"DA" and "YOUNG AMERICA" by G. H. Lockwood, Editor of the "Prophet and the Ass."

Illustrated

"Say, Pa"
Dedicated to Both the Long Eared and the Short Eared Variety.
PA\nAND YAMERICA
SHORT STORIES WITH SHARP TINGS
WOOD SHED
COME ON KID!
“Say, Pa! Are you an American Citizen?”
“Yes, my child, I am proud to say that I am.”
“And, Pa, have you a vote?”
“Why, certainly your father has a vote.”
“What does it look like, Pa?”
“Well, you see, my boy, it don't exactly look like anything—it's just a little piece of paper to put in a box.”
“Oh, Pa! Was those little pieces of paper I was putting in my little red box yesterday votes?”
“Oh, no, my boy, those were not votes; all pieces of paper are not votes. Votes are pieces of paper with men's names on them, and only big men like your pa, can put them in a ballot box made on purpose for them.”
“Yes, Pa, but why do you do it?”
“Well, my son, it's the way we have of governing this country.”
“And do the little pieces of paper govern the country,
"Pa, or is it the box you put them in?"

"Why, kid, it is neither. The little pieces of paper say what men shall govern the country."

"Then you don't govern it, Pa, do you? It's the men who get the little pieces of paper, ain't it?"

"Well—er—yes, I guess that's about it; that is, the men who get the most little pieces of paper, or votes."

"And do they do what they please with the country, Pa?"

"Oh, no, my son! They do what we voters tell them to do—they are our servants."

"But, Pa, how do you tell them, and if you have to tell them why don't you do it yourself? You told me the other day it was easier to do a thing yourself than to try and tell me how to do it."

'Well—er—you see, we voters, we—well, of course, we don't tell them what to do, but they—er—well, they are SUPPOSED to do what we want them to do."

"But, Pa, suppose they don't?"

"Well—er—well! Oh, yes, we have the right of petition and we can get out a petition and all sign our names to it and ask them to do what we want done."

"And must they do it, Pa?"

"Well—er—why, no, I suppose not."

"Well, Pa, suppose they do something you don't want them to do, can you make them stop doing it?"

"Well—er—why, I suppose not, but we can remonstrate."

"But what good will that do, Pa, when they have already done it—and, besides, you said they didn't have to mind the petition?"

"Well—er—why—well, I guess it wouldn't do any good, my son—we have tried it two or three times, and it never has worked—but the next time these men run for office we can turn them down good and hard."
"And will that undo what they have done, Pa?"
"Well—er—I suppose not."
"Who will run the government, Pa, when you turn these bad men down?"
"Why, boy, we will elect other men to fill their places."
"And can't the other men do the same thing the first ones did, Pa?"
Well—er—I suppose they can."
"And don't they do it, too, Pa?"
"Yes, some of the dod-gasted traitors do."
"Well, Pa! It looks to me like you voters don't govern the country, and that the fellows who get your votes do all the governing."
"Well—er—I guess you are right, my son. I never thought of it in that way before. But, you see, we try to vote for very intelligent and very honorable men, so they won't do these wrong things."
Boy thinks a while.
"Say, Pa! Who did you vote for last time?"
"Well, my son, my vote helped elect John Smith to office."
"And was John Smith a very intelligent man?"
"Well—er—er—come to think of it, he wasn't 'over smart'—in fact, I used to go to school with him, and he was the dullest pupil in the class."
"He must have been very honorable, then, wasn't he, Pa?"
"Honorable! Well, no, I should say not! He was the fellow who worked that baking powder bill through the last legislature, and everyone knows that was nothing but
a graft measure."

"Well, Pa, why did you vote for him?"

"Why—er—well—why—he was on our Old Party ticket."

"What is your party, Pa?"

"Why, my son, I am ashamed of you; don't you know your father belongs to the good old Redemocan party?"

"Why, no, Pa, I thought you told'ma the other day that no one owned you."

"Well, they don't, boy, but—er—well, you see, I mean that I am a member of the party."

"And did all the members of the party vote for John Smith?"

"Why, yes, all true and loyal ones did."

"What has the Redemocan party ever done for you, Pa?"

"Do for me! Do for me! Why, if it wasn't for this grand Redemocan party this country would have gone to pieces years ago."

"Yes, Pa, but what has it done for YOU?"

"Well—er—why, lots of things. Just look at our balance of trade with other nations and our wonderful industries and our great surplus products and—"

"Yes, but, Pa, what has it DONE FOR YOU?"

"Why—er—why—drat it, kid! You don't seem to know nothing. Don't you see how prosperous it has made our country?"

"Yes, Pa, but what I mean is, what has it done for you and ma and us kids; are WE prosperous, Pa?"

"Well—er—why—er—well, no, my boy, I can't say that we are very prosperous. Though I figure, if I have
good luck, and work doesn't play out again, and no one in the family gets sick, we'll be most out of debt in two or three years."

"Why ain't you prosperous, too, Pa?"
"Why, my boy, I'm only a workingman."
"Are all workingmen's families poor like us, Pa?"
"Well, yes, my boy, I guess we're about as well off as any of them."
"And, Pa, do all workingmen vote the Redemocan ticket?"
"Certainly; most of the working class are still good, loyal citizens, and stand by their country and their flag."
"What other classes are there in this country, Pa?"
"Why, boy, what do you mean! There are NO classes in this country. This is the Land of Equality."
"Didn't you just say, Pa, that 'the working class were loyal citizens'?"
"Well, I suppose I did."
"Well, why did you say 'working class' if there are no classes?"
"Why—er—well, you see, there are two kinds of people—those who work and those who—well, those who own the land and the machinery, etc."
"Oh, Pa! Is the other kind of people who don't work like that man we saw in the circus with four arms and two heads and hair on him?"
"Tut, tut, tut, boy, what foolishness! Why, they are just like ourselves, only we belong to the working class and they don't."
"Well, Pa, what class do they belong to?"
"Why—er—I believe some people call it the capitalist class."
"Then we really do have classes in this country, don't we, Pa?"
"Why—er—I—I suppose you might say we do—looking
at it in that way."

"And are the capitalists good, loyal citizens, too?"

"Oh, yes; these great capitalists are very fine men and they are as true as steel to the interests of our great country."

"Why do you call them great, Pa? Are the very large men, like the giant in the show?"

"Oh, no, boy; they are just ordinary size men like the rest of us."

"Well, Pa, are there so very many of them?"

"Why, no, my boy; compared with the working class there are very few, indeed."

"Well, in what way are they great, then?"

"Why—er—they are great in power."

"In what kind of power, Pa?"

"Well—er—why, you see, they have lots of money and are very influential and control the government."

"What is the government, Pa?"

"Well, it is the people, I suppose."

"And who are the people, Pa?"

"Why, I am one of them, my boy."

"And are all the workingmen 'people' like you, too?"

"Yes, yes; the 'people' means everybody."

"And do the capitalists control everybody?"

"Why, what a question! OF COURSE they don't."

"Well, you said they were powerful and influential and controlled the government, and then you told me the government was all the people, and if that's so they must control all the people."

"Well—er—darn it, kid, you don't seem to understand anything. Why—er—why, it is this way: You see, they own the great industries, and they see that the laws are made so that their great industries will be protected."

"What are laws, Pa?"

"Why, laws are rules made by good people for bad
people to obey."

"And are all the people who make the laws good people?"

"Well—er—I suppose not, my boy; in fact, some of them are pretty tough characters."

"And do the good people have to obey the laws, too?"

"Yes."

"Do they have to obey the laws that bad people make?"

"Yes, I suppose they do."

"And do the bad people make good laws?"

"Well—er—why, I suppose not."

"Then sometimes good people have to obey bad laws, don't they, Pa?"

"Well—er—I suppose they do."

Boy thinks a while.

"Do these great capitalists have a party of their own, Pa?"

"Oh, no, my boy, they all belong to our great Redemocan party."

"And do you vote the same ticket that they do, Pa?"

Pa, proudly: "Yes, my son. Why, on last election day Banker Skinem came to me and showed me the ticket he was going to vote and asked me to vote with him, and I certainly did, for Skinem is a pretty smart man and knows what is good for the country."
"And did any other workingmen vote the same way, Pa?"

"Oh, yes! Most all of the workingmen vote the same ticket as I do."

"Say, Pa, the capitalists don't need a party of their own, do they?"

"Why, what do you mean, boy?"

"Why, I mean that if all you workingmen vote the same ticket that the capitalists do, and they have so much money that they can run the government and make good people obey bad laws, why, it seems to me that the Republican party would just suit them."

Pa, fidgeting uneasily in his chair: "Well, suppose it does?"

"Well, what I want to know is why the working class don't have a party of its own?"

Pa, very angry: "See here, you young rascal! you've evidently been listening to those fool Socialists, Anarkists, or whatever they call themselves, talking down on the street corners. Don't you ever let me hear any more of this anarkey talk from you, or I will lick you within an inch of your life!"

"But, Pa! I——"

"SHUT UP! Don't you Pa me any more."
PA TEACHES YOUNG AMERICA HOW PROSPEROUS
THE WORKINGMEN ARE.

Say, Pa! Have we got prosperity now?"

Pa, swelling up: "Why, certainly, son. Didn't we elect
our party to office last time and save the country? Prosper-
ity! Well, I should say yes, with a big 'P.'"

"Well, Pa, I want to know why it is to the interest of
the workingman to have prosperity?"

"Why, that's an easy one, and if you really don't know
I will have to tell you. The workingmen want prosperity
so they can have good jobs and good wages."

"Well, Pa, isn't it the good jobs and good wages they
really want?"

"I suppose it is, my boy, but it really amounts to the
same thing; prosperity means good jobs and good wages
for everyone."

"Say, Pa! Have you got a good job and good wages?"
"Well—er—why—no, not exactly—that is, it might be better."

"Well, Pa, why don't you get a good job like all the rest of the workingmen have got?"

"Why, drat it, kid! I've got as good a job as most of them now, and a darned sight better than a good many that I know of."

"Well, Pa, it isn't true, then, that we have prosperity, is it?"

"Pa looks troubled for a while, then happens to remember something: "Oh, yes! We have prosperity—that is to say, the country is wonderfully prosperous. Why, our exports are enormous and our surplus products—"

"Say, Pa! Do you ever have any exports?"

"No."

"Or surplus products?"

"No."

"Well, Pa, who is it that has all the exports and surplus products and all those things?"

"Well, those things go to the capitalists."

"Why do they go to the capitalists, Pa?"

"Well—er—they belong to the capitalists, because—because—why—because they furnish the tools to work with and the factories to work in and the land and capital, etc."

"Do the capitalists make the land and the tools and the other things, Pa?"

"Well—er—why, consarn it, boy, you talk like a fool! Of course they don't make the land, but they own it."

"Well, Pa, they could make the tools and the factories, couldn't they?"

Pa, sourly: "Yes, I suppose they could."

"Well, did they, Pa?"

"Why—er—er! See here, boy, I'm getting awful tired
of this nonsense of yours. Why don’t you run out and play a while?”

“Pa, I don’t want to play. I want to learn. Our teacher told us that if we would study hard and be real smart every one of us might be president some day. Now please don’t get mad, Pa, I really want to know.”

Pa sighs resignedly. Well, son, your old dad is tired, but he is glad you want to be a smart boy. But, son, I wouldn’t take too much stock in what that teacher told you about being president.”

“Say, Pa, who told you we have prosperity in this country?”

“Why, kid, every fool knows that! I told myself.”

“Yes, Pa, but didn’t you ever hear anyone else say we have prosperity besides yourself?”

“Why, of course I have! Why, I heard Banker Skinem and Deacon Preachum talking about it just the other day and they said it was the most wonderful prosperity that the country has ever known.”

“Well, Pa, do they know any more than my teacher?”

Pa, suspiciously: “Well, s’pozen they don’t; what of it?”

“Oh, nothing much, Pa, only I was just thinking that perhaps you took too much stock in——”

Pa, furiously, reaching for Young America: “See here, you young brat! I thought you’d been down to those Socialist meetings again, learning how to insult your old father. Just come out in the wood shed with me. I propose
to give you a lesson you won't forget in a month! I don't want any more of this anarchist talk around here and I don't propose to have it!"
“Say, Pa, why ain’t you a capitalist?”
“Well, my son, you see, I have not money enough; it takes a pile of money to be a capitalist.”
“But, Pa, how do they get their money?”
“Why, my boy, they work hard and earn it.”
“You don’t work very hard, do you, Pa?”
“Work hard! Work hard!! Why, kid, how you talk! I’ve worked as hard as a horse all my life. Here I am growing old at forty-five, worn out with hard work.”
“But, Pa, if you have worked so hard, why ain’t you rich?”
“Why—er—why, what a question, boy! How do you expect me to answer such a question as that?”
“But, Pa, I want to know, and you told me the other day if I wanted to know anything to come to you and not listen to those fool Socialists who talk down on the street corner.”
“So I did, son, and I am glad that you have obeyed me. Let’s see, what was the question, ‘why ain’t I rich?’ Oh, that’s easy! It is because I did not save my money.”

“Well, Pa, why don’t you start saving right now?”

“Save money now! Why, you young rascal, I can scarcely buy enough for the family to eat, say nothing about other things we need. There’s no chance of saving anything now.”

“Well, Pa, why didn’t you save when you had lots of money?”

“Why—er—er—drat it all, kid, I never did have lots of money. We’ve always been as poor as Job’s turkey.”

Boy thinks a while.

“Were the capitalists once poor like we are, Pa?”

Pa, proudly, “Yes, my son, and it shows the glorious privileges our Great Redemocan Party has given to all, for while they were once poor they are now rich, and every man has the same opportunity as they had.”

“Say, Pa, who taught you to say that?”

“Who taught me to say what? Why, boy, what do you mean?”

“I mean that you didn’t think that all out by yourself, did you?”

“Why—er—I believe I did hear Banker Takemin say something like that at one of our meetings last campaign, and it sounds so nice that I remembered it.”

“But, Pa, is it so?”
"Why, kid! Of course it's so."
"Well, then, why don't you start in now and get rich?"
"Well—er—why—er—er—frankly, kid, it's no use; your old daddy is too old to play that game now."
"I ain't very old, am I, Pa?"
"Why, what a question, boy, of course you're not old."
"Will I be rich some day, Pa?"
Pa thinks a while, then sighs. "I'm afraid not, my son; your Pa can't give you the right kind of a chance."
"Then it's a question of chance, is it, Pa?"
"Well—er—I guess that is about the size of it."
"Will I stand as good a chance as Banker Takemin's boy, Theodore, Pa?"
"Well—I rather doubt it, my son. You see Banker Takemin put $10,000 in the bank, at compound interest, for his son the day he was born, and when he is twenty-one he will certainly have that, and much more, besides."
"Say, Pa, what are you going to give me when I am twenty-one?"
"Well—er—well, candidly, my son, the way matters look now, you'll be able to stick everything your old daddy can give you in your eye."
Boy thinks a while.
"Say, Pa, it looks to me like the chances for working-men to get rich are mighty slim in this country. Why don't you move away some place where prospects are better?"
"Why, boy, the working people have the best chance in this country of any place on the globe."
"How many working people get rich in this country, Pa?"
"Well—er—er—I don't know the exact number, but I suppose not over one in a hundred."

"The best chance in the world for a workingman isn't a very good chance is it, Pa?"

"No, son, it isn't. The working people have a pretty hard row to hoe."

"Say, Pa, is a workingman's vote as good as a capitalist's vote?"

Pa, again swelling up with pride. "Why, certainly it is! The workingmen are the real rulers of this country."

"This is a pretty rich country, isn't it, Pa?"

"Rich? Why, I should say it is! It's the richest country on the face of the earth."

"And you say that the workingmen rule it?"

Pa, swelling again: "Yes, my son, the destiny of this great and glorious country is in the hands of its sovereign citizens, the men who till the soil and mine the coal and do the work. The horny hand of toil is the one that steers the ship of state."

"That sounds pretty nice, don't it, Pa?"

Pa, suspiciously: "Yes, it does, but——" "That's another one of Banker Skinem's, ain't it?"

Pa, snappishly: "Well! S'posen' it is?"
"Well, Pa, it sounds to me like a lot of 'tommyrot,' for if this is such a rich country and the workingmen really do rule it, then the workingmen must be a lot of nincompoops, or they would get together and form a po—-

Pa, furiously: "See here, you blasted brat of an anarchist! I won't stand for another word of this—this blasphemy! I know you've been down to hear those Socialists again. I see I'll have to teach you a few myself! Just come with me out to the woodshed for a few minutes; I'm going to give you something to think about for the rest of your natural lifetime!!!
"Why the Workingmen Do Not Need a Party of Their Own.

"Say, Pa, you got mad the other day when I asked you why the workingmen did not have a party of their own, but I really want to know, Pa; won't you please tell me?"

"Well—er—why—you see—why, there is no reason in the world why they should have one."

"Well, why don't the capitalists have a party all by themselves?"

"Why, boy, that is just as foolish as the other question. Our interests are all the same; why should they?"

"Whom do you mean when you say 'our,' Pa?"

"Why, I mean the capitalists and the workingmen, of course."

"What is the interest of the capitalists and the workingmen, Pa?"

"Why, boy, to have 'prosperity;' I am surprised at your ignorance!"

"Say, Pa, don't get mad at me again, will you? You don't want me to listen to those Socialists and I really
want to know."

Pa, a little ashamed of his show of anger: "All right, son, only you ask some questions that a little baby ought to know and some of your fool questions no one can answer, because there isn't any sense to them. Go ahead, talking machine; what do you want to know next?"

"Well, Pa, I thought we decided last week that we didn't have prosperity?"

Pa, sourly: "Well, kid, YOU evidently decided that way, and if you are such a goose you can't see anything different, all right, I ain't going to again try to explain a thing so simple. But even if we haven't got prosperity, that's no reason why prosperity isn't to the interest of the workingman and the capitalist, too."

Pa smiles and looks pleased with himself after the above remark, but Young America rallies immediately.

"Well, Pa, I want to know about it."

Pa makes no response, but looks uneasy.

"Say, Pa, if we had prosperity you would have a good job and big wages, wouldn't you?"

Pa, suspiciously: "Yes—a suppose I would."

"Say, Pa, why is it to your interest to have a good job and big wages?" Pa cheers up a bit and answers promptly.

"Well, son, a good job means short hours of work—and, of course, it's better for me not to work so long for my boss, then I will have more time for myself. A good job
means easy work—and, of course, it is better for me not to work so hard, especially so since I strained my back, and have a weak heart from heavy lifting. And good wages means that I can buy so much more of the things we need than I could if I got poor wages.”

“Why, that seems simple enough, don’t it, Pa?”

Pa, proudly: “Yes, my son, your pa is pretty good at figuring out things of this kind.”

“Say, Pa, how much wages do you get now?”

“Well—er—I get $2.30 per day.”

“That isn’t very much, is it, Pa?”

“No, boy, it certainly isn’t. When your old daddy gets all you kids fed and clothed and pays his rent and taxes and doctors’ bills and his share of the preacher’s salary, and a lot of other things, there’s mighty little left, I can tell you.”

Boy thinks a while.

“Say, Pa, how much wages do the capitalists get?”

“Why, what a question, boy! The capitalists don’t get any wages at all.”

“Do they work for nothing, Pa?”

“Oh, no, child! They get lots of money for what they do, but not in wages like your pa.”

“Why, Pa, I thought you told me that their interests were the same as yours?”

“So I did, my son, and so they are; we both live under the same government, vote the same ticket, and the same glorious flag waves over both our happy destinies.”

“Say, Pa, did you get that one at the same time?”

“Same time as what, boy? What do you mean?”

“Why, I mean did you hear that nice little speech at the same time you heard the other one that you recited about what Banker Skinem said at the meeting?”

“Well, s’posen I did?” sourly.

“Why, Pa, I want to know if it is true, or false, like the other one.”

“See here, boy! You’re taking liberties with your old
dad again! You'd better look out or I'll have to waltz you out to the woodshed and interview you with a shingle."

"Oh, no, Pa, don't! Please don't! I want to learn; really I do."

Pa settles back in his chair uncomfortably, and boy is quiet for a while, thinking out a new method of attack.

"Say, Pa, what are the capitalists' interests if they are not the same as yours?"

Pa, angrily: "Well, who said they're not?"

"Why, Pa, you said your interest was to have a good job and big wages, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you said the capitalists didn't have jobs like you, and didn't work for wages?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I can't see how your interests are the same."

"Well—er—that is— Oh, drat it, kid, you're the worst numbskull I ever saw! If you can't understand a little thing like that, how do you expect me to explain it to you?"

Young America looks a little uneasy and gets around on the side next to the door before he renews the attack.

"Say, Pa, who pays your wages?"

"Why, the capitalists do, of course!"

"Say, Pa, is it to the capitalists' interest to pay the workingmen big wages?"

"Well—er—why, I suppose not, at least I know they make an awful fuss when the workers demand a raise in wages; I almost got fired last week for trying it on."

"And, Pa, is it to the capitalists' interests to have the workingmen work short hours?"

"Well—er—why—I suppose not; the fact is, they're talking of increasing our hours down where I work right now, and we're already working more than the law allows."

"They are opposed to short hours, then, are they, Pa?"
"Well—er—y-e-s, I suppose they are."

Young America looks very much puzzled for a while, but shortly remembers that there is one part of the proposition that his father has not yet explained (?) and again renews the attack.

"Say, Pa, who sells you the things you have to buy?"

"Well, son, you know that we buy most of our things at Mr. Cheatum's store."

"And is Mr. Cheatum a workingman, Pa?"

"Well, no, not exactly; in fact, he does very little work. Cheatum is a very fine man and employs lots of people, who would starve if it wasn't for such brainy men."

"Mr. Cheatum belongs to the capitalist class, don't he, Pa?"

Pa, uneasily: "Yes, I suppose he does."

"Say, Pa, does Mr. Cheatum sell things very cheap?"

"No, son, I can't say that he does. You see, it wouldn't pay him to sell things too cheap."

"Would it be against his interests, Pa?"

"Well—er—yes, I should say it would."

"Well, Pa, I can't see how your interests are the same as the capitalists', you—"
"See here, kid, you are worrying the life out of me with your fool talk. Why don't you run out and play with the dog a while?"

"But, Pa, I want to get this thing straight in my head. If your interests are the same as the capitalists' I want to know how to explain it to little Karl Marx Workerman; I got into a dispute with him the other day about this matter and he laid it to me in good shape. Now, I want you to tell me how to answer him."

"See here, boy, I want you to keep strictly away from that Workerman brat. His father is one of the biggest fools in the country and the kid is evidently like him. You just believe what your Pa tells you and you will be all right."

"But, Pa, I can't believe some of the things you——"

Pa, furiously: "What's that!" reaching for Young America; "I'll teach you to call your dad a liar!" Bif! Bang! Bif! "Now will you be good?"

Poor little Young America retires in consternation.

Pa, reflectively: "That boy must take after his mother."
"Say, Pa, who pays you your wages?"

"Why, son, the capitalists do, of course."

"Why 'of course,' Pa; couldn't the workingmen pay their own wages?"

Pa, smiling: "What a foolish idea! Who ever heard of a workingman paying himself! Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, that's a good one."

"But, Pa, where do the wages come from?"

"Well—er—why, they come out of the business."

"How do they get 'in' the business, Pa?"

"Well—er—why, you see, it's this way: Some very smart man invents something that the people need; then he builds a factory and hires working people to manufacture the article, which he sells, and that's how he pays the workingmen their wages."

"When he builds the factory does he do all the work on it himself, Pa?"

"Oh, no, son! He don't do any of the real work; he hires carpenters and bricklayers and tinniers and other kinds of workingmen to do that."

"Well, Pa, what does he do?"

"Why—er—er—oh, yes, he furnishes the materials and
tools with which they work.

"Say, Pa, does he make all the tools and materials himself?"

"Why—er—well, no, he don't exactly make any of them."

"Well, then, how does he get them, Pa?"

"Why—er—why, kid, he buys them, of course."

"And where does he buy them, Pa?"

"Why, blockhead, of the other capitalists who have such things to sell."

"And how do they get 'em, Pa?"

"Well—er—why, I suppose they have workingmen to make them."

"Then the materials and tools really come from the workingmen, don't they, Pa?"

"Well—er—er—why, drat it all, kid, have it that way if you want to. But suppose the workingmen do make the tools and things, they get paid for it, don't they?" Pa says this in a voice that plainly implies that the conversation is approaching dangerous ground.

The boy looks uneasy, but not satisfied, and, after a short pause, resumes the attack.

"Say, Pa, where does the man who hires the workingmen to build the factory get the money to pay for the tools and things?"

"Well—er—er—why, he don't have to have any money. Half the stuff we buy is charged."

"Yes, Pa, but you told ma the other day that she'd have
to go a little easy on the charging business because you had to pay for it some time and you had more debts now than anything else."

"Well—er—well—that's all right if I did tell ma that, so will the capitalist have to pay for the tools and materials he buys; for that matter, he does pay for them when he gets them. He borrows the money."

Pa smiles quietly to himself at this answer, for he feels well satisfied with it.

Answer doesn’t seem to bother the boy much, for he comes right back with another question.

"But, Pa, he will have to pay it back some time, won't he? I know you borrowed some money once and the sheriff was going to sell our furniture if you didn’t pay it."

"Well—er—yes, he has to pay it back, but he does that when he gets the factory built and commences to make money."

"Oh, Pa, and does he make real money out of gold and silver and paper, and can he make all the money he wants to?"

"Tut! Tut! You ignoramus! I don't mean he makes money in that way, only the government is allowed to make money, what I mean is, that when he has the factory running he gets a lot of money that the government has already made."

"How does he get it, Pa?"

Well—er—er—why, you see, after the factory is built he buys some machinery and some raw material and hires men and puts them to work, and they use the tools and
make something out of the raw material and then the capitalist sells what the workingmen make and that is the way he gets the money."

"Then what does he do with the money, Pa?"

"Well, that's an easy one; he pays the wages of the workingmen."

Pa looks pretty well satisfied with himself as he delivers this answer, for he thinks he has at last answered one of Young America's questions in a conclusive manner.

Boy looks a little puzzled, at first, but soon comes back with another interrogation.

"It was workingmen who made the factory, wasn't it, Pa?"

Pa, suspiciously: "W-h-y, I suppose so!"

"And it is workingmen who make all the things that the capitalists sell, isn't it, Pa?"

Pa, fidgeting uneasily: "Why—yes—I suppose so, why—"

"And, Pa, it is workingmen who——"

"See here, kid, I'm getting awfully tired of this foolishness of yours. Why don't you go out and play with the dog a while? I——"

"But, Pa, I don't want to play with the dog. I want to learn and be a smart man."

Pa grunts and fidgets uneasily while the boy knits his brows trying to figure out a way to fire in the last shot without the usual disastrous consequences to himself.

"Say, Pa, if workingmen build the factory, and workingmen make all the machinery that goes into the factory, and workingmen do all of the work, why, it just looks to me like the workingmen not only PAY THEMSELVES, but also the capitalist, and I think the workers are very foolish not to form a po——"

Pa, furiously, grabbing Young America by the ear: "See here, you—you—Socialist agitator you! Can't I ever get that nonsense out of your head?"

Boy, very much frightened: "Y-e-s, s-i-r, but—I—I——"
"Shut up this moment. Didn't I tell you that the CAPITALISTS paid the workingmen their wages?"

"Y-e-s, s-i-r."

"Well, then, that's enough. I SAID IT and I don't propose to be called a liar by a kid like you, d'ye hear me?"

"Y-e-s, s-i-r."

"Now, if you know what is good for you you'll stop your fool questions and get out and have a little fresh air."

Pa releases the boy's ear with a suggestive parting twist and Young America makes a bee line for the door. His dog comes up, joyfully, wagging its tail; the boy gives him a kick and crawls off in a dark corner of the barn to brood over the faults of grown up people like his pa. But, like all boys, his spirits soon return and he calls the dog, makes amends for his harsh treatment, and shortly afterwards they are both busy chasing the neighbor's hens out of the garden.

Pa, in a gloomy frame of mind, trying to interest himself in the "Life of Teddy, the Great," is inwardly kicking himself for letting the boy get ahead of him, and wondering what that boy will do when he gets to be a man.
I now call your attention, ladies and gentlemen, to a rare but harmless specimen. It somewhat resembles a human being. It has a voice, but we pay no attention to it. It becomes enraged at times but we keep it easily subdued. Kindly pass on to the next cage of monkeys.
"Say, Pa, what are all those women over in England suffering about?"

"Why, my boy, I haven't heard of any unusual suffering over in England."

"Well, Pa, I've been reading about 'woman suffrage' a lot in the papers, and I don't understand it. Won't you please explain it to me?"

Pa looks around cautiously to see if Ma is anywhere within hearing, and not seeing her he brightens up, and says:

"Certainly, my child, I will be very glad to tell you all about it. You see, it's like this. The women over in England, and I am very sorry to say even here in this country some misguided members of the sex, are fighting to gain the right of franchise."

"But, Pa, if it is their 'right' why do they have to fight for it?"

"Well, er—you see, it isn't exactly their 'right,' it is a right that is given to men only."

"Who gives this right to men, Pa?"

"Why the king in England is supposed to give the right of franchise to men."

"Could the king refuse to give the men this right, Pa?"
“Well, he might refuse, but he’d have a hard time making it stick. You see the men have really secured the right of franchise through struggle, they have practically taken it by force, and before the men would give up this sacred right they would lay their lives upon its altar.”

“Is it such a very good thing for men to have, Pa?”

“Yes, my boy, it is through the exercise of this right of franchise that we have become a free people in this country, where every man has the power of a king.”

“Fine country, isn’t it, Pa?”

“Fine! fine! It is a GLORIOUS country, a country where the sovereign citizens rule, where the will of the majority is the supreme law of the land!”

“Pretty nice speech, Pa. Who did you hear get that off?”

“See here, boy, don’t you get funny! I want you to know that your Pa is in dead earnest in this matter, and will not tolerate any slurs from anyone, and least of all his own son, and—

“Now, Pa, don’t get sore, I was only joking. I heard Banker Skinum get something like that off last week down at the meeting and I thought maybe you remembered it.”

“Well, what if I did?” and “Pa” looks rather threateningly.

“Oh, nothing. But let’s get back to the woman’s suffrage question.”

“Say, kid, what do you want to know about this question for, anyway? You’re a man, or will be some day. You will have the right of suffrage by inheritance, why should you concern yourself about the women end of it?”

“Well, Pa, I may be a man some day, and inherit the right of suffrage, but I hope I will not forget that my mother is a woman, and that I have two sisters who are women—and who have not inherited this right that
you say is so glorious and so precious."

Pa looks a little sheepish and taken aback at the spirited reply of Young America, but offers no further information, fearing that the boy will lead him out into deep water.

Young America sits for a while with his chin between his hands in deep meditation, but noticing that "Pa" is getting uneasy and preparing to make a break out of the room, he begins again.

"Say, Pa! Did you say that men had to FIGHT to secure the right of franchise?"

"Yes, that's what I said, and it was a glorious privilege worth fighting for."

"Well, isn't that what the women of England are doing, fighting for the right of suffrage?"

"Well-er-er-yes, but that's different. Women haven't any right of suffrage, this right belongs only to the men."

"Well, before this right belonged to the men, because they fought for it, wasn't that what the king said, that the right belonged exclusively to him?"

"Well—er-er-why he might have said something like that—but-er you see it wasn't true, the men had the right and they TOOK it."

"Why do men want to vote, pa?"

"Because through their ballots they are able to select the men they wish to govern them and to make the laws for them."

"And do the men always make a wise choice of their lawmakers?"

"Well, er-er-, not a-l-wa-y-s, that is sometimes the wrong party gets in power, but on the whole everything comes out all right."

"So pa, you think the laws are all right for everyone on the whole?"
"Well-er-er-y-e-a."

"Just yesterday, Pa, I heard you tell Ma that we were already in the hole over twenty dollars this month, how about the laws for the people 'in the hole' instead of 'on the whole??'"

"Say, kid, din’t try to get smart. It’s true we have a mighty hard time of it, but that’s no reason why we should denounce the grand institutions of this country or fail to recognize its glorious privileges. The trouble is that there are not always enough votes of good men to select good men for lawmakers and that’s why it is that we frequently have bad laws."

"Say Pa, are the women very much worse than the men?"

"Women worse than the men? What do you mean, kid? Women are, as a rule, not so bad as the men, that is, they
are supposed to maintain a higher standard of morals.”

“And, Pa, aren’t the women as well educated as the men?”

“Well yes, I suppose they are. The fact is that there are more girls receiving a high school education now than boys, and the women also have a chance to read books and inform themselves. I tell you, boy, it’s just what I said, a GLORIOUS country, brim full and running over with blessed privileges.”

“Well, Pa, if these women as a rule, are as good as the good men, and as well educated, why not give them the franchise so they can add their VOTES to the votes of the good men and thus help to elect other good men, or women, to office to make good laws and—?”

“See here, kid, this fool talk of yours has gone about far enough. You don’t seem to understand anything. If women vote they would be expected to FIGHT as well.”

“Say, Pa, do you mean to say that women can’t fight?”

Pa looks around cautiously to see if Ma is any place within hearing before answering this last question; not seeing her he answers up boldly: “Of course women can’t fight—who ever heard of such a thing?”

“Well how about the women in England, aren’t they fighting?”

“Why-er-er-why—well that isn’t real fighting. I mean they cannot shoulder a musket and march to the gory battlefield.”

“And isn’t it true, Pa, that women have taken part in every battle of the world, not only on the battlefield itself, in the hospitals and camps, but haven’t they done the necessary work at home? and haven’t they FURNISHED THE SOLDIERS? and—?”

“Say, STOP IT! I don’t propose to have a son of mine dispute my word right in my own house.”

“But, Pa, IS this your house? If it is why are you
paying rent for it and—"

"Look here, you brat, you. Don't you go a step farther with this kind of 'anarky talk or—'

"Oh, Pa, don't get mad at me! I really want to know about things and you told Ma just the other day that you were awfully tired of paying rent and fixing up another man's house for him, and besides I want to know just why women should not vote, and that's why I came to you, Pa, to find out."

Pa softened down considerable at this implied compliment paid him by Young America and said: "Well, my boy, don't exasperate your old daddie any more. and we will go ahead with the conversation, for I really want you to be a smart boy, and I am glad you come to me for information." And with this introduction Pa warms up and explains to Young America all the reasons why women should not vote, and becomes so interested in his theme that he is entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Finally both Pa and Young America are startled by someone who says:

"POOH!"

Looking up they see the stately figure of Ma looking down upon them with a twinkle in her eye. She had been standing there for some time and had gathered the entire drift of the situation.

"And what is it you are asking your Pa, Johnnie?"

"I was just asking him why women should not vote."

"And what was your Pa saying to you?" Pa began to fidget uneasily in his chair and look at his hat lying on the nearby table.

"Well, Pa was telling me that women should not vote because they could not fight, and because they were not properly informed on political questions, and because the polls was not a fit place for women to go, and because the woman's place was in the home, and because the men
are able to provide for them and protect them, and because it is entirely out of woman's sphere to meddle with the lawmaking and governing machinery of this country."

During this recital Pa seemed to settle down lower and lower in his chair until he became almost hid behind the table. He had already gained possession of his hat and was looking longingly at the open door at the other end of the room.

"Well, listen, Johnnie and let your Ma tell you a few.

"When it comes to fighting the female animal is more ferocious than the male—but the females fight for their young while the males fight among each other for POSSESSION OF THE FEMALES. The human males fight each other like a lot of "ninnies" just because some king or potentate of some kind tells them to fight. They seldom fight for their own rights or the rights of their class but go out and murder each other for the private spoils of their masters."

"And when it comes to being 'informed' on the political questions, the women, not having the chance to vote, have not given these questions very much attention. But, even at that, it would be practically impossible for them to know LESS about the real political questions that AFFECT THEMSELVES and the race as a whole, than the average man."

"And as for the polls being a dirty place—it's about time some decent women went there and cleaned it up. Most any place would be dirty after a bunch of men had been there very long unless there was some woman around to straighten things out for them."

"And as for woman's place being in the home—if this is true why is it that these great 'providers and protectors' (and Ma cast a withering look at poor Pa) don't provide and protect so that woman can STAY IN THE HOME, instead of being forced to seek work in the mills, factories
and stores?

"Talk about 'providing and protecting.' (by this time Pa's head had entirely disappeared behind the table and his feet were shuffling uneasily). Talk about 'providing and protecting'--nice sample of 'providers and protectors' we have in THIS family. Here we are poor as Job's turkey, living from hand to mouth, barely able to exist at all. Both your sisters are at work in the department store right now, and you, poor little kid, will soon have to join them. And your Pa stuffs your poor little head with his old party bosh that has been stuffed into him by his 'political friends,' who taffy him into voting for THEM and against himself and his wife and children. Talk about women 'meddling with the lawmaking machinery'--it's about time somebody SMASHED the machinery that is now being operated, and that keeps the great masses of the people in slavery to a privileged class, that not only permits but compels the working people to starve right in the midst of the plenty their labor has produced that—"

"Say, Johnnie, where is your Pa?"

Ma has been so warmed up over the matter that she did not notice that Pa had quietly made his getaway.

"Why, ma, Pa has been gone almost five minutes."

"Well, sonny, it don't matter much. Your poor father is not right in his head anyway, and will never understand the system that exploits him until he gets in the bread line. There is nothing quite so dense as the head of the average old party voter, like your Pa."
YES BUT CAN'T YOU SEE THEY'RE GETTING STRONGER EVERY MINUTE.

CHEER UP WE STILL HAVE THE BALL.

CAPITALISM.
Pa Teaches Young America Why the Capitalists Are Not Parasites.

"SAY, pa, what is a parasite?"

"Well, my boy, a parasite is an animal that lives on the body of some other animal."

"Is a horseback rider a parasite, Pa?"

"Oh, no! no!—of course not! A horseback rider does not stay on a horse's back all the time, and the horse doesn't furnish him his living; in fact, the man furnishes the horse's living and takes care of him."

"Ma said bedbugs are parasites; are they, Pa?"

"Why, yes, of course they are."

"But, Pa, they don't stay on people all the time, coz I see 'em on the bed, and ma says they live in the cracks."

"Well, that's all right. A parasite doesn't have to be actually on the body of a person. It is a parasite because it lives off of the energy of another animal for whom it does no useful service."

"If a horseback rider would make the horse do all the work and bring him things to eat and things to wear and make a place for him to live when he wasn't on the horse's back; and if the horseback rider didn't do any-"
thing for the horse at all, then would the horseback rider be a parasite, Pa?"

"Well—er—er—why, I suppose he would, or practically the same thing."

"Are capitalists parasites, Pa?"

Pa, indignantly: "Why, no! you ninny! What put that fool idea into your head?"

"Well, Pa, didn't I hear you tell me that the capitalist who owns the shop where you work is making a fat living off of the workingmen?"

"Well—er—er—so he is, dod gast him! But that—"

"If he isn't a parasite what is he, Pa?"

"Well—er—why, he's a—a—well, he's a doggoned labor skinner, that's what he is; but, of course, all capitalists are not like him. Most of them are very honorable men, indeed."

"Say, Pa, why did you leave your last job?"

"Well—er—er—I thought I could do better for myself and family."

"Was your last boss a good man, Pa?"

"Well—er—er—he was a church member."

"And did he treat the workingmen nice, Pa?"

"Why—er—no, to tell the truth, he was the hardest man I ever worked for."

"Did you ever work for any other capitalists, Pa?"

"Oh, yes, I've worked for capitalists all my life."
"And were all the others good men, Pa?"

"Well—er—er—they—they—were most of them church members."

"But, Pa, what I mean is, were they good and kind to the workingmen?"

"Why—er—er—come to think about it, I don't remember any of 'em who ever hurt themselves in that way."

"How did they treat their men, Pa?"

"Well—er—er—you see, it's like this: The capitalist hires the workingmen to work, not to play Sunday School with him, and the more products he can squeeze out of the workingmen the better he likes it."

"Then all the capitalists want of the workingmen is the products he can squeeze out of them, is it?"

"Well—er—er—I guess that's about it."

"And what does he do for the workingmen, Pa?"

"Oh, he—he—why, he feeds them and clothes them and houses them while they work."

"But, Pa, does the capitalist raise the food or make the clothes or build the houses? Don't the workingmen do all that themselves?"

"Well—er—er—no, of course he don't but he makes the conditions so that the workingmen can do these things."

"And wouldn't there be any food or clothing or houses if there wasn't any capitalists, Pa?"

"Well—er—er—I suppose there would. People lived a long time in this old world before the capitalists came on deck."

"Well, Pa, I'd like to know what good they do, when
the workers build all the factories and make all the machines and raise all the food and make all the clothes and build all the houses and do ALL THE WORK. I want to know what the capitalists do for the workingmen to pay for the clothes the capitalists wear and the food they eat and the houses they live in. It seems to me they are living off the workers just like the bedbugs and that they are a lot of par——”

“See here, kid, didn’t I tell you the capitalists were NOT parasites, but honorable and useful men?”

“Well, Pa, what do they——”

“SHUT UP! You’re such an idiot that I can’t seem to make you understand anything and I’m tired of trying.”

“But Pa——”

“SHUT UP, I tell you, and hustle out of here and take a run around the block, and don’t open your face again when you come back, either—git!”

Exit boy.
Pa (soliloquizing): “Drat that kid, anyway. I believe he’s been listening to that new fellow talking on the street corner this week. If those confounded Socialists don’t quit their howling they ought to be run in by the police. They’re making a decided nuisance out of themselves.”
"Say, Pa! Does the capitalist give all of the money that he gets for the things the workingmen make to the workingmen who make them?"

"Why, no, you blockhead, of course he don't."

"What else does he do with the workingmen's money, Pa?"

"Who said it was the workingmen's money, kid?"

"Why, Pa, when I sold the kite that Brother Tom made, you took the money away from me and said it belonged to Tom because he made the kite, and even if he did say I could sell it, you said that was no sign that I could keep the money as mine."

"Well—er—er—but that kite deal was a different matter—this other is a business affair."

"But if the kite money belonged to Tom, who don't the money for the things that the workingmen make belong to the workingmen?"

"Well—er—er—why, kid, that wouldn't be business."

"But wouldn't it be right, Pa?"
"Well—er—er—but, you see, that isn't the way they do business now-a-days."

"Why don't they do business different, Pa?"

"Why—er—why, they don't want to. I was talking to Mr. Adulteratum the other day and he said we had the finest business system on earth and that it is the only way business can be done."

"But, Pa, haven't the workers any rights in the matter at all?"

"Why—er—er. Oh, yes! They have rights, of course, and a share in the business, too; that is, they have a share in the money after the capitalist sells the things that they make for him."

"Is the money divided between the workingmen and the capitalists, Pa—like Tom finally gave me two cents for selling the kite for him for ten cents—you know you said that was about fair."
"Well—er—er—not exactly in that way; you see, there are others that come in for a share also."

"How's that, Pa?"

"Well, the capitalist had to borrow money to begin on, and, of course, he has to pay the interest on that, and put some of it away as a sinking fund so he will have money to pay the principal when it is due; then he has to pay for the machinery in the same manner! and he also has to pay for the raw material that is used, and taxes, and insurance, etc., etc."

"And when all these things are paid, then does he divide what's left like Tom and I did the kite money?"

"Well—er—er—no, not exactly the same; the capitalist gets more than the workers."

"Why, Pa, does he work any harder than the working-men?"

"Why—er—er—well, no, he don't exactly work harder, but, you see, he furnishes so much more than all the workers that he naturally should get more."

"Why, Pa! You don't mean that he gets more than all the workers put together, do you?"

"Why—er—er—why! Why, that's about the way of it."

"Well, Pa, I don't see—why, you told me the other day when I wanted more of the kite money that I was a little hog, and that I had more than my share as it was, and—"

"Well—er—you see, boy, the capitalist takes all the risk and that is the reason why his share is so much greater than the workingmen's." Boy thinks a while.

"Say, Pa, do many of the capitalists get killed?"

"What do you mean?"

"You say the capitalist gets the most money for the 'risks' he takes and you was telling ma the other day that you wished you could get another job because the work you are doing is so dangerous that you risk your life every hour of the day."
"That’s so, my boy; you’re old daddy does risk his life, and so do thousands of other workingmen every day, and lots of them get killed, to, but that isn’t the kind of ‘risks’ I mean."

"What kind of risks is it that the capitalist runs, Pa?"

"Why, the risk of losing his money."

"Is it worse for the capitalist to run the risk of losing his money than it is for the workingman to run the risk of losing his life, Pa?"

"Why—er—er—why—"

"And, Pa, didn’t you tell me it wasn’t his money anyway, but borrowed money, and that he paid the interest on it out of the workingmens money, that he got for selling the things that the workingmen made in the factory that other workingmen made with tools that other workingmen made, and—"

"See here, you wind bag! If you don’t stop this infernal
nonsense of yours, I'll send you to the reform school!—"
and Pa looks so red-headed and agitated that Young Amer-
icana decides to call the deal off, fearful of the consequences
of further debate. A few minutes later he is seen challeng-
ing the neighbor's boy to a discussion out in the back yard.

Pa heaves a troubled sigh as he picks up "Parry's Reply
to Organized Labor," determined to load himself and be
ready for the next encounter.
Without organization Labor is helpless.
"Say, Pa, do you belong to a trade union?"
Pa, snappingly: "No, I don't."
"Why don't you, Pa?"
"Because I don't believe in 'em."
"Why don't you believe in them, Pa?"
"Well—er—er—why, this is a free country and everyone should be permitted to work who wants to."
"And do the unions keep men from working, Pa?"
"Yes, they do."
"How, Pa?"
"Well, when the union men quit work and go on a strike they won't let anyone take their places."
"Why do other men want to work where the union men quit working, Pa? Why don't they keep the jobs they have?"
"Why—er—you see, there are always lots of men who haven't any jobs and who want to work, and they are always glad to get a job whenever a chance offers."
"And have they got a right to a job, Pa?"
"Certainly they have! Why, the poor devils can't live without work unless they steal or beg, and these dodgasted union fellows would freeze them out of a chance to make an honest living."
"Is it an 'honest' thing to do to take another man's job, Pa?"
"Well—er—er—but these union fellows quit the jobs themselves and they have no right to try to keep other men from taking them."
"But, Pa, don't the union men intend to go back to work when they have secured better pay or shorter hours?"
"Well—er—er—I suppose they do."
"And they couldn't go back, Pa, if some other men had
taken their places, could they?"
   "Well—er—er—I suppose they couldn't."
   "If the other men should get the union men's jobs, Pa, what could the union men do?"
   "Well—er—er—I suppose they could do the same as the men did who took their jobs."
   "What's that, Pa?"
   "Well—er—er—well, wait their chance to get another job."
   "And would they have to beg or steal or take the places of other men who were striking for things that would be good for the working class?"
   "Why—er—er—why—"
   "And, Pa, didn't you say every man had a right to work?"
   "Yes, I did; and so he has."
   "And, Pa, didn't you tell me that there were lots of men out of work all the time who are glad to take the strikers' places?"
   "Why—er—er—why—"
   "And, Pa, if the strikers didn't strike and try and better workingmen's conditions, and just kept on working and taking any old thing they could get, wouldn't the capitalists soon have them working seventeen hours a day for seventeen cents? And wouldn't that mean that a lot more workingmen would be out of work; and wouldn't these workingmen all have a right to work; and are not the efforts of the trade union men to keep up wages and shorten hours a benefit to all working men; and are not the union men justified in employing the means they use to benefit their class; and isn't a man who would take a striking union man's job a traitor to his class; and isn't it the capitalist system that refuses to let men work and compels them to beg or steal? And, Pa, why don't the workingmen get together and form—"

Pa, fairly red with anger: 'See here, you infernal brat! If you let out any more of that rot I'll just yank you baldheaded.'
   "But, Pa—"
   "Shut up!"
   'But—"
   "SHUT UP! If you don't clear out of here I'll fix you—you—anarkist you!"

Boy decides the lesson is over and goes out in the alley.
to play marbles.

Pa, soliloquizing: "That darned kid gets the best of me every time. He certainly takes after his mother—but, you bet, I have the last word on this deal, anyway."
Food for cannon. The Boy Scout movement pleases the Master Class.
PA TEACHES YOUNG AMERICA ABOUT THE GLORY OF WAR.

“Say, Pa, were you ever a soldier?”

“Certainly, my son, I was a soldier in the Civil War.”

“And was you right out on the battlefields, Pa?”

“Why, of course I was—right out where the bullets rained like hail, where the cannons belched forth their shell and canister, out where the dead piled up in the trenches and the blood of patriots colored the soil of the Southland a crimson hue.” Pa shuddered as his mind carried him back into the scenes of the past, and for some time both Pa and Young America remained silent.

“Say, Pa,” and Young America’s voice was very low and earnest, “I have been reading a book about this war and it must have been something awful.”

“Aawful!—awful, my boy, is no name for it,—it was terrible,—it was horrible,—it was heart rending; it was Hell! Tho fifty years and more have passed between I can still hear the shrieks of the dying, the groans of the wounded, the wild, insane laughter of men who lost their reason. I can still see the mangled bodies of my comrades, and feel the warm blood spattered in my face as I swing forward in the charge. And when the darkness comes and stops the fighting and we drop in our tracks on the gory battle-
field I can still hear the cursing and the sobbing of the dying and smell the awful stench of this field of carnage and slaughter.” At these vivid recollections Pa bows his head and his form trembles with suppressed emotion. These incidents have evidently been indelibly impressed upon his mind with such force that the passing years have not in any ways lessened their awful reality. Young America is also deeply affected.

“But, Pa, why did you do it?”

“My boy, I did it to free the black man from the cruel bondage of slavery.”

“Wasn’t there any other purpose in the war, Pa?”

“There may have been, for others, but for me, my son, this was the one thing that appealed to me and caused me to enlist and go to the front.”

“Isn’t it too bad, Pa, that after all the bitter fighting and after blood was spilled as water and untold wealth spent in this awful war that the result desired by you was not accomplished?”

“Result was not—accomplished? Result—was not accomplished? I—I don’t understand what you mean, my boy,” and Pa looks very puzzled, indeed.

“Why, Pa, I simply mean that slavery still exists.”

“Slavery exists? Slavery exists? Why, boy, what are you talking about? The glorious flag of freedom now waves over a nation without a slave, a nation of sovereign citizens, each man free and independent.”

“Say, Pa, I heard Banker Skinem get that off at the last Fourth-of-July celebration myself, and I don’t like it nearly so well as some of the things you have said to me today, for you spoke to me from your own bitter experience and expressed the truth, and I am quite sure, from this book I
have been reading, that Banker Skinem did not tell the truth."

"See here, boy, what do you mean?"

"I mean that simply to change the name of slavery does not change the FACT. The essence of slavery is exploitation, the master takes the surplus value that the slave creates, allowing him only such part of his own product as is necessary to keep him alive and in working condition so that he may continue to create surplus product. Before the war the colored slave, in exchange for his labor, was given his food, clothing, shelter, and because of his value as a chattel, was also given expert medical attention when sick, and considerable leisure and chance for enjoyment, to keep him from getting sick. After the war the Master was freed, not the slave."

"See here, kid, what kind of fool talk is this you are giving me?" and Pa commences to wax warm under the collar.

"It isn't fool talk, Pa, it is economic facts. The master was freed from all responsibility for the care and keep of the slave, also from any financial interest in his health or any loss from his death. But the slave was in no ways made INDEPENDENT—he had no land, he owned no tools, he was immediately forced by economic necessity to CONTINUE WORKING FOR HIS OLD MASTER, or for some member of the Master Class, the class that owned the land and the tools. Under the new plan, instead of receiving direct his food, clothing, shelter and medical attention, he was paid a "wage," which was barely sufficient to buy these things,—but his EXPLOITATION NEVER CEASED, only the method of its accomplishment was changed."

"Say, kid, where did you read all this slush?"
"It isn't slush, Pa, it's facts, every bit of it can be proven, and very much more, for while you were out fighting on that awful battlefield, the cunning Master Class of the North was in Washington passing laws that not only continued the poor black man in economic bondage, but also enslaved all the workers of the land. You will——"

"See here, you young anarkist you, stop this buzz-saw of yours and answer my question—what is the name of this book you have been reading?"

"The name is "WAR WHAT FOR."

"Have you got this book?"—and Pa looks threateningly at his offspring.

"No, sir. Little Karl Marks Workerman let me take it to read. His pa says it's a fine book and that everyone should read it, and so I did read it and took it back, and it IS a fine book. Say, Pa, I wish you would read it. Won't you, Pa?" and Young America looks appealingly at his father.

"Read a book like that! Say, I'd rather go back again to the bloody battlefield and leave my bones bleaching on the plains than to disgrace myself and my country by reading such treasonable trash, and——"

"What is 'treasonable trash'?" The question startled both Pa and Young America, for they did not know that Ma had come in and was quietly observing them.

"Pa says that 'WAR WHAT-FOR' is, and——"

"Well, that only goes to show that your Pa don't know what he is talking about. I read that book when you had it here and I want to say to Pa that it was a very good book, very good, indeed, and that it would do him a great deal of good if he would—— Say, son, where is your Pa?"

"He just slipped out of the door, mother—there he goes round the corner of the house, now."

"Well, if that isn't just like an old party voter—never willing to study or investigate or listen to reason. But your poor Pa is hardly responsible for what he does any more.
He has been nothing but a poor tool of a wage-slave all his life. He never had any chance for schooling, and he always depends on other men, like Banker Skinem and these cunning politicians, to tell him what to believe and how to vote. He never uses his reason, but simply believes what they tell him,” and Ma sighs and passes back into the kitchen where a large, unfinished washing awaits her tired hands.

Young America soliciizes: “To bad Ma can't vote!”
If these "Pa and Young America" articles have interested you we are very sure that you will be interested in our little magazine "The Prophet and the Ass." New "Pa and Young America" articles will continue to appear in this publication, which is full of other interesting features, too numerous to mention.

"The Prophet and the Ass" is what we call a Trail-Blazer, or path-finder, it deals with new ideas along the lines of economics, politics, religion, sex and health. It is optimistic and socialistic,—fully illustrated and artistically gotten out.

Lockwoods editorials under the heading, "The Meditations of an Ass," are the main feature of the magazine, and some of them are sizzling hot. In these editorials "the Ass himself" lets himself out full length, with throttle wide open and no "cut-out" interference.

The magazine is $1 per year—and worth the money. Better send in your subscription right away.

P. S.—Since writing the above the name of "The Prophet and the Ass" has been changed to "THE BILLY GOAT." Otherwise the FACTS are the same.

I verily believe that this little booklet will save many lives—and will add many healthy years to the life of every reader. The question of Health is handled from the standpoint of a layman who has lost faith in the “doctors,”—and gained a better faith in Nature and Right Living. It offers no cure-all, the author has no “apparatus” to sell, and the entire outlay to follow out its suggestions is but 25 cents, the cost of the pamphlet, and this 25 cents will be refunded if you do not find the book worth at least double that price to you. Better order at once and commence to LIVE RIGHT, thus getting free from your aches and pains—which are the logical result of disobedience to Natural Law.

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Pa Teaches Young America

The Science of Government.
How the Workingmen Can all be Rich.
Why the Workingmen Do Not Need a Party of Their Own.
How Prosperous Working People Are.
Why Workingmen Should Not Join Trades Unions.
Why Women Should Not Vote.
How the Money is Divided.
Why the Capitalists Are Not Parasites.
How the Capitalists Pay Workingmen.
About the Glory of War.