THE JUNGLE
A STORY OF CHICAGO
BY UPTON SINCLAIR

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Author of "Manassa," "Prince Hagen," etc.

CHAPTER II.

JURGIS GETS A JOB.

JURGIS talked lightly about work, because he was young. They told him stories about the breaking down of men, there in the stock yards of Chicago, and of what had happened to them afterwards—stories to make your flesh creep, but Jurgis would only laugh. He had only been there four months, and he was young, and a giant besides. There was too much health in him. He could not even imagine how it would feel to be beaten. "That is well enough for men like you," he would say "szilpnas, puny fellows—but my back is broad."

Jurgis was like a boy, a boy from the country. He was the sort of man the bosses like to get hold of, the sort they make it a grievance they cannot get hold of. When he was told to go to a certain place he would go there on the run. When he had nothing to do for the moment he would stand round fidgeting, dancing, with the overflow of energy that was in him. If he were working in a line of men, the line always moved too slowly for him, and you could pick him out by his impatience and restlessness. That was why he had been picked out on one important occasion; for Jurgis had stood outside of Smith and Company's "General Time Station" not more than half an hour, the second day of his arrival in Chicago, before he had been beckoned by one of the bosses. Of this he was very proud, and it made him more disposed than ever to laugh at the pessimists. In vain would they all tell him that there were men in that crowd from which he had been chosen who had stood there a month—yes, many months—and not been chosen yet. "Yes," he would say, "but what sort of men? Broken-down tramps and good-for-nothings, fellows who have spent all their money drinking, and want to get more for it. Do not tell me, there is always work for a man! Do you want me to believe that with these arms"—and he would clench his fists and hold them up in the air, so that you might see the rolling muscles—"that with these arms people will ever let me starve?"

"It is plain," they would answer to this, "that you have come from the country, and from very far in the country." And this was the fact, for Jurgis had never seen a city, and scarcely even a fair-sized town, until he had set out to make his fortune in the world and earn his right to Ona. His father, and his father's father before him, and as many ancestors back as legend could go, had lived in that part of Lithuania known as Bialowicza, the Imperial Forest. This is a great tract of a hundred thousand acres, which from time immemorial has been a hunting preserve of the nobility. There are a very few peasants settled in it, holding title from ancient times; and one of these was Antanas Rudkus, who had been reared himself, and had reared his children in turn, upon half a dozen acres of cleared land in the midst of a wilderness. There had been one son besides Jurgis, and one sister. The former had been drafted into the army; that had been over ten years ago, but since that day nothing had ever been heard of him. The sister was married, and her husband had bought the place when old Antanas had decided to go with his son.

It was nearly a year and a half ago that Jurgis had met Ona, at a horse-fair a hundred miles from home. Jurgis had never expected to get married—he had laughed at it as a foolish trap for a man to walk into; but here, without ever having spoken a word to her, with no more than the exchange of half a dozen smiles, he found himself, purple in the face with embarrassment and terror, asking her parents to sell her to him for his wife—and offering his father's two horses he had been sent to the fair to sell. But Ona's father proved as a rock—the girl was yet a child, and he was a rich man, and his daughter was not to be had in that way.

So Jurgis went home with a heavy heart, and that spring and summer toiled and tried hard to forget. In the fall, after the harvest was over, he saw that it would not do, and tramped the full fortnight's journey that lay between him and Ona.

He found an unexpected state of affairs—for the girl's father had died, and his estate was tied up with creditors; Jurgis's heart leaped as he realized that now the prize was within his reach. There was panei Elzbieta Lukoszis, Teta, or Aunt, as they called her, Ona's stepmother, and there were her six children, of all ages. There was also her brother Jonas, a dried up little man who had worked upon the farm. They were people of great consequence, as it seemed to Jurgis, fresh out of the woods; Ona knew how to read, and knew many other things that he did not know; and now the farm had been sold, and the whole family was adrift—all they owned in the world being about seven hundred roubles, which is half as many dollars. They would have had three times that, but it had gone to court, and the judge had decided against them, and it had cost the balance to get him to change his decision.

Ona might have married and left them, but she would not, for she loved Teta Elzbieta. It was Jonas who suggested that they all go to America, where a friend of his had gotten rich. He would work, for his part, and the women would work, and some of the children, doubtless—they would live somehow. Jurgis, too, had heard of America. That was a country where, they said, a man might earn three roubles a day; and Jurgis figured what three roubles a day would mean, with prices as they were where he lived, and decided forthwith that he would go to America and marry, and be a rich man in the bargain.

So it was arranged that they should leave the following spring, and meantime Jurgis hired himself as an obiezyzasy, a sort of peon laborer. He sold himself to a contractor for a certain time, and he tramped nearly four hundred miles from home with a gang of men to work upon a railroad in Smolensk. This was a fearful experience, with filth and bad food and cruelty and over-work; but Jurgis stood it and came out in fine trim, and with eighty roubles sewed up in his coat. No amount of work made any difference to Jurgis, and with men he had a way of his own. He did not drink or fight, because he was thinking all the time of Ona; and for the rest, he was a quiet, steady man, who did what he was told to, did not lose his temper often, and when he did lose it made the offender anxious that he should not lose it again. When they paid him off he dodged the company gamblers and dramshops, and so they tried to kill him, but he escaped, and tramped it home, working at odd jobs, and sleeping always with one eye open.

So in the summer they had all set out for America. At the last moment there joined them Marija Biarczynskas, who was a counsin of Ona's. Marija was an orphan, and had worked since childhood for a rich farmer of Vilna, who beat her regularly. It was only at the age of twenty that it had occurred to Marija to try her strength, when she had risen up and nearly murdered the man, and then came away.

There were twelve in all in the party, five adults and six children—and Ona, who was a little of both. They had a hard time of the passage: there was an agent who helped them, but he proved a scoundrel, and got them into a trap with some officials, and cost them a good deal of their precious money, which they clung to with such horrible fear. This happened to them again in New York—for, of course, they knew nothing about the country, and had no one to tell them, and it was easy for a man in a blue uniform to lead them away, and to take them to a hotel and keep them there, and make them pay enormous charges to get away. The law says that the rate card shall be on the door of a hotel, but it does not say that it shall be in Lithuanian.

It was in the stockyards that Jonas's friend had gotten rich, and so to Chicago the party was bound. They knew that one word—Chicago—and that was all they needed to know, at least, until they reached the city. Then, tumbled out of the cars without ceremony, they were no better off than before; they stood staring down the vista of Dearborn street, with its big, black buildings towering in the distance, unable to realize that they had arrived, and why, when they said "Chicago," people no longer pointed in some direction, but instead looked perplexed, or laughed, or went on without paying any attention. They were pitiable, in their helplessness; above all things they stood in deadly terror of any sort of person in official uniform, and so whenever they saw a policeman they would cross the street and hurry by. For the whole of the first day they wandered about in the midst of deafening confusion, utterly lost; and it was only at night that, cowering in the doorway of a house, they were finally discovered and taken by a policeman to the station. In the morning an interpreter was found, and they were taken and put upon a car, and taught a new word—"stockyards." Their delight at discovering that they were to get out of this adventure without losing another share of their possessions it would not be possible to describe.

They sat and stared out of the window. They were on a street which seemed to run on forever, mile after mile—thirty-four of them, if they had known it—and each side of it one uninterrupted row of wretched little two-story frame buildings. Down every side street they could see, it was the same—never a hill and never a hollow, but always the same endless vista of ugly and dirty little wooden buildings. Here and there would be a bridge crossing a filthy creek, with hard-baked mud shores and dingy sheds and docks along it; here and there would be a railroad crossing, with a tangle of switches, and locomotives puffing and rattling freight cars filing by; here and there would be a great factory, a dingy building with innumerable windows in it, and immense volumes of smoke pouring from the chimneys, darkening the air above and making filthy the earth beneath. But after each of these interruptions, the desolate procession would begin again—the procession of dreary little buildings. To the strangers it seemed like a wilderness, a very jungle—a jungle of houses. It was a jungle, too, ruled by strange powers, about which they did not understand, full of creatures which preyed upon each other—that were hunting you without rest, tracking you in the daytime and watching in your path by night. The only difference was that they sought, not your life-blood, but your money—and when you had been caught by them once or twice, you came to understand that this difference was no difference at all.

A full hour before the party reached the city they had begun to note the perplexing changes in the atmosphere. It grew darker all the time, and upon the earth the grass seemed to grow less green. Every minute, as the train sped on, the colors of things grew dingier; the fields were grown parched and yellow, the landscape hideous and bare. And along with the thickening smoke they began to notice another circumstance, a strange, pungent odor. They were not sure that it was unpleasant, this odor; some might have called it sickening, but their taste in odors was not developed, and they were only sure that it was curious. Now—sitting in the trolley car—they realized that they were on their way to the home of it—that they had traveled all the way from Lithuania to it. It was now no longer something far-off and faint, that you caught in whiffs; you could literally taste it, as well as smell it—you could take hold of it, almost, and examine it at your leisure. They were divided in their opinions about it. It was an elemental odor, raw and crude; it was rich, almost rancid, sensual and strong. There were some who drank it in as if it were an intoxicant; there were others who turned pale and put their handkerchiefs to their faces. The new emigrants were still tasting it, lost in wonder, when suddenly the car came to a halt, and the door was flung open, and a voice shouted—"Stockyards!"

They were left standing upon the corner, staring; down a side street there were two rows of brick houses, and between them a vista: half a dozen chimneys, tall as the tallest of buildings, touching the very sky—and leaping from them half a dozen columns of smoke, thick, oily and black as night. It might have come from the centre of the world, this smoke, where the fires of the ages still smoulder. It came as if self-impelled, driving all before it, a perpetual explosion. It was inexhaustible; one stared, waiting to see it stop—but still the great streams rolled out. They spread in vast clouds overhead, writhing, curling; then uniting in one giant river, they streamed away down the sky, stretching a black pall as far as the eye could reach.

Then the party became aware of another strange thing. This, too, like the odor, was a thing elemental; it was a sound, a sound made up of ten thousand little sounds. One scarcely noticed it at first—it sunk into one's consciousness, a vague disturbance, a trouble. It was like the murmuring of the bees in the spring, the whisperings of the forest; it suggested endless activity, the rumblings of a world in motion; it was only by an effort that one could realize that it was made by animals, that it was the distant lowing of ten thousand cattle, the distant grunting of ten thousand swine.

They would have liked to follow it up, but, alas, they had no time for adventures just then. The policeman on the corner was beginning to watch them; and so, as usual, they started up the street. Scarcely had they gone a block, however, before Jonas was heard to give a cry, and began pointing excitedly across the street. Before they could gather the meaning of his breathless ejaculations he had bounded away, and they saw him enter a shop over which was a sign: "J. Szadwilas, Delicatessen." When he came out again it was in company with a very stout gentleman in shirt sleeves and an apron, clasping Jonas by both hands and laughing hilariously. Then Teta Elzbieta recollected suddenly that Szadwilas had been the name of the mythical friend who had made his fortune in America. To find that he had been making it in the delicatessen business was an extraordinary piece of good fortune in this juncture. Though it was well on in the morning they had not breakfasted, and the children were beginning to whimper.

Thus was the happy ending of a woeful voyage. The two families literally fell upon each other's necks—for it had been years since Jokubas Szadwilas had met a man from his part of Lithuania. Before half the day they were life-long friends. Jokubas understood all the pitfalls of this new world, and could explain all of its mysteries; he could tell them the things they ought to have done in the different emergencies—and what was still more to the point, he could tell them what to do now. He would take them to panei Aniele, who kept a boarding house the other side of the yards; old Mrs. Juknos, he explained, had not what one would call choice accommodations, but they might do for the moment. To this Teta Elzbieta hastened to respond that nothing could be too cheap to suit them just then; for they were quite terrified over the sums they had had to expend. A very few days of practical experience in this land of high wages had been sufficient to make clear to them the cruel fact that it was also a land of high prices, and that in it the poor man was just exactly as poor as in any other corner of the earth; and so there vanished in a night all the wonderful dreams of wealth that had been haunting Jurgis. What had made the discovery all the more painful was that they were spending, at American prices, money which they had earned at home rates of wages—and so were really being cheated by the world. The last two days they had all but starved themselves—it made them quite sick to pay the prices that the railroad people asked them for food.

Yet, when they saw the home of the Widow Juknos they could not but recoil, even so. In all their journey they had seen nothing so bad as this. Panei Aniele had a four-room flat in one of that wilderness of two-story frame tenements that lie in "back of the yards." There were four such flats in each building and each of the four was a "boarding house" for the occupancy of foreigners—Lithuanians, Poles, Slovaks, or Bohemians. Some of these places were kept by private persons, some were co-operative. There would be an average of half a dozen boarders to each room—sometimes there were thirteen or fourteen to one room, fifty or sixty to a flat. Each one of the occupants furnished his own accommodations—that is, a mattress and some bedding. The mattresses would be spread upon the floor in rows—and there would be nothing else in the place except a stove. Sometimes the boarders would hire a woman to cook for them, sometimes they would do their own cooking; in a few rare cases the landlady would furnish the food and prepare it for all. It was by no means unusual for two men to own the same mattress in common, one working by day and using it by night, and the other working at night and using it in the daytime. Very frequently a lodging-house keeper would rent the same beds to double shifts of men. This had not been the custom, but it was getting to be, owing to the system upon which the packing-houses were now being run. It was said to be owing to the increasing insubordination of the labor unions that the packers were employing so many men and giving each of them such a small amount of work to do. This kept wages low and the district crowded—a sure preventive of trouble.

Panei Aniele Juknos was a wizened-up little woman, with a wrinkled and heart-sick face. Her home was unthinkably filthy; you could not enter by the front door at all, owing to the mattresses, and when you tried to go up the back stairs you found that she had walled up most of the porch with old boards to make a place to keep her chickens. It was a standing jest of the boarders that panei Aniele cleaned house by letting the chickens loose in the rooms. Undoubtedly this did keep down the vermin, but it seems probable, in view of all the circumstances, that the old lady regarded it rather as feeding the chickens than as cleaning the rooms. The truth was that she had definitely given up the idea of cleaning the rooms nearly two months ago, under pressure of an attack of rheumatism, which had kept her doubled up in one corner of her room for over a week. During this time eleven of her boarders, heavily in her debt, had concluded to try their chances of employment in Kansas City, and had decamped. This was July, and the fields were green; one never saw the fields, nor any green thing whatever, in Packingtown—but one could go out on the road and "hobo it," as the men phrased it, and see the country, and have a long rest, and an easy time riding on the freight cars. Meantime, as the widow Juknos had been trying for over a year to pay for her funiture, and was in debt to her landlord besides, she was, perhaps, not to blame for concluding to give up, and let ruin come when it would.

Such was the home to which the new arrivals were welcomed. There was nothing better to be had—they might not do so well by looking further, for Mrs. Juknos had at least kept one room for herself and her three little children, and now offered to share this with the women and the girls of the party. They could get bedding at a second-hand store, she explained; and they would not need any while the weather was so hot—doubtless they would all sleep on the sidewalk, such nights as this, as did nearly all of her guests. "Tomorrow," Jurgis said with quiet confidence, when they were left alone, "tomorrow I will get a job; and perhaps Jonas will get one also; and then we can get a place of our own."

Later that afternoon he and Ona went out to take a walk and look about them to see more of this district which was to be their home. In back of the yards the dreary two-story frame houses were spread out farther than in most of Chicago they had seen; there were great spaces bare—that seemingly had been overlooked by the great sore of a city as it spread itself over the surface of the prairie. These bare places were grown up with dingy, yellow weeds, hiding innumerable tomato cans; innumerable children played upon them, chasing one another here and there, screaming and fighting. The most uncanny thing about this neighborhood was the number of the children; you thought there must be a school just out, and it was only after long acquaintance that you were able to realize that there was no school, but that these were the children of the neighborhood—that there were so many children to the block in Packingtown, that nowhere on its streets could a horse and buggy move faster than a walk!

It could not move faster anyhow, of course—on account of the state of the streets. Those through which Jurgis and Ona were walking resembled streets less than they did a miniature topographical map of a continent. The roadway was commonly several feet lower than the level of the houses, which were sometimes joined by high board walks; there were no pavements—there were mountains and valleys and rivers, gullies and ditches, and great hollows full of stinking green water. In these pools the children played, and rolled about in the mud of the streets; here and there one noticed them digging in it, after trophies which they had stumbled on. One wondered about this, as also about the swarms of flies which hung about the scene, literally blackening the air, and the strange, fetid odor which assailed one's nostrils, a ghastly odor, of all the dead things of the universe. It impelled the visitor to questions—and then the residents would explain, quietly, that all this was "made" land—and that it had been "made" by using it as a dumping-ground for the city garbage. After a few years the unpleasant effect of this would pass away, it was said; but meantime, in hot weather—and especially when it rained—the flies were apt to be annoying. Was it not unhealthy? the stranger would ask; and the residents would answer: "Perhaps, but there is no telling." Yet there chanced one day to be passing a young man who thought that there might be telling, and who set to work to count the deaths of the children in back of the yards. He found that they were five times as numerous as in the neighboring district, a "swell" part of the city, whence came all this garbage to be dumped. Then, also, he made a map of the district, and in each block he put a black dot for every child that had died there in the past year; when he finished you would have said that his map had been made with a pepper cruet.

A little way further on, and Jurgis and Ona, staring open-eyed and wondering, came to the place where this "made" ground was in process of making. Here was a great hole, perhaps two city blocks square, and with long files of garbage wagons creeping into it. The place had an odor for which there are no polite words; and it was literally black with children, who raked in it from dawn till dark. Sometimes visitors from the packing-houses would wander out to see this "dump," and they would stand by and debate as to whether the children were eating the food they got, or merely collecting it for the chickens at home. Apparently none of them ever went down to find out.

Beyond this dump there stood a great brickyard, with smoking chimneys. First they took out the soil to make bricks, and then they filled it up again with garbage, which seemed to Jurgis and Ona a felicitous arrangement, characteristic of an enterprising country like America. A little way beyond was another great hole, which they had emptied and not yet filled up. This held water, and all summer it stood there, with the nearby soil draining into it, festering and stewing in the sun; and, then, when winter came, somebody cut the ice on it, and sold it to the people of Packingtown. This, too, seemed to the newcomers an economical arrangement; for they did not read the newspapers, and their heads were not full of troublesome thoughts about germs.

They stood there while the sun went down upon this scene; the sky in the west turned blood-red, and the tops of the houses shone like fire. Jurgis and Ona were not thinking of the sunset, however—their backs were turned to it, and all their thoughts were of Packingtown, which they could see so plainly in the distance. The line of the buildings stood clear-cut and black against the sky; here and there out of the mass rose the great chimneys, with the river of smoke streaming away to the end of the world. It was a study in colors now, this smoke; in the sunset light it was black and brown and grey and purple. All the sordid suggestions of the place were gone—in the twilight it was a vision of power. To the two who stood watching while the darkness swallowed it up it seemed a land of wonder, with its tale of human energy, of things being done, of employment for thousands upon thousands of men, of opportunity and freedom, of life and love and joy. When they came away, arm in arm, Jurgis was saying: "Tomorrow I shall go there and get a job!"

(To be continued.)

SOCIALISM IN CHICAGO.

The Socialists of Chicago have recently completed a piece of work that speaks volumes for the growth and strength and organization of the movement in that city. When the great vote of last November made the Socialist party an official party in that city it brought with it responsibilities and added tasks, as well as new opportunities and encouragement. It meant that from that time on the Socialists came under the direct primary law.

Had all that this meant been known in the begining it would have almost disheartened even the enthusiasm of last November. Now that the work is nearly over it is hard to realize how much has actually been accomplished. Two hundred and twelve polling districts have been organized with five officials at each polling place. Six hundred of these, who serve as judges of election, are required by law to be the heads of families. This at once debarred a large portion of the membership, including all the young and enthusiastic, but unmarried members. All had to be citizens, and this caused an admirable activity in the completion of citizenship papers by some of the hitherto delinquent comrades. Whether a corresponding activity was created in marriage licenses to meet the former requirement the statistics which are available do not enable us to determine. This makes over one thousand officials who had to be procured. These must live in the district where they function. This again was an additional hardship since the party was naturally of very unequal strength in the different sections of the city. In addition to these there were four hundred and sixty-two ward delegates, and two hundred and fifty-nine delegates to the city convention, none of whom could serve as either clerks or judges. The same persons could, however, serve as delegates to both conventions, but even then at least five hundred different men were required. Altogether about 1700 persons were organized and brought into service. All the polling places had to be rented by the party on terms suitable to the city, which finally pays the rent. Thousands of ballots, however, and other material must be prepared by the Socialist party, entailing an expense of about $750.

All this has been done, and at the present time we have the very agreeable sight of the police force of Chicago engaged in what is undoubtedly the most useful social service ever performed by that body—the posting up of thousands of large placards advertising the primaries of the Socialist party. For over a week every patrol box in the city will carry these notices and the effect of this in advertising our work will certainly be of great value.

But such items as these, and the fact that the municipality is compelled to pay five dollars each to over one thousand Socialists, are of childish importance compared with the far-reaching effect which this work has had in perfecting and extending the organization of the Socialist party. Many of the wards undertook a house to house canvass by precincts, and in every ward there is now the foundation of a complete precinct organization—something we have always hoped to have but always shrunk from the labor of undertaking.

It is admitted that we will certainly poll a larger vote at the primaries than the republicans—thus showing the democratic character of the Socialist organization. The republican poll of the city gives us a probable vote of 80,000 at the coming election. This seems almost too good to be possible, yet last November, when the republican poll gave us 75,000 and the Socialists were expecting 30,000 in the state, the poll showed itself more nearly right. At any rate we will probably put a few aldermen in the city hall. Whatever the vote may be there will be a compact, powerful organization ready to carry on the work in the future.—A. M. Simons.

If a frog fell down a well a million feet deep and every day climbed up three feet and slid back two, he would get out of that well quicker than the trades unions will get a national eight-hour law by sending their employers to congress.

Teach your children to put their money in the banks, so that Wall street can gamble with it, while you pay the bills by paying dividends on watered stock created by the use of your own money.

A thing is constitutional or unconstitutional according to the men who interpret the constitution.

Worn Out? Run Down?

I will gladly give you a full dollar's worth of my remedy to test.

Nothing to deposit. Nothing to promise. The dollar bottle is free. Your druggist, on my order, will hand you a full dollar's worth and send me the bill

Why do work and worry and excess and strain and over-indulgence break down constitutions and make men and women worn out and run down and restless and sleepless and discouraged and morose? Because they weaken the tiny, tender nerves on which life itself depends.

Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the automatic nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control the digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that worry wears out and work breaks down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

It does no good to take stimulants and narcotics, for theirs, at best, is but a temporary effect which merely postpones the final day of reckoning.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ to deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerves—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well. That is the end of all vital troubles. That is the end of sleepless nights and restless days. That is the end of "nervousness," the end of brain fag and fatigue.

If you are worn out, run down 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 he would accept a dollar. He will hand you from his shelves a standard sized bottle of my prescription, and he will send the bill to me. This offer is made only to strangers to my remedy. Those who have once used the Restorative do not need this evidence. There are no conditions—no requirements. It is open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief. All that I ask you to do

For a free order for a full dollar bottle you must address Dr. Shoop, Box 8943, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism

Mild cases are often cured by a single bottle. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat announces in great headlines that it sent $100 to help the homeless at Hot Springs. There are more homeless and helpless people in St. Louis than in the burned village. And this $100 was coined out of poor women and boys who stand on the street corners selling papers when the thermometer registers 23 below zero. They make only [illegible] cents for selling one hundred copies. [illegible] charitable to take from the very poorest to give to others and then claim all the credit? Self praise is wholly scandal in this case.—J. C. Young.

These are troublous times for tyrants by "divine right" and feudal captains of industry and trade. The day for autocracy is not at the bright dawn of the twentieth century. The whole world has made up its mind that it will not do.—Kansas City Star.

We Paid $100,000

For Liquozone, Yet We Give You a 50c Bottle Free.

We paid $100,000 for the American rights to Liquozone; the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others. We cured all kinds of germ diseases with it—thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. We proved that in germ troubles it always accomplishes what medicine cannot do. Now we ask you to try it—try it at our expense. Test it as we did; see what it does. Then you will use it always, as we do, and as millions of others do. You will use it, not only to get well, but to keep well. And it will save nearly all of your sickness.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there any alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that we have spent over one million dollars to supply the first bottle free to each sick one we learned of.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anaemia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Leucorrhea
Bright's Disease	Liver Troubles
Bowel Troubles	Malaria—Neuralgia
Coughs—Colds	Many Heart Troubles
Consumption	Piles—Pneumonia
Colic—Croup	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Constipation	Rheumatism
Catarrh—Cancer	Scrofula—Syphilis
Dysentery—Diarrhoea	Skin Diseases
Dandruff—Dropsy	Stomach Troubles
Dyspepsia	Throat Troubles
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tuberculosis
Fevers—Gall Stones	Tumors—Ulcers
Goitre—Gout	Varicocele
Gonorrhea—Gleet	Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood. In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it.

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W200 .....

Give full address—write plainly.

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WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

"We will lose our investments if race track gambling is stopped," cry the track owners. Of course they will, and it will work a certain amount of hardship. The people of the south lost millions of dollars when human slavery was abolished, but that did not keep Abraham Lincoln from signing the emencipation proclamation. The keepers of gambling rooms sustain a loss when their paraphernalia is seized and condemned to the bonfire. The moonshiner loses when his still is destroyed. The counterfeiter becomes a bankrupt when the government confiscates his dies and plates. But in the end the public is the gainer. And it is in the interest of the public, and not the individual, that legislation should be enacted.—Kansas City World, February 3d.

All right. Now will the World protest against taking the railroads, telegraph, express, packing houses and other institutions that are operated wholly against the interests of the people? If not, why not? It is to the interest of the public to have these things in its own hands to prevent extortion and robbery being inflicted on the people, just the same as stopping the little gamblers of the race track and gaming tables. What the gamblers and snide games rob the people of in a hundred years is not as much as the oil trust or the beef trust or the railroads rob the people of each twelve months.

There is no valid argument to sustain the World in its position that will not sustain the confiscation of the trust properties of the country. So the World has come out in favor of confiscation!

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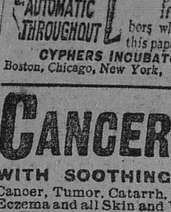

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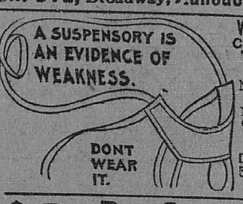

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