

Our Perpetual Campaign.

COMRADE DEBS is making a triumphal tour through Ohio, and is being greeted with enthusiastic audiences wherever he goes. The East Liverpool, O., *Daily Tribune* said of his address in that city: "Eugene V. Debs spoke for over two hours to a large and enthusiastic audience in the grand auditorium last evening. Mr. Debs is a very forcible speaker. He leaves a lasting impression on his hearers that he is at least sincere in his idea that the acceptance of his doctrines by the general people will work to their direct benefit."

The capitalist press and politicians are at a loss to understand why people will come out during this hot weather and listen for two hours to a Socialist speaker when there is no campaign to get excited about. I have taken the liberty to reprint some extracts from Comrade Debs' speeches at East Liverpool, Salem and Youngtown. Read them and you will understand why crowds attend Socialist meetings—because the Socialist alone can tell the people what they want to know:

We Socialists make the contention that there can be no real democracy, that is to say, no genuine freedom, while the great resources and means of wealth production are owned by a few men, and the vast majority of the people depend on the private property of a relatively small class and operate in the pecuniary interest of that class, with little or no reference to the welfare of the great body of the people.

The small dealer need not fear the Socialist. We do not want his business. We want the earth. It is about time for a change of system.

We believe that woman has the same right as man. If she has no right to rise above the men of her race, in Socialism the woman will have the inalienable right to do what she can.

The capitalist has come and fulfilled his mission to society, and he will pass away. Socialism is checking his baggage for him.

You have the right of ballot and no man or boy stands with the capitalist on a 24th day in the year, on election day, and he is equal. You are the real rulers, and you are the power of the ballot.

Your grandfather made his product by his own hands and when it was finished he sold it to you. But the age of invention and machinery was introduced to take the place of the hand tool. It was then that the owner of the machine became the owner of the product. There were no millionaires in the old days, neither were there any trusts. They are both the product of the machine. One has too much and the other too little. When the machine supplanted the hand tool the employer went out to find after the supply and he became a capitalist. The worker attempted to destroy the machines. But this could not be done. The owners were in complete control and they kept the machine labor. With the help of the machine woman and children became a factor in labor. We find

Socialism in Japan.

By Kitchi Kaneko.

As it is the case with any other country, the idea of Socialism in Japan had existed in the very beginning of her history, though in its modern shape it began to rise some ten years ago when Sen Katayama first returned from America with his fully prepared knowledge of Socialism in Yale University, and started a weekly journal called the "Labor World" in 1897.

This was the first attempt of the labor agitation in Japan, in its proper sense of the word. While Katayama did not succeed in organizing the labor unions in Tokio and elsewhere, he won the victory in his preaching the noble doctrine of Socialism when the average man knew nothing about it.

The agitation of Socialism at the time was not feared by the government as it is today, for it was quietly done and was yet far from influential. There, however, a startling and grave event had come to appear. It was the great labor gathering which was planned by the "Niroku," a daily of some reputation, and took place at the bank of Sumida in Tokio, in 1901. The gathering was carried out for the benefit of the paper's advertisement policy, and did not, therefore, bring any hopeful effect.

During the same period, Fumio Yano, the ex-minister to China, professed himself as a Socialist and wrote a book on Socialism, which has greatly helped to make Socialism popular, from the fact of his ability and social standing.

Previously to this, a social democratic party had been organized in Tokio by a

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Free absolutely to every woman reader of this publication—a dollar size (\$1.00) bottle of ZOA PHORA, the internationally famous remedy for women's woes. The world's greatest cure for the monthly troubles peculiar to women. Feminine afflictions, female weaknesses, and the ailments and diseases of womanhood are strangely subject to the curative power of ZOA PHORA.

ZOA PHORA has cured thousands—not hundreds, my sister, but thousands of your sister sufferers who now know health and true life, the comfort, glow and plumpness of girlhood days. Women in every state and neighborhood throughout the whole country bear willing witness to the marvelous curing qualities of this sovereign remedy, ZOA PHORA.

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Woman's weaknesses and diseases, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, displacement, growths, painful and suppressed periods, extreme menstruation or flooding, expectant motherhood, child-birth, change of life, kidney and bladder troubles, nervousness, tendency to cry, hysteria, pain over the spine, etc.—these and those kindred sympathetic troubles which women suffer yield at once to the wondrous cure of ZOA PHORA.

This is the first and only free dollar offer of any woman's remedy ever made, and it is made alike to one and all—mothers, wives, daughters, to any and every woman, to you—my suffering sister—and to the ailing ones of your friends and acquaintances who will only even try to be well and strong again.

Nowhere now in all the world can any sufferer say, "I have no hope—no help—no friend to aid me in my silent misery." There is a help. There is a cure. There is a friend. There is a way. The help is ZOA PHORA—the cure is ZOA PHORA—woman's best friend—and the way is free! ZOA PHORA is free—no papers to sign, no receipts, no promises, no letters to write, not one single task to do—nothing asked in any form or manner only that you be willing to try to be yourself again and test for yourself at our cost, free, the marvelous merit of this sovereign cure. When you send your name and address—tell us simply that you want the dollar bottle of ZOA PHORA free. You will receive the full size regular dollar bottle without one cent of cost. Every penny of the expense is ours, for ZOA PHORA free. Address

ZOA PHORA CO., 171 Free Distribution Dept., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

The Jungle

By Upton Sinclair
Author of "Mammas," "Prince Hagen," etc.
(New readers of the Appeal may obtain the chapters of "The Jungle," which are being printed for ten cents, stamps or silver. You should secure these chapters while the supply lasts.)
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(CHAPTER XIII—Continued.)

It was possible for Jurgis to conquer his revulsion from the odor of the fertilizer, but he could not prevent his body from rebelling. Working in his shirt-sleeves and with the thermometer at over a hundred, the phosphates soaked in through every pore of his skin, and in five minutes he was almost dead. The blood was pounding in his brain like an engine's throbbing; there was a frightful pain in the top of his skull, and he could hardly control his hands. Still, with the memory of his four months' siege behind him, he fought on, in a frenzy of determination; and half an hour later he began to vomit—he vomited until it seemed as if his insides must be torn into shreds. A man could get used to the fertilizer-mill, the boss had said, if he would only make up his mind to it; but Jurgis now began to see that it was a question of making up his stomach.

At the end of that day of horror, he could scarcely stand. He had to catch himself now and then, and lean against a building and get his bearings. Most of the men, when they came out, made straight for a saloon—they seemed to place fertilizer and rattle-snake poison in one class. But Jurgis was too ill to think of drinking—he could only make his way to the street and stagger onto a car. He had a sense of humor, and later on, when he became an old hand, he used to think it fun to get on a street car and see what happened.

Now, however, he was too ill to see it—how the people in the car began to gasp and sputter, to put their handkerchiefs to their noses, and transfixed him with furious glances. Jurgis only knew that a man in front of him immediately got up and gave him a seat; and that in a full minute the crowded car was nearly empty—those passengers who could not get room on the platform having gotten out to walk.

Of course Jurgis had made his home a miniature fertilizer-mill a minute after entering. The stuff was half an inch deep in his skin—his whole system was full of it, and it would have taken a week, not merely of scrubbing, but of vigorous exercise, to get it out of him. As it was, he could be compared with nothing known to men, save that newest discovery of the savants, a substance which emits energy in large quantities and for unlimited time, without being itself in the least diminished in power. Jurgis smelt so that he made all the food at the table taste, and set the whole family to vomiting; for himself it was three days before he could get anything up his stomach—he might wash his hands, and use a knife and fork, but were not his mouth and throat filled with the poison?

And still Jurgis stuck it out! In spite of splitting headaches he would stagger down to the plant, and take up his stand once more, and begin to shovel in the blinding clouds of dust. And so at the end of the week he was a fertilizer-man for life—he was able to eat again, and though his head never stopped aching, it ceased to be so bad that he could not work. Every man who worked in the fertilizer plant was dying slowly of deadly diseases; but so long as the process was slow enough, it did not trouble them much—the men outside were dying more rapidly still.

So there passed another summer. It was a summer of prosperity, all over the country, and the country ate generously of packing-house products, and there was plenty of work for all the family, in spite of the packers' efforts to keep a superfluity of labor. They were again able to pay their debts, and to begin to save a little sum. They could have become quite well off, by their standards, had they worked just so all the time. But there were one or two sacrifices they considered too heavy to be made for long—it was too bad that their home should go all to wreck, while Teta Elzbieta remained in the kitchen, and so she was to be had that the two boys should have to sell their father's gun, and to plead with them; quite without knowing it, they were taking on the tone of their new environment, and anyone could see that they were growing rougher and less obedient. They were learning to swear in vulgar English; they were learning to pick up cigar-stumps and smoke them, to pass hours of their time gambling with pennies and dice and cigarette-cards; they were learning the location of all the houses of prostitution on the "Levee," and the names of the "madams" who kept them, and the days when they gave their gorgeous banquets, which the police-captains and the big politicians all attended. If a visiting "country-customer" were to ask them, they could show him which was "finkydink's" famous saloon, and could even point out to him by name the different gamblers and thugs and "hold-up men" who made the place their headquarters. Among other things, the boys were getting out of the habit of coming home at night. What was the use, they would ask, of wasting time and energy and a possible car-fare riding out to the stock-yards every night, when the weather was pleasant, and when they could crawl under a truck or into an empty doorway and sleep soundly as well? So long as they brought home a half dollar for each day, what mattered it

when they brought it? But Jurgis declared that from this to ceasing to come at all would not be a very long step, and so as soon as he was at work again, it was decided that Teta Elzbieta should give up her place and come and live with Vilimui and Nikolajus and little Kotrina should all return to school in the fall.

And so in September the family was again just making out upon the earnings of Jurgis and Ona, and the board of Murija—when suddenly, without so much as half an hour's warning, Ona lost her place at Smith's!

There was no complicated story to this. It was all quite simple and obvious. Ona had now been working in the ham-wrapping room for two years, and every day during that time she had been half expecting what now happened, when the forelady came and told her that her services were no longer needed. Ona stood still, quite white about the lips; she caught at her breath two or three times, and then managed to gasp out an inquiry as to what she had done. She had done nothing in particular, the forelady answered, coldly; she was no longer needed. She would be paid for the time she had worked. And so Ona got her things together and went out, and sat down on the steps and wept to break her heart.

The next day Ona was told by Jarviza Mariukius that the forelady had put in her place one of the girls from the house down on the "Levee." That had happened so often that Ona was not surprised at all; though she felt the cruel injustice of it, there was nothing that she could do. There was no one higher up that she could complain to; the superintendent was this woman's paramour and accomplice, and in all the time that she had been there, the will of these two people had been Ona's law. For her to have inquired for or sought any higher authority would have been an unpardonable piece of impertinence.

In Packingtown the discipline is the same as in an army—every official has full sway in his own department, and is responsible only to the official next in rank, and responsible, of course, for results. The ham-wrapping department of Smith's was comparable with all the other ham-wrapping departments in the city, and every week the reports of all would be submitted, and the managers would compare them. Anyone who is guileless enough may believe that what these hardheaded business men discussed was which had kept the highest moral standard among its workers, and had been kindest to the old and trusted hands—and not which of them had wrapped the most hams!

So the family faced one siege more. It was commonly much easier for a woman to get a place in the yards than for a man—with the introduction of new machinery and the perfecting of the processes, it was an every-day matter for men to be turned off and women and children put in their places. But then Ona was not an ordinary woman; she could not hope to succeed like Marija, for instance, who would do the work of the average man and a little more. So there was great anxiety—and corresponding surprise and delight when one of the girls that had worked with Ona came and told her of a chance that she might get in the sausage department. It was all the more strange, because the girl who told Ona was one who had been most chummy with the forelady, and a frequent visitor to the house downtown, and therefore, the last person in the world that Ona would have looked to for a favor. At first she thought it must be a cruel jest; when she went to the sausage-rooms and saw the boss, a coarse-looking, red-faced Irishman whom she had frequently seen with her "forelady." But the man, after looking her over and asking her a few questions, told her that he would give her a chance, and added that if she did her work she could earn more than she had in the place she had left.

So Ona became the servant of a sausage-machine. The change would have been a cruel one, even had she made several times as much money; for while she was wrapping hams she had been able to sit down, and now she had to be upon her feet from seven in the morning till noon, and again from one till six. For the first few days it seemed to her that she could not stand it—she suffered almost as much as Jurgis had from the fertilizer, and would come out at sundown with her head fairly reeling. Besides this, she was new working in one of the dark holes, by electric light; the dampness, too, was deadly—there was always a thin layer of water on the floor, and a sickening odor of moist flesh in the room. The people who worked here followed the ancient custom of nature, whereby the ptarmigan is the color of dead leaves in the fall and of snow in the winter, and the chameleon, who is black when he lies upon a stump, turns green when he moves to a leaf. The men and women who work in this department were precisely the color of the "fresh country sausage" they made.

The sausage-room was an interesting place to visit, for two or three minutes, and provided that you did not look at the people; the sausage-machines were perhaps the most wonderful things in the entire plant. Presumably sausages were once chopped and stuffed by hand, and if so it would be interesting to know how many workers had been displaced by these machines. On one side of the room were the hoppers, into which men shovelled loads of meat, and wheelbarrows full of spices; in these great bowls were whirling knives that made two thousand revolutions a minute, and when the revolutions were ground fine and well mixed with water, it was forced to the stuffing-machines on the other side of the room. These machines were tended by women; there was a sort of spout, like the nozzle of a hose, and one of the women would take a long string of gut and put the end over the nozzle and then work the whole thing on, as one works on the fingers of a tight glove. This string of casing would be twenty or thirty feet long, but the woman would have it all on in a jiffy; and when she had several on, she would press a lever, and a stream of sausage-meat would be shot out, taking the casing with it as it came. This one might stand and see appear, miraculously born from the machine, a wriggling snake of sausage of incredible length. In front was a big pan which caught these creatures, and two more women who seized them as fast as they

appeared and twisted them into links. This was for the uninitiated the most perplexing work of all; for all that the woman had to give was a single turn of the wrist, and in some way she contrived to give it so that instead of an endless chain of sausages, one after another, there grew under her hands a bunch of strings, all dangling from the single centre. It was quite like the woman's feat of a prestidigitator—for the woman worked so fast that the eye could literally not follow her, and there was only a mist of motion, and a tangle after a tangle of sausages appearing. In the midst of the mist, however, the visitor would suddenly notice the tense set face, with the two wrinkles graven in the forehead, and the ghastly pallor of cheeks, and then he would suddenly detect that it was time he was on. The woman did not go on staying right there—hour after hour, day after day, week after week, after year, twisting sausage links racing with death. It was piece by piece, and she was apt to have a family to live; and stern and ruthless economic laws had arranged it that she could do this by working just as she did, all her soul upon her work, and never an instant for a thought, nor a glance at the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen who came to stare at her, as at some wild beast in a menagerie.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Our Friends Are Doing

Girard Cereal Co., Girard, Kan.—I received the sample package of "Nutrilo," and found it excellent. I give my groceryman, the Spot Market Co. of Delta, Colo., to handle it. I thought that would be better than to send for a can myself.—SIMON HAYESTICK, Cook, Colo., May 30, 1905.

We wish to thank these friends for their efforts in helping us introduce "Nutrilo" to the public. Through Comrade Hayestick and several hundred others, "Nutrilo," the Twenty-Century Food Drink, has been placed on the shelves of retail grocery stores in nearly every state in the Union. Once introduced, it sells itself, as it is without doubt the "most delicious ever" and that mission is to free the Appeal and the Socialist press generally from the clutches of the American Trusts. This can easily be done if every reader of the Appeal will do as Comrade Hayestick has done and insist that your grocery store stock "Nutrilo," and then advise your friends where it can be purchased. Use your economic power and—

Quit Patronizing the Coffee Trust and Buy of Your Friends

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 - DIRANGO, COLO.—J. W. Lair.
 - DELTA, COLO.—Spot Cash Mercantile Co.
 - EL PASO, TEX.—J. C. Brown.
 - DOS PALOS, CAL.—Dos Palos Rochdale Co.
 - ELBERTON, O.—C. E. Miller.
 - EUREKA, SPRINGS, ARK.—Harding Spring Grocery; G. H. McLaughlin, Jr.
 - E. SHERBORN, MASS.—Richard Pignor.
 - ESCONDIDO, CAL.—Escondido Rochdale Co.
 - EQUALITY, BOW P. O., WASH.—Equality Co-op.
 - EVERETT, WASH.—Everett Co-op. Meat Co.
 - EXETER, CAL.—Exeter Rochdale Co.
 - EUREKA, CAL.—Merc. Co-operative Assn.
 - FORESTVILLE, CAL.—S. Barnum.
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 - FRANKLIN, WASH.—Rochdale Co.
 - FERRISDALE, CAL.—Ferrisdales Rochdale Co.
 - FRESNO, CAL.—Fresno Rochdale Co.
 - FRANCIS, CAL.—Francis Rochdale Co.
 - FRANCIS, WASH.—Francis Spgs Creamery.
 - FRANCIS, WASH.—Francis Rochdale Co.
 - FREELAND, WASH.—Freeland Co-op. Co.
 - GRETA SPRINGS, KAS.—John H. Smith.
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 - GREAT BEND, TEX.—J. C. Brown.
 - GRIDLEY, CAL.—Gridley Rochdale Co.
 - GEYSERVILLE, CAL.—Geyserville Rochdale Co.
 - GRASS VALLEY, CAL.—Grass Valley Rochdale Co.
 - GRANITE FALLS, WASH.—Granite Falls Co-op. Agency.
 - HARVEY, ILL.—T. A. Southwick, 48 Center.
 - HENRIETTA, TEX.—A. Berry.
 - HOUSTON, TEX.—The Suburb Grocery, 1015 Henderson.
 - HARDY, NEB.—H. Gramer & Son.
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 - KING CITY, CAL.—King City Rochdale Co.
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 - WINTHROP, ILL.—Newton & Walter, 204 Dexter ave.
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 - PORT POMEROY & FORKLAND, MO.—J. M. Dooley, Armstrong, S. F. Michel, Berger Bros.

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 - CENTRALIA, WASH.—Centralia Rochdale Co.
 - CLACKAMAS, WASH.—Labor Exchange Store.
 - CULDESAC, IDA.—Nez Perces County Rochdale Co.
 - DIRANGO, COLO.—J. W. Lair.
 - DELTA, COLO.—Spot Cash Mercantile Co.
 - EL PASO, TEX.—J. C. Brown.
 - DOS PALOS, CAL.—Dos Palos Rochdale Co.
 - ELBERTON, O.—C. E. Miller.
 - EUREKA, SPRINGS, ARK.—Harding Spring Grocery; G. H. McLaughlin, Jr.
 - E. SHERBORN, MASS.—Richard Pignor.
 - ESCONDIDO, CAL.—Escondido Rochdale Co.
 - EQUALITY, BOW P. O., WASH.—Equality Co-op.
 - EVERETT, WASH.—Everett Co-op. Meat Co.
 - EXETER, CAL.—Exeter Rochdale Co.
 - EUREKA, CAL.—Merc. Co-operative Assn.
 - FORESTVILLE, CAL.—S. Barnum.
 - FOSTER, ORE.—Dayton, Harris & Co.
 - FRANKLIN, WASH.—Rochdale Co.
 - FERRISDALE, CAL.—Ferrisdales Rochdale Co.
 - FRESNO, CAL.—Fresno Rochdale Co.
 - FRANCIS, CAL.—Francis Rochdale Co.
 - FRANCIS, WASH.—Francis Spgs Creamery.
 - FRANCIS, WASH.—Francis Rochdale Co.
 - FREELAND, WASH.—Freeland Co-op. Co.
 - GRETA SPRINGS, KAS.—John H. Smith.
 - GARDEN CITY, KAS.—S. D. Huffman.
 - GREAT BEND, TEX.—J. C. Brown.
 - GRIDLEY, CAL.—Gridley Rochdale Co.
 - GEYSERVILLE, CAL.—Geyserville Rochdale Co.
 - GRASS VALLEY, CAL.—Grass Valley Rochdale Co.
 - GRANITE FALLS, WASH.—Granite Falls Co-op. Agency.
 - HARVEY, ILL.—T. A. Southwick, 48 Center.
 - HENRIETTA, TEX.—A. Berry.
 - HOUSTON, TEX.—The Suburb Grocery, 1015 Henderson.
 - HARDY, NEB.—H. Gramer & Son.
 - HOTCHKISS, COLO.—Woodring & Johnson.
 - HITON, S. D.—Newton & Mang.
 - HILLMAN, WYO.—J. C. Brown.
 - HARRISONVILLE, MO.—S. E. Brown & Co.
 - HESPERUS, CAL.—Joseph Curtet.
 - HARBOR, ORE.—Peter Hartman.
 - HEALDSBURG, CAL.—Healdsburg Rochdale Co.
 - HOLLISTER, CAL.—Hollister Rochdale Co.
 - HOPLAND, CAL.—Hopland Rochdale Co.
 - HOME, LAKEBAY P. O.—Co-op. Store.
 - HILLVAD, WASH.—Hillvada Co-op. Assn.
 - HOOVER, WASH.—Hooiver Rochdale Co.
 - HOME, WASH.—Home Grocery Co.
 - INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Herman P. Smith, 725 South Noble St.; W. W. Barnum & Co., 129 N. Alabama St.
 - KINGMAN, KAS.—C. A. Macgill Mercantile Co.; W. E. Jett Mercantile Co.; L. D. Strigton; Kingman Co-operative Assn.
 - KINGMAN, KAS.—Wallace White Mercantile Co.
 - KREGGEL, TEX.—Chas Kreggel.
 - KINDLER, IA.—A. Benmont.
 - KANSAS CITY, KAS.—Kinnaman & Berg, 941 Minnesota.
 - KANSAS CITY, MO.—C. H. Henderson, 1200 West Third St.; C. P. Neelzer, 904 West Seventh St.; J. F. Valbrant, 1645 Jefferson.
 - KING CITY, CAL.—King City Rochdale Co.
 - KINGSTON, WASH.—Ko-operative Co.
 - LIBERAL, MO.—Liberal Co-operative Assn.
 - LATFORD, NEB.—S. J. Jensen.
 - LEWISVILLE, CAL.—Kendall & Co.
 - LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Los Angeles Co-op. Agency.
 - LE GRAND, CAL.—Le Grand Rochdale Co.
 - LOUISVILLE, CAL.—Louisville Rochdale Co.
 - LATHROP, MANTACA, CAL.—Mantaca Rochdale Co.
 - MATILAND, MO.—Louis Plant.
 - MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—J. M. Welfon.
 - MOXMOUTH, ARK.—H. Croom; E. V. White.
 - MOHAWK, ILL.—Reliance Tea Co.
 - WINTHROP, ILL.—Newton & Walter, 204 Dexter ave.
 - MT. VERNON, WASH.—Mount Vernon Trading Union.
 - NEW ORLEANS, LA.—W. R. Lancaster.
 - NORWOOD, CAL.—J. H. Chipper.
 - NEVADA, MO.—J. H. Hartsock.
 - NAPA, CAL.—Napa Rochdale Co.
 - ODESSA, MO.—Napa Rochdale Co.
 - OGLESBY, ILL.—Dyer Bros.
 - ORAY, COLO.—Taucene & Swale.
 - OAKLAND, CAL.—California Co-op. Meat Co.
 - OLYMPIA, WASH.—Farmers' Co-op. Creamery.
 - PANAMA, ILL.—Panama Rochdale Co.
 - PIEDMONT, CAL.—Citizens' Co-operative Assn.
 - PONCA, NEB.—J. A. Crouch.
 - PORT POMEROY & FORKLAND, MO.—J. M. Dooley, Armstrong, S. F. Michel, Berger Bros.

- PATTON, KAS.—McDuff Bros.
- PERU, ILL.—Husel & Co.
- POINT RICHMOND, CAL.—Point Richmond Rochdale Co.
- PORTERVILLE, CAL.—Porterville Rochdale Co.
- POTALUMA, CAL.—Potaluma Rochdale Co.
- POMONA, CAL.—Pomona Co-op. Co.
- PAULSBO, WASH.—Paulsbo Rochdale Co.
- PORTLAND, WASH.—Portland Rochdale Co.
- ROCKLAND, MASS.—John A. Lamb.
- RIDGE, ARK.—W. S. Payton.
- RIDGE, ARK.—L. M. Brown.
- ROCKFORD, ILL.—M. H. Dierks.
- RINGWOOD, OKLA.—F. Orendorf.
- ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.—Rock Springs Trading Works.
- STANBURY, MO.—S. W. Howard.
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—San Francisco Rochdale Co., 2760 24th St.
- SWAIN, ARK.—C. A. Boen.
- ST. LOUIS, MO.—Geo. W. Hennessey, 407 North Bell ave.
- WEST PLAINS, MO.—W. A. Springs.
- SCOTT CITY, KAS.—E. Nichols.
- SULPHUR POINT, I. T.—C. Caldwell.
- ST. LOUIS, MO.—Geo. W. Hennessey, 407 North Bell ave.