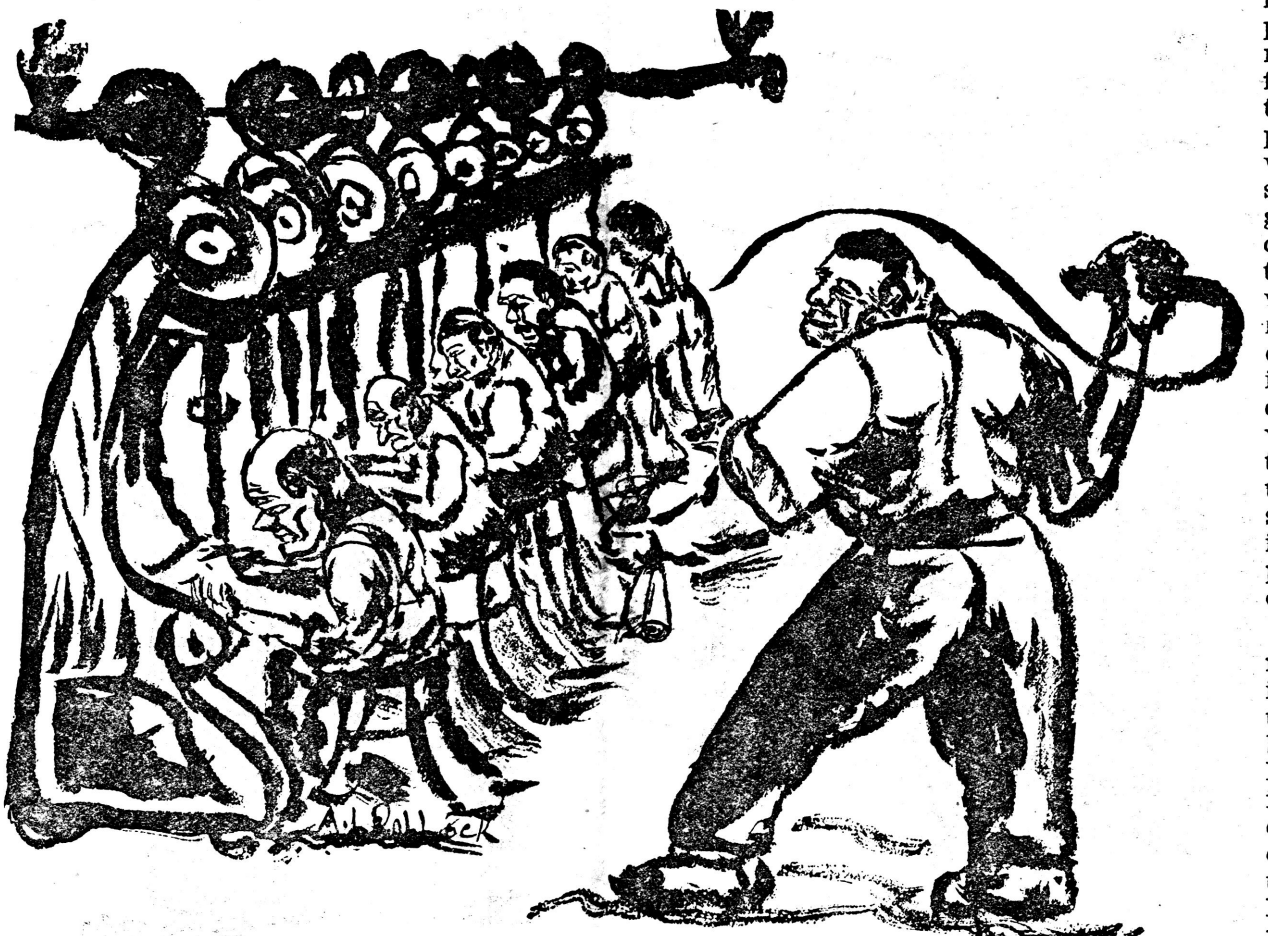


right arm he clubbed the head now bobbing up earthy life, hoodwinking them with the hope

# THE SLAVE DRIVER



By A. L. Pollock

To Pay the Costs of the Bosses' War, the Wage Slaves Must Speed Up.

and down in his grasp like a loose piston rod over the town of Malden