



THE JUNGLE A STORY OF CHICAGO BY UPTON SINCLAIR



Tommy Finnegan had a strange experience.

CHAPTER VIII.

THROUGH the earlier part of the winter our friends had plenty of work, and if they had not been just starting out house-keeping, they might have been able to lay by a little sum. As it was, however, there seemed never to be an end to the things they had to buy, and to the unforeseen contingencies. Once their water-pipes froze and burst; and when, in their ignorance, they thawed them out, they had a terrifying flood in their house. It happened while the men were away, and poor Teta Elzbieta rushed into the street screaming for help, for she did not even know whether the flood could be stopped, or whether they were ruined for life. It was nearly as bad as the latter, they found in the end, for the plumber charged them seventy-five cents an hour, and seventy-five cents for another man who had stood and watched him, and included all the time the two had been going and coming, and also a charge for all sorts of material and extras. And then again, when they went to pay their January installment on the house, the agent terrified them by asking them if they had had the insurance attended to yet. In answer to their inquiry he showed them a clause in the deed which provided that they were to keep the house insured for one thousand dollars, as soon as the present policy ran out, which would happen in a few days. Poor Teta Elzbieta, upon whom again fell the blow, demanded how much it would cost. Seven dollars, the man said, and that night came Jurgis, grim and determined, requesting the agent to inform him, once for all, as to all the expenses they were liable for. The deed was signed now, he said, with sarcasm proper to the new way of life he had learned—the deed was signed, and so the agent had no longer anything to gain by keeping quiet. And Jurgis looked the fellow squarely in the eye as he said this, and so he did not waste any time in conventional protests, but read him the deed. They would have to renew the insurance every year; they would have to pay the taxes, about ten dollars a year; they would have to pay the water-tax, about six dollars a year—(Jurgis silently resolved to shut off the hydrant). This, besides the interest and the monthly installments, would be a lot to decide to chance the city would be all-unsure by chance the city would happen to be in a sewer, or a sewer, or to lay sidewalk. Yes, said the agent, they would have to have that, whether they wanted them or not. If the city said so. The sewer would cost them about twenty-two dollars, and the sidewalk fifteen if it was wood, twenty-five if it was cement. So Jurgis went home again; it was a relief to know the worst, at any rate, so that he could no more be surprised by fresh demands. He saw now how they had been plundered; but they were in for it, there was no turning back. They could only go on and make the best of it, and win for defeat was a thing that could not even be thought of. Little by little they were paying back their debt to Jonas and Marija; the merciless "speeding-up" would be gone!

There were weeks at a time when Jurgis went home after such a day as this with not more than two hours work to his credit—which meant about thirty-five cents. There were many days when the total was less than half an hour, and others when there was none at all. Not half a dozen times in the whole long agony of that winter were there work early enough in the morning to justify their coming before daylight. The general average was about six hours a day, which meant for Jurgis about six dollars a week; and this six hours of work would be done after standing on the killing-floor till one o'clock, or perhaps even three or four o'clock, in the afternoon. It would be done all in one heart-breaking rush, without allowing a single instant for rest. Like as not there would come a rush of cattle at the very end of the day, which the men would have to dispose of before they went home, often working by electric-light till nine or ten, or even twelve or one o'clock, and without a single instant for a bite of supper. Jurgis tried hard to find out the reason for all this, but the men did not understand it, except vaguely. They knew that they were at the mercy of the cattle. Perhaps the buyers would be holding off for better prices; if they could scare the shippers, for instance, now lived in a free country, and shared in its privileges; and if he did not like the way they did things at Smith's, he was perfectly at liberty to leave whenever he felt like it. Smith might go, let us say, to the Smith and Anderson, together with all the other packers in Chicago, had gotten together and agreed to treat all their hands alike, it was his privilege to take his family and pay one or two hundred dollars railroad fare and go to New York, or St. Louis, or Kansas City, or Omaha, where there were more packing-houses. And when he had discovered that these, too, were owned by Smith and by Anderson, and conducted in the same unsatisfactory manner, he was permitted to take himself out upon the broad, snow-covered prairies of this land of liberty, and lie down and die there, as a witness to the fact that he was no man's slave. That he did not do this, but stayed and worked on for Smith, Smith took whatever part of his pay Smith worked to give him, was probably because he was not a free-born American, but a low-down and ignorant foreigner.

The sense of justice was not altogether dead in him, however, and his soul day there was more hatred in it. One of the consequences when he heard men talk of fighting for their rights, and when the Irish delegate of the butcher-helper's union came to him a second time, Jurgis received him in a far different spirit. A wonderful idea it now seemed to him, this idea of the men—of making a stand and conquer the packers. Jurgis wondered who it was that had first thought of it; and when he was told that it was a common thing for men to do in America, he got his first inkling of the great fact that might be some real meaning in the phrase "a free country." The delegate explained to him how it depended upon their being able to get every man to join, and stand by the organization; and then Jurgis signified that he was willing to do his share. Before another month was by, four out of the five working members of his family had joined, —the exception being little Stanislas, because a lad-boys' union was still a thing of the future. They all had conspicuous buttons, and for fully a week they were quite blissfully happy, thinking that they belonged to a union meant an end of all their troubles.

But only two days after she had joined, Marija's canning-factory closed down, and that blow quite staggered them. They would not understand why the union had not prevented it, and the very first time she attended a meeting Marija got up and made a speech about it. It was a business meeting, and was transacted in English; of the girls of the can-painters' union, probably not one-twentieth understood a word of Lithuanian. But that made no difference to Marija, she said what was in her, and all the pounding of the chairman's gavel and all the uproar and confusion in the room could not prevail—she made her speech. Quite apart from a with a general sense of the justice of it, and she told what she thought of the packers, and what she thought of a world where such things were allowed to happen; and then, while the echoes of the hall rang with the shock of her terrible voice, she sat down again and fanned herself, and the meeting gathered itself together and proceeded to discuss the election of a recording-secretary.

Jurgis too had an adventure the first time he attended a union meeting, but it was not of his own seeking. Jurgis went with the desire to get into an inconspicuous corner and see what was done—but it was precisely this attitude of silent and open-eyed attention that marked him out for a victim. Tommy Finnegan was a little Irishman, with big staring eyes and a wild aspect, a "hoister" by trade, and a harmless enough fellow, only badly cracked. Somewhere back in the far distant past Tommy Finnegan had had a strange experience, and the burden of it rested upon him. All the rest of his life he had done nothing but try to make it understood; when he talked he caught his victim by the buttonhole, and his face kept coming closer and closer—which was trying because his teeth were so bad. Jurgis did not mind that, only he was frightened. The method of operation was Tom Finnegan's theme, and he desired to find out if Jurgis had considered that the representation of things in their present similarity might be altogether unintelligible upon a more elevated plane. There were assuredly wonderful mysteries about the developing of these things; and then, becoming confidential, Mr. Finnegan proceeded to tell of some experiences of his own. "If we have ever had anything to do with spherrits," said he, and looked inquiringly at Jurgis, who kept shaking his head. "Niver mind, niver mind," continued the other, "but their influences may be operating upon ye; it's shure as I'm tellin' ye, it's

them that has the reference to the immense surroundings that has the most of influence. It was vouchsafed to me in my youthful days to be acquainted with spherrits"—and so Tommy Finnegan went on, expounding a system of philosophy, while the perspiration of his agitation and embarrassment. In the end of one of the men, seeing his plight, came over and rescued him; but it was a month before he was able to find some one to explain things to him, and meanwhile his fear lest the strange little Irishman should get him cornered again was enough to keep him dodging about the room a whole evening.

He never missed a meeting, however. He had picked up a few words of English by this time, and friends would help him to understand. They were often very turbulent meetings, with half a dozen men declaiming at once, in as many dialects of English; but the speakers were all desperately in earnest, and Jurgis was in earnest too, for he understood that a fight was on, and that it was his fight. Since that time of his disillusionment, Jurgis had sworn to trust no man, except in his own family. But here suddenly he discovered that he had brothers in affliction, and allies. They had been into battle, and had lost; and wounded and bloody, crushed and trampled beneath iron hoofs—suddenly they had found a hope of deliverance, in union! And so they had united, with all the fervor of desperation. "Get together! Stay together!"—that was their cry; and they talked it, they preached it, with the ardor of religious devotees; it was their one chance for life, and the struggle became a kind of crusade. So our hero of all this nightmare of horror there was borne a new vision, a new hope; there was a gleam of light in the midnight sky, and men cried out that it was a dawn. Jurgis had always been a member of the church, because it was the right thing to be, but the church had never touched him, he left all that for the women. Here, however, was a new religion—one that did touch him, that took hold of every fibre of him; and with all the zeal and fury of a convert he went out as a missionary. There were many non-union men among the Lithuanians, and with these he would labor and wrestle in prayer, trying to show them the right. Some of the times they would be abstaining and refusing to see it, and at last, Jurgis was not always patient. He forgot how he himself had been blind, a short time ago—after the fashion of all crusaders since the original ones, who set out to spread the gospel of Brotherhood by force of arms.

There was a struggle going on between the unions and the packers, a struggle that never ceased; day and night they were wrestling for the tiniest bit of advantage, and each week at the meeting there were new interviews to be reported, and wars and rumors of war in the air. The men wanted the packers to pay them in money so that they would not have to cash checks in saloons. They wanted to prevent their taking new men on, now that they did not have half enough work for those they already had. They were trying to get them to abandon the rule of not keeping the cattle over—to set a limit to the overtime, and to the lateness of the hour at which a man was liable to work. They wanted also half an hour to eat supper in, when they had to work at night. And most important of all, they wanted to put a stop to the "speeding-up."

Editors of newspapers, and statesmen, and presidents of employers' associations and universities, and other pillars of things as they are, were busied to see that the public was kept informed about this "Limitation of the output" it was called, and it was the chief outrages of union domination. Lazy workmen presuming to get together and say to their employers how much work they would do for their wages! Trying to restrict the productive capacity of the factories, and bring ruin upon this great country! Trying to tie up the food industry in Chicago, and raise the price of every poor man's dinner! Many other things they were trying to do, so these wise and powerful ones declared—and charity compels one to believe that not all of them really understood that it was the unions were really trying to do was to put a stop to the murder. For murder that was what went on there upon the killing-floor, systematic, deliberate and hideous murder—and there was no other word for it, and nothing else to be said about it. They were slaughtering men there, just as certainly as they were slaughtering cattle; they were grinding the bodies and souls of them, and turning them into dollars and cents. Jurgis talked with some who worked in the sausage-rooms, and who told him how now and then some one would lose a finger in the dangerous cutting-machines; and how when that happened they would stop the machine, but only for a minute or so, and then they would find a finger, they would let it go and call it sausage. And that was grinding up men, as anyone will admit; yet it was not one bit more actually grinding them than the system of "speeding-up." A thousand devils with whips or white-hot irons could not have filled human creatures more full of terror, or goaded them to more agonized efforts, than did the daily routine of the packing-houses, with its spies and bosses prowling here and there, nagging and yelling at men and women and children, cursing them, kicking them, bating them over the heads, sometimes spitting into their faces—while outside the starving thousands struggled and fought for a chance to take their places, when at last they could hold out no longer, but fell in their tracks and dragged themselves home to die.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Public ownership and operation of industries for the public welfare would be a bad thing. For instance, take the public schools. See how wasteful they are! The teachers work six hours a day, five days in the week. You will find most of the teachers opposed to Socialism, which would operate all the schools for the public good. You don't hear any complaint about six hours for teachers, but if you suggest that the little tots in the great industries ought to have an eight-hour day—my! what a howl! And the teachers join in the howl!

"Little Love and Nature Poems," Josephine Conger, 10c copy.

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What To Do For Heart Trouble

I back up my advice with this Remarkable Offer—A Full Dollar's Worth of My Remedy Free to Prove that I am Right.

I ask no reference, no deposit, no security. There is nothing to promise, nothing to pay, either now or later. To any man suffering from either heart or kidney trouble, Dr. Shoo's Restorative—I will gladly give, free, not a mere sample, but a full dollar bottle.

I am warranted in making this unusual offer because my remedy, my Restorative, it does not vainly try to stimulate the heart. Such treatments are worse than useless. It does not irritate the heart, it cures heart trouble—the heart nerves—and strengthens them and vitalizes them and restores them. Then that is the end of heart disease.

For the heart itself has no more self control than a common spool. It is made to beat by a tender nerve so that it is not accurate a single day this delicate nerve must cause the heart to expand and contract.

The heart is about the size of your clenched fist. Open and close your fist a dozen times, even, and you will see the monstrous labor this little nerve must do.

The heart nerve is only one of the branches of the great sympathetic system. Each branch of this system is so closely allied with the others that weakness or irregularity at any point will spread and cause heart trouble frequently. Stomach trouble, kidney trouble, rheumatism, and kidney trouble may also arise from each of these same sympathetic nerves—the inside nerves.

The bond of sympathy between the nerves that operate the vital organs has a useful purpose, as well. For what will cure weakness in every branch—what will restore one center, will surely restore them all.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoo to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoo's Restorative is the only remedy that cures heart trouble along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does restore the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

If you have heart trouble and have never tried my remedy, merely write and ask. I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept as gladly as you from his shelves a standard sized bottle of my prescription, and he will send you a full dollar bottle of my Restorative free to prove that it does not deceive. There are no conditions—no requirements. It is open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief. I ask you to do it to write—write today.

For a free order for Book 1 on Dyspepsia, a full dollar bottle of Book 2 on the Heart, Book 3 on the Kidneys, Book 4 on Rheumatism, Book 5 for Men, Book 6 on Albuminuria, Book 7 on Gout, Book 8 on Blood Purification, Book 9 on Catarrhs, Book 10 on Constipation, Book 11 on Croup, Book 12 on Croup, Book 13 on Croup, Book 14 on Croup, Book 15 on Croup, Book 16 on Croup, Book 17 on Croup, Book 18 on Croup, Book 19 on Croup, Book 20 on Croup, Book 21 on Croup, Book 22 on Croup, Book 23 on Croup, Book 24 on Croup, Book 25 on Croup, Book 26 on Croup, Book 27 on Croup, Book 28 on Croup, Book 29 on Croup, Book 30 on Croup, Book 31 on Croup, Book 32 on Croup, Book 33 on Croup, Book 34 on Croup, Book 35 on Croup, Book 36 on Croup, Book 37 on Croup, Book 38 on Croup, Book 39 on Croup, Book 40 on Croup, Book 41 on Croup, Book 42 on Croup, Book 43 on Croup, Book 44 on Croup, Book 45 on Croup, Book 46 on Croup, Book 47 on Croup, Book 48 on Croup, Book 49 on Croup, Book 50 on Croup, Book 51 on Croup, 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