LAVE often come upon a sneer parents left them? Mighty few I have suggested that the pub- Under Socialism each child will be i the citizen. In view of this ad- the nation will receive more than erse position by the attorneys and any farmer can possibly make today, Be excusers of capitalism, it is with for all the waste and ill-directed presurprise that I read in Dun's Re- labors will be abolished, and there view, of July 29th, that the govern- will not be thousands of non-proment is not only proposing, but ducers sucking the life out of the actually going even beyond, this po- worker. Either this is true or I sition of "paternalism." It shows want nothing to do with Socialism that down on the Panama canal -nor would any other Socialist. work the government is building good houses for the men, and pro- this country as far back as 1884. poses not only to supply them with and the demands of the party were food at cost, but is to provide them formulated into a platform in Euwith golf, tennis, base ball, and rope fifty years ago. The populist other field sports, and to provide platform was taken from the Soclub rooms where they can play in- cialist demands, but touched only a door games—and gambling facilities part of them. It demanded just what are hinted at. If society can do this would appeal to the farmers, but not for its employes at the equator, as to the farm hand or the city wage the only means of inducing men to worker. Socialism takes into conface almost certain death by dis-sideration the needs of all useful ease, surely such conditions at home people, but makes no provision for would be an improvement on what any useless class to be fed and cared we have. All this is done to get a for by the workers. Men should be canal built that will not benefit the useful to society or get off the earth. American people one iota-but is No one should be given conditions built solely because it was too big that will enable them to prey upon a job for the private capitalists to others. do, and it will be given them on such terms as will enable them to make more money, but not increase the pay of a working man one cent -and will take from him such an amount as will be necessary to pay interest on the investment. The whole thing has been conceived for the graft that certain capitalists saw in it—and the reports that come up from there show that graft is the principal work being done. But aside from that, why does the government refuse to workers at home, who support the nation, that which it grants to workers on the isthmus who are working solely for the benefit of the marine capitalists? Under Socialism every citizen will be provided with a good house and every need of life can be had by all workers at the time cost of producing such articles. But Socialism would be awful, so it would! A FEW men could not rule any

if they could not deceive the people. You can't drive the people half as safely as you can deceive and handle them. Many impetuous people wondered why the troops were not thrown into Chicago recently during the teamsters' strike, and the thing shut off at once, which could control the whole business. If the attention from his own crime. workers had no votes the troops would have been there and they would have been suppressed just as rights of property, which causes and then they have to obey the men men behind the thrones of powerpeople are funny animals.

nation (and a few rule each nation)

A populist wants to know if he bought a farm and improved it if he could leave it to his children, under Socialism, when he died, or if it would go to some one else. He also says that there was no Socialist platform in this country before 1892, and that it was copied from the populist platform of that year.—E. A. Hill, Paris, Mo.

Under public ownership of industries each citizen will be provided with all the land and machinery that he or she can make use of. But it will be public property-not private. The department of agriculture will see that each person is supplied with a position under the best elsewhere in this paper. conditions for production, and that each will receive the social value of what they produce. Today he may own a farm and leave it to his chil-

aould provide homes for the provided by society with as good r le and see that they are sup-conditions as the parents. Today, I with the necessities of life the best a parent could do would be hout interest, rent or profit to divide his possessions among all ch action has been denounced as his children, and none would be as e that would destroy the initia- well off as the parent. Each worker ie, the ambition and self-reliance in the agricultural department of

The Socialists had a platform in

TODAY the working man in the United States is entitled to one vote. With this vote he can shape the destinies of the nation. Tomorrow this power may be taken from him. Five years from now, unless the workers unite on the political field and take possession of the governor other. In a dozen or more states outcast-a tramp. today efforts are being made to disfranchise the working class. In some northern states—notably Nebraska and Minnesota—it requires several hundred dollars to place the candidates of a political party on the official ballot. In the south it is an educational qualification. If I had the power of a Patrick Henry I would use it to arouse the sleeping giant to the insidious methods being used by the master class to enslave him for all time to come. Unless you make your fight during the next five years on the political field—where you can win with hands down-the opportunity may be lost for generations—and can only be regained by the sacrifice of life and blood. Better wake up now, brother, and act while you can!

THE rich confiscate the property of the poor without any process of have done so, would have aroused the ire of the working class, but by dallying and making them think and elething for the for the formula force of economic power. Taking advantage of the way, and he had a glimpse of her, with a black bottle turned up to her lips. dallying and making them think and clothing for the family, the Then he knocked louder, and she started they were really making a fight with some chance of success, the authorities kept them quiet and kept them as much wealth as their wages reproties kept them quiet and kept them as much wealth as their wages repretue ocean, and the dishes in the cupboard the ocean, and the dishes in the cupboard from feeling that the government sent. This is the same as tying a jostled each other. She wore a filthy was being used against them, in man up and starving him until he blue wrapper, and her teeth were black. which event the working people gives up his property, which was a would have awakened to the realiza- favorite method with the barons of tion that they must vote the govern- the feudal age. This is confiscament into their own hands. And tion. And the loudest howl from then the jig would have been up the capitalists is that it would conwith the masters. The whole thing fiscate their property, if people were was long drawn out, and the costs helped so that they would not have piled up, rather than do the thing to slave for them and give up unthat might awaken the sleeping told billions of riches to them! It wrapper. giant of labor, that has the votes to is the howl of the thief to distract case?" she inquired.

THE BANK GRAFT.

A news item says that the circulathey are in Russia, even in which tion of national bank notes has country, by the way, every move is more than doubled since the Spanmade by the rulers to the end that ish-American war. Why shouldn't it may not let the people know just they? These notes are printed by how powerful they are. Like horses, the government and given to the the working people permit the mas- banks and used as money. These ters to put bits in their mouths by are notes, mind you-notes that the which they can be controlled. The banks owe the people. If you could bit is the false idea concerning the loan your note and draw interest onit wouldn't you think you had a them to vote the old party tickets, cinch? Wouldn't you put out over five hundred millions of dollars of I'll pay you-every cent-just as soon as elected, who are controlled by the them, as the banks have? But, now, I can. really don't you think that you are the corporations and property inter- a chump of a voter when you vote ests. It is a great game the rich for a system that gives a few the robbers are playing—the stakes are legal right to issue their notes in the whole earth and so far they such a way that they can draw an have succeeded in holding it in interest on them-draw an income spite of being in the minority. The from their debts? How the bankers working class harness themselves for must chuckle when they get great the rich, and then kick because they piles of bank notes from the treashave to pull the rich! The working ury department and hand them out to you for money! And you, poor dupe, don't know that the law was him and answered, out of the steam and passed by bribery and corruption.

GET WISE.

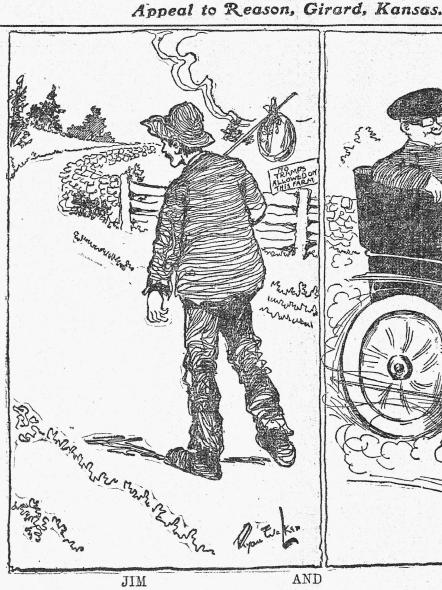
Little persuasion is required to make he wise act in their own interest. To illustrate: Two hundred wide-awake students of Socialism have snapped up our offer on the Big Four Book Combination in double-quick time.

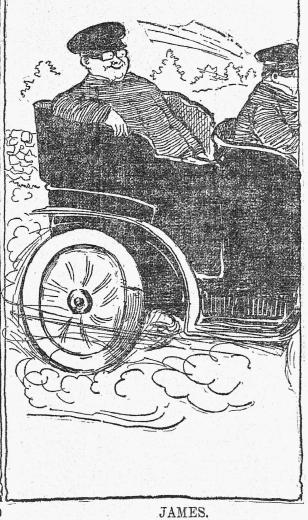
Now, don't wait and be disappointed, but get wise and order these books while they can be had at this ridiculously low price. See announcement

LAST CALL!!

The final blank that we are allowed to en-close in the paper is in this number. Hence-forth there can be no blanks containing room dren, but some one will swindle his children out of the title or the products of their labor. How many children today have the farms their children in the story of the remedy for hor more than ONE NAME sent out enclosed in the Appeal.

Let's have YOUR immediate efforts on this blank, to the good end that we may reach a larger field with the story of the remedy for political and industrial tyranny.





No. 9

Jim, after a long time in the hospital, was turned out a physicial wreck. He was also on the blacklist. ment the universal franchise will His wife died in child-birth, for want of attention, be taken from them on some pretext while Jim was in the hospital. So Jim became an

After James' illness, from his exposure as a "soldier," his doctor said that he must enjoy life more So James, in a fine automobile, bought by the work of many Jims, becomes a tramp—a rich tramp. James' wife had a baby boy and they lived because they had every attention the money furnished by the Jims could give them.

The Jungle

erature. No story writer we have read after has put so much in so few words. Not one word wasted."-Mrs George Hibner, Concordia.

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

ADAME HAUPT, Hebamme, ran a sign, swinging from a second-story window over a saloon on the avenue; at a side door was another sign, with a hand pointing up a dingy flight of steps. Jurgis went up them, three at

Madame Haupt was fry-

ing pork and onions, and

had her door half open to

CHAPTER XIX.



she said.

let out the smoke. When he tried to knock upon it

'Vot is it?" she said, when she saw Jur-He had run like mad all the way and was so out of breath he could hardly

speak. His hair was flying and his eyes panted, "Come quickly!"

Madame Harrison and that had wild-he looked like a man that had one side and wiped her hands on her

"You vant me to come for a "Yes," gasped Jurgis. "I haf yust come back from a case," he said. "I haf had no time to eat my

dinner. Still-if it is so bad-" "Yes-it is!" cried he. "Vell, den, perhaps-vot you pay?" "I-I-how much do you want?" Jur-

ois stammered. "Tventy-five dollars." His face fell. "I can't pay that," he

The woman was watching him nar-"How much do you pay?" she rowly. demanded.

"Must I pay now-right away?" "Yes; all my customers do."

"I—I haven't much money," Jurgis began, in an agony of dread. "I've been in in trouble—and my money is gone. But I can work-"Vot is your work?"

"I have no place now. I must get one.

He could hardly bring himself to reply When he said "A dollar and a quarter," the woman laughed in his face. "I vould not put on my hat for a dol lar und a quarter," she said.

"It's all I've got," he pleaded, his voice breaking. "I must get some one—my wife will die. I can't help it—I—" Madame Haupt had put back her pork and onions on the stove. She turned to noise: "Git me ten dollars cash, und so

"I can't do it-I haven't got it!" Jurgis protested, "I tell you I have only a dollar and a quarter.' The woman turned to her work. don't believe you," she said. "Dot is all to try to sheat me. Voc is de reason a big man like you has got only a dollar

you can pay me de rest next mont'."

and a quarter?" "I've just been in jail," Jurgis criedwas ready to get down upon his knees to the woman-"and I had no money, and my family has almost starved." "Vere is your friends, dot ought to

help you?"
"They are all poor," he answered. They gave me this. I have done everything I can-" "Haven't you got notting you

"I have nothing, I tell you—I nothing"—he cried frantically. "Can't you borrow it, den? Don't your not git troo a trap door! I vill not try store people trust you?" Then, as he it—vy, I might kill myself already. Vot

shook his head, she went on, "Listen to | sort of a place is dot for a woman to me—if you git me you vill be glad of it. bear a child in—up in a garret mit only I vill save your wife und baby for you, a ladder to it? You ought to be ashamed I vill save your wife und baby for you, und it vill not seem like mooch to you in of yourselves!" Jurgis stood in the door de end. If you lose dem now how you way and listened to her scolding, half dot knows her business-I could send screams of Ona. you to people in dis block, und dey vould tell you-Madame Haupt was pointing her cook-

ing-fork at Jurgis persuasively; but her spair and turned and started away. "It's no use," he exclaimed—but suddenly he heard the woman's voice behind "I vill make it five dollars for you." She followed behind him, arguing with

such an offer," she said. "You von't find nobody to go out on a rainy day like dis first with a candle. Then there were Jurgis interrupted her with an oath of rage. "If I haven't got it," he shouted,

Damn it, I would how can I pay it? pay you if I could, but I tell you I naven't got it. I haven't got it! Do you iear me-I haven't got it!" He turned and started away again. He

vas half way down the stairs before Madame Haupt could shout to him: Vait! I vill go mit you! Come back!" He went back into the room again. "It is not goot to tink of anybody suf-

fering," she said, in a melancholy voice I might as vell go mit you for notting as vot you offer me, but I vill try to help you. How far is it?" "Three or four blocks from here."

"Tree or four! Und so I shall soaked! Gott in Himmell, it ought to be vorth more! Vun dollar und a quarter, und a day like dis! But you understand now-vou vill pay me de rest of twenty-five dollars soon?" "As soon as I can."

"Some time as mont'?"

"Yes, within a month," said poor Jurgis. "Anything! Hurry up!"

"Vere is de dollar und a quarter?" per sisted Madame Haupt, relentlessly.

Jurgis put the money on the table and the woman counted it and stowed it away. Then she wiped her greasy hands again and proceeded to get ready, complaining all the time; she was so fat that it was painful for her to move, and she grunted and gasped at every step. She took off her wrapper without even taking the trouble to turn her back to Jurgis, and put on her corsets and dress. Then there was a black bonnet which ad to be adjusted carefully, and an umbrella which was mislaid, and a bag full of necessaries which had to be collected from here and there-poor Jurgis being nearly crazy with anxiety in the meantime. When they were on the street he kept about four paces ahead of her, turning now and then, as if he could hurry her on by the force of his desire. But Madame Haupt could only go so far at a step, and it took all her attention to get the needed breath for that.

They came at last to the house, and to the group of frightened women in the It was not over yet, Jurgis learned-he heard Ona crying still; and meantime Madame Haupt removed her bonnet and laid it on the mantel-piece, and got out of her bag first an old dress, and then a saucer of goose-grease, which she proceeded to rub upon her hands. The more cases this goose-grease is used in, the better luck it brings to the midwife, and so she keeps it upon her kitchen mantel-piece, or stowed away in a cupboard with her dirty clothes, for months, and sometimes even for years.

Then they escorted her to the ladder and Jurgis heard her give an exclamation of dismay. "Gott in Himmel, vot for haf you brought me to a place like dis? could not climb up dot ladder. I could not git troe a trap door! I vill not try

tink you feel den? Und here is a lady drowning out the horrible moans and At last Panei Aniele succeeded in paci-

fying her, and she essayed the ascent; then, however, she had to be stopped while the old woman cautioned her about words were more than he could bear. He floor of the garret. They had no flung up his hands with a gesture of dereal floor—they had laid old boards in one part to make a place for the family to live; it was all right and safe there, but the other part of the garret had only the joists of the floor, and the lath and stepped on this there would be a catasperhaps one of the others had best go up hantine legs disappearing through the trap-door, and felt the house shake as Madame Haunt started to walk. Then suddenly Panei Aniele came to him and took him by the arm.

"Now," she said, "you go away. Do as I tell you—you have done all you can, and you are only in the way. Go away and stay away." "But where shall I go?" Jurgis asked,

helplessly. "I don't know where," she answered. "Go on the street, if there is no other

place—only go! And stay all night!' In the end she and Marija pushed him out of the door and shut it behind him. It was just about sundown, and it was turning cold—the rain had changed to brandy?"

snow, and the slush was freezing. Jurgis shivered in his thin clothing, and put his hands into his pockets and started away. He had not eaten since morning, and he felt weak and ill: with a sudden throb of hope he recollected he was only a few blocks from the saloon where he been wont to eat his dinner. They might have merey on him there, or he might meet a friend. He set out for the place as fast as he could walk. "Hello, Jack," said the saloon-keeper,

when he entered-they call all foreigners and unskilled men "Jack" in Packingtown. "Where've you been?"

Jurgis went straight to the har. "I've I've not a cent, and had nothing to eat home, and my wife's ill, and I'm done

The saloon-keeper gazed at him, with his haggard white face and his blue trembling lips. Then he pushed a big bottle toward him. "Fill her up!" he said. Jurgis could hardly hold the bottle, his is Ona?" hands shook so.

"Don't be afraid," said the saloonkeeper; "fill her up!"

So Jurgis drank a huge glass of weiskey, and then turned to the lunch-counter, in obedience to the other's sugges-He ate all he dared, stuffing it in as fast as he could; and then, after trying to speak his gratitude, he went and down by the big red stove in the middle of the room.

It was too however-like all things in hard world. His soaked ele clothing began to steam, and the horrible stenen or so the packing-houses would be closplace that smelt of Jurgis. Also it was the rear part of the saloon the families of the neighborhood would dance and feast upon wienerwurst and lager, until then remarked: you'll have to quit."

He was used to the sight of human she lay still as death. He staggered

ens of them every night, just as haggard a cry of anguish: "Ona! Ona!" and cold and forlorn as this one. But they were all men who had given up and been counted out, while Jurgis was still been counted out, while Jurgis was still in the fight. and had reminders of definition to the fight. The state of the st in the fight, and had reminders of decency about him. As he got up meekly, the other reflected that he had always been a steady man, and might soon be a good customer again. "You've been up against it, I see," he said. "Come this

In the rear of the saloon were the cellar stairs. There was a door above and another below, both safely padlocked, making the stairs an admirable place to chance to have money, or a political light whom it was not advisable to kick out of stow away a customer who might still

So Jurgis spent the night. The whiskey had only half warmed him, and he could not sleep, exhausted as he was; he would nod forward, and then start up, shivering with the cold, and begin to remember again. Hour after hour passed, until he could only persuade himself that it was not morning by the sounds of music and laughter and singing that were to be heard from the room. When at last these ceased, he expected that he would be turned out into the street; as this did not happen, he fell to wondering whether the man had forgotten him.

In the end, when the silence and suspense was no longer to be borne, he got up and hammered on the door, and the proprietor came, yawning and rubbing his eyes. He was keeping open all night, and dozing between customers.

"I want to go home," Jurgis said. "I'm worried about my wife—I can't wait any

"Why the hell didn't you say so before?" said the man. "I thought you didn't have any home to go to." Jurgis went outside. It was four

o'clock in the morning, and as black as night. There were three or four inches of fresh snow on the ground, and the flakes were falling thick and fast. He turned towards Panei Aniele's and started at a run.

There was a light burning in the kitchen window and the blinds were drawn. The door was unlocked and Jurgis rushed in. Panei Aniele, Marija, and the rest of the women were huddled about the stove, exactly as before; with them were several new comers, Jurgis noticed—also he noticed that the house was silent.

"Well?" he said. No one answered him; they sat staring at him with their pale faces. He cried again: "Well?"

And then, by the light of the smoky

lamp, he saw Marija, who sat nearest him, shaking her head slowly. "Not yet," she said.

And Jurgis gave a cry of dismay. Again Marija's head shook. The poor

fellow stood dumbfounded. "I don't hear her," he said suddenly. "She's been quiet a long time," replied

the other. There was another pause-broken sud-

lenly by a voice from the attic: "Hello, Several of the women ran into the

ext room, while Marija sprang towards Jurgis. "Wait here!" she cried, and the two stood, pale and trembling, listening. In a few moments it became clear that Madame Haupt was engaged in descending the ladder, scolding and exhorting again, while the ladder creaked in pro test. In a moment or two she reached the ground, angry and breathless, and they heard her coming into the room. trophe. As it was half dark up above, Jurgis gave one glance at her, and then turned white and reeled. She had her jacket off, like one of the workers on the for less. Vy, I haf never took a case in more outcries and threatening, until at killing floor. Her hands and arms were my life so sheap as dot. I couldn't pay last Jurgis had a vision of a pair of ele-smeared with blood, and blood was splashed upon her She stood breathing hard, and gazing bout here no one made a sound

> "I haf done my best," she began sudno use to try."

> Again there was silence. "It ain't my fault," she said. "You had ought to haf had a doctor, und not vaited so long—it vas too late already

ven I come." Once more there was deathlike stillness. Marija was clutching Jurgis with all the power of her one well Then suddenly Madame Haupt turned

to Panei Aniele. "You haf not got some ting to drink, hey?" she queried. "Some

Aniele shook her head.
"Herr Gott!" exclaimed Madame Haupt. "Such people! Perhaps you vill have vorked myself near to death here. If I could haf known it vas like dis, I It's a Yogi vibration that'll knock in vould never haf come for such money as chimneys off the house of capitalism. you gif me."

At this moment she chanced to look round, and saw Jurgis. She shook her finger at him. "You understand me." she said, "you pays me dot money yust de lent, timely and convenient for refersame! It is not my fault you send for me so late I can't help your vife. It is not my fault if der baby comes mit one a fact and an argument into a diagra been in jail," he said, "and I've just got arm first, so dot I can't save it. I haf or picture in such a way as to sure out. I walked home all the way, and tried all night, und in dot place vere it is not fit for dogs to be born, und mit notsince this morning. And I've lost my ting to eat only vot I brings in mine own

> Here Madame Haupt paused for a ment to get her breath; and Marija, see ing the beads of sweat on Jurgis' forehead, and feeling the quivering of his frame, broke out in a low voice: "How

> "How is she?" echoed Madame Haupt How do you tink she can be ven you leave her to kill herself so? I told dem dot ven dey send for de priest. She is young, und she might haf got over it, und been vell und strong, if she been treated right. She fight hard, dot girlshe is not yet quite dead."

And Jurgis gave a frantic scream.

"She vill die, of course," said other, angrily. "Der baby is dead now." The garret was lighted by a candle upon a board; it had stuck burned itself out, and was sputtering of fertilizer to fill the room. In an hour and smoking, as Jurgis rushed up the ladder. He could make out dimly in one coring and the men coming in from their ner a pallet of rags and old blankets work; and they would not come into a spread upon the floor; at the foot of it was a crucifix, and near it a priest mut-Saturday night, and in a couple of hours | tering a prayer. In a far corner would come a violin and a cornet, and in crouched Elzbieta, moaning and wailing. Jpon the pallet lay Ona.

She was covered with a blanket, but he could see her shoulders and one arm ly three o'clock in the morning. The ing bare; she was so shrunken he would saloon-keeper coughed once or twice, and scarcely have known her-she was all Say, Jack, I'm afraid but a skeleton, and as white as a piece of chalk. Her eye-lids were closed, and

towards her and fell upon his knees She did not stir. He caught her ha in his, and began to clasp it frantica

There was the faintest quivering her eye-lids, and he called again frenzy: "Ona! Ona!"

Then suddenly her eyes opened-

instant—and then closed. One instan she looked at him—there was a flash of recognition between them, he saw l afar off, as through a dim vista, stand ing forlorn. He stretched out his arm to her, he called her in wild despair; ger for her that was agony, desire that was a new being born within him, tear ing his heart-strings, torturing him. But it was all in vain—she faded from him she slipped back and was gone. And wail of despair burst from him, great sobs shook all his frame, and hot tears ran down his cheeks and fell upon her He clutched her hands, he shook her, he caught her in his arms and pressed her to him; but she lay cold and still-sh was gone-she was gone! The wor rang through him like the sound of a bell, echoing in the far depths of him, making forgotten chords to vibrate, old shadowy fears to stir-fears or the dark. fears of the void, fears of annihilation She was dead! she was dead! He would never see her again, never hear her An icy horror of loneliness seized him; he saw himself standing apart, and watching all the world fade away from him-a world of shadows, of fickle dreams. He was like a little child, in his fright and grief; he called and called, and got no answer, and his cries of anguish echoed through the house, making the women down stairs draw nearer to each other in fear. He was inconsolable, beside himself-the priest came and laid his hand upon his shoulder and whispered to him, but he heard not a sound. He was gone away himself, stumbling through the shadows and groping after the soul that had fled.

So he lay. The gray dawn came up and crept into the attic. The priest left, the women left, and he was alone with the still, white figure-quieter now, but moaning and shuddering, wrestling with the grisly fiend. Now and then he would raise himself and stare at the white mask before him, then hide his eyes, beeause he could not bear it. Dead! dead! And she was only a girl, she was barely eighteen! Her life had hardly begun and here she lay murdered-mangled, tortured to death!

It was morning when he rose up and ame down into the kitchen-haggard and ashen gray, reeling and dazed. More of the neighbors had come in, and they stared at him in silence as he sunk down upon a chair by the table, and buried his

face in his arms. A few minutes later the front door opened; a blast of cold and snow rushed in, and behind it little Kotrina, breathless from running, and blue with the cold. "I'm home again!" she exclaimed,

"I could hardly-" And then, seeing Jurgis, she stopped with an exclamation. Looking from one to another she saw that something had happened, and she asked, in a lower

voice: "What's the matter?" Before any one could reply, Jurgis started up; he went toward her, walking unsteadily. "Where have you been?" he

"Selling papers with the boys," she "Have you any money?" he demanded.

"How much?"

"Nearly three dollars, Jurgis." "Give is to me." Kotrina, frightened by his

anced at the others. "Give it to me! he commanded again, and she put her hand into her pocket and pulled out a lump of coins tied in a bit of rag. Jurgis took it without a word, and went out of the door and down the street Three doors away was a

"Whiskey," he said, as he entered, and as the man pushed him some, he tore at the rag with his teeth and pulled out half a "How much is the bottle?" he said. "I want to get drunk."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUPPRESSED INFORMATION.

This mighty little pamphlet, by Fred D. Warren, is received with enthusiasm everywhere. Comrade Ryan Walker writes: "I consider it the best thing of the straight-from-the-shoulder litera give me someting to eat den-I have had ture yet turned out by the Socialists in notting since vesterday morning, und I this country. You get 'em (the plutes) and swat 'em so hard they see come

Comrade Eugene V. Debs says: pressed Information came in my and shall carry it with me. It is excel

Walter Thomas Mills writes: puncture, and then with a barb so ar ranged that it cannot get out again that's the best way to put things, a

Suppressed Information does And there are others too numerous print at once. You might as well ha one as the price, postpaid, is only 100

ENGLAND'S PAUPERS.

a dozen for a dollar.

The child paupers of England and Wales have now reached the formidable total of 248,771—an army verging on quarter of a million boys and girls under the age of 16, supported out of

the poor rates. It is a growing army. This year th number is 25,081 greater than on New Year's day of 1904

The latest return of pauperism i England and Wales—the statement for May, which is published as a parliamentary paper-shows that pauperism was higher in May than it had been in the corresponding month of any year since 1873. The total now recorded is 768,390, or 22.8 per 1,000 of the population, a ratio which has not been exceeded since 1899. The increase over last year is 30,756, and it is higher by 63, 782 than it was ten years ago.-The Pio-

Ravenden Springs

is about six miles from a railroad, but a new road has been incorporated, the survey of which passes right by the 80-acre farm which the Appeal will give to the one that orders the most copies of the Trust Edition.