

st A Word With You, Mr. Workingman

MR. WORKINGMAN, look at this picture. Let it burn into your brain until it scorches away the cob-webs of inherited prejudice and awakens you to a consciousness of your class interests.

Look at it again, Mr. Workingman, and see in it the product of your vote. Back of the hand of dishonor, Mr. Workingman, is your vote.

Back of the blackness of despair where lurks suicide and a pauper's grave is your vote. Yes, Mr. Workingman, I say it again—YOUR VOTE.

It isn't a very pretty picture, but it tells the story of your sister, your daughter or somebody else's sister in daughter; it tells only too truly how American workingmen's votes rob American mothers of their girls and American girls of their honor.

It isn't a very pleasant story, but 'tis true. And it's a story of your own making, Mr. Workingman, and every time you support this damnable system by scabbing at the ballot box you add another chapter.

In one of our large cities there is an institution—and there are similar places in every large city in the land—that employs 3,000 girls at an average wage of \$3.50 a week.

On this they are expected to pay room rent, buy clothes and appear in their places every morning bright, cheerful and neatly dressed.

This place is called a department store—it would be more near the truth to call it a department of hell. It is nothing more or less than a recruiting station for the army of women who spend their brief lives behind the red curtains of the dens of shame that far out number the churches in every city on the globe.

In this same city there are pet dogs that eat out of silver dishes, that are cared for by a dog governess, while a dog physician carefully looks after its health, and they wear collars of pearls and diamonds.



These women ride in Pullman palace cars with their richly dressed and pampered pug dogs, while honest American workingmen ride in box cars chasing a job.

What do you think of it, Mr. Workingman, you who produce all wealth and then vote for a system that allows the few who produce nothing to appropriate it?

You who build palaces and live in hovels; you who dig diamonds, weave silks and satins for the wives and daughters of the Master's of the Bread and the owners of the jobs while your own sisters and daughters live in poverty and who sacrifice their youth for \$3.50 a week and their honor for board and clothes?

Think it over, Mr. Workingman, and help us paint a new picture and tell a new story that will mean Peace, Plenty and Happiness for all human kind—Socialism.

pendent upon it for all they consume, that we would have an ideal state for the upbuilding and honoring of the home, on which any worthy civilization must rest.

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There always will be under any system.

"Under Socialism," the boy said, "there will at least be plenty of work for everybody; but under the present system there can't be."

"Why can't there be work for all under the present system?" asked the editor. He had finished his proofs and it amused him to argue with the boy.

"Because if there was, the system would soon be changed. If every man had plenty of honest work all the time, there would be few, if any, strike breakers. Strikers would always win and they would demand more and more, until at last they would receive the full product of their toil."

"And would that change the capitalist system?" "Of course. If the worker received all he produced there would be nothing left for profits and the capitalist can't exist without profits."

"Oh! So you Socialists are scheming to starve the capitalist out of existence?" "We're scheming to let him go to work and earn an honest living," answered the boy. "No tramp can exist under Socialism. There are two kinds of tramps, you know, and the millionaire tramp is a heavier burden than the pauper tramp for the laborer to carry for he absorbs more of labor's products."

The editor did not hear the latter half of the boy's remark. He was looking through the window at a man who had alighted from an automobile and was coming into the office. The editor recognized him at once as the one monied aristocrat of the little town and went forward to meet him with obsequious smiles.

He had stopped for some copies of last week's paper which contained a glowing account of his sister's house party and New Year's ball. As he passed out again he paused beside the desk where the editor's wife was still addressing wrappers.

"That looks too much like work," he said. "You shouldn't work—life is too short." He laughed jovially as the door closed behind him. This time it was the boy who looked after the retreating figure contemptuously.

"Doesn't he work at all?" asked the boy. "Not a little bit," the editor sighed enviously. "I wouldn't work either if I were in his shoes. It's a fine thing to be independent."

THE TIME IS HERE For every Socialist to put forth every effort that he can in return for certain victory. And at the present moment, your money will perform valiant deeds in behalf of the cause if you contribute ten dollars to the fund for the purpose of sending the trust edition of 1,000,000 copies to each of the 1,000,000 business firms of the United States.

The Jungle

By Upton Sinclair Author of "Manassas," "Prince Hagen," etc.

URING this time that Jurgis was looking for work occurred the death of little Kristoforas, one of the children of Teta Elzbieta.

Both Kristoforas and his brother, Juozapas, were cripples, the latter having lost one leg by having it run over, and Kristoforas having congenital dislocation of the hip, which made it impossible for him ever to walk.

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THE EMPLOYERS DO NOT RUN THINGS with a high hand in New Zealand as they do here. It is refreshing to read in the last official Journal of New Zealand such items as these:

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had been earned by Ona, weak and com- plaining as she was, knowing that he had been given a chance, and had not had the nerve to take it?

The fertilizer works of Anderson's lay to the south of the rest of the plant. Few visitors ever saw them, and the few who did would come out looking like Dante, of whom the peasants would say that he had been into hell.

On top of this were the suffocating rooms where they dried the "tankage," as it was called, the mass of brown stringy stuff that was left after the waste portions of the carcasses had been leached and tallow tried out of them.

It was to this building that Jurgis came daily, as if dragged by an unseen hand. The month of May was an exceptionally cool one, and his secret prayers were granted—he was not offered a job.

His labor took him about one minute to learn. Before him was one of the vents of the mill in which the fertilizer was being ground; it came out in a great brown river, with a spray of the finest dust being forth in clouds.

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they closed it up tight. As it was it was hard to retain—not common laborers, for these were always to be had in droves—but bosses and trusty men to take charge; in the month of November, 1900, there was one week when one hundred and twenty-six men were employed and only six were able to continue.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO READ THIS. Girard, Kan., June 10, 1905. A few days ago the men who make up Mr. Parry's National Manufacturers' Association assembled at Atlanta to hear words of wisdom from the mouths of their star performers.

When the Socialists capture the government workingmen will live in real homes—the kind that now secure the safety of the family.

WORKINGMEN ARE GOING TO GET SOMEDAY building palaces for these millionaire manufacturers, while they themselves live in hovels.

MR. POST IS A MANUFACTURER OF cereal coffee, out of which he has made his millions. The bulk of the product of his great plant is consumed by the working class. The workers have made him rich.

HERE IS THE SITUATION: You do not want to drink coffee and you do not want to help Post fight Socialism.

MR. POST HAS A MISSION, sub-divided as follows: First, to free the Appeal to Reason from the advertising trust.

USE YOUR ECONOMIC POWER to place NUTRITO on the market, and we will soon furnish your beloved old Appeal with all the advertising it needs.

MR. POST WENT TO ATLANTA with a chip on his shoulder. Let us knock it off in a way he wasn't looking for.

RECOLLECT, a sample package of NUTRITO will be sent you postpaid for twenty cents. Address—Girard Cereal Co., Girard, Kansas.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Is the Socialism of to-day identical with that of Marx? Does it tend to the dissolution of the present marriage system? Will it mean any change in the ethics of Christianity?

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FED HIM HYDROPHOBIA SAUSAGE.

Speaking of a workman attacked by hydrophobia, a dispatch in the Omaha World-Herald from DeWitt, Neb., says:

Gura is a man who never drank. It is learned he has a wife and four children somewhere in South Omaha. In order to economize he ate un buttered bread and bolagna sausage covered with salt.

This is the way our boasted civilization treats its sober, hard-working members. Feeding them on dog meat—dogs that had died of hydrophobia!

Doesn't know where he's going. Some one asked Mr. Edison the other day whether all these machines, all these inventions, will make the world any happier.

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CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought be up and stirring, Night and day; Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain, Clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them, As ye may! There's a shout about to stream, There's a light about to beam, There's a warmth about to glow, There's a flower about to blow, There's a midnight blackness changing Into day.

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Two Tramps

THE editor was correcting proofs. His wife sat at a desk near the street door addressing wrappers.

little daughter folded papers, standing on a box and reaching as far across the table as the shortness of her arms would permit.

The editor frowned as a man pushed open the door and slouched across the room. He had never seen the man before, but one glance showed the class to which he belonged.

"I want work," he said, "any kind of work." "I've nothing for you," the editor replied turning back to his proofs.

"Then for God's sake give me a dime." "I've nothing for you," the editor repeated.

"If he isn't he ought to be," the boy retorted. "Do you know that there are more than one million unemployed men in the United States? Some of them won't work, and that man may be one of them, but there is always an army of unemployed who are anxious to work—will risk their lives for a chance to work.

HOW A WOMAN PAID HER DEBTS.

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$300.00 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily.

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ADVERTISING

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This 20 Year Guaranteed Watch for \$3.50

BEAR IN MIND, this is not one of those watches that are cheaply made and sold at a profit.

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