

# THE MELTING POT

A MAGAZINE OF PROTEST

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A YEAR

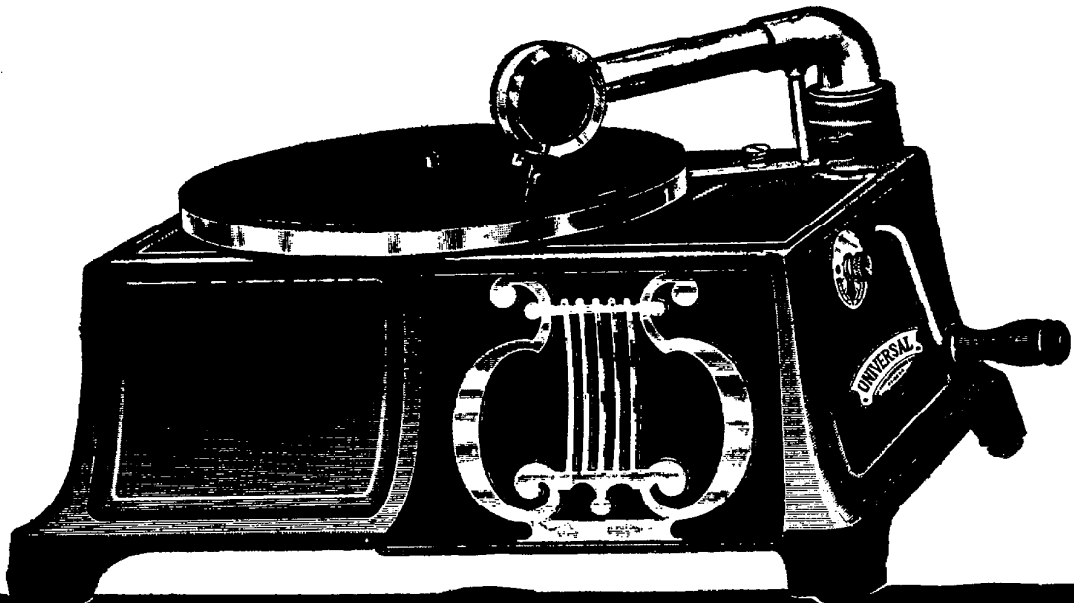
JANUARY, 1916

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IF IT WON'T STAND THE FIRE OF THE MELTING POT IT'S NO GOOD



—Drawn by Rose O'Neill



# No Money In Advance

## Sensational Phonograph Offer!!

For a limited time we offer you the most sensational, the most astoundingly liberal offer ever made in the history of the Phonograph business. We will send to you without one penny in advance, without one bit of obligation on your part whatsoever, this remarkable Universal Phonograph—this startling new invention—this marvelous all metal machine which is revolutionizing the talking machine world.

Never before—and without doubt never again—will an offer so liberal be made. It is only because of our tremendous resources of \$1,000,000 and our determination to quickly gain nation wide publicity for this marvelous Universal phonograph that now—for a limited period—we offer to send it to you without one cent

in advance. When we say this we mean absolutely and unqualifiedly—not one cent in advance. No references asked—no C. O. D.—no delay—no red tape—not even your promise to keep the machine. The coupon below is all that is necessary. And with this remarkable machine will be sent eight splendid selections—the regular 65c double disc Columbia records. Play this grand Universal in your home with the superb selections sent with it—invite your friends in for a delightful evening's entertainment—give the Universal a thorough ten days' test and then, if you wish, return machine and records to us at our expense. If, however, after a thorough test, you believe it to be the most remarkable, most perfect of all Phonographs, simply

## Pay Only \$1.00 In Ten Days

and pay the balance of our Special Limited Introductory Bargain price in small monthly payments of only \$1.55 each until you have paid us only \$16.50. If for any reason you do not want to keep the Phonograph and records simply return to us within ten days after receipt at our expense and you owe us nothing—not one penny. The Special Introductory price, made for advertising purposes, is just about half the regular price asked for machines of like quality and value. And besides the Universal is guaranteed to reproduce any selection as well as even the \$200 machines.

Did you ever hear of such an offer before? Think what a remarkable Phonograph this one must be in order to stand such a critical

test as this. It is indeed perfect. We absolutely guarantee that the Universal Phonograph does not contain one particle of wood or one particle of tin in its entire construction. The Universal is indeed the marvel of the Phonograph industry—reproduces sound perfectly, right to the minutest detail:—Songs, Speeches, Instrumental Music, Band and Orchestra Selections. Each voice, male or female, each instrument brought out in an actual reproduction exactly as the original, not one sound or syllable blurred or indistinct—you will be amazed at its wonderful performance.

The discovery of the remarkable copperized tone board and sound clarifier makes the wonderful difference. The cabinet is made entire-

ly of reinforced metal, beautifully ebonized. Gorgeous Harp frontispiece and all trimming beautiful silver effect, base 15 inches wide by 6 inches high, 11½ inches deep; weight 17 lbs; has exclusive automatic start and stop. Plays ALL makes and sizes of disc records.

### 8 Selections Exchanged

Eight beautiful selections—the regular 65c double disc Columbia records—will be sent to you on this offer. A complete list of hundreds of the most famous selections will be sent along with the machine and records. You have the privilege of exchanging any or all of the 8 selections sent to you for those of your own choice. Exchange to be made immediately.

### NO REFERENCE ASKED

Remember, no reference asked, no C. O. D., no strings, or red tape whatsoever, no money in advance. Your credit is good with us. We send no letters or literature—no questions to answer. Just fill your name and address in the coupon and mail it today. That's all that is necessary in order to get this wonderful Universal Phonograph and 8 beautiful selections in your home. Remember, if you are not thoroughly satisfied that it is the greatest Phonograph you have ever heard return to us at our expense and you owe us nothing. Without the eight selections this Phonograph will be furnished for only \$13.90.

**Only 10,000** of these machines have been set aside to be sent out on this amazing **No Money In Advance** Free Trial offer for advertising purposes in order to get a machine in each locality immediately. Mail the coupon at once before the supply is exhausted. Don't delay. Send coupon today, then examine and test this beautiful, perfect, new Universal Phonograph in your home. This offer is limited—immediate action is necessary, mail coupon now.

**Universal Phonograph Company,**  
133-37 West 39th Street, Chicago, Ill.

## Send No Money —Just This Coupon

**Universal Phonograph Company,**  
133-37 West 39th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Send at once your wonderful new Universal Phonograph, including 8 selections of the regular 65c double disc Columbia records. If thoroughly satisfactory after examination, and I decide to keep the Phonograph and records, I will send you \$1.00 in ten days after arrival. I then agree to pay the balance of \$15.50 in ten small monthly payments of \$1.55 each until paid. Otherwise I will return Phonograph and records to you at your expense.

Name.....

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# The Melting Pot

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Editor

Phil. Wagner,  
Publisher

Pontiac Bldg.  
Saint Louis, Mo.



NO ORGANIZATION, POLITICAL OR RELIGIOUS, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYTHING THAT  
GOES INTO THE MELTING POT. PILE ALL YOUR CUSSIN' ON THE EDITOR

VOLUME IV

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY, 1916

NUMBER I

## Let Their God Go To It

**E**VERY government in Christendom claims to  
exist by the "grace of God."

God is back of them all.

He has ordained every crowned head.

All rulers—kings, emperors, kaisers and  
presidents depend alike upon God.

Their strength—so they say—is in God, the  
God Jehovah, who is all-powerful.

If this be so—if an all-powerful God is be-  
hind the rulers of Christendom, then what need  
have they of your help?

What need have they of armies, if this God  
is their backer?

What need have they of shot and shell if a  
God that holds the lightnings in his fist is their  
stronghold?

Let the rulers take their God when they go  
to war—isn't he powerful enough to do the work?

What need has a ruler of soldiers armed with  
swords and guns when God is with him?

When the rulers of Christian nations declare  
war against each other, let them and their God  
go to it.

Let the people stay at home and attend to  
their own business!

It is none of their mix-up.

If there is any slaughtering to be done, sure-  
ly their God is able to do it.

What care you which ruler comes out ahead?

They are all the same to you, who do the  
work of the world.

Rulers and masters, ordained of God, all ex-  
ploit you alike.

They all live in idle luxury off the labor of  
the common people.

German Kaiser, British King, American  
Plunderbund, d—— the difference.

No matter which one rules over you, you  
will wish it was the other.

There isn't the odds of a spoonful of hog-  
wash between them—then why spill buckets of

blood in order to decide which one of them shall  
pick your pockets?

If the Kaiser should come over to take the  
United States, he couldn't do you any worse than  
Morgan and Rockefeller do you.

The same God is back of them all.

No matter whether Kaiser, King, or Morgan,  
you are the victim.

It's heads they win, and tails you lose.

The same God ordains them all to ride on  
your back.

If they quarrel, and want to fight over the  
plunder, then let them depend on their God.

If their God can't help them, what good  
is he?

Is their God deaf, dumb, blind and helpless?

Is he such a weakling that he and his pets  
have to depend on soldiers to keep them from  
tumbling off their seats?

Let us find out.

Let the people keep out of the bloody quar-  
rels of the God-ordained rulers, and let the God-  
ordained rulers depend entirely for help on the  
God that ordains them.

Let them drag out their God from under  
thrones and behind altars and march him on to  
war.

It is time enough for you to shoot when you  
see this God coming after you.

Don't load your gun for a German or French  
or English or Italian or Russian workingman—  
wait till this God looms up.

Maybe you will find out that your rulers, the  
pickpockets, have lied to you about a God being  
behind them.

Maybe all they can trot out is a phantom of  
their fabled devil.

Anyway it's well worth finding out.

So don't get "het up" and join the army—  
just keep cool, and stay at home when the war  
bugles blow, and let the powers that be and  
their God fight it out.

# A New and Wonderful War Machine

**T**HE most wonderful invention that the world has ever known has been brought forth by the world-wide war craze and lust for preparedness. The harvesting machines of the great wheat fields of the West fade into insignificance by the side of this marvelous war invention. It will not only vastly benefit the ammunition makers, but also several other industries.

The inventor—who, by the way, is so patriotic that he refuses to have his invention patented, thus generously donating it to all the Christian nations of earth—is Wilhelm Heinrich Kuhns, of Minneapolis. In a description of the marvelous machine just received by the Melting Pot, the inventor says:

My machine is built on large automobile trucks and goes over any battlefield and gathers up the corpses, and kills the cripples, and with a chain carrier conveys them to a large hopper at the top, and from there they are run through the machine, which has a very scientific process on the inside and has three spouts at the bottom. Out of one spout comes hair mattresses, soft pillows, and fine cushions. Out of the second spout comes rolls of very fine leather and very fine gloves which vary in color according to the color of the corpse that once carried the hide. Out of a third spout comes all kinds of soap of the finest kind which can be put upon the market right away, as also the other products, and thus provide finances for the rest to continue the struggle until they are all thus used up. There is a fourth spout that comes out on a platform, on which hangs a large gunny sack, and into this runs all the fertilizer, and when one sack is full it is automatically sewed up and an empty one takes its place, just like cigars in a nickel-in-the-slot machine, so, after a great battle, the ground will be covered with all these products ready for the financial harvest and also help to finance the war.

This is but a partial description of the machine and its purpose. In a descriptive letter following the inventor explains the workings of still more parts, and the amazing power they possess. It tells how the clothing is first stripped from the dead hero and thrown into a grinder that reduces it to pulp. The pulp is then run through a loom and made into shoddy, for the manufacturing of clothing for hard working patriots left alive. The dead hero is then carried onto a platform ingeniously arranged with automatically operating saws and knives and scoops, which, with surprising rapidity, cut and draw and quarter the naked corpse. The inwards and fat are carried into the spout that leads to the vat where the soap is made, the remaining parts are carried to an apartment fitted with self-adjusting scrapers and punchers that scrape from the bones every last particle of flesh and punch out all the valuable marrow, the bones are carried to the spout that leads to the fertilizing grinders, and the flesh and sinews and marrow go to a boiler and are made into glycerine to make explosives to be loaded into deadly shells. Not an ounce of the dead hero is wasted. He did not die in vain, even if his side lost the battle.

Another feature that the inventor has added

is a steam calliope that plays patriotic airs while the machine is in operation. He also is working upon a large and loud phonograph that will repeat appropriate sermons and prayers for the patriotic dead.

Doubtless all the civilized governments will hasten to provide themselves with a large supply of these latest and most marvelous war-machines. No amount of "preparedness" will be complete without them. The inventor, being neutral, and a lover of peace himself, is willing to supply any of the war-wolves on earth with them.

## President Wilson and King Solomon

**O**N the morning after last Thanksgiving Day I picked up a St. Louis Republic and turned to the religious section to see what the clergy of the various denominations had had to say in their Thanksgiving sermons. The first thing that caught my eye was the report of the sermon of Rev. D. S. Tuttle, Episcopal Bishop of Missouri. It was given the most prominent position, at the top of the first outside column of the page, with a deck head that read:

### WILSON IS LIKENED

### TO KING SOLOMON

President Has Much of Biblical Ruler's  
Good Judgment, Bishop  
Tuttle Says.

### CAUSE FOR THANKS IN WAR

Brings Out Qualities of Mercy and  
Patriotism—Helpful Work of  
Armies Noted.

And then the report of the sermon stated that "President Wilson was compared with King Solomon," and "the army was lauded as a civilizer," "in Bishop Daniel Sylvester Tuttle's Thanksgiving sermon" at Christ Church Cathedral. We are further told that the remarkable likeness that President Wilson bears to King Solomon consists in the frequency with which he says his prayers, which, says Bishop Tuttle, was a leading feature in King Solomon's character.

How nearly alike in quantity and quality the prayers of the President and the prayers of the late King of Israel may be, I do not know; but prayers or no prayers it seems as if it were going a little too strong to compare Mr. Wilson to Solomon. With all my criticism of the President's policies, especially regarding the war and the sale of ammunition and militarism, I would

never think of comparing him to such a character as Solomon. There is nobody living, that I know of, that can be compared to him. That is, no human. Dogs, and cats, and barnyard roosters, may still resemble Solomon, but that's about all. Even the worst element of the tenderloin come nowhere near him.

It is hard to conceive of a dirtier insult being offered to any person than to compare him to Solomon. History does not record a more dissolute and disgusting rake than he. He not only ran a harem of seven hundred wives, but he also maintained three hundred kept women to satisfy his lust. He wrote a lewd love song about himself and a colored woman that is only fit to be read in a bawdy house. He was a profligate, a drunkard, and a rue.

As to how much praying Solomon did, we have, as stated, no exact record. We know, however, that he not only worshiped Jehovah, but also all the gods of the heathen he could scrape up. He built a temple to Moloch, "in the hill that is before Jerusalem." Human sacrifices were a part of the worship of this god. I wonder if Bishop Tuttle has ever read the eleventh chapter of First Kings, where an account is given of

Solomon's building this temple, also his worshiping of other gods?

As to Solomon's boasted wisdom—well, it's the same sort as fills the columns of the capitalist press. It's no good.

And yet, when we come to think of it, it seems most fitting that a bishop of the Episcopal Church should pick out Solomon as a shining light. The Episcopal Church was founded by a creature who tried his best, even if he couldn't make it, to pattern after Solomon. King Henry VIII of England could not run a harem, as Solomon did, so every time he wanted a new wife he murdered the one living. He was a glutton and a drunkard, and also a very prayerful king. Doubtless King Henry the VIII, founder of Bishop Tuttle's church, stands second in saintliness to Solomon in the Bishop's estimation; but it would be a coarse joke, to say the least, to compare the President to him.

It would seem that even the preachers should use a little intelligence in their public utterances. They should realize that such creatures as King Solomon and King Henry the VIII are not tolerated in society any more. As bad as we are, such as these would now be locked up in a pen.

## The Murder of a Babe

**T**HE eugenists have won a victory.

One of their doctors in Chicago virtually murdered a six-day old baby.

He allowed it to die in convulsions, when, according to his own testimony, a minor operation would have saved its life.

The baby was born defective. During pregnancy the mother was sick with typhoid fever. The result was that the child was blind of one eye, and the right ear was missing; there was also a malformation of the shoulders. As to the brain, Dr. Haiselden, the officiating physician upon whose advice the child was left to die, admitted that it was but slightly below normal. Dr. Haiselden, according to the press reports, would not declare but that the mind of the child, if allowed to live, might have been clear.

The murder, we are told, had the sanction of the mother, who said she relied entirely upon the doctor's advice. The murder also had the sanction of all but one of the hospital nurses. The proceedings were as cold-blooded as a ward election. A Chicago press report, clipped from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, says:

A ballot to determine whether to attempt to save the life of a deformed subnormal infant or whether by inertia to let the child die, resulted in a death sentence for the little one today in the German-American Hospital here.

The infant's mother, told that an operation might save the child's life, although no known human intelligence could promise any mental development for the babe, wept and agreed to abide by the judgment of the physician.

Of a score of hospital nurses consulted, one alone voted for the life of the child.

Dr. H. J. Haiselden took the responsibility and did not perform the operation.

The next day the child died in convulsions.

Its life could have been saved.

It was murdered.

And who are these modern eugenists, that claim the right to dictate who shall and who shall not live?

They are the spawn of a soulless and shameless bourgeois society.

They are not the lovers of the human race, to whom life is something sacred.

They are degenerates themselves—degenerates from humanity, lower down than the beasts of prey.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in its issue of November 17 last—the day the child died—enumerates a number of these eugenists in Chicago who approved the murder. We are told that Protestant clergy endorsed the crime. Men and women who love their blood and kind did not endorse it. The best physicians did not endorse it. These cried out against it.

Spoke Jane Addams: "What right has this doctor to take a human life? No human being has a right to take the life of another, whether defective or not, especially a little baby. Every being is born into this world with the inherent right to have a chance to live. I do not know this physician, but it would make no difference if he were the greatest in the world, and all the other great physicians agreed with him, letting

that baby die when its life could be saved is a crime against the race, instead of benefaction, which he claims. I am sorry to hear that the law does not provide an avenue for an extension of humanity to this little lifeless mite in the scientific focus of a great hospital. There should be such a law. The operation, which, I understand, is only a minor one, certainly should be performed."

Said Ernest K. Coulter, Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children: "I am for letting the baby live."

And Dean Copeland, of the New York Homeopathic Medical College: "A doctor has

neglects to perform a necessary operation is guilty, when death comes, of willful murder. The physician has no right to decide a question of life or death, and for nurses to set themselves up as judges in such a case is wholly wrong. In this case, it is said that the child's cranial nerves are absent or undeveloped. The physician cannot know this to be the case—it is merely guesswork, based on external indications."

And Dr. Nones Gregory, of New York, head of the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital: "Who is to judge whether a child is hopelessly defective, the doctor? But one doctor might say 'hopelessly defective' and another might consider there was hope. It seems a dangerous right to put in the hands of any doctor."

Truly indeed, in the history of the world, "who is to judge whether a child is hopelessly defective" or not? Not but that 'twere better that all were born with strong bodies, but who has the right to murder the defectives?

If these butchers had their way Helen Keller—blind, deaf and dumb—would have been chloroformed when a child; John Milton, born blind, would have been killed at birth; Byron, born club-footed, would never have lived to sweeten the world with his divine muse; Voltaire, born defective in limb and body, would have perished as a babe, and the world might still be burning heretics.

The world has produced menaces and nuisances galore, but nothing quite so vile as the eugenists. That creature does not exist to whom it is right to give the power of life or death. Even the offspring of kings and kaisers should not be killed. That is no way to better the world. The thing to kill is the CAUSE, not the effect, of evils.

The stain of murder blackens the soul of that Chicago doctor. The example he set is a poison to all that is noble in mankind. The better instincts of humanity—all that separate us from the brutes—revolt at such barbarity, as it does at war and the legalized execution of criminals. Those who uphold these barbarities belong to the jungle age, not to the twentieth century.

Once these savages were in full control. Toothless and wrinkled old women—"defectives" in their eyes—were seized and hung and burned as witches. The aged and helpless were hit on the head with a stone club. If too many babies appeared, part of them—especially girl babies—were strangled.

Then is when Dr. Haiselden should have lived and practiced his savagery.

The catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about 6,000,000 human beings; those of Paris 3,000,000.



—By Robt. Minor on N. Y. Call

#### MAKING DEFECTIVES FASTER THAN THE EUGENISTS CAN KILL THEM

one enemy—death—and should fight him to the last ditch."

And Dr. Anna H. Shaw: "I think that the operation for saving this child's life most certainly should have been performed, even if he was congenitally defective. We must remember that what seems incurable in one generation often proves curable later. Wonderful work is being done today for feeble-minded children. This poor little baby had a right to our protection."

And Dr. Abraham Jacoby, of New York: "There is a doctor in Chicago who has all the advertising that he wants. He wished to get free advertising, and he has it. The mission of doctors is not to destroy life, but to save life. Doctors do not claim the right to kill. They have not that right."

And Dr. W. T. Coughlin, of the St. Louis City Hospital visiting staff: "Any physician who

## The Efficiency Driver

**M**ENTALLY and morally there is no difference between the "efficiency" drivers of today and the slave-drivers with their black-snakes of the last century. Both are hirelings of the capitalist class, and neither ever did a lick of useful work in the world.

The latest hypocritical harangue from these efficiency-drivers comes from the Methodist Temperance Society, and appears in a recent issue of the notorious capitalist and clerical class publication, the "Outlook." It says:

One of the significant and unexpected results of the new campaign for scientific efficiency in industry is the movement against alcohol. On several occasions the Outlook has called attention to this movement. Now comes the report of the Methodist Temperance Society, indicating how widespread is this movement.

This society has made a careful investigation of conditions in the iron and steel trades of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and West Virginia. It finds sixty-three large concerns that have taken steps to determine the influence of the moderate use of liquor on working efficiency. Without exception these firms testify that the effect is bad. These corporations include such firms as the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, the Harrisburg Pipe and Pipe Bending Company, and the Illinois Steel Company. Eighty-three of the concerns questioned, in employing and advancing men, discriminate against those who use alcohol. To quote one of them, "Even the most 'moderate' use of alcohol is fatal to a man's chance of advancement." Among these eighty-three firms are Oliver Chilled Steel Plow Works, the American Steel and Wire Company, and the Pennsylvania Steel Company. Ten great concerns have prohibited absolutely the use of alcohol on the part of employees. Among them are the Reading Iron Company, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, and the Lukens Iron and Steel Company.

Under the old rule of thumb management this situation would never have come about. The effect of alcohol on efficiency would never have been known exactly. But when the new and supposedly infallible methods of efficiency at times failed, the resulting investigations into the cause showed that it was due to individual unfitness caused by the use of alcohol. And when it was shown that even a little alcohol—as little as might be in two glasses of beer—was the cause, the result was inevitable.

In the scientific plan of efficiency it is necessary, to use a military phrase, to hit the bull's eye every time. A bullet in the first ring won't do. In such circumstances a workman need not be anywhere near intoxicated to be inefficient. A glass or two of beer makes the difference between a bull's eye and a shot in the first circle.

The new plan of efficiency is so profitable to both employer and employe that whatever stands in its way must go. Economic necessity is making converts to prohibition. The Methodist Temperance Society's report shows now fast men are moving in that direction.

As the employees in these big business concerns never did and never will know the meaning of "profit," the bunc contained in the last paragraph needs no comment. What the Methodist Temperance Society is really driving at is that a worker in these corporation factories should be a high-speed machine to grind so many dollars into the pocket of the boss, and if a glass or two of beer makes him slow up a fraction of a second, then the beer must go. That's what the Methodists, with their papers printed in cheap rat shops, are after.

Even some of the capitalist papers are decent

enough to roast the fakers. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch editorially says:

"Efficiency is 90 per cent," says a solemn bore who presides over a boiler factory full of men. Inside a boiler factory, yes, efficiency ought to be 90 per cent, and if possible 100 per cent of a man.

But the inside factory point of view is prevailing too popularly outside. Wouldn't this be a dreary world if men were 100 per cent efficient and mere substitutes for machinery? Shall we have donkey engines conversing in the parlor and steam cranes in the pulpit? The whole human works would consist of interchangeable parts, we should have a standard type of man, and life would be literally a grind.

The galley slave chained to the oar was a fair sample of 100 per cent efficiency. The man in the treadmill was likewise going some, from the efficiency viewpoint.

It would be a good thing if the Methodist Temperance Society efficiency-drivers had to work awhile in the mills and factories at high speed. It might take some of the conceit out of them. Also some of their puritanical saintliness. Some of them might even become real naughty, and drink a glass of beer.

## Pink Hosiery Prohibited In Puritan Kansas

**I**F Kansas keeps on putting blue laws on its statutes it will someday become too nice a place for ordinary mortals to dwell in. It will only be fit for saints and sissies.

The latest ban reported from that state is against pink hosiery and bare arms. The next thing we know Kansas girls will be required to wear a blanket when out in public. We are told that pink hosiery displayed on the bargain counters in Pittsburg (Kan.) stores attracts no buyers. The reason is this: Mrs. Harvey Crandall, the only dance censor in the state, has decreed that Pittsburg misses and matrons must not wear pink hose at any dance. Her order extends from the most exclusive fox-trotting crowds to the firemen's ball, and she has the police authority of the city at her back to enforce the rules she has laid down.

"Women's legs are meant to be stood upon, not to be stared at," Mrs. Crandall declares. She has extended the ban to all colored hose, only black and white stockings being allowed to be seen upon the legs of the maids, who are wicked enough to dance. Mrs. Crandall's order was the first she issued after she assumed her present position.

Mrs. Crandall is the only dance censor in the Sunflower State. There will doubtless soon be many more. The moving pictures are censored. All sorts of inspectors in Kansas protect the ultimate consumer from everything except high prices. But it remained for the Federation of Women's Clubs of Pittsburg to declare themselves in favor of the appointment of a dance censor to supervise the many social functions at which dancing is a part of the entertainment.

Mrs. Crandall, having been prominent in the demand for "pure dancing," was appointed by the mayor to the new office.

Beside censoring dancing, Mrs. Crandall is the absolute dictator of the sort of vaudeville Pittsburg folks can see in their home theaters. Recently, when a troupe of vaudeville performers arrived in the city, Mrs. Crandall attended a rehearsal. After the act had proceeded only a few minutes, Mrs. Crandall ordered that sleeves must be sewed on all the girls' gowns before she would consent to a public appearance of the bold things. And Mrs. Crandall's orders were obeyed. No sleeveless vaudeville goes in Pittsburg, Kansas.

The Prudes that make these laws must be troubled with awfully wicked thoughts themselves.

## Be Ready When the Bugle Blows

**T**HE jingoes are working overtime these days. "Patriotism" is being played up to the limit.

The ammunition makers and big money loaners have had a taste of the bloody profits of the war game, and the vultures lust for more.

We are going to have a war—must have it—so they say, no matter how we get it.

Here is an expression of one of them that voices the sentiment of many more of like kidney. It is a press dispatch that appeared in the daily papers:

Boston, Oct. 16.—Hudson Maxim, noted inventor, explosive expert and member of the Naval Advisory Board, in speaking before the Committee on Military Education at the State House yesterday afternoon, declared war was sure to come and pleaded for preparedness.

"When war comes, and it certainly will come," said Maxim, "the Atlantic seaboard will be hit the hardest. The young man must be taught that his country needs him. Feminism is today becoming too strong. Colleges are becoming hotbeds of pacifism."

And the kept-press, and the kept-politicians, and the kept-clergy, and all the rest of the harlots of the Plunderbund, are busy fanning the flames of militarism. Moving picture shows display reels of marching soldiers and battle scenes. The theatre orchestras burst forth with "patriotic" music, and the audience is expected to stand up in reverence to the tune. The newspapers iterate and reiterate that you're a traitor to your glorious country if you don't take off your hat to the flag.

Soon they'll be decorating the signboards with pictures of Morgan's ammunition plants and ordering you to remove your shoes and stockings and pull off your shirt when you pass by.

The game is to get you patriotic enough to love the American masters of bread and hate all foreign ones.

You should learn to become so excited at the sound of My Country 'Tis of Thee that you bellyache for a fight.

Fashionable society women are organizing

patriotic clubs and offering themselves as red-cross nurses. They are even willing to send some of their pet poodles to the front as mascots in the regiments. Having no sons of their own to give to their country, the sacrifice of the poodles is the best they can do. Besides how sweet 'to have one of these angels rub your head while the army surgeon saws off your leg, or to have her sing Safe in the Arms of Jesus as you expire. There is nothing like it on earth.

You should thank your stars that you live in a Chrstian land.

The heathen know nothing of these blessings.

## Henry Ford and the War-Wolves

**H**ENRY FORD, the automobile manufacturer, is becoming a thorn in the side of the exploiting class. The following interview was recently reported in a Chicago paper, in which Mr. Ford said:

"Do you want to know the cause of war—the cause of the murder in Europe, the cause that will bring war to America if it ever comes? It is capitalism, greed, the dirty hunger for dollars. Take away the capitalist and you will sweep war from the earth. Take it away today and the war in Europe will stop tomorrow. Take it away and the world will have seen the end of barbarism."

Then he continued by pointing out why the munition manufacturers and the armament trust are not enthusiastic about "baby submarines."

"Baby submarines," he said, "would not cost enough money ever to become popular with the militarist-capitalist. It is money he seeks and it is the heavy, complicated machinery of war that must yield it. I do not think cheap submarines ever will gain the support necessary to carry them from experiments to realities."

Then he had a few words about charity, as follows:

"I haven't any charities. Charity is a sin—it takes more than it gives. It gives a moment's relief and takes away a lifetime of self-respect. I practice no charity. I give nothing from which I do not receive compensation. The man who offers charity offers insult."

**If no munitions of war had been sold abroad, as the Socialists asked, no one would wish to fight Uncle Sam and the European hell would be corked.—American Socialist.**

Six miles an hour was the rate at which the first locomotive, constructed by George Stephenson, traveled.



# Constantine and the Council of Nice

The inspired prophet of Christendom is not the gentle Jesus; neither is the glad tidings of brotherhood and peace the Christian creed. The inspired prophet of Christendom is the Emperor Constantine, and the Christian creed is the decision of the First Council of Nice.

This council, held under the auspices and authority of Constantine, repudiated the human Carpenter of Nazareth, and created in his stead the mythical Christ; it changed the day of worship from the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday) to the pagan Sunday; it decreed the doctrine of eternal torture; it ordained the holy days and fasts, the sacred rites and festivals, all in accordance with Roman mythology; it gave us the Trinity—the three gods in one; and it gathered together the legends and fables that three centuries of illiterate “holy fathers” had conceived and written, and from this mass of pagan myths selected and formed the New Testament.

Says so conservative a writer as Dean Dudley:

“In regard to the Canons and Decrees: I think the best time for the Easter Festival would have been the ancient, honored day of the Jewish Passover. It was opposed merely by a whim of Constantine, because, as a Roman, he hated the nation which his country had long detested and persecuted, that is, the Jews. \* \* \* His change in the Day of Rest arose from the same unjust prejudice.”

Again says this same writer:

“Whether Jesus taught the doctrine of an eternal hell for punishment in the after life, is a question among doctors of divinity. Origen denied it. The Roman Catholic Church has adopted purgatory in imitation of sheol, hades or tartarus. That church has many doctrines, forms and rites similar to those of the older religions. Jesus seems to have considered doing good deeds and living a pure life the true way to worship God.” (Life of Constantine).

Even the Roman Catholic Church has never been quite brutal enough to consign souls immediately to a hell-fire. It provides an intermediate state from which they can be rescued. Protestantism alone, of all the creeds of earth, promulgates the doctrine of eternal and hopeless damnation.

Of the religious ideas of Constantine, Dean Dudley writes: “His superstition was equal to his cunning. He praised and patronized monks, nuns, hermits and devotees of every sort, who deprived themselves of the comforts of life, and despised nearly all social obligations. To live in rags and dirt, and eat herbs like some beasts was the holiest fashion in the estimation of the early

Fathers. They could not have deduced it from the life of Christ.”

In order to prove his partnership with God, and his assurance of a welcome entrance into Heaven, Constantine had a gold coin struck with a likeness of himself on one side, and on the other a representation of his being transported to Heaven, Elijah-like, in a chariot drawn by celestial steeds, with God’s hand reaching down to receive him.

Constantine, like Napoleon, was a warrior—



CONSTANTINE

that is, he was a human butcher by profession. He usurped the throne, and was proclaimed Emperor by his troops, in the year 306. In the same year, in the city of Rome, Maxentius was proclaimed Emperor. Therefore, in order to hold the throne, Constantine felt compelled to kill Maxentius. This he did at the battle of the Milvian Bridge, in the year 312. Then Constantine, in order to make himself still more secure, put to death the two sons of Maxentius.

And herein is found the story of Constantine’s conversion to Christianity.

The Emperor Maxentius adhered to the old religion of Rome and worshiped the pagan gods “He was a vile tyrant,” says Milman,” but not a persecutor.” Roman paganism was becoming

weaker and weaker. The real message of Jesus—the vision of equality and fraternity and peace—was still a menace to the empire. Then it was that the cunning of Constantine arose to the occasion. He became a Christian. He justified his slaughter of Maxentius and his two sons in the name of the Christian god, in order that a “true believer” might reign. Eusebius, who became a friend and flatterer of Constantine, thus records Constantine’s “miraculous” conversion—conveniently occurring at the time that he was seeking justification in the eyes of the populace for the destruction of the Emperor Maxentius:

“Accordingly,” says Eusebius, “he (Constantine) called on him (the Christian god), with earnest prayer and supplications, that he would reveal to him who he was, and stretch forth his right hand to help him in his present difficulties. And, while he was thus praying with fervent entreaty, a most marvelous sign appeared to him from Heaven, the account of which it might have been difficult to receive with credit, had it been related by any other person. But since the victorious emperor himself, long afterwards, declared it to the writer of this history, when he was honored with his acquaintance and society, and confirmed his statement by an oath, who could hesitate to credit the relation, especially since the testimony of after-time (meaning, doubtless, Constantine’s ‘pious’ life) has established its truth? He said that about mid-day, when the sun was beginning to decline, he saw with his own eyes the trophy of a cross of light in the heavens, above the sun, and bearing the inscription: ‘IN HOC SIGNO VINCES!’ (Under this sign thou shalt conquer.)

“At this sight he himself was struck with amazement, and his whole army also, which happened to be following him on some expedition, and witnessed the miracle.

“He moreover said, that he doubted within himself what the import of this apparition could be. And while he continued to ponder and reason on its meaning, night imperceptibly drew on; and in his sleep the Christ of God appeared to him with the same sign which he had seen in the heavens, and commanded him to procure a standard made in the likeness of that sign, and to use it as a safeguard in all engagements with his enemies.

“At dawn he set his artificers to work, and had the signal made and beautified with gold and gems. The Romans now call it the ‘Labarum.’ It was in the following form: A long spear overlaid with gold, crossed by a piece, laid over it. On the top of all was a crown, formed of gold and jewels interwoven, on which were placed two letters indicating the name of Christ—the Greek letter P being intersected by X exactly in its center. From the transverse piece, which crossed the spear, was suspended a banner of purple cloth covered with profuse embroid-

ery of bright jewels and gold. It was of square form, and over it (beneath the cross) was placed a golden half-length picture of the emperor and his children. The standard he ordered to be carried at the head of all his armies.”

Eusebius further states that Constantine told him that those who carried this standard never received a wound; that Christ himself went continually with it into battle. These and other wonderful things were claimed for the standard of Constantine.

It will be noted that all this was told to Eusebius by Constantine “long after” the miracle had happened.

Eusebius is not the only holy father who has professed faith in such miraculous tales.

Besides, Constantine was a powerful ruler, whose friendship was to be highly prized.

And had it not been recorded that the Apostle Paul—who was repudiated by the immediate followers of Jesus—declared that it is all right to lie to the glory of God?

Paul, who, it is said, had also claimed to have seen a vision similar to Constantine’s, and from reading which Constantine had probably got his cue, had in his epistles emasculated the teachings of Jesus, as contained in the Sermon on the Mount—the only authentic words we have, as acknowledged by scholars, that fell from the lips of Jesus—and who carried the revolutionary message of the simple Jewish carpenter to a realm beyond the grave, had already set a foundation for the cunning work of Constantine. Moreover, Constantine was a pious and prayerful man, and that carries great weight. So it is easy to understand how Eusebius “believed” his story—or at least pretended to do so.

Constantine’s purpose—his conspiracy—as plainly revealed in the work of the Council of Nice, was to create a creed, in the name of Christianity, that would be as acceptable to the ruling class as the ancient Roman mythology that was fast falling to pieces. It seems ridiculous to claim that Constantine himself really believed the new religion. His predecessors, the Roman emperors, as well as the educated patricians, only looked upon religion as a power to hold the masses in subjection; and the shrewdness and deceit employed by the servile tools of Constantine at the Council of Nice in formulating the “orthodox belief” of Christendom, and in compiling the “divinely inspired” New Testament to sustain them, plainly discloses that no change of heart had taken place in this respect.

Christianity emerged from that Council as a combination of Roman paganism and Old Testament savagery. The Jewish Jehovah was discovered to be even a more ferocious being than any of the Roman gods. He was, therefore, doctored up a bit in order to make him still more bloodthirsty and vindictive—was made the father of a son to be offered to himself in sacrifice—the hu-

man Jesus with his message of fraternity and equality and peace was transformed into a pagan deity, the promise of heaven for believers and the threat of hell for heretics was pronounced, and Constantine and his pets of the new priesthood doubtless laughed in their sleeves at the crafty plot they had put across.

There is ample evidence that the early popes themselves did not believe their own creed—that it was only intended for the masses. Faith, on the part of the rulers and the “upper” classes, came with the continued repetition of the story through the future years. The monks, the nuns, the lower orders of priests, and the ignorant people—these were the only ones at first supposed to be credulous enough to accept orthodox Christianity. The evident purpose of the Council of Nice, as conceived by Constantine, was to inaugurate a religion that would emphasize Paul’s injunction, “Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters.” Thus the popes and princes might live in splendor. And it worked—and is still working. Wallowing in wealth and surrounded with every luxury, Pope Leo X exclaimed, “And all these privileges have been secured to us by the fable of Jesus Christ” (Ernst Haeckel, *Riddle of the Universe*).

Such was the faith of the holy fathers who were posted.

The character of Constantine himself, the founder of the Christianity masquerading in the name of Jesus, was so unspeakably bestial that no rational person will credit him with either honesty or decency of purpose. He was a monster. Claiming the guidance of the god that slaughtered the Midianites, men, women and children, and turned the maidens over to the Hebrew soldiers, Constantine murdered all who stood in his way, or who dared oppose his authority. He was a shining example for the bloody war lords of Europe, and the coal barons—the butchers of Ludlow—of America, to follow, all of whom piously profess his religion. He murdered his wife, Fausta—had her suffocated in a boiling bath—and he murdered his father, Maximian; he murdered his own son, Crispus; he murdered Licinius, who had married his sister, and also her eleven-year old child; these, and many more, did the Christian Emperor Constantine murder, many of whom were his own blood relations. And after every butchery he would rig himself in his royal raiment and sing, “Who is like to Thee, O Lord, among the gods?”

How like the rulers and plutocrats of today!

Constantine had his likeness stamped on some of the gold coins, with his eyes uplifted, as though in prayer. He destroyed the images of the pagan gods, and built churches all over the empire. His subjects were commanded to cease worshiping Jupiter and Diana and Apollo, and instead to worship Jehovah and the Virgin Mary and Christ.

The enslaved and exploited poverty-stricken masses never knew the difference.

The theology of Constantine would astonish some of the modern divines. He proved the virgin birth of Christ by quoting Virgil:

“Begin, Sicilian Muse, a loftier strain,  
“The voice of Cuma’s oracle is heard again.

“See where the circling years new blessings bring;  
“The virgin comes, and He, the long-wished king.”

The best that can be said of Constantine is that, like most of “royal” blood, he was insane. He knew enough to be cunning and cruel, and that was all. His instincts were on a level with that of a gorilla. Philostorgius says that he murdered two wives, and that his three sons that survived him were the children of a prostitute. Such was the creature that convened and presided over the First Council of Nice, that gave us the doctrine of the Trinity, the Atonement, and the promise of Heaven and threat of Hell.

Roman society at that time, and up to the fall of the empire, was the vilest and most degraded imaginable; vile and heartless on the part of the aristocracy, and ignorant and slavish on the part of the impoverished masses. Continual wars had produced a race of degenerates among all classes. The immoralities and crimes against nature that were openly practiced at the feasts of the nobility are considered unprintable. The description that Gibbons originally gave of these feasts has been expurgated from his works by the American authorities.

Thus does vulgar prudery cover over the social diseases that the great historian wisely pictured as a warning example.

There was no religious faith on the part of the ruling class. The gods of Rome and Greece, and the gods of Egypt and Palestine, all looked alike to the Roman patricians. They were all myths. Among the educated there were a few followers of the Greek school of philosophy—a leaven, that, perhaps, had it not been brutally destroyed by the priests of Roman Christianity, might have saved the decaying society. But none of the educated formed any part of the “holy fathers” chosen by Constantine to sit in council and formulate the creed of Christendom. These “holy fathers” were ignorant, drunken and licentious. They were politicians of the lowest type first, and priests afterwards. Such was the beginning of the Roman Church; such it still is in its political machinations. Of these “religious” councils, that have given us our “holy” and “inspired” creeds, Bronson C. Keeler, in his “History of the Bible,” writes, quoting such recognized authorities as Dr. Philip Schaff and H. H. Milman:

“The reader would err greatly did he suppose that in these assemblies one or two hundred gentlemen sat down to discuss quietly and dignifiedly the questions which had come up before them for settlement. On the contrary, many of the bishops were ruffians, and were fol-

lowed by crowds of vicious supporters, who stood ready on the slightest excuse to maim and kill their opponents. The most shocking scenes that occur in the ward political conventions in the worst districts of our great cities are as nothing compared with what history tells us was common in these Christian councils."

The First Council of Nice, upon whose decisions hang all the faiths of Christendom, was composed of priests who had barely stepped out of the myths of ancient pagan worship, and who decided "holy" questions by a knock-down fight or a vote. It is doubtful if any one of these clericals, who have told us all about our gods, devils, hell and damnation, drew a sober breath during the entire proceedings.

At the third general council of the Church, which was held at Ephesus in the year 431, history tells us that the "holy fathers" "came with armed escorts, as if going to battle, and were followed by great mobs of the ignorant rabble, slaves and seamen, the lower populace of Constantinople, peasants and bathmen, and hordes of women, prepared for violence." They "fought in the streets and much blood was shed." (Milman, "History Latin Christianity.")

The true followers of the teachings of Jesus—the Christians whom Haeckel historically describes as "communists, sometimes Social Democrats who, according to the prevailing theory in Germany today, ought to have been exterminated with fire and sword," were well nigh wiped out of existence by persecution, torture and martyrdom. In their stead had arisen a time-serving priesthood, followers of Paul, the Pharisee, instead of Jesus, the peasant. These priests had written innumerable gospels and epistles, to which they had affixed the names of early apostles. In these spurious writings Roman mythology played a much larger part than Judaism. The deism of Judaism was discarded, and the doctrine of three gods taught. There was one sect, the Arians, followers of Arius, who still virtually denied the divinity of Jesus; but they were doomed to extinction before the power of Rome, that enunciated the savage story of a god begetting a son by a virgin, only to have him slaughtered in a bloody sacrifice to save sinners. And it was to make a binding state religion, with its salvation and damnation, its bloody sacrifice of Jesus and its trinity of deities, to deny which was not only blasphemy but treason, and to canonize a so-called New Testament, taken from the innumerable gospels and epistles that had accumulated during three centuries, that the First Council of Nice was convened by the Emperor Constantine.

Of the success of this council, Dean Dudley writes:

"These objects were all attained by the

means of the Council, except the principal one. Arianism (that denied the divine birth of Jesus), though checked for a short time, again burst forth with ten-fold energy, and long agitated the religious world. However, it finally was completely vanquished and eradicated from the high places of Christendom."

As gleaned from history, it would be a spectacle to even stagger the faith of the most bigoted to view the make-up and proceedings of the First Council of Nice. Call to your mind an assemblage of 318 of the most ignorant, illiterate, cunning clergy that has ever come to your notice; the Council of Nice was far more ignorant, and more illiterate, and more cunning than these. It was an age so degenerate that it was already fit to plunge itself into the abyss of the Dark Ages. Presiding over these 318 priests, sat the bull-necked, coarse, brutal and bloated-faced Constantine himself. Such was the Council of Nice, inspired of God to canonize a holy scripture and proclaim a religion that damns to eternal torture those who deny it.

The way the work was done was something marvelous. Haeckel has given the following description of it in his "Riddle of the Universe":

"As to the four canonical gospels, we now know that they were selected from a host of contradictory and forged manuscripts of the first three centuries by the three hundred and eighteen bishops who assembled at the Council of Nice in 325. The entire list of gospels numbered forty; the canonical list contains four. As the contending and mutually abusive bishops could not agree about the choice, they determined to leave the selection to a miracle. They put all the books (according to the 'Synodicon of Pappus') together underneath the altar, and prayed that the apocryphal books, of human origin, might remain there, and the genuine, inspired books might be miraculously placed on the table of the Lord! The three synoptic gospels (Matthew, Mark, and Luke—all written 'after' them, not 'by' them, at the beginning of the second century) and the very different fourth gospel (ostensibly 'after' John, written about the middle of the second century) leaped on the table, and were thenceforth recognized as the inspired (with their thousand mutual contradictions) foundations of Christian doctrine. \* \* \* The most important sources after the gospels are the fourteen separate (and generally forged) epistles of Paul. The genuine Pauline gospels (three in number, according to recent criticism—to the Romans, Galatians, and Corinthians) were written **before** the canonical gospels, and contain less incredible miraculous matter than they."

Thus started the Roman creed of Constantine on its mad career.

(To be continued next month.)

# Dogs and Soldiers

By Eugene V. Debs.

**T**HE soldier of today, whatever may be said to his honor and sung to his glory in past ages, is a creature of loathing and contempt under the rotten rule of capitalism. This will be denied by his smug and aristocratic master, but does **he**, the silk-hatted, double-chinned tailor-made parasite have anything in common with his soldier-hireling? No, for in his heart he regards him as his dog—and so indeed he is, but for reasons that are obvious enough, except to the benighted bonehead or the willing lackey, the aristocratic master togs out his military spaniel in a gaudy uniform, puts him on dress parade, and then commands his industrial spaniels to treat him with the deference due a patriot and hero.

Thousands of unfortunate creatures, the flotsam and jetsam of capitalist misrule, join the army because there is nothing else in the way of a job they **can** join. They are literally forced into the military service of the ruling class because otherwise the system of exploitation in which the ruling class fatten physically, rot morally, and die spiritually, condemns them and their dear ones to death by starvation. These soldiers are objects of profound pity and none realize more keenly than they that they are the targets of unutterable scorn and contempt and that they who despise them most are the very silk-tiled gentry whose dogs they are and whose property they protect against the exploited workers who produced it, for the bones that are flung into their kennels from their masters' tables.

If the average plutocrat who in public glorifies his soldier-hireling as a patriot had to choose between his pet house-dog and his blue-coated dog at the barracks he would choose his four-footed canine every time. He is not ashamed to be seen on the street with Carlo by his side, but not in a thousand years would you catch him arm in arm with his khaki-coated, fifteen-dollars-a-month military menial.

In a recent issue of the Kansas City Star there is a communication from an ex-soldier of the regular army who complains bitterly of the lot of the private and at the same time indicts in scathing terms the whole army regime which he characterizes, so far as the common soldiers are concerned, as "Army Peonage." He calls attention to a saloon at Thebes, Va., adjacent to Fortress Monroe, which has a sign out that reads: "DOGS AND SOLDIERS KEEP OUT!" and adds that "this illustrates aptly the social status of the private in both army and civil life."

The officers are oftentimes strutting snobs and contemptuous martinets; the privates subservient

lackeys and spineless lickspittles, and all of them simply murderers for hire.

The following excerpts from the communication of the ex-soldier above referred to are decidedly interesting and illuminating:

Privates and officers together drink more booze, man for man, than any other class of men in American life. Five thousand desertions in one year, one-twentieth of the regular enlistment, is mute testimony to the private's opinion of army slavery. Out of my party of 150 recruits from Fort Slocum to Cuba, thirty deserted. More would have "gone over the hill" if the sugar boat leaving the island could have furnished more room for stowaways.

As a private in good standing, I have done heavy housework, heavy labor and disagreeable duties without number for officers. There is no extra compensation and officers are never known to "tip." The work a garrison prisoner performs is the last word in inhumanity. In conclusion I advise you not to commit your son to army peonage in times of peace and thereby cause the boy to curse the nation's flag at every sunset gun.

It is small wonder in the light of these facts that the sign of the saloon adjacent to Fortress Monroe about dogs and soldiers gives dogs the precedence, nor that the privates in the army, treated as peons, low as they are, despise themselves and desert in droves.

Neither is it strange that our capitalist government finds it necessary these latter days to post the most alluring pictures upon the billboards of our cities—pictures of nude women and others of lewd and lascivious suggestion—to entice new recruits to fill the places made vacant by deserters.

Still less are we surprised to note that Uncle Sam has recently been compelled to pass a stringent law prohibiting under severe penalties discrimination against a soldier's uniform in restaurants, theatres and other public places. When it becomes necessary for the government to command respect for a soldier by threatening contempt for his uniform with fine and imprisonment, the inference is obvious enough that under the robber rule of capitalism the common soldier, hired for a pittance and trained to kill at command, is lower than his master's dog who requires no special enactment to shield him from contempt.

Many a dog may well excite the envy of many a soldier under the capitalist system, and the self-respecting worker who aspires to be a MAN will take note and vow upon his honor that whatever may befall him in the vicissitudes of life, he will never sink low enough to scab upon his master's dog by becoming a soldier.

Pullman Porter—Next stop is yo' station, sah. Shall I brush yo' off now?

Morton Morose—No; it is not necessary. When the train stops I'll step off.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 6, 1915.

Dear Comrade Tichenor:

The copy of your "Life of Jehovah" reached me safely and is read with flaming interest. Since reading the "Life of Jehovah," I am inclined to believe that a more appropriate title would have been "The Death of Jehovah," since no Jehovah could long endure the terrific lambasting which you give this one.

"Out of their own mouth you have convicted them," and in so doing you have earned, and will no doubt receive, the undying hatred of the orthodox bats of every creed in Christendom; by the same token you have earned the plaudits and commendation of every lover of intellectual light and human liberty everywhere.

May you sell and circulate as many copies of "The Life of Jehovah" as there are slaves to the creeds of orthodoxy is the sincere and earnest wish of

Your friend and comrade,

**FRANCIS MARSHALL ELLIOTT.**

3060 East 5th Street.

## "Why Mince Words"

**S**AYS the St. Louis Republic: "The destroyers of industrial plants manufacturing munitions of war are just plain traitors and murderers. Why mince words?"

And what are the "industrial plants manufacturing munitions of war" to sell to foreign nations at war? **JUST PLAIN TRAITORS TO HUMANITY AND MURDERERS FOR PROFIT.** Why mince words?

And what is the government that allows and protects this hellish trade? A co-partnership with **MURDER FOR PROFIT.** Why mince words?

What is war but **MURDER**, and what is the social system of exploitation and profit but **WAR**? Why mince words?

Who gains in war, no matter which side loses? The **EXPLOITERS AND PROFIT MONGERS.**

Who loses in war, no matter which side wins? The **EXPLOITED WORKERS.** Why mince words?

Is war purposely brought on by the exploit-

ers and profit-mongers because there is **BIG MONEY** in it? Yes—why mince words?

What then are the ruling classes of the world? **JUST PLAIN TRAITORS TO HUMANITY AND MURDERERS FOR PROFIT.** Why mince words?

A correspondent of the New York Sun quotes a remarkable tribute of a negro preacher to a white preacher who had consented to occupy the black brother's pulpit one Sunday. He said: "Dis noted divine is one of de greatest men of de age. He knows de unknowable, he kin do the undoable, an' he kin onscrow de onscrutable!"

A certain little girl was discovered by her mother engaged in a spirited encounter with a small friend who had got considerably worsted in the engagement.

"Don't you know, dear," said the mother, "that it is very wicked to behave so? It was Satan that put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Well, perhaps it was," the child admitted, "but kicking her shins was entirely my own idea."

In a town of Maryland one Bill Morton appeared before the postmaster one morning, and the following colloquy occurred:

"Morning, Mr. Postmaster."

"Morning, Bill."

"Has Tom Moore been in for his mail yet?"

"No."

"Will you be here when he comes?"

"I guess so."

"Well, when he comes in will you tell him that on his way from the cheese factory I wish he'd stop and get that pig of Herman Stutz's and take it down to Henry Parker's, and tell Henry I said he could have it for that single harness even up, if he'll fix that bridle and throw in them russet lines instead of the old black ones; and if he won't trade, tell Tom to bring the pig down to my place and put it in the extra pen, and be sure and shut that door to the hen house, or all the chickens'll get out. Sure there ain't no mail? Morning, Mr. Postmaster."

"Morning, Bill."

There are ample laws to cover every sort of crime committed against the government or private individuals. The President's proposed gag-law is a stab at free speech and a free press. Such a law would be a blanket to cover every criticism or protest made against any kind of injustice or tyranny. It has no place in a democratic country. Shall America be completely Russianized?

# YOUR LAST CHANCE!

*This Offer Closes January 1, 1916*

The premium offer of a special autograph edition of

## THE LIFE OF JEHOVAH

HAS BEEN EXTENDED TO JANUARY 1st, 1916. This will POSITIVELY be the limit on this offer.


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## Special Holiday Offer

Good Until January 1, 1916

Send \$5.00 and we will send you 6 copies of "The Life of Jehovah," together with 6 yearly subscription cards to the Melting Pot. What better Holiday Gift than this can a Rationalist offer a friend?

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 Nobody sending in their order for The Life of Jehovah up to January 1, 1916, will be disappointed—Every order up to this date will receive an autograph copy, together with a yearly subscription card to the Melting Pot, no matter how big an edition we have to run off the press. But remember the time limit is positively January 1, 1916, to obtain a copy of the autograph edition.

Read the offer once more, and send in your order before the time is up:

*We are going to publish a special limited autograph edition of Tichenor's*

## "Life of Jehovah,"

containing the author's personal presentation and signed autograph, to go to those sending in their orders and money between now and Jan. 1, 1916, and, together with this, we will mail, upon receipt of letter and order, a yearly subscription card to the Melting Pot, thus virtually making the price of this special autograph edition of the "Life of Jehovah" only 50 cents. Your letter will be filed and numbered in the order received, and the book sent you will contain the same number as your order.

After this special autograph edition is exhausted the price of the book will be strictly \$1.00, as we could not afford to continue this offer indefinitely, the object being to give immediate publicity to what those who have gone through the manuscript say is the greatest rationalist production of the century.

Remember the offer, good until January 1, 1916.

Send \$1.00 before January 1, 1916, a yearly subscription card to the Melting Pot will immediately be sent to you, or your subscription renewed, and a copy of the special limited autograph edition of the "LIFE OF JEHOVAH," numbered in regular succession as per the orders received.

# Ford's Farewell Message to the American People

*I am sailing with the firm belief that great good will come of this mission. The delegates to the peace conference have indicated that there is in them the spirit that appreciates the uselessness and waste of war, as well as the horror and unnecessary killing.*

*There is some sentiment behind this project, but also indications that the business world wants the thing stopped so that it may go on in its work of construction—that is, all except that part of the business world that is turning out guns, battleships and other useless but costly products.*

*Little harm can come of the venture and great good may result. It will keep alive the thought that peace is possible as well as desirable. So long as this is done the hope of peace exists. I know little of the details of the working plan of the peace conference, but I do know that every effort will be made for honorable peace.*

*My heart is in the work for peace and for that reason I stood behind the trip to help the people reach a common meeting place to discuss the possibilities of peace with representatives of other neutral countries.*

*At first there was much so-called fear of international complications resulting from the trip. That was not a hit. Soon ridicule was brought in to try to stop the trip. That might as well have been saved for Billy Sunday, Alton B. Parker, Chancellor Day and other comedians, who expressed themselves as against the plan, with the knowledge that it would appear prominently in the papers.*

*In spite of all this, the mission is leaving on time and leaving with the feeling that the part of the world at peace and the part of the world at war that has heard of the plans are in sympathy with the movement, and the best wishes of the great majority go with it.*

*There is a certain gang of death peddlers that would like to see this thing go to smash, but I believe they are going to be disappointed.—STATEMENT ISSUED BY HENRY FORD JUST BEFORE THE PEACE SHIP SAILED.*

Albert Lea, Minn., Oct. 29th, 1915.  
Mr. Henry M. Tichenor,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Comrade Tichenor:  
Sure I want the book, the "Life of Jehovah." I also got busy and got a few of my friends to sign up for the Melting Pot and the book. I take some reading matter, such as papers and magazines, but the Melting Pot is the King Bee.  
Wishing you great success, find enclosed draft for \$6.00.

Fraternally yours,  
J. E. BUTTON.

Los Angeles, Calif., Oct. 25th, 1915.  
Dear Comrade Tichenor:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which kindly send me the "Life of Jehovah." I just laughed and laughed and then some when I read your "Life of Jehovah." It is surely the "comicist" and the "bestest" truth I ever read. Believe me, I passed several "Melting Pots" containing these articles to friends and they too laughed themselves almost blind.

Your "Melting Pot" is most excellent.

Cordially,  
E. E. KUSEL.

Versailles, Ind., Nov. 29, 1915.

R. A. Dague, Creston, Iowa.  
Dear Comrade—It is mighty difficult to express just how we all feel in regard to the Melting Pot. It looks so much to our eyes as a blessed scrubbing brush that should be worshipped because it is constantly scrubbing away old traditions and superstitions.

Editor Tichenor can't be accused of taking man's religion from him without giving something in return. If the Brotherhood of Man, which he explains in socialistic ideas will not see to man's salvation now and later, what will? If that isn't religion, what is?

Yours sincerely,

ANNA STOCKINGER.

Elkhorn, Wis., Dec. 1, 1915.

Mr. Henry M. Tichenor,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Comrade:

Just a note to let you know that I received the "Life and Exploits of Jehovah" a few days ago, and I think it the best book that I've ever read. I only wish that there could be one placed in every home. If it doesn't cause people to do some thinking they are hopeless.

I have realized for several years that it is utterly impossible to have a humane system of society or government as long as the Christian Bible (or any other for that matter) is read and believed by the people as their ethical and moral guide.

Socialism, as I see it, can never hope to be the power it should as long as ignorance and superstition is taught under the bogus name of religion.

Hoping that the "Life of Jehovah" will have a wide circulation and that its author will live to see the infamous influence of orthodox christianity crushed completely, I am,

Your Comrade,

T. H. HUGHES, D. C.

Elkins, W. Va., Nov. 30, 1915.

Dear Comrade and Editor:

Received the "Life of Jehovah" all O. K. I have read it through and I think it one of the best of its kind on the book market. I don't think it can be beat. If this doesn't knock the hide off the orthodox preachers I don't know what will. It is a great book. Shoot hard and fast. It will be heard some time.

Fraternally yours to win,

D. A. HARPER, Route 2.



# How the War-Wolves Started the War

By Alexandra Kollontay.

I was in Berlin during the first week in August. I saw the tremendous Socialist anti-war demonstrations. I was present in the Reichstag when the German Comrades voted for the war credits. It was simply impossible to describe the scenes enacted in the streets of Berlin at the outbreak of the war. The government had the work of exciting the people carefully arranged. Automobiles laden with war circulars were speeding through the streets in all directions. In these circulars the people were informed, in sensational and exciting manner, that the Russians were at the frontiers, that Cossacks had already crossed the frontiers, that the Russians were nearing Thorn, that the Cossacks were so many miles from Berlin, that the Cossacks were coming nearer and nearer to the German capital city, etc. The people had no way of finding out whether this information, spread broadcast every hour, was true or not. Thus the great mass of the people were excited into the war spirit. And in this general excitement even many of our Socialists were drawn into the whirlpool of war patriotism. Comrades came to me in their uniform, trembling with emotion, and informing me that they were now ready to help free the Russian people from Czarism. Arguments against this queer reasoning were of no avail. And what happened in Berlin took place in St. Petersburg and Paris, in Vienna and London. In Russia the people were told that Prussian militarism had attacked the Russian father-

land, that the German barbarians had already entered Russian territory, etc. In England the working people were told that German militarism had to be defeated, that the country and the freedom of the nation were in danger, etc. In this manner and by such methods the governments succeeded in driving the masses of the people into war.

I shall not discuss the question who started the war. When you read their Red Books, Yellow Books, Green Books, White Books, Grey Books, etc., you will find that none of the warring governments started the war. They are all innocent. But the fact, nevertheless, remains that they are all guilty, and this world war is their capitalist imperialist war. It is an error to believe that this war has wiped out Socialism. The Socialist International is being resurrected, stronger, more militant, more revolutionary. The war will end some day, and then Socialism will develop more strength and greater activity on the part of its advocates than ever before. The class struggle will go on. It is ridiculous to think that Prussian militarism could free Russia from Czarism, and it is equally ridiculous to hope Russian Czarism would do away with German militarism.

The great mass of the people are tired of this war; they are praying for peace. Of the 18,000,000 on the firing line fully 8,000,000 have been killed, crippled, captured. The European insane asylums are overcrowded with victims of the war. Millions

of poor women suffer as only human beings can suffer. Millions of workmen are murdering each other under the delusion of defending their fatherland—their Russian, German, Austrian, French and British fatherlands. After fourteen months of war Czarism has spread to all the war countries, Republican France not excepted. In Germany 600 Socialists are behind prison walls. Public labor meetings are prohibited everywhere.

By way of enlarging the children's vocabulary, a village school-teacher is in the habit of giving them a certain word and asking them to form a sentence in which that word occurs. The other day she gave the class the word "notwithstanding." There was a pause, and then a bright-faced youngster held up his hand.

"Well, what is your sentence Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"Father wore his trousers out, but notwithstanding."

The artist was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots.

The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulfurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."

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# Murder Most Foul

By Jim Larkin, in the International Socialist Review.

"Fire! Let her go!"

With these words on his lips passed to the great beyond Joseph Hillstrom, murdered by the hired assassins of the capitalist class, who, for a few dirty pieces of silver, shot to death a man for the alleged killing of the man Morrison and his son, in what has been well named the City of Undiscovered Crime, Salt Lake City.

While we here respectfully tender our sincere condolences to the bereaved widow, Mrs. Morrison, it must be said, Comrades, that lie as they may, apologize and explain as they may, Joe Hill was shot to death because he was a member of the fighting section of the American working-class, the Industrial Workers of the World.

It is necessary that this should be said by one like myself who is not a member of that organization. May be I, like many others of its critics, lack the intelligence and requisite courage to fit me for membership in the organization which in its brief life has displayed more real revolutionary spirit, greater self-sacrifice, than any other movement in the world of labor has produced—admitting that at times it has made mistakes due to over zeal on the part of its members and propagandists, and has been somewhat intolerant of less revolutionary sections.

Nevertheless, the I. W. W. has ever hewed true to the line of working-class emancipation. Never at any time or place or under the most adverse conditions can it be charged with having obscured the issue or with ever having preached permanent peace with, or given recognition to, the capitalist system. No! but true to its mission as the pioneer movement of the newer time, it advocated perpetual war on, and the total abolition of the system of wage slavery that blights humanity.

That is a record to be proud

of in these days of compromise, when we are cursed with a breed of sycophants masquerading as labor leaders, whose sole purpose in life seems to be apologizing for and defending the capitalist system of exploitation and forever putting forward palliatives and outworn nostrums such as arbitration boards, time agreements and protocols.

Even the gods cannot fight against stupidity, but when allied with that we have venial graft, lust for power and place, and a deep-seated contempt for the workers who elect them to office, animating the soul-cases of these alleged leaders, it gives us great hope and courage and strength of purpose to know of a movement that can produce a great soul like Joe Hill, whose heart was attuned to the spirit of the coming time and who voiced in rebellious phrases his belief in the working class.

Judge of the type of man he was, who on the verge of eternity, writing to Comrade Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who with many other good Comrades was making a heroic uphill fight to save that valuable life for the cause, penned the following:

"We cannot afford to drain the resources of the whole organization and weaken its fighting strength just on account of one individual—common sense will tell you that Gurley—there will be plenty of new rebels coming to fill up the gap."

Never thinking of self, but always of the cause, such was the type of man a vindictive jury, filled with blood lust and desire for revenge, found guilty of an atrocious cowardly murder on circumstantial evidence only. They lied in their verdict and they knew they lied, but a victim had to be found and so the itinerant I. W. W. propagandist and poet, Joseph Hillstrom, one of the Ishmaelites of the industrial world, was to hand and they "shot him to death" because he was a rebel,

one of the disinherited, because he was the voice of the inarticulate down-trodden; they crucified him on their cross of gold, spilled his blood on the altar of their God—Profit.

Because he cried out in the market place, on the highways and in the dark places where the children of men gathered together, the truth that would make men free, for such a crime they crucified the Man of Galilee, for such a crime they crucified John Ball, Parsons, and a million unnamed, aye and for such a crime they will crucify millions unborn, if we cry not halt.

Therefore, Comrades, over the great heart of Joe Hill, now stilled in death, let us take up his burden, rededicate ourselves to the cause that knows no failure, and for which Joseph Hillstrom cheerfully give his all, his valuable life. Though dead in flesh he liveth amongst us, and cries

Arouse! Arouse! Ye sons of toil  
from every rank of Labor,

Not to strife of leaping lead, of  
bayonet or of saber.

Ye are not murderers such as  
they who break ye day and  
hour!

Arouse! Unite! Win back your  
world with a whirlwind  
stroke of power!

Let his blood cement the many  
divided sections of our movement,  
and our slogan for the future be:

"Joe Hill's body lies mouldering  
in the grave, but the cause  
goes marching on."

Frederick, Okla., Oct. 9th, 1915.

Henry M. Tichenor.

Dear Comrade and Friend—Enclosed find \$2.00 for which enter my name for one copy of the "Life of Jehovah" and one yearly subscription card to the Melting Pot. For the balance please send me the "Age of Reason" and the "Roman Religion" and "Rhymes of the Revolution." I am glad to tell you that of all the past events of my life I have never come across anything, to my mind, so delicious as the Melting Pot. If our grandparents and also our parents could have read your books we would have had peace and love and brotherhood instead of superstition and war. Keep up the good work, comrade; some day the truth will be known and then we will have a paradise for the coming generation.

MRS. M. L. McAFEE.

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## Dear Reader:— Listen to Me!

**Y**OU may believe every word I say. If you will, the time you spend in reading this advertisement will be the most profitable period of your life. I can put you in the soap business where you can easily make \$150.00 per month. Any bright man or woman can make more money working for me than in any other way. I have hundreds of agents making \$2,000.00 a year. I have always been in the agency business, myself, and I know it from A to Z. I will teach you how to make sales and make you successful. I have made money in the agency business, and many of the agents I have taught have made their pile and retired.

I now have a much better proposition than ever before—one that makes my agents more money, and I like it better myself. The reason my agents have been so successful is that I do not handle junk, tinware or cheap John goods of any kind that never lead to repeat orders. I do not pay my agents with premiums, but they get hard cash and soon have money in the bank. It is repeat orders that make money in any business. Go into any home on Monday morning and you will find them washing; go to the neighbors and you will find they are washing too. It is the same thing all over the country. The demand for soap is unlimited, and repeat orders never cease. Now, what does this all mean? It means that someone is getting the enormous profit from your territory which should be yours.

There is big money in the soap business and I give my agents the big end of the profit—a profit so large that I hesitate to state in this public manner what it is, but will be glad to advise you confidentially when you write me. Suffice it to say for the present that you will be satisfied. I can give you a chance to make such a big profit that you will be more than satisfied with your income and willing to stay with me year after year and be one of my loyal representatives. I personally teach every agent how to make money and make it fast. My plan has been a great success, and I will give it to you FREE. Now, I want to say to every man or woman who is anxious to make money and better their condition, write me. Don't lose it moment's time, but write me at once, and address your letter to **JOHN B. HECOX, General Manager of the WOLVERINE SOAP COMPANY, 517 Water Street, Portland Michigan.**

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## Sterilization Brings Misery, Insanity and Death

Some time this month (November, 1915) 24 men—their names hidden from the public—are to be STERILIZED by the state of Wisconsin!

Absolute secrecy veils the experiment Wisconsin is to make.

An "expert alienist," who, the law provides, shall not be paid more than \$10 a day, is to determine who will be sterilized!

And the excuse will be: "THEY'RE MENTAL DEFECTIVES."

That was the same excuse given when John Rehfeldt, a patient at the Outgamie County Asylum at Appleton was sterilized.

But tragedy spelled in big letters made that excuse only a mockery.

Here is the result of that one sterilization operation:

One suicide.

Another death.

One man again made insane.

One divorce.

Six children separated from their father.

One \$10,000 law suit.

And, in spite of this startling example, the Wisconsin Legislature at the last session slipped through a law providing for the sterilization of "mental defectives," this law becoming operative this month.

Fearing legal action to prevent the operations upon the 24 men picked for victims, selected from among patients of the Chippewa Falls State Home for Feeble-Minded, the State Board of Control refuses to give their names or the day set for the experiment to the public.

In fact, there are few citizens of the state who are aware such a law is on the Wisconsin statutes. And of those few there are probably not more than a dozen who have heard of the tragic and appalling results of the sterilization of John Rehfeldt.

Rehfeldt is 36 and is **THE FATHER OF SIX CHILDREN**, three boys and three girls. In April, 1910, he was committed to the State Hospital for Insane at

Oshkosh and a year later was removed to the Appleton Asylum. Here, **DESPITE EXCELLENT PHYSICAL CONDITION**, he was sterilized at the recommendation of George Downer, superintendent of the asylum, by Dr. J. V. Canavan, a former mayor of Appleton.

In August, 1913, he was released from the asylum as CURED and returned to his wife and family STERILIZED.

Mrs. Rehfeldt asked a divorce. And Rehfeldt, **BROKEN IN SPIRIT AND HEALTH BY THE LOSS OF HIS FAMILY AND THE STERILIZATION**, struggled against the inevitable until last June, when worry brought back insanity and he was returned to the asylum.

In the meantime Rehfeldt had filed a suit for \$10,000 against Drs. Canavan and Downer.

**CANAVAN DIED.** Report was general, though it never appeared before in print, that worry over the Rehfeldt affair had hastened his end.

Then, last April, Downer, worried to desperation, committed **SUICIDE.**

The children of Rehfeldt—all healthy and mentally as quick as most children of their ages—are now living with their mother on a farm near Appleton. And they, too, are **INNOCENTLY** paying the price.

Now sterilization is to have still **ANOTHER TRIAL!**

Not one of the 24 men who are to be its victims could be proven incurable. Not one of the 24 men there who may not leave the mad house some day, like Rehfeldt, mentally cured—but **STERILIZED.**—George A. De Witt, in the San Francisco Daily News.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 8th, 1915.

Dear Comrade Tichenor:

Enclosed find P. O. order for which please send me one of the special autograph editions of the "Life of Jehovah" with one subscription card to the Melting Pot. The "Little old Melting Pot" is sure a warm number, as one old Socialist here calls it, the "Boiling Pot." It is the biggest little thing of the kind I have ever seen. Long live the Melting Pot.

Yours for the Revolution,

W. R. STIMSON.

### A Moral Defective

Dr. H. J. Haiselden, the Chicago physician, who permitted the Bollinger baby to die with the consent of its parents because it was defective, has missed his calling; he should be on the stage where the nation-wide publicity he has achieved through his public statement that he deliberately intended to let it die to prevent it from becoming a useless and helpless burden, would be profitable.

There is not much significance in the death of this particular defective infant. So many millions of babies die. Dr. Haiselden's assumption that he could have saved its life by an operation is a mere assumption. The probability is that a child as defective physically as this one was said to be would have died without the doctor's consent.

Instead of saving its life he might have assisted it into the grave by his operation. Such things have happened.

The significant thing about the incident is Dr. Haiselden's advocacy of the policy of putting defective infants to death and sterilizing subnormal children. He confesses that he acts in accord with this policy.

If his policy is adopted who is to be the judge of the fitness of children to live and reproduce their kind? Who is to assume and exercise the power of life and death over infants and to render judgment on the fitness of children for manhood and womanhood? Who can do it save the All-Knowing and the All-Powerful—the Supreme Intelligence that governs the universe and is able to confound the learned and mighty and to give strength to the feeble?

How defective must infants be to merit death? What degree of apparent subnormality shall deserve the surgeon's knife?

Out of what we regard as the worst material frequently is wrought the best results. From feeble and defective children sometimes arise men and women of great physical and mental, moral or spiritual force whose

potent influence for good and for human progress the world cannot spare. From hopeless parents and vicious environment spring masters of light and learning.

In assuming to exercise and execute judgment on human life and human potencies Dr. Haiselden is a menace to society. No physician can do this; no physician governed by ethical principle will ever do it—will ever do anything that does not contribute to the saving of life.

Dr. Abraham Jacoby aptly put the principle that must guide the wise and conscientious doctor when he said: "The mission of doctors is not to destroy life but to save it." They cannot assume the guise of minister of life and health to serve death and mutilation.

The materialistic view of human life and human potentialities fails at the crucial point. It takes no account of spirit or mind—of that unfathomable power of nature which energizes and heals in the work of which the physician and surgeon are mere assistants. A maxim which the late Dr. Bernays, a great surgeon, constantly impressed upon his pupils was that "nature heals; the surgeon is only nature's aid."

A dangerous phase of the theory of the right of doctors to determine the question of life or death or fitness for human beings is its criminal possibilities.

If medical or other scientists assume the right and power to doom alleged defectives to death or mutilation, what crimes will be committed in the name of science!

Dr. Haiselden is a moral defective.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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## "Patriotism," "Preparedness," and Plunder

Let the American people make no mistake. "Preparedness" fairly reeks with the smell of private profits.

"Putrid patriotism" would fit the fact much better than does the word "preparedness." What could be more nearly putrid, for instance, than the manner in which the organization of the "Navy League of the United States" was brought about last June?

The Navy League was organized for the purpose of inducing the government to put an extra half billion of dollars into the army and navy at the next session of Congress.

It is possible that you may be interested in knowing who were some of the gentlemen who helped organize the league and what are their business connections. If so, here are the facts:

J. Pierpont Morgan was present. As to him, I will quote only a paragraph from a Chicago Tribune article:

"How much money Morgan is making out of his job as American minister of munitions to the court of St. James, is the merest conjecture. Some say the amount is so stupendous as to be almost inconceivable."

Thomas W. Lamont, who was also present, may be referred to as "Patriot No. 2." Mr. Lamont is Mr. Morgan's partner and is financially interested in everything that concerns the Morgan firm.

Patriot No. 3 was William H. Porter. Mr. Porter is Mr. Morgan's partner.

Patriot No. 4 was Henry P. Davison. Mr. Davison is Mr. Morgan's partner.

Patriot No. 5 was Charles Steele. Mr. Steele is Mr. Morgan's partner.

Patriot No. 6 was Paul D. Cravath. Mr. Cravath is a member of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., which is and has been one of the greatest beneficiaries of the war in Europe.

Patriot No. 7 was Elbert H. Gary. Mr. Gary, as everyone knows, is the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, which furnishes most of the steel out of which shrapnel is made and gets other odd jobs as a result of the war—among others, an order from the Russian government for \$25,000,000 worth of rails.

Patriot No. 8 was Harry Payne Whitney. Mr. Whitney is a director of the Guarantee Trust Co., which, as the transfer agent of the Westinghouse, American Car and Foundry, Atlas Powder Co., Hercules Powder Co. and other similar concerns, shares in their profits on war munitions.

Patriot No. 9 was S. H. P. Pell. Mr. Pell also is a director of the International Nickel Co.

Patriot No. 10 was Cornelius Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt is a director of the Lackawanna Steel Co., which, according to the Wall Street Journal, recently received from Europe a war order for \$7,000,000 worth of goods.

Patriot No. 11 was Ogden L. Mills. Mr. Mills, also, is a director of the Lackawanna Steel Co.

Patriot No. 12 was Frederick R. Coudert. Mr. Coudert is a director of the National Surety Co., which, according to the Wall Street Journal, has written surety bonds on contracts for the production of \$1,500,000,000 worth of war material.

Patriot No. 13 was Francis L. Hine. Mr. Hine is a director of the Bankers' Trust Co., which is the transfer agent of the Baldwin Locomotive Co., a concern that has profited hugely from war orders.

Patriot No. 14 was Edmund C. Converse. Mr. Converse, too, is a director of the Bankers' Trust Co.

Patriot No. 15 was Daniel G. Read. Mr. Read is a director of the Guarantee Trust Co., the activities of which were set forth in the statement about "Patriot No. 8."

Patriot No. 16 was Percy Rockefeller. "Rockefeller—That's All."

Patriot No. 17 was Frank A. Vanderlip. Mr. Vanderlip is president of the National City Bank, a Rockefeller concern. He is also a director of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Co., which is the transfer agent of the General Electric Co., a manufacturer of war munitions.

Patriot No. 18 was L. L. Clarke. Mr. Clarke is a director of the American Locomotive Co., which, according to the Wall Street Journal, has received orders for shrapnel amounting to \$65,000,000.

Patriot No. 19 was Col. Robert M. Thompson himself—the founder of the Navy League of the United States. Col. Thompson is chairman of the board of the International Nickel Co., the business of which, according to the Wall Street Journal, has been much improved "because of the increased consumption of nickel brought about by the war."

There you have an interior view of the Navy League of the United States. When you read, as you will, appeals for many more dreadnoughts, many more soldiers, many more guns, mountains of shrapnel and tremendous quantities of other munitions, kindly remember that these appeals have the heartfelt approval of Col. Thompson and his nineteen patriotic friends.

As the New York Evening Sun said, you may not know what the country should have—but these gentlemen do. Every man connected with the thirteen corporations that, according to the Chicago Tribune, have profited on war munition orders to the extent of approximately \$500,000,000—every one of these gentlemen knows what the country should have.—Allen L. Benson, in Pearson's Magazine.

Vancouver, B. C., Canada, Nov. 11th, 1915.

Dear Friend—Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me your book, the "Life of Jehovah," and the Melting Pot. The September number of the Melting Pot was handed to me by a friend, and I must say I have found it the best reading I have ever got hold of. That "Life of Jehovah" is the richest thing I ever saw and I take off my hat to Mr. Tichenor as one of the very few men on this earth who dare come out and take such a fearless stand against this hellish religion of theology. So here's success to you and your good work.

Yours in the cause, A. SMITH.

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# The Struggle Between Science and Superstition

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# Sunshine the Greatest Medicine

**T**HE way the doctors are prescribing sunshine these days may finally put all the drug stores out of business. It wasn't such a great while ago that they treated consumptives by locking them up in bedrooms with double doors and windows, "so that a steady temperature could be commanded." Even a fireplace was bricked up. Unfortunately, the patients usually died before the learned doctor could complete his experiments.

Nowadays our leading physicians are going back to the primitive. It is true they have adopted a high-sounding name for it—heliotherapy, which simply means sun-healing—but it is nothing more or less than exposing the diseased body to the direct rays of the sun, and the sun is effecting astonishing cures.

So astonishing, indeed, are they that the whole medical world is ringing with the news. Within the last few weeks no less than three important American publications have printed long, illustrated articles about it. The Smithsonian Institution appointed an investigator and has just published his report in a large volume, profuse with pictures and diagrams. While the most important sun-cure sanitariums are in Europe, the State of New York has already established one at Coney Island and has acquired property for a much

larger one. The State of Pennsylvania has at least three open-air sanatoria where the sun cure is being used, and other states are investigating the matter.

Dr. Guy Hinsdale, prize essayist and author of the Smithsonian report, has just published a supplementary report in the Interstate Medical Journal of St. Louis. French and Swiss surgeons many years ago discovered that the sun's rays had a marked curative value, he says, but it has remained for Dr. A. Rollier of Leysin, who has a sanatorium in the Swiss Alps, to develop a thoroughly scientific course of scientific heliotherapy. Hinsdale declares that Rollier's records of 1000 cures out of 1200 patients, most of them afflicted with some form of tuberculosis, is "one of the greatest contributions to modern surgical progress and especially to the fight against tuberculosis."

"Rollier," he goes on, "has succeeded in training his patients, both children and adults, by systematic and strict methods, adapted always to the individual case, so that they live in the free air of the Alps, apparently perfectly comfortable; the training begins with exposure to the air and afterwards exposure to the sunlight, solar radiation constituting heliotherapy."

"Under no circumstances does Rollier allow the patient to be ex-

posed to the sun on the same day or even on the day following his arrival in the mountains. According to the gravity of the case or the general resistance of the patient, from three to ten days are allowed for the acclimatization to the altitude and training for the air cure.

"On his arrival, the patient is put to bed in a room; little by little the ventilators and glass doors are opened and he is gradually accustomed to contact with the air; this is before he is exposed to the free outside air.

"The next step is to wheel the patient on his bed to the large sun gallery or outer balconies adjacent to the bedroom, and beginning with one hour the first day and two hours on the second, and so on, he begins his heliotherapy, properly so called. The temperature record is kept with the pulse and respiration; the blood and urine are examined and general conditions noted. He is clothed in linen or white flannel, according to the season; he wears a white hat and is protected from direct sunlight on the face by means of a screen and wears smoked or yellow glasses.

"And now comes the peculiar and interesting method of exposure. It makes no difference where the disease is located, whether in the hip, the spine or the cervical glands, the invariable rule is to begin with the feet. These are exposed at intervals of one hour, five times and only for a period of five minutes. The next day the legs will be exposed and the same method followed; the third day the thighs as far as the groin for five minutes three or four times, the legs for 10 minutes three or four times; then the feet for 10 minutes three or four times. On the fourth day the abdomen is exposed, on the fifth the thorax; when the precaution is taken to cover the heart with a damp cloth.

"If the condition of the patient permits, Rollier presents first the patient's abdomen and next his back to the sun, increasing the number of exposures to six or eight. Finally, on the sixth or

*Continued on page 28*

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# Building A Business Without Capital

BY E. T. DURHAM

Five years ago in my little town out in Oregon I was sort of a handy man at one of the saw mills pulling down less than \$2.00 per day and not much chance of ever doing any better. Today I am the best fixed, best-dressed man in town, own one of the finest automobiles in this section and can get a thousand or two at the First National any time I want to sign my 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 for me much more than any store I could have started with \$1000.

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

staying 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 if one of these stuck out head and shoulders above the others, it was the proposition of the E. M. Davis Soap Company, 810 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 50c 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 saw mill 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 \$3 worth of products the first evening. On this evening's work my profit was 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 saw mill 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 the first one.

Now, just stop and get the significance of this. I was an ordinary saw mill 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. That was easy, because Davis supplied us 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 simply a case of hustle to keep up with the demand. Demand on part of the customers and on the part of the people who wanted sub-agencies. 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.

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 saw mill roustabout, will you? You have, and you can do just what he did. The same company is just as anxious to get agents today 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 today 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—or what bad luck you've had with other lines, get this clearly. I manufacture a swell line of high-class toilet necessities like Soaps, Perfumes, Creams, etc., by my own special process that smashes all records for low prices. And believe me, when "Davis" says a thing you can bet your last shirt on it. Then, too, I pack these things in saucy little boxes that take the ladies. I have started thousands of men and women in this business—have shown them my 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.

### MY GOODS SELL THEMSELVES

My goods are so good, so reliable and give such complete satisfaction, that repeat orders come easy. Once my goods are tried they are always used. I have spent eighteen years in perfecting my goods, until it is conceded that my products are better than 95 per cent of those manufactured. Another thing, the man who is selling a necessary article such as is used every day is the man who is making money. My products are a necessity and needed in every home. If you will just show my samples and use the selling talks I furnish you, you will sell almost everyone you call on.

### Hurry! Get Territory

I can only use a certain number of agents. I guarantee all my agents certain territory and as soon as I have disposed of the territory no one can get it for love or money. When you work for me you do not have to be scared of another agent stepping on your toes. Only one agent to each portion of the territory. 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.

**E. M. DAVIS SOAP COMPANY, 810 DAVIS BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILL.**

### READ WHAT OTHERS SAY ALWAYS DOING BIG BUSINESS.

A—, Ga., Aug. 20, 1914.  
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.

### YOUNG AND OLD MAKE GOOD.

A—, Ga., Aug. 20, 1914.  
I will soon be 69 years old. Have a grandson 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 not over eight hours each.

### SIXTY-NINE SALES. TWO DAYS. PROFIT OVER \$35.00.

R—, Wis.  
I received samples O K and worked Monday and Tuesday. Got sixty-nine orders; they are to be delivered the 26th.

### SIX HOURS; PROFIT \$9.00.

T—, Ill., May 27, 1915.  
Went out this morning and sold fifteen in six hours (lucky Eleven).  
Harry Gasmann.

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# War Against War!

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION HAS RISKED PLUNGING THIS NATION INTO THE EUROPEAN GULF OF BLOOD BY ENFORCING ITS DEMAND THAT THE WAR PROFITEERS BE PERMITTED TO EXPORT ARMS, WAR EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES TO THE WARRING NATIONS. IT HAS AIDED AND ABETTED THE MAKING OF A HUGE LOAN TO THE ALLIES BY THE HOUSE OF MORGAN!

We have demanded the prohibition of the exportation of arms, war equipment and supplies from one country to another as an anti-war measure.

We do not know which side is going to win. We do know, however, that victory for either side cannot bring back to life the millions of dead; cannot restore the thousands of shattered firesides, cannot heal the wounds of an outraged civilization and return to humanity the wasted wealth lost for all time in this universal slaughter.

We know that Germany victorious may demand a burdensome indemnity from the United States for the mass of war munitions the profiteers are sending across the sea, for the money its bankers have been allowed to contribute to bolster up one side in this uncalled-for strife.

Before the war was a month old, the Socialists of America issued and distributed one and one-half million copies of a leaflet, "STARVE THE WAR AND FEED AMERICA!" It declared that:

"We must stop the shipping of all supplies into the war zone.

"Not a penny for loans, not an ounce of food should leave these shores to prolong this terrible shedding of blood.

"This is the only honest and complete neutrality. In no other way can we be sure of keeping this nation out of that fearful whirlpool."

We reiterate that declaration today. It is reiterated in the Anti-War Manifesto of American Socialists. Congress will next month be called upon to endorse the continued exportation of arms, war equipment and supplies from this country to the warring countries. We must stop congress from lending its sanction to this means of profiting by the slaughter in Europe!

**SOCIALISTS OF THE NATION! RALLY FOR THE FIGHT TO PREVENT THE EXPORTATION OF THE NECESSITIES OF WAR FROM ONE COUNTRY TO ANOTHER!**

At this hour, therefore, when congress is about to meet, when all the powers that make for war are actively at work, it is well to repeat part of the appeal issued by the Socialist Party to the people of the United States shortly after the sinking of the Lusitania last May. It is as follows:

"The insidious propaganda of American militarism has received a powerful impetus through the destruction of American lives as a result of the war operations in Europe. The jingo press of the country is busily engaged in reckless efforts to turn the cries of natural indignation of the people into a savage howl for revenge. Short-sighted 'patriots' and professional militarists are inflaming the minds and blinding the reason of their fellow-citizens by appealing to national vanity. The sinister influences of the armament ring work through thousands of hidden channels to stimulate a war sentiment, which to it means business and profits.

"In this grave hour of national crisis, the Socialist Party of the United States raises its voice in solemn and emphatic protest against this dangerous and criminal agitation, and proclaims its undying opposition to militar-

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ism and war. No disaster, however appalling; no crime, however revolting, justifies the slaughter of nations and the devastation of countries.

"Strong armaments and military preparations inevitably and irresistibly lead to war, as the tragic example of the nations of Europe has conclusively demonstrated.

"We call upon the people of the United States to profit by the lesson of our unfortunate brothers on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and to throttle all efforts to draw this country into the dangerous paths of international quarrels, imperialism, militarism and war.

"We call particularly upon the workers of America to oppose war and all agitation for war by the exercise of all the power in their command, for it is their class who pays the awful cost of warfare, without receiving any of its rewards. It is the workers who primarily furnish the soldiers on the battlefield and give their limbs and lives in the senseless quarrels of their masters.

"Let us proclaim in tones of unmistakable determination: 'Not a worker's arm shall be lifted for the slaying of a fellow-worker of another country, nor turned for the production of man-killing implements or war supplies! Down with war! Forward to international peace and the world-wide solidarity of all workers!'"

The Schwabs, the Carnegies and the Morgans are not worrying about the United States, which consists right now of one hundred million men, women and children, nearly every one of them of the working class, who have nothing to gain by war. These gentlemen are worrying about their profits. If they can frighten the people into believing they have no navy and no army, then they hope to force the people into permitting con-

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to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin (details of offer given in our circular.) Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to merits of the Aladdin? We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. Be the first and get our special introductory offer under which you can lamp free for showing it to a few neighbors and sending in their orders. Write quick for 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial. Just say, "Show me how I can get a strong white light from kerosene oil, without risking a cent." Address our nearest office.

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gress to vote huge sums to create an army and navy.

The war profiteers want a big navy and a big army because that means big profits. We Socialists demand that PRIVATE PROFIT be taken out of the manufacture of war munitions. We demand that the congress that meets next month do this immediately. We demand that if the United States must have the tools of slaughter, in spite of our opposition, that it manufacture them itself, that there shall be no profit for Schwab or Carnegie or Rockefeller or Morgan. We demand this because we know that when PRIVATE PROFIT has been eliminated from the manufacture of the instruments of death, then the greatest incentive for their production will have been abolished.—From the American Socialist.

## A High-Grade Pocket Knife

A knife in quality and finish equal to any on the market, and especially adapted to farmers' and laborers' use.

On one side picture of a prominent Socialist; on the other the Socialist rebel call.

Comrades, every cent of profit made on these knives will be used to further the cause of Socialism.

They are sure attractive, and I defy the world to excel them.

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The Debs and Seidel knife, medium in size, \$1.50.

The workingman's knife, a large one, my own design, \$1.50.

The Kate Richards O'Hare knife, small for a man, large for a woman, \$1.00.

If you send for one of these knives it will be forwarded to you by insured mail. I guarantee it to reach your address, and to give entire satisfaction in all respects. The publishers of the Melting Pot will endorse all I say in this ad.

The knife can go to one person, the paper to another.

Address J. A. Williams, Box 708, Sawtelle, California.

*It gives me pleasure to recommend these knives. I have used one for about 2 years, and find the material to be the best. They can't be beat.*

—Editor Melting Pot.



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## Sunshine the Greatest Medicine

*Continued from page 24*

seventh day he exposes the head and neck, with careful supervision."

What is it in the sun which effects cures? Opinion is somewhat divided, although most scientists are agreed that the violet rays are largely responsible. Violet rays, as has been well established, are germ-killing rays; in France and elsewhere they are used for ridding water of bacteria. The first effect on the human body is to produce a change in the skin's color, due to pigmentation. Photographs of patients at Rollier's place show the shade of the skin varying at different stages from white to a deepening copper color, and, in most cases, to a swarthy brown.

According to Rollier, the pigmentation is the important element in the cure. Hinsdale quotes him as saying that it affords to the skin a remarkable resistance, favors cicatrization of wounds and confers a local immunity to microbe infections. It is believed, however, that there are other benefits than the increase of pigmentation. The one thing that seems clear is that the actinic rays of the sun are fatal to the tubercle bacillus.

The patients at these sanatoria soon reach the point where they can go for hours in the sun without bad effects. The head, of course is always covered and the greatest care is taken that no person shall receive enough sunburn at any one time to endanger his general health.

"It is in surgical tuberculosis that we have the best results from heliotherapy and we have made the treatment of it our life work. As a result of my experience in using the light cure in higher altitudes, based on an experience of nine years, I maintain today that the cure of surgical tuberculosis in all its forms, in all stages, as well as at every age of life, can be accomplished," says Dr. Rollier.

"The closed surgical tuberculosis always heals, if one will only be patient, and above all if one understands how to keep it closed. To transform a closed tuberculosis

into an open one means to increase the gravity of the case a hundred fold. A diminution of the vitality of the tissues is the inevitable consequence. To regard a surgical tuberculosis as a local disease which can be cured by local treatment alone is a ruinous error. On the contrary, it is a general infection which requires general treatment."

One of the interesting cures reported from Rollier's institution was that of a young girl who had been afflicted with what is known as Pott's disease. The muscles of her spine were atrophied and the spinal column bent outward in such a way as to make of her a hunchback. At first she was put into one of the plaster jackets with an opening through which the sun's rays could reach her body. Within fifteen months she was pronounced cured. The hump had disappeared, her sunken chest had filled out to proper proportions and she had been changed from a deformed, pitiable spectacle into a handsome, robust child.

Dr. Theodore Williams reports a heliotherapy cure of a young woman of 18 in a sanitarium at St. Moritz. She had lost a sister from tuberculosis and for about five months before going to St. Moritz had showed the cough and other customary symptoms of consumption. In six months of the sun cure she had lost the cough, had gained 24 pounds in weight, was bronzed as an Indian and the picture of health. She had to get an entire new wardrobe because she had outgrown all of her clothes.

Another young woman of 21, who had shown marked improvement after several months at St. Moritz, went to a sea-level resort for a summer. All the old symptoms returned. She spent the following winter at St. Moritz, tobogganing and walking in the snow, and by spring was completely restored to health. Indeed, the sun cure seems to fortify the body against the extremes of heat or cold. Photographs taken at Rollier's show children naked, except for shoes, hats and loin cloths, playing about contentedly in the snow.

While, in the opinion of Hinsdale, mountain sun-cure sanitariums seem to offer advantages over those at sea level, there are many of them at low altitudes which are also reporting marvelous cures. One of these is at Margate in England and another is at Berek Plage, 25 miles south of Boulogne, in France. Italy has 10 marine hospitals for tuberculosis on the Mediterranean and 10 on the Adriatic.

The hospital at Berek Plage is on a very elaborate scale, costing over \$250,000 for annual maintenance. The free access of sunlight is esteemed as the essential thing for the treatment of surgical tuberculosis. There are many long balconies designed for the sole purpose of carrying out the open-air method with complete exposure of the body to sunlight.

Patients, many of them children, are wheeled from their sleeping rooms upon these balconies at all seasons, except in bad weather or violent wind, and spend the entire day there. At nights the windows of their wards are always open to the west, facing the sea, except when it is stormy. Then these windows are closed and windows

on the east side are opened. The children remain unclothed from morning to evening, but at night have a slight cover. All patients not bedridden are required to take walks on the beach and to bathe in the surf when the weather is warm. There is a pool within the buildings into which sea water is pumped and properly heated for baths the year around.

Sea Breeze Hospital on Coney Island is the largest American institution of the kind. Here the Rollier system is modified in the treatment of surgical tuberculosis, only the directly affected parts being exposed to the sunlight. Results there have been so satisfactory that the City of New York has bought 1000 feet of beach front to build a large institution at a total cost of \$2,500,000.

Joseph's Mills, W. Va., Nov. 27th, 1915.  
Mr. Henry M. Tichenor,  
Dear Comrade:

Enclosed please find P. O. money order in amount \$2.00 for the following, viz.:

Load up one "Life of Jehovah" place on your files, one year's subscription to the Melting Pot, beginning with the December number; also another "Life of Jehovah" and one subscription card to the Melting Pot. It is with pleasure that I see and read so many enthusiastic letters giving their appreciation of your masterful efforts. May you live long to sow the seed in many fertile spots in our land.

Yours for co-operation and best wishes in my humble efforts. CHAS. SMITH.

Wannette, Okla., Dec. 7, 1915.

The Melting Pot, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Comrades:—Enclosed find money order for \$1.00 for which please renew my subscription to the Melting Pot for one year and send me a copy of the "Life of Jehovah." Have just read my brother's copy, but one copy in the family is not enough. Even the preachers are reading it down in this neck of the woods. "Everybody's doin' it now."

One by one it is tearing the filthy rags of devilry and deceit from the shrivelled and decrepit body of "orthodoxy," and is doing more to annihilate ignorance and superstition, those twin dungeons of the human brain, than anything new published. It beats hartshorn or the old maid's smelling salts for opening up theological nostrils, and clarifying the heads of two-legged jackasses who button their collars behind like a mule's papa. It's funnier than a bag of monkeys; and like the motto on the package of Grape Nuts and Post Toasties, "There's a reason." It's "the man behind the pen—Our Henry." The dentists down here in Oklahoma have already quit administering laughing-gas to their patients when they pull teeth; they just read to them the "Life and Wonderful Exploits of Jehovah." The effect is magical, they forget all about the tooth or the pain. It is perforating the opaque skulls of our modern cave men like a 42-centimeter howitzer.

Yours for Mental Freedom,

JAMES H. FLENNIKEN.

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Wonderful Treatment Helped Faithful Wife to Save Husband  
When All Else Failed.

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Upon receipt of this coupon and your address, we will send you absolutely free, in plain wrapper, so no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Treatment so you can try it and prove it. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address

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Do you want peace and love to reign,  
In place of war and blood.  
Do you want to see all lands unite,  
In one grand brother-hood.

THEN READ THE REVOLUTION  
IN SONG AND STORY

Price, 15 cents

Address, J. A. Williams,  
Compiler and Publisher,

Box 70D.

Sawtelle, California

# What They Think of It

Wellington, Tex., Nov. 21st, 1915.  
Mr. H. M. Tichenor.

My Dear Comrade—Accept my thanks for the way which you hit the humbugs, frauds and hypocrites. You skin them all alike. I wish we had a million of men like you that had the ability and nerve you have. You speak my sentiments better than I can myself. I am a Texas cotton slave, 56 years young, and a slave of Jehovah until the last 12 years, but how in the h— I came from under the spell is a mystery to me and always will be. The sky-pilots have no time to talk to me, they soon get on the run. Counting time and expense I can beat Billy Sunday making converts to our religion, with the help of the Melting Pot and the Roman Religion. Two years ago when I moved into this community I was the only free-thinker here, but now we are in the majority, so thank you for past help. I remain,

Your friend and comrade,  
G. W. JOHNSON.

Homestead, Pa., Nov. 17th, 1915.  
Mr. Henry M. Tichenor.

Dear Comrade—Enclosed you will find \$6.00 for which forward me to the above address 13 subscription cards and premium, bound volume of the Melting Pot for 1914. Also the "Life of Jehovah" and one subscription card.

I hope you will get a few hundred more that will send in subscriptions like this, as I think your paper is the greatest that I ever read for the enlightenment of the poor dupes who have had the old mythology crammed into their heads from their birth. I can assure you the workers want a lot of talking to before they make up their minds to be a subscriber, but I have been working at them now for over a year and I am pleased to say I have made some success and live in the hopes of getting a few more subscriptions before the New Year.

I also have to send you kind regards and my best wishes for the success of your great paper from a few of my friends in England that I send the Old Pot to.

With kindest regards and success to your great writings, I remain,

Your very sincere friend,  
FRED MANSELL.

Groveton, Tex., Nov. 21st, 1915.  
The Melting Pot,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Comrades:

Enclosed you will find P. O. money order for \$1.00 for which you will please send me as soon as off the press the "Life of Jehovah" and subscription card for one year's subscription to the Melting Pot, and may the God of nature take care of you, or what is more sane, may you, by obeying the laws of nature, take care of yourself, and long live the Melting Pot.

Yours for the Revolution,  
A. H. FORD.

Cornville, Ariz., Nov. 18th, 1915.  
Mr. Henry M. Tichenor,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 for which send me one copy of the "Life of Jehovah" and renew my subscription to the Melting Pot.

I have read your work for about one year and think it is the most brilliant work that man can do. My only wish is that you may live to a very old age and have the health and strength to carry on the good work. You certainly have the support of the people.

Yours as ever,  
OTTO OLSON.

Muncie, Ind., Nov. 23rd, 1915.  
Henry M. Tichenor:

Enclosed find 25c for which send me

12 copies of the December Melting Pot.  
Yours always,

T. J. BOWLES.  
P. S. You are doing a greater service to the human race than any man on this earth.

Talmage, Cal., Nov. 12th, 1915.  
Esteemed Champion Iconoclast H. M. Tichenor:

I didn't happen to be the first to send for Jehovah's biography, so gloriously compounded, but thank you I am not to be the last one by several millions. Every mentally free person wants one, and the gospel preachers will be crazy for that book, because they will learn more impossible things done by their wizard Jehovah than their Bible contains, and that will be welcome to strengthen the faith. Your satirical logic cannot be refuted, so they will have to accept it.

When a thing gets extremely silly it becomes god-like, and Jehovah is number one of all the divine clowns dwelling in cox-combs brains, the only place where he exists.

Your admiring comrade,  
O. F. JOHNSON.

Mobile, Ala., Nov. 17th, 1915.  
The Melting Pot Pub. Co.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Friend Henry:

Don't close your file to the autograph edition of the "Life of Jehovah" till my name is "recorded there." Am enclosing check to cover, and I trust that before you unwind this life's mortal coil you will be given more power to push the mighty men to eliminate the brain of man of ignorance, superstition and fear. That alone will quench the fires of "Hell on Earth."

M. F. ARMOR.

Springdale, Ark., Nov. 27th, 1915.  
Henry M. Tichenor,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Comrade:

I think my subscription is out, so I am sending you M. O. for 50c for the Melting Pot for another year. The Melting Pot is the most fearless, the most truthful and the most radical publication that I have ever seen and suits me exactly, so keep it coming.

Yours for the Revolution,  
AMOS D. WILSON.

Schulenberg, Tex., Nov. 27th, 1915.  
Mr. Henry M. Tichenor,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

I understand you are one of the "damned." That the Catholics have consigned you to "purgatory," the Protestants to eternal "hell fire," where the worm dieth not, and Pastor Russell says you will have to die a second death. This is a somewhat precarious predicament and I am sorry for you. I think the people should do all in their power to make this life pleasant for you in that the future one holds for you such torture. Therefore I enclose you \$1.50, and if you will enter my name for one year to the Melting Pot, send me one "Life of Jehovah" and Paine's "Age of Reason." I will advise the Holy Fathers of the uselessness of holding high mass over you when you make your departure.

Yours sincerely,  
W. J. DOBBS.

Eucalyptus Lodge, San Diego, Cal.  
Nov. 6, 1915.

Friend and Comrade Daguer:

Was pleased to read your article on Spiritualism in "The Melting Pot." It was sound, sane, logical, and convincing. Such a summary of facts, and the conclusions of eminent scientists, sustaining the argument, strongly tends to take Spiritualism out of the realm of religion and philosophy, and make of it a Science. Re-

ligion is largely a matter of faith and dogma. When philosophy is susceptible of unquestionable proofs, it then ceases to be a philosophy—free of conjectures and hypotheses—and becomes a Science. That the Melting Pot will print your thesis in booklet form and put it on sale at a minimum price is substantial evidence of the broad toleration of the editor, Colonel Tichenor, as he is an agnostic and rationalist of intrepid fighting spirit. His grillings of the grafter Billy Sunday, and the sniveling hypocrite Comstock were artistic jobs. His bouts with the inquisitorial post office authorities in their ambitious piety mongering are notable efforts for press freedom. The booklet will be luminous literature for propaganda work, to disperse the fog and give a clearer vision to sincere searchers for truth. The frauds of sordid and pretentious Spiritualists and misinformation of opponents have burdened the cult with a vast amount of disrepute.

My dear old comrade—in a double sense—while in one way it is pathetic for you to lay for years on your couch, suffering agonies of pain, and now abiding close to the borders of another world, yet it is an inspiration to see you day by day delivering to humanity rare gifts of your genius.

Sincerely yours,  
L. W. BILLINGSLEY.

Pueblo, Colo., Nov. 6, 1915.

Melting Pot,

Dear Friends:

Enclosed find 25c. Please send me six pamphlets on "Spiritualism," published in the November Melting Pot.

While some are "pilin' their cussin' on the editor" don't let him forget how much more others are appreciating him and what hope, good cheer and encouragement he brings to younger people who fail to find anything vital in church and school instruction.

Sincerely,  
NAOMI ZIEGLER,  
American Conservatory.

Pueblo, Colo.

Port Clinton, O., Nov. 9th, 1915.

Henry M. Tichenor.

Dear Comrade—Enclosed find \$1.00 for which put me down for your "Life of Jehovah."

I have read considerable pro and con about the Jewish Jehovah, but your articles in the Melting Pot take the cake, in fact, the whole bakery. Every man, woman and child in this country should read your valuable magazine, for it is worth its weight in gold as an eye-opener to those whose minds have been clouded with the old superstitions contained in the so-called "holy bible."

Your subscribers in this city are delighted with your excellent articles appearing every month in the Melting Pot, and I feel sure they will cheerfully give you their support in the future.

Wishing you health and the greatest prosperity, I wish to be considered your sincere friend,

JEFFERSON STONER.

Portland, Me., Nov. 4th, 1915.  
Mr. H. M. Tichenor.

Dear Comrade—I have just received my first two copies of the Melting Pot, and read them. I will not attempt to tell you the pleasure it gave me. It was like finding a searchlight with which to dispel the hopeless darkness of superstition. I have read the last installment of the "Life of Jehovah" and I hasten to send in my dollar for that book and a subscription card as per your advertisement.

Yours for freedom of mind and body,  
ALBERT KNUDSEN.  
P. S. As Comrade Goss said, "I should like to meet you. If you ever come to Portland come and stay at my house."



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A. NO. 8"

## The Pinckneys—"Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power and deeper than their love of self. One played an important part in the Louisiana Purchase—the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would avert war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law. The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is easy to imagine the horror that these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the moderate use of light wines and barley brews. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Sazer Hop beers—the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. To-day their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

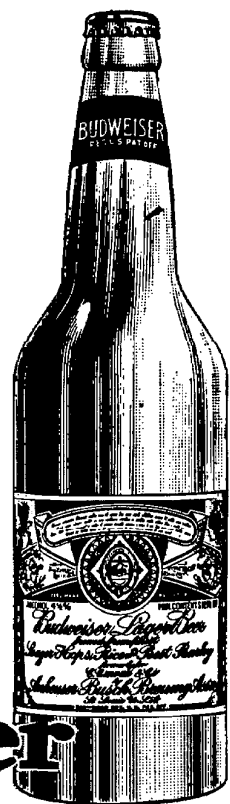
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world have selected the REX in preference to other American Typewriters. Made of the finest material with exquisite workmanship. Nothing so fine has been produced before. The Rex is guaranteed to meet the most exacting requirements of the most expert operators—at the same time it is the choice of the beginner because it is so easy to learn. Fifteen minutes time will master all its improvements.

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ence, the usual price of which is more than we are asking for both the typewriter and the course.

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day buys it. No prepayments is required. You use the typewriter before you pay it. You must satisfy yourself by actual use, that it is the best typewriter you ever examined, or you do not keep it.

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In accordance with our custom, at the end of the year we called in all salesmen and dealer demonstrators. There is just 100 of these demonstrating typewriters, when they

are gone, this chance is gone for at least a year. Each one of these typewriters has passed our standard factory inspection. Each is perfect in every detail with brand

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