in this house!"

She was already gone.

Old Flint stood there a moment, listening to her retreating footfalls on the parquet of the vast hall. Then, as these died, he turned and groped his way, as though blind, back to his chair, and fell in it, and covered his eyes with both his shaking hands.

For a long time he sat there, anguished and crucified amid that unmeaning luxury and splendor.

At last he rose, and with uncertain steps sought his own suite, above-stairs.

Billionaire and world-master though he was, that night he knew his heart was dead within him. He realized that all the fruits of life were Dead Sea fruits, withered to dust and ashes on his pale and quivering lips.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BILLIONAIRE'S PLOT.

HE was aroused from this bitter reverie by a rapping at the door. Opening, he admitted Slawson, his valet. The servile one handed him a letter with a special-delivery stamp on it.

"Excuse me for intruding, sir," said Slawson, meekly smiling, "but I knew this was urgent."

"All right. Get out!" growled Flint. When the man was gone, he fortified himself with a couple of morphine tablets, and ripped the long envelope. It was from Slade, he knew, of the Cosmos Agency.

With a rapid eye he glanced it over. Then, uttering a sudden oath, he studied it carefully, under the electric bulb beside his dressing-table.

"Gods and devils!" he ejaculated.

The letter read:

142A Park Row, New York City,
June 28, 1921.

Isaac L. Flint, Esqr.,

Idle Hour, Englewood, N. J.

Dear Sir:

Reporting in the matter of the young man who rescued your daughter, in the recent accident, let me say I have discovered his identity and some important facts concerning him. I take the liberty of thinking that your intention of rewarding him, when found, will be somewhat modified by this information.

This man's name is Gabriel Armstrong. Age, 24. Occupation, expert electrical and chemical worker. A Socialist and labor agitator, of the most dangerous type, because intellectual and well-read. A man of considerable power and influence in Socialist and labor circles. Has been something of a wanderer. Is well known to union men and Socialists, all over the country. A powerful speaker, and resourceful.

He was last employed at your testing-works on Staten Island. Discharged by your Mr. Herzog, about two weeks ago, for having, I understand, been in possession of a certain red-covered note-book, which Mr. Herzog found in his pocket. This book is the same which you commissioned me to find, but which Mr. Herzog returned to you before I undertook the search for it. The inference is that this Armstrong is in possession of some private information about your work, which may make him even more dangerous. Herzog informs me that you and Mr. Waldron have had Armstrong blacklisted. But this seems of no importance to the man, as he is clever and can live anywhere, by casual labor and by working with the Socialists.

Armstrong is now at Syracuse. He has been tramping the roads.

ROOFING

Why Pay High Prices
for your ready roofing when I will sell you roofing guaranteed for 20 years as low as 65c a roll of 108 sq. ft., including nails, cement and full directions for laying. No matter what weight or kind of roofing you want, I can supply you at a big saving, and get the material to you quicker than you can get it from any other house I sell.

Direct from Factory
and if the roofing I send you does not come up to the samples, ship it right back at my expense. I ship from seven big factories so that I can save you freight, which is a big item. If you want to save money, write today for my big roofing catalogue and samples of the roofing I sell—all sent FREE. Free estimates if you send size of roof and mention, light, medium or heavy roofing. Write me today.

2260 W. E. McCARRON & CO. CHICAGO
Dickey Building

65¢ a Roll
108 Square Feet

"Safety First" Electric Light

PREVENTS fire loss and personal injury—Press the button! Throw a flood of white light anywhere you want it—in rain, wind or storm. Absolutely safe around kerosene, gasoline, explosives. Efficiently replaces all old-fashioned oil lamps and lanterns. Every farmer or barn man needs it! Handy, durable, economical. Runs six months on ordinary No. 6 Dry Cell. Autoists, messengers, chauffeurs, mail men, delivery men, watchmen, railroad men, sportsmen, seamen, housewives—everybody everywhere finds thousands of uses for the "Safety First" Electric Light.

Sent **POSTPAID** anywhere in U. S. for **\$1.50** POST-PAID

ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO.
Dept. 201, 2623 W. North Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Big Agents Proposition

ORANGEADE Crescent Powder

PROFITS \$10 to \$50 Make it a day! Crescent Orangeade comes in powder form. Did you get that? Just add cold water, sweeten with sugar and you will instantly have the richest, most delicious and most refreshing drink imaginable. Guaranteed under the Pure Food Law. Great stunt at picnics, fairs, ball games, dances, etc. Vast field for action. Just roll up your sleeves and go to it. Much repeat business. Sells to families, restaurants, parlors, stores, etc. Over 4c profit on every glass. Send 10c for trial package—enough for seventeen glasses. Catalog mailed FREE. No better money maker for the summer. CHAS. MORRISSEY CO. 4400 Madison St. Dept. A10 Chicago, Ill.



Comfort Self Heating Smoothing Iron.

5 hours on one filling at cost of two cents. Two points. Both ends are front ends. Quick lighting, Self Cleaning and perfect regulation of heat. Built like a watch. Weighs 6 pounds net. Guaranteed safe and satisfactory. Price \$3.75 each from your local dealer or direct by prepaid parcels post.

Order Today.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS,
Dept. 52 CHICAGO

INVESTING FOR PROFIT FREE

For six months. It is worth \$10 a copy to any man intending to invest any money, however small, who has invested money unprofitably, or who can save \$5.00 or more per month, but who hasn't learned the art of investing for profit. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, the knowledge financiers and bankers hide from the masses. It reveals the enormous profits bankers make and shows how to make the same profits. It explains how stupendous fortunes are made and why made, how \$1,000 grows to \$22,000. To introduce my magazine, write me now. I'll send it six months absolutely FREE.

H. L. BARBER, Pub. R416, 26 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

3.98 20 Year GOLD FILLED Watch

Elegantly engraved, double hunting case. Ladies or gents. Very fine FULL JEWELLED MOVEMENT. ACCURATE TIME KEEPER. Adjusted, stem wind and set. We will send it by Express C. O. D. \$3.98 and express charges with privilege of FULL EXAMINATION. FREE A gold plated chain and charm with each watch.

EXCELSIOR WATCH CO., DEPT. 66 CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS

Let us show you the best paying canvassing business in the United States. Write today to the largest makers of transparent handled knives and razors for proof. A postal card will do.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 114 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

Distributers Wanted **GOOD PAY!** Steady Work; giving away packages Perfumed Borax Soap Powder with our Soaps, etc. No capital or experience needed. G. WARD & CO., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

AGENTS Make \$100.00 next week. You can. Others do. New Invention. Washes while Boiling. No Rubbing. Generates own power. Forces 20 Streams Suds through Clothes. Out-selling everything \$1.50. Free Sample.

Geysir Washing Machine Works, Chicago.

I MADE \$50,000 in five years with a small Mail Order Business; began with \$5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, 208 Charles St., Lockport, N. Y.

MONEY made quickly by smart men. **ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.**

SPECIAL RIP-SAW AND MELTING POT CLUBBING RATE FOR 1915—YOU CAN GET BOTH FOR 1 YEAR FOR 60 CENTS.

A Special Clubbing Rate is now offered to Rip-Saw subscribers who also wish to take the Melting Pot. For 60c you can get both the Rip-Saw and Melting Pot for one year. If your subscription is not yet due for the Rip-Saw, you can have it extended one year from date of expiration. Or we will send you a subscription card good for one year's subscription, or you can have the magazine sent to some one else. State which you want. This applies both to the Rip-Saw and the Melting Pot.

For all Canadian Subscriptions to this club offer, add 24 cents to cover extra postage.

Address, THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, Pontiac Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

STOP! USING TOBACCO.

RELIEVED FOREVER!!

Don't be a slave to nicotine! It will gradually sap your vitality. It breaks down the tissues of mouth and throat; ruins digestion. Impoverishes your nervous system. Destroys memory. Tobacco Abstainer is your salvation!

Scientific Treatment

This new discovery will positively relieve cigaret smoking, chewing, snuff using or tobacco in any form—you have no desire after the first dose.

10 to 24 Hours gives relief. Tobacco Abstainer is not a substitute. Is pleasant to take. Contains no habit-forming drugs. Absolutely harmless and non-poisonous.

Honest Guarantee

protects you. Our ironclad guarantee, signed by the president of this company, binds us to refund your money if Tobacco Abstainer does not positively relieve you forever. Rid yourself of this expensive, destructive habit. Send for amazing facts. Book Free, postpaid.

Herwin Pharmal Co.
Dept. 66 St. Louis, Mo.

ATTENTION, SOCIALISTS!

Millions of Acres of Free Land

Near the Great Panama Canal, the world's new commercial center. Best Climate, Soil and Markets. Panama Gov't gives each immigrant family twenty five acres free. Lowlands hot. HIGHLANDS PERPETUAL SPRING, with perfect health. Big crops, all kinds, year round. We know this by personal experience. Seize this Golden Opportunity by organizing shareholding association to put Social Ownership into immediate practice. Put the 25 acres into a common land capital. If this don't suit you, don't answer. By Associated Capital can make every acre yield \$1000.00 a year. Sell no raw materials. Manufacture them. Can Corn, make bacon, spin and weave cotton, etc. Membership fee \$2.00. Cost VERY SMALL. Be quick. Speculators getting land. Soon high prices. Now have 139 subscribers. Send stamp for particulars. Address, Co-Operators, Box 472, New London, Wisc.



FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN

Our fully guaranteed watch is highly engraved, stem-wind, stem-set, simulated gold finished; desirable size, into thin model, fancy bezel, new design.

Given free to anyone for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c ea. Order jewelry now; when sold send \$2.50 and we'll send you watch, exquisite three-stone RING and fine Ladies' or Gent's Chain FREE.

DALE WATCH CO., DEPT. 109 CHICAGO

LADIES TO SALE at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money; steady work, no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVEREAL CO., Dept. 35, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

\$80 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES to travel, distribute samples and take orders, or appoint agents, permanent. Jap American Co., Chicago.

MONEY \$ \$ For wise men \$ \$ key FREE. J. WARREN SMITH, Ottawa, Ill.

Have had two of my operators enter his room at the Excelsior Lodging House and search his effects, while he was taking a bath. Can find nothing to give me any legal means of proceeding against him. He has some ready money, so a vagrancy-charge will not hold. If you wish me to resort to extreme measures to "get" him, kindly give me *carte blanche*, and guarantee me protection in case of trouble. The job can be done,

YOU Can Play Piano First Day

New Plan Makes Teachers, Lessons or Study Needless—New Music Read Easily as a Newspaper, Being Written in Plain English Letters (C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C).

Sent Free to Prove It.

Just Send Address for Complete System and 100 Music Pieces, All Charges Prepaid.



"What Do You Think of That! Never Played Before and Now Just Hear Her!"

Anyone can now play the piano or organ with the fingers of both hands. Not after months of study and practice and expensive lessons, but **RIGHT AWAY**—almost as soon as you get the **Easy Method Music System**.

John H. Ferguson, Acma, Alta., Canada, says: "I was not a little amazed when I found I could play in a few minutes." C. Pittmann, Meno, Okla., says: "I have two children, one is 13 and the other 10, who in a very few minutes could play it well, and they did not know one note from another in the old music." V. R. Perkins, Romney, Ind., says: "I studied 'Easy Form' music fifteen minutes and then started to play." Thousands of similar reports are in our files. Doesn't this convince you that you can play by this wonderful, new method?

Prove it for yourself. Send for complete system and full instructions. Try it in your own home for seven days, **FREE**. If you want to keep it, then send us \$1.50 down, and \$1.00 per month for five months. If not satisfactory, simply return it to us and owe nothing. Isn't that fair? When writing, state how many white keys on your piano or organ, and whether you play old-style note music.

Send today! The quicker you get this, the sooner you can entertain your family and friends with your playing, so send now. Address: Easy Method Music Co., 747 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO HABIT

A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated through stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mind-cure or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense clearly set forth. The author will send it free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a postcard will do. Address: Edward J. Woods, 675Y, Station E, New York City. Keep this advertisement. It is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this journal.

but it may be risky, in view of his influence and backing among the Socialists and labor people. Before proceeding further, I want to know how far you will support me. Am having him shadowed. He cannot get away. As yet, he suspects nothing. On receipt of your next, will take measures to put him away for a few months. I know that, once he lands behind bars, his finish can be easily arranged.

Trusting this information will prove satisfactory to you, and awaiting your further instructions, I am,
Very truly yours,
THE COSMOS AGENCY,
Dillon F. Slade, Mgr.

Old Flint read this extraordinary communication twice through, then, raising his head, growled in his shrunken throat, for all the world like a wild beast. His gold tooth, gleaming in the light, made his rictus of passion more venomous, more malevolent still. "The — the Hell-hound!" he stammered, his eyes narrowed with hate and rage. "Oh, wait! Wait till we land him! And this — this is the devil, the scum, that Kate, my daughter —!"

He could not finish; but, clutching at his sparse gray hair, fell to pacing the floor and mousing execrations. Had he been of the sanguine manner of body, he must inevitably have suffered an apoplexy. Only his spare frame and bloodless type, due to the drug, saved his life, at that first shock of rage and hate.

Grown calmer, presently, he took quick action. Seating himself at a desk in the corner of his bed-chamber—a desk where some of his most important private matters had been put through—he chose a sheet of blank paper, with no monogram, and wrote:

Take immediate action. Will back you to the limit, and beyond. Ten thousand bonus if you land him behind bars inside a week. Stop at nothing, but get results. F.

This he folded and put in an envelope which he addressed to Slade, and was about to seal, when another idea struck him.

"By God!" he exclaimed, smiting the desk. "It won't do to have this just some ordinary charge. The thing has got to be disgraceful, unpardonable, hideous!"

"There are two things to be considered, now. One is, to 'get' him, in connection with that red book of my

plans—to head him off from making any possible trouble in the development of the Air Trust.

"The other is—Kate! Nothing catches a woman, like martyrdom. If anything happens to this cur, and she suspects that I've done it, out of spite, all Hell can't hold her. I know her well enough for that. No, this fellow has got to be put away on some charge that will absolutely and utterly ruin him, in her eyes, for good and all—that will blast and wreck him, forever, with her. Something that, when I tell her, will fill her with loathing and horror. Something that will cause a terrible and complete revulsion of feeling in her, and bring her back to Waldron, as to a strong refuge in time of trouble. Something that will crush and quell her, utterly cure her of those idiotic, school-girl notions of hers, and make her—as she should be—submissive to my will and my demands!"

He pondered a moment, an ugly, crafty smile on those old lips of his; then, struck by sudden inspiration, laughed a dry, harsh laugh.

"The very thing!" he exulted, with the mirth of a vulture that has just found a peculiarly revolting mass of carrion. "Fool that I was, not to have thought of it before!"

Hastily he withdrew the letter from the envelope, opened it, and with eager hand wrote three short sentences. He read these over, nodded approval, and this time sealed and addressed the letter. Then he pushed an electric button over the desk.

"Have this letter carried to this address, at once," he commanded Slawson. "Mr. Dillon Slade, 432 Highland Avenue, Rutherford, N. J. See? Special delivery won't do. Have Sanders take it at once, in the racer. No answer required. And after you've seen it start on its way, come back here. I want to go to bed."

"Yes, sir. All right, sir," the valet bowed, as he took the letter and departed.

Ten minutes later, he was back again, helping old Flint undress.

Long after the Billionaire was in bed, in the big, luxurious room, with its windows open toward the River—the room guarded all night by armed men in the house and on the lawn outside—he lay there thinking of his plot, chuckling to himself over its infernal cunning, and filled with joy at the prospects now opening out ahead of him.

"Two birds with one stone, this time, for sure," he pondered. "Ha! They'll try to beat old Isaac Flint at this or any game, will they? Man or woman, I don't care which, they

never get away with it—never, so long as life and breath remain in me!"

Then, soothed by these happy thoughts, and by a somewhat increased dosage of his drug, the Billionaire gradually and contentedly fell asleep, to dream of victory, and vengeance, and power.

Not in weeks had he slumbered so peacefully.

But for many hours after her father was asleep, Catherine sat at her window, in a silk kimono, and with fevered pulses and dry eyes, with throbbing heart and leaping pulses, thought long thoughts.

Sleepless she sat there, counting the hours tolled from the church-spire in the town, below.

Morning still found her at the window, her brain afire, her heart laid desolate and waste by the consuming struggle which, that night, had swept and ravaged it.

(To be continued.)

The Rip-Saw Editors' Routes

E. V. Debs	June Trip	May
DeKalb, Ill.	Sunday	30th
Omaha, Nebr.	Monday	31st
Ravenna, Nebr.	Tuesday	1st
North Platte, Nebr.	Wednesday	2d
(Open)	Thursday	3d
Platte, S. Dak.	Friday	4th
(Open)	Saturday	5th
Sioux City, Iowa	Sunday	6th
Granite Falls, Minn.	Monday	7th
Aberdeen, S. Dak.	Tuesday	8th
(Open)	Wednesday	9th
Mandan, N. Dak.	Thursday	10th
Garrison, N. Dak.	Friday	11th
Velva, N. Dak.	Saturday	12th
Williston, N. Dak.	Sunday	13th
Traveling	Monday	14th
Esmond, N. Dak.	Tuesday	15th
Devils Lake, N. Dak.	Wednesday	16th
Thief River Falls, Minn.	Thursday	17th
Bemidji, Minn.	Friday	18th
(Open)	Saturday	19th
Chisholm, Minn.	Sunday	20th
Traveling	Monday	21st
(Open)	Tuesday	22d
Centerville, Iowa	Wednesday	23d

Followed by a week's work east of the Mississippi, dates announced later.

Some of Mrs. O'Hare's dates in the Southwest.

JULY-AUGUST 1915.		
Bartlesville, Okla.	Sunday	July 18th
(Open)	Monday	July 19th
Eufaula, Okla.	Tuesday	July 20th
Tecumseh, Okla.	Wednesday	July 21st
Purcell, Okla.	Thursday	July 22d
(Open)	Friday	July 23d
Clovis, N. M.	Saturday	July 24th
(Open)	Sunday	July 25th
Plainview, Texas	Monday	July 26th
(Open)	Tuesday	July 27th
Hamlin, Texas	Wednesday	July 28th
Weinert, Texas	Thursday	July 29th
Ft. Worth, Texas	Friday	July 30th
Denton, Texas	Saturday	July 31st
Cleburne, Texas	Sunday	Aug. 1st
Athens, Texas	Monday	Aug. 2d

Other Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas appointments will be announced later.

Statement of Ownership, Management, etc., of the National Rip-Saw, required by Act, August 24th, 1912:
Name of Editor, Eugene V. Debs.
Postoffice Address, Terre Haute, Ind.
Name of Managing Editor, Phil Wagner.
Postoffice Address, St. Louis, Mo.
Name of Business Manager
Phil Wagner.
Postoffice Address, St. Louis, Mo.

Publishers
The National Rip-Saw Pub. Co., A Corporation,

Phil Wagner,
Anna Wagner,
Wm. Bode.
Phil Wagner, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this, 29th day of March, 1915.

(Seal) **GEORGE S. TOURVILLE,**
Notary Public.

My commission expires April 3rd, 1917.

REALISTIC

"When I grow up," said little Ethel, with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school-teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children," said tiny Edna.

"Well, when they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em."

"You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna, as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"

Marvelous Success of the RIP-SAW Lectures

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE LOCALS ARE AT THIS WRITING SELLING THEIR quota of yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards, in anticipation of the forthcoming visit of

EUGENE V. DEBS or KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

editors of the RIP-SAW and the two American speakers reaching the largest audiences.

Perhaps one of these speakers will pass near you as they travel from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf. You may have an opportunity of bringing one of them to your city this spring, summer or fall.

The successful experience of six hundred locals who have handled RIP-SAW subscription lectures with Comrade Debs or Comrade O'Hare as the speaker, proves that the subscription lecture plan is positively the most effective propaganda work possible. The year's work reaches from five hundred to two thousand families, not only once, but TWELVE times a year through the subscription plan. The speaker talks to those who will read Socialist literature with doubled interest for the rest of their lives.

For a Kate O'Hare date you need sell only 400 Yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards.

For a Debs meeting you need sell only 800 yearly RIP-SAW subscription cards.

The RIP-SAW sends you the sub cards on credit. You pay for them at 25c each in installments as you sell them, any balance being due and payable the day of the lecture. The RIP-SAW notifies you of your date long in advance, and pays the traveling and hotel expenses of the speaker. A liberal supply of electrotypes, advertising slides, posters, window cards and small advertising cards is furnished free.

Success is sure to follow your effort. Have the local act at once on the question: Resolved that we apply for a Debs date (or a Kate O'Hare date) and go to work at once on the biggest and best boost we can give Socialism in our county.

Address
THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, PONTIAC BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

IT'S SOME MYSTERY

By Henry M. Tichenor.

The war in Europe is one of the most mysterious things that ever happened.

How and why it began, is a curious conundrum.

Every government engaged did its best to prevent it.

All the crowned rulers prayed to God to keep them out of it.

Nobody wanted it.

All the powers that are fighting only took up arms in self-defense.

It was a last resort with each of them to keep the other from wiping them off the earth.

Every one of the governments fired the first shot, and each government only fired back after it was attacked.

Once started nobody could quit shooting.

That is why the bloody thing has kept on going.

It is for the purpose of meeting just such mysterious outbreaks that all Christendom keeps armed to the teeth.

None of the powers that be that are running this earth want war.

No—not even if there is billions of boodle in it.

The ruling classes are all good, pious, peace-loving people.

They are all—the last mother's son of them—professing Christians.

Most of them are saints.

We know this, because they all bear testimony of each other's piety.

The only reason the ruling classes of the world want big navies and big armies is because, in spite of all their pious and prayerful attempts to maintain peace, wars are nevertheless liable to break out. That the pious ruling classes manage to get life-long interest bearing mortgages plastered on all the warring nations cuts no ice.

It's peace, not profits, that the lords of earth yearn for.

Even while demanding the big navies and big armies they pray for peace.

Nobody in Europe is so horrified at the war as the powers directing the fighting.

Every one of them have assured us that they are in no way responsible for the slaughter.

It's the mystery of mysteries how it started.

And they all declare what a providential thing it was that each one was prepared to defend themselves when hell's fury broke loose.

They are all telling the women of the working classes to hurry up and breed a lot of boy babies to become soldiers for the next war that nobody wants, and to prevent which they will do all they possibly can, besides praying to God.

The horror that these people who live on the interest of national debts piled up in war hate war, is a sight.

As a riddle it is only equalled by the faith they have in their

prayers for peace, while, at the same time, they are running their ammunition factories at full blast.

MODERN WAR IS SOME MYSTERY—TO HEAR THE BENEFICIARIES TELL IT.

THE REVOLUTION IN SONG AND STORY

A choice selection of poems of Freedom and Revolt, from the pens of the world's most revolutionary poets, comprising such well known writers as James G. Clark, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Rudyard Kipling, Gerald Massey, Charles MacKay, Henry M. Tichenor, and others. This book is of inestimable value to both old and young Socialists, in furnishing the very best recitations for public meetings. It fills a long felt want. Price, prepaid, 15 cents. Address J. A. Williams, Publisher and Compiler, P. O. Box 708, Sawtelle, California.

SOCIALISTS ELECT TWO ALDERMEN IN CHICAGO

Wm. E. Rodriguez, former business agent of the Painters' Union was elected from the 15th ward. The vote was: Socialist, 5487; Republican, 5473; Democrat, 5288.

John C. Kennedy, for two years teacher at the Chicago University, and graduate from Cornell, was elected from the 27th ward. The vote was: Socialist, 11,551; Republican, 7540; Democrat, 5368.

Milwaukee elected four of their five candidates for the school board, with a vote of 23,784. Mrs. Meta Berger,

Paul Ramstack, Morris Stern and Elizabeth H. Thomas were the successful comrades.

Fifty Socialist Books for Fifty Cents

No two alike. We pay postage. This offer good thirty days only. A few weeks later these same books can be had only at much higher prices or not at all. With them we send FREE a booklet explaining our CO-OPERATIVE PLAN for supplying all the best Socialist books AT COST. Send ten cents for the last number of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, the only illustrated magazine that discusses current events from the viewpoint of the WORKING-CLASS. Address

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY

345 East Ohio Street - - - - CHICAGO

Comrades Co-Operative Indemnity Exchange

Write accident and health insurance, For Socialists and Sympathizers only.

THE PROFITS ARE GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL PARTY TO FURTHER SOCIALISM.

Pays for 60 weeks, beginning with the first week. Costs \$12.00 per year to age fifty, after which age \$16.00, payable quarterly or annually. Membership fee \$2.00.

For benefits paid in your occupation, write to

JOSEPH SCHROLL & CO.

Mass. Bldg.

Kansas City, Mo.

Greatest Factory Sale Highest Grade Organs and Pianos Ever Known



Read My Remarkable Money-Saving, Liberal Purchase Offer Revolutionizes Selling of Musical Instruments—Absolutely Wipes Out Middlemen—Banishes ALL Competition—Resulting in Most Successful Nation-Wide Sale of Highest Grade Instruments Ever Known.

I can prove that an ADLER Organ is the highest quality instrument to be had anywhere—bar none. I can and will prove this alongside any other. My world famed ADLER Organ was winner of Highest Prize at St. Louis World's Fair, also winner of Gold Medal at National Conservation Exposition, Knoxville, 1913. ADLER Organs win favor wherever put in competition. More than 100,000 Sweet-Toned, Beautiful, ADLER Organs are in the homes of the people and command the admiration of all. Now let me tell you how I give you the greatest quality instrument, and also about the greatest nation-wide sale of highest grade Organs. Your immediate action will save you half on ADLER Organs at my

Rock Bottom Factory Prices

You've heard lots of Organ talk and have doubtless had all kinds of propositions put up to you but when I say to you that I have inaugurated the greatest Factory-to-Home Sale of highest grade Organs ever known, it means a lot to you because my startling factory prices save you the middleman's and dealer's big profits—giving you instruments of very highest proven quality at absolutely rock bottom prices—saving you \$48.75.

FREE 30 Days' Trial

Send no money in advance. I will ship you any World Famed Adler Organ you may select from my new, big organ book, for an absolutely free playing test—yes, keep it a whole month free—if it does not prove all I claim—just ship it back to me—I will pay freight both ways and your trial doesn't cost you a single penny. And then a 365 days' approval test and your money back if my World Famed Adler Organ has not held up to every claim I make for it. My World Famed Adler Organ must sell itself after a free trial in your home. You're the judge, because it is your money and I can not afford to have a single dissatisfied customer.

Small Easy Payments—No Burden To You

No Interest—No Collectors After you have decided to keep my World Famed Adler Organ you can make arrangements to pay in small amounts as convenient. Ask about our Fall Payment Plan for the benefit of all who depend upon the harvest for income.

50-Year Guarantee strongest ever made.

I Save YOU \$48.75 and then

Give Your Own Time To Pay



The Greatest Piano Offer Ever Made

My Celebrated Adler Piano winner of Gold Medal at National Conservation Exposition, Knoxville, 1913, is better than pianos that sell for double the money. I let you have your piano on exactly the same terms as an Adler Organ—30 days free trial; all the time you want in which to pay.

25-Year Guarantee

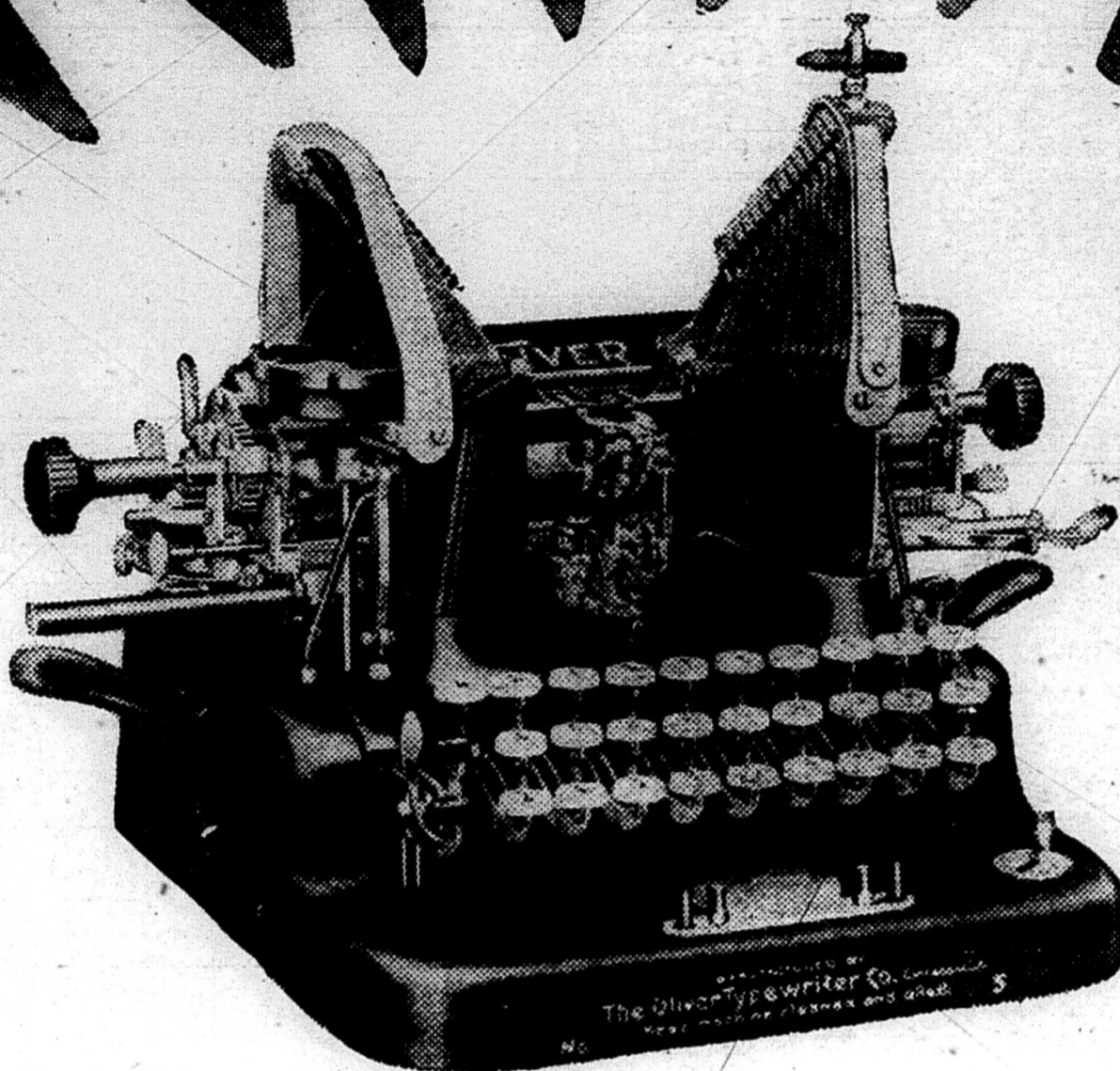
I Sell Only Direct From Factory To Your Home. The Famous \$1,000,000 Adler Factory—Greatest In The World.

Mail This Coupon Today

C. L. ADLER, President, Adler Manufacturing Company, 5352 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

Make a cross in the square for organs—or pianos—or both. Or write your name and address on postal. I want your Organ Book I want your Piano Book

NAME ADDRESS.....



No. 5 OLIVER

This Beautiful Oliver On Free Trial! SAVE \$44—NO MONEY DOWN.

\$4 MONTHLY PAYMENTS

What we urge of you is what thousands have done to possess this beautiful typewriter. They write for our unusual Free Trial Offer. Then we quote you a price on this famous Oliver that is amazingly low—about one-half the catalog price.

Note the beautiful finish, the mechanical workmanship of the Oliver. It's the most far-famed typewriter in the business world.

Yet you can try it free in your home or office. Convince

yourself this way. It's the 'only way to buy a typewriter. The typewriter must sell itself or there is no sale.

SECRET OF THIS REMARKABLE OFFER

We have sold 20,000 Olivers by our simple plan. We get these Olivers fresh from the factory. We buy in such tremendous quantities that we can sell at wholesale prices. Then we have no salesmen, no commissions, no branch houses. All this extra saving is yours. We figure our Oliver owners have saved in this way over half a million dollars.

NO MONEY DOWN—LIFE GUARANTEE

Did you ever see a more beautiful typewriter? It is easiest to operate. Wonderfully durable. It has visible writing; U-shaped type bar, making possible lightest touch known; built-in tabulator, black spacer, marginal release, universal keyboard with six extra characters. Each machine full standard size, complete with every accessory.

Don't spend a cent for a typewriter until you have seen our offer and low price. Remember, we charge you nothing for the Free Trial. You must see this typewriter before buying.

Send this coupon for Free Trial Offer and half price. Send it now, else you may forget.

**TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE,
166-15E N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago**

Please send me, without obligation on my part, complete information on your famous Free Trial Offer of the No. 5 Oliver Typewriter and your low price.

Name.....

Address.....

**Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166-15E N. MICHIGAN BLVD., CHICAGO**