The Chicago Strike.

I don't believe in strikes. They are cumbersome and foolish method of getting justice, but are, on rare occasions, necessary to check the extreme rapacity of employers. The employers of Chicago have made an appeal to *all* business men to join them in their "war on labor unions." This calls for ALL the labor unions, no matter what craft, no matter what hours or wages, to join in the strike for labor. But this won't do that. It will be beaten in detail. There is too much jealousy between the leaders—and often corruption. To permit any craft organization to be defeated is like sending part of an army against the entire forces of an enemy to be beaten and then to send another part and have them beaten and then send another part, and so on, until your whole force is annihilated. Labor unions have done much good in preventing the downward course of wages, but the money they have spent and the suffering the working class has endured would have gained them absolute control of all industries if applied in educating the working class into a knowledge of Socialism. Then, instead of fighting, they would have voted their own class into office, would have made laws taking over one industry after another and have given their class absolute control of their operation. This would give them employment at five times their present wages, on an average, and they would not have any boss to fight with all the time. The workers would be their own bosses.

It does not cost any union dues to vote a Socialist ticket; it does not cost the pain of striking to vote a Socialist ticket; it does not cost the loss of time and wages to vote a Socialist ticket—and when it has won once it has won for all time, and put the masters out of control of the industries, and there would be no organization fighting the workers all the time—and with injunctions, gatling guns and soldiers on special occasions.

Under the private ownership of industries the masters *have* to organize and fight for the control of their own business. It is logical, and, therefore, must be expected.

So long as men are permitted to run a private business for private gain they will fight to make as much profit out of it as they can, and that means a continual downward pressure on wages, a lengthening of hours and an upward tendency in the prices of things they sell. This is so plain that it seems any fool can see it. There are many men who were once laborers who have become employers and they adopt just the same tactics toward labor as other employers. In fact, the man who fought the New York ten-hour day for bakers to the supreme court of the United States was once a labor organizer, but as soon as he became a boss he found his interest diametrically oppose to that of the laborers and he has gone the full length against them. It is to his financial interest to act that way. Men strike against the short wage of the bosses because it is to their financial interest to have more wages, and the bosses strike against the men because it is to their financial interest to pay less wages. There is the eternal conflict out of which in time will grow revolution—a revolution which means a complete change in our industrial system—and the ultimate establishment of the co-operative commonwealth.

To talk about one side subduing the other, under present industrial arrangements, is to assume that the bosses will concede every demand of labor, which you know they will not and could not do and conduct their business. To say that the workers will placidly submit to the conditions imposed by the bosses is equally absurd. To destroy the working class would render the earth a wealthless void and compel the bosses themselves to do the work now done by the working class, and would mean a slaughter greater than all the butcheries of the past rolled into one massacre; to destroy the capitalist class it is only necessary to make the productive property of the nation the common heritage of all, to be used by all in producing the needs of all, and that will compel the capitalist minds to become workers for the common good and have mutual interests with all other citizens. For, if the working class were to rise up and successfully annihilate the capitalist class physically, there would at once step in others who would fill their places in the industrial economy and we would have the same conditions with different individuals on the fields of industrial activity. Conditions would not be changed an iota.

There are some capitalists who have *studied* the matter and see the inevitable end toward which things are tending, and they are favorable to the Socialist program, not only because it is a solution, but because of the justice of it.

Your so-called statesmen are just like they are in Europe—moved not by a study of how to bring about justice, but to advance the interests of their class, just as these Chicago business men are appealing to their class to join and down the demands of the working class. You know that. You can read every day in the press about the acts of brutality and injustice of the Russian nobility, who are simply defending the interests of their class against the demands of the masses for justice and a wider life. So in this country with those who are in office—they are there to make the most for themselves, and have no care for the poor who are ground down. Ignorant though they be, the latter are gradually coming to a sense of some injustice, the how of which they cannot plainly see, but dumbly feel. Beware of the development of this intelligence in the masses. There will be things doing not spoken of in history when these millions once realize the game of hazard that has been using them as playthings, keeping them ignorant and misinformed, brutalizing them unto beasts. We are nearing the time of the great awakening. The Socialist reads the future, and is the only one who can. Those who cannot read it only laugh at his pretensions, but he is sure of his position and calmly awaits the hour when the clock will strike.

"The Four Orphans," by H. W. Mangold and O. Lund, care Mechanics' Hotel, Spokane, Wash. Paper; 240 pages. 50c.

A Story of Colorado's Shame.

"The Four Orphans" is the title of a very interesting story, vividly portraying the outlawry and crimes which go to make up the official record of the corporation-owned and inspired chief executive of the State of Colorado in his dealings with the Western Labor Union and the Western Federation of Miners during the year 1904. The authors have woven in a thread of romance, which not only does not detract from, but is made to accentuate, their description of the dastardly doings of the Colorado militia, under the command of "Adjutant-General Bull" and "Governor Peanuckle" at the instigation of the Mine Owners' Association and the Citizens' Alliance. Thorough familiarity with that dark page in Colorado's history is evidenced in every incident described, and it is clearly shown that the "irrepressible conflict" between capital and labor—otherwise the "class struggle"—is the underlying cause of the whole unfortunate affair. The principal characters will readily be recognized as active participants in, and living witnesses of, the harrowing scenes, which are made to convey to the reader an intelligent understanding of the monstrous wrongs and cruel suffering inflicted upon men—American citizens—who had committed no crime save that of joining a labor union. Altogether the book is a valuable contribution to the history of the industrial situation of the time, and one which will well repay perusal by anyone in any way interested in bringing about better conditions for those who toil.

TO THE COMRADES WHO DO THINGS.

It's a good thing to "Do it now," but it's a better thing to do it now so it will not have to be done over again tomorrow.

Everywhere the once-contented American voter is protesting against the reign of graft that has recently been forced upon his attention by radical magazine articles and investigations, both official and unofficial.

Politicians of the Hearst and Bryan variety are taking advantage of the situation to push their public ownership schemes and prolong the rule of the capitalist class by diverting the attention of voters from the real issue to so-called reform measures that mean nothing for the working class.

The folly of half-way remedies is exposed in a new 32-page pamphlet just off the Appeal press, entitled "Patching the Old Garment." This is the pamphlet to hand to your neighbor who is wavering between real Socialism and radical demo-popocracy. It's not only an eye-opener, but a brain-brusher that will wipe away the step-at-a-time cobwebs and line the reader up for the real thing.

This has long been needed. It is now ready and only needs distribution. Get a supply of them and put them to work. Do it now and the work will be done so the politicians can't undo it. Price 5c.

HAND IT BACK.

Socialism is misunderstood by many because it is so misrepresented. It is unavoidable that many workingmen get their first impressions of Socialism from the press and politicians of the capitalist parties.

Encouraged by success in fooling the voter heretofore, these cheap ward-heelers recklessly tell anything that they think will injure the working class movement.

Comrade John M. Work, our national committeeman from Iowa, has recently written an article to head off this misrepresentation, and the Appeal printer has made it into a neat pamphlet of 96 pages in large type and on good paper, with colored covers.

The title, "What's So and What Isn't," is suggestive of the contents. Comrade Wayland thinks it is the best thing of the kind the Appeal has printed. I would suggest that every comrade get a copy and see what it is. If properly placed, it will be a power for the new political thought. Per copy, postpaid, 15c.—F. M. E.

SOCIALIST VOTE OF THE WORLD.

Country.	Year.	Votes.	Year.	Votes.	Members Parliament.
Argentina	....	.....	1903	5,000	1
Australia	1900	27,607	1903	66,926	3
Austria	1897	750,000	1901	780,000	10
Belgium	1902	467,000	1904	463,767	28
Bulgaria	1900	21,000	1903	9,000	..
Canada	....	.....	1903	8,025	..
Denmark	1901	42,972	1903	53,479	16
Finland	....	.....	1904	.....	1
France	1898	790,000	1902	805,000	48
Germany	1896	2,107,076	1903	3,010,472	81
Gt. Brit.	1895	55,000	1900	100,000	1
Ireland	....	.....	1902	1,063	..
Italy	1900	164,946	1904	326,016	29
Luxemburg	....	.....	1903	.....	5
Norway	1900	7,440	1903	30,000	4
Holland	1897	13,500	1902	38,279	7
Servia	1895	50,000	1903	60,000	..
Spain	1901	25,400	1903	29,000	..
U. S.	1902	223,903	1904	434,374*	..
Sweden	1900	.....	1902	10,000	4
Switzerland	1899	56,000	1903	63,000	7
Hungary	....	.....	1900	800	..
Total		3,801,838		6,094,201	265

*Including S. L. P. vote

According to the 18th annual labor report the average workingman puts in one-half of his time playing tag with a job.

THE WAY TO TEACH.

It's a good, old saying that the way to learn is to ask questions. It might also be added that the way to teach is to answer questions.

Every day the Appeal receives letters from earnest investigators asking how this or that will be in the Co-operative Commonwealth, or how the Socialist party stands on this or that question.

These questions are usually answered in the paper so far as space can be used for that purpose. For some time the workers have been asking for a book compiled from these questions and answers, and such a booklet was arranged and printed in the December number of Wayland's Monthly

The pamphlet is nicknamed "The Question Box," as that was the name of the department in the paper where most of the questions and answers were first printed. It contains 125 questions with brief answers in plain language that cover the points most generally raised by new students of the new politics.

If you haven't already seen a copy of this it will be worth your while to send a dime for a sample. Many of the comrades who have done so are now buying them by the dozen and hundred.

Moscow, Idaho, April 7, 1905.

Mr. J. A. Wayland, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—In your paper, "Appeal to Reason," under date of March 25th, you say that when I went to Washington I franked 250 pounds of goods through the mails rather than pay freight or express on them, I know that you would not intentionally do me a wrong and yet in that statement you do me a great wrong. The statement is without an atom of foundation in truth. I never heard of such a question being raised until I saw it in your article. Permit me to say that I have never, as a member of congress, or at any other time, franked so much as an ounce of goods or anything else that is not frankable.

You also say in the same article that I have been endeavoring to oust the postmaster at Moscow. That statement is wholly untrue. I have never sought the removal of the postmaster at Moscow, who has just been removed from office for incompetency. I did not know that charges had been filed against him until the inspector's report had been received by the postoffice department recommending his removal, and even then I made no recommendation looking to his removal.

Yours truly,
BURTON L. FRENCH.

The item was based on a news item in a daily paper—current news. The old party press is so unreliable that even its news items are colored to suit the purposes of this or that party or interest. The Appeal regrets that it gave currency to any wrong statement, for it has no quarrel with individuals, realizing their actions are merely logical to their environments. It uses names simply to explain the system by its effects.

LIST OF NEW TOWNS.

The following table shows the number of towns, ranging in population from 200 to 1,000, where the Appeal has no subscribers, and where, so far as our records go, no Socialist votes have been cast:

Alabama	180	Nebraska	113
Arkansas	131	Nevada	12
Arizona	23	New Hampshire	141
California	237	New Jersey	183
Colorado	62	New Mexico	33
Connecticut	43	New York	522
Delaware	47	North Carolina	118
Florida	28	North Dakota	31
Georgia	17	Ohio	419
Idaho	39	Oklahoma	9
Illinois	360	Oregon	9
Indiana	506	Pennsylvania	544
Ind. Ter.	62	Rhode Island	38
Iowa	382	South Carolina	21
Kansas	118	South Dakota	41
Kentucky	78	Tennessee	97
Louisiana	164	Texas	130
Maine	421	Utah	31
Maryland	128	Virginia	108
Massachusetts	287	Vermont	51
Michigan	311	Washington	13
Minnesota	222	West Virginia	93
Mississippi	161	Wisconsin	89
Missouri	284	Wyoming	12
Montana	15		
Total			7,264

These are the towns where the Appeal proposes to start a campaign of education. A copy of the Appeal each week will be sent to the leading barber shop in all these 7,264 towns. You are asked to get to the bat with a dollar to help the "Barbers' Fund." DO IT NOW!

Special Club Offer

Appeal to Reason, One year	$ .50
Wayland's Monthly, One year	.50
Wilshire's Magazine, One year	.10
Introduction to Socialism, One copy	.05
Total	$1.15

Mention "Special Club Offer" and the whole bunch will be sent you

For 50 Cents

Sermons on Socialism.

VI. NEW THOUGHT.

"Be ye not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." —Rom. 12-2.

Something over eighteen centuries ago a bold agitator stumped the plains of Asia Minor and startled the heathen world with such revolutionary exhortations as that above.

He was considered a dangerous character; for, though born a Jew, he denied the religion of his fathers, and though a Roman citizen he daily antagonized the Roman gods. It kept the police of two continents busy keeping him off the grass and suppressing his incendiary speeches. When the orthodox powers hustled him and his friend Silas to jail they scandalized that dignified establishment with loud propaganda songs and boisterous advice to their jailer to do himself no harm.

When an earthquake shook off the locks of the prison and the keeper would have committed suicide rather than suffer punishment for the escape of his prisoners, Paul reassured him with the statement: "We are all here." That seemed to be characteristic of the man. He was always "all there." Like our own 'Gene Debs, he preferred staying in jail and standing trial to running away when he had an excellent opportunity to escape. Wise enough to fear no one but himself, he had the wisdom to keep on good terms with his own conscience.

Paul established the first international movement in the world's history; and, like Karl Marx, who established the only other, he called upon the workers of all countries to unite and forget the tin gods of heathen priests and potentates. He was the first agitator to become a missionary to foreign lands; and, contrary to the rule, his mission was not inspired by a demand for foreign markets.

The Rockefellers of Rome never annoyed him with pressing offers of missionary money, for he never backed their enterprises with divine sanction or apostolic blessing.

In short, Paul respected reality and conformed himself and conduct to nothing and nobody but his high ideal. He was a revolutionist more revolutionary than all the later centuries have produced. Perhaps the most unfortunate thing in history happened when Constantine stole Paul's religion and corrupted it into conformity with a heathen civilization. Paul's works followed him, but they got badly twisted when the Roman emperor began to see things in the clouds.

The modern world, as well as the ancient, has a wonderful way of making the words of the teachers and seers conform to its requirements. Modern Constantines have buried the spirit of Paul in masses of heavy homiletics. The ideas of a tent-maker are too crude for the taste of your up-to-date capitalist, who realizes the importance of having everything conform to his world and perpetuate his power. When transformations come it is frequently with the result that the first become last and the last first. The world's ruling class of frenzied financiers are now first and they prefer to remain first. They are not interested in transformations or the renewing of the popular mind.

Clerical as well as industrial capitalists grieve not that Paul has long been dead, and the one thing that would add to their satisfaction would be to have his words, his spirit and his living disciples buried with him. But Paul's soul goes marching on and his doctrine of transformation, denied by his professed followers, is preached by Darwin and modern science. Transformation through evolutions and revolutions is bringing the new world.

Conformation is stagnation. Transformation is progress. In the renewing of the mind is the birth of things that are to be. When the mind is no longer renewed, the future clouds, hope dies, individuals live in the dead past, and nations begin to build monuments; but with new thought comes new life and new hopes that will sooner or later crystallize in a new world.

Socialism is the new thought as applied to economics. It stands for the transformation of capitalist society into a new and better system. The Pauls of the twentieth century are agitating the new economic idea just as those of the first century preached the new religious idea. Like the former apostles, they are hustled from post to pillar and from pillar to prison; but they are fighting a good fight, and will win because it cannot be otherwise.—F. M. E.

Copyright 1905 by Upton Sinclair. Author of "Manassas," "Prince Hagen," etc.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

Four weeks Marija hunted, and half of a fifth week. Of course she stopped paying her dues to the union—she lost all interest in the union, and cursed herself for a fool that she had ever been dragged into one. She had about made up her mind that she was a lost soul, when somebody told her of an opening, and she went and got a place as a "beef-trimmer." She got this because the boss saw that she had the muscles of a man, and so he discharged a man, and put Marija to do his work, paying her a little more than half what he had been paying.

When she first came to Packingtown, Marija would have scorned such work as this. She was in another canning-factory, and her work was to trim the meat of those diseased cattle that Jurgis had been told about not long before. She was shut up in one of the rooms where the people never saw the daylight; beneath her were the chilling-rooms, where the meat was frozen, and above her were the cooking-rooms; and so she stood on an ice-cold floor, while her head was often so hot that she could scarcely breathe. Trimming beef off the bones by the hundred weight, while standing up from early morning till late at night, with heavy boots on and the floor ankle-deep in blood, liable to be thrown out of work indefinitely because of a slackening in the trade, liable again to be kept overtime in rush seasons, and be worked till she trembled in every nerve and lost her grip on her slimy knife, and gave herself a poisoned wound—that was the new life that unfolded itself before Marija. But because Marija was a human horse she merely laughed and went at it—it would enable her to pay her board again, and keep the family going.

Marija's lesson came just in time, perhaps, to save Ona from a similar fate. Ona too was dissatisfied with her place, and had far more reason than Marija. Ona did not tell half of her story at home, because she saw it was a torment to Jurgis, and she was afraid of what he might do. For a long time Ona had seen that the forelady in her department "had a grudge" against her. At first she thought it was the old-time mistake she had made in asking for a holiday to get married. Then she concluded it must be because she did not give the forelady a present occasionally—she was the kind that took presents from the girls, Ona learned, and made all sorts of discriminations in favor of those who gave them. In the end, however, Ona discovered that it was even worse than that. The forelady was a newcomer, and it was some time before rumor made her out; finally it transpired that she was a kept woman, the former mistress of the superintendent of that department. He had put her there to keep her quiet, it seemed—and that not altogether with success, for once or twice they had been heard quarrelling. She had the temper of a hyena, and soon the place she ran was a witches' cauldron. There were some of the girls who were of her own sort, who were willing to toady to her and flatter her; and these would carry tales about the rest, and so the furies were unchained in the place. Worse than this, the woman lived in a bawdy-house downtown, and some of the girls would go there with her in the slack times. In fact, it would not be too much to say that she managed her department at Smith's in conjunction with the house downtown—sometimes women from the house would be given places alongside of decent girls, and after other decent girls had been turned off to make room for them. When you worked in this woman's department the house downtown was never out of your thoughts all day—there were always whiffs of it to be caught, like the odor of the Packingtown rendering-plants at night, when the wind shifted suddenly. There would be stories about it going the rounds; the girls opposite you would be whispering them and winking at you. In such a place Ona would not have stayed a day, but for starvation; and, as it was, she was never sure that she could stay the next day. She understood now that the real reason that the forelady hated her was that she was a decent married girl; and she knew that the talebearers and the toadies hated her for the same reason, and were doing their best to make her life miserable.

But there was no place a girl could go in Packingtown, if she was particular about things of this sort; there was no place in it where a prostitute could not get along better than a decent girl. That was inevitable, as anyone who is familiar with human nature could forsee. Here was a population, low-class and mostly foreign, hanging always on the verge of starvation, and dependent for its opportunities of life upon the whim of men every bit as brutal and unscrupulous as the old-time slave-drivers; under such circumstances immorality was exactly as inevitable, and as prevalent, as it was under the system of chattel slavery. Things that were quite unspeakable went on there in the packing-houses all the time, and were taken for granted by everybody; only they did not show, as in the old slavery times, because there was no difference in color between master and slave. One of these things resulted in a horrible incident, in the new department where Marija worked, and only a week or two after she came. One of the women, an unmarried girl, who had been coming day after day when she ought not to have come, crept away at last into a dark passage and gave birth to a baby boy; and not knowing what to do with him, and in terror of losing her place, she crept up to the floor above and dropped him into one of the carts full of beef, that was all ready for the cooking-vats. It was by the merest chance that some one heard the baby cry, just as the cart was in the act of being dumped. They took this woman to the hospital—what became of her after that no one ever knew.

Perhaps it was because of this incident, which sent a shock through all the yards, that Ona had no difficulty in getting off when her own time came. She went home one Saturday morning, and Jurgis had the man-doctor, according to his whim, and she was safely delivered of a fine baby. It was an enormous big boy; and Ona was such a tiny creature herself, that it seemed quite incredible. Jurgis would stand and gaze at the stranger by the hour, unable to believe that it had happened.

The coming of this boy was a decisive event with Jurgis. It made him irrevocably a family man; it killed the last lingering impulse that he might have had to go out in the evenings and sit and talk with the men in the saloons. There was nothing he cared for now so much as to sit and look at the baby. This was very curious, for Jurgis had never been interested in babies. But then, this was a very unusual sort of a baby, as everyone agreed. He had the brightest little black eyes, and little black ringlets all over his head; he was the living image of Jurgis, they said, and Jurgis found this a fascinating circumstance. It was sufficiently perplexing that this tiny mite of life should have come into the world at all, in the manner that it had; that it should have come with a comical imitation of his father's nose was simply uncanny.

Perhaps, Jurgis thought, it was intended to signify that it was his baby; that it was his and Ona's, to care for all its life. Jurgis had never possessed anything nearly so interesting; it was, when you came to think about it, assuredly a marvelous possession. It would grow up to be a man; it would be a human soul, with a personality all its own, a will of its own! These thoughts would keep haunting Jurgis, filling him with all sorts of strange and almost painful excitements. He was wonderfully proud of little Antanas—as they were to call him; he was curious about all the details of him, the washing and the dressing and the eating and the sleeping of him, and asked all sorts of absurd questions. It took him quite a while to get over his alarm at the incredible shortness of the little creature's legs.

Jurgis had, alas, very little time to see his baby; he never felt the chains about him more than just then. When he came home at night, the baby would be asleep, and it would be the merest chance if he awoke before Jurgis had to go to sleep himself. Then in the morning there was no time to look at him, so really the only chance the father had was on Sundays. This was more cruel yet for Ona, who ought to have stayed home and nursed him, the doctor said, for her own health as well as the baby's; but Ona had to go to work, and leave him for Teta Elzbieta to feed, upon the pale blue poison that was called milk at the corner-grocery. Ona's confinement lost her only a week's wages—she would go to the factory the second Monday, and the best that Jurgis could persuade her was to ride in the car, and let him run along behind and help her to Smith's when she alighted. After that it would be all right, said Ona, it was no strain sitting still sewing hams all day; and if she waited longer she might find that that dreadful forelady had put someone else in her place. That would be worse than ever now, Ona continued, on account of the baby. They would all have to work harder now on his account. It was such a responsibility—they must not have the baby grow up to suffer as they had. That had been the first thing Jurgis had thought himself—he had clenched his hands and braced himself anew for the struggle, for the sake of that tiny mite of human possibility.

And so Ona went back to Smith's and saved her place and a week's wages; and so she gave herself some one of the thousand ailments that women group under the title of "womb-trouble;" and so was never again a well person as long as she lived. It is difficult to convey in words all that this meant to Ona; it seemed such a slight offence, and the punishment was so out of all proportion that neither she nor anyone else ever connected the two. "Womb-trouble" to Ona did not mean a specialist's diagnosis, and a course of treatment, and perhaps an operation or two; it meant simply headaches and pains in the back, and depression and heartsickness, and neuralgia when she had to go to work in the rain. The great majority of the women who worked in Packingtown suffered in the same way, and from the same cause, so it was not deemed a thing to see the doctor about; instead Ona would try patent medicines, one after another, as her friends told her about them. As these all contained alcohol, or some other stimulant, she found that they all did her good, while she took them; and so she was always chasing the phantom of good health, and losing it because she was too poor to continue. All this is so familiar and common-place that one has to apologize for telling of it; though it might really be interesting to have some psychologist work out the problem why a dreadful and cruel fact that we learn about one person should immediately cease to trouble us when we are told that it is the case with millions. Perhaps it is because we feel the hopelessness of so vast a problem, and prefer to turn our limited sympathies where they can do some good; for cannot anyone in his right senses see that such troubles as Ona's must continue to be the rule, so long as women whom "God in his infinite wisdom" has condemned to be manufacturing-machines, will insist upon having children just as if they were ordinary human creatures?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 871, Detroit, Mich.

CLEAN BUT FAKE THIN **FREE TO AGENTS** Flat thin knife cuts loose a perfect cake. $2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid. (Steam Cooker, mixing spoon, 3 other articles.) Dept. HP HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N.Y.

"LIGHT OF TRUTH." Only weekly Journal in world advocating Brotherhood Republic through Spirit Return and Socialism. Grand writers. Subscription fifty cents per year. Plymouth Building, Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

MEN to introduce a patent hardware article. Salary $18 per week, $2.50 per day for expenses to start. Rapid advancement. State age and present employment. Write IDEAL SHEAR CO., Dept. A-2, Chicago.

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive with head, Guaranteed. Booklet Free. BYRON FIELD & CO., Dept. A.A., 182 State St., Chicago, Ill.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 129 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars reputed home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for (19) two-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. FRANCIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

We Paid $100,000

For Liquozone, Yet We Give You a 50c Bottle Free.

We paid $100,000 for the American rights to Liquozone, the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others. We cured all kinds of germ diseases with it—thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. We proved that in germ troubles it always accomplishes what medicine cannot do. Now we ask you to try it—try it at our expense. Test it as we did; see what it does. Then you will use it always, as we do, and as millions of others do. You will use it, not only to get well, but to keep well. And it will save nearly all of your sickness.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there any alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that we have spent over one million dollars to supply the first bottle free to each sick one we learned of.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anaemia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Leucorrhea
Bright's Disease	Liver Troubles
Bowel Troubles	Malaria—Neuralgia
Coughs—Colds	Many Heart Troubles
Consumption	Piles—Pneumonia
Colic—Croup	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Constipation	Rheumatism
Catarrh—Cancer	Scrofula—Syphilis
Dysentery—Diarrhoea	Skin Diseases
Dandruff—Dropsy	Stomach Troubles
Dyspepsia	Throat Troubles
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tuberculosis
Fevers—Gall Stones	Tumors—Ulcers
Goitre—Gout	Varicocele
Gonorrhea—Gleet	Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Good for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it.

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W200 .....

Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.