Appeal by Upton Sinclair, author of "Manassas,"

The Jungle

Copyright,

I read "The Jungle" with the most absolving interest. It is the best story that ever came before me—so simple, yet so powerful. It is effective, without any straining for effect; forcible, but not forced. Every American Citizen should read it by all means.—J. L. Fitts.

CHAPTER XXVI.



URGIS rode out to the down the familiar street. Panei Aniele's house was newly painted, and he knew what that meant without German woman came to the door. All the people who had lived there before were gone, she said, and she knew nothing at all about them. Jurgis went to the flat of Mrs. Olszewski, the cattle-butcher's wife.

Mrs. Olszewski could tell him-poor Aniele had been three months behind with her rent, and they had dumped her furniture out into the street about a an area-way the next morning. The there had been a tremendous stir; some people had come, and had taken Aniele's three children to some sort of an institution. The fuss had been all the greater because it was found that the tenement, which was unsafe and disease-ridden, was the property of the great Standard Oil university, which had its buildings over near the lake, and was one of the most conscienceless exploiters of the poor in all Chicago. As for the Wheelthey had moved away before that; Mrs. Olszewski had no idea where—they had never talked about their affairs with anyone. Then Jurgis asked about his own people, feeling that he had to, but hoping that he would not find out anything. The woman could only tell anything. The woman could only tell him that Elzbieta and the children had gone away, Marija's canning-factory having shut down. Perhaps the Szadwilases would be able to tell him, she

But Jurgis did not go to the Szadwilases. He went instead to the factory where Harry Wheeler had worked. The place was very busy, running overtime, and so the foreman was little disposed to talk. Wheeler had left some time ago, because he had been too sick to work. What had become of him he had no idea, and he did not think any one else had. He pointed out a couple of men Jurgis might ask, but they, too, shook their heads. And so Jurgis went back to his friend.

All the joy was gone out of Jack Duane's face, and he looked old and haggard. When he heard the news, he said: can't leave now, Jurgis; I've got to stay and hunt for them."

He had already explained to Jurgis that a man of their trade might pay the police, and be let alone so long as he was not caught red-handed. It did not pay to do it, except for a few "big" men, because one had to work all the time to gis made his discovery of the meaning satisfy then the Jurgis to stay in nor, and also the pugilist bartender, hiding, and never be seen in public with had been able to send him to jail. One

But Jurgis soon got very tired of staying in hiding. It was no fun to eat and drink alone—and paying for it more than he would have to pay elsewhere, with company and good cheer. In a couple of weeks he was feeling strong and beginning to use his arm, and then he could not stand it any longer. Duane, who had done a job of some sort by himself, and made a truce with the powers, brought over Marie, his little French girl, to share with him; but even that did not avail for long, and in the end the other took him out and gave him his introduction to the saloons and "sporting-houses" where the big crooks and "hold-up men" hung out.

And so Jurgis got a glimpse of the high-class criminal world of Chicago. A city nominally ruled by the people, but reality administered by a business oligarchy, a huge army of graft was necessary for the purpose of effecting the transfer of power. Twice a year, the spring and fall elections, millions of dollars were furnished by the business men and expended by this army; meetings were held and clever speakers were hired, bands played and rocket's sizzled, tons of documents and reservoirs of drinks were distributed, and tens of thousands of votes were bought cash. And this army of graft had, of course, to be maintained the year round. The leaders and organizers were maintaired south and organizers men directly tinians legislators by means of

are by officials out of the cama funds, lobbyists and corporation awyers in the form of salaries, contractors by means of jobs, labor union leadsubsidies, and newspaper proprietors and editors by advertisements. The rank and file. however, were either foisted upon the city, or else lived off the populace directly. There was the police-department, and the fire and water departments, and the whole balance of the civil list, from the meanest office-boy to the head of a city department; and for the horde who could fall no room in these, there was the world of vice and crime, there was license to seduce, to swindle and plunder and prey. The wives and the preachers of the business men had made it against the law to drink on Sunday; and this had delivered the saloon-keepers into the hands of the raice, and made an alliance between them necessary. The wives and the preachers had said that there should be no prostitution; and so they had brought the hand-maidens and conculines of the business men into the comsination. It was the same with the gambling-house keeper and the poolroom man, and the same with any other man or woman who had a means of getting "graft," and was willing to pay over a share of it; the green-goods man and the highwayman, the pick-pocket, the sneak-thief, and the receiver of sto Ien goods, the seller of adulterated milk, of stale fruit and diseased meat, the

Ought to be loaded with a bunch of the Trust Edition, which will be the largest edition ever issued by any publication on this planet. Every copy you order just pushes this alroady phenomenal record that much higher. Price, ONE DOLLAR for 250

in the wolfa to year.

proprietor of unsanitary tenements, the

| fake-doctor and the usurer, the beggar and the "push-cart man," the prize fighter and the professional slugger, the stock-yards and hurried race track "tout," the procurer, white-slave agent, and the expert seducer of young girls. All of these agencies of corruption were banded together. and leagued in blood brootherhood with asking. He went up the steps and knocked, and a than not they were one and the same person—the police-captain would own the brothel he pretended to raid, and the politician would open his headquarters in his saloon. "Hinky-Dink," or "Bath-house John," or others of that ilk, were proprietors of the most notorious dives in Chicago, and also the "grey wolves" of the city council, who gave away the streets of the city to the business men; and those who patronized their places were the gamblers and prize month ago, and she had wandered off, fighters who set the law at defiance, and they had found her frozen stiff in and the burglars and hold-up men who newspapers had printed all about it, and tion day all these powers of vice and crime were one power; they could tell within one per cent what the vote of

their district would be, and they could

A month ago Jurgis had all but per-

change it at an hour's notice.

shed of starvation upon the streets; and now suddenly, as by the gift of a magic key, he had entered into a where money and all the good things of life came freely. He was introduced by his friend to an Irishman named "Buck" Halloran, who was a political "worker" and on the inside of things. This man talked with Jurgis for a while, and then told him that he had a little plan by which a man who looked like a workingman might make some easy money; but it was a private affair, and had to be kept quiet. Jurgis expressed himself as agreeable, and the other took him that afternoon (it was Saturday) to a place where city laborers were being paid off. The pay-master sat in a little booth, with a pile of envelopes before him, and two policemen standing by. Jurgis went, according to directions, and gave the name of "Michael O'Flaherty," and received an envelope, which he took around the corner and delivered to Halloran, who was waiting for him in a saloon. Then he went again, and gave the name of "Johann Schmidt," and a third time and gave the name of "Serge Ostrinski." Halloran had quite a list of imaginary workingmen, and Jurgis got an envel ope for each one. For this work he received five dollars, and was told that he might have it every week, so long as he kept quiet. As Jurgis was excellent at keeping quiet, he soon won the trust of "Buck" Halloran, and was introduced to others as a man who could be de

This acquaintance was useful to him in another way, also; before long Jurnight there was given a ball, the "benefit" of "One-eyed Larry," a lame man who played the violin in one of the big high-class" houses of prostitution on Clark street, and was a wag and a popular character on the "Levee." This ball and they put up ten dollars each upon a was held in a big dance-hall, and was one of the occasions when the city's one shot, and won. For a secret like powers of debauchery gave themselves | that they would have done a good many up to madness. Jurgis attended and got half insane with drink, and began quarinformed them that the offending gamreling over a girl; his arm was pretty strong by then, and he set to work to clean out the place, and ended in a cell in the police-station. The police-station being crowded to the doors, and stinking with "bums," Jurgis did not relish staving there to sleep off his liquor, and sent for Halloran, who called up the district leader and had Jurgis bailed out by telephone at four o'clock in the morn-When he was arraigned that same morning, the district leader had already seen the clerk of the court and explained that Jurgis Rudkos was a decent fellow, who had been indiscreet; and so Jurgis was fined ten dollars and the fine was 'suspended"-which meant that he did not have to pay it, and never would have to pay it, unless somebody chose to bring it up against him in the fu-

Among the people Jurgis lived with now money was valued according to an the people of Packingtown; yet, strange as it may seem, he did a great deal less drinking than he had as a workingman. He had not the same provocations of exhaustion and hopelessness; he had now omething to work for, to struggle for. He soon found that if he kept his wits about him, he would come upon new opportunities; and being naturally an acthe not only kept ve man, imself, but helped to steady his friend. who was a good deal fonder of both wine and women than he.

ture.

One thing led to another. In the saloon where Jurgis met "Buck" Halloran he was sitting late one night with Duane when a "country customer" (a ouyer for an out of town merchant) in, a little more than half canned." There was no one else in the place but the bar-tender, and as the man went out again Jurgis and Duane folowed him; he went round the corner, and in a dark place made by a combination of the elevated railroad and an unrented building, Jurgis leapt forward and shoved a revolver under his nose, while Duane, with his hat pulled over his eyes, went through the man's pockets with lightning fingers. They got his watch and his "wad," and were round the corner again and into the saloon before he could shout more than once. The bar-tender, to whom they had tipped the wink, had the cellar-door open for them, and they vanished, making their way by a secret entrance to a brothel next door. From the roof of this there was access to three similar places beyond. By means of these passages the customers | Harper, of any one place could be gotten out of way, in case a falling out with the who police chanced to lead to a raid; and making

Occasionally there was no way the place to which the girl had been traced.

For his help in this little job, the bartender received twenty out of the hundred and thirty odd dollars that the pair secured: and naturally this put them on friendly terms with him, and a few days later he introduced them to a little "sheeny" named Goldberger, one of the runners" of the sporting-house where hey had been hidden while the police were seeking the assailants of the stranded "country customer." After a ew drinks Goldberger began, with some hesitation, to narrate how he had had a quarrel over his best girl with a professional "card-sharp," who had hit him in the jaw. The fellow was a stranger in Chicago, and if he was found some night with his head cracked there would be no the Democratic boss of the stock-yards; one to care very much. Jurgis, who by this time would cheerfully have cracked the heads of all the gamblers in Chicago, inquired what would be coming to him: at which the Jew became still more confidential, and said that he had some tips on the New Orleans races, which he got direct from the police-captain of the district, whom he had once got out of a bad scrape, and who "stood in" with a big syndicate of horse-owners. Duane took all this in at once, but Jurgis had to have the whole race-track situation explained to him, before he realized the importance of such an opportunity.

There was the gigantic Racing Trust It owned the assemblies and the legisla-tures in every state in which it did business—or else it owned the police and the politicians, and disobeyed the laws, instead of making them. It even owned some of the big newspapers, and made public opinion—there was no power in the land that could oppose it, inless, perhaps, it were the Pool-room Trust. It built magnificent racing-parks all over the country, and by means of enormous purses it lured the people to ome, and then it organized a gigantic shell-game whereby it plundered them of hundreds of millions of dollars every year. Horse-racing had once been a port, but nowadays it was a business: horse could be "doped" and doctored, inder-trained or over-trained; it could be made to fall at any moment-or its gait could be broken by lashing it with the whip, which all the spectators would take to be a desperate effort to keep it in the lead. There were scores of such tricks; and sometimes it was the owners who played them and made fortunes, sometimes it was the jockeys and trainers, sometimes it was outsiders, who bribed them-but most of the time it was chiefs of the trust. Now, for instance, they were having winter-racing in New Orleans, and a syndicate was laying out each day's programme in advance, and its agents in all the Northern cities were "milking" the pool-rooms. The word came by long-distance telephone in a cipher code, just a little while before each race; and any man who could get the secret had as good as a If Jurgis did not believe it, he could try it, said the little Jew-let them meet at a certain house on the morrow and make a test. Jurgis was willing, and so was Duane, and so they went to one of the high-class pool-rooms where brokers and merchants gambled (with society women in a private room),

to him, and had skipped the town. There were ups and downs at the business: but there was always a living, inside of a jail, if not out of it. Early in April the city elections were due, and that meant prosperity for all the powers of graft. Jurgis, hanging round in dives gambling-houses and brothels, met with the heelers of both parties, and from their conversation he came to understand all the ins and out of the game and to hear of a number of ways in which he could make himself about election time. "Buck" Halloran was a "Democrat," and so Jurgis became a Democrat also; but it was not a bitter one-the Republicans were good fellows, too, and were to have a pile of money in this next campaign. last election the Republicans had paid four dollars a vote to the Democrats' three; and "Buck" Halloran sat one entirely different standard from that of night playing cards with Jurgis and another man, who told how Halloran had been charged with the job of voting a 'hunch" of thirty-seven newly-landed Italians, and how he, the narrator, had met the Republican worker who was after the very same gang, and how the three had effected a bargain whereby the Italians were to vote half and half, for a glass of beer apiece, while the balance of the fund went to the conspirators!

bler had got

Not long after this, Jurgis, wearying of the risks and vicissitudes of miscellaneous crime, was moved to give up career for that of a politician. Just at this time there was a tremendous uproar being raised by the reformers concerning the alliance between the criminals and the police; they had been publishing facts, and had succeeded in stirring the big business men to action. criminal graft was one in which the business men had no part—it was what is called a "side-line," carried by the po-"Wide-open" gambling and debauchery made the city pleasing to "trade," but burglaries and hold-ups did One night it chanced that while Jack Duane was drilling a safe in a to a policeman, who chanced to know him well, and who took the responsibility of letting him make his escape. Such a howl from the newspapers followed this that Duane was slated for a sacrifice, and barely got out of town in

time. And just about now it happened that Jurgis was introduced to a man named he recognized whom night watchman at Smith's, had been instrumental in him an American also it was necessary to have a way of | zen, the first year of his arrival at the any more than he knew that Cassidy getting a girl out of reach in case of yards. The other was interested in the was but a tool and puppet of the packemergency. Thousands of them came coincidence, but did not remember Jur- ers. To him Cassidy was a mighty to Chicago answering advertisements for gis-he had handled too many "green power, the "biggest" man he had ever 'servants" and "factory hands," and ones" in his time, he said. He sat in a met. found themselves trapped by fake em- dance-hall with Jurgis and Halloran unbawdy-house. It was generally enough ing experiences. He had a long story self the head politician of Chicago, and

to take all their clothes away from to tell of his quarrel with the superin- a millionaire as well, but he them; but sometimes they would have tendent of his department, and how he to be "doped" and kept prisoners for weeks; and meantime their parents might be telegraphing the police, and even coming on to see why nothing was perintendent had been prearranged, and of satisfying them but to let them search | that Harper was in reality drawing a salary of twenty dollars a week from the packers for an inside report of his union's secret proceedings. The yards were seething with agitation just then, said the man (speaking as a unionist). The people of Packingtown had borne about all that they would bear, and it looked as if a strike might begin any

After this talk the man made inquir

days later he came to him with an in-

eresting proposition. He was not abso-

lutely certain, he said, but he thought

that he could get him a regular salary

if he would come to Packingtown and do as he was told, and keep his mouth shut.

Harper-"Bush" Harper, he was called-

es concerning Jurgis, and a couple of

Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

week.

was a right-hand man of Tom Cassidy, and in the coming election there was a peculiar situation. There had come to Cassidy a proposition to nominate a certain rich brewer who lived upon a swell boulevard that skirted the district, and who coveted the big badge and the "honorable" of an alderman. The brewer was a Jew, but he had no brains, and was harmless, and would put up a rare cam-paign-fund. Cassidy had accepted the offer, and then gone to the Republicans with a proposition. He was not sure that he could manage the "Sheeny" and he did not mean to take any chances with his district; let the Republicans nominate a certain obscure but amiable friend of Cassidy's, who was now setting ten-pins in the cellar of an Ashland avenue saloon, and he, Cassidy, would elect him with the "Sheeny's" money and the Republicans might have the glory, which was more than they would get otherwise. In return for this the Republicans would put up no candidate in the following year, when Cassidy himself came up for re-election, as the alderman this the ward. To Republicans had assented at once; but the hell of it was—so Harper explained—that the Republicans were all of them fools—a man had to be a fool to be a Republican in the stock-yards, where Cassidy was king. And they didn't know how to work, and of course it would not do for the Democratic workers, the noble redskins of the War Whoop League, to support the Republican openly. The difficulty would not have been so great except for another fact—there had been a curious development in stock-yards polities in the last year or two, a new party having leaped into being. They were the Socialists; and it was a devil of a mess, said "Bush" Harper. The one image which the word "Socialist" brought to Jurgis was of poor little Tamoszius Kuslejka, who had called himself one, and would go out with a couple of other men and a soap-box, and shout himself hoarse on a street corner Saturday nights. Tamoszius had tried to explain to Jurgis what it was all about, but Jurgis, who was not of an imaginative turn, had never quite got it straight; at present he was content with his companion's explanation that the Socialists were the enemies of American institutions-they could be neither scared nor bought, and would not combine or make any sort of a "dicker." Whenever such a thing was so much as hinted to them they would reply with an insolent letter, and then print the letter and circulate it amongst the workingmen! Tom Cassidy was very much worried over the opportunity which his last deal gave to them the stock-yards Democrats were furilican citizenship, and protection and prosous at the idea of a rich capitalist for their candidate, and while they were changing they might possibly conclude that a Socialist firebrand was preferable to a Republican bum. And so right here was a chance for Jurgis to make himself a place in the world, explained 'Bush" Harper; he had been a union man, and he was known in the yards as a workingman; he must have hundreds of acquaintances, and as he had never talked politics with them he might come out as a Republican now without excit ing the least suspicion. There were barrels of money for the use of those who could deliver the goods; and Jurgis might count upon Tom Cassidy, who had never yet gone back on a friend. Just what could he do? Jurgis asked in some perplexity, and the other explained in detail. To begin with, he would have to go to the yards and work, and he mightn't relish that; but he would have what he earned, as well as the rest that came to him. He would get active in the union again, and perhaps try to get an office, as he, Harper, had; he would tell all his friends the good points of Wendel the Republican nominee, and the bad ones of the "Sheeny;" and then Cassidy would furnish a meeting-place, and he would start the "Young Men's Republican Association," or something of that and have the rich brewer's best beer by the hogshead, and fire-works and speeches, just like the War Whoop League. Surely Jurgis must know hundreds of men who would like that sort

him out, and they would deliver a big enough majority on election-day. When he had heard all this explana tion to the end, Jurgis demanded: "But how can I get a job in Packingtown? I'm blacklisted."

of fun; and there would be the regular

Republican leaders and workers to help

At which "Bush" Harper laughed. " will attend to that all right," he said. And the other replied: 'Its a go, then; I'm your man"

So Jurgis went out to the stock-yards again, and was introduced to the great Tom Cassidy, political lord of the disclothing-store he was caught red-handed trict, and boss of Chicago's mayor. It by the night-watchman, and turned over was Cassidy who owned the brick-yards, them over to another man to take to the and the dump, and the ice-pond-from which last year had come the typhoid germs that had killed little Sebastijonas, though Jurgis did not know it. It was Cassidy who was to blame for the unpaved street in which Jurgis's child had put in office the magistrate who had first actual votes; on a day of sent Jurgis to jail; it was Cassidy who was principal stockholder in the com-

He was a little dried-up Irishman, crushing defeat of a purse-proud plutoployment-agencies, and locked up in a til one or two in the morning, exchang- whose hands shook—he had made him- crat by the power of the common people.

wrecked his health in the process. He had a brief talk with his visitor, watching him with his rat-like eyes, and making up his mind about him; and then he gave him a note to Mr. Harmon, one of

the head managers of Anderson's:
"The bearer, Jurgis Rudkos, is a particular friend of mine, and I would like you to find him a good place, for important reasons. He was once indiscreet, but you will perhaps be so good as to overlook that."

Mr. Harmon looked up inquiringly when he read this. "What does he mean by 'indiscreet?" he asked.

"I was blacklisted, sir," said Jurgis. At which the other frowned. "Blacklisted?" he said. "How do you mean?" And Jurgis turned red with embarrassment. He had forgotten that a blacklist did not exist. "I—that is—I had difficulty in getting a place," stammered.

"What was the matter?"

"I got into a quarrel with a foreman-not my own boss, sir-and struck him." "I see," said the other, and meditated for a few moments. "What do you wish

to do?" he asked.
"Anything, sir," said Jurgis—"only had a broken arm this winter, and so I have to be careful."

"How would it suit you to be a nightwatchman?" "That wouldn't do, sir. I have to be among the men at night."

"I see—politics. Well, would it suit you to trim hogs?" "Yes, sir," said Jurgis.

And Mr. Harmon called a time-keeper and said: "Take this man to Pat Murphy and tell him to find room for him somehow."

And so Jurgis marched into the hog-

turn once, he explained, and was really a bully chap. Wendel really a

a workingman himself, and was would represent the workingman—why During the span of their remembrance did they want to vote for a millionaire that first flat-house has been the seed did they want to vote for a millionaire Cassidy ever done for them that they should back his candidates all the time? And meantime Cassidy had given Jurgis crowd he was to work with. Already detached dwelling in the cities. What they had hired a big hall with some of the brewer's money, and every night this direction cannot even be guessed. It will be sent by mail. I ten cents. stamps or coin. to the "Wendel Republican Association." Pretty soon they had a grand opening night; and there was a brass which marched through the streets, and fire-works and bombs and red lights in old vine-covered cottages of our ancesmous crowd, with two over-flow meetings—so that the pale and trembling lete as the hanging crane and the well-candidate had to recite three times over sweep. the little speech which one of Cassidy's henchmen had written, and which he had been a month learning by heart Best of all, the famous and eloquent Senator Spareshanks, perpetual presidential candidate, came all the way from Indiana and rode out in an automobile to discuss the sacred privileges of Amerperity for the American workingman. His inspiriting address was quoted to the extent of half a column, in all the morning newspapers, which also said that it could be stated upon excellent authority that the unexpected popular ity developed that Wendel, the Republican candidate for alderman, was giving great anxiety to Mr. Cassidy, the chairman of the Democratic county commit-

The chairman was still more worried when the monster torch-light procession came off, with the members of the Wendel Republican Association all in red capes and hats, and free beer for every voter in the ward-the best beer ever given away in a political campaign, as whole electorate testified. During this parade, and at innumerable cart-tail meetings as well, Jurgis labored tirelessly. He did not make any speecheswere lawyers and other experts but he helped to manage for that: things, distributing notices, and posting placards, and bringing out crowds: and when the show was on he attended to the fireworks and the beer. Thus in the course of the campaign he handled many hundreds of dolars of the Hebrew brewer's money, administering it with naive and touching Towards the end, however, he fidelity. earned that he was regarded with hatred by the rest of the "boys," because he compelled them either to make a poorer showing than he, or to do without their share of the pie. After that Jurgis did his best to please them, and to make up for the time he had lost before he dis covered the extra bung-holes of the campaign barrel.

He pleased Tom Cassidy, also; on election morning he was out at four o'clock, 'getting out the vote;" he had a twohorse carriage to ride in, and he went from house to house for his friends, and escorted them in triumph to the polls. He voted half a dozen times himself, and voted some of his friends as often; he brought bunch after bunch of newest foreigners-Lithuanians, Poles, Bohemians, Slovaks-and when he had put them through the mill he turned next polling-place. When Jurgis first set out, the captain of the precinct gave him a hundred dollars, and three times in the course of the day he came for another hundred, and not more than twenty-five out of each one stuck in een drowned; it was Cassidy who had his own pocket. The balance all went for cratic landslides they elected "Scotty" Wendel, the ex-ten-pin setter, by nearly pany which had sold him the ramshackle a thousand plurality; and beginning at tenement, and then robbed him of it. five o'clock in the afternoon, and end-But Jurgis knew none of these things- ing at three the next morning, Jurgis treated himself to a most unholy and horrible "jag." Nearly every one else in Packingtown did the same, however, for there was universal exultation over this triumph of popular government, this

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Passing of Home

You frequently read in the Socialist press of the "Passing of the Home," but it is only of recent months, yea, weeks, that this startling phase of our modern life is beginning to dawn on the daily press. This is what the editor of the Kansas City Jeurnal wrote about the disappearance of the "home:"

It has been only about fifty years since Thomas Kilpatrick built the first flat-house in this country, and the people of New York ridiculed him and referred to him as "the man who built five houses, one on top of another." Since that day the evolution of the crowded city's dwellings has wrought important changes in the domestic life of America. So far as the cities are concerned we are becoming almost a homeless nation. Flats and apartment houses now absorb a large proportion of the denizens of the municipal beehives. Each year sees the apartment and flat houses grow larger and the demand fer their pigeon-hole accommodations become greater.

In his "Notions of Americans" Cooper says of earlier New York that "no American who is at all comfortable in life will share his dwelling with another." If Cooper were living today he would either conclude that the American idea of comfort had changed or that a vast number of the Americans were liv ing very uncomfortable lives. He would probably sigh at the disappearance of the ancient and sacred institution of home. In the massive piles of brick wherein dozens of families live under one roof, much of the hallowed associations and sweet traditions of family life is lost. When the janitor becomes the real head of the house instead of the father, and the whole domestic existence

And so Jurgis marched into the hog-killing room, a place where, in the days gone by, he had come cringing, begging week after week for a chance to keep his family from starving. Now, at last, he had got into touch with things, and was the master; and he walked jauntily and smiled to himself, seeing the frown that came to the boss' face as the time-keeper said: "Mr. Harmon says to put this man on." It would over-crowd his department and spoil the record he was trying to make—but he said not a word except "All right."

And so Jurgis became a working-man once more; and straightway he sought out his old friends and joined the union and began to "root" for "Scotty" Wendel.

Wendel had done him a good fired air.

And so Jurgis became a good filtered air.

And so Jurgis became a working-man of and began to "root" for "Scotty" Wendel.

Wendel had done him a good filtered air.

And so Jurgis became a working-man of the building will be artificially cooled with building will be artificially cooled with filtered air.

And so Jurgis became a working-man of the cord in the building will be artificially cooled with building will be artificially cooled with filtered air.

And so Jurgis became a working-man once more; and straightway he sought of and began to "root" for "Scotty" Wendel.

Wendel had done him a good filtered air.

And so Jurgis became a working-man once more; and straightway he sought of any began to "root" for "Scotty" Wendel.

Wendel had done him a good filtered air.

And so Jurgis became a working-man once more; and straightway he sought of any began to "root" for "Scotty" Wendel.

Wendel had done him a good filtered air.

And so Jurgis became a working-man once more; and straightway he sought of the form will have a fauther for the building will be artificially cooled with filtered air.

And so Jurgis became a working-man once more; and straightway he sought of the form will have a fauther for the father, and the whole domestic existence fathers the best part of the fathers the fathers the building will be a

Some of those old New Yorkers who ridiculed "the man who built five houses, one on top of another," are still alive. "Sheeny," and what the hell had Tom that multiplied into almost innumerable gigantic structures wherein many famicentury we have become almost a homeless nation, and the tendency is more the next half century will develop in in the domestic life of the cities is cerin the domestic life of the cities is certain. Perhaps with use we shall grow tain. Perhaps with use we shall grow band, to really like the flat as an abiding place and shall be contented to read of the front of the hall; and there was an enor- tors and the family hearthstones as dear and venerable institutions, but as obso-

"GHOSTS BANISHED."

The attic of many an unusued human head is haunted by vague, misty objections to Socialism. Dead thoughts that lon't know enough to have a funeral and be done with it hover about, frightening the timid and knocking on everything that is sensible.

"Ghosts Banished" is a fumigator that will drive out such nonsense postpaid, for 10c, or a dozen for a dollar.

LOOKING FOR WORK.

Two students of Yale College left New early last summer without funds, and put in the summer tramping. The New York Herald gives an extended account of their experience 'looking for work.' I take from the account the following paragraphs:

"One thing we learned," said Mr. Mur phy, one of the students, "is that the much-talked about confiding hospitality of the country people is all nonsense. If you want to know how easy it is to starve to death, go out among the farmers of New York state and ask for food. If you want to disprove all the stories about 'room for the unemployed in the country,' go among them and ask work. In Leeds we dug a well for a farmer, and altogether we had about \$14 between us when we started for Albany. "It took us two days to get to Albany and from there we went to Troy and other places, trying to get work, failed. At last our money was gone again, and we then started out to beat our way to Buffalo on freights. We made stops in Utica and Syracuse, but could get no work anywhere. Often we fell in with tramps, and they gave us valuable pointers about traveling.

Recollect that a ten-acre farm goes each week to the one that sends in the largest club during the week. The week closes on Friday, at 6 p. m., but if you fail to get in during the week you expected to, the club simply counts on next week, and if it is the largest one, it gets the prize.

Every question your republican or emocratic brother can think of for a week is answered in "The Question Box. If you're too busy to answer questions ust turn the job over to this pamphlet that's willing to put in overtime taking the kinks out of capitalist-minded work A dozen for a dollar.

The president says the accepting o contribution from the New York Life Insurance company by the republican campaign committee was a crime. It seems now that the genial Mr. Root, member of the president's official family solicited this contribution. This is good deal like a man catching a burglar robbing his safe and then making him his private secerctary.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

HOW A WOMAN FAID HER DEBTS.

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer busicess. In the past three mouths I have made shows selfing Dish-washers. I never saw anything self so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer and will buy one when shown how beantifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two manutes. I self from my own house. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes will kades want the Dish-washer. I give my sish to make mency casy. I buy my Dish-washer wish to make mency casy. I buy my Dish-washer with to make mency casy. I buy my Dish-washer to make mency casy. I buy my Dish-wash to make mency casy in the mouths and three sets, 25 saw prietor, Designer Engrave man and "Davil," 1835 Louis, Missouri. A WOMAN FAID HER DEBTS.

FreetoMen

Man Medicine Receipt

(ADVERTISEMENTS)

The Great Prescription for Man Medicine is Sent Absolutely Free—the Power Proof of Perfect Potency in Every Man Now Within the Reach of All and the Prescription Free

Your youth can and will come back again. Prove in your own discouraged body the potent power of the marvelous Man Medicine of the great Interstate Remedy Company. We see



original prescription entirely at our cost and at yours, so you can get it filled most where. There is no charge for this, not a dol-

Facts About Cancer.

A new booklet, published at considerable ex pense by L. T. Leach, M. D., of 416 Main lies dwell side by side. Within half a street, Dallas, Texas, tells the cause of Cancer, and instructs in the care of the patient. Tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc., ward, and he had gone there and met the and more toward the elimination of the ment, and the reason why. In short, it is a book that you will value for its information. It will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of

Interested in financial matters the money deposited in banks or trust upies, or invested in corporation security in the invested in corporation security in the money of the invested in corporation security in the more of the invested by thousands as the of the original of the interest of the interest of the interest of the interest of the investment of money by the masses of the people. Send me your name and address on a postal card and you will receive this interesting and valuable publication twice-a-month, postage free, a full year. Address C. F. King, Room 94, Journal Building, Boston, Mass.

MAKE MONEY EASY 'e want agents to represent us in every county sellist popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, pluge emblem etc. on bandle. The very latest fad AGENTS EARN \$75-\$300 A MONTH. Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Great ellers for Xmas Gifts. Write quick for our liberal money, taking special offer to agents. Don't delay. Our new elfscharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady.

Music Free

Novelty Cutlery Co., S1 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

of \$3 for every day swork, absolutely sure. Write at once.

ROTAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 13 5 Detroit, Mich.

GINSENG \$25,000 made from half acre. Easily grown in Gar-MAN CLEARED \$1,182, Lady \$720, last six months, selling New, Celluloid, Waterproof, Snoe Dressing. Why not you? Demonstrated samples free. B. Fl. BENTON CO., 260 Clark st., Chicago. Ill.

PORTRAITS 85, 50 Frames 15, 26
30 days creditto all Agente. Catalog & Sample Output fire.
CONSOLIBATED PORTRAIT CO. 278-72 W. Madicon St. Chicago \$5 A DAY SURE. Portraits 20c, frames 12c. Cheap Agts.wanted. FRANK W. WILLIAMS & CO., 1208 Taylor St., Cale

WE PAY \$35 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to the part of the part A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Our Booklat. THE POWERS AND ADVANTAGES OF IN-

Describes the plan of a company that will prever own and control all the powers and admintages of every source of wealth and profil lat can be created in a co-operative city under unity of ownership, provide life employment or those who desire it, at higher wages, with reater advantages and better conditions than possible under our present competitive system.



\$25 Watch, \$12 A very fine high grads adjusted Elgliu or Waltham, 17 jewel, 18 size, fitted in an open face, genuine Dueber screw case, elegantly hand elegantly elegantly

A. B. CONKLIN, McVicker Bldg, Chicago, Ille "THE GRAFTER," Official Organ of the "Notional Grafters" Union." will be printed and published (while I am in the lecture work) at the Appeal office. First issue this month, it is an ironical, humorous, illustrated, monthly Socialist magazine. Nothing like it on earth Sample copy and set of card dominoes, with Socialist ideas printed in the blanks, 55; six months and three sets, 25c; one year and six Socialist thems brinted in the damage and months and three sets, 25c; one year and sets, 50c, J. NOLEN HARVEY, Editor, prietor, Designer, Engraver, Compositor, Priman and "Devil," 1835 Franklin Ave., Louis, Missouri.

We Want Names. Send us names a postomice dresses of fitteen good farmers and 46 cents stamps taken—and we will send you The Farmer's Call for two years. The Farmer's Call is 25 years old, weekly, more than 1,200 pages a year. Sample conv free, Address FARMER'S CALL, Quiney Hingts