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HENRY M. TICHENOR
Rhymes of the Revolution
By Henry M. Tichenor

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To my comrade and fellow-worker in the Revolution, Phil Wagner, whose appreciation of and faith in my humble efforts in days gone by have made it possible for me to reach millions of the world's disinherited with my pen, these rude but earnest rebel rhymes are gratefully and fraternally dedicated.

HENRY M. TICHENOR.
A WORD TO THE READER

HE poems which follow here are as spontaneous as they are unconventional and revolutionary and the reader will find in each of them a passionate protest and a fervent appeal; a stirring sermon upon some vital text.

The gifted author pays but scant regard to form and usage and takes no pains to avoid the use of words that may offend the over-refined. He is too cruelly candid and too deadly in earnest for that, and there is never a doubt as to where he stands or what he means.

Harry Tichenor is above all the poet of the proletariat and his is the voice of the homeless and hungry, the cry of the many who sorrow and are heavily laden and have not where to lay their head. It is their oppression, their wrongs and their woes that shock his sensitive soul and stir the rebellious muse within him to passionate protest and bitter resentment.

He hates with a hate that is holy the brazen shams and superstitions inculcated by a mammonized church in the name of religion and scourges without mercy the pious perverts who under the cloak of the Carpenter betray their followers into bondage.

But the great love of this inspired evangel for the oppressed outweighs by far his hate for the oppressors, bitter and relentless as
that undoubtedly is, and it is this supreme endowment of soul which gives him transcendant character and a personality so sweet and sympathetic that all men are won to him as woodland flowers are to the sun, and not even his bitterest enemy may hate him.

Harry Tichenor, the author of these poems of protest and revolt, is both iconoclast and revolutionist—destroyer of the old and false and builder of the new and true. He is the incarnate expression of the social rebellion now shaking the earth, the avowed and uncompromising foe of every oppressor and exploiter of the working-class, and the comrade beloved of all the toilers struggling upward toward the light. Clarion-voiced he appeals to the disinherited millions to rise in their majesty, shake their despoilers from their backs, and take possession of the earth in the name of an emancipated race.

He believes with all his loving heart in the divinity of human nature and has abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of human brotherhood.

Harry Tichenor is the apostle of the glad new day now dawning when the children of men shall dwell together in peace, when freedom shall prevail over all the earth and when the inexpressible joy of life, denied through all the ages shall be the common heritage of all.

_EUGENE V. DEBS._

_Terre Haute, Ind., May 6, 1914._
“Call no man Master; Ye are Brothers"
IF THE MILLERS OF MAMMON KNEW

THE brawn and brain of the best of the race
Poured in as the wheels go 'round,
And a younger blood to take the place
Of the grist that the mills have ground.
And a harvest of mothers gathered in,
Where the young are gathered first,
And some go down to crime and sin,
That the grind of the mills has cursed.
And never a child too small for grist,
And the cradle is robbed at will,
By the reaper with the iron fist
That gathers the grist for the mill.
And laughter and play are silenced here;
And the hand of the harper stilled;
And nothing of life, but a sob or tear,
Where the heart of the child is killed.
And love and longing leave the soul
In the midst of the noisome ills;
And Death and Madness take the toll
Of the chaff thrown out of the mills.
And if the millers of mammon knew,
As they revel and drink their wine,
That the mills of the gods are grinding, too,
And they grind exceeding fine!
A BUTTON OF RED

THE Devil sat in his brimstone room in a cozy corner of Hell, and grinned at the way he’d ran the earth since Adam and Eve both fell. He owned the rulers and owned the courts; he owned the churches and schools; he owned the scribes and he owned the press and all the rest of the tools. He had stoned the prophets and killed the Christ and had buried the truths they told, and had furnished instead a phony faith and a god that was built of gold. He had collared every old thing in sight, from who-laid-the-chunk to a throne, and was bossin’ the job in his devilish style and bossin’ it all alone. “It’s a cinch I have,” the Devil quoth, as he scratched himself on the chin, when a gust of sulphur blew on his tail and a scared-lookin’ imp stepped in. “What’s the matter now?” the Devil croaked, as he swatted a monster bat—and the imp handed over a BUTTON OF RED—“Your Majesty, look at that!” The Devil gazed on the crimson badge and the hands that were clasped on it, and he knew in a jiffy what it meant and it threw him into a fit! “Turn every demon loose!” he shrieked. “Fight THIS at any damned cost! To Earth, ye fiends! if the Socialists win, we’re gone, and HELL IS LOST!”
AID Mike to Ike, "You dirty Jew, I'd whale th' stuffin's out o' you—you blatherin', unbaptized galoot, I'm danged good moind to smash your snoot!" Said Ike to Mike, "You Chr'ristian dog, you r'rotten beast vot lif's on hog, ven dot church rings dot ol' church bell, I tells der pope to go to hell!" And then the blood and whiskers flew, between the Christian and the Jew. Now both these lobsters worked all day for the self-same boss at blamed small pay; and devil a bit did this boss care for the bleeding mugs and gobs of hair. "If I," said he, "can keep these two—Mike, the Christian, and Ike, the Jew—scrap-pin' about their creeds and such, I can skin 'em both to beat the Dutch; but if they lose their myths and creeds, their goblins, ghosts and strings of beads, and find their interests are one, the two would have me on the run!" And the boss lay back and smole a smile, and dreamed of next year's goodly pile, that he would swipe from wealth that grew from sweat of Christian and of Jew. And he blessed the ghosts with all his heart, that keep poor Mike and Ike apart.
THE BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

WHAT though you sawed Isaiah in the hollow of a tree, what though you hung the Nazarene upon Mount Calvary, what though the Sage of Athens did the poison hemlock take, what though your vile religion burned great Bruno at the stake—what though a million martyred ones have gone your bloody way, their souls, ye wolves, you could not kill, they're with us all today! You think that now you'll hide your guilt beneath a saintly sham—for all your philanthropic gifts we do not give a damn! Your libraries and colleges, endowments great and small, your churches and cathedrals, we spurn them one and all! Your monster creeds and humbugs, your goblins and your hell, no longer on our quickened brains conjure their magic spell! Go—take them where you forged them, back to the savage night—we follow those you thought were dead, the Bearers of the Light!
MY RELIGION

I care not for the harps and wings the preacher tells us of; I care not for the songs he sings of mansions up above; he cannot cast on me his spell, and make me go plumb nuts, with pictures of his fabled hell, like he does some poor mutts; I do not want a creed that crams such nightmares in my head, about a God that saves or damns the people when they're dead. I want Faith that takes the drone that lives on others' sweat, and drags him down from off his throne and tells the cuss to get—a Faith that grabs the child-slave brute, of mine and factory, and ties a millstone 'round his throat and dumps him in the sea—a Faith that drives the dogs of war back to the jungle den, and swears that butchers shall no more pollute the walks of men—a Faith that says that all the race are of one common blood—that smites oppression in the face, and calls for brotherhood! And when my bark at last shall sail to where the lovers rest, this Faith alone, the Boatman Pale, will find upon my breast.
THE CHARGE ON MOTHER JONES

THE patriotic soldiers came marching down the pike,
Prepared to shoot and slaughter in the Colorado strike;
With whiskey in their bellies and vengeance in their souls,
They prayed that God would help them shoot the miners full of holes.
In front of these brave soldiers loomed a sight you seldom see—
A white-haired rebel woman whose age was eighty-three;
"Charge!" cried the valiant captain, in awful thunder tones,
And the patriotic soldiers "CHARGED" and captured Mother Jones!
'Tis great to be a soldier with a musket in your hand,
Ready for any bloody work the lords of earth command;
'Tis great to shoot a miner and hear his dying groans,
But never was such glory as that "CHARGE" on Mother Jones!
MORE SUCKERS WEAR BREECHES THAN SWIM IN THE CREEK

HERE was a quack doctor lived back in the hills, who used two concoctions to cure human ills. One was a physic—"the best in creation—" the other would "fix any old constipation." One, he called "Tweedledum," one "Tweedledee," both made of the bark of the same bloomin' tree. He skinned the bark upwards to make "Tweedledum," and to make "Tweedledee" he skinned downwards, by gum. And the people, whenever they got sick a-bed, swallowed whichever the quack doctor said. For the people are easy, and grafters are slick, and more suckers wear breeches than swim in the creek. . . . A quack politician lives in the same hills where the quack doctor lived with his Tweedledum pills. He, too, has two medicines every election, one labeled "Free Trade," the other "Protection." One skins up in front when it's peelin' your hide, the other skins down and peels off the back side. They both skin you proper, and when it is done, you never can swear by which method you're skun. For the people are easy, and grafters are slick, and more suckers wear breeches than swim in the creek.
IN THE LAND WHERE WAR IS HELL

T HUNG above the Post Office door, and this is what it said: "WANTED—YOUNG MEN TO GO TO WAR"—that's how the poster read. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" is nothing for us to heed, for we are the wolves of the jungle den and ours is the god of greed; and the wild war whoop will never cease where the wolf whelps buy and sell—so CURSE "good will" and the way of "Peace," for ours is the way of hell! And the splutter of blood and crunch of bones and the screams of the tortured ones, and the sweethearts' sobs and the mothers' moans are hushed by the belching guns! And the vultures swoop where the carrion lies, and the demons dance and yell, and laugh at the sight of the weeping eyes in the land where War is hell!
PRIVILEGE

AM the breeder of all the brood of filthy progeny that makes the earth a hell's delight, and my spawn is Poverty. I wither and blight wherever I blow my foul and fetid breath, I trail the desolate track of sin and I pay the wage of death. I murder the laugh and song of Life with a toss of a pauper's crust, and I plant the garden of the soul with the poison seed of lust. I dig the pit for the Magdelene and I build the dens of shame; I blast the bloom and beauty of youth with the dread of my deadly name; I put a bully upon a throne and I curse the land with a sword, I make the preachers hide my fangs in the name of Christ the Lord. I am PRIVILEGE, grisly and grim, brute of the jungle war, and I breed in a land of corn and wine, where the wolves gnaw at the door!
DO IT NOW

If you've any bouquets to pass around, just pass them around today; don't wait till I've handed in my checks and am solemnly laid away. Do some of your decoratin' now, while the life-blood's in the bloom; I'll enjoy it more than all the flowers you can scatter on my tomb. It isn't the folks beyond the skies that need your friendly hand—it's the outcast soul with the hungry eyes that's wandering over the land. Remember your brother while he lives—don't put it off till he's dead; there's sorrow enough among those alive to soak all the tears you can shed. There are millions enduring a living death—these are the ones you can save—you can't do a thing for the ones that sleep in the silence of the grave.
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT PER CAPITA?

HAVE you heard about Per Capita, and OUR Pros-per-i-tee, and how much wealth—Per Capita—belongs to you and me? And all about OUR autos, and OUR bank accounts and such, and other things—Per Capita—that simply beat the Dutch? There is so much—Per Capita—that's now in circulation, that everyone—Per Capita—is rich as all creation. We all can ride—Per Capita—in our own private car, we all can smoke—Per Capita—a fifty-cent cigar. We all can sport—Per Capita—a self-contented smile, and dress our wives—Per Capita—in latest Paris style. We're flyin' high—Per Capita—with merry song and dance, to the jingle of—Per Capita—the money in our pants. With all this coin—Per Capita—abundant everywhere, it's annoyin' how so many have that worn and weary stare—they ought to be ashamed to look so all-fired poor and lank, with all their wealth—Per Capita—that's piled up in the bank!
EVERYBODY works but father"—God, what a ghastly lay! "Everybody works but father"—he wants too much pay! Mother and Ann and Maggie, and tiny Tim and Bill, work like hell for a paltry wage in the sweatshop and the mill. "Everybody works but father—" he talks like a fool—he asks enough in wages to send the kids to school—he wants more for his daily toil than we pay the wife and brood—he says he ought to have enough to keep them all in food! "Everybody works but father"—for him we have no need—all we want of father is to just keep up the breed. The mother and the babies, that's all we require, the mother and the babies—those are the ones we hire. Just keep on breeding babies—that's the bull moose hunch—just keep on breeding babies, we can work the whole damn bunch!
IF THERE IS A WAR

BIG Biz wants its interests in Mexico protected,
And says that if this isn't done a war may be expected.
Big Biz will need some patriots to shoulder arms and go,
To kill, or else get killed themselves, down in old Mexico.
Then let Big Biz itself enlist and march across the border—
Let all the boodlers get a gun and yell hurrah for murder!
Let patriotic billionaires be killed this time in battle—
Always before, such glorious death, has been for working cattle.
And workingmen can stay at home, the wondrous deeds to tell,
Of patriotic billionaires who all got shot to hell.
REVOLUTION

It was drawn from the breast that mothered the race
Of the first wild jungle men,
And it coursed its way with the savage brood
That were bred in the pristine glen;
It throbbed in the heart of the barbar slave
As he trailed to his master’s plow;
It ran in the veins of the feudal thrall
And it bounds in the blood of us now!
It’s the conquering fire of the Ancient of Days
That was lit in the toiler’s soul,
And the luminous light of its deathless blaze
Shall lead us on to the goal!
And the chain shall fall from the shackled arms;
And the crown from the tyrant’s head;
And all the warring flags shall merge
In the peaceful flag of red;
And the creeds that have kept the race apart
Shall fade away in the air;
And Justice shall be the only faith,
And Labor the only prayer;
And the children of Earth that delve and spin
Shall sit at a lover’s feast;
And a song of joy shall reach the stars
In the day that we slay the BEAST!
THE BLACK FLAG OR THE RED

THE pitfalls are behind you—it is backwards, or ahead to Labor’s Land of Promise with the comrades of the Red; the siren song of trimmers is but the poison cup to stupefy your senses while the bandits hold you up; they are prowling wolves in sheepskin—they are modern Robin Hoods who love you like a brother if you’ll let them take the goods. The call is gone around the world and Labor keeps the tryst—there is no middle ground to take—it’s Mammon or the Christ—we know no alien clan or clime, the boundaries are fled—in the struggle of the ages it’s the Black flag or the Red! No compromise with death and hell, no quarter in the fight, the cunning of the robber class is pitted ’gainst our Might! No matter where the chips may fall, we’re hewing to the line—THE FRUIT BELONGS TO LABOR, AND THE EARTH IS YOURS AND MINE! The ghastly ghost of poverty shall stalk the land no more; forever shall be cast aside the implements of war; no longer to the greedy mills shall tread the children’s feet; no longer shall starvation-wage drive maidens to the street; no longer shall the mothers hear the grinding sweatshop call—Great Babylon is tottering and by God! the beast shall fall! The monster spawn of Mammon shall topple from the throne and Labor, crowned a conqueror, shall come into its own! It’s the battle of the ages, and Labor keeps the tryst—we meet the issue face to face—it’s Mammon or the Christ! the old frontiers are vanished and the old ensigns are dead—you must choose one or the other, the Black flag or the Red!
YOU'RE DOIN' WELL, CONSIDERIN' THE SHAPE YOU'RE IN

YOU must not change your ordained lot—a sinner from your birth—the Lord's annointed took the pot before you struck the earth. Be thankful for the dollar a day on which you drink and dine—you're really making ten, they say—the boss rakes in the nine. Or else be thankful that they let you rent a little patch, and that your wife and babies get a third of what you scratch. Of course, you look allfired forlorn—it's natural you must—that is the way that you were born, a worm, made out of dust. You're crawlin' in a vale of tears—that's what the parsons tell—you'll crawl here for a few short years, and then crawl on to hell. Beelzebub has got your soul, the Plunderbund your skin—you're doin' well, upon the whole, considerin' the shape you're in.
STILL SUFFERIN'

A DEMOCRAT sat at the White House door, and he sat and he sat till his sitter was sore; his whiskers grew long and his hair turned gray as he sat there patiently day by day; his wife, she left him, but he didn't care; he lost his religion and learned to swear; his clothes were tattered and covered with dust, as he waited for Wilson to bust the Trust. Alas! for the victim, and Wilson, too; alas! for the whiskers the wind blew through; alas! for the clothing all tattered and torn, alas! for the cuss words the man had sworn; not a darn bit of good, it is sad to relate, for the Trust humps along at the same old gait. When the people get wise, as at last they must, they will end such torture by OWNING the Trust.
WHO DROVE THAT GIRL TO HELL?

THE Big Biz man is a pious man, without a thought of sin; he sings and prays and goes to church, as he rakes the dollars in; and he coins his millions from the toil of a thousand girls or more, that he pays about five dollars a week in his big department store. Five dollars a week—what will it buy—how can she make ends meet—for the girl must live, and to hold her job must appear well dressed and neat. And the libertine knew all of this, and lurked by the rich man’s store, and tipped his hat to the struggling girl as she stepped outside the door. And the girl thought of the paltry check—is it strange the poor thing fell? Now the question is, Who is the wretch that drove that girl to hell?
THE SWEET NOW AND NOW

THEY'VE preached salvation for your soul since Adam was a pup, and all the time they've preached it they have held the victims up. They tell you you're a sinner, and that is all that's wrong, and they hand you for your dinner a prayer-book and a song. They spout about "salvation" to the tramp that steals or begs, when what the victim really needs is good old ham and eggs. They drive a mortal to the wall and wonder why he steals—they wonder why he's not a saint when run down at the heels. I figure when the wardrobe's full and grub adorns the shelves that salvation will be plenty and that souls will save themselves. I wouldn't give a tinker's cuss for creeds that claim to save and let a human starve and freeze until he hits the grave. The "by-and-bye" may be all right, I'm willing to allow, but what we're interested in is this here NOW and NOW. It takes a bloomin' hypocrite to swipe your wine and meat, and tell you that in Kingdom Come you'll live on Easy street.
AN ECHO ANSWERS, WHY?

THE foxes have homes in the caverns and the wild birds live in their nest, and only the child of the human kind has no place of his own to rest; the rabbits are hale and hearty, the chipmunks are all well-fed, and the image of God is the only chump that is missing his daily bread; the grasshopper hops where he pleases, with never a worry or sob, and only the civilized workingman must beg a boss for a job; the hills are a garden of Eden, the prairies a harvest song, and only the hordes that are ruled by lords suffer the whole day long. It's a sight to make angels shudder to see how the earth is run; it's enough to wring tears from a wooden man the way that the thing is done; this land wasn't meant for a poor farm, with poverty-stricken galoots to be ridden to death by a batch of snobs with golden spurs on their boots. Why don't you get wise to the bunco game and let off a rebel yell, and tell the pirates to hit the grit—bid 'em a long farewell—tell 'em you're going to boss the job of feeding yourself awhile instead of sweating your noble brow to swell the boodlers' pile? Why do you vote for a useless bunch to pluck you whenever they please? Why don't you vote for the working class to own the whole darn cheese? Why don't you grab the BEAST by the throat and make his whiskers fly? Why don't you do it NOW, old man? An echo answers, WHY?
OLD MOSES

When Moses saw an Egyptian taskmaster beating a Hebrew slave, he fell upon him and slew him.—Bible.

ALWAYS liked old Moses, the rebel of the Jews. I like to think about him when I'm troubled with the blues. He sort of gives me courage, does that nervy Hebrew chief, who went out revolutin' without asking any lief. I like to think about the way he batted that old bloke when all the Jews in Egypt were under Pharaoh's yoke, and not a one had sand enough to register a roar or try to shake his shackles off till Moses took the floor. Gad! but he had the stuff in him to start her as he did, when he tackled that slave-herder and split his blasted lid! He didn't give a tinker's dam for all of Pharaoh's host—he proposed to hike for Canaan, or else give up the ghost. And I often wonder what he'd do—and I haven't any doubt—if he was living here today and could vote the masters out! He'd take the bunch that do no work, but confiscate the pay, and soak 'em once with all his heft the first election day! I never see the button that I wear upon my coat, with hands that clasp around the world to show me how to vote, but I think of Comrade Moses, and the way he used that stick, when there wasn't any other Jew had sand enough to kick!
ONLY a little white ribbon tied on a workman's door, and the prattle and laugh of the baby lips will never be heard anymore. Only a trembling father trying to hide his woe—only a haggard mother crushed by the awful blow. And the preacher said to the stricken, "The Lord hath taken away—blessed is He that did it—let us humbly kneel and pray!" Great God! how long can they do it, how long will the lie be told by the ones whose only godhead is the brutal god of gold? For the poor man's little darling was choked by the slum's foul air—it was slaughtered by the poison food the plutocrats prepare; and the mother was stabbed by the system that makes the toilers poor, while the earth poured forth abundance right at her very door. The little one was MURDERED by the human beasts of prey; and the mother is sad and lonely, for they've taken her child away. Shall the lie then rest upon us, on unto the end of years—for unless WE arise and crush it, no God in heaven hears!
THE CALL OF THE LOWLY

THE sons of Jove were never known to either toil or spin, but with cunning laws and fables they have raked the shekels in. The sons of Saturn labor and know no cunning ways, only to bear the burden through all the weary days; and the siren song beguiles them, that the sons of Jove have sung, while all down through the ages a Lowly Call has rung; “This is the Gospel Message, this is the only Good, the only great Salvation is Human Brotherhood.” The creeds of Jove are wily, whether of king or priest, to hold you in submission all the while you’re being fleeced; and as they fleece and rob you the mumbling parson prates of wings and crowns and golden harps and homes with pearly gates. And the only true salvation, whether here or past the grave, the only gospel message that can sanctify and save, the only truth and promise, the only hope for all, is the Voice they hung upon a cross, the Ancient Lowly Call: “By this shall all men know you, in every clime and clan; by your love for one another in the Brotherhood of Man.”
IN CRAZY LAND DOWN
ON THE LOONEY PIKE

HAVE you ever been to Crazy Land, down on the
Looney Pike?
There are the queerest people there—you never
saw the like!
The ones that do the useful work are poor as poor can be,
And those who do no useful work all live in luxury.
They raise so much in Crazy Land, of food and clothes
and such,
That those who work don’t have enough, because they
raise too much.
The children slave in Crazy Land to satisfy the greed
Of plunder sharks who only live to loaf around and feed.
They work young girls in Crazy Land upon starvation pay,
And then they brand them when, through want, the vic-
tims go astray.
They outrage working women and they starve the work-
ing men,
And if they “steal” a loaf of bread they land them in the
pen.
They breed disease in Crazy Land—there’s microbes
everywhere,
In poison food, polluted earth, and foul and fetid air.
Half the babies die there filled with germs from filth and
swill—
And the preachers down in Crazy Land proclaim it is
“God’s will.”
For everything in Crazy Land that ought to be abhorred—
The crimes that men commit themselves—are laid upon
the "Lord";
And the only "God" in Crazy Land is the crazy "God" of
Gold—
The crazy way they worship this is crazy to behold!
They have big wars in Crazy Land—they fight to beat the
band—
They slaughter for their crazy "God" and love of Crazy
Land.
The prophets, down in Crazy Land, they crucify and
stone;
They put humbugs in the pulpits and seat tyrants on a
throne.
The robber class, in Crazy Land, make every crazy law,
And run the crazy circumstance with club and fang and
claw;
And if a sane man cries against their crazy ways and
deeds,
The crazy priests and rulers yell, "HE'S BUSTIN' UP
OUR CREEDS!"
Just take a trip to Crazy Land, down on the Looney
Pike—
There are the queerest people there—you never saw the
like!
They're wrong-side-to in Crazy Land, they're upside down
with care—
They walk around upon their heads and feet up in the air!
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
On across the seas—  
Christianize the Hindus  
And the heathen Japanese.  
Christianize the Chinaman  
And Christianize the Turk,  
And when you’ve got them Christianized  
We’ll  
Put  
Them  
All  
To  
Work.

Big Business is behind you  
In your fight for kingdom come—  
It is sailing with its cargoes  
Of Gatling guns and rum—  
Just fill the heathen with your creeds  
To keep them out of hell—  
And tell them of the shoddy goods  
Big  
Business  
Has  
To  
Sell.
"MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD:
MOVEMENT"

O, all ye worn and weary ones in all this blessed land, sing Glory Hallelujah, for Salvation is at hand. Your miseries shall fade away, your troubles all shall hike—Big Business and its pious bunch are marchin’ down the pike. They’re comin’ with their chloroform and theologic dope and handin’ out large packages of holy hot air hope; they’ll fill you full of slobberin’ hymns and Billy Sunday rot, and teach you how religion means “contentment with your lot.” No matter if your tenement is cold this winter night, no matter if your daily bread has climbed clear out of sight, no matter if your stomach is a’ touchin’ your backbone—you’ll be a pippin when you die and sit up next the throne. Big Business has his downy couch to rest his tired head; the Lord takes care of Big Biz NOW—you get yours when you’re dead; Big Business has his autos—YOU can have a pair of wings if you pin your faith to preachers and the New Jerusalem things. Stop agitatin’ for a chance to live while you’re alive; just wait until your summons to quit livin’ shall arrive; then you will be fixed proper; you will have a plenty then, forever and forever, and forever and amen.
WHEN you run across a creature who is nothing but a wreck, and who looks as if the universe had hit him in the neck, don't mutter to yourself "I'll bet the cuss is drinkin' rum," or, "I know it's some bad habit that has put him on the bum." Just remember that you do not know how he was born and raised—you do not know his history, or how his soul was crazed. Perhaps if YOU had come the way that this old man has come, you too would long ago have been completely on the bum. Therefore, just say unto yourself, when such an one you see, "What would I wish if he were I and I myself were he?" You'll discover more religion when you try this Golden Rule, than the parson used to teach you when you went to Sunday school.
THE HOLY OLD PARTIES

THE boodler and the usurer, the gambler and the thug, the swindler and the burglar and every ugly plug, the horsethief, pimp and con-man, the gin-mill cuss and such, make up the two old parties that have got us in their clutch. And yet the preachers tell us, with a sanctimonious grin, that to join the Socialist party in the sight of God's a sin; that it busts up your religion and damns your wicked souls when you grab a Socialist ballot as you ramble to the polls. Well, I'd rather be a "sinner" and stand up man to man with the farmer and mechanic and the toilers of my clan, than to be a saintly hypocrite and sport a solemn air, and vote with all the boodlers and for pretense make long prayer.
"When a man is broke, and out of work, what is he going to do?" And Taft but shook his head and said, "that only the Great God knew!" Never so many out of work, and broke, as there are this year—and Wilson says, "cheer up, poor men, summer will soon be here!" It's great to have such rulers, who are so wondrous wise—one points you to the summer, the other, beyond the skies. No matter though the masters have swiped your last lone dime—you still have God to look to, and the good old summer time!
HURRAH! FOR OUR DADDIES

IN SEVENTEEN hundred and seventy-six our daddies were in a deuce of a fix. King George ran things with an iron hand; he ruled on sea and he ruled on land; he taxed the people high and low, and it made them sore when he taxed them so; and our daddies they raised particular hell—they licked King George to a fare-you-well, and thought they had set the country free, and left the whole works to you and me. But alas! for the fight our daddies fought, and alas! for the freedom our daddies bought; the "kings" that now are taking our mun are skinning us worse than our dads were skun; we're on our last legs and about to bust in this land of the victim and home of the Trust. Hurrah! for our daddies—they were the stuff—they knew what to do when they'd suffered enough.
HE WAS a vagabond, poor and low,
Among the hills where the olives
grow,
With the waters of Galilee below,
Our Comrade and our Brother.
He told the Truth, the Life, the Way;
He shunned the respectable of his day—
He chose the harlots rather than they—
O where was such another?
Love was the only path he blazed;
Love was the only flag he raised;
Love was the only God he praised,
Our Comrade and our Brother—
And he had nowhere to lay his head;
He was numbered among the outcast dead;
And yet his burden was light, he said—
Never was such another!
We stand where the Ancient Lowly fell,
Voicing the same old rebel yell—
We'll fight our way through earth and hell,
Grasping the Comrade hand,
Till all the powers of a masters' world
Down to the bottomless pit are hurled,
And the blood-red banner of LOVE unfurled,
Floats over every land.
THE RED PILL CURE FOR NIGHTMARES

HAD a dream the other night that filled my soul with glory—t'was such a dream that I can't help but tell you folks the story. I dreampt I lived in Crazy Land, where workin' folks are donkeys, who dig and sweat to beat the band to feed a lot of monkeys. They starve and freeze and have no fun, their youngsters have no pleasure, while all the monks live lives of ease, like gentle-monks of leisure. And I was feelin' awful glum—I dreampt I was a donkey, and life in Crazy Land is bum, unless you are a monkey—and I was wonderin' what to do, and almost felt like croakin', when a troop of lions came along a laughin' and a jokin'. "Come on!" they yelled, "come join the bunch, we're goin' to live in clover—we, too, were donkeys all our lives, but now the spell is over—we've found a little, round RED pill that beats your thoughts of dyin'—and every ass that takes this pill becomes a FREE RED LION!" I swallowed one of those RED pills—I was no more a donkey—I was a LION who refused to work for any monkey!
"BORN AND BRED IN THE BONE"

HE LIVED in a rented tenement where the wind blew through the cracks, and his overalls were tattered and patched and his wife wore gunny-sacks. He'd been a wanderer all his life and hither and thither he'd roam, but he cussed and raved at Socialism, "Begosh it would bust his home!" He never went to church at all—he looked too darn forlorn—he had not been to a barber shop since the pesky twins were born. But he "voted a mossback ticket," he said, "for it's plain enough to see that a Socialist vote would paralyze the religion that's in me. Besides," he went on, as he shook his fist and his eyes grew bigger and bigger, "if the Socialists win on election day I'll have to marry a nigger. They believe in free love of every sort, free love with all the trimmin'—they'll force me, when they get in power, to live with a dozen wimmin. No Socialism for me and mine—I'll let well enough alone—I'm a dimmycrat of the dimmycrats born and bred in the bone." And he plowed away on his landlord's crop in order to pay the rent, and the chiggers wandered up his legs and fed to their hearts' content.
THE female of the species is more stubborn than her mate; when it comes to actin' foolish she is simply something great; she says she wants the ballot, and the Socialists have said she can have it when they've knocked the two old parties in the head. They have put it in their platforms, lo! for time and time again, that the women have a right to vote the same as have the men; while the two old Big-Biz parties, that are owned by Mr. Plute, have answered her petitions with a contumelious hoot. And the female of the species turns the Socialists away, and down upon her marrowbones, she'll humbly beg and pray: "Oh, Mr. Plute, dear Mr. Plute, please listen to my prayer!" and "Mr. Plute," "dear Mr. Plute,"—he feeds her on hot air. She is blinder than a pesky bat, contrary as a mule—she can beat the male a city block when actin' up the fool; but the Socialists will keep right on resolvin' she is human, and offering equality to both the man and woman; and the female of the species will some day sure get wise—she'll pull the cotton from her ears, the bandage from her eyes.
IF WAR IS HELL

If war is hell, as we are told, then only devils wage it—devils, drunk with dreams of gold, plan the mad play and stage it! They teach young boys to shoot and kill, "for love of God and Nation"—the land with agony they fill, and bloody desolation! If war is hell, then tell the brutes to go to hell and stay there—tell them to cut their own damned throats—mayhap they'll find the way there! If war is hell, to hell with war—to hell with all who crave it! When masters rule the land no more, we'll need no wars to save it!
CHRISTMAS

HE WAS taken out and crucified by rulers and their priests; his followers were burned at stakes and fed to hungry beasts; his call to Peace and Brotherhood—all that the sad world needs—was hidden from the workers in a pile of pagan creeds; and the race plunged on in darkness, just as it had before, and for nineteen hundred years has damned the earth with Hate and War. A world of "Peace" and "Brotherhood," where masters own the bread? Christmas? Hell! What joke is this, in a land where Christ is dead?
WHO IN HELL'S THE DEVIL?

He's the power that lurks in counting rooms and lives on ten per cent—he's the lord that lets you stay on earth by paying him the rent—he's the cuss that makes you sweat your brow while he rakes in the swag—he's the patriotic Plunderbund that "loves the dear old flag"—he's the boss that owns the rulers, the courts and the police—he's the gander people follow like a squawkin' squad of geese—he's the pest that builds the crowded slums where white-plague germs are bred—he's the snake that makes the poisoned food that gathers in its dead—he's the liar in the pulpit that says it's God's command that "servants be obedient to the masters of the land"—he's the hunger-hound of poverty that fills the world with crime, the damned abomination that is working over-time—he's the beast that breaths the lurid fumes that drives men on to war, the swinish beast whose lust for loot swills more and more and more and more—THE DEVIL? He's the SYSTEM—and anyone can tell that the SYSTEM that has got us is only fit for hell!
GOOD-BY, DOCTOR WILEY

Pure Food Doctor Wiley had his troubles and to spare. He cried against the pizen grub and fiercely pawed the air. Embalming fluid isn't fit, so Doctor Wiley moans, to satisfy our appetites and renovate our bones. And benzoate of soda (that they print in letters small) makes blisters on your liver and puts spasms in your gall. And sugar soaked with indigo is building human wrecks—you feed the stuff and wonder why your folks pass in their checks. About the flour the millers bleach the Doctor also howls—the starchy punk makes sticky paste and spikes you in the bowels. All this dope, the Doctor swears, will put you on the bum—it either means the bug house or a trip to Kingdom Come. The Doctor doesn't seem to know the stuff is made to sell—the makers do not give a cuss to keep the people well. While profit mongers deal the cards and suckers play the game, you can chew the rag and rip and snort, but they've got you just the same. For God's sake, Doctor Wiley, why don't you take a hunch—get wise to what is ailing you and join the Red Card bunch?
DUMP THE MASTERS OFF YOUR BACK

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?
Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of mis'ry?
Dump the masters off your back!
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?
Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered?
Dump the masters off your back!

Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob, why don't you buck like thunder?
Dump the masters off your back!
All the agonies you suffer
 You can end with one good whack—
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—
Dump the masters off your back!
TO KARL MARX

TAKE all the bunch that ever wrote since Moses smote the rock, Karl Marx has got them all outclassed and skinned a city block; and all the creeds that have been spun to keep the race perplexed have vanished into hot air dope since Marx has put us next. He brushed the cobwebs from our brains, the blinders from our eyes; we see the bunco game at work—at last we’re getting wise; we know just how they “skin” us now—we’re dead on to their game, and while we move a little slow we’ll get there just the same. We’ll fight the battle of OUR class till all the world is ours—we’ll conquer every master class and all their devilish powers; the ones that work are all that are of any earthly use, and we’re going to squeeze the orange dry and swallow all the juice. You blazed the path, old Comrade Marx—we recognize the blaze—and we’ll think of you and love you in the coming Comrade Days!
SOMETIMES sit and ponder o'er the stories I've been told, of mansions in the heavens and the shining streets of gold, and of the pearly gates they say are way up in the sky, where the chosen people enter when their time has come to die. And I often think that if the Lord will let me have my way, the hills of old Missouri are where I'd want to stay—I would rather wander in the vales of this green land of mine than walk the gilded boulevards where dazzling jewels shine. I do not hanker for the shores along the Jasper Sea—the Meramec and Gasconade look mighty good to me. For the Earth is my sweet Mother and I love her every scene—I would not trade for streets of gold her scented lawns of green. And even through the winter days, when snow lies o'er the glen, my soul would wait in patience till the springtime came again. I do not care for heav'ly harps and all the tinselled things—I'd rather listen while the thrush his simple carol sings. I would not feel at ease at all away beyond the sky—I'd feel far more at home, I know, to stay here when I die.
WHEN THE PLUNDERBUND IS SWATTED

WHEN every bloody man of war is taken out and sunk, and all of hell’s artillery is hammered into junk, and the Plunderbund is swatted stiff and only those that toil shall eat and wear and use the things from mill and mine and soil, and folks that do the work that’s done shall own the tools and jobs, and will not feed the drones on corn and they themselves eat cobs; when Labor blows its trumpet blast in hallelujah tones, and nothing but a garbage heap is left of kings and thrones, and every one shall sit beneath his fig tree and his vine, and the tides of life shall mingle in the human and divine, and a little child shall lead them, as the old, old story ran, I will meet you there, my Comrade, in the Brotherhood of Man!
THE PAGAN HELL

O OWN a slave and a master be, to rule for
the passing hour to ride on the backs of
misery in the purple robe of power—for
this are Caesar's ghastly wars, for this is
the rich man made, and the victim's blood and the
beggar's sores are the coin of the savage trade!
For broad is the run of the Pagan Hell, and little
we've changed the pace; and the chasm in which
the pagans fell still yawns in the self-same place;
and the beggars' sores and the crimson stains still
reckon the destined cost, and the victor settles
his sordid gains in the wreck of a soul that's lost.
When we shall live the other creed, that the Christ
man told us of, and banish the demon god of greed
for the beautiful God of Love, the journey—never
long at best—how glad will the journey be, and
the shades of night, and the soul at rest, and the
stars of eternity!
THE PHILANTHROPIST

AN EXPLOTER of labor in his youth, he was blessed with sticky palms, and now he's a pious saint, forsooth, and peddles about his alms. He builds a library here and there out of his stolen store, and carves with sanctimonious air his name on the big front door. A college where rich sons go to school he endows with another chair, and the teacher becomes a servile tool to the boss who put him there. He builds a church in the name of Him, who said, when the boodlers die, their way to heaven is just as slim as the slit in a needle's eye. He's willin' to pension a president that is faithful to Big Biz—for with all his alms he's still hell-bent that the system shall stay as it is. And I read a story that made me grin, of a heap of garnished stones—a whited sepulchre, where, within, was the stench of dead men's bones.
JESUS PAID IT ALL

THE Lord forgives us every day for crimes both great and small; we lay our burdens at His feet, for Jesus paid it all. The dirty deeds that we commit are charged to Adam's fall, and all our sins are blotted out, for Jesus paid it all. We go to war with heathen tribes and make a goodly haul—we take their lands away from them, for Jesus paid it all. We've made a scapegoat of the Christ with priestly cant and gall, we've collared everything in sight, for Jesus paid it all. Our creed will land us safe and sound inside of Zion's wall, we'll all pass through a needle's eye, for Jesus paid it all.
CONFISCATION

The White man saw the Red man's land and the White man was elated—he shoved the Red man off the earth, and his land he confiscated. The railroad went right through the farm where pa and ma were mated; the old folks tried to stop the thing, but their home was confiscated. The workingman sees all the wealth his labor has created; he hasn't got a cent himself—it's all been confiscated. It is a sin to steal a pin, a sin to steal things greater; we're going to stop it all and confiscate the confiscator.
LUDLOW!

By God they did it with sword and torch and shell, they slaughtered child and mother, did these monsters spawned in hell! They murdered pregnant women—the quivering flesh was torn where lay the budding spirit of the infant yet unborn! They piled them all together—they set fire to the mass—they did it, curse their craven souls, for the swine-bred master class! Forget it? Not while memory lasts of Ludlow's martyred dead! Forgive it? Not while through our veins the blood flows swift and red! BY LUDLOW'S GRAVES WE SWEAR IT—THE DEAD DIED NOT IN VAIN! AWAY FROM EARTH WITH THE MASTER CLASS—DOOMED IS THEIR BEASTLY REIGN!
THE Worker hard at labor and the Millionaire at ease,
The Middleman a' waitin' for some victim he can squeeze,
The Harlot and the Burglar prowlin' madly through the night,
The Soldier and the Gunman simply achin' for a fight,
The Judge and Politician out a' huntin' for a pull,
And the Preacher in the pulpit busy handin' out the bull.
DON'T like "Honorable" Mr. This, or "Reverend" Mr. That, I don't like anything that makes one human tip his hat, or make a bow or bend a knee to any other thing that says that one man is a worm and another man a king. I do not like "His Holiness," "His Highness" or "His Grace"—when any dub wears dope like this I want to punch his face—I have no use and less respect for any of the smear that strut around with lordly air beneath a punk veneer. The only title I can use when I address another, is COMRADE—I can speak that word, because he is my brother!
BE TRUE TO THE VISION

BE TRUE to the vision that comes to thy heart, be true to the radiant gleam, for the things of tomorrow are only a part of what is today but a dream. It was following visions that carried the race from out of the jungle and den, and the onward struggle would slacken its pace if visions should cease among men.
TO THE CAPITALIST EUGENISTS

We will confiscate the universe that God Almighty gave, and we'll take a human brother and we'll make of him a slave. We will rob him and degrade him till his blood has gone to seed, and then we'll pass a law that will not let the victim breed. When a slave becomes a useless wreck he shouldn't have a wife—he needs an operation by a surgeon with a knife. And then we'll rob and plunder till we make another batch, and fix them like the others, so the victims cannot hatch. We will smash the laws of nature with our crazy laws of force, and we'll drive the wheels of progress with the cart before the horse.
THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

Tune: The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to my heart are the chimes in the morning
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill!
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill!
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen—
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use,
Get canned, perhaps steal, maybe land in a prison—
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze!

(Chorus.)
The faithful alarm clock,
The rattling alarm clock,
The dollar alarm clock,
That rests on the shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented—
It beats the slave driver that came with his stick!
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I've rented,
It never gets hungry and never gets sick.
If overly weary I take a tin bucket,
And place the alarm clock down into the thing;
When it chimes in the morning, it doubles the racket—
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

(Chorus.)

Sometimes the good woman gets worn out and weary,
And says we are hauling too much of the load;
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding,
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive;
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding—
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

(Chorus.)
WE'RE SINGING ALL AROUND THE WORLD

E'RE singing all around the world  
In chorus clear and strong,  
We bring glad tidings to the race,  
We sing the Comrade song—  
The song of love, and joy, and peace,  
The song of Home, Sweet Home,  
The song that wipes the tears away  
And banishes the gloom.

No longer shall the land be cursed  
By greedy human brutes—  
The working-class shall take the earth  
And gather all its fruits;  
The pagan myths shall fade away  
And all their idols fall,  
And all the world shall laugh and play  
And hear the Comrade call.
No fear of want shall craze the brain
   In the coming Comrade land,
And hate and war shall be no more
   When we clasp the Comrade hand.
For mother's sake and baby's sake,
   For sake of old and young,
The song we sing is the sweetest song
   That the race has ever sung.

Come with us all who hear the call
   And haste the day along—
Sing with us all around the world
   The good old Comrade song—
The song of love, and joy, and peace,
   The song of Home, Sweet Home,
The song that wipes the tears away
   And banishes the gloom.
The Melting Pot

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