

The Social Revolution

By Eugene V. Debs.

THE Socialist has no longer to stand alone in the United States, the target for every ribald jest of every ignorant and vulgar lackey of the prevailing system.

vately owned and privately controlled municipality. In a recent editorial in the New York World, under the caption of "Triple State-Socialism versus Democracy," the country is warned that William Jennings Bryan is in conspiracy with others to forge the triple chains of municipal, state and national Socialism for the American people.

Just at this moment the air is filled with the cry of municipal ownership, and many thousands of misguided people are led to expect great things if the city, now virtually a capitalist corporation, takes over certain public utilities, such as street railways and lighting plants and operates them instead of the lesser corporations that now own and control them.

The trouble now is not to convert the people to Socialism, but to prevent Socialism from being converted to the people. Every hint at public ownership is now called Socialism, without reference to the fact that there can be no Socialism, and that public ownership means practically nothing, so long as the capitalist class are in control of the national government.

"John Nelson has been sentenced to ten years in prison for stealing 117 pennies at Des Moines, Iowa. A get-rich-quick grafter got thirty days for stealing \$235,000; a bank cashier got thirty days for confessing to a theft of \$25,000; another got eighteen months for stealing \$40,000; and a bank president has been sentenced at Milwaukee to ten years for stealing three millions, committing forgery and other crimes," says the Topeka Herald, republican. Yes, the poor devil gets it in the neck for the full amount, and in many cases the judge on the bench that sentences him is a grafter.

The striking woodworkers at Berlin, Ont., have now in operation a co-operative furniture factory. This was a sensible move on the part of the workers. So long as the workers depend on the capitalists for a job they advertise themselves as not having brains enough to do anything for themselves, but are so many "hands" for the capitalists' brains to use.

The Jungle

By Upton Sinclair

CHAPTER XV. HE winter was coming on again, more menacing and cruel than ever. It was November, and the holiday rush had begun—it was necessary for the machines to grind till late at night, to provide the millions of extra sausages that would be eaten at holiday breakfasts; and Ona, as part of the machine, began working fifteen or sixteen hours a day. There was no choice about this—whatever work there was to be done she had to do, if she wished to keep her place; besides that, it added another prance to her income, so she staggered on with the awful load. She would start work every morning at seven, and eat her dinner at noon, and then work until ten or eleven at night without another mouthful of food. Jurgis wanted to wait for her, to help her home at night, but she would not think of this; the fertilizer-mill was not running overtime, and there was no place for him to wait save in a saloon. She would stagger out into the darkness, and make her way to the corner, where there was a chance of finding Marija, who was also working overtime. If Marija had gone, she would get into a car, and begin a painful struggle to keep awake; one or twice, in fear of failure, she asked the conductor to call in the rear, and was insulted for her trouble. When she got home, she was always too tired either to eat or to undress; she would crawl into bed with her shoes on, and lie like a log. If she should fall, they would certainly be lost; if she held out, they might have enough coal for the winter.

to do but wait, pacing back and forth in the snow, meantime, to keep from freezing. Already the yards were full of activity—cattle were being unloaded from the cars in the distance, and across the way the "beef-luggers" were tolling in the darkness, carrying two hundred pound quarters of bullocks into the refrigerator cars. Before the first streaks of daylight came the crowding throngs of workmen, shivering, and swinging their dinner pails as they hurried by. Jurgis took up his stand by the time-office window, where along there was light enough for him to see; the snow fell so thick that it was only by peering closely that he could make sure that Ona did not pass him.

"What has been the matter?" he cried, anxiously. "Where have you been?" "It was several seconds before she could get breath to answer him. "I couldn't get home," she exclaimed. "The snow—the cars had stopped." "But where were you then?" he demanded. "I had to go home with a friend," she panted—"with Jadviga."

There was another brief interval. Christmas was almost come, and because the snow still held, and the searching cold, morning after morning, Jurgis half carried his wife to her post, staggering with her through the darkness. Until at last, one night, came the end. It lacked but three days of the holidays. About midnight Marija came home, exclaiming in alarm when she found that Ona had not come. Marija had agreed to meet her; and after waiting, had gone to the room where she worked, only to find that the sausage-hands had quit work an hour before, and left. There was no snow that night, nor was it especially cold; and still Ona had not come! Something very serious must be wrong this time, mused Jurgis, and he sat up to listen crossly to the story. She must have gone home again with Jadviga, he said; Jadviga lived only two blocks from the yards, and perhaps she had been tired. Nothing could have happened to her—and even if there had, there was nothing could be done about it until morning. Jurgis turned over in his bed, and was snoring again before the two had closed the door.

An eighth of an inch of crack; and then, as there was really nothing more to be said, he excused himself and went away. He walked on half dazed, without knowing where he went. Ona had deceived him! She had lied to him! And what could it mean—where had she been? Where was she now? He could hardly grasp the thing—much less try to solve it; but a hundred wild surmises came to him, and a sense of impending calamity rushed over him.

He was looking out Ashland avenue. The street cars had begun running again, and several passed him, packed to the steps with people. The sight of the men's sardonic remarks, and half involuntarily he found himself watching the cars—with the result that he gave a sudden startled exclamation, and stopped short in his tracks. Then he broke into a run. For a whole block he tore after the car, only a little way behind. Then gave up, and let it go. That rusty black hat with the drooping red flower, it might not be Ona's, but there was very little likelihood of it. He would know for certain very soon, for she would get out two blocks ahead.

She got out; and as soon as she was out of sight on the side street, Jurgis broke into a run. Suspicion was rife in his mind now, and he was not ashamed to shadow her; he saw her turn the corner and saw her home, and then he ran again, and saw her as she went up the porch-steps of the house. After that he turned back, and for five minutes paced up and down, his hands clenched tightly and his lips set, his mind in a turmoil. Then he went home and entered.

"Don't make any noise," she whispered, hurriedly. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Ona is asleep," she panted. "She's been very ill. I'm afraid her mind's been wandering. She was lost on the street all night, and I've only just succeeded in getting her quiet." "Soon after you left this morning," said Elizabeth. "And has she been out since?" "No, of course not. She's so weak, Jurgis, she—" And he set his teeth hard together. "You are lying to me," he said. Elizabeth started, and turned pale. "Why!" she gasped. "What do you mean?" But Jurgis did not answer. He pushed her aside, and strode to the bedroom door and opened it. Ona was sitting on the bed. She turned a startled look upon him as he entered. He closed the door in Elizabeth's face, and went towards his wife. "Where have you been?" he demanded. "She had her hands clasped tightly in her lap, and he saw that her face was as white as paper, and drawn with pain. She gasped once or twice as she tried to answer him, and then began, speaking low, and swiftly, "Jurgis, I think I have been out of my mind. I started to come last night, and I could not find the way. I walked—I walked all night, I think, and—I only got home—this morning."

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