

Arrival of the Fittest.

No, Socialism will not prevent the arrival of the fittest. In fact Capitalism prevents the survival of the fittest.

There never has been a time since the dawn of civilization when the best men have survived. That is, when the best men have been accorded their proper place among their fellow men.

At the present time the narrow-minded men, the men who have blocked up the avenues of pity and sympathy, who never do anything useful, who deny themselves all the expanding culture and ennobling associations of life, who spend every minute of their waking hours in a selfish, brutal, fiendish, savage, cruel, merciless, ghoulish conflict for financial supremacy, are the men who survive, although no intelligent man will contend for a moment that they are the best men.

They are the fittest for the conditions of a social system in which the possession of money and property is considered success, and in which it is necessary for one to lay aside his higher qualities and make use of the inferior qualities of cunning and craftiness in order to achieve that so-called success.

For the first time since the dawn of civilization the best will survive. Today the men who survive are not only not the best men, but they can survive only by bringing wreck and ruin upon their fellow men, destroying their hopes and blighting their lives.

Years ago a reckless young adventurer went to California. He found a rich gold mine. Although the gold did not belong to him, the law allowed him to take it because he happened to find it.

Once upon a time a boy was born who seemed to possess a perfect passion for music. When a mere child he exhibited musical talent which astonished his friends and put older musicians to shame.

Three thousand men have been displaced from two shipbuilding yards at Cee-stemunde, and the works have been closed. At Nuremberg 10,000 metal workers have been locked out and twenty-six factories closed.



JIM AND JAMES. No 10—The end

Poor Jim sank down by the roadside one day and croaked. He was only a tramp, and first the buzzards took a meal off his poor emaciated body. Then the remains found their way to the dissecting table. And that is the end of Jim.

The Jungle

I never started to read a serial story in my life till "The Jungle" began to appear. It simply captivates me, and am reading to the end.

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

CHAPTER X. A big man cannot stay drunk very long on three dollars. That was Sunday morning, and Monday night Jurgis came home, sober and sick, realizing that he had spent every cent the family owned, and had not bought a single instant's forgetfulness with it.

Packingtown three days. It was worth a fortune to the packers to keep their black-list effective, as a warning to the men, and a means of keeping down union agitation and political discontent.

So for two weeks more Jurgis fought with the demon of despair. Once he got a chance to load a truck for half a day, and again he carried an old woman's valise and was given a quarter. This let him into a lodging-house on several nights when he might otherwise have frozen to death; and it also gave him a chance now and then to buy a newspaper in the morning and hunt up jobs while his rivals were watching and waiting for a paper to be thrown away.

These, however, were really not the advantage it seemed, for the newspaper advertisements were a cause of much loss of precious time and of many weary journeys. Nine-tenths of these were "fakes," put in by the endless variety of establishments which preyed upon the helpless ignorance of the unemployed.

It was at the end of a week of this sort of waiting, roaming about in the bitter winds or loafing in saloons that Jurgis stumbled on a chance in one of the cellars of Morton's big packing plant. He saw a foreman passing the open doorway, and hailed him for a job.

"Push a truck!" inquired the man, and Jurgis answered "Yes, sir!" before the words were well out of his mouth.

"What's your name?" demanded the other. "Jurgis Rudkos." "Worked in the yards before?" "Yes." "Whereabouts?" "Two places—Smith's killing-floor, and Anderson's fertilizer-mill."

There was the same cold, hostile stare that he had had from the boss of the fertilizer-mill. He knew that there was no use in saying a word, and he turned and went away.

Jurgis's friend worked upstairs in the casting rooms, and his task was to make the moulds of a certain part. He shovelled black sand into an iron receptacle and pounded it tight and set it aside to harden; then it would be taken out to harden; then it would be poured into it. This and molten iron poured into it. This and molten iron poured into it.

There was a machine which stamped out the iron plates, and then another which, with a mighty thud, mashed them to the shape of the sitting-down portion of the American farmer. Then they were piled upon a truck, and it was Jurgis's task to wheel them to the room where the machines were "assembled."

This last was a great blessing. A man cannot go about in mid-winter in Chicago with no overcoat and not pay for it, and Jurgis had to walk or ride five or six miles back and forth to his work. It so happened that half of this was in one direction and half in another, necessitating a change of cars; the law required that transfers be given at all intersecting points, but the railway corporation had gotten round this by arranging a pretence at separate ownership.

These, however, were all slight matters to a man who had escaped from Anderson's fertilizer-mill. Jurgis began to pick up heart again and to make plans. He had lost his house, but then the awful load of the rent and interest was off his shoulders, and when he worked he would again be able to start over and save.

It was an enormous establishment, covering a hundred and sixty acres of ground, employing five thousand people, and turning out over three hundred thousand machines every year—a good part of all the harvesting and moving-machines used in the country.

It was a great thing for Jurgis, who had seen a few of the hundreds of parts of a mowing-machine made separately, and sometimes handled by hundreds of men. Where Jurgis worked there was a machine which cut and stamped a certain piece of steel about two square inches in size; the pieces came tumbling out upon a tray, and all that human hands had to do was to pile them in regular rows, and change the trays at intervals. This was done by a single boy, who stood with eyes and thought centered upon it, and fingers flying so fast that the sounds of the bits of steel striking upon each other was like the music of an express train as one hears it in a sleeping car at night.

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