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THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

TALKING LATIN By Henry M. Tichenor

Several centuries ago the Latin language died. It expired along in the Dark Ages, at the time when everything became extinct except necromancy and theology. Of course scholars make a study of it, but they do not chat among themselves in Latin. Some years ago the lawyers would at times try to awe a jury with a burst of Latin, but that day has about passed. The jury never knew what the lawyer was driving at when he thundered "non compos mentis," or "sic semper tyrannus" at them. They couldn't figure out whether it meant to convict the prisoner at the bar, or to acquit him. So the lawyers finally got wise, and learned to depend on something else besides Latin to do the work.

Today nobody but priests and doctors stick to Latin in their business. It is only used to talk to God and the druggist. When the priests and doctors talk to God or the druggist, it is not intended that the conversation should be understood by the penitent or the patient. The awe inspired by the mystic words of a dead language does not make the victims liable to bring in a wrong verdict. It simply fills them full of amazement at the profound wisdom and greatness of the priest and the doctor.

Who would cough up good money to have masses offered for a departed relative or friend if it was done in ordinary Dutch or English?

It's the same way with the

doctors. When a doctor writes a prescription to hand to the druggist, in which the main ingredient is aqua pura, the patient trots along and is glad to pay a stiff price for the stuff. If he knew that the aqua pura was only pure water, he might tell the druggist to put in the few drops of paregoric, etc., that the prescription called for, and

he would take the bottle home and fill up the balance at the pump.

This does not mean that the priest and the doctor are any worse than lots of other folks. Latin isn't the only thing in the world that is used to cover up professional and business transactions. The whole profit system is such a labyrinth of deception

that it ill becomes one member to throw rocks at another. I have even known devout Christian merchants to advertise that they were selling their goods below cost. No—the priests and the doctors, who use Latin to talk to God and the druggist, thereby swelling to the bursting point the importance of their own particular professions, are no more to be blamed than the rest of the business world. This even includes a large number of editors and writers. The purpose of all the professional and business tricks and deceptions is the same—to make the dear people more willing to foot the bill. Figuratively speaking, about everybody, except the hod carrier, talks Latin; and even many a hod-carrier lives in hope—though he dies in despair—of a day when he, too, can make a living by talking Latin.

Was society always this way?

No. There was a time when our ancestors did not use deception. They used a club. Talking Latin is only an atavism of the ancient club. Sometimes society harks back again to the club. Over in Europe the diplomats used so much Latin that they finally wore it out. So they went back to the club.

Will the race ever quit talking Latin?

Sure. One of the finest things about Socialism is that everybody will be able to get along in this world without talking Latin.



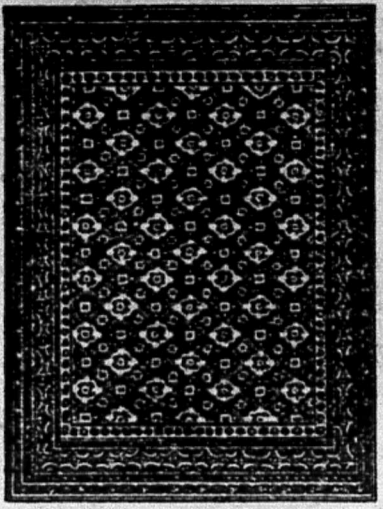
An American Mobilization

—From the Chicago Tribune.

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No. MH106

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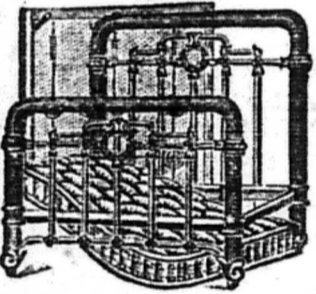


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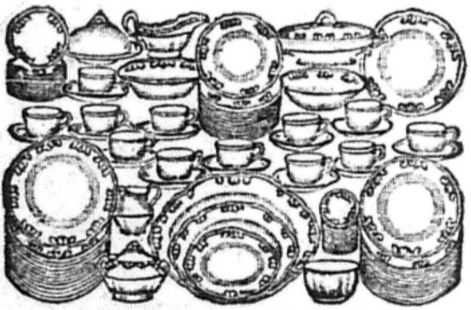
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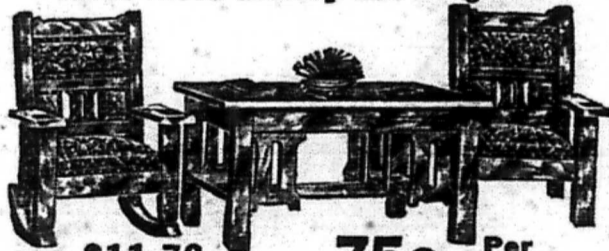


Dinner Set Bargain

No. MH108. Royal Blue and Gold 100-piece Dinner Set. An extra value at our low price. It is double fired and beautifully glazed. The pattern is conservative, of rich royal blue with coin gold band decorations which stand out elegantly on the pure whiteness of the background. Complete service for 12 persons. Price..... **\$10.95 75c Per Month**



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Three-Piece Library Set Bargain

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Editorial



Section

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

By EUGENE V. DEBS

GREETING TO OUR FRIENDS

New Year, 1915!

A hearty greeting goes out from the Rip-Saw office to all our comrades and friends.

You have made the old year the best year the Rip-Saw has yet known and you are going to make the new year a better one still.

On our part our highest purpose is to keep the Rip-Saw true as needle to the pole to the revolutionary movement.

No trimming and no trading; no dodging and no compromising.

The Rip-Saw stands four square for organized labor and the socialist movement;

For the industrial union and the Socialist party;

For the industrial and political solidarity of the working class in waging the class struggle for the overthrow of capitalism and the emancipation of the working class.

In greeting our comrades at the threshold of the new year it is with the earnest hope and the confident expectation that we shall work together in harmony as in the past and that with united energies and increasing devotion to the cause we shall make this the brightest and richest year in the history of the movement.

AMERICAN MILITARISM

The other day the nation got down on its knees at the request of the president and prayed for peace.

Today the same nation at the recommendation of the same president is arming itself to incite war and slaughter.

I say INCITE war and slaughter, and I mean it, for any nation that today PREPARES for war INCITES war and slaughter.

The following associated press dispatch from Washington tells the story:

WASHINGTON, Dec 12—The Pennsylvania National Guard and like organizations in Ohio, New York and Michigan are to be placed on a war footing by the federal government within the next few months. Arms, ammunition and a full complement of field equipment will be supplied to these four states in the near future. Other states will be cared for later.

It is declared by officials that this departure does not mean that the government anticipates war and that the department is only following out the recommendations of President Wilson for the rehabilitation of the militia with a view to national security.

The militia division of the war department is at work on plans to raise the citizen soldiery to war strength.

The precaution is here taken to inform the benighted that the government does not anticipate war but only has in mind the "national security." It logically follows that the individual must now carry a six-shooter in his pocket, not because he anticipates a fight, but for his "individual security."

But in this instance the "national security" consists of the security of the corporations against possible attack by their exploited and half-starved slaves. Ohio and Michigan are specifically mentioned. In the former forty thousand miners are on strike and in the latter a great strike has just been suppressed by military force. West Virginia and Colorado will no doubt soon be added to the list.

This is the beginning in dead earnest of AMERICAN MILITARISM.

Let us all save our money and buy a gun for the "national security" and then get down on our marrow bones and pray God Almighty to keep us from pulling the trigger.

The Socialist party is the only party on earth that says "THOU SHALT NOT KILL!" and means it.

THE ARKANSAS MINERS

They are standing true to their colors.

The federal court and the federal troops may break the strike, but they cannot break the spirit of the strikers.

The leaders who have been arrested and are now to be tried by the courts because they could not be cowed by the corporations are as staunch and true as ever served in the ranks of labor.

The Bache-Denman receivership was as smooth a job as was ever "put over," but in the long run it will react and when it does it will have the power of a knockout.

Let the miners in Arkansas stand united and use the leisure time they now have in abundance to perfect their union and make it a thoroughly revolutionary industrial organization.

FORTY THOUSAND STRIKERS

The striking miners in Ohio, forty thousand in number, who have been out since early last spring, have flung defiance in the faces of the operators by refusing to compromise their demands or return to work until these demands are conceded. Most of these miners are socialists as well as unionists. They are not only striking for wages, but against capitalism. They have refused to be cajoled by any conservative leader. They have learned by bitter experience that they have nothing to gain through a friendly understanding between conservative union leaders and their exploiting masters.

In the meantime the cry is being raised that the strike is being prolonged to bankrupt the small operators and thus give the big ones the monopoly of the field. This is no funeral of the mine workers. Let the operators fight this out among themselves and at the same time let them devote the leisure time they now have to making their union a thoroughly class-conscious industrial organization.

Stand pat, boys, and win!

HARRIMAN RAILWAY STRIKERS

The shop employes of the Illinois Central and other Harriman lines who have been out on strike during the past three years have voted through their organization to continue the strike in spite of all that was done to have it declared off.

This is the longest railroad strike on record in the United States. It has been waged against powerful odds. Every species of strike-breaking known to corporations has been attempted and failed. Such a strike deserves to win and it is certainly to be hoped that victory may finally crown the struggle for which so much has been sacrificed.

The shop employes engaged in this strike have had the advantage of being united in a federation through which they have been able to make common cause. But this federation, although a great improvement over the craft union, is but a step in the direction of real industrial organization. All the railroad workers, on the trains as well as in the shops, should be united within one powerful union and then the corporations could be brought to terms without such prolonged suffering and privation as have been entailed upon the Harriman strikers.

Think of the shop employes striking and the engine and train men and employes in other departments standing by the corporation and virtually scabbing upon their own fellow-workers and snatching the bread from the mouths of their children!

The lesson of the Harriman strike is that all railroad employes must get together. Instead of the weak craft unions let us have

THE UNITED RAILROAD WORKERS

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR

The opening chapters of George Allan England's "Air Trust" appear in this issue of the Rip-Saw and these will be continued until the whole of this thrilling novel has been published.

When the manuscript came into my hands and I began to read the story it was impossible to let go until it was finished.

The "Air Trust" is a masterpiece of fiction by George Allan England, one of the most brilliant and scholarly writers of the new era. It is a novel of the industrial and social revolution and every socialist and trade unionist will find inspiration in its pages.

It is brimful of the vital spirit of the revolution and a more gripping story was never told.

This is the book to place in the hands of your non-socialist or anti-socialist friends—here they will see capitalism and socialism and the typical characters they produce in deadly contrast.

I feel impelled to urge every reader of the Rip-Saw to do his level best to have the "Air Trust" read and passed from hand to hand until the millions have been saturated with its spirit of revolt and its passion for freedom and justice.

THE CIVIC FEDERATION

The Civic Federation held its usual annual convention in New York early in December, following the annual convention of its twin and ally, the American Federation of Labor.

Seth Low is the head and Sam Gompers the tail of the former and we venture to suggest that money could be saved by amalgamation.

They both meet for the same purpose, stand for the same thing, and are the only real friends of the horny-handed sons of toil.

The American-Civic Federation of Labor, severally and jointly, stand for capitalism.

A delegate returning from Gompers' annual hippodrome at Philadelphia dropped in on us to unload part of his disgust.

"What did they do," we asked him. "Not a d— thing that amounted to a d—. They boosted Gompers' salary and then pawed the air for a couple of weeks about jurisdictional Kilkenny cat fights without settling a d— one of them."

The American workers need and must have a Revolutionary Industrial Union instead of a Federation of Reactionary Craft Unions.

CAPITALISM AND SLAUGHTER

James R. Mann, republican leader in the lower house of congress, admitted frankly in his recent speech on the floor of that body that capitalism makes war inevitable. Here is what he said:

"A fight for commercial supremacy in the end leads to a fight with arms, because that is the final arbiter between nations."

Mann is good authority on capitalism; knows it and what it stands for, and how it stands for it; is in fact its mouthpiece.

Capitalism means the war of nations for commercial supremacy. It is the old war for conquest and plunder in modern dress.

As long as there is capitalism there is bound to be armament and war.

Capitalist nations rob their workers and then invade and plunder one another.

Why? Because this is the nature of capitalism and it cannot change its nature any more than a leopard can, change its spots.

Put an end to capitalism, produce for use instead of profit, destroy the profit system and erect the co-operative commonwealth in its place, and there will never be another war.

Capitalism and slaughter, or socialism and a civilized world! Which?

COLORADO WAR ENDED

The labor war in Colorado is ended—until it breaks out again. Absolutely nothing has been settled except that the mine owners rule the state and that the miners were shot, beaten and starved into surrender.

About 75 men, women and children were slain, according to the record, and probably double that number more not of record.

The estimated cost of the strike was ten million dollars.

The cost to the union was four million dollars.

In the Southern field the strike lasted fourteen months; in the Northern field almost five years.

It was a fearful fight and the blood that it cost, the suffering that was endured and the tears that were shed on account of it will never be known.

And after all this unmeasured and unmeasurable sacrifice of blood and treasure, the union was whipped and the strike lost.

The union's leaders declared, to be sure, that they "recognized no surrender," but that was a mere figure of speech. The union did surrender, and completely and abjectly so. The defiant operators stood pat, treated the union with contempt to the last, and made absolutely no concession.

About 4,500 striking miners are left without jobs and their families without bread. That is the net result of the five years' mine war in Colorado.

J. F. Welborn, Rockefeller's man, the commanding figure in the strike, said when the union surrendered, "It will be a long time before we can give the men employment." No doubt of it. Especially those that are marked as real union men.

One thing is certain and that is that the men were brave as lions—and so were the women—and that they fought as heroic a fight as was ever fought on American soil. They ought to have won. They will yet win. The spirit they showed can never be broken.

There is no time for vain regret. The union was not strong enough. It must be built stronger and that is the job now before the miners of Colorado. And, too, they must know by now that they have been misled by political fakirs. They have got to vote for their class as well as strike for it to win. In a word they have got to become class-conscious and not only unite in the same union but in the same party and vote and strike for victory.

THE EUROPEAN SLAUGHTER CONTINUES

The same round of cable dispatches daily received tell the same monotonous story of blood and sorrow of the war in Europe.

The massacre goes on steadily without abatement and there is no sign of weakening on either side.

Sentimental pleas for peace fall upon deaf ears. The monster of capitalism is aroused and his lust to kill cannot be appeased until he has had his fill of blood.

To every human being, except possibly the lords of misrule, the aristocratic parasites and plunderers who are responsible for it, this war is shocking enough to set the world aghast, but these vampires can hardly be said to be human beings.

Certainly all this slaughter of the innocents is not to be in vain. Socialists who are and ever have been set against war will find it

less difficult after this war is over to open the eyes of the people to the cause of war and to enlist them in the only war that civilized human beings should fight in, and that is the war against war and the system that breeds war.

The European slaughter will be a fearful price for the world to pay for its lesson, but after all it must be learned in the only way the people seem able to learn it, and when it is all over it will no doubt be realized that it was worth the cost.

ELBERT HUBBARD AS STRIKE BREAKER

The editor of the Philistine, "Fra Elbertus," promoter of the Roygraft game, the same being in East Aurora, N. Y., was once supposed to be a great champion of liberty and a staunch friend of the oppressed. But he has fallen mightily since then and the recent investigation of the labor war in Colorado by the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations has uncovered "The Fra" as strike-breaker extraordinary of the mining corporations, and the two missing letters can now be added to "Fra" to make his name complete.

Hubbard has become financially very prosperous and also very popular with the gentry of swollen fortunes and swollen paunches. He has no more use for the shivering wretch in the bread-line than has any other enemy of the working class.

At the Denver investigation Hubbard was shown to have received \$200.00 "for one thousand copies of his magazine containing an article favorable to the operator's side of the controversy." The press dispatch from which this is quoted then goes on as follows:

"Hubbard fixed the price for the copies before he wrote the article and urged that the copper operators in Michigan had bought one million copies of his magazine containing an article favoring them at the same rate."

This is nothing less than the vilest intellectual prostitution. Elbert Hubbard is among the last who would need to descend to such depths. He simply sold himself and his scab Philistine to the millionaire mine owners and helped to crush the miners and starve their families. For the filthy lucre there was in it he became the literary scullion of Rockefeller and prostituted his pen to condemn the women and children burnt alive at Ludlow and canonized their plutocratic murderers.

Hubbard and his concern at East Aurora may now take their place with other scab-furnishing and strike-breaking agencies. When the corporations hereafter lock out their wage-slaves, in addition to the injunction furnished them by the court and the gunmen of the Feltz-Baldwin thuggery, they will now be re-enforced by Hubbard's Roygraftery, guaranteed to advertise anything in the most picturesque and glowing rhetoric, from a pill to a plute, and to espouse any cause at the regular rates, from burning babies in a strike to government by assassination.

A. F. OF L. CONVENTION

The thirty-fourth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held at Philadelphia in November, re-elected President Gompers, increased his salary fifty per-cent, and spent most of its time in wrangling over what particular trade unions should collect the dues, and the rest of it in demonstrating that the Gompers reactionary machine was in absolute control.

The socialists cut a sorry figure in these conventions of an organization that stands flat-footed for capitalism and will never stand for anything else. For twenty years they have been "boring from within" and their boring has penetrated about the length of a mosquito's nozzle in a ram's horn.

"Boring from within" is a mighty good thing in its proper place and that place is in the local unions, but never in a thousand years will they change the Gompers machine from one of reaction to one of revolution. The Civic Federation will see to that.

President Gompers failed to report to the convention that an attempt had been made to bribe him and consequently the socialists did not vote this year to make his re-election unanimous. But socialists are on record as having moved in past conventions not only his salary but to re-elect him by acclamation. It does not appear that Samuel is one bit more friendly toward the socialist delegates on account of this "boring from within" which has been going on until the augers are worn out, but that on the contrary he is treating them with increasing contempt, and this rightly so. He knows they have no business there and in perhaps twenty years more they will come to the same conclusion.

The Gompers machine will remain what it is until it goes into the discard. There would be as much wisdom in sending socialist delegates to the Civic Federation at its annual fiasco and attempting to convert its members to socialism by "boring from within."

Gompers and his executive council who constitute all there is of the A. F. of L. conventions that amount to anything, are for capitalism and against socialism, for craft unionism and against industrial unionism, for wage-slavery and against working class emancipation, first, last and always, and always will be.

Let it go. Its own internal wranglings over craft jurisdiction will destroy it. A united working class industrial organization is what is wanted instead of a federation of craft unions.

"George Allan England's Air Trust"

By Eugene V. Debs

"Sunk far back in the huge leather cushions of his morris-chair, old Isaac Flint was thinking, thinking hard. Between narrowed lids, his hard, gray eyes were blinking at the morning sunlight that poured into his private office, high up in the great building he had reared on Wall Street. From his thin lips now and then issued a coil of smoke from the costly cigar he was consuming. His bony legs were crossed, and one foot twitched impatiently. Now and then he tugged at his white mustache. A frown creased his hard brow; and as he pondered, something of the glitter of a snake seemed reflected in his pupils."

In this picturesque opening paragraph of the "AIR TRUST" by George Allan England, the first instalment of which appears in the current RIP-SAW, the reader is introduced to the world's commanding capitalist in 1921, who, in the delirium of his autocratic power, has conceived the seemingly impossible and irrational idea of monopolizing the air and making himself the absolute master of the world.

Isaac Flint, true to his name—hard, cold, soulless and drunk with power—is triumphant capitalism incarnate. The world is at his feet; humanity at his mercy. The lord of life and death is he.

The world's workshops and its skyscrapers, its industries and its bank-vaults, its ships and their cargoes are all his. At his command industry halts, mills and mines are empty, the workers idle, and their children breadless. He has but to press a button and with the alacrity of a menial the government does his bidding.

Courts, colleges and churches are all subservient to his power and when he issues the order, judges, priests and professors turn strike-breakers and armies move like automatons to execute his autocratic will.

And yet his consuming thirst for wealth and power is not quenched. In his gluttonous passion to make his mastery of mankind complete, he yearns to find "the windpipe of the race" and literally seize and hold in his relentless grasp the throat of the world.

And so Isaac Flint, plutocracy's reigning billionaire in 1921, leaving Monte Cristo far in the shade, soliloquizes with satanic cruelty in his gilded den:

"Breath," said he, "Breath is life. Without food and drink and shelter, men can live a while. Even without water for some hours. But without AIR, they die, inevitably and at once. And if I make the air my own, then I am master of all life."

"Air," he cried exultantly. "An Air Trust; by God in heaven, it can be; it will be—and it must."

The die was cast. The "Air Trust," the Trust of Trusts, the crown and climax of capitalism was now in sight, for whatever the imperious old billionaire conceived and projected, however insane or monstrous it might appear, simply had to be executed.

From now on the plot becomes more and more startling and the developments more and more thrilling.

Wonderful and still more wonderful; each page throbs more intensely with the recital of these climacteric events.

The world of capitalism rushes blindly to its doom and the dramatic splendor of this epic matches the cosmic glory of the catastrophe.

The "Air Trust" is the boldest and most brilliant piece of fiction of our time. Every page bears the impress of a master mind, its meteoric flights of the imagination baffle description, while the cadence of its finished, rhythmic periods is like the music of falling waters.

The author's knowledge of physics, chemistry, aeronautics, mechanics, technology and other sciences is simply marvelous—and all this knowledge is freely at the service of the enslaved millions, whose cause has here a champion dowered by the gods themselves to fire them to revolt and blaze their way to emancipation.

You, dear reader, may protest that the very idea of an air trust is too absurd and that you cannot waste your time upon a thing so palpably impossible.

But hark a moment. Are you absolutely sure? Are there not a thousand monuments erected to the "impossible" all along the highways of human achievement?

Who dare say today that even the Air Trust is among the impossibilities?

It is indeed a staggering proposition, but before you pronounce your verdict read England's matchless novel revealing the plot to cap the climax of trustification under the capitalist system by securing control of the atmosphere, the supreme necessity of life,

and thus consummating the conspiracy to perpetually enslave the toiling millions of mankind.

If you are a socialist you will follow with the keenest zest this vivid and logical development of the plot of the plutocracy to completely shackle the working class. If you are a non-socialist or even an anti-socialist you will be thrilled with the recital of this masterly epic of the social revolution.

The characters here developed in this marvelous drama are so true to life that we shudder with dread or thrill with rapture as they pass in review.

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All the characters of the revolution, all the lights and shadows of the age-long conflict, all the hopes and aspirations of the toiling and plundered masses, all their defeats and their final crowning triumph are chronicled here in living letters and in pictures of light, and when a thousand years are gone the "Air Trust" will be remembered for having electrified the enslaved masses at a crucial hour and for having wrought mightily in conquering their emancipation.

How Do You Like The System?

By Henry M. Tichenor, the RIP-SAW Poet.

How do you like the SYSTEM—the thing you voted for—
Where plutocrats and plunderers can plunge a world in WAR?
Was this earth made for shambles, where butchering is done
To the glory of mad monsters who rule us with a GUN?
How do you like the SYSTEM, from Ludlow on to France—
YOU, who pay the fiddler for the whole infernal dance?
How do you like the SYSTEM, that robs the child unborn—
That makes YOU march to MURDER when the hell-hounds
toot their horn?
How do you like the SYSTEM, that the masses must endure,
Where rulers roll in riches, while YOU and YOURS are poor?
How do you like the SYSTEM, this hour of world-wide curse—
Do you think that Socialism could make things any worse?
Are you going to keep on voting for a master-class to run
A SAVAGE SOCIAL SYSTEM that is built upon a GUN?

Capitalism must have its profit if all humanity must be murdered and all the earth become a burying-ground.

* * *

The education of the workers is their only means of emancipation. Education means organization, organization means power and power means victory.

* * *

Look at Europe and then ask yourself how you would like to have this nation plunged into war. If you approve of the European massacre you can have it Americanized by simply continuing to support the party and the system which breed just such catastrophes to the human race.

* * *

If you will hand this copy of the RIP-SAW to some non-socialist with some particular article in it marked that you think will appeal to him and set him thinking along right lines, you will render a distinct service to the cause, even though it be not heralded by a blare of trumpets.

* * *

The majority generally consists of people who blindly follow leaders and do not think for themselves. Thinkers are as a rule in the minority and they constitute the vanguard of human progress.

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RICHES and RAGS

By Kate Richards O'Hare

An automobile creaked through the frozen snow, skidded up the curb and came to a stop with a bump in front of a great factory building. From the warm, perfumed interior of the limousine sprang a typical man of the ruling class, gray at the temples, shrewd of eye, thin lipped and alert, well fed, well groomed and snugly wrapped in cold defying furs. As he sprang from the car to the icy sidewalk a four below zero wind snatched rudely at his hat and blinded him with flurries of needle-like snow that cut his tender skin like knives. Lowering his head to escape the bitter blast he ran full tilt into another man and the impact caused both to lose their footing on the ice-covered pavement, and grasping each other in a startled embrace, they both fell with a thud that left them gasping and breathless. Hastily scrambling to his feet the fur-wrapped man turned with a half uttered word of apology and stretched out his hand to help the victim of his haste to arise. But a snarl of rage and an oath laden venomous hate stopped the words unspoken and paralyzed the hand half outstretched in helpfulness. Groggy from the shock of the fall and shivering in the biting chill, the shabby, half clad, ill nourished and sleep famished conscript of the great army of the unemployed swayed on his sagging limbs and snarled hoarse curses punctuated by the sharp click of chattering teeth. His red rimmed eyes glared with lurid fire of insane hate made more baleful by the glaze of reckless despair. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes. The business man the picture of horror and disgust, and the hobo the embodiment of impotent hate, then with a gesture of hopelessness each turn to go his way, the business man to his desk, in his idle factory, the hobo to the soup kitchen.

flag; who never answered a bugle call; who never made a charge; who travel without arms or accoutrements; whose enemy is unseen and whose fate is ever defeat.

Gaunt with hunger, gray lipped with despair, staggering with weakness, unarmed and voiceless that grisley army of the unemployed is the one mighty problem that capitalistic society can not solve and remaining unsolved will drag capitalist society down to destruction.

In a hundred thousand homes tonight there is no fire, no fuel to warm chilled bodies and drive back the killing zero cold, and in a hundred thousand miners' shacks strong men curse and rage because they can not dig coal to warm the cold pinched world and buy food for their hungry wives and children.

In countless homes children will whimper with the cold and beg with chattering teeth and frosty lips for "one more blanket" and no blanket can the mother supply. Yet Dixie produced seventy-five pounds of cotton for every man, woman and child in the United States and millions of pounds of this cotton are rotting on the ground, and Dixie's cotton farmers are starving because no one buys their cotton.

Millions of ill-clad, ragged men and women cannot hide their nakedness from the world, and in Dixie the cotton mills are still, in New England the woolen mills are silent and the weavers are in desperate want, because they can not weave clothing, and garment workers everywhere face starvation for want of clothes to make.

Millions of feet are shoeless and tens of thousands of shoe makers are jobless and hungry.

Millions of empty stomachs are gnawed by hunger and millions of pounds of foodstuff are rotting unharvested because there is no market for it.

For fifty years capitalism has held full sway in the United States. Capitalistic economics, politics, ethics, morals and religion have guided the destinies of our nation until today we have the capitalist system in full fruitage.

Capitalistic economics declare that a few individuals may monopolize the natural resources, control all land and own the entire machinery of production and distribution for the purpose of exploitation. Capitalistic politics insist that the function of government is to protect the private owners of the means of life in their ownership and make secure their right of exploitation. Capitalistic morals teach that any methods or measures necessary to sustain the capitalist class in

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its ownership and right of exploitation is eminently moral and just. Capitalistic ethics contend that the private owners of the means of life are justified in their monopoly and have a perfect right to let the earth lie fallow and the industries remain idle, though millions starve and freeze, if no profits can be made by the capitalist class in producing the necessities of life. Capitalistic religion preaches that the private ownership of the means of life is a God-given institution, sacred and unassailable.

For fifty years has the creed of capitalism been the law of life in the United States; for fifty years has this nation sown the winds of capitalistic exploitation and expansion and today we reap the whirlwind of dead industries and dying people.

In the wild stampede of individualism gone mad the high priests of capitalism have entirely overlooked the very cornerstone of their own creed—THE MARKET. The fundamental foundation of capitalistic civilization rests on the MARKET; the PEOPLE are the market and THE WORKING CLASS are the people.

The landlords cry "we will monopolize the land, make tenant serfs of the farming class, and secure for ourselves the products of their labor." Lo it comes to pass, but tenant serfs robbed of the product of their labor by landlords have but small purchasing power and can buy from the market only the bare necessities of life and often not even that. The landlord class has purchasing power in the wealth they have stripped from the tenant serfs, but not consuming capacity to furnish an adequate market. The farmers are many and could consume much but they can not buy because they have been robbed of their products by the landlord. The landlords are few, they can buy because they have robbed the farmers, but their consuming capacity is so small that it leaves the market glutted.

The machine owning portion of the capitalist class declares, "We will monopolize the natural resources, own the machinery of production and distribution; we will compel the working class to work long hours, for low wages; we will develop labor saving machinery and replace men with women who can work cheaper, women with children who are cheaper still, and man, woman and child by machines who demand no wages but a few pounds of steam and a few drops of oil." Lo it is done. Millions of landless farmers are driven from the farms, millions of jobless workingmen are driven from the factories, machines, women and children take their place, production increases apace and at last in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen,

under the beneficent reign of Woodrow The Psychological, we have reached the Capitalistic Heaven of a perfected capitalist system, then awake to find that capitalist and worker alike, we are cast into a Hell of the capitalist's own making.

A landless farmer and a jobless working man, no matter how great their need, have no purchasing power; though they may be starving and naked they can not buy from the market the goods the capitalist is so eager to sell. Like blind Samson chained to the millstone, the whole American nation is chained to the brutal treadmill of No job—No money—No market. The capitalist can't give the worker a job because he can't sell his goods, the worker can't buy the goods because he has no job. Then like the fur clad business man and the vermin infested hobo they bump together in a mighty impact, grapple in an enforced embrace, and both go down to wallow together in the quagmire of stagnation and bankruptcy, unemployment and misery.

God knows that the morass is deep enough and black enough to make angels despair, but I feel that there are two bits of solid earth on which we can hope to build a bridge to the bedrock of social justice. The heart and brain and soul, the ethics and morals and religion of the capitalist class are all located in the pocketbook. When the pocketbook is touched, the heart and brain and soul, the ethics and morals and religion of the capitalist class all rush to the rescue and the march of the army of the unemployed has hit that pocketbook a thump that has left the whole capitalist class weak and nauseated, wobbling about as groggy as a prize fighter after a solar-plexus blow. Through the sickening pain of that rude jolt, capitalist intelligence at last grasps the self evident fact that they can't sell goods to jobless men.

The other bit of firm ground is the fact that the jobless workers have revolted at charity; they rebel at Free Soup and clamor for a JOB. Eventually the intelligent portion of the human race may realize that the jobless man and the marketless factory can only get together by inaugurating social ownership, social management, social production and social distribution.

We venture to suggest a toast for Bryan's next peace banquet: Grape Juice and Grape Shot Forever!

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The Story of The Air Trust

A Romance of the Twentieth Century

By George Allan England

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

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PART I.

FORGING THE WORLD-FETTERS

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

SUNK far back in the huge leather cushions of his morris chair, old Isaac Flint was thinking, thinking hard. Between narrowed lids, his hard, gray eyes were blinking at the morning sunlight that poured into his private office, high up in the great building he had reared on Wall Street. From his thin lips now and then issued a coil of smoke from the costly cigar he was consuming. His bony legs were crossed, and one foot twitched impatiently. Now and then he tugged at his white mustache. A frown creased his hard brow; and, as he pondered, something of the glitter of a snake seemed reflected in his pupils.

"Not enough," he muttered, harshly. "It's not enough—there must be more, more, more! Some way must yet be found. Must be, and shall be!"

The sunlight of early spring, glad and warm over Manhattan, brought no message of cheer to the Billionaire. It bore no news of peace and joy to him. Its very brightness, as it flooded the metropolis and mellowed his luxurious inner office, seemed to offend the master of the world. And presently he arose, walked to the window and made as though to lower the shade. But for a moment he delayed this action. Standing there at the window, he peered out. Far below him, the restless, swarming life of the huge city crept and grovelled. Insects that were men and women crowded the clefts that were streets. Long lines of cars, toy-like, crept along the "L" structures. As far as the eye could reach, tufted plumes of smoke and steam wafted away on the April breeze. The East River glistened in the sunlight, its bosom vexed by myriad craft, by ocean liners, by tugs and barges, by grim warships, by sailing-vessels whose canvas gleamed, by snow-white fruit-boats from the tropics, by hulls from every port. Over the bridges, long slow lines of traffic crawled. And, far beyond to the dim horizon, stretched out the hives of men, till the blue depths of distance swallowed all in haze.

And as Flint gazed on this marvel, all created and maintained by human toil, by sweat and skill and tireless patience of the workers, a grim smile curved his lips.

"All mine, more or less," said he to himself, puffing deep on his cigar. "All yielding tribute to me, even as the mines and mills and factories I cannot see yield tribute! Even as the oil-wells, the pipe-lines, the railroads and the subways yield—even as the whole world yields it. All this labor, all this busy strife, I have a hand in. The millions eat and drink and buy and sell; and I take toll of it—yet it is not enough. I hold them in my hand, yet the hand cannot close, completely. And until it does, it is not enough! No, not enough for me!"

He pondered a moment, standing there musing at the window, surveying "all the wonders of the earth" that in its fulness, in that year of grace, 1921, bore tribute to him who toiled not, neither spun; and though he smiled, the smile was bitter.

"Not enough, yet," he reflected. "And how—how shall I close my grip? How shall I master all this, absolutely and completely, till it be mine in truth? Through light? The mob can do with less, if I squeeze too hard! Through food? They can economize! Transportation? No, the traffic will bear only a certain load! How, then? What is it they all must have, or die, that I control? What universal need, vital to rich and poor alike? To great and small? What absolute necessity which shall make my rivals in the Game as much my vassals as the meanest slave in my steel-mills? What can it be? For power I must have! Like Caesar, who preferred to be first in the smallest village, rather than be second at Rome, I can and will have no competitor. I must rule

all, or the game is worthless! But how?"

Almost as in answer to his mental question, a sudden gust of air swayed the curtain and brushed it against his face. And on the moment, inspiration struck him.

"What?" he exclaimed suddenly, his brows wrinkling, a strange and eager light burning in his hard eyes. "Eh, what? Can it—could it be possible? My God! If so—if it might be—the world would be my toy, to play with as I like!"

"If *that* could happen, kings and emperors would have to cringe and crawl to me, like my hordes of serfs all over this broad land. Statesmen and diplomats, president and judges, lawmakers and captains of industry, all would fall into bondage; and for the first time in history, one man would rule the earth, completely and absolutely—and *that man would be Isaac Flint!*"

Staggered by the very immensity of the bold thought, so vast that for a moment he could not realize it in its entirety, the Billionaire fell to pacing the floor of his office.

His cigar now hung dead and unnoticed between his thinly cruel lips. His hands were gripped behind his bent back, as he paced the priceless Shiraz rug, itself having cost the wage of a hundred workmen for a year's hard, grinding toil. And as he trod, up and down, up and down the rich apartments, a slow, grim smile curved his mouth.

"What editor could withstand me, then?" he was thinking. "What clergyman could raise his voice against my rule? Ah! Their 'high principles' they prate of so eloquently, their crack-brained economics, their rebellions and their strikes—the dogs!—would soon bowl down before *that* power! Men have starved for stiff-necked opposition's sake, and still may do so—but with my hand at the throat of the world, with the world's very life-breath in my grip, what then? Submission, or—ha!—well, we shall, see, we shall see!"

A subtle change came over his face, which had been growing paler for some minutes. Impatiently he flung away his cigar, and turning to his desk, opened a drawer, took out a little vial and uncorked it. He shook out two small white tablets, on the big sheet of plate-glass that covered the desk, swallowed them eagerly, and replaced the vial in the desk again. For be it known that, master of the world though Flint was, he too had a master—morphine. Long years he had bowed beneath its whip, the veriest slave of the insidious drug. No three hours could pass, without that dosage. His immense native will-power still managed to control the dose and not increase it; but years ago he had abandoned hope of ever diminishing or ceasing it. And now he thought no more of it than of—well, of breathing.

Breathing! As he stood up again and drew a deep breath, under the reviving influence of the drug, his inspiration once more recurred to him.

"Breath!" said he. "Breath is life. Without food and drink and shelter, men can live a while. Even without water, for some hours. But without *air*—they die, inevitably and at once. And if I make the air my own, then I am master of all life!"

And suddenly he burst into a harsh, jangling laugh.

"Air!" he cried, exultantly, "An Air Trust! By God in Heaven, it can be! It will be—and it must!"

His mind, somewhat sluggish before he had taken the morphine, now was working clearly and accurately again, with that fateful and undeviating precision which had made him master of billions of dollars and uncounted millions of human lives; which had woven his network of possession all over the United States, Europe and Asia and even Africa; which had drawn, as into a spider's web, the world's railroads and steamship lines, its coal and copper and steel, its oil and grain and beef, its every need—save air!

(Continued on page 10.)

SOCIALISTS: A MARVELOUS MONEY - MAKER NO CASH NEEDED—WE START YOU

Send No Money—10 Days' Free Trial

TO TEST THIS WONDERFUL NEW KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP

Better than Electric and Burns Less than Half as Much Oil as Common Lamp

WE DON'T ASK YOU TO PAY US A CENT

until you have used this wonderful new modern incandescent light in your home for 10 days, putting it to every possible test and then if you don't say that it is the greatest oil light that you have ever seen, or you are not thoroughly satisfied, you may send it back at our expense. You can't lose a penny. We want you to prove for yourself, as thousands upon thousands of others have, that the Aladdin has no equal; that it makes the ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; that it saves one-half on oil; that it beats electric, gasoline or acetylene; lights and is put out like old style oil lamp; burns common kerosene (coal oil) without odor, smoke or noise; is clean, won't explode, guaranteed.

THE ALADDIN Kerosene Mantle Lamp

is the sensation of the age in the science of lighting and is revolutionizing oil lighting everywhere, all because it produces the maximum white light with a mantle from common kerosene oil at the lowest possible cost and with a big saving of oil.

Women and Children Can Operate It With Ease

There are no complicated parts to get out of order, no "installing" necessary, no pumping up, no sub-flame, no dangerous features. Lights and is put out like the old style lamp everybody is familiar with. No matter how many lamps you may now have you cannot afford to be without an Aladdin if you value the eyesight, appreciate good light and wish to cut down your oil bill.

3 Million People Now Enjoying Its White Light

Every mail brings hundreds of enthusiastic letters from satisfied users endorsing the Aladdin as the most wonderful light they have ever seen. Such comments as "you have solved the problem of rural home lighting"; "I could not think of parting with my Aladdin"; "The grandest thing on earth"; "You could not buy it back at any price"; "Beats any light I have ever seen"; "A blessing to any household"; "It is the acme of perfection"; "Better than I ever dreamed possible"; "Wouldn't have believed it 'til I saw it," etc., etc., pour into our office every day. Good Housekeeping Institute of New York tested the Aladdin and writes us under date of September 5th, 1913—"We are pleased to inform you that we have given this device a most thorough trial and find that we can approve it."

Five Times as Efficient as the Best Round Wick Open Flame Lamps

Recent tests by great light scientists at 14 leading Universities throughout the United States and Canada, show that the Aladdin gives nearly three times as much light as the Rayo, Rochester and various similar round wick, open flame lamps and yet burns only about one-half the oil. Thus the Aladdin soon

Pays for Itself in Oil Saved

These same scientific tests showed that the quality of the light of the Aladdin is far superior to any other, even excelling tungsten electric and nearest of any to sunlight.

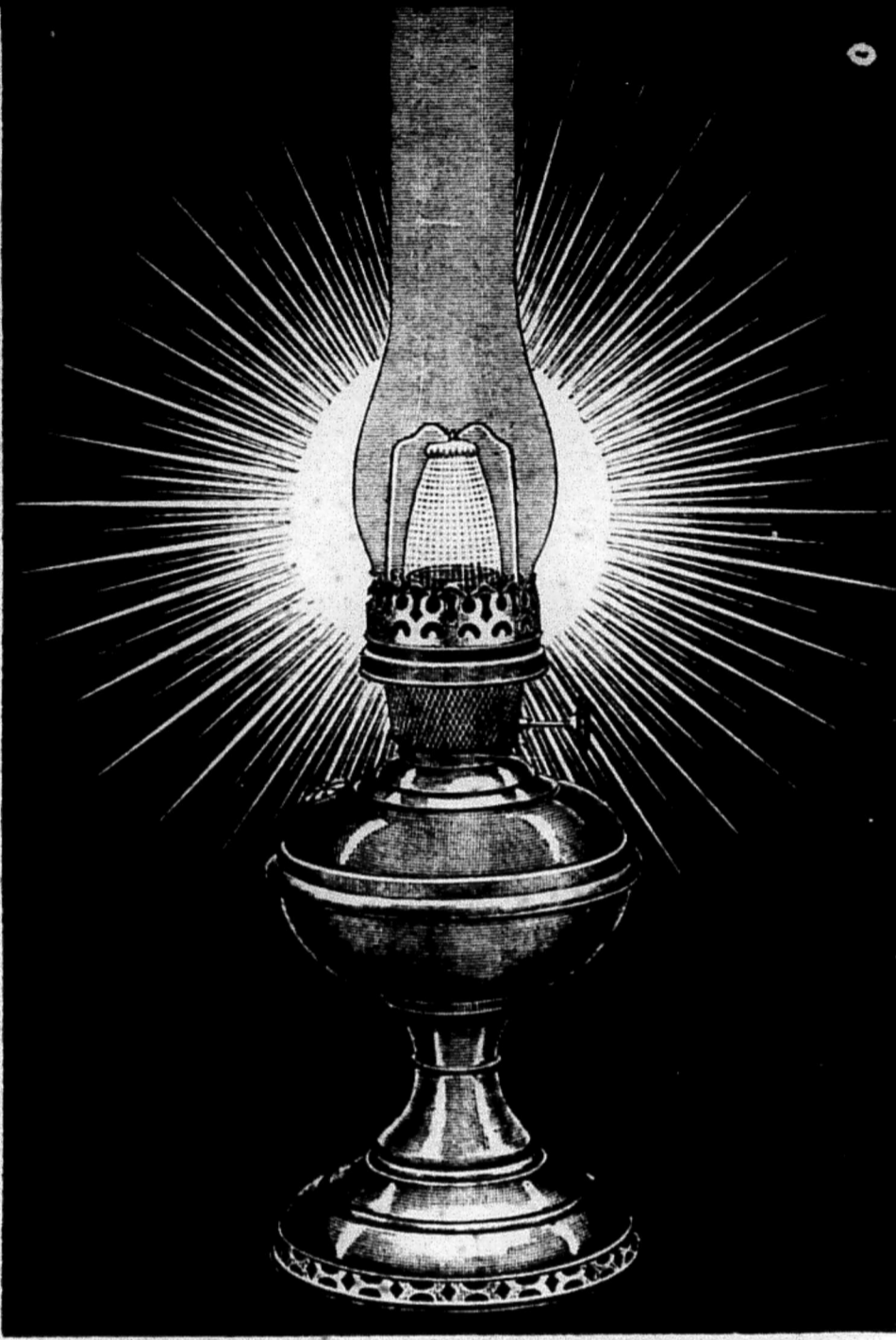
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We Also Have Hanging Lamps and Various Other Styles

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to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way (details of this offer given in our circular, which will be sent you.) Would we dare make such a strong challenge to the world if the Aladdin was not superior to all other oil lamps?

MEN WITH RIGS OR AUTOS Make \$100 to \$300 Per Month

delivering Aladdin lamps on our easy trial plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home or small town home needs it and will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 51 lamps the first seven days." Another who ordered over 200 in 30 days says: "I consider the Aladdin the best agency proposition I have ever had, and I have done agency work for 10 years." Another says: "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls." Thousands of others who are coining money endorse it just as strongly.

Sold 275 In 6 Weeks

Here is an exact copy of a letter written us recently by one of our enthusiastic farmer distributors who has made over \$2000 during spare time the past two winters:

"It is a pleasure to sell the Aladdin. It makes good on all your claims and it is easy to convince people that it is the best lamp on the market.

"I still use my first lamp as a demonstrator and it works perfectly although it has had pretty rough usage for over a year and a half.

"Between Jan. 2 and Feb. 20 I sold about 275 lamps making a profit of over \$500.00. I never saw anything that would sell equal to the Aladdin.

"I am a farmer and have had but little previous selling experience."

Another Sold Over 800 Lamps With Money Back Guarantee—Not One Returned

He writes: "I have sold over eight hundred Aladdin lamps in the past year and a half, requesting every buyer to return the lamp to me at any time they preferred their money back. I have never had a lamp returned."

These are only two out of thousands who have lifted themselves from the ranks of the underpaid-and-overworked into this easy, pleasant and highly profitable work. You can do the same.

No Money Required—We Furnish the Capital

You can get into a business of your own and make more money than you ever made before, without investing your own capital. We help you by giving you liberal credit.

Write Quick—Learn How to Get ONE FREE

We want one user in each locality to advertise and recommend the Aladdin. To that person we have a special introductory offer under which one lamp is given free.

DON'T DELAY Territory Is Going Fast

unless you act promptly, it may be too late and you will lose the opportunity of a lifetime.

Mail the Coupon and Get Full Particulars

10-Day FREE Trial Coupon

THE MANTLE LAMP CO.,
636 Aladdin Building, CHICAGO

Gentlemen:—Without obligating me in any way, you may send me details of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL, quote your Distributor's Prices and explain your Easy Delivery Plan under which inexperienced men make \$100 to \$300 per month on your capital without investing any money.

Name.....
P. O. Address..... State.....

R. S.



Spectacles ON TRIAL FREE

Don't Send Me A Penny When You Answer This Announcement.

I am putting on the market a large-eye, cable-temple spectacle, the frame of which is made of composition non-gold metal that looks like gold, although there is not one cent's worth of gold in their entire makeup. The hooks that go around the ears are made of soft twisted cable wire (just exactly like the high-priced spectacles now on the market) which will not hurt the most tender ears. I want you to send for these large-eye, cable-temple, non-gold spectacles of mine.

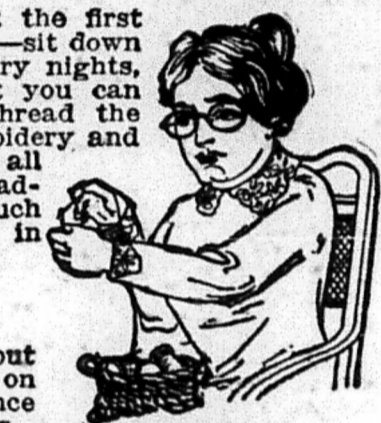
As soon as you get them I want you to put the first pair on your eyes—the reading and sewing spectacles—sit down in front of the open hearth one of these cold wintry nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible, thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eyepains, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.



If you like to go out hunting occasionally, put on the second pair—the distance and shooting spectacles—shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some bright and early morning, and you'll be greatly delighted to find that they help you wonderfully in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. And in the evening, when the

shadows are gathering in the dusk, you'll easily be able to distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on, and this even if your eyes are so very weak that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

But the third pair—the protection pair of spectacles—is the best of them all. With this pair of protection spectacles on your eyes, you will be able to work around in your kitchen and do your cooking in front of a red-hot stove, go out into the field and do your plowing, or go out driving in the brightest sunshine, or when the snow is on the ground, and they will prevent you from contracting those eye troubles usually caused by heat, dust, grit and dirt, and keep your eyes in good condition while doing your work.



Now Don't Take My Word For It

I am going to send these three pairs of spectacles home to you at once, all charges prepaid, so that you can try them out yourself for reading, sewing, hunting, driving, indoors, outdoors, anywhere, everywhere, anyway and everyway.

Can you get a squarer deal than this anywhere? Did you ever hear of a fairer or squarer proposition in which you are offered **3 pairs of large-eye, cable-temple spectacles to fit the whole family, on free trial** for fully ten days in your own home, without a cent in advance or even a reference?

Just fill in the below coupon and send it in at once without a cent of money. Do this right now before you forget it.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 48 ST. LOUIS, MO.

Please mail me, all charges prepaid, a complete family set of three pairs of reading, shooting and protection spectacles on 10 days' free trial, and if I find that I can read, sew, hunt and look away off in the distance with them just as well as I ever did in my life, then and then only will I pay you \$1.00 for the whole family set of 3 pairs. It is, however, positively and distinctly understood that if, after 10 days' free trial I don't like them for any reason whatsoever (and I am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you and will not owe you one single, solitary cent, as you have agreed to let me try them fully 10 days without one cent of pay, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that promise.

If you want any of these three pairs of spectacles to fit any other members of your family, give their ages on this line.....

How old are you?.....How many years have you used spectacles?.....

Name

Post Office.....

R. R. No.....Box No.....State.....

21 JEWELLED YEAR 20 SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH \$5.95

Guaranteed genuine 21 ruby jeweled watch, both case and movement guaranteed 20 years, latest Railroad model, adjusted to 3 positions, also heat and cold, patent regulator, exposed winding wheel, double snail white enamel dial, heavy grade hands. Elegantly engraved gold filled case, either open face or hunting style. Movement stamped and guaranteed 21 Jewel, case stamped 20 year guarantee. Worth \$25 to anyone who requires an absolutely accurate timekeeper. Biggest bargain ever offered. Send your name and address and we will send this watch C.O.D. by Insured Parcel Post. Pay your postman \$5.95 when you receive the watch. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded. Order today, mention open face or hunting style. ARNOLD WATCH CO., Dept. 311. CHICAGO, ILL.

And now, keen on the track of this last great inspiration, the Billionaire strode to his revolving book-case, whirled it round and from its shelves jerked a thick volume, a smaller book and some pamphlets.

"Let's have some facts!" said he, flinging them onto his desk, and seating himself before it in a costly chair of teak. "Once I get an outline of the facts and what I want to do, then my subordinates can carry out my plans. Before all, I must have facts!"

For half an hour he thumbed his references, noting all the salient points mentally, without taking a single note; for, so long as the drug still acted, his brain was an instrument of unsurpassed keenness and accuracy.

A sinister figure he made, as he sat there poring intently over the technical books before him, contrasting strangely with the beauty and the luxury of the office. On the mantel, over the fireplace of Carrara marble, ticked a Louis XIV clock, the price of which might have saved the lives of a thousand workingmen's children during the last summer's torment. Gold-woven tapestries from Rouen covered the walls, whereon hung etchings and rare prints. Old Flint's office, indeed, had more the air of an art gallery than a place where grim plots and deals innumerable had been put through, law-makers corrupted past counting, and the destinies of nations bent beneath his corded, lean and nervous hand. And now, as the Billionaire sat there thinking, smiling a smile that boded no good to the world, the soft spring air that had inspired his great plan still swayed the silken curtains.

Of a sudden, he slammed the big book shut, that he was studying, and rose to his feet with a hard laugh—the laugh that had presaged more than one calamity to mankind. Beneath the sweep of his mustache one caught the glint of a gold tooth, sharp and unpleasant.

A moment he stood there, keen, eager, dominant, his hands gripping the edge of the desk till the big knuckles whitened. He seemed the embodiment of harsh and unrelenting Power—power over men and things, over their laws and institutions; power which, like Alexander's, sought only new worlds to conquer; power which found all metes and bounds too narrow.

"Power!" he whispered, as though to voice the inner meaning of the picture. "Life, air, breath—the very breath of the world in my hands—power absolute, at last!"

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTNERS.

THEN, as was his habit, translating ideas into immediate action, he strode to a door at the far end of the

office, flung it open and said: "See here a minute, Wally!" "Busy!" came an answering voice, from behind a huge roll-top desk.

"Of course! But drop it, drop it. I've got news for you."

"Urgent?" asked the voice, coldly.

"Very. Come in here, a minute. I've got to unload!"

From behind the big desk rose the figure of a man about five-and-forty, sandy-haired, long-faced and sallow, with a pair of the coldest, fishiest eyes—eyes set too close together—that ever looked out of a flat and ugly face. A man precisely dressed, something of a fop, with just a note of the "sport" in his get-up; a man to fear; a man cool, wary and dangerous—Maxim Waldron, in fact, the Billionaire's right-hand man and confidant. Waldron, for some time affianced to his eldest daughter. Waldron, the arch-corruptionist; Waldron, who never yet had been "caught with the goods," but who had financed scores of industrial and political campaigns, with Flint's money and his own; Waldron, the smooth, the suave, the perilous.

"What now?" asked he, fixing his pale blue eyes on the Billionaire's face.

"Come in here, and I'll tell you."

"Right!" And Waldron, brushing an invisible speck of dust from the sleeve of his checked coat, strolled rather casually into the Billionaire's office.

Flint closed the door. "Well?" asked Waldron, with something of a drawl. "What's the excitement?"

"See here," began the great financier, stimulated by the drug, "we've been wasting our time, all these years, with our petty monopolies of beef and coal and transportation and all such trifles!"

"So?" And Waldron drew from his pocket a gold cigar-case, monogrammed with diamonds. "Trifles, eh?" He carefully chose a perfecto. "Perhaps; but we've managed to rub along, eh? Well, if these are trifles, what's on?"

"Air!"

"Air?" Waldron's match poised a moment, as with a slight widening of the pale blue eyes he surveyed his partner. "Why—er—what do you mean, Flint?"

"The Air Trust!"

"Eh?" And Waldron lighted his cigar.

"A monopoly of breathing-privileges!"

"Ha! Ha!" Waldron's laugh was as mirthful as a grave-yard raven's croak. "Nothing to it, old man. Forget it, and stick to——"

"Of course! I might have expected as much from you!" retorted the Billionaire, tartly. "You've got neither imagination nor——"

"Nor any fancy for wild-goose chases," said Waldron, easily, as

(Continued on page 12.)



George Allan England, the world-famed novelist, and author of the great 20th Century Story, "THE AIR TRUST."

'GENE DEBS SAYS:

"When the manuscript came into my hands it was impossible to let go until it was finished. * * * The die was cast. The

'Air Trust'

appear, simply had to be executed. . . . From now on the plot becomes more and more startling, and the developments more and more thrilling. Wonderful and still more wonderful; each page throbs more intensely with the recital of these climacteric events. The world of Capitalism rushes blindly to its doom and the dramatic splendor of this epic matches the cosmic glory of the catastrophe. . . . GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND HAS GIVEN US THE SUPREME STORY OF THE SUPREME STRUGGLE."

The interest in the "AIR TRUST" has become so intense throughout the nation, and the RIP-SAW club-getters are so hard at work, that we have extended the

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Beacon Burner FREE
FITS YOUR OLD LAMP.
 100 Candle Power Incandescent pure white light from (kerosene) coal oil. Beats either gas or electricity. **COSTS ONLY 1 CENT FOR 6 HOURS** We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our Special Offer to secure a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. AGENTS WANTED.
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NO MORE WASH DAY!
EASY METHOD
Of Cleaning Clothes
 Cleans Family Wash in 30 to 50 Minutes—
 Woman's Hardest Work Made Easy—
 No Motors! No Chemicals!
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he sat down in the big leather chair. "Air? Hot air, Flint! No, no, it won't do! Nothing to it, nothing at all!"

For a moment the Billionaire regarded him with a look of intense irritation. His thin lips moved, as though to emit some caustic answer; but he managed to keep silence. The two men looked at each other, a long minute; then Flint began again:

"Listen, now, and keep still! The idea came to me not an hour ago, this morning, looking over the city, here. We've got a finger in everything but the atmosphere, the most important thing of all. If we could control that —"

"Of course, I understand," interrupted the other, blowing a ring of smoke. "Unlimited power and so on. Looks very nice, and all. Only, it can't be done. Air's too big, too fluid, too universal. Human powers can't control it, any more than the ocean. Talk about monopolizing the Atlantic, if you will, Flint. But for heaven's sake, drop —"

"Can't be done, eh?" exclaimed Flint, warmly, sitting down on the desk-top and levelling a big-jointed forefinger at his partner. "That's what every new idea has had to meet. It's no argument! People scoffed at the idea of gas-lighting when it was new. Called it 'burning smoke,' and made merry over it. That was as recently as 1832. But ten years' later, gas-illumination was in full sway.

"Electric lighting met the same objection. And remember the objection to the telephone? When Congress, in 1843, granted Morse an appropriation of \$30,000 to run the first telegraph-line from Baltimore to Washington, one would-be humorist in that supremely intelligent body tried to introduce an amendment that part of the sum should be spent in surveying a railroad to the moon! And —"

"Granted," put in Waldron, "that my objection is futile, just what's your idea?"

"This!" And Flint stabbed at him with his forefinger, while the other financier regarded him with a fishily amused eye. "Every human being in this world — and there are 1,900,000,000 of them now! — is breathing, on the average, 16 cubic feet of air every hour, or about 400 a day. The total amount of oxygen actually absorbed in the 24 hours, by each person, is about 17 cubic feet, or over 30 billions of cubic feet of oxygen, each day, in the entire world. Get that?"

"Well?" drawled the other. "Don't you see?" snapped Flint, irritably. "Imagine that we extract oxygen from the air. Then —"

"You might as well try to dip up the ocean with a spoon," said Waldron, "as try to vitiate the atmosphere of the whole world, by any means whatsoever! But

even if you could, what then?" "Look here!" exclaimed the Billionaire. "It only needs a reduction of 10% in the atmospheric oxygen to make the air so bad that nobody can breathe it without discomfort and pain. Take out any more and people will die! We don't have to monopolize all the oxygen, but only a very small fraction, and the world will come gasping to us, like so many fish out of water, falling over each other to buy!"

"Possibly. But the details?" "I haven't worked them out yet, naturally. I needn't. Herzog will take care of those. He and his staff. That's what they're for. Shall we put it up to him? What? My God, man! Think of the millions in it—the billions! The power! The —"

"Of course, of course!" interposed Waldron, calmly, eyeing his smoke. "Don't get excited, Flint. Rome wasn't built in a day. There may be something in this; possibly there may be the germ of an idea. I don't say it's impossible. It looks visionary to me; but then, as you well say, so has every new idea always looked. Let me think, now; let me think."

"Go ahead and think!" growled the Billionaire. "Think and be hanged to you! I'm going to act!"

Waldron vouchsafed no reply, but merely eyed his partner with cold interest, as though he were some biological specimen under a lens, and smoked the while.

Flint, however, turned to his telephone and pulled it toward him, over the big sheet of plate-glass. Impatiently he took off the receiver and held it up to his ear.

"Hello, hello! 2438 John!" he exclaimed, in answer to the query of "Number, please?"

Silence, a moment, while Waldron slowly drew at his cigar and while the Billionaire tugged with impatience at his gray mustache.

"Hello! That you, Herzog?" "All right. I want to see you at once. Immediately, understand?"

"Very well. And say, Herzog!"

"Bring whatever literature you have on liquid air, nitrogen extraction from the atmosphere, and so on. Understand? And come at once!"

"That's all! Good-bye!"

Smiling dourly, with satisfaction, he hung up and shoved the telephone away again, then turned to his still reflecting partner, who had now hoisted his patent-leather boots to the window-sill and seemed absorbed in regarding their gloss through a blue veil of nicotine.

"Herzog," announced the Billionaire, "will be here in ten minutes, and we'll get down to business."

"So?" languidly commented the immaculate Waldron. "Well, much as I'd like to flatter your astuteness, Flint, I'm bound to say you're barking up a false trail, this time! Beef, yes. Steel, yes. Railroads, steamships, coal, iron, wheat, yes. All tangible, all concrete, all susceptible of being weighed, measured, put in figures, fenced and bounded, legislated about and so on and so forth. But air —!"

He snapped his manicured fingers, to show his well-considered contempt for the Billionaire's scheme, and, throwing away his only half-smoked cigar chose a fresh one.

Flint made no reply, but with an angry grunt flung a look of scorn at the calm and placid one. Then, furtively opening his desk drawer, he once more sought the little vial and took two more pellets—an action which Waldron, without moving his head, complacently observed in a heavily-beveled mirror that hung between the windows.

"Air," murmured Waldron, suavely, "Hot air, Flint?"

No answer, save another grunt and the slamming of the desk-drawer.

And thus, in silence, the two men, masters of the world, awaited the coming of the practical scientist, the proletarian, on whom they both, at last analysis, had to rely for most of their results.

CHAPTER III.

THE BAITING OF HERZOG

HERZOG was not long in arriving. To be summoned in haste by Isaac Flint, and to delay, was

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unthinkable. For eighteen years the chemist had lickspittled to the Billionaire. Keen though his mind was, his character and stamina were those of a jellyfish; and when the Master took snuff, as the saying is, Herzog never failed to sneeze.

He therefore appeared, now, in some ten minutes—a fat, rubicund, spectacled man, with a cast in his left eye and two fingers missing, to remind him of early days in experimental work on explosives. Under his arm he carried several tomes and pamphlets; and so, bowing first to one financier, then to the other, he stood there on the threshold, awaiting his masters' pleasure.

"Come in, Herzog," directed Flint. "Got some material there on liquid air, and nitrogen, and so on?"

"Yes, sir. Just what is it you want, sir?"

"Sit down, and I'll tell you,"—for the chemist, hat in hand, ventured not to seat himself unbidden in presence of these plutocrats.

Herzog, murmuring thanks for Flint's gracious permission, deposited his derby on top of the revolving book-case, sat down tentatively on the edge of a chair and clutched his books as though they had been so many shields against the redoubted power of his masters.

"See here, Herzog," Flint fired at him, without any preliminaries or beating around the bush, "what do you know about the practical side of extracting nitrogen from atmospheric air? Or extracting oxygen, in liquid form? Can it be done—that is, on a commercial basis?"

"Why, no, sir—yes, that is—perhaps, I mean—"

"What the devil do you mean?" snapped Flint, while Waldron smiled maliciously as he smoked. "Yes, or no? I don't pay you to muddle things. I pay you to know, and to tell me! Get that? Now, how about it?"

"Well, sir—hm!—the fact is," and the unfortunate chemist blinked through his glasses with extreme uneasiness, "the fact of the matter is that the processes involved haven't been really perfected, as yet. Beginnings have been made, but no large-scale work has been done, so far. Still, the principle—"

"Is sound?"

"Yes, sir. I imagine—"

"Cut that! You aren't paid for imagining!" interrupted the Billionaire, stabbing at him with that characteristic gesture. "Just what do you know about it? No technicalities, mind! Essentials, that's all, and in a few words!"

"Well, sir," answered Herzog, plucking up a little courage under this pointed goading, "so far as the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen goes, more progress has been made in England and Scandinavia, than here. They're working on it, over there, to obtain cheap and plentiful fertilizer from the air. Nitrogen can be obtained from the air, even now, and made into fertilizers even cheaper than the Chili saltpeter. Oxygen is liberated as a by-product, and—"

"Oh, it is, eh? And could it be saved? In liquid form, for instance?"

"I think so, sir. The Siemens & Halske interests, in Germany, are doing it already, on a limited scale. In Norway and Austria, nitrogen has been manufactured from air, for some years."

"On a paying, commercial basis?" demanded Flint, while Waldron, now a trifle less scornful, seemed to listen with more interest as his eyes rested on the rotund form of the scientist.

"Yes, sir, quite so," answered Herzog. "It's commercially feasible, though not a very profitable business at best. The gas is utilized in chemical combination with a substantial base, and—"

"No matter about that, just yet," interrupted Flint. "We can have details, later. Do you know of any such business as yet, in the United States?"

"Well, sir, there's a plant building at Great Falls, South Carolina, for the purpose. It is to run by water-power and develop 5000 H. P."

"Hear that, Waldron?" demanded the Billionaire. "It's already beginning even here! But not one of these plants

is working for what I see as the prime possibility. No imagination, no grasp on the subject! No wonder most inventors and scientists die poor! They incubate ideas and then lack the warmth to hatch them into general application. It takes men like us, Wally—practical men—to turn the trick!" He spoke a bit rapidly, almost feverishly, under the influence of the subtle drug. "Now if we take hold of this game, why, we can shake the world as it has never yet been shaken! Eh, Waldron? What do you think, now?"

Waldron only granted, non-committally. Flint with a hard glance at his unresponsive partner, once more turned to Herzog.

"See here, now," directed he. "What's the best process now in use?"

"For what, sir?" ventured the timid chemist.

"For the simultaneous production of nitrogen and oxygen, from the atmosphere!"

"Well, sir," he answered, deprecatingly, as though taking a great liberty even in informing his master on a point the master had expressly asked about, "there are three processes. But all operate only on a small scale."

"Whoever told you I wanted to work on a large scale?" demanded Flint, savagely.

"I—er—er—inferred—beg pardon, sir—I—"

And Herzog quite lost himself and floundered hopelessly, while his mismatched eyes wandered about the room as though seeking the assurance he so sadly lacked.

"Confine yourself to answering what I ask you," directed Flint, crisply. "You're not paid to infer. You're paid to answer questions on chemistry, and to get results. Remember that!"

"Yes, sir," meekly answered the chemist, while Waldron smiled with cynical amusement. He enjoyed nothing so delightedly as any grilling of an employee, whether miner, railroad man, clerk, ship's captain or what not. This baiting, by Flint, was a rare treat to him.

"Go on," commanded the Billionaire, in a badgering tone. "What are the processes?" He eyed Herzog as though the man had been an ox, a dog or even some inanimate object, coldly and with narrow-lidded condescension. To him, in truth, men were no more than Shelley's "plow or sword or spade" for his own purpose—things to serve him and

to be ruled—or broken—as best served his ends. "Go on! Tell me what you know; and no more!"

"Yes, sir," ventured Herzog. "There are three processes to extract nitrogen and oxygen from air. One is by means of what the German scientists call *Kalkstickstoff*, that is, calcium cyanamide. It is done with a reaction between calcium carbide and nitrogen, and the reaction-symbols are—"

"No matter," Flint waived him, promptly. "I don't care for formulas or details. What I want is results and general principles. Any other way to extract these substances, in commercial quantities, from the air—we breathe?"

"Two others. But one of these operates at a prohibitive cost. The other—"

"Yes, yes." What is it?" Flint slid off the edge of the table and walked over to Herzog, stood there in front of him, and bowed down at him with eager eyes, the pupils contracted by morphine, but very bright. "What's the best way?"

"With the electric arc, sir," answered the chemist, mopping his brow. This grilling method reminded him of what he had heard of "Third Degree" tortments. "That's the best method, sir."

"Now in use, anywhere?"

"In Notodden, Norway. They have firebrick furnaces, you understand, sir, with an alternating current of 5000 volts between water-cooled copper electrodes. The resulting arc is spread by powerful electro-magnets, so. And he illustrated with his right acid-stained-fingers. "Spread out like a disk or sphere of flame, of electric fire, you see."

"Yes, and what then?" demanded Flint, while his partner, forgetting how to smile, sat there by the window scrutinizing him. One saw, now, the terribly keen and prehensile intellect at work under the mask of assumed foppishness and jesting indifference—the quality, for the most part masked, which had earned Waldron the nickname of "Tiger" in Wall Street.

"What then?" repeated Flint, once more levelling that potent forefinger at the sweating Herzog.

"Well, sir, that gives a large reactive surface, through which the air is driven by powerful rotary fans. At the high temperature of the electric arc in air, the molecules of nitrogen and

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Roman Catholic Concern Caught With Stolen Goods

On Friday, December 4 last, a stolen package was sent to the office of the Central Bureau of the Roman Catholic Central Union in the Temple Building in St. Louis and contained a big haul containing probably 10,000 envelopes addressed to the Monaca, the anti-Catholic paper of Apopka, Mo. These envelopes had originally contained communications to the Monaca. The knowledge that these envelopes were in the possession of the Catholic Central Union, which is one of the largest Roman Catholic publishing concerns in the United States, and which is flooding the country with pamphlets partly religious but mostly anti-Socialist, was first obtained by Henry M. Tichenor, editor of the Morning Post, who informed the Monaca, and in connection with Marvin Brown, editor of the Monaca, captured the stolen goods. The trick by which the Roman Catholic organization got possession of these envelopes, and the apparent purpose for which they were used, is a fine exposure of an institution supposed to be religious. On the upper left-hand corner of these envelopes, as is customary, appears the name of the sender and his address. It is evident that it was these names and addresses that the Roman Catholic foreign wanted. What for? Certainly to no good purpose.

It is a well known fact to publishers of anti-Socialist and even thought and even Socialist papers that a system of latent printing worked

through some source all over the country against subscribers to such publications. Merchants have their goods and men are thrown out of work and hounded from place to place. Some awfully wicked is stabbing them in the back. Suspicion has pointed pretty strong to the Roman Catholic Church but how it obtained the names of all those subscribers to anti-Socialist and other left papers has been a mystery. Now, here the Monaca's call on the Roman Catholic Temple Building in St. Louis has thrown some light on the subject. It has been since ascertained that immediately following the capture that secured this big haul of envelopes, that another big haul was hurried out of the Temple Building and concealed in a heavy crate. How much more such but the Catholic Church of America has in its possession is hard to estimate. The two hauls now known of must have contained upwards of 100,000 envelopes, nearly all of them having the name of the writer and his address on the upper left-hand corner.

It is generally known that all waste paper is sold to paper houses to be reduced to pulp and made into new paper. From now on, to be on the safe side, publishers of papers that do not suit the holy fathers had better burn all envelopes. Henry M. Tichenor, in the January Morning Post, has handled this story without photos. If you want to read it send a 2 cent stamp to the Morning Post, St. Louis.

leader, and Thursday he mailed the following letter to Lucius O'Hare:

Dear Lucius, Dec. 10, 1914. Toronto No. 1730, Jackson, Mich. My Dear Brother: I do not know who you are, but I have read your Christmas letter and I send you my greeting with my heart in it. You may be a socialist, but you are my brother and when your message came to me I was touched to tears.

There is more of the real religion of Jesus Christ in the spirit you breathe out to the world from behind your prison bars than in all of the orthodox sermons ever preached. You love the little children even as He did and you are in prison, while He was crucified. It is well that you are patient and forgiving. The world moves slowly. It may still be said "They know not what they do."

You had the misfortune to be born in a society not yet civilized. Jesus loved the sinner into goodness. His professed followers shut them out from God's sunlight and torture them into crime and degeneracy. The sinner do not make themselves. God made them. Let Him judge them.

The society that sent you to prison devotes its own offspring. Thousands of little children are starved, stunted and ground into deadness in the mills of manumission. It is this Christian society's heinous, neglected babies to whom you, one of its converts, feel moved to send the penitence comes from your blood and agony. What a sermon and what a rebuke!

If you ought to be in the position, I know of not one who is fit to be out. Believe me with heart and hand, your brother and fellow man. From the Love, Harry T. Wilson.

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24th	South, Wash.
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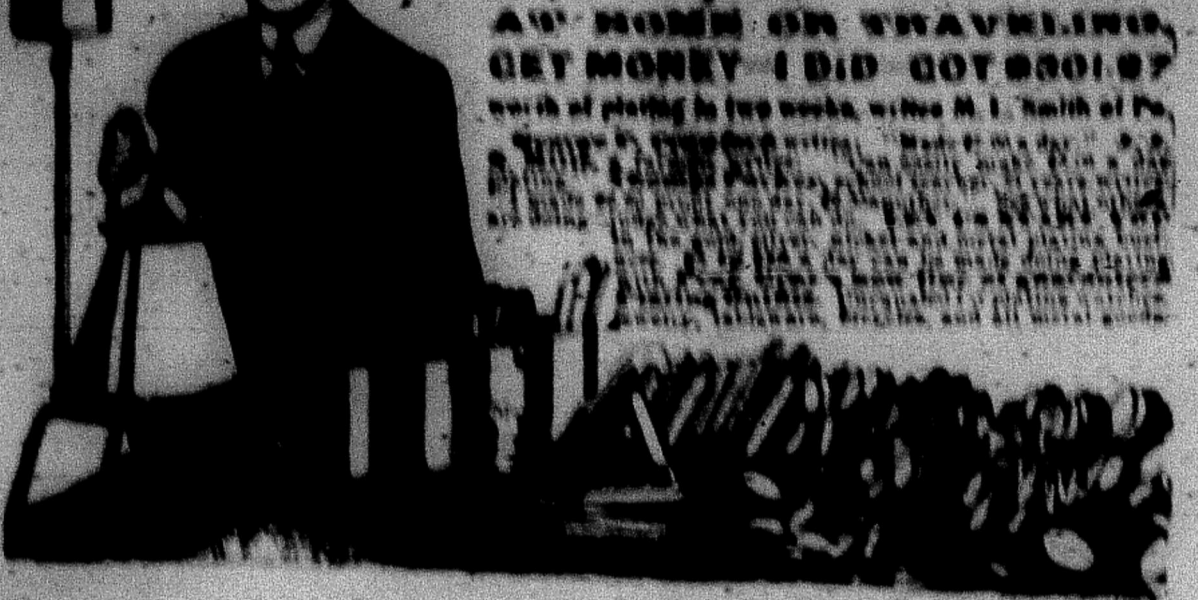
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Hundreds of locals were disappointed last year by waiting too long before applying for a RIP-SAW meeting. The dates are being rapidly applied for. Every mail brings in a bunch of inquiries. We can possibly send the speakers to your section only once this year. Apply at once, and thus be sure of having a Debs or O'Hare date.

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TOBE SPILKINS

His Lettur (W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editor: I've got up here on the firin' line and am a campin' out with the allies, but I reckon I had the dadgum-medest time a gittin' here uv ennybody that ever tride it. This thing uv bein' a diplomatt ain't as ezy as sum mite think, altho the pay is purty good. In the first place you've got to lie, then you've got to lie agin, and then you've got to lie sum more. Uv korse lyin' ain't no new thing fur me to do fur havin' bin a Demakratiek politishun fur nigh ontu forty years I've dun a lots uv it in my time, but them kind uv lies wuz redy maid and furnished to us free uv charge. They wuz manu-factured at Demokratiek headquar-ters and sent out in earload lots. But a diplomat has got to make his own lies as he goes, and sumtime he ain't got more'n a minute to do it and sumtimes not that long. Enny fool can tell a lie after it is already maid, but it takes a smart man to make one and tell it and then git away from it before it catches him and throws him down.

When I told that old farmer about meet and other things to ete bein' so high in Burleen and indooed him to gather up a load and go throo with me I knowed we couldn't git throo the fightin' lines with a load like that, but I didnt suppose they wood talk it from us lay-dashusly. But they did, and it purty neert broke the old feller's hart. I'll tell you how it wuz. We had bin on the rode 2 days and it wuz a gittin' along towards the shank uv the evening. We cood heer the cannon a firin' all day and several times the old farmer wanted to turn bak, but I perswaded him to kepe on. We wuz a gittin' purty well up towards the firin' line and we cood see the smoke uv the battle, and smell it, too. The old farmer wuz skered, but sum-how I wuzent a bit asferd. The military spirit cum over me and I felt like I wanted to ete sum-body raw. Well, we wuz a joggin' along when a soljer stepped out from behind sum bushes and tuk hold uv the bridle rance and stopped us. He asked us where wuz we a goin'. The old farmer started to tel him we wuz on our way to Burleen, but we bein' a diplomatt knowed that woodent do, fur the allies woodent stand fur us a haulin' uv provisions to their enemies, so I told him we wuz jist a talkin' sum things to market. That wuz no lie, but diplomatts don't have to lie when the trooth soots better. The soljer let go uv our horse and cum round to see what we had. He looked offully tickled and filled his pockets with peonuts

and appels. Then he told us how to go to git tu market. We driv on till we got purty neert up tu where they wuz a shootin' frum behind the breast wurks. Purty sune we cum tu the Com-mysary where the soljer told us tu go. Az we driv up a feller cum out and looked over what we had and sed he wood take the whole load. The old farmer wanted to know how much he wood pay. The feller told him he wood fix the price after they got the stuff unloded. The old farmer wuzent a goin' tu let him talk it but the feller beckoned fur a soljer, who had a gun, to cum there and then the old farmer didnt maik enny further kick, except he sed he wood like to kepe the chickens. But the feller what kept the Kommissary sed chickens wuz in speshul demand, that they had a lot uv preechers up there a prayin' tu God to help 'em kill so many Gurmans that the rest uv 'em wood run away and vicktory wood purch upon the banners uv the allies and set there forever. He sed them preechers wuz so konstruckted that they had to be fed chicken, and he proved it by the soljer who had the gun. Then the old farmer subided and commenced tu git redy tu drive off. The feller what wuz a runnin' uv the Kommissary give him a order on the govern-ment fur what his stuff cum tu. It wuz payable six veers after the war wuz over. The old man looked at it and the teers cum in his eye. It wuz too bad, but it coodent be helped. That wuz war. Az he wuz puttin' in the endgate and gittin' redy tu go, a feller dressed in a unyform and 2 soljers with guns stopped in front uv the horse and wuz a lookin' at him. "That's a purty good horse," sed the officer in the unyform. "I goss he will do." Then one uv the soljers begunned to unhitch him. The old farmer asked them what they wuz a goin' tu do. The officer told him the government wanted the horse fur the kavalry surryes and give him another order on the government payable ten veers after the war ended. While the old farmer wuz a watchin' uv them load off his horse another officer in unyform and four soljers with guns cum up and the officer asked him a few quost-shuns which he answered tu the satisfackshun uv the officer who sed the government needed his surryes and he wood take grate pleskure in konducting him down tu the place where they enlist and jine the army.

"I don't want to enlist," sed the farmer.

"I know it," sed the officer, "but the government is in

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extrem nede uv men and insista on your enlistment. If you don't go long quietly with me these soljers will have tu force you." Then the old man broke down.

"It will break up my home," he cried, "I didnt have enny-thing tu du with gittin' up the war. Let the fellers what got it up du the fitin'."

The officer maid a sine tu the soljers and they tuk hold uv the old man and led him away.

While they wuz a duin' uv this 2 big boys cum and pulled the wagon back behind the Kommysary and begunned cuttin' it up into kindlin' wood.

"Gosh," I sed az I watched the boys knock that wagon tu peeces, "this militaryism iz purty tuff on the natives."

Jist then sumboddy tuched me on the sholder. I turned round and saw a officer in a unyform akkompined by six soljers with guns.

"What iz your bizness here?" he sed in a imperious tone.

"I'm a diplomatt," I sed, a drawin' myself up tu my full hite.

"A what?" he sed.

"A diplomatt," I answered.

"I karry a message from the president uv the United Staits."

That wuz a knob-out blow, he stepped bak and salooted me. Then he sed I had better go with him and see the Kurnel, fur if I stood 'round there a recrootin' officer mite git me and put me tu a lot-uv trubbok. I went with him up tu the Kurnel's tent, and he interdoosed me and then, after salootin' the Kurnel, went out and left us alone. I showed the Kurnel my commissahun az Kurnel uv the Smooth Riders. He warmed up tu me rite now and sent out fur a kase uv wine. It wuzent long a comin' and we sot down tu the table and wuz sune a halpin' uv ourselves and a talkin' jist like we had bin old friends fur years. Az the wine got tu warmin' us up we got confidenshul and I showed him the lettur which the president writ tu Bill Kizer, the emperor uv Germany. He sed that wuz a important dokument and ord tu "be got throo, but advised me tu not show it tu ennybody else or they mite arrest me fur karryin' aid and comfort tu the enemy. He sed he that he cotd put me throo on my commissahun as a Amerikan officer a staidin' war methods in Yurope. I told him I wood akt out that karakter and he wood go ahead and do what he cood. He tuk my Kurnel's commissahun and sed it wood have tu go first tu the Gigadief Brindie, then tu the Major General, then tu the General, then tu the Chief uv staff, then tu the Minister uv war, then tu the President uv France, then tu the Minister uv Penitenshiary uv the United Staits, then tu the President uv the United Staits and then, if it wuz all rite, it wood com bak agin by the same rout

and they wood all sign it, and then he wood du his durndest tu git me throo.

So I'm a waitin' and a watchin' and aktin' out the part he told me tu, a drinkin' uv his wine and a etin' uv his vittuls. We git the war nooze here every day. A week ago yesterday the Germans wuz drov' bak about three inches neer Vurdan, but gained a quarter uv a inch uv the ground bak the next day. They wuz 20 thousand uv 'em killed and 7 thousand takin' prizoners. One day this week over neer Wipers the allies lost 3 quarters uv a inch uv ground but inflicted grate loss on the enemy. The Germans maid a attak on our posishun on last Friday, but were repulsed with a loss of 40 thousand ded and wounded and 12 thousand a missin'. A report from Petergrad, which iz claimed tu be offishul, sez the Rushians tuk fifty thousand prizoners and killed purty neert that menny more. Burleen sends out a offishul statement that the German take 60 thousand Ruslian prizoners. In Poleland and Salishy there has bin sum hevvy fightin' and both armies iz on the retreat. The Germans air still a shootin' at God's house at Rheems. A big battle iz looked for on the next change uv the moon. Turkey iz a bein' gobbled up, and Greece iz about tu spil over. Chiny iz bein' cracked and broken sum but still remanes neutral. Peru, the place where they make peruna, iz afrade the Germans iz a goin' tu git Chilly and has called on the United Staits tu chase 'em out uv the Pasific oshen. I don't know how long I'll be here but I'm goin' tu git throo the lines jist as sune as I can and talk that lettur tu Bill Kizer. I am anxious tu know what kind uv wurd he will send bak tu Woodsaw. I went up in front on the firin' line tu day. I got 2 bullet holes throo my hal I shroo my sleeve and 3 throo my cote tale. I didn't stay long. Goodbuy. I'll rite agin sune.

Yours truly,
TOBE SPILKINS,
Diplomat.

WE have printed many thousand extra copies of this issue so that new subscribers may begin their subscriptions with the January issue, containing the opening chapters of the AIR TRUST.

SOCIALIST ELECTED TO N. M. LEGISLATURE

CLAYTON, NEW MEXICO, December 8, 1914.—I thought the comrad of Curry County, New Mexico, would report to you their victory on November 3rd jist past, and for this reason, as well as because I was "going some," I did not.

Comrade W. C. Sharp, of St. Vrain, Curry County, was elected to the state house of representatives, securing 300 votes against 304 for Kieley, his opponent, one vote going to a third candidate. The county went democratic as to all other candidates.—**A. James McDonald.**

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Building a Business Without Capital

By E. T. DURHAM



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anyway I figured it one of these stuck out head and shoulders above the others. It was the proposition of the E. M. Davis Soap Company, 1125 Davis Building, Chicago, just like the one that appears below.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gradually I learned to sell goods more

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

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

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



E. M. DAVIS, President

I WILL GIVE YOU A JOB

That Pays \$30 to \$50 a Week

Representing my line of household necessities. I manufacture a line of household necessities—necessities that are used in the home more times during one day than any other commodity you might mention. My goods are in demand in every home in the United States. **If you are inexperienced here is your chance to make big money.** If you are experienced then you know the difference between selling a luxury and a necessity.

No Experience Necessary

You need no experience. No matter who you are—where you live—of what bad luck you've had with other lines, get this straight: I manufacture a whole line of HIGH class toilet necessities like Soaps, Perfumes, Creams, etc. by my own special process that insures all-around low prices. And believe me, when "Davis" says a thing you can bet your last shirt on it. When I say low prices, I mean as low that every housewife can buy from you and save one-half regular price. That's not 1% of 100. Then, you, I pack these things in such little boxes that take the ladies. I have started thousands of men and women in this business—have shown them the sure way to make big money. Everybody wants to know how to make money. Now let me show you. I have facts to convince you.

Hurry To Get Territory

I can only use a certain number of men agents and it is essential that you get in touch with me at once. This is absolutely the truth! I guarantee all my agents certain territory and as soon as I have disposed of the territory no one can get any for love or money. When you work for me you do not have to be scared of another agent stepping on your toes. I do not under any circumstances allow more than one agent to each portion of the territory. So you must get busy and send in the coupon for full particulars if you wish to be a member of the Davis family of money-makers. Fill in the coupon and mail it NOW.

Read what they Say

ALWAYS DOING BIG BUSINESS.
A. ———, Okla., Aug. 16, 1912.
This is Thursday a. m. I have sold \$120.00 worth of goods so far this week, and will run up to \$200.00 by Saturday.
G. O. Ernest.

YOUNG AND OLD MAKE GOOD.
P. ———, Pa., May 1, 1912.
I will soon be 67 years old. My grand-son is 22 years old, so don't expect much from us old people, but all the same I got fifty orders in about three days of my last eight hours each.
W. T. Spence.

SIXTY-NINE SALES, TWO DAYS, PROFIT OVER \$12.00.
H. ———, Wis.
I received samples O. K. and worked Monday and Tuesday. Got sixty-nine orders that are to be delivered the 18th.
W. E. Gibson.

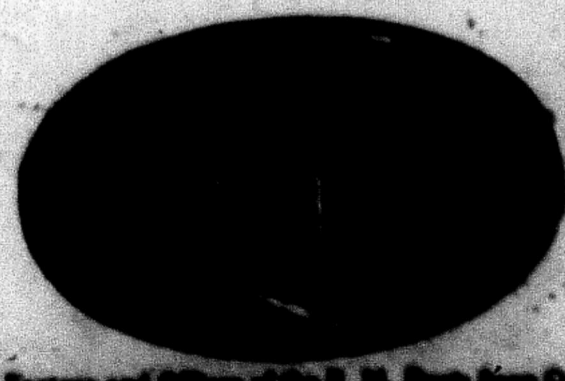
SIX HOURS, PROFIT \$2.00.
T. ———, Ill., May 21, 1912.
Went out this morning and sold fifteen in six hours (Lucky Seven).
Harry Gashman.

My Goods Sell Themselves

My goods are so good and put up in such a nice way that they sell on sight. They are so reliable and give such complete satisfaction that repeat orders come in every day. These my goods are tried they are always used. I have spent sixteen years in perfecting my soaps and toilet articles, and now it is conceded by those who know that my products are better than 99 per cent of those usually reported. Another thing you want to remember and that is that the man who is selling a necessary article, such as is used every day in the home who is making money. My products are, not a luxury but a necessity and needed in every home. If you will hurry and get the coupon and mail it to me, that I will gladly

E. M. Davis Soap Company

1125 Davis Bldg. Chicago, Illinois



Factory and Office of the E. M. Davis Soap Co.