



Did this man send Madame Capital and her young ones to the nice summer resort? The money that sent them there represented his labor. Where did capital send the laborer and his wife and children? Oh, to the nice summer resort of the hot factory, the unhealthy mine and the breakers. Yes, Capital is very good to Labor and family—I don't think.

# The Jungle

The Jungle is one of our great American novels and will be read and reread long after its author has left this sphere of labor. It is all meat, and good meat, too.—James W. Babcock, author of "The Irrepressible Concor," etc.

Written for the Appeal by UPTON SINCLAIR, author of *Manassas*. Copyright, 1905.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

EARLY in the fall Jurgis set out for Chicago again. All the joy went out of tramping as soon as a man could not keep warm in the hay; and, like many thousands of others, he deluded himself with the hope that by coming early he could avoid the rush. He brought fifteen dollars with him, hidden away in one of his shoes, a sum which had been saved from the saloon-keepers, not so much by his conscience, as by the deadly terror which filled him at the thought of being out of work in the winter-time.

He travelled upon the railroad with several other men, hiding in freight-cars at night, and liable to be thrown off at any time regardless of the speed of the train. When he reached the city he left the rest for he had money and they did not, and he meant to save himself in this fight. He would bring to it all the skill that practice had brought him, and he would stand, whoever fell. On fair nights he would sleep in the park or on a truck or an empty barrel or box, and when it was rainy or cold he would stow himself upon a shelf in a ten-cent lodging-house or pay three cents for the privileges of a "squatter" in a tenement hallway. He would eat at free lunches, five cents a meal, and never a cent more—so he might keep alive for two months and more, and in that time he would surely find a job. He would have to bid farewell to his summer cleanliness, of course, for he would come out of the first night's lodging with his clothes alive with vermin. There was no place in the city where he could wash even his face unless he went down to the lake front—and there it would soon be all ice.

First he went to the steel-mill and the harvester-works, and found that his places there had been filled long ago. He was careful to keep away from the stock-yards—he was a single man now, he told himself, and he meant to stay one, to have his wages for his own when he got a job. He began the long weary round of factories and warehouses, tramping all day, from one end of the city to the other, finding everywhere from ten to a hundred men ahead of him. He watched the newspapers, too—but no longer was he to be taken in by smooth-spoken agents. He had been told of all those tricks while "on the road."

In the end it was through a newspaper that he got a job, after nearly a month of seeking. It was a call for a hundred laborers, and though he thought it was a "fake," he went because the place was near by. He found a line of men a block long, but as a wagon chanced to come out of an alley and break the line, he saw his chance and sprang to seize a place. Men threatened him and tried to throw him out, but he cursed and made a disturbance to attract a policeman, upon which they subsided, knowing that if the latter interfered it would be to "fire" them all.

An hour or two later he entered a room and confronted a big Irishman behind a desk.

"Ever worked in Chicago before?" the man inquired; and whether it was a good angel that put it into Jurgis's mind, or an intuition of his sharpened wits, he was moved to answer, "No, sir."

"Where do you come from?"

"Kansas City, sir."

"Any references?"

"No, sir. I'm just an unskilled man. I've got good arms."

"I want men for hard work—it's all underground, digging tunnels for telephone wires. Maybe it won't suit you."

"I'm willing, sir—anything for me. What's the pay?"

"Fifteen cents an hour."

"I'm willing, sir."

"All right; go back there and give your name."

So within half an hour he was at work, far underneath the streets of the city. The tunnel was a peculiar one for telephone-wires—it was about eight feet high, and with a level floor nearly as wide. It had innumerable branches—a perfect spider-web beneath the city; Jurgis walked over half a mile with his gang to the place where they were to work. Stranger yet, the tunnel was lighted by electricity, and upon it was laid a double-tracked, narrow-gauge railroad!

But Jurgis was not there to ask questions, and he did not give the matter a thought. It was nearly a year afterwards that he finally learned the meaning of this whole affair. The City Council had passed a quiet and innocent little bill allowing a company to construct telephone-conduits under the city streets; and upon the strength of this, a great corporation had proceeded to tunnel all Chicago with a system of railway freight-subways. In the city there was a combination of employers, representing hundreds of millions of capital, and formed for the purpose of crushing the labor-unions. The chief union which troubled it was the teamsters'; and when these freight tunnels were completed, connecting all the big factories and stores with the railroad depots, they would have the teamsters' union by the throat. Now and then there were rumors and meetings in the Board of Aldermen, and once there was a committee to investigate—but each time another small fortune was paid over, and the rumors died away; until at last the work completed. There was a tremendous scandal, of course; it was found that the city records had been falsified, and other crimes committed, and some of Chicago's big capitalists got into jail—figuratively speaking. The aldermen declared that they had had no idea of it all, in spite of the fact that the main entrance to the work had been in the rear of the saloon of one of them.

It was in a newly-opened cut that Jurgis worked, and so he knew that he had an all-winter job. He was so rejoiced that he treated himself to a spree that night, and with the balance of his money he hired himself a place in a tenement-room, where he slept upon a big home-made straw mattress along with four other working-men. This was one dollar a week, and for four more he got his food in a boarding-house near his work. This would leave him four dollars extra each week, an unthinkable sum for him. At the outset he had to pay for his digging-tools, and also to buy a pair of heavy boots, since his shoes were falling to pieces, and a flannel shirt, since the one he had worn all summer was in shreds. He spent a week meditating whether or not he should also buy an overcoat. There was one belonging to a Hebrew collar-button peddler who had died in the room next to him, and which the landlady was holding for her rent; in the end, however, Jurgis decided to do without it, as he was to be underground by day and in bed at night.

This was an unfortunate decision, however, for it drove him more quickly than ever into the saloons. From now on Jurgis worked from seven o'clock until half-past five, with half an hour for dinner; which meant that except while running across the street to the meal he never saw the sunlight on week-days. In the evenings there was no place for him to go except a bar-room; no place where there was light and warmth, where he could hear a little music, or sit with a companion and talk. Our friend had now no home to go to, no children to laugh and play with, no wife to greet him, to plead with him and save him from himself; he had no affection now in his life, only the pitiful mockery of it in the camaraderie of vice. On Sundays the

churches were open—but there was there a church in which an ill-smelling working-man with vermin crawling upon his neck, could sit without seeing people edge away and look annoyed? He had, of course, his corner in a close, though unheated, room, with a window opening upon a blank wall two feet away; and also he had the bare streets, with the winter gales sweeping through them; beside this he had only the saloons—and, of course, he had to drink to stay in them; if he drank now and then he was free to make himself at home, to gamble with dice or a pack of greasy cards, to play at a dingy pool-table for money, or to look at a beer-stained pink "sporting paper," with pictures of murderers and half-naked women. It was for such pleasures as these that he spent his money; and such was his life during the six weeks and a half that he toiled for the merchants of Chicago, to enable them to break the grip of their teamsters' union.

In a work carried out by criminal conspirators, it may be imagined how much thought was given to the welfare of the laborers. On an average, the tunneling cost a life a day, and several mangled; it was seldom, however—scattered in widely branching tunnels as they were—that more than a dozen or two men heard of any one accident. The work was all done by the new boring-machinery, with a little blasting as possible; but there would be falling rocks, and crushed supports, and premature explosions—and in addition all the dangers of railroadng. So it was that one night, as Jurgis was on his way out with his gang, an engine and a loaded car dashed round one of the innumerable right-angle branches upon him; he was in front, and leaped too late, and the engine struck him upon the shoulder, hurling him against the concrete wall and knocking him senseless.

When he opened his eyes again it was to the clanging of the bell of an ambulance. He was lying in it, covered by a blanket, and it was threading its way slowly through the holiday-shopping crowds. They took him to the County Hospital, where a young surgeon set his arm; then he was washed and laid upon a bed in a ward with a score or two more of maimed and mangled men.

Jurgis spent his Christmas in this hospital, and it was the pleasantest Christmas he had had in America. Every year there were scandals and investigations in the institution, the newspapers charging that doctors were allowed to try fantastic experiments upon the patients; but Jurgis knew nothing of this. His only complaint was that they used to feed him upon tinned meat, which no man who had ever worked in Packingtown would feed to his dog. Jurgis had often wondered just what ate the canned corn-beef and "roast beef" the "veal loaf" and potted ham of the stockyards; now he began to understand—it was what you might call "graft-meats," put up to be sold to corrupt army and navy officers, public officials and contractors, and eaten by soldiers and sailors, prisoners and inmates of institutions, "shantymen" and gangs of railroad laborers.

Jurgis was ready to leave the hospital at the end of two weeks. This did not mean that his arm was strong and that he was able to go back to work, but simply that he could get along without further attention, and that his place was needed for some one worse off than he. That he was utterly helpless, and had no means of keeping himself alive in the meantime, was something which did not concern the hospital authorities, nor any one else in the city.

As it chanced, he had been hurt on a Monday, and had just paid for his last week's board and his room rent, and spent nearly all the balance of his Saturday's pay. He had less than seventy-five cents in his pockets, and that he had done before he was hurt. He might possibly have sued the company, and got some damages for the injuries, but he did not know this, and it was not the company's business to tell him. He went and got his pay, and his tools, which he left in a pawn-shop for fifty cents. Then he went to his

land-lady, who had rented his place and had no other for him; and then to his boarding-house keeper, who looked him over and questioned him. As he must certainly be helpless for a couple of months, she decided very quickly that it would not be worth the risk to board him on trust.

So Jurgis went out into the streets, in a most dreadful plight. It was bitterly cold, and a heavy snow was falling, beating into his face. He had no overcoat, and no place to go, and two dollars and sixty-five cents in his pocket, with the certainty that he could not earn another cent for months. The snow meant no chance to him now; he must walk along and see others shivering, vigorous and active—and he with his left arm bound to his side! He could not hope to tide himself over by odd jobs of loading trucks; he could not sell newspapers—he could not even carry satchels, because he was now at the mercy of any rival. Words could not paint the terror that came over him as he realized this. He was now a wounded animal in the jungle. He was forced to compete with his enemies upon unequal terms. There would be no consideration for him because of his weakness—it was no one's business to help him in such distress, to make the fight the least bit easier for him. Even if he took to begging, he would be at a disadvantage—for reasons which he was to discover in good time.

In the beginning he could not think of anything except getting out of the awful cold. He went into one of the saloons he had been wont to frequent, and bought a drink, and then stood by the fire shivering and waiting to be ordered out. According to an unwritten law, the buying a drink included the privilege of loafing for just so long; then one had to buy another drink, or move on. That Jurgis was an old customer entitled him to a somewhat longer stop; but then he had been away two weeks, and was evidently "on the bum." He might plead and tell his "hard-luck story," but that would not help him much; a saloon-keeper who was to be moved by such means would soon have his place jammed to the doors with "hoboes," on a day like this.

So Jurgis went out into another place, and paid another nickel. He was so hungry this time that he could not resist the hot beef-stew, an indulgence which cut short his stay by a considerable time. When he was again told to move on, he made his way to a "tough" place in the "leaves" district, where now and then he had gone with a certain rat-eyed Bohemian working-man of his acquaintance, seeking a woman. It was Jurgis's vain hope that at this place the proprietor would let him remain as a "sitter." In low-class saloons, in the dead of winter, saloon-keepers would allow one or two forlorn-looking bums who came in covered with snow or soaked with rain, to sit by the fire and look miserably at attract custom. A working-man would come in, feeling cheerful after his day's work was over, and it would trouble him to have to take his glass with such a sight under his nose; and so he would call out: "Hello, Bub, what's the matter? You look as if you'd been up against it!" And then the other would begin to pour out some tale of misery, and the man would say: "Come have a glass, and maybe that'll brace you up." And then the two would drink together, and if the tramp was sufficiently wretched-looking, or good enough at the "gab," they might have two; and if they were to discover that they were from the same country, or had lived in the same city or worked at the same trade, they might sit down at a table and spend an hour or two in talk—and before they got through, the saloon-keeper would have taken in a dollar. All of this may seem diabolical, but the saloon-keeper was in no wise to blame for it. He had either to do it or be driven out of business, just as now-days every manufacturer has to adulterate and misrepresent his product. If he does not, some one else will; and the saloon-keeper, unless he is also an alderman, is apt to be in debt to the big brewers, and on the verge of being sold out.

The market for "sitters" was glutted that day, however, and there was no place for Jurgis. In all he had spent six nickels in keeping a shelter for him that frightful day, and then it was just dark, and the station-houses would not open until midnight! At the last place, however, there was a bartender who knew him and liked him, and let him doze at one of the tables until the boss came back; and also, as he was going out, the man gave him a tip—on the next block there was a religious revival of some sort, with preaching and singing, and hundreds of hoboes would go there for the shelter and warmth.

Jurgis went straightway, and saw a sign hung out, saying that the door would open at seven-thirty; then he walked, or half ran, a block, and hid awhile in a doorway and then ran again, and so on until the hour. At the end he was all but frozen, and fought his way in with the rest of the throng (at the risk of having his arm broken again) and got close to the big stove.

By eight o'clock the place was so crowded that the speakers ought to have been flattered; the aisles were packed half way up, and at the door men were packed tight enough to walk upon. There were three elderly gentlemen in black upon the platform, and a young lady who played the piano in front. First they sang a hymn, and then one of the three, a tall, smooth-shaven man, very thin, and wearing black spectacles, began to address Jurgis heard smatterings of it, for the reason that terror kept him awake—he knew that he snored abominably, and to have been put out just then would have been like a sentence of death to him.

The evangelist was preaching "sin and redemption," the infinite grace of God and His pardon for human frailty. He was very much in earnest, and he meant well, but Jurgis, as he listened, found his soul filled with contempt for him—he would have liked to stand up and hoot at him, to get up there and punch him in the head, and then to see him suffering—with his smooth black coat and his neatly-starched collar, his body warm and his belly full, and money in his pocket—and lecturing men who were struggling for their lives, men at the death-grapple with the demon powers of hunger and cold! He had managed to get the good things of life, somehow—but why at least could he not go off and enjoy them, without

coming to taunt the poor with their misfortune?—This, of course, was very disrespectful, even impious; but it was how Jurgis felt, and it was how the vast majority of the men felt while they listened, held prisoners by the cold, these men were out of touch with the life they discussed; they were united to solve its problems; nay, they themselves were part of the problem—they were part of the order established, that was crushing men down and beating them! They were of the triumphant and insolent possessors—they had a hall, and a fire, and food and clothing and money, and so they might preach to hungry men, and the hungry men must be humble and listen! They were trying to save their souls—and who but a fool could fail to see that all that was the matter with their souls was that they had not been able to get a decent existence out of their bodies? They were preaching about vice—and why did a workingman have to live with low women, save that he could not afford to marry a decent girl? They were preaching about drunkenness—and what made working-men drink but repulsive homes, exposure and hunger, over-work and uncertain employment—the fact, in a word, that his life was a hell, and that a man who has to live in hell had better be drunk than sober?

At eleven the meeting closed, and the desolate audience filed out into the snow, muttering curses upon the few traitors who had got repentance and gone upon the platform, and would get some food and coddling for their self-abasement. It was yet an hour before the station-house would open, and Jurgis had no overcoat—and was weak from a long illness. During that hour he nearly perished. He was obliged to run hard to keep his blood moving at all—and then he came back to the station-house and found a crowd blocking the street before the door! This was in the month of January, 1904, when the country was on the verge of "hard times," and the newspapers were reporting the shutting down of factories every day—it was estimated that a million and a half of men were thrown out of work before the spring. So all the hiding-places of the jungle house door men fought and torn each other like savage beasts. When at last the place was jammed and they shut the doors, half the crowd was still outside, and Jurgis, with his helpless arm, was among them. There was no choice then but to go to a lodging-house and spend another dime. It really broke his heart to do this, at half-past twelve o'clock, after he had wasted the night at the meeting and on the street. He would be turned out of the lodging-house promptly at seven—they had the shelves which served as bunks so contrived that they could be dropped, and any man who was slow about obeying orders could be tumbled to the floor.

This was one day, and the cold spell lasted for fourteen of them. At the end of six days every cent of Jurgis's money was gone; and then he went out on the streets to beg for his life.

He would begin as soon as the business of the city was moving. He would sally forth from a saloon, and after making sure there was no policeman in sight, would approach every likely-looking person who passed him, telling his woeful story and pleading for a nickel or a dime. Then, when he got one, he would dart round the corner and return to his base to get warm, and his victim, seeing him do this, would go away vowing that he would never give a cent to a beggar again, since they went straight to a saloon every time. The victim never paused to ask where else Jurgis could have gone under the circumstances—where he, the victim, would have gone. At the saloon Jurgis could not only get more food and better food than he could buy in any restaurant for the same money, but a drink in the bargain to warm him up. Also he could find a comfortable seat by a fire, and could chat with a companion until he was as warm as toast. At the saloon, too, he felt at home—it was the place where he was supposed to be, where everything was understood, without questions or apologies. Part of the saloon-keeper's business was to offer home and refreshments to beggars in exchange for the proceeds of their foragings; and was there any one else in the whole city who would do this—would the victim have done it himself?

Poor Jurgis might have been expected to make a successful beggar. He was just out of the hospital, and desperately sick-looking, and with a helpless arm; also he had no overcoat, and shivered pitifully. But, alas, his case was like that of the honest merchant—he found that the genuine and unadulterated article was driven to the wall by the artistic counterfeit. Jurgis, as a beggar, was simply a blundering amateur in competition with organized and scientific professionalism. He was just out of the hospital—but the street was worn threadbare, and how could he prove it? He had his arm in a sling, and it was a device a regular beggar's little boy would have scorned. He was pale and shivering—but they were made up with cosmetics, and had studied the art of chattering their teeth. As to his being without an overcoat, among them you would meet men you could swear had on nothing but a ragged linen duster and a pair of cotton trousers—so cleverly had they concealed the several suits of all-wool underwear beneath. Many of these professional mendicants had comfortable homes, and families, and thousands of dollars in the bank; some of them had retired upon themselves of fitting out and doctoring others, or working children at the trade. There were some who had both their arms bound tightly to their sides, and padded stumps in their sleeves, and a sick child hired to carry a cup for them. There were some who had no legs, and pushed themselves upon a wheeled platform—some who had been blinded with blindness, and were led by pretty little dogs. Some less fortunate had mutilated themselves or burned themselves, or had brought horrible sores upon themselves with chemicals; you might suddenly encounter upon the street a man holding out to you a finger rotting and discolored with gangrene—or one with livid scarlet wounds, half escaped from their filthy bandages. These desperate ones were the dregs of the city's cesspools, wretches who hid at night in the rain-soaked cellars of old ramshackle tenements, in "stale-beer dives" and opium-joints, with abandoned women in the last stages of

# The Slave Trade

## In Africa and America in 1905

Mr. Henry W. Nevins writes for Harper's Monthly Magazine an account of "The New Slave Trade" as practiced by the Portuguese on the west coast of Africa. I propose to reproduce a few paragraphs from his account, showing how the "free contract" works in Africa, and then ask you to go with me into some of the free states of America, where the "free contract" is in operation.

The Free Contract in Africa.

The planters composing this Portuguese African colony need "cheap labor," and since the time when chattel slavery was abolished have used all the subtle schemes known to civilized men to obtain cheap labor. The basis of the labor system of this West African colony, of which the city Loanda is the chief center, is the contract which follows:

1. The laborer contracts and undertakes to render all such domestic, agricultural, etc. services as his employer may require, for all days that are not sanctified by religion, with an interval of two hours, for rest, and with an interval of the service of the employer without permission, except in order to complain to the authorities.

2. The contract to remain in force for five complete years.

3. The employer binds himself to pay the monthly wages of \$1.00, with food and clothing.

Insert 2—The slave trade, etc. expires

"Legally," writes Mr. Nevins, "could any agreement look fairer and more innocent? Or could any government have better protected a subject population in the transition from recognized slavery to free labor? Even apart from the splendor of legal language, laws often seem divine. But let us see how the whole thing works out in human life."

"I will pass to a stage in the system which I have seen with my own eyes—the plantation stage—in which the contract system is found in full working order.

Slavery in Africa.

"Below the mountain-edge on which I stood lay the broad valley of the plantation, surrounded by other hills and depths of forest. The low white casa, with its great barns and outhouses, stood in the middle. Close by its side were the thatched mud huts of the work-people, the doors barred; the little streets were empty and silent, because the people were all at work, and the children that were too small to work and too big to be carried were herded together in another part of the yards. From the house, in almost every direction, the valleys of cultivated ground stretched out like fingers, their length depending on the shape of the ground and on the amount of water which could be turned over them by ditch canals."

"Suddenly I came upon this continuous and persistent labor in the flesh. It was a long line of men and women, extended at intervals of about a yard, like a company of infantry going into action. They were cleaning a coffee plantation. Bent double over the work, they advanced slowly across the ground, hoeing it up as they went. To the back of nearly every woman hung an infant, bound on by a breadth of cotton cloth, after the African fashion, while its legs straddled around the mother's loins. Its head lay between her shoulders, and bumped helplessly against her back as she struck the hoe into the ground. Most of the infants were howling with discomfort and exhaustion, but there was no pause in the work. The line advanced persistently and in silence. The only interruption was when a loin-cloth of the little girls who were in the line, or when one of the men, in fetching water passed along the line with her pitcher. When the people had drunk they turned to the work again, and the only sound to be heard was the deep grunt or sigh as the hoe was brought heavily down into the mass of tangled grass and undergrowth between the rows of the coffee plants."

"Five or six yards behind the slowly advancing line, like the officers of a company under fire, stood the overseers, or gangers, or drivers of the party. They were white men, or three parts white, and were dressed in the traditional planter style of big hat, white shirt and loose trousers. Each carried an eight-foot stick of hard wood, whitewood, pointed at the ends, and the look of those sticks, and the look of the toughness and persistency of the work, as well as the silence so unusual among the natives whether at work or play."

"At six o'clock a big bell rang from the casa, and all stopped working instantly. They gathered up their hoes and machetes (large heavy knives), put them into their baskets, balanced the baskets on their heads, and walked silently back to their little gathering of mud huts. The women unbarred the doors, put the tools away, kindled the bits of firewood they had gathered on the path from work, and made the family meal. Most of them had to go first to a large room in the casa, where provisions are issued. Here two of the gangers preside over the two kinds of food which the plantation provides—flour and dried fish (a great specialty of Africa). Each woman goes up in turn and receives a zinc disc to a ganger. The disc has a hole through it, so that it

may be carried on a string, stamped with the words 'Fazenda Paciencia 20 Reis' (let us see the Paciencia Plantation 1-2-3). The disc varies a little. It is sometimes higher. It is sometimes the woman receives so much by weight, or a slab of stink case may be. She puts them in a basket and goes back to cook. In the meantime, has very likely gone shop next door and has exchanged for a small glass of the white cane rum, which, besides wome casual tobacco, is his only buy. But the shop, which is owned by planters and worked by overseers, can supply cotton cloth, tinned meats, and other things, also in exchange for the rum."

"The casa and the mud huts asleep. At half-past four the clangs again. At five it clangs. Men and women hurry out and themselves in line before the casing horribly and shivering in the rolling air. The head overseer or gangler. They answer their queue. The women tie their babies on backs again. They balance the machete in the basket on their and pad away in silence to where the work was left off yesterday. At 11 the bell clangs again, and come back to feed. At twelve again, and they go back to work, that follows day without a break, and on Sundays (days sanctified by religion) the people are allowed plantations, to work little ground which are nominally their own."

"No change, no pause, no hope is the sum of plantation life, man or woman known 'contract laborer' toils, till gradually death comes, and the worn-out body is put to rot. Of forest you come upon the little red earth under which it lies. The top of the heap is set the corner of woven grasses which was the of its toil in life, and now for only moment."

The "Free Contract" in America.

Not a very attractive outlook work-people of Africa, is it? says Mr. Nevins a little far in his article:

"There is no need to be hypocritical about it. The fate slave differs little from the fate of humanity. Few men or women opportunity for more than working, getting children, and death, one were to maintain that the tion life is not in reality worse working-people's lives in most manufacturing towns, or in such as the Potteries, the Black Country, the Isle of Dogs, he would have say. The same argument was one that counted in defense of slavery in the West Indies, Southern States, and it will be seriously met again now that reappearing under other names, who has been bought for more least of value to his master, for work he gets his mud hut, his stinkish and his rum, with his eight-foot stick, is not eous a figure as the British with his system of blackmail for cultivation of the intellect of the soul, the less we talk about things the better."

And Mr. Nevins is right below a "free contract" used in U. S. A.:

"I agree, in taking a position with Mansur Co., to accept... cents net, or current piece prices of 1905 that whatever the price on my piece high or too low, through alteration of job, or of the means for duplication through other fact or change of price may be readjusted between the and the employer working the job, to be full compensation for work rendered; same rate to prevail for extra in nights or Sundays; and to faithfully serve them to the best of my ability until the close of the manufacturing 1906, unless prevented by sickness, or to take a position elsewhere and during such season to make no demand for an increase of wages or other than for hours, nor to participate strike, nor to unite with other employees in any action, with a view to greater compensation, further strict compliance with the printed Company, and their declaration of sales, as shown on the back of the disc."

Signed .....

That's an innocent-looking disc, but back of it stands a form of which reduces the proud American ingman to as abject a form of as that of the African under the of the Portuguese planter. The slave gets \$9 per week—that is States census. He works day for better wages and better pay agrees to accept a reduction of in the infantile system of the De company, a reduction is necessary; no voice in making the conditions which he works; he has no voice in the price of the things he must in order to live; he is as much mercy of the Deere company as find another master and sign an agreement.

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Vegetarians will be stronger in the faith after reading "The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." In cloth binding, 75c; in paper, 50c.

RECOLLECT

That the ensuing week is the last one in which you will have an opportunity to add to your record on the 80-acre farm contest. This piece of property is what you want, if you want a farm, and you cannot afford to leave anything, and done to strengthen your position in the contest.