The Jungle

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CHAPTER XXIX.



fliet with one of the creatity, he caught it just below the elbow tures of the jungle whose and squeezed it. power was greater than his beaten down and trampled Jurgis's heart gave a throb of fright.

"I can, sir," he cried. "Try me!" crippled, to drag himself

at one cut, of all those mysterious weapons whereby he had been able to make a living easily, and to escape the consequences of his actions. He could no walked off. onger command a job when he wanted he could no longer steal with impuself. He was one marked out for destruction. He could no longer frequent his old haunts. His old companions would betray him, for the sake of the influence they would gain thereby; and he Duane.

And Jurgis labored under still another handicap since his fall. He had acquired new standards of living, and they were not easily to be altered. When he had been out of work before he had been he could get fifteen cents a day for sasorts of other things, and suffered be-cause he had to do without them. He Just about this time one of the Chicause he had to do without them. He it was strong enough to master every had to starve the balance of the day

Jurgis became once more a besieger of seventy thousand men and women all there was just as long a line when the over the country idle for a couple of place was finally closed up.
months—twenty thousand in Chicago,
This depot was within the danger-line throughout the city. It did not remedy was given up and about half the strikers went back to work; for nearly every one taken on, there was a "scab" who gave up his job and fled from Packingtown. So the huge cess-pool of vice and crime that the yards had been was drained into the city and a driving storm of rain. And the table of the strikers were fitted with the table of the city and a driving storm of rain. And

niless; and the cold weather was coming, and the "hoboes" flocking into outcasts, men and women.

was because of this arrangement that of her life Columbia was the gem of the ocean; and pinched!"

lutely defenseless—bound hand and foot, and facing the grisly phantom of star-to help her to the sidewalk. As she vation. Raw, naked terror possessed paused to rest under an awning, he behim, a maddening passion that would gan his oft-repeated "hard-luck story." never leave him, and that wore him down for the horror of it, he would wake up in the night, shuddering, and bathed in learned to do the work scientifically, and perspiration, and start up and flee. He he looked hungry enough for any role. would walk, begging for work, until he was exhausted; he could not remain from one end of the vast city to the other, there were hundreds of others like direct the other, severely. him; and everywhere the sight of plenty "Yes, ma'am," said Jurgis, with des--and the merciless hand of authority waving them away. There is one kind of prison where the man is be-There is one hind bars and everything that he desires is outside; and there is another kind where the things are behind the bars, and the man is outside.

When he was down to his last quarter Jurgis learned that before the bakeshops closed at night they sold out what was left at half price, and after that he would go and get two loaves of stale brend for a nickel, and break them up and stuff his pockets with them, munch ing a bit from time to time. He would not spend a penny save for this; and, after two or three days more, he even became sparing of the bread, and would stop and peer into the ash-barrels as he walked along the streets, and now and then rake out a bit of something, shake it free from dust, and count himself just

so many minutes further from the end. So, for several days he had been going about, ravenous all the time, and growing weaker and weaker; and then one morning he had a hideous experience, that almost broke his heart. passing down a street lined with warenouses, and stacked with boxes and barrels. Before one of the buildings several empty trucks were lined up, loaded by men under the direction of a big Irishman, and Jurgis was already making for kim, when he called "Hey, there! Want

Yes, sir!' S. . . gis answered in a flash.

again; "Hey, come here!" man, who was eyeing him narrowly, his a skin stuffed as tight as a foot-ball.

hollow, sunken cheeks and his yellow skin. "Let's see your arms," he said URGIS had come into conand as Jurgis held out one, in perplex-

Then he dropped it, with an exclamaown; and he had been tion of disgust, "Faugh!" he said, "It's worsted in the combat, beaten down and trampled Jurgis's heart gave a throb of fi

"Get out!" said the other, turning away: He was literally away: and as Jurgis followed him, crippled—as literally as any pleading, he turned, clenching his great creature which has lost its lists, "Get the hell out of here!" he claws, or been torn out of cried; and Jurgis stood dumbfounded, its shell; he had been shorn, about half a minute-just long enough to

It was all that he could do to keep from crying like a baby. He was lost! He was doomed! There was no hope for nity—he must take his place in the common herd. Nay worse, he dared not mingle with the herd—he must hide by himgle would come back there after cursing. He would do that seoundrel up.

Then suddenly, at the corner, he would be made to suffer, not merely for the offense he had committed, but for full of cabbages in front of it. Jurgis others which would be laid at his door, gave one swift glance about him, and just as had been done for some poor stooped and seized the biggest of them, devil on the occasion of that "hold up" and darted round the corner with it. of the "country customer" by him and There was a hue and cry, and a score of men and boys started in chase of him; but he came to an alley, and then to another branching off from it and leading him into another street, where he fel into a walk, and slipped his cabbage under his coat and went off unsuspected content if he could sleep in a doorway in the crowd. When he had gotten a or under a truck out of the rain, and if safe distance away he sat down and de-be could get iffteen cents a day for sa-voured half the cabbage raw, stowing loon lunches. But now he desired all the balance away in his pockets till the

must have a drink now and then, a drink cago newspapers, which made a great for its own sake, and apart from the fuss over the "common people," opened food that came with it. The craving for a "free-soup" kitchen for the benefit of the unemployed. Some people said that other consideration—he would have it, they did this for the sake of the adver-though it were his last nickel, and he tising it gave them, and some others that the motive which influenced them was a fear lest all their readers should be starved off; but whatever the factory gates. But never since he had motive, the soup was thick and hot, and been in Chicago had he stood less chance there was a bowl for every man, all of getting a job than just then. For one night long. When Jurgis heard of this, thing, there was the economic crisis, the from a fellow "hobo," he vowed that he million or two of men who had been out would have half a dozen bowls before of work in the spring and summer, and wording; but, as it proved, he was lucky were not yet all back, by any means.

Then there was the "Beef Strike," with two blocks long before the stand, and

months—twenty thousand in Chicago, and many of them now seeking work for Jurgis—in the "Levee" district, last spring—to be reminded that this was where he was known; but he went there, matters that a few days later the strike all the same, for he was desperate, and was given up and about half the strik- beginning to think of even the Bridewell

ten or fifteen thon and sought two drinks for n' negroes, foreign and crimi the sake of the shelter, and at night he nals, gathered from all over the country, spent his last two pennics in a "stalewere turned loose to shift for themselves. Everywhere Jurgis went he
kept meeting them, and he was in an
agony of fear lest any one of
them should know that he was
"wanted." He would have left
in horrible cellar dives for two cents a
"wanted." He would have left
in horrible cellar dives for two cents a
can, the purchase of a can including the
Chicago, save by the time he had
can, the purchase of a can including the
privilege of sleeping the night through
seel drew." Men drew off the old dregs
of it back with one hand, and putting a part
of it back with the other. To the elequent senator this unique arrangement
had somehow become identified with the
higher verities of the universe, and the
higher verities of the universe,

At the end of about ten days Jurgis anything he might say. He begged all had only a few pennies left—and he had day and got not a cent, and it was not yet found a job—not even a day's nearly dark before he could find anyone mame of this heroic company was "the work at anything, not even a chance to to listen to him. Then he saw an old As before, when he had lady with an umbrella and a bundle trycome out of the hospital, he was abso- ing to get off a car, and under the very

The old lady wore spectacles and a more quickly than the actual want of straight-laced black dress, and eyed him He was going to perish of hunger! like a hawk, sniffing at him suspiciously. The fiend reached out its scaly arms for But he had had nothing to drink all day him again-it touched him, its breath and the rain had washed the odor of the came into his face; and he would cry out dive out of him. Not a word of the story

"Every time I give a man money he goes to a saloon with it," said the still—he would wander on, gaunt and lady; to which he answered, breathhaggard, gazing about him with restless lessly, "I never drink, ma'am—not a eye, seeking, seeking for the chance that never came. Everywhere he went, an honest workingman—" honest workingman—" honest workingman—" honest "in the charce of the chance of th "Do you belong to the church?" in-

perate seriousness, and striving to think of what church this victim might be a member. "I belong to the Meth'dis" church, ma'am, and to the Presbyterium,

"How do you belong to two churches?" she demanded. "I don't know, ma'am," he answered, but I do-that is, I've been in places where there was only one. That was when I lived in Missouri, where my home

was burned down---"What town was that?" Jurgis named a town near which he ad worked in the harvest-fields, and he saw that he had "landed."

from Missouri myself," said the old lady "the western part, though." "Yes, ma'am." said Jurgis. "And I naven't been able to get a mouthful all day, ma'am, and nobody will help

"Will you go with me to get something to eat?" queried the other; to which he answered "Yes, ma'am," in a flash.

She took him to a cheap restaurant and paid the proprietor a quarter, and told him to see that Jurgis had a dinner. And so he ate soup and bread, and boiled beef, and potatoes and beans. Then—the old lady having of course left—the proprietor told Jurgis to "git;" but he, having been sharp enough to look at the bill-of-fare, announced that he had orned beef and cabbage, and pie and coffee still coming to him; and when the proprietor tried to bluster it out, he "Get to work, "n," said the man, and backed up against the wall and declared the other flung of is coat and started. that he would wreck the place before he But before he had to ne to touch one of would leave without his rights. As sevthe boxes he heard the boss's voice eral people in the restaurant had seen the quarter pad, the other had to give Jurgis turned and went toward the in, and so when Jurgis left it was with

asking that it must be a political meet-

onger meant to Jurgis what it had once meant, he knew that one was in full swing just now. Within five or six weeks the voters of the country would select a president; and that would mean at least one day of prosperity for all the outcasts and wretches of the city. They talked about it with eager expectation, and were duly appreciative of the ad-vantages of living in a republic.

The campaign had so far been charac terized by what the newspapers termed "apathy." For some reason or other people refused to get excited over the struggle, and it was almost impossible to get them to come to meetings, or Those which had been held in Chicago so far had proven most dismal failures, and tonight, the speaker being no less a personage than a candidate for the presidency of the nation, the political help. I can tell you where Marija is."

Jurgis gave a start, "Marija!" he when a merciful Providence had sent this storm of cold rain; and now all it was necessary to do was to set off few fireworks, and thump awhile on a drum outside of the hall, and all the

Jurgis found himself in a large hall, made his little speech, and the orator of the band, Jurgis was astonished to dis- where. "All right," he said, "I'll go." Republican Association" at the stockn-pin-setter to the Chicago Board of Aldermen.

The sight of Senator Spareshanks almost brought the tears into Jurgis's eyes. What agony it was to him to look ack upon those golden hours—the hours when he, too, had a place beneath the shadow of the plum-tree! When he, too, had been within the magic circle of the elect through whom the country is governed-when he had had a little ung in the campaign-barrel for his own! It was almost like a dream, he could carcely believe that it was true. Sitting here, a forlorn and homeless wretch, ets, what a maddening thing it was to name be suddenly confronted with the vision of for one hideous accident he, as well as

The eloquent senator was explaining the system of Protection; an ingenious lady says dev aid it no sich person here," device whereby the workingman voted to she said, enable the manufacturer to charge him higher prices, in order that the manufacturer might, in turn, pay him higher turned to go to the door. At the wages; thus taking his money out of his the city. It would be better to go to jail than to be caught out in the country in the winter-time.

outcasts, men and women.

The next morning Jurgis went out again to beg for his life. But it was still raining, and people would not stop for who were toiling to maintain it against

Grand Old Party". And here the band began to play, and Jurgis sat up with a violent start. Singular as it may seem, Jurgis was mak-ing a desperate effort to understand what the eloquent senator was sayingto comprehend the high destinies of the American republic, the astounding extent of her prosperity, the enormous expansion of her commerce, her future in the Pacific and in South America, and wherever clse the oppressed were groan-The reason for it was that ing. The reason for it was that he wanted to keep awake. He knew that if he allowed himself to fall asleep he would begin to snore loudly; and so he must listen-he must be thrilled, like evervone else. But he had eaten such a big dinner, and he was so exhausted, and the hall was so warm, and his seat was so comfortable! The eloquent senator's gaunt form began to grow dim and hazy, to rise up before him and dance about with figures of exports and imports, and Chinese cotton-statistics and dragons; until suddenly the band struck up "Hail

Columbia," and he sat crect. But it was only to begin all over again. In ten minutes he was snoring once more. His neighbor gave him a savage poke in the ribs, and he sat up again and tried to look innocent; but then he was at it again, and men began to stare at him with annovance and to call out with vexation. Finally one of them called a policeman, who came and grabbed Jurgis by the collar, and jerked him to his feet, bewildered and terrified. Some of the audience turned to see the commotion, and Senator Spareshanks falered in his speech; but a voice shouted cheerily: "We're just firing a bum! Go ahead, old sport!" And so the crowd roared, and the senator smiled genially.

He got into the shelter of a doorway and took stock of himself. He was not hurt, and he was not arrested-more than he had any right to expect. He swore at himself and his luck for awhile, and then turned his thoughts to practical matters. He had no money, and no place to sleep; he must try begging

He went out, hunching his shoulders together and shivering at the touch of he icy rain. Coming down the street toward him was a lady, well-dressed, and protected by an umbrella. He turned and walked beside her. "Please, ma'am," he began, "could you lend me the price of a night's lodging? I'm a poor workingman-

no one knew where. And now he met

She was as much surprised as he was. "Jurgis Rudkos!" she gasped. "And a start, and a cry: "Marija!"
what in the world is the matter with She heard him, and glanced

"I-I've had hard luck," he stammered. "I'm out of work, and I've no home and no money. And you, Alena-are you married?" (He was looking at her fine clothes.) No," she answered, "I'm not married,

but I've got a good place."
They stood staring at each other for a few moments. Finally Alena spoke. "Jurgis," she said, "I'd help you if I ould, upon my word I would, but it just happens that I've come out without my purse, and I honestly haven't a penny with me. I can do something better for you, though—I can tell you how to get

"Yes," said Alena; "and she'll help you. She's got a place, and she's doing yell, and she'll be glad to see you." It was not much more than a year homeless wretches from a mile around since Jurgis had left Packingtown, feel-would pour in! And then on the morrow ing like one escaped from jail; and it would pour in! And then on the morrow ing like one escaped from jail; and it the newspapers would have a chance had been from Marija and Elzbieta that to report a tremendous ovation, and to he was escaping! But now, at the mere add that it had been no "silk-stocking" mention of them, his whole being cried add that it had been no "silk-stocking" mention of them, his whole being cried audience, either, which proved that the out with joy. He wanted to see them; high-tariff sentiments of the distinguished candidate were pleasing to the wage-earners of the nation.

How wanted to go home! They would be kind to him. In a flash he had thought over the sitnation. He had a good excuse for runelaborately decorated with flags and ning away—his grief at the death of his bunting; and after the chairman had son; and also he had a good excuse for returning-the fact that they had the evening rose up, amid an uproar from left Packingtown, and gone no one knew

cover that he was none other than the famous and eloquent Senator Spareshanks, who had addressed the "Wendel give you my address, because Marija knows it." And Jurgis set out, without yards, and helped to elect Tom Cassidy's further ado, and found a large brownstone house of aristocratic appearance, and rang the basement bell. A young colored girl came to the door, opening it about an inch, and gazing at him suspi

"What do you want?" she demanded. "Does Marija Biarczynskas live here?" he inquired. "I dunno," said the girl, "What you to decency!

want wid her?" "I want to see her," said he; "she's a relative of mine."

The girl hesitated a moment. Then she opened the door and said, "Come in."
Jurgis came and stood in the hall, and without a single penny in his pock- she continued, "I'll go see. What's yo'

"Tell her it's Jurgis," he answered, and the girl went up-stairs. She came was sick, too, and then little Stanisanother election in which the Repub- back at the end of a minute or two, and licans had the barrel, and that but replied: "Dey ain't no sich person-here." Jurgis's heart went down into his Senator Spareshanks, might have a hand boots. "I was told this was where she in it!

But the girl only shook her head, "De

wages; thus taking his money out of his the same instant, however, there pocket with one hand, and putting a part

CHAPTER XXX.



URGIS stood for a second, bewildered. Then, seeing blue-coated forms rushing upon him, he sprang after the negress. Her cries had been the signal for a wild uproar above; the house was full of people, and as he entered the hallway he saw them rushing hither and thither, crying and screaming with alarm. There were men and women, the latter clad for the most

wrappers, the former in all stages of deshabille. At one side Jurgis caught a glimpse of a big apartment with plush-covered chairs, and tables covered with trays and glasses. were playing-eards scattered all the floor-one of the tables had been upset and bottles of wine were rolling about, their contents running out upon the carpet. There was a young girl who had fainted, and two men who were supporting her; and there were a dozen thers, rushing towards the front-door.
Suddenly, however, there came a

eries of resounding blows upon it, caus ing the crowd to give back At the same instant a stout woman, with painted cheeks and diamonds in her ears, came running down the stairs, panting breathlessly: "To the rear! Quick!" the way to a back staircase, Jurgis following with the throng; in the kitchen she pressed a spring, gave way and opened, disclosing a dark passageway. "Go in!" she cried, to the erowd, which now amounted to twenty or thirty, and they began to pas through. Scarcely had the last one dis appeared, however, before there were ries from in front, and then the panictricken throng poured out again. claiming: "They're there, too! trapped!

"Upstairs!" shouted the woman, and there was another thish of the mob, Jurgis found himself landed out in the and fighting to be first. One flight, two, rain with a kick and a string of curses. three—and then there was a ladder to roof, with a throng packed at the foot of it, and one ran at the top, straining and struggling to lift the trap-door. It was not to be stirred, however, and when the woman shouted up to unhook t, he answered "It's already unhooked.

There's somebody sitting on it!" A moment later came a voice of authority from down-stairs: "You might as well quit, you people. We mean busi-

ness, this time."
So the crowd subsided: and a few moments later several policemen came up, staring here and there, and learing at their victims. Of the latter the men sheepish-looking. The women took it as so." Jurgis answered, hesitatingly. they were used to it-

Nor did good fortune come singly, sight of the lady's face. It was Alena balustrade, and began to kick with her slippered foot at the helmets of the once or twice afterwards, for Juozas had thrown her over for another girl, and evidently been drinking; one of them, who Though a political campaign, alas, no Alena had gone away from Packingtown, were a bright red kimona, shouted and gis asked, as they started down the cried in a voice that drowned out all steps. gis took a glance at her, and then gave

She heard him, and glanced around: then she shrunk back and half sprang to her feet in her amazement. "Jurgis!" she gasped.

For a second or two they stood staring t each other. "How did you come here? Marija panted.

"I came to see you," he answered. "When?"

"Just now." "But how did you know—who told on I was here?"

"Alena Jasaitis. I met her on the or two." said Marija. "That's too reet." street." Again there was a silence, while they gazed at each other. The rest of the rowd was watching them, and so Marija got up and came closer. "And you? Jurgis asked. "You live here?"

"Yes," said Marija, "I live here." Then suddenly came a hail from be low: "Get your clothes on now, girls, and come along. You'd best begin, or you'll sorry—it's raining outside."
"Br-r-r!" shivered some one, and the omen got up and entered the various

loors which lined the hallway. "Come," said Marija, and took Jurgis into her room, which was a tiny place about eight by six, with a cot and a hair and a dressing-stand and some

a clock and a whiskey-bottle on a chair, showed any signs of poverty. Marija had nothing on but a kimona and a pair of stockings; yet she proceeded to dress before Jurgis, and withdoor. He had by this time divined what neighborhood had turned out to see the nad always been decent people at home, and it seemed to him that the memory

here?" he asked.
"Nearly a year," she answered.
"Why did you come?"
"I had to," she said; "I had to live.
And I couldn't see the children starve."

"You were out of work?" he asked. "I got sick," she replied, "and after that I had no money. And Elzbieta lovas died-

"Stanislovas dead!" "Yes," said Marija, "I forgot. You didn't know about it." "How did he die?"

"The rats killed him."

Jurgis gave a gasp. Rats killed him!"
"Yes," said the other; she was bending over lacing her shoes as she spoke. "He was working in an oil-factory—at least he was hired by the men to get their beer. He used to carry cans on a long pole. And he'd drink a little out of each can, and one day he drank too ings, his old dreams of decency and inmuch, and fell asleep in a corner, and got locked up in the place all night. When they found him the rats had him. He saw little Antanas, whom he killed him and eaten him nearly all up." had meant to make a man. He saw his Jurgis sat, frozen with horror. Martrembling old father, who had blessed ija went on lacing up her shoes. There them all with his wonderful love. He vas a long silence.

oor. "Hurry up, there," he said.
"As quick as I can," said Marija, and shame—God, how he had suffered, what a madman he had been! How dreadful it alone, and they gave her some dope in the food, and when she came to size

isked Jurgis, finally. "Yes," she said.

"Where are they?" all right now."

Jurgis was silent for a moment. "Do he lay there in the darkness, until the girls that came out with her they know you live here-how you ive?" he asked.

"Elzbieta knows," answered Marija. couldn't lie to her. And maybe the hildren have found out by this time. It's nothing to be ashamed of-we can't

Marija was standing in front of the glass fastening her dress. He sat star-ing at her. He could hardly believe that she was the same Marija he had known in the old days; she was so quiet -so hard! It struck fear to his heart. Suddenly she gave a glance at him. You look as if you had been having a tough time of it yourself." she said. "I have," he answered. "I haven't

"Where have you seen?" "All over. Live been hoboing it. Then went back to the yards-just before the strike," He paused for a moment, hesitating, "I asked for you," he added. "I found you had gone away no one kney where. Perhaps you think I did you a dirty trick going away as I did,

"No." she answered, "I don't blame We never have-any of us. You stood it longer than most men would have. You did your best-the job was too much for us. She paused a mo-ment then added: "We were too ienorant-that was the trouble. stand any chance. If I'd known what I know now we'd have won out."

"You'd have come here?" Jurgis asked. "Yes." she answered, "but that's not what I meant. I meant-you-how differently you would have behavedabout Ona-if you'd only had some sense.

Jurgis was silent; he had never thought of that aspect of it. "When people are starving," the other

"and they have anything continued. with a price, they ought to sell it. say. I guess you realize it now when it's too late. One could have taken it's too late. care of us all in the beginning."

Marija spoke without emotion, as on who had come to regard things from the were for the most part frightened and business point of view. "I-ves, I guess did not add that he had paid three though if they had been pale, one could hundred dollars, and a foreman's job, he was expecting from a friend of the not have told, for the paint on their for the satisfaction of knocking down police-captain of the district, telling tis?" Marija asked, after a mo

"All right," said Marija, reaching for 'Lively!" the street he saw red lights flaring and heard the thumping of a bass-drum. His heart gave a leap, and he made for the place on the run—he knew without the asking that it must be a political meet. "What's going to come of this?" Jur- tracted from her stocking.

"The raid, you mean? Oh, nothing -it happens to us every now and then.

The madam's having some sort of time with the police: I don't know what it is, but maybe they'll come to terms be-fore morning. Anyhow, they wen't do anything to you. They always let the

men off."
"Maybe so," he responded, "but not ne-I'm afraid I'm in for it."

"How do you mean?"
"I'm wanted by the police," he said, lowering his voice, in spite of the fact that their conversation was in Lithuan-"They'll send me up for a year ian.

ond. I'll see if I can't get you off."

Downstairs, where the greater part of the prisoners were now massed, she ought out the stout personage with the diamond earrings and had a few whispered words with her. The latter then appered words with her. The latter that approached the police-sergeant who was in charge of the raid. "Billy," she said, pointing to Jurgis, "there's a fellow who came in to see his sister. He'd just got in the door when you knocked. You

aren't taking hoboes, are you?" The sergeant laughed as he looked at Jurgis. "Sorry," he said. "but the orders are everyone but the servants. So Jurgis slunk in among the rest of the men, who kept dodging behind each dresses hanging behind the door. There other like sheep that have smelled a were clothes scattered about on the wolf. There were old men and young floor, and hopeless confusion everywhere men. college boys and gray-beards old -boxes of rouge and bottles of perfume enough to be their grandfathers; some nixed with hats and soiled dishes on of them wore evening-dress-there was the dresser, and a pair of slippers and no one among them save Jurgis who

When the round-up was completed, the doors were opened and the party marched out. Three patrol-wagons were out even taking the trouble to close the drawn up at the curb, and the whole sort of a place he was in; and he had sport; there was much chaffing, and a seen a great deal of the world since he universal craning of necks. The women had left home, and was not easy to stared about them with defiant eyes, or shock—and yet it give him a painful laughed and joked, while the men kept start that Marija should do this. They their heads bowed, and their hats pulled over their eyes. They were crowded into the patrol-wagons as if of old times ought to have ruled her. into street-cars, and then off they went But then he laughed at himself for a smid a din of cheers. At the station-fool. What was he, to be pretending house Jurgis gave a Polish name and was put into a cell with half a dozen "How long have you been living others: and while these sat and talked in whispers, he lay down in a corner and gave himself up to his thoughts. Jurgis had looked into the deepest

reaches of the jungle, and grown used to the sights in them. Yet when he had thought of all humanity as vile and hideous, he had somehow always excepted his own family, that he loved; and now this sudden horrible discovery—Marija a whore, and Elzbieta and the children living off her shame! Jurgis might argue with him-self all he chose, that he had done worse, and was a fool for caring—but still he could not get over the shock of that sudden unveiling, he could not help being sunk in grief because of it. The depths of him were troubled and shaken, memories were stirred in him that had been sleeping so long he had counted them dead. Memories of the old life-his old hopes and his old yearn-Suddenly a big policeman came to the lived again through that day of horror when he had discovered Ona's shame-God, how he had suffered, what fool! have sold his wife's honor and lived by it!-And then there was Stanislovas which Marija had narrated so calmly, sweat started on his forehead. Now and then he would quiver with a sudden window one night. There was a go spasm of horror, at the picture of little Stanislovas shut up in the deserted building and fighting for his life with the rats! All these emotions had

strangers to the soul of it was so long since they had troubled him that he had ceased to think they might ever trouble him again. Helpless, trapped as he was, what good did they do him-why should be ever have allowed them to terment him? It had been the task of his life to fight them down, to crush them out of him; and never in his life would be have suffered cent in my pockets, and nothing to this way again, save that they eaught him unawares, and overwhelmed him before he could protect himself. He heard the old voices of his soul, he saw its old ghosts beckening to him, stretching out their arms to him; but they were far-off and shadowy, and gulf between them was black and bottomless; they would fade away voices would die, and never would he see or hear them—the last faint spark of manhood in his soul would flicker and then she added: "Most of women here are pretty decent-you'd

> CHAPTER XXXI. FTER breakfast Jurgis was



driven to the court, which was crowded with the prisoners and those who had come out of curiosity, or in the hope of recognizing one man. of the men and getting a and reprimanded in a bunch, and booze, and that helps called separately, as being

It was in this very same court that he who used to run errands for a 1 had been tried, that time when his sen- and got sick and lost her place. Sie tence had been "suspended;" it was the four days on the streets without same judge and the same clerk. The latter now stared at Jurgis, as if he half a place just around the corner and thought that he knew him; but the fered herself, and they made her ? judge had no suspicions—just then his her clothes before they would give thoughts were upon a telephone-message a bite to cat!" Then suddenly he stopped short. By checks. One black-eyed young girl the light of a street-lamp he had caught perclied herself upon the top of the The policeman came to the door again case of "Polly" Simpson, as the "madam" what disposition he should make of the silence.

just then. "Come on, now," he said. of the house was known. Meantime, he listened to the story of how Jurgis had been looking for his sister, and advised the street he saw red lights flaring and heard the thumping of a base drum. Who had heard the thumping of a base drum. Who had heard the thumping of a base drum. Who had heard the thumping of a base drum.

Jurgis waited outside and walked home with Marija. The police had left the house, and already there were a few visitors; by evening the place would be running again, exactly as if nothing had happened. Meantime, Marija took Jurgis up-stairs to her room, and they sat and talked. By daylight, Jurgis was able to observe that the color on her cheeks was not the old natural one of abounding health; her complexion was in reality a parchment yellow, and there

were black rings under her eyes.
"Have you been sick?" he asked.
"Sick?" she said. "Hell (Marija had learned to scatter her conversation with as many oaths as a longshoreman or a mule-driver.) "How can I ever be any.

thing but sick, at this life?"
She fell silent for a moment, staring ahead of her gloomily. "It's morphine," she said, at last. "I seem to take more of it every day."

What's that for?" he asked. "It's the way of it; I don't know why, If it isn't that, it's drink. If the girls didn't booze they couldn't stand it any time at all. The madam would rather they took dope, of course, for that keeps them quiet—when they have had enough, they don't care what is done to them. She always gives it to them when they first come, and they learn to like it; or else they take it for headaches and such things, and get the habit that way. I've got it, I know; I've tried to quit, but I never will while I'm here.

"How long are you going to stay?" he asked. "I don't know," she said. "Always, I

guess. What else could I do?"

"Don't you save any money?" "Save!" said Marija. "Good Lord, no! I get enough, I suppose, but it all goes. I get a half share, two dollars and a half for each customer, and sometimes I make twenty-five or thirty dollars a night, and you'd think I ought to save something out of that! But then I am charged for my room and my meals-and such prices as you never heard of; and then for ex tras, and drinks—for everything I get, and some I don't. My laundry bill is nearly twenty dollars each week alonethink of that! Yet what can I do? I

either have to stand it or quit, and it would be the same anywhere else. It's ali I can do to save the fifteen dollars I give Elzbieta each week, so the children can go to school." Marija sat brooding in silence for a while; then, seeing that Jurgis was interested, she went on: "That's the way they keep the girls in these places-they let them run up debts, so they can't get away. A young girl comes from abroad, and she hasn't a friend to help her, and

she doesn't know a word of English, and she gets into a place like this, and when she wants to go the madam shows her that she is a couple of hundred dollars in debt, and takes all her clothes away and threatens to have her arrested if she doesn't stay and do as she's told. So she stays, and the longer sharstays, the more in debt she gets. Of they are girls that didn't knot work. Did you notice that little French girl with the yellow hair, that stood

next to me in the court?" Jurgis answered in the affirmative. "Well, she came to America about a year ago. She was a store-clerk, and she hired herself to a man to be sent here to work in a factory. There were six of them, altogether, and they were brought to a house just down the street from here, and this girl was put into a room she stood up and began putting on her corsets, with feverish haste.

"Are the rest of the people alive?"

when Marija told him he had been a cried, and screamed, and tore her har sked lawgis the live. her food, and when she came to she Yes-told him that he ought to but she had nothing but a wrapper, and couldn't get away, and they kept he half insensible with drugs all the time "They live not far from here. They're and his awful fate-that brief story until she gave up. She never got outside of that place for ten months, and then "They are working?" he inquired.
"Elzbieta is," said Marija, "when she can. I take care of them most of the fingers and his terror of the snow—his fingers and his terror of the snow—his from drinking absinthe. Only one of the fingers, as the fingers are the fingers and his terror of the snow—his from drinking absinthe. Only one of the fingers are t and she jumped out of a second-story

> "I did," said Jurgis, "I heard of it afterwards." (It had happened in the play where he and Duane had taken rein from their "country customer." girl had become insane, fortunatel the police.) "I've seen something of the side of it myself," he added; "I knew man who used to get forty dellars head for girls he fetched from Ne

> fuss about that-maybe you heard

York. "There's lots of money in it" Marija-"they bring them from all ove There are seventeen women in this place and eleven different countries amo them. In some places you might for even more. We have several Fren girls-I suppose it's because the made speaks French herself. French girls nd, too, the worst of all, except for Japanese. There's a place next that's full of Japanese women. vouldn't live in a place where one them was.

Marija paused for a moment or surprised. I used to tunk that s women must be fiends; but fancy idea that a woman would sell hersel ten or a dozen men in a day—every ki of man that comes, old or young, or white-and do it because she ill

"Some of them say they do," sa

"I know." said Marija; "they say case for blackmail. The thing. They're in, and they know men were called up first, can't get out. And they dope them and then dismissed; but they didn't like it when they be Jurgis, to his terror, was you'd find out it's just the san was with me-it's misery, always a suspicious-looking case, ery! There's a little Jewish gir mouthful of food, and then she well

"Do you know about Alena Ja-

"No," replied Jurgis; "is she

kes it hard. that people would say she fell of badness. Maybe so; she sold for her teeth.'

to save them. It was queer. Afng with Higgins, her superincourse, and she knew it, but he things and took her round, and thought she could take But then one day she carch, and come out ahead in the But just then her brother fell ill. e had to support the family; and her that the

and hadn't a penny saved. She dressed like a lady, you know—I she thought she would make a to do would be to have all her alled out, and a set of false ones could have that done for dellars, and he would be willing t her for that. Poor Alena nearly er eyes out. She had the tooththe time, of course, but still she make up her mind. It would disfigured her for life, you see. In and she made a date with the denit she couldn't get up the courage it, and instead she went and told about it. He was very decent, ave her the fifty dollars; only that took her to a hotel, and she the courage to refuse him. And after that she left Packingtown, he kept her in a flat; but a couple nths ago he brought another gir and she wouldn't stand for that left him. Then she tried to find and when she couldn't, she went m the streets for herself. But the e caught her the first week-a an can't do business alone here in ago, you know, for they charge her she can earn, so last week

of all her pride." farija sat for a minute or two, broodsomberly. "Tell me about yourself, is, she said, suddenly. "Where have

m went into a house around on Cus-

House Place, and that will be the

so he told her the long story of his entures, since his flight from home; life as a tramp, and his work in the cht-tunnels, and the accident; and of "Jack Duane" and the Wheelers. political career in the stockyards his downfall and subsequent fail-Marija listened with sympathy; was easy to believe his tale of his late rvation, for his face showed it all. ou found me just in the nick of time, e said. "I'll stand by you-I'll help n till you can get some work. I don't like to let you-" he began.

"Why not? Because I'm here?" No, not that," he said. "But I went and left ye

"Nonsense!" hid, after a minute or it that called him comrade?
He waited long, long; and "You stay nething up in the room."

She pressed a button, and a colored nan came to the door and took her mit on you," she observed, laughing,

s she lay back on the bed. prison breakfast had not been called him "Comrade!" eral, Jurgis had a good appetite, and while of Elzbieta and the children, old times. Shortly before they were -"Lithuanian Mary," as

address of the family, a tenement in the ghetto district. "You go

she said. "They'll be glad to see t Jurgis stood, hesitating.

—I don't like to," he said. "Honest, ia, why don't you just give me a

money and let me look for work

eply. "All you want is somet it?" t and a place to sleep, isn't it?" e nothing to do, and while you-

him to the door, "because you'll it up, and do yourself harm. 's a quarter for you now, and go they'll be so glad to see you, won't have time to feel ashamed. l-bye!"

jurgis went out and walked down the at to think it over. He changed his nd every five or ten minutes. First he ald go and face it out, and then he uldn't; he kept wandering, now ek towards the place, and now a block y from it. It was curious to him to back upon this, as he did in after es, when he realized the importance issue that had been at stake. He ded that he would first try to get and so he put in the rest of the

ies and warehouses without suc-Then, when it was rearly dark, neluded to go home, and set out; was no one taking the was stunned; yet tired out—I have spoken every day for fine the another free show.

And so you return to your daily round whom no blandishments will call and debased that he dare rise up be not think at all, he was stunned; yet tired out—I have spoken every day for the last month. I will introduce you to fine the show.

And so you return to your daily round whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he believes it can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he believes it can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he believes it can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he believes it can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he believes it can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he believes it can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he believes it can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he believes it can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he can be knew that in the mighty upheaval of toil, you go back to be ground up for jole, whom no threats will ever fore me and say that he can be knew that in the mighty upheaval and the can be knew that in the mighty upheaval and the can be knew that in the mighty upheaval and the can be knew that in the mighty upheaval and the can be knew that in the mighty upheaval and the can be knew that in the mighty upheaval and t at go in again, and sit down and rest true, but they have been that we altrue, but they have been that we altrue.

Raczius threw her over, she low had only been willing to try him!

Then suddenly Jurgis looked up. A tremendous roar had burst from the throats of the crowd, which by this time had packed the hall to the very doors. Men and women were standing up, waving handkerchiefs, shouting, yelling. Evihad toothache and went to the dently the speaker had arrived, thought

meeting it would be too late for him to repute, and go out into the world and haps it would be better to go home in the morning, anyway, for the children would be at school, and he and Elzbieta and persecution, if they should comecould have a quiet explanation. She al- not by any power that is upon the earth ways had been a reasonable person; and or above the earth, that was, or is, or he really did mean to do right. He ever can be created. If I fail tonight, would manage to persuade her of it- I can only try tomorrow; knowing that and besides, Marija was willing, and the fault must be mine, knowing that if

hours in the hall, there began to prepare itself a repetition of the dismal catastrophe of the night before. Speaking had been going on all the time, and the audience was clapping its hands and shouting, thrilling with excitement; and little by little the sounds were beginning to blur in Jurgis's ears, and his thoughts were beginning to run together, and his head to wobble and nod. He caught nimself many times, as usual, and made desperate resolutions; but the hall was hot and close, and his long walk and his dinner were too much for him again—in the end his head sunk forward and he went to sleep.

had been snoring again, of course. And weary and weeping, smitten with the now what? He fixed his eyes ahead of mortal hunger of her babes! Of the had been snoring again, of course. And him with feverish intensity, staring at the platform as if nothing else ever had thing in his last sickness and leaving his interested him, or ever could interest loved ones to perish! Of the young girl made in the image of your mothers, they who, somewhere, at this moment, is exclamations, the hostile glances; and walking the streets of this horrible the child whom you left at home toexclamations, the hostile glances; and he imagined the policeman striding to-wards him—reaching for his neck. Or was he to have one more chance? Were they going to let him alone this time? He whoever and wherever they may be, who sat trembling, waiting.

Then suddenly came a voice in his ear—a woman's voice, gentle and sweet: "If you would try to listen, comrade, perhaps you would be interested."

Jurgis was more startled by that than he would have been by the touch of a policeman. He still kept his eyes fixed d Marija. "Don't think ahead and did not stir; but his heart ahead and the compade! Who was plame you.—You must gave a great leap. Comrade! Who was

He waited long, long; and at last, when he was sure that he was no longer watched, he stole a glance out of the corner of his eyes at the woman who "It's nice to have somebaly to sat beside him. She was young and beautiful; she wore fine clothes, and

He turned a little, carefully, so that bad a little feast together, talking he could see her better; then he began awhile of Elzbieta and the children, to watch her, fascinated. She had apparently forgotten all about him, and but most of all I plead with workinggh, there came another colored girl, was looking towards the platform. A men, with those to whom the evils I the message that the "Madam" man was speaking there; Jurgis heard have portrayed are not mere matters were for this woman's face. A feeling with, and then perhaps put aside and his voice hat means you have to go," she said of alarm stole over him as he stared at forgotten—to whom they are the grim and relentless realities of the daily grind, the chains upon their limbs, the ing on, to affect anyone like that? She sat like one turned to stone, her hands souls! To you, workingmen! To you, elenched tightly in her lap, so tightly the toilers, who have made this land, that he could see the cords in them. There was a look of excitement upon her face, of tense effort, as of one struggling mightily, or witnessing a struggle. There was a faint quivering of her nostrils; and now and then she That do you need with money?" was moisten her lips with feverish haste. "All you want is something Her bosom rose and fell as she breathed, and her excitement seemed to mount "he said, "but then I don't like higher and higher, and then to sink there after I left them-and while away again, like a boat tossing upon ocean surges. What was it? What was the matter? It must be something that the man was saying, up there on the "What are you talking. I won't platform. What sort of a man was he? And what sort of a meeting was this, Jurgis to look at the speaker.

CHAPTER XXXII.



nature—a mountain forest ashed by a tempest, a ship with of confusion, of disorder, of dom, with

only two black hollows where the eyes wandering here and there among were. He was speaking rapidly, in great excitement; tures—as he spoke he moved here and in the morrow hunting. So he his eyes to think of what the man was he was passing down the same hall where he lastened to the political speech the lastened to the political speech the before. There was no red fire and before. There was no red fire and beand now, but there was a sign out, beand now and the river of profits flows to them! And the vices in their privileges, to dig wider selves in their privileges, to dig wider the channels through which way before him, the perils and the obtained the channels through which was believes in their privileges, to dig wider the channels through which was believe in their privileges, to dig wider the channels through which was believe in their privileges, to dig wider the channels through who travels in darkness, revealing the who travels in darkness, revealing the who travels in darkness, and deeper the channels through who the river of profits flows to them! Jurgis had never heard it, and deeper the channels through who was every in their privil

—and then you come again; and again I am here to plead with you, to know if work with you, if injustice and oppression have yet opened your eyes! I shall still be waiting-there is nothing else There is no wilderness that I can do. There is no wilderness where I can hide from these things; martyrs, are shackled and bound in the

slink back into their dens, and the truth would stand forth alone! For I speak with the voice of the millions who are voiceless; of them that are oppressed and have no comforter; of the disinherited of life, for whom there is no world is a prison, a dungeon of torture, the With the voice of the little a tomb! child who toils tonight in a Southern their doors—the people behold it, and do cotton-mill, staggering with exhaustion, not rise up in horror and revolution! ent to sleep.

And then someone nudged him, and but the grave! Of the mother who sews e sat up with his old terrified start. He by candle-light in her tenement-garret, are caught beneath the wheels of the juggernant of Greed! With the voice of humanity, calling for deliverance; of the everlasting soul of Man, agising from the dust-breaking its way its prison-house-rending the bands of oppression and ignorance—groping its way to the light!"

The speaker paused. There was an instant of silence, while men caught their breaths, and then like a single sound there came a cry from a thousand people.—Through it all Jurgis sat upon the speaker. He was trembling,

smitten with wonder. Suddenly the man raised his hands, a quieter voice.

"I am here tonight," he said, "to plead with you, whoever you may be, provided that you care about the truth; and have no voice in its councils! To you, whose lot it is to sow that others may reap, to labor and obey, and ask is with you that I plead. I know how much it is to ask of you-I know, for I have been in your place, I have lived your life there is no man before me here tonight who knows it better. I have known what it is to be a street-waif, a bootblack, living upon a crust of bread, and sleeping in cellar-stairways and under wagons. I have known what it empty to dare and to aspire, to dream mighty dreams, and to see them all the fair flow-_to see perishers of my spirit trampled into the mire by the wild beast powers of the world. I know what is the price that world.

upon some wild sight of a workingman pays for knowledge—I have paid for it with food and sleep, agony of body and mind-with almost with life itself; sea. Jurgis had an un-pleasant sensation, a sense with a story of hope and freehealth, wild and meaningless up-roar. The man was tall and gaunt, as haggard as you sordid and material, sluggish and his auditor nimsell; a thin the lie before; and that they do not vised, industrial systems are organized his face, and one could see tempt me to despair is simply because I know also the forces that drive behind -because I know the raging lash of poverty, the sting of contempt and mastership, 'the insolence of office and the spurns.' Because I feel sure that Because I feel sure that reaching with his long arms to seize each in the crowd that has come here tod spent his quarter for a meal; and he came out he changed his mind he came out he changed his mind deep, like an organ; it was some time, dull and heedless, no matter how many more—the night was pleasant, and however, before Jurgis thought of the in order to ridicula there will be a red to ridicular there will be a red nore—the fight was pleasant, and nowever, before surgis thought of the line of the out of the entority, or ould sleep somewhere outside, and voice—he was too much occupied with in order to ridicule—there will be some one man whom pain and suffering have ments. In nations like America, which saving. But suddenly it seemed as if made desperate, whom some chance vision of wrong and horror has startled ing and doubting once more—which the speaker nad begun pointing his state of mind when suddenly he finger at him, as if he had singled him and shocked into attention and readihis state of mind when suddenly ne dinger at him, as if the had singled nim ced to look about him, and found he was passing down the same he was passing down the

that had taken place in his soul, a new man that beauty, and she wasn't like other girls. I hat beauty, and she wasn't like other girls. I hat peace wasn't like other girls. I hat peace would she understand that had come to sponge off that had been continue forever, that the product of the man of existence of the human race, will always belong to a few illers and parasites, to be at the disposal of any in the army of his comrades and brothers, as for in the rear as he could, and straightway forgot all where he was. Would Elzbieta where he was wasn't like other girls. I hat predefine the product of the means of existence of the human race, will always belong to a few illers and parasites, to be at the disposal of any in the army of his comrades and brothers, as I have carried them to him, they would she understand that he had come to sponge off the human race, will always belong to a few illers and parasites, to be sent for any purpose what her, or would she understand that he spectres of hunger and privation to take your chances of accident. The priceless gift of liberty and light, that he had come to sponge off the humanity, to be used for him, we will always belong to a few illers and parasites, to be at the disposal of any in the world-wide mill of feword and not backward, who will always belong to the human race, will always belong to a few illers and parasites, to be an the door; he cannot backward, who will always belong to the human race, will always to got the human race, will alwa meant to get to work again and do his share? Would she be decent to him, or would she scold him for having run away? If only he could get some sort of a job before he went—if that last fellow had only been willing to try him!

—the priceless gift of liberty and light, but is the heritage of humanity, to be used for that is neither mine nor his, but is the heritage of humanity, to be used for the purposes of humanity, to be onto the purposes of humanity? And if this is ever to be, how is it to be a wan, workingmen—comrades! Open the would no longer be the sport of the being to humanity, to be used for the would no longer be the sport of the would no longer be the seams and the button-for the would no longer be the seams and the button-for the would no longer be the sport of the would no longer and the button-for the would no longer and the buttonaway? If only he could get some sort circumstance closes upon you a little of a job before he went—if that last felyour senses are dulled, your souls are numbed-but realize once in your lives want and misery have yet done their, this world in which you dwell-tear oil the rags of its customs and conventions-behold it as it is, in all its hideous nakedness! Realize it, realize it! Realize that out upon the plains of Manchuria tonight two hostile armies and toothache and went to the and the told her that all her were decaying, and that if she behaving. What were they expecting to have them taken care of at once, and lose them all. It would cost and fifty dollars, he said, and are the specific that the governing of the country? Jurgis had been behind the are specific to the earth I find them there. I find the same accursed system whereby all the powers of humanity, all the fair and noble impulses of the spirit, the dreams of poets and the agonies of the tothe earth I find them there. I find the same accursed system whereby all the powers of humanity, all the fair and noble impulses of the spirit, the dreams of poets and the agonies of the fair and noble impulses of the spirit, the dreams of poets and the agonies of the reach other to pieces! nineteen hundred years since the Prince He went back to his thoughts, with only one further fact to reckon with—that he was caught here. The hall was now filled to the doors; and after the marrys, are snacked and bound in the service of organized and predatory of Peace came down to earth! Nineteen hundred years since his words were fixed to the doors; and after the comfort and happiness, health and good armies of men are rending and tearing armies of men are rending and tearing armies of men are rending and tearing armies of the like the wild heasts of the each other like the wild beasts of the go home, so he would have to make the best of it outside, for that night. Perhaps it would be better to go home in and sickness, not by hatred and obloquy, wept and pleaded—and still this hideous Monster roams at large! We have schools and colleges, newspapers and books—we have searched the heavens and the earth, we have weighed and probed and reasoned-and all to equip men to destroy each other! We call it War, and pass it by-but do not put me Marija was furnishing the money. If once the vision of my soul off with platitudes and cenventions—
Elzbieta were ugly he would tell her that, in so many words.

If once the vision of my soul off with platitudes and cenventions—
come with me—realize it!

See the bodies of men pierced by bul-So Jurgis went on meditating; until finally, when he had been nearly two hours in the hall, there began to wear and understand the stoutest barriers of prejudice, it would shake the most sluggish soul. to action; it would abash the most the groans and shrieks of agony; see the cynical, it would terrify the most self- faces of men crazed by pain, turned into ish; and the voice of mockery would be silenced, and fraud and falsehood would upon that piece of flesh—it is hot and quivering-just now it was a part of a This blood is still steaming-it was driven by a human heart! mighty God! and this goes on-it is systematic, organized, premeditated—and we know it, and read of it, and take it respite and no deliverance, to whom the for granted—our papers tell of it, and churches know of it, and do not close

> "Or perhaps Manchuria is too far away for you—come home with me then, come here to Chicago. Here in this city tonight ten thousand women are shut up in pens, and driven by hunger to sell their bodies. And we know it, we make it a jest! And these women are night, whose laughing eyes will greet you in the morning—that fate may be waiting for her! Tonight in Chicago there are ten thousand men, homeless and wretched, willing to work and begging for a chance, yet starving, and fronting in terror the awful winter cold! Tonight in Chicago there are a hundred ple, cast off and helpless, waiting for death to take them from their torments! still, motionless and rigid, his eyes fixed There are a million people, men and of the wage-slave-who toil every hour was what is called a "lady." And she and silence fell, and he began again, in to keep them alive; who are condemned tonations that rang through the cham-And then-and then! There are a thouthere; Jurgis heard but all his thoughts of sentiment, to be dallied and toyed with and then replaced and toyed with and then replaced and toyed what they receive the receive they do nothing to earn was an unfolding of vistas before one, to come for it-it comes to them of it- an a and stagger, makes the soul grow sick ders struggling to be born; and he sat and faint. They spend hundreds of dol- opressed with pain and joy, while a lars for a pair of shoes, a handkerchief, a garter; they spend thousands and tens and his breath came hard and fast; unthan the wages of a beast of burden, the food and shelter to keep you alive from day to day. It is to you that I come with my message of salvation; it and banquets, for little shiny stones shouted aloud. supremacy in ostentation and reckless- his soul. A flood of emotion surged up ness, in the destroying of useful and tures, the toil and anguish of the naall the wealth of society comes to them.
> The farmer tills the soil, the miner digs in the earth, the weaver tends the clever man invents, the shrewd man directs, the wise man studies, the inspired man sings; and all the result, the products of the labor of brain and muscle, are gathered into one stupendous stream and poured into their laps! The forest is cleared and the land settled and civilized; railroads spread over it, mighty cities arise upon it; machines are deciety is in their grip, the whole labor of the world lies at their mercy—and like fierce wolves they rend and destroy, like ravening vultures they devour and tear! The whole achievement of man belongs to them, forever and beyond recall-do what it can, strive as it will, the human race lives for them and dies for them! They own not merely the labor of society, they own the govern

> > the people's will stood in their way, they have accomplished a revolution by

about? Will it be the task of your masters—will they write the charter of your liberties? Will they forge the sword of your deliverance, will they marshal the army and lead it to the fray? Will their wealth be spent for the purpose—will they build colleges and churches to teach you the way will ing came forward and began to speak.

die for, if need be. Here were men who would show him and help him; and he would show him and help him; and fray? Will their wealth be spent for the purpose—will they build colleges and churches to teach you the way, will dream, yours to resolve, yours to exe-That if ever it is carried out, it cute? that wealth and mastership can opposein the face of ridicule and slander, of hatred and persecution, of the bludgeon and the jail? By the force of your naked bosoms opposed to the rage of oppression! By the grim and bitter teaching of blind and merciless afflicby the painful gropings of the untutored mind, by the feeble stammerings of the uncultured voice; by the sad and lonely hunger of the spirit—by seeking and striving and yearning, by heart-ache and despairing, by agony and sweat of blood! By money paid a movement beginning in the far-off past-a thing obscure and unhonored, a thing unlovely, wearing the aspect of

vengeance and hate—but to you, the workingman, the wage-slave, calling with a voice insistent, imperious-with a voice that you cannot escape, where-ever upon the earth you may be, with the voice of all your wrongs, the voice of all your desires, with the voice of your duty and your hope-of everything in the world that is worth while to you! The voice of the poor, demanding poverty shall cease! The voice of the oppresses are not stopped—our pressed, pronouncing the doom of op-The voice of power, wrought out of suffering-of resolution, crushed out of weakness-of joy and beauty. born in the bottomless pit of anguish and despair! The voice of Labor, despised and outraged! A mighty giant, lying prostrate—mountainous, colossal, but blinded, ignorant of his strength. And now a dream of resistance haunts him, hope battling with fear; until suddenly he stirs, and a fetter snaps; and a thrill shoots through him, to the farthest ends of his huge body-and in a flash the dream becomes a resolution! He starts, he lifts himself! The bands are shattered, the burdens roll off him! He rises-towering gigantic! He springs to his feet-he shouts in his new-born

exultation--And the speaker's voice broke suddenly, with the stress of his feelings; thousand children wearing out their he stood with his arms out-stretched strength and blasting their lives in the and the power of his vision seemed to effort to earn their bread! There are lift him from the floor. The audience hundred thousand mothers who are came to its feet with a yell; men living in misery and squalor, struggling waved their arms, laughing aloud in -shouting because he could not help it, because the stress of his feeling was more than he could bear. It was not women and children, who share the fate merely the man's words, the torrent of his eloquence; it was his presence, it they can stand and see, for just enough was his voice, a voice with strange intill the end of their days to monotony and weariness, to hunger and misery, to heat and cold, to dirt and disease, to ignorance and drunkenness and vice! the sum of fright, with a sense of things not of sand-ten thousand, maybe-who are earth, of mysteries never spoken before, what they receive, they do not even have a breaking of the ground beneath him, self, their only care is to get rid of it.

They live in palaces, they riot in luxury man no longer—there were powers and extravagance—such as no words can describe, as makes the imagination reel demon forces contending, age-long won-

The sentences of this man had been life is a contest among themselves for to Jurgis like the crashing of thunder in in him-all his old hopes and long-

necessary things, in the wasting of the ings, his old griefs and rages and de whole life seemed to come back to him at tions, the sweat and tears and blood of once, and with one new emotion, hardly the human race! It is all theirs-it to be described. That he should have comes to them; just as all the springs suffered such oppressions and such horpour into streamlets, and the streamlets rors was bad enough; but that he should into rivers, and the rivers into the have been crushed and beaten by them, ocean—so, automatically and inevitably, that he should have submitted, and forgotten, and lived in peace-ah, truly that was a thing not to be put into words, a thing not to be borne by a loom, the mason carves the stone; the human creature, a thing of terror and madness! "What," asks the prophet, "is the murder of them that kill the body, to the murder of them that kill the soul?"
And Jurgis was a man whose soul had been murdered, who had ceased to hope

The big man with the spectrum of them that kill the soul?"

know anything about it all—

The big man with the spectrum of them that kill the soul?"

how glad I am I heard you. and to struggle-who had made terms with degradation and despair; and now, suddenly, in one awful convulsion, the black and hideous fact was made plain to him! There was a falling in of all the pillars of his soul, the sky seemed to split above him-and he stood there, with his clenched hands upraised, his eyes bloodshot, and the veins standing out purple in his face, roaring in the voice of a wild beast, frantic, incoherent, maniacal! And when he could shout no of-I want to help. I have been through more he stood gasping, and whispering all that." hoarsely to himself: "By God! By "Where

God! By God!" The man had gone back to a seat upon were once democracies, and in which the platform, and Jurgis realized that his speech was over. The applause continued for several minutes; and then some one started a song, and the crowd among you who can believe that such a stirred in his life—it was a miracle system will continue forever—is there system will continue forever—is there a man here in this audience so hardened and debased that he dare rise up be not think at all, he was stunned; yet fore we and sow that he believes it can be know that in the mighty upheaval.

dast week," said the other. "She that had taken place in his soul, a new someone who will be able to help you continue forever, that the product of the that had taken place in his soul, a new someone who will be able to help you as well as I could—" as well as

ing came forward and began to speak. His voice sounded thin and futile after should they not all sit in silence? The chairman was explaining that a collecwill be in the face of every obstacle tion would now be taken up to defray the expenses of the meeting, and for the benefit of the campaign-fund of the party. Jurgis heard; but he had not a penny to give, and so his thoughts went elsewhere again. He kept his eyes fixed on the orator,

who sat in an arm-chair, his head leaning on his hand and his attitude indicating exhaustion. But suddenly he stood again, and Jurgis heard the chairman of the meeting saying that the speaker would now answer any questions which the audience might care to put to him. for with hunger, by knowledge stolen from sleep, by thoughts communicated under the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the feature of the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the shadow of the shad of Tolstoi, and did not care anything about him. Why should anyone want to ask such questions, after an address like that? The thing was not to talk, but to do; the thing was to get hold of others and rouse them, to organize them and prepare for the fight! This Tolstoi was not altogether in agreement with room. He had three young children, he the speaker, it seemed-then so much so much the worse for Tolstoi, and

enough said about him! But still the discussion went on, in ordinary conversational tones, and it brought Jurgis back to the every-day world. A few minutes ago he had felt of the man on the other side of him. And dirty, and smelt bad, and had no place to sleep that night!

broke up, and the audience started to leave, poor Jurgis was in an agony of He had not thought of uncertainty. He had not thought of leaving—he had thought that the vision comrades and brothers. But now he would go out, and the thing would fade and if Jurgis wanted to understand Soaway, and he would never be able to cialism, here was the place for him to find it again! He sat in his seat, begin—with what was called "the iron frightened and wondering; but others law of wages." Wages tended conin the same row wanted to get out, and stantly to the lowest possible leevl; the As he was swept down the aisle he exist from day to day, and so they bid ing the address—but there was nobody who offered to discuss it with him. He was near enough to the door to feel the poor. By combination unions, and night air, when desperation rejectored reduced the second response to the second to earn enough to feed their little ones! their excitement. And Jurgis was with There are a hundred thousand old peoorator; and he was to go away-no, no, it was preposterous-he must speak to flood, and wages sank again; and thus some one, he must find that man him-self and tell him. He would not de-in a life and death struggle with povspise him, tramp as he was!

So he stepped into an empty row of seats and watched, and when the crowd platform.

CHAPTER XXXIII.



stood open, with people way, and to the door of a room where many people

The orator his shoulders together and his eyes half closed; had become chair. side. stood near him, and kept pushing back the crowd. "Stand away a little, please;"

So Jurgis stood, watching, while five or ten minutes passed. Now and then it was like the movement of a glacier, the man would look up, and address a once it was started it could never be word or two to those who were near stopped. Every Socialist did his share, him; and, at last, on one of these occasions, his glance rested on Jurgis. There time" coming—when the working-class seemed to be a slight hint of inquiry about it, and a sudden impulse seized the other. He stepped forward.

"I wanted to thank you, sir!" he began,

"he began; but the other to anvoneheld up his hand. "Wait," he said. "He has something

about Socialism?" he asked.

Jurgis started. "I—I—" he stammered. "Is it Socialism? I didn't know.

"Where do you live?" asked the other. "I have no home," said Jurgis, "I am out of work." "You are a foreigner, are you not?"

then turned to his friend. "Who is successful political meetings of the presthere, Walters?" he asked. "There is ent campaign. There were half a dozen Ostrinski-but he is a Pole-"Ostrinski speaks Lithuanian," said

the other." "All right, then; would you mind seeing if he has gone yet?"

ing to walk in that direction; and so gress, organize political parties to guide and carry on the struggle? Can you not see that the task is your task—yours to dream yours to resolve your yours to resolve your yours to resolve your your your your y come to America, and pened to him in the stockyards, and how his family had been broken up, and how So much he had become a wanderer. the little man heard, and then pressed Jurgis's arm tightly. "You have been through the mill, comrade!" he said. "We will make a fighter of you!"

Then Ostrinski in turn explained his circumstances. He would have asked Jurgis to his home-but he had only two rooms, and had no bed to offer. He would have given up his own bed, but his wife was ill. Later on, when he understood that otherwise Jurgis would have to sleep in a hallway, he offered him as his kitchen-floor, a chance which the other was only too glad to accept.
"Perhaps tomorrow we can do better," said Ostrinski. "We try not to let a comrade starve." Ostrinski's home was in the "ghetto

district," where he had two rooms in the basement of a tenement. There was a baby crying as they entered, and he closed the door leading into the bedexplained, and a baby had just come. He drew up two chairs near the kitchen stove, adding that Jurgis must excuse the disorder of the place, since at such a time one's domestic arrangements were upset. Half of the kitchen was given up to a work-bench, which was piled with like seizing the hand of the beautiful clothing, and Ostrinski explained that he lady by his side, and kissing it; he had felt like flinging his arms about the neck great bundles of clothing here to his home, where he and his wife worked on now he began to realize again that he them. He had always made a living at was a "hobo"—that he was ragged and it, but it was getting harder all the time, because his eyes were failing. What would come when they gave out he could And so, at last, when the meeting not tell; there had been no saving anything—a man could barely keep alive by twelve or fourteen hours' work a day. The finishing of pants did not take much skill, and anybody could learn it, last forever, that he had found and so the pay was forever getting less. he That was the competitive wage system; so he had to stand up and move along. workers were dependent upon a job to looked from one person to another, against each other, and no man could get wistfully; they were all excited, discuss- more than the lowest man would consent

ployed, and it swept over them like a

in a life and death struggle with poverty. That was "competition," so far as it concerned the wage-earner, the man who had only his labor to sell. To had thinned out, he started towards the those on top, the exploiters, it appeared very differently, of course; there were few of them, and they could combine and dominate, and their power would be unbreakable; and so they paid what they HE speaker was gone; but pleased for labor, and charged what they there was a stage-door that pleased for products, and the key to all the problems of the modern world was passing in and out, and no that combination of a monopoly price one on guard. Jurgis sum- and a competitive wage. It was owing moned up his courage and to this that all over the world two went in and down a hall- classes were forming, with an unbridged chasm between them-the capitalist class, with its enormous fortunes, and were crowded. No one paid any attention to him, and the proletariat, bound into slavery by unseen chains. The latter were a thouhe pushed in, and in a cor- sand to one in numbers, but they were ner he saw the man he ignorant and helpless, and they would sat in a remain at the mercy of their exploiters sunk until they were organized-until they "class-conscious." his face was ghastly pale, almost green was a Socialist phrase; it meant that a ish in hue, and one arm lay limp at his workingman had come to perceive once A big man with spectacles on and for all that the interests of his employer and his own were opposite; and then he would join the Socialist movelabor and the lives of their fellow creatures, the toil and approish of the naand weary work, but it would be doneand lived upon the vision of the "good should go to the polls and seize the powers of government, and put an end to private property in the means of pro-No matter how poor a man in breathless haste. "I could not go was, or how much he suffered, he could luction. away without telling you how much— never be really unhappy while he knew how glad I am I heard you. I—I didn't of that future; even if he did not live to see it himself, his children would, and, The big man with the spectacles, who to a Socialist, the victory of his class had moved away, came back at this mo- was his victory. Also he had always the ment. "The comrade is too tired to talk progress to encourage him. Here in Chicago, for instance, the movement was growing by leaps and bounds-Chicago was the industrial center of the counto say to me." And then he looked into Jurgis's face. "You want to know more ahead of the rest of the ahead of the rest of the country in "class-consciousness." Nowhere else were the unions strong; but their organizations I want to know about what you spoke the workers little good, for the employers were organized, also; and so the strikes generally failed, and as fast as the unions were broken up the men came over to the Socialists. It was a fine thing to see-one could feel the excitement in the very air, and even the "Lithuanian, sir."
The man thought for a moment, and that the Socialists were holding the most

every night, and on Saturday night fifteen or twenty; the vote was going to be a record-breaker. It would set a mark, and break the conspiracy of si lence of the capitalist press-they The other started away, and the have to discuss Socialism, and every speaker looked at Jurgis again. He had though they told lies about it, me not for deep, black eyes, and a face full of gen- ple would begin to ask quest it was that the party made

"I am just carrying the ground inch of every obstacle

Ostrinski explain

of the party, the machinery by which the proletariat was educating itself. There were "locals" in every big city and town, and they were being organized anywhere from six to a thousand members, and there were fourteen hundred twenty-five thousand members, who paid dues to support the organization. Then there were the state organizations, and above them the national, which had its headquarters in Chicago. "Local Cook County," as the city organization was dollars in the campaign. It published an English weekly, and a Bohemian, German, and also there was and a co-operative publishing house, that issued a million and a half of Socialist books and pamphlets every year. All this was the growth of the last few years-there had been almost nothing of it when Ostrinski first came to Chicago.

Ostrinski was a German Pole, about fifty years of age. He had lived in Sile-sia, a member of a despised and persecuted race, and had taken part in the proletarian movement in the early seventies, when Bismarck, having conquered France, had turned his policy of blood and iron upon the "International." ism had broken all its barriers and become the great political force of the empire, he had come to America, and begun He had understood, for himself, that Sofree speech and free institutions to Socialism. Now that time had come, and the whole country was seething with ag-Ostrinski that America might really be red or yellow, were equally sacred. So of disease was found, the carcass was inthe first of the nations to witness the the International Socialist movement stantly destroyed. As the loss fell upon The little tailor sat tilted back in his

stiff kitchen chair, with his feet stretched out upon the empty stove. He spoke in low whispers, so as not to wake those in the next room. To Jurgis he seemed a scarcely less wonderful person than the speaker at the meeting; he was as poor as Jurgis himself had been, the lowest of the low, hungerdriven and miserable—and yet how much he knew, how much he had dared and achieved, what a hero he had been! There were others like him, too; thousands like him, and all of them workingmen! The listener sat trembling, and lost in admiration; all this wonderful machinery of progress had been created by his fellows-he could not believe it, it seemed too good to be true.

That was always the way, said Osdrinski, wher a man was first conf verted to Socialism he was like a crazy person-he could not understand how others could fail to see it, and he expected to convert all the world the first week. After a while he would realize how hard a task it was; and then it would be fortunate that other new hands kept coming, to keep him from settling have plenty of chance to vent his excite-Ostrinski would take him to the e nevi meeting of the branch-local, and introduce him, and he might join the party All that one had to do was to sign a declaration that he renounced all connection with the old parties, and that he recognized the class-struggle as the fundamental fact of modern society. The dues were five cents a week, but anyone who could not afford this might be excused from paying. The Socialist party was the most democratic of political organizations—it was controlled absolutely by its own membership, with the freest use of the initiative and referendum. and the principle of the recall of offi-All of these things Ostrinski explained, as also the plan by which the party controlled its candidates who were When they were nomelected to office. inated they placed their resignations in the hands of the party, for use at any time if they should prove false to Socialist principles.

You might say that there was really but one Socialist principle-that of "no compromise," which was the essence of proletarian movement all over the When a Socialist was elected to world. office he voted with old party legislators for any measure that was likely to be of help to the working-class, but he never forgot that these concessions, whatever they might be, were trifles compared with the great purpose for which his party existed-the organizing of the working-class for the revolution. Socialists never made any sort of an alliance with capitalist parties, never "fused," or made a "deal," and never voted for capitalist candidates. This principle was the very life of Socialism, and so, of course, it was the thing which made the exploiters angriest; they were always trying to bribe or cajole or browthe party into swerving from it. and though they always failed, they were always busy celebrating a success somewhere or other. For instance, it was the fact that the party in Germany than it had ever been in its history before; yet it was the conventional lie, America and England, that the German Socialists had abandoned the revolution, and became a party of political re-This helped to take away from the American Socialists the prestige of the American workmunicipal ownership, and "reform." That, of course, was only one of a

housand ways in which they misrepresented Socialism, and against them all refused to handle its products. It diicu Socialists had only one defense, to go he people and spread the truth fixed the price of meat in all of them; it

So far the rule in owned all the refrigerator cars, and leveen that one Socialist made | ied an enormous tribute upon all poul-Address ... t once every two years. try and eggs and fruit and vegetables. party had first made With the millions of dollars a week that was, he paid a visit to Ostrinski to tell

thousand, and in 1900 it had cast a hundred and twenty-six thousand. At the light franchises, the leather and the rapidly in the smaller places; a local had same rate it should cast half a million this year, two millions in 1908, and sweep the country in 1912-though there of them in all, with a total of about were few Socialists who expected to succeed as quickly as that.

The Socialists were organized in every

had ever known. It numbered thirty millions of adherents, and it cast eight | ing applied, the public did not care any called, had eighty branch locals, and it million votes. It had started its first thing—it read the capitalist papers, and out—I didn't sleep all last night because newspaper in Japan, and elected its first deputy in Argentina; in France it named men. What would stir the public, how-Australia it held the balance of power field in which the "Great Butcher" was monthly published in Chicago, and turned out ministries. In Germany, at work-when it understood that he parties and powers had united to fight lord of the "mailed fist;" there was the meats; when it understood that a man mediaeval nobility, the descendants of aristocracy of the army, whose officers beat and kicked and maimed the helpless soldiers; there was the bigoted seventeenth-century Protestant church, with its snuffy country parsons; there lets of the Spaniards in the last war; was the Roman Catholic church and the and with every carload they were ship-Jesuits; there was the bureaucracy, and Ostrinski himself had twice been in jail, were the capitalists, the masters of but he had been young then, and had not cared. He had had more of his share of rope to which you went you found the the "reptile" press; and finally, there the fight, though, for just when Social- same powers of darkness leagued to on the Manchurian battle-fields, and in blankets. To a musket that broke in gether; and the wretched workers were jammed into slums and imprisoned in factories, or herded like sheep and sent all over again. In America everyone had out to the slaughter, to conquer new at the mere idea of Socialism markets and new opportunities of profit lecture by an Englishman, an expert the rheumatism would get into his joints, then—in America all men were free. As for the masters. All this was frightful upon sanitary science, who had been sent and then he would screw up his face if political liberty made wage-slavery to see and understand-it was a sort of by the London Lancet to study the any the more tolerable! said Ostrinski. day-nightmare: the people burdened by poverty and ignorance, by race prejudice cialism would come more quickly in a and religious bigotry, and crushed by house of Berlin, where the governing of this world, and he preached it to ev free country than anywhere else, and a power such as this! Yet that was when the comrades had sneered at the life-it was in this fiery furnace that some slight check upon the crimes of American workingman, saying that he the new civilization was being forged, had no idea save to get to be an emit was in this agony that men were be- killed for any one who brought animals ployer himself, and turn upon his class. ing brought together, and the dream of to it, charging so much per head. It Ostrinski had always answered that the Brotherhood of Man being made a was built according to the latest scientific do about it—vote the Socialist ticket! when the country was once filled up, and reality. It would not do, Ostrinski exthe class-lines were drawn tightly, it would no longer be possible for the work- tion to achieve the victory; for that naingman to become a capitalist, and then tion would be crushed by the military they would find out the importance of power of the others; and so the Socialist movement was a world movement, an or-

> Until long after midnight Jurgis sat lost in the conversation of his new acquaintance. It was a most wonderful xperience to him-an almost supernatural experience. It was like encountering an inhabitant of the fourth dimension of space, a being who was free from all one's own limitations. For four years, now, Jurgis had been wandering and blundering in the depths of the Jungle; and here, suddenly, a hand reached down and seized him, and lifted him out of it, and set him upon a high mountaintop, from which he could survey it allcould see the paths from which he had wandered, the morasses into which he is stumbled, the hiding places of the beasts of prey that had fallen upon him.

There were his Packingtown experiences. for instance-what was there about possession of the Union Stockyards! Packingtown that Ostrinski could not explain! To Jurgis the packers had been equivalent to fate; Ostrinski showed him that they were the Beef Trust. They were a gigantic combination down into a rut. Just now Jurgis would of capital, which had crushed all opposition, and overthrown the laws of the ment, for a presidential campaign was land, and was preying upon the people on, and everybody was talking politics. Jurgis recollected how, when he had first ome to Packingtown, he had stood and og-killing, and thought how cruel and savage it was, and come away congratulating himself that he was not a hog; now his new acquaintance showed him that a hog was just what he had been-one of the nackers hogs! Labor was their hog, and the public was their hog, and they themselves were the biggest hogs of all. They vere business-men; and business was business. What they wanted from a og was all the profits that could be got out of him; and that was what they vanted from the workingman, and that was what they wanted from the people What the hog thought of it, and what he suffered, was not considered; and no more was it with the workingman, and no more was it with the purchaser of meat. That was true everywhere under capitalism, but it was especially true in Packingtown; there seemed to be something about the work of slaughtering that tended to ruthlessness and fero ity-it was literally the fact that in the methods of the packers a hundred human lives did not balance a penny of profit. When Jurgis had made himself amiliar with the Socialist literature, as he would very quickly, he would get glimpses of the Beef Trust from all sorts of aspects, and he would find it everywhere the same; it was the incarnation of blind and insensate Greed, it was a monster devouring with a thousand mouths, trampling with a thou-sand hoofs; it was the Great Butcher, it was the spirit of Capitalism made flesh. Upon the ocean of commerce it sailed as a pirate-ship, it had hoisted the black flag and declared war upon civilization. Bribery and corruption, the

overthrowing of laws and the defying of constitutions-these were its every-day methods. In Chicago the city government was simply one of its branch-of fices; it stole billions of gallons of city water openly, it dictated to the courts the sentences of disorderly strikers, it forbade the mayor to enforce the buildwas now more solidly class-conscious ing-laws against it. In the national capital it had power to prevent inspection of its product, and to falsify gov accepted by all the capitalist writers in ernment reports; it violated the rebate laws, and when an investigation threatened it burned its books and sent its criminal agents out of the country. In the commercial world it was a Juggernaut car; it wiped out thousands of "three million party," and to make businesses every year, it drove men to ingman with futilities like free silver, price of cattle so low as to destroy the madness and suicide. It had forced the stock-raising industry, an occupation upon which whole states existed. It had

roads and trolley lines, gas and electricgrain business of the whole country.

Ostrinski knew about these abuses through a Chicago editor whom he had met, and who was investigating them. The public was tremendously stirred up about them, for it affected its pocketcivilized nation; it was an international book directly. About the sufferings of same slaughter-house methods were bemembers of cabinets, and in Italy and ever, was the realization of the third the total vote of the Empire, all other a sudden and agonizing death to tens of playing a game of chance for his life. that they put up in tins they had killed more American soldiers than all the bulping out tonight, they sent the death camp-not only in America, but all over his first acquaintance with "graft" in the South African diamond-mines! And then, as a contrast to this, Os-

power of an old time aristocracy put commercialism. This slaughter-house principles, light and airy, with concrete floors and no nooks or corners to hold dust and dirt; its walls and floors, every He had inch of them, were flushed every day with boiling water from a traveling maganization of all mankind to establish was killed there, twelve samples were was the new religion of humanity-or the owner, he was careful what he the old religion, since it was but the diseased cattle has been wiped out. The practical application of all the teachings difference between such a system as that of Christ. was, of course, simply the difference be tween civilization and savagery. Yet there was no hope of a national or a municipal slaughter-house in America, with the packers in control in both the city and the nation. All that one could do was to teach the people, and to preach to them, and prepare them for the time when they were to seize the huge machine called the Beef Trust, and use it to produce food for human beings, and murderers and pirates.

It was long after midnight when Juris lay down upon the floor of Ostrinski's kitchen; and yet it was an hour before he could get to sleep, for the glory

CHAPTER XXXIV.





URGIS had breakfast with Ostrinski and his family, and then he went home to Elzbieta. He was no longer shy about it-when he went in, instead of saying all the tell Elzbieta about the revolution. At first she thought he was out of his mind, and it was hours before she certain that he was himself. When,

she had satisfied herself that he was sane upon all subjects except politics she troubled herself no furabout it. Jurgis was destined to find that Elzbieta's armor was absolutely impervious to Socialism. Her soul had been baked hard in the fire of adversity and there was no altering it now; life to her was the hunt for daily bread, and ideas existed for her only, as they bore upon that. All that interested her in regard to this new frenzy which had seized hold of her son-in-law was whether or not it had a tendency to make him sober and industrious; and when she found ne intended to look for work and to contribute his share to the family fund she gave him full rein to convince her of anything. A wonderfully wise little oman was Elzbieta; she could think as quickly as a hunted rabbit, and in half an hour she had chosen her life-attitude to the Socialist movement. She agreed in everything with Jurgis, except need of his paying his dues; and she would even go to a neeting with him now and then, and sit and plan her next day's dinner amid the storm.

For a week after he became a convert Jurgis continued to wander about all day, looking for work; until at last he met with a strange fortune. He was passing one of Chicago's innumerable small hotels, and after some hesitation he concluded to go in. A man he took for the proprietor was standing in the obby, and he went up to him and tackled him for a job.

"What can you do?" the man asked. "Anything, sir," said Jurgis; and dded quickly: "I've been out of work for a long time, sir. I'm an honest man, and I'm strong and willing-The other was eyeing him narrowly.

'Do you drink?" he asked. "No. sir." said Jurgis.

"Well, I've been employing a man as a porter, and he drinks. I've discharged him seven times now, and I've about made up my mind that's enough. Would you be a porter?" 'Yes, sir.'

"It's hard work. You'll have to clean floors and wash spittoons and fill lamps and handle trunks "I'm willing, sir."

ruined thousands of butchers who had "All right. I'll pay you thirty month and board, and you can begin vided the country into districts, and now, if you feel like it. You can put on the other fellow's rig." And so Jurgis fell to work and toiled

and told Elzbieta, and also, late as it

Then he went

like a Trojan till night.

describing the location of the hotel Os- are from dawn till dark, and a man who banisters all the more vehemently betrinski interrupted eagerly: "Not Hinds's!"

"Yes," said Jurgis, "that's the name." To which the other replied: "Then you've got the best boss in Chicagohe's a state organizer of our party, and one of our best known speakers!'

So the next morning Jurgis went to political party, the greatest the world the Packingtown employes, to whom the his employer and told him; and the man seized him by the hand and shook it. "By Jove!" he cried, "that lets me I had discharged a good Socialist!" So, after that, Jurgis was known to his

'boss" as "Comrade Jurgis," and in return he was expected to call him "Comrade Hinds." "Billy" Hinds, as he was where its vote was more than a third of was dealing out, blindly and at random, known to his intimates, was a squat little man, with broad shoulders and a thousands of human beings every year, florid face, decorated with gray side-There was the Emperor-the war- through the sale of tainted and poisoned whiskers. He was the kindest-hearted man that ever lived, and the liveliest; mediaeval nobility, the descendants of who took a particle of packing-house he was inexhaustible in his enthusiasm, product into his stomach was simply talking Socialism all day and all night. He was a great fellow to jolly along a With the horrible and nauscating stuff crowd, and he would keep a meeting in an uproar; when once he got really waked up, the torrent of his eloquence Niagara. Billy Hinds had begun life as a black-

a crisis he always attributed the death trinski went on to tell Jurgis how he less blankets he blamed all the agonies had heard at Hull House Settlement a of his own old age. Whenever it rained, by the London Lancet to study the and mutter: "Capitalism, my boy, Caphorrors of Packingtown. This man had italism! "Ecrasez V Infame." "He had described the model municipal slaughter- one unfailing remedy for all the evils ery one; no matter whether the person's trouble was failure in business, or dyspepsia, or a quarrelsome mother-in-law, a twinkle would come into his eyes and he would say: "You know what to Billy Hinds had set out upon the trail of the Octopus as soon as the war was over. gone into business, and found himself in competition with the fortunes of those who had been stealing while he chine pump; and from every animal that had been fighting; he had found the city government in the hands of such and the railroads in league with the rights of all men, white or black or learning the rights of all men, white or black or the wall; and so he had put all his savings into Chicago real estate, and set out you might say it was the fulfillment of bought, and so the business of breeding He had been a reform member of the city conucil, he had been a Greenbacker, a Labor Unionist, a Populist, a Bryanite -and after thirty years of fighting, the year 1896 had served to convince him that the power of concentrated wealth could never be controlled, but could only be destroyed. He had published a pamphlet about it, and set out to organize a party of his own, when a stray Socialist leaslet had revealed to him that others had been ahead of him. Now for eight years he had been fighting for the party, anywhere, everywhere-whether it was a G. A. R. reunion, or a hotel-keepers' not to heap up fortunes for a band of convention, or an Afro-American business-men's banquet, or a Bible Society picnic, Billy Hinds would manage to get himself invited to explain the relations of Socialism to the subject in hand. After that he would start off upon a tour of of that joyful vision of the people of his own, ending at some place between Packingtown marching in and taking New York and Oregon; and when he came back from there, he would go out to organize new locals for the state committee; and finally he would come home to rest-and would talk Socialism in Chicago. Hinds's hotel was a very hotbed of the propaganda; all the em-

> ning to say, he started to as the conversation grew animated, others would gather about to listen, until finally everyone in the place would be crowded into a group, and a regular debate would be under way. This went on every night-when Billy Hinds was not there to do it, his clerk did it, and when his clerk was away campaigning the assistant attended to it, while Mrs. Hinds sat behind the desk and did the work. The clerk was an old crony of the proprietor's, an awkward, raw-boned iant of a man, with a lean, sallow face, broad mouth, and whiskers under his thin, the very type and body of a prairie farmer. He had been that all his lifehe had fought the railroads in Kansas for fifty years, a Granger, a Farmers' Alliance man, a "middle-of-the-road" Finally, Billy Hinds had re-Populist. vealed to him the wonderful idea of using the trusts instead of destroying them; and he had sold his farm went to collect the rent himself each Socialist tract, and a statement to the effect that, so long as the poor continued to put the money to better use than any capitalist.

That was Amos Struver: and ther here was Harry Adams, the assistant clerk, a pale, scholarly-looking man, who came from Massachusetts, of Pilgrim stock. Adams had been a cotton-operative in Fall River, and the continued depression in the industry had worn him and his family out, and he had emigrated to South Carolina. In Massachu setts the percentage of white illiteracy is eight-tenths of one per cent, while in South Carolina it is thirteen and sixtenths per cent: also in South Carolina child-labor is the rule, and so the cotton mills were driving those of Massachu-setts out of the business. Adams did not know this, he only knew that the Southern mills were running; but when he got there he found that if he was to live, all his family would have to work, and from six o'clock at night to six o'clock in the morning. So he had set to work to organize the mill-hands, after work, and stuck at it, and at last there nad been a strike for shorter hours, and reverse the victory!" Harry Adams had attempted to address a street meeting, which was the South the labor of convicts is leased to contractors and when there are not convicts enough they have to be supplied. It is a favorite amusement of the au horities to go out hunting negroesthey will find a number of them playing craps in a hallway, or indulging in a po-ker-game on a Sunday night, and they

judge who was a cousin of the millowner with whose business he had interfered; the life had nearly killed him, but he had been wise enough not to murmur, and at the end of his term he and Socialist party. He was a studious man, reserved, and nothing of an orator; but he always had a pile of books under his desk in the hotel, and articles from his pen were beginning to attract attention in the party press.

Contrary to what one would have ex-

pected, all this radicalism did not hurt

the hotel business; the radicals flocked to it, and the commercial travelers all found it diverting; of late, also, the hotel had become a favorite stopping place for Western cattlemen. Now that the Beef Trust had adopted the trick of raising waked up, the torrent of his eloquence prices to induce enormous shipments of could be compared with nothing save cattle, and then dropping them again and scooping in all they needed, a stockraiser was very apt to find himself in Thicago without money enough to pay his freight bill; and so he had to go to a cheap hotel, and it was no drawback to him if there was an agitator talking in the lobby. These Western fellows were just "meat" for Billy Hinds-he would of his only brother, and upon worth- get a dozen of them around him and paint little pictures of the Beef Trust Of course, it was not a week before he had heard Jurgis's story, and after that he would not have let his new porter go for the world. "See here," he would say, in the middle of an argument, "I've got a fellow right here in my place who's worked there and seen every bit of it!" And then Jurgis would drop his work, whatever it was, and come, and of them, and several times he all but got the other would say, "Comrade Jurgis, into a fight. just tell these gentlemen what you saw in the stockyards." At first, this request gis! It was so incomprehensible how a caused poor Jurgis the most acute agony, man could fail to see it! Here were all and it was like pulling teeth to get him the opportunities of the country, the to talk; but gradually he found out land, and the buildings upon the land, the what was wanted, and in the end he railroads, the mines, the factories, and learned to stand up and speak his piece the stores, all in the hands of a few pri-with enthusiasm. His employer would vate individuals, called capitalists, for sit by and encourage him with exclamations and shakes of the the head-when Jurgis would give the formula for "pot- the people produced went to heap up the ted ham," or tell about the condemned hogs made into lard in another state, and heap again, and vet again-and that up a thing like that out of his head?" And then the hotel-keeper would

show how on to So business" with the Beef Trust. when, in answer to this, the victim would say that the whole country was stirred up about the trust, that the newspapers were full of denunciations of it, and the government taking action against it, Billy Hinds had a knock-out plow all ready. "Yes," he would say, fall that is true-and what do you foolish enough to believe that it s for the good of the public? There are there is the Coal Trust, that freezes the poor in winter-there is the Steel Trust, that doubles the price of every nail in your shoes-there is the Oil Trust, that teeps you from reading at night-and Commanwealth: and the book was bought and allowed to die, and you can haraiy get a copy of it. now, at last, two magazines have the courage to tackle Standard Oil again, and what happens? The newspapers ridicule and vilify the authors, churches defend the criminals, and the government-does nothing at all. why is it so different with the Beef Here the other would generally admit

that he was "stuck;" and Billy Hinds would explain to him, and it was fun to see his cyes open. "If you were a Socialist," the hotel-keeper would say, 'you would understand that the power which really governs the United States today is the Railroad Trust. It is the Railroad Trust that runs your state government, wherever you live, and that runs the United States senate. Often by direct ownership, and more often by thousand subtle influences, it controls bought some tenements in Chicago. He the press of this free republic; and, controlling the press, it controls public opinmonth, and with every receipt went a ion, the churches, the schools, and the colleges. And all of the trusts that I named are railroad trusts-save to vote to pay rent, he was in a position only the Beef Trust! The Beef Trust has defied the railroads-it is plunder ing them day by day through the Private Car; and so the public is roused to fury, and the papers clamor for action, and the government goes on the war path! The Steel Trust fixes the tariff laws of the country and robs us by wholesale, and nothing is done; the Con-Trust violates the law of Pennsylvania forbidding combinations between coal mines and railroads, and nothing is done; the same trust violates the rebate law in Colorado, and the self-confessed criminal sits in the president's cabinet and helps direct the attempt to put the there is a property qualification for vot-ers—and for these and other reasons people watch and applaud the job, and think it's all done for you, and never dream that it is really the grand climax and culmination of the century-long battle of commercial competition—the final death-grapple between the chiefs of the Beef Trust and "Standard Oil," for the prize of the mastery and ownership of the United States of America! And the Beef Trust is winning, through its power to bleed the railroads; and the whole the fashion in Massachusetts, and had might of the United States government, been discharged; but he had gotten other and of the press and public opinion of America, is being used in an attempt to

Such was the new home in which Jur-In the states of the far gis lived and worked, and in which his education was completed. Perhaps you would imagine that he did not do much hand for Billy Hinds; hand for Billy Hinds; and to keep Hinds's hotel a thing of beauty was his joy in life. That he had a score of Sojoy in life. That he had a score of So-owning your own job and being your thing that can be effected be cialist arguments chasing through his own boss, it's working when you please ment, or that can be effected by will haul them up for "gambling," and brain in the meantime did not interfere and where you please, it's plenty and op calculation—It is a to tel, a to

nominations, it had cast two thousand votes; in 1896 it had cast thirty-two for the control of other interests, railthousand, and in 1900 it had cast a hun reads and polished the spittoons are spittoons and polished the spittoons and polished the spittoons are spittoons and polished the spittoons and polished the spittoons are spittoons are spittoons and polished the spittoons are spittoons are spittoons are spittoons. ventures to murmur is knocked over the cause at the same time he was wrestling head. Harry Adams was sent up by a inwardly with an imaginary recalcitrant. It would be pleasant to record that he swore off drinking immediately, and all the rest of his bad habits with it; but that would hardly be exact. These revolutionists were not angels; they were his family had left the state of South men, and men who had come up from Carolina—hell's backyard, as he called the social pit, and with the mire of it it. He had no money for car-fare, but it smeared over them. Some of them was harvest time, and they walked one drank, and some of them swore, and day and worked the next; and so Adams some of them ate pie with their knives; got at last to Chicago, and joined the there was only one difference between them and the rest of the populace-that they were men with a hope, with a cause to fight for and suffer for. There came times to Jurgis when the vision seemed far-off and pale, and a glass of beer loomed large in comparison; but if the glass led to another glass and too many glasses, he had something to spur him to remorse and resolution on the morow. It was so evidently a wicked thing to spend one's pennies for drink. when the working-class was wandering in darkness, and waiting to be delivered, and when the price of a glass of beer would buy ten copies of a Socialist paper, or fifty copies of a leaflet! And one could hand these out to the unregenerate, and then get drunk upon the thought of the good that was being accomplished. That was the way the movement had been made, and it was the only way it would progress; it availed nothing to know of it, without fighting for it-it was a thing for all, not for a few! A corollary of this proposition, of course, was that any one who refused to receive the new gospel was personally responsible for keeping Jurgis from his heart's desire; and this, alas, made him somewhat impatient as a teacher, and somewhat uncomfortable as an acquaintance. He met some neighbors with whom Elz-

bieta had made friends in her neighbor-

hood, and he set out to make Socialists

It was all so painfully obvious to Jur-

whom the people were obliged to work for wages. The whole balance of what fortunes of these capitalists, to Hinds would bang his knee and in spite of the fact that they, and every "Do you think a man could make one about them, lived in unthinkable luxury! And was it not plain that if the people stopped this ceaseless drain of "profits," there would be much more cialists had the only real remedy for all who worked? That was as plain for such evils, how they alone "meant as two and two makes four; and it was for all who worked? That was as plain And all there was to Socialism-the whole of it, absolutely the whole of it; and yet there were people who could not see it, who would argue about everything but that! They would tell you that the government could not manage things as economically as private individuals! They would repeat and repeat that, and think they were saying something! They you suppose is the reason for it? Are could not see that "economical" manage ment by masters meant simply they, that the people. were other trusts in the country just as ille-gal and extortionate as the Beef Trust; and paid less! They—workingmen, wage-earners, servants, and menials, who had nothing but their work to sell, who had no hope of anything but a bare existence, and who were at the mercy of exploiters whose one thought was to get why do you suppose it is that all the as much out of them as possible-they fury of the press and the government is directed against the Beef Trust, and not against these?" And when to this done thoroughly enough! Was it not honthe victim would reply that there was estly a trial to listen to an argument ployes were party men, and if they were not when they came, they were quite certain to be before they went away. The proprietor would get into a discussion with some one in the labby and company in his 'Wealth' and there was such as that? To think of people who other would continue: "Ten years ago were unwilling to trust themselves to be free and equal dwellers in a house of which they were part owners, and president with some one in the labby and the Standard O'l company in his 'Wealth' and the was considered to be settled to the standard of the stand ferred to be scullions and lackers in house that was managed "economically!"

> things even worse. You would begin talking to some poor devil who had worked in one shop for the last thirty years, and had never been able to save a penny; who left home every morning at six o'clock, to go and tend a machine, and come back at night too tired but also its democratic administra to take his clothes off; who had never Our present idea of "government" had a week's vacation in his life, had tyrannical bureaucracy, the agent never traveled, never had an adventure, never learned anything, never hoped anything-and when you started to tell him the governing authorities would be about Socialism he would sniff and say: I'm not interested in that-I'm an in dividualist!" And then he would go on of which all men and women were to tell you that Socialism was "pater- and equal members, and in the affai nalism," and that if it ever had its way the world would stop progressing-be- might appear to be much force cause individual initiative would be destroyed. It was enough to make a mule augh to hear arguments like that; and public spirit vet it was no laughing matter, as you enough, ound out—for how many millions of course there isn't!" cried Billy Hir such poor deluded wretches there were. individualities had been so stunted by Capitalism that they no Socialism; and since there isn't, we onger knew what individuality was, and to fall to work to make it! We have ere content to repeat a piece of stupid knavery that had been hatched in the secret councils of employers' associaions, and passed along by subsidized colege presidents and knavish politicians by hireling newspaper editors and sleek society preachers! Only think of it-it was "Individualism" for tens of thousands of workingmen to gather together and obey the orders of a steel magnate, and produce hundreds of millions of dollars of wealth for him, and then let him give them libraries, and say who should nanage them, and what books should be found in them: while for the men to take the industry and run it to suit themselves, and build their own libraries and run those to suit themselves-that was "Paternalism!" was "Individualism" for political parties to be in the hands of corrupt and ignorant bosses, who were paid b business-men to do their will lead the people to the polls like sheep to the slaughter-pen; and when the peo ple got up and started a party of their own, and paid its expenses and ran it to suit themselves-that was "Paternal-Sometimes the agony of such things as this was more than Jurgis could bear-his impotence in the face of such oppression as this. He longed for a million voices, that he might yell it into he cars of all the stupid feels at once-No. Socialism is not paternalism! Capithe evil man to do righteous alism is paternalism! It's doing as you're will of the perishing man to so would imagine that it due not do men told and asking no questions. It's beg-mistake. He would have cut off one ging for work, and taking what's offered you, and being taught your place! So-cialis is freedom and independence; it's

are trying to keep from you!"

And yet Jurgis was only at the ginning of his trials. He had yet to find out the newspapers, and the spurns that patient merit had to take from them About a week after Jurgis got his job there came off the great "Hinds Winslow Debate"-and when our friend read the accounts of this that were published in th Chicago papers, there was murder in his heart.

Dr. Oliver Winslow was a Baptist clergyman, whose church was just around the corner from the hotel; and the giv ing out of Socialist tracts during the campaign had moved him to a sermon denouncing Socialism as a menace to civlization. Straightway, of course, Billy Hinds and his cronies had gotten up a polite little letter challenging the gentleman to a debate. The letter was suasively worded, in the name of fair olay and free opinion; and it arrived on Saturday morning, and the clergyman mailed a refusal on Saturday afternoon -but on Sunday morning he discovered that the Socialists had printed their challenge and were giving it out in front of his church, so he wrote a second let ter, accepting. Now, a month or so later, the debate came off, and it was a great event. The neighborhood had been placarded with advertisements of it, and all the clergyman's congregation had come, and likewise all of Billy Hinds's. Jurgis sat right up in front, and as it was the first time he had ever heard his employer on the platform, he all but jumped out of his skin with glee. Billy Hinds had a way of beating with one arm as he rushed on to his climaxes: and he would work up the crowd-he would lift them-lift them-till they caped to their feet with yells of de-

Then he would spread out his arms with an imperious gesture, for applause had been barred, to save time and they would sink back, and he would rush on again. The way he strode up and down the platform and romped away with the clergyman was a sight to see; there may have been some who thought him not quite respectful—but then Socialism is the working-class battle for life, and it cannot always consider an individual's feelings. The clergyman had spoken about the nan who had worked and saved and accumulated a little capital, and upon his

right" to the interest it would Billy Hinds's reply convulsed the crowd—"Dr. Winslow seems to think that the first dollar is a male dollar, and the second a female dollar, and that when the man puts them into the bank together they reproduce nickels dimes, which by and by grow up to be dollars as big as their daddy! He doesn't understand that the thing he calls interest is wealth produced by another man, and which the other man had taken from him!" And then the hotel-keeper went on to show how a person who could get ten thousand dollars, whether it was by saving it or stealing it, had an ablebodied man to work for him for the rest of his life. Day or night, that man would never stop; he would work in spite of sickness, of summer's heat or winter's cold, a blind and helpless slave of the owner of the ten thousand dollars! And there were tens upon tens of billions of such dollars-and those who were their slaves and worked for them were the wage-earners of the world!

The clergyman's sprand and consider mainly of two argurband first, that the people could not up ange the indus-

tries of the country properly; and, see ond, that Socialism would destroy individual enterprise. Said Billy Hinds "I wouldn't really need swer those two arguments-I could just tie them up by the tails and hang them over a clothes-line, and they would chew each other up like the Kil-kenny cats!" And he went on second that we should stagnate because That was hard—and yet there were thing—and the first meant that would be so much for us to do th shouldn't be able to do simply meant that Dr. Winslow failed to understand that particular exploiting-class that was inant at the time; but under Socia the board of directors of a club-ir the world would be exactly a big which all took part. So, of course, other argument, that there would much for the people to do; there is enough. said Dr. Winslow

who knows that better than the

cialists? If there were enough, we'd'

agitate and preach, we have to get people together and organize them have to teach them, to make read and study and think for thems We have to train men to write and e to speak and debate, to organize and t administer affairs. And what is all but the people becoming capable of doing what the doctor says they aren't ca ble of doing at present? And why heaven's name is he not helping us make them capable-why, at least, he not wish us God-speed, instead ealling us enemies of civilization? does he simply stand there and tell that Socialism is an untried experimen of course it is an untried experiment So is the first attempt of the bab get upon its feet-but is that any son for strapping the little wi down? Why, whenever newspapers cuss Socialism, do they always argu question of dollars and cents, and fa understand that Socialism is not if a question of business, but a question right and wrong; that the facts by it is to be interpreted are not the finance alone, but those of reli Socialism is not an experiment nument; it is an act of will! It part of the rerretual miracle of spirit, the coming into being of a that never was before, a thing by the sovereign soul; it is the is the will of the working a an end to exploitation, with compariments of luxury and

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statistics to find out if it is worth the party. but you rouse him, you exhort you-implore him to rise up and reunderstanding that the in the will to be, and that apart the will there can be no power. Of the man may fail, after all, he the disinherited for life will end only eked at us and despised us, who lied out us and misrepresented us, who sat in idleness, while we toiled to deliver

kind! That was the climax of the debate so let it be imagined how Jurgis when he saw the papers the next r, and discovered that, though all of orted the event, and that one under heading: "Dr. Winslow Rebukes Soism!" It represented the worthy docin the attitude of a school-master uring an unruly pupil; and it gave If a column of his arguments, while all this one sentence: "To the argument the clergyman that the government pership was not a question of finance, of faith.

CHAPTER XXXV

But Marija only shook

her. She could not keep her past a secret rish had tried it, and they were all scholars an axiom in geometry, he would of human beings into dollars—if he avs found out. Thousands of men came this place, and scener or later she meet one of them. When a man had once come to this, she never got out. can't, do anything. I'm no good-1 vet more appalling. To Jurgis the Herr take dope. What could you do with Doctor Schliemann assumed the propor-

"Can't you stop?" Jurgis eried. "No." she answered, "I'll never stop

What's the use of talking about it—I'll stay here till I die, I guess. It's all I'm fit for now." And that was all that he could get her to say—there was no use trying. When he told her he would not let Elzbieta she answered indiffertake her money ently: "Then it'll be wasted here-that's all." Her eyelids looked heavy and her face was red and swollen; he saw that was, annoying her, that she only wanted him t Igo away. So he went, disappointed nd sad.

was not very happy in good lybieta was sick a home-l. now, and the boys were wild and their life upon the streets. But he stuck by the family nevertheless, for and when things went wrong he could solee himself with a plange into the Solist movement. Since his life had been aught up into the current of this mighty tream, things which had before been the le of life to him now came to seem al adventure. There was so much know-so many wonders to be dis-

Never, in all his life, did Jurgis blone message from a friend of Harry would go to pieces; machinery would dems, asking him to bring Jurgis to take the place of the household drudge, him that night; and Jurgis went, and children would be reared co-operamet one of the great minds of the tively-which would mean that science ialist movement.

ier, a young Chicago millionaire, who barrier to civilization at present was the he invitation was from a man named had a little home in the heart of intelligence was the delivering of woman city's slums. He did not belong to from herself. Socialist party, but he was in symhy with it, and he had explained t he was to have as his guest that weapon. Government oppressed int the editor of a big eastern magawho wrote against Socialism, but dly did not know what it was, occurred to Fisher that it might be ng Jurgis, with the idea of starting up he subject of the "Pure Food bill," in the editor was interested

The millionaire's home was a life two-story brick house, dingy and reather-beaten outside, but attractive within. The room that Jurgis saw was half-lined with books, and upon walls were many pictures, dimly visible in the soft, yellow light: it was a cold, ainy night, so a leg-fire was crackling in the open hearth. Seven or eight peowere gathered about it when Adams and his triend arrived, and Jurgis saw o his dismay that three of them were dies. He had never talked to people this sort before, and he fell into an ony of embarrassment. He stood in doorway clutching his hat tightly his hands, and made a deep bow to of the persons as he was introed; then, when he was asked to e a seat, he took a chair in a dark ner, and sat down upon the edge of from nowand wiped the perspiration off his head with his sleeve. He was terlest they should expect him to but, as it chanced, he was let for nearly the whole time.

iere was the host himself. a tall, as also was the editor, a dyspep-iking gentleman named Maynard. the former's frail young and also an elderly lady, a Mrs.

Christian ministers, meet a man Fisher had introduced to Jurgis as Mr. The state to drink, and who wishes Lucas, and Mr. Schliemann; he heard free you do not sit down with him them address Adams as "Comrade," and the other. figure on the chances, you do not go so he knew that they were members of

The one called Lucas was a mild and power to power; he had been an itinerant evangelist, it transpired, and he had seen the light and become a prophet of the new dispensation. At present he was on ment; a man whose whole being was one be too far gone for help; and so his way—as he phrased it—from San flame of hatred for wealth, and all that Socialism—it may be that corruphas so far eaten into the fibre of his way—as he phrased it—from San flame of hatred for wealth, and all that wealth stands for—for the pride of living like the apostles of old, upon wealth, and the inxury of wealth, and hospitality, and preaching upon street the tyranny of wealth; who was hima to the call of freedom, that we shall corners when there was no hall. The self a beggar and a tramp other was the man previously referred people, an associate of to, and he had been in the midst of a and women of the town; who again and to, and he had been in the hindst of a and women of the town, than again, in the most explicit language, de be ours, who strove and did our best and Jurgis came in; at the suggestion nounced wealth and the holding of will lie at the door of those who of the host they resumed it after the of the host they resumed it after the interruption, and Jurgis was soon sitting spellbound thinks was soon sitting spellbound, thinking that here was and give alms!'-Blessed are ye poor, surely the strangest man that had ever for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven!'lived in the world.

Nicholas Schliemann was a German received your consolation! - Verily, Swede; a tall, gaunt person with hairy say unto you that a rich man shall hands and bristling vellow beard. He hardly enter and discovered that, though all of had been notified, only one had ted the event, and that one under said, he had found that he was selling time. Who denounced in unmeasured the event, and that one under said, he had found that he was selling time. Who unto you, scribes and his character as well as his time. Also beginned to the event was selling the event. said, he had found that he was selling time: 'Woe unto you, 'scribes and his character as well as his time. Also pharisees, hypocrites!'—'Woe unto you he was a violinist of a tremendous sort, also, you lawyers!"—'Ye serpents, yo but he would not sell his music, and ingeneration of vipers, how can ye escape stead had come to America, where he lived in a garret-room in this slum dis-trict. He made volcanic energy take the temple with a whip! Who was cruciat it had to say of Billy Hinds's effort | trict. He made volcanic energy take the place of fire, and he studied the composi- fied-think of it-for an incendiary and tion of food-stuffs, and knew exactly how a disturber of the social order! many proteids and carbohydrates his this man they have made into the high-body needed; by scientific chewing he stating that to Socialists municipal said that he tripled the value of all he bility, a divine sanction of all the horate, and it cost him eleven cents a day, rors and abominations of modern com-About the first of July he would leave mercial civilization! Jewelled images Chicago for his vacation, on foot: and are made of him, sensual priests burn when he struck the harvest-fields he incense to him, and modern pirates of rould set to work for two dollars and a industry bring their dollars, wrung from NE of the first things that half a day, and come home when he had the toil of helpless women and children, Jurgis did when he got a another year's supply—a hundred and and build temples to him, and sit in job was to go and see Martwenty-five dollars. That was the near-cushioned seats and listen to his teachtwenty-five dollars. That was the near-cushioned seats and listen to his teachija. She came down into est approach, the basement of the house could make under capitalism, ne extended to meet him, and he stood plained; he would never marry—no man should allow himself to fall in man should allow himself to fall in talked this subject every day for five the door with his hat in man should allow himself to fall in talked this subject every day for five and had never yet let himself be the could had never yet let himself be

legs-crossed, and his head so far in the shadow that one saw only two glowing he cried. "This Jesus of Nazareth!" he cried. "This class-conscious workingher head. No, she said, lights, reflected from the fire on the there was nothing for her to, hearth. He spoke simply, and utterly do and robody to employ without emotion; with the manner of a teacher setting forth to a group of enunciate such propositions as made the hair of an ordinary person rise on end. And when the auditor had asserted his ad once come to this, she never non-comprehension, he would proceed with horror? Would he not go mad at and parade—but the drain upon the metic. "And besides." Marija added, to clucidate by some new proposition, the sight of it, he the Prince of Mercy vital energies of society by the war-tion's non-comprehension, he would proceed tions of a thunder-storm or an earthquake. And yet, strange as it might cem, there was a subtle bond between them, and Jurgis could follow him nearly all the time; he was carried over the difficult places in spite of himself, and went plunging away in mad career, a very Mazeppa-ride upon the wild horse

Speculation. Nicholas Schliemann was familiar with all the universe, and with man as a small part of it. He understood human institutions and blew them about like soap-bubbles. It was amazing that much destructiveness could be contained in one human mind-his words were like a stream of burning acid, which frizzled to nothingness everything they touched. Was it government? The purpose of government was the guardunruly, and very much the worse for ing of property-rights, the perpetuation of ancient force and modern fraud. Or was it marriage? Marriage and prostithey reminded him of his old happiness; tution were two sides of one shield, the predatory man's exploitation of the sexpleasure. The difference between them was negligible; marriage was leisure-class prostitution. If a woman had money she might dictate her own terms; equality, a life-contract, and the relatively slight importance. His in legitimacy—that is, the property-rights rests were elsewhere, in the world of of her children. If she had no money, she das. His outward life became common lace and uninteresting—he was just a nexistence. Ethically considered, marginal was a proletarian, and sold herself for an existence. Ethically considered, marginal was a proletarian and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; stiffe and stultify his example. and expected to remain riage was an act of poltroonery: like ple, and prove to them what he was, realm of thought his life was a perto obviate the soul. After the revoluto obviate the soul. After the revolu-tion, woman would be free, and she would use his authority to turn out the knaves mind also that this monstrous disease tion, woman would be tree, and she would and sluggards from his ministry, and affects not merely the idlers and their not sell nersell for a fiving; and with we shall yet rouse the people to ven- menials, its poison penetrates the whole course lose its meaning. With the al.o- geance and resolution!get one day when there came a tele- lition of menial slavery the family

And then the subject became Religion, which was the Arch-fiend's deadliest body of the wage-slave, but religion oppressed his mind, and poisoned the stream of pregress at its source. workingman was to fix his hopes upon a future life, while his pockets were me Socialists, and he suggested bring- picked in this one; he was brought up to frugality, humility, obedience—all the pseudo-virtues of capitalism.

Abroad, the destiny of civilization would capitalism. be decided in one final death-struggle between the Red International and the Black, between Socialism and the Roman Catholic Church. Nor were things much better at home, for "the stygian midnight of American evangelical-

And here the ex-preacher entered the field, and there was a lively debate. "Comrade" Lucas was not what is called an educated man: he knew only the Bible, but it was the Bible interpreted by real experience, and not merely learned by rote. What was the use, asked, of confusing religion with men's perversions of it? That the church was in the hands of the merchants at the mo ment was obvious; but already there were signs of rebellion, and if Comrade Schliemann could come back a few years

"Yes," said the other. "I have no doubt that in a hundred years the Vatican will be denying that it ever opposed Socialism, just as at present it denies that it ever tortured Galileo."

"I am not defending the Vatican," exetic young man, clad in evening claimed Lucas, vehemently. "I am de-s, as also was the editor, a dyspep-fending the word of God—which is one long cry of the human spirit for deliverance from the sway of oppression. Take the twenty-fourth chapter of the Book of Job, which I am accustomed to ent, and a Miss Harkness, a beau- quote in my addresses as the Bible upon the Beet Trust:' or take the words of and the quantity of material things was student of the great Standard Oil Isaiah—or of the Master Hinself. The lines of the golden crown things, on the other hand, there was no limit, and one could have more with stomach, but doctors and nurses for peobe sat by the table in the centre room, resting her chin in her and drinking in the conversation, were two other men, whom young were two other men, whom young

church-why should his words and his who was the world's first revolutionist, the true founder of the Socialist move The self a beggar and a tramp, a man of the 'Woe unto you that are rich for ve have lawyers!'-'Ye serpents, ye the damnation of hell?' Who drove out

"This Jesus of Nazareth!" man! This union carnenter! This agitator, law-breaker, firebrand, anarchist! He, the sovereign lord and master of a world which grinds the bodies and souls could come into the world this day and that it destroys, not merely the cost of see the things that men have made in keeping millions of men in idleness, of and Love! That dreadful night when he attitude and the war-terror, the brutallay in the Garden of Gethsemane and ity and ignorance, the drunkenness, pros- of the labor is a billion bushels, -do you think march out with a jewelled image of Him the benefit of foul monsters of sensuality and cruelty? Do you not know that if he were in St. Petersburgi now, he line some of the wastes of competition: alike? would take the whip with which he drove the losses of industrial warfare; the "Ma" out the bankers from his temple-Here the speaker paused an instant for breath.

"No. comrade," said the other, drily he was a practical man, and he would take pretty little imitationemons, such as are now being shipped into Russia, handy for carrying in the pockets, and strong enough to blow a

whole temple out of sight." ade. Here is a historical figure whom And now shall we leave him in the hands

Lucas paused again; and the other the table. unctuous and oily of bishops! An thropist and friend of labor bishop-a Civic Federation decoy-duck for chloroforming of the wage-workingman!"

To this little passage of arms the rest casion to remark, somewhat naively, that keepers displaying ists had a cut-and-dried program for the vertisements of them! future of civilization; whereas here were two active members of the party, who, fraud," put in young Fisher, at this from what he could make out, were point.

| Additional content of the party, who is the point of the party, who is the party is t agreed about nothing at all. Would fully-worded propositions: First, that ness, and he scarcely knows which of you," the reign of peace and good preservers, the adulterated -milk, will towards men. He regarded with analine soda-water, the potate abhorrence the ideas of the other-to sausageswhom Socialism was simply a necessary step towards a far-distant goal, a step these things," put in the ex-preacher. to be tolerated with impatience. Schlie "Precisely," said Schliemann; "the to be tolerated with impatience. Schliemann called himself a "philosophical development of every personality, unre- the hurrying and worrying. stricted by laws save these of its own being. Since the same kind of match sence of competition—they are but an-would light everyone's fire and the same other form of the phrase to buy in the shaped loaf of bread would fill every one's stomach, it would be perfectly feasible to submit industry to the control of a

"Well, then," cried Lucas, "and why tem whereby each man was credited with lion or two of business firms in the which would wash and dry the dishes, should Jesus have nothing to do with his labor and debited with his purchases; and after that the processes clerks; and consider the handling and of production, exchange and consumption would go on automatically, and ing, the planning and worrying, the without our being conscious of them, any balancing of petty profit and loss. Conbeating of his heart. And then, ex- law, made necessary by these processes; plained Schliemann, society would break the libraries of ponderous tomes, the up into independent, self-governing com- courts and juries to interpret them, the munities of mutually congenial persons; examples of such at present being clubs, the pettifoggying and chicanery, the churches and political parties. After hatreds and lies! Consider the wastes churches and political parties. the revolution, all the intellectual, artis- incidental to the blind and haphazard a season, and two hundred tons of vegetic and spiritual activities of men production of commodities-the factories tables upon a single acre; by which the would be cared for by such "free associations;" romantic novelists would be ing in storage; consider the supported by those who liked to read of the stock-manipulator, the paralyz- the United States alone! It is impossible romantic novels, and impressionist ing of whole industries, the over-stimupainters would be supported by those lation of others, for speculative purwho liked to look at impressionist pictures; and the same with preachers and ures, the crises and panics, the deserted scientists, editors and actors and mutators are supported by the same with preachers and ures, the crises and panics, the deserted problem of providing the food supply of our nation once taken in hand systematics. scientists, editors and actors and mu-towns and the starving populations! sicians. If any one wanted to work or Consider the energies wasted paint or pray, and could find no one to maintain him, he could support himself by working part of the time. That was advertising agent. Consider the wastes the poor and rocky land set apart for a national timber-reserve, in which our children play, and our young men hunt, the case at present, the only difference being that the competitive wage-system made necessary by competition and by able climate and soil for each product compelled a man to work all the time monopoly railroad-rates; consider the to live, while, after the abolition of slums, privilege and exploitation, any one would waste of vital energies; consider the of-Also the artist's audience of the present was a small minority of story, and the burrowing underground! people, all debased and vulgarized by Then take the whole business of insurthe effort it had cost them to win in the commercial battle; of the intellectual trative and clerical labor it involves, and artistic activities which would re- and all utter wastesult when the whole of mankind was set free from the nightmare of competition, we could at present form no conception whatever.

The editor requested to know upon what ground Dr. Schliemann asserted that it might be possible for a society to exist upon an hour's toil by each of its members. "Just what," answered the other.

would be the productive capacity of society if the present resources of science were utilized, we have no means of ascertaining; but we may be sure it exceed anything that would sound reasonable to minds inured to the ferocious barbarisms of Capitalism. After the triumph of the international proletariat, war would of course be inconceivable; and who can figure the cost of war to humanity-not merely the value of the lives and the material that he saw anything dustrial impotence and the moral deadworking time of every efficient member before them, to do wholesale murder for of a community goes to feed the red fifty cents."

the losses of industrial warfare; the ceaseless worry and friction; the vices—such as drink, for instance, the use of which had nearly doubled in twenty years, as a consequence of the intervity of physiologists, that most of the ills of the human system are due to over-feeding. It has easy and some hard, and we should have millions of rural mail-carriers, and no coal-miners. Of course the wages may be left the years, as a consequence of the intensification of the economic struggle; the idle and unproductive members of the community, the frivolous rich and the pauperized poor: the law and the whole machinery of repression; the wastes of social ostentation, the milliners and tailors, the Lucas waited until the company had hairdressers, dancing masters, chefs and tanged landning over this; then he be- lackeys. "You understand." he said, stopped laughing over this; then he be-gan again: "But look at it from the "that in a society dominated by the fact point of view of practical politics, com- of commercial competition, money is necessarily the test of prowess, and all men reverence and love, whom some wastefulness the sole criterion of power. regard as divine; who was one of us-who So we have, at the present moment, a lived our life, and taught our doctrine, society with, say thirty per cent of the population occupied in producing useof his enemics—shall we allow them to less articles, and one per cent occupied stiffe and stultify his example? We in destroying them. And this is not all; sand women of the élite are a million tretched out his hand to a paper on his head to a paper on the table. "Here, comrade," he said, they are not of the clite, and trying to with a laugh, "here is a place for you appear of it in public; and beneath to begin. A bishop whose wife has just them, in turn, are five million farmers' been robbed of fifty thousand dollars wives reading 'fashion papers' and would at last have something to say in the shaping of humanity. The greatest worth of diamonds! And a most trimming bonnets, and shop-girls and nent and scholarly bishop! A philan-heronist and friend of labor bishop—a sealskin robes. And then consider that, the added to this competition in display, you have, like oil on the flames, a whole system of competition in selling! You of the company sat as spectators. But have manufacturers contriving tens of now Mr. Maynard, the editor, took oc- thousands of catch-penny devices, storehe had always understood that Social- pers and magazines filled up with ad-

"And don't forget the wastes

"When one comes to the ultra-modern the two, for his enlightenment, try to profession of advertising," said the ascertain just what they had in common, other-"the science of persuading peo and why they belonged to the same ple to buy what they do not want—he party? This resulted, after much de is in the very centre of the ghastly hating, in the formulating of two care- charnel-house of capitalist destructive Socialist believes in the common own- dozen horrors to point out first. But ership and democratic management consider the waste in time and energy of the means of producing the necessi- incidental to making ten thousand varie ties of life; and, second, that a Social- ties of a thing for purposes of ostentaist believes that the means by which this is to brought about is a class-would do for use! Consider all the conscious political organization of the waste incidental to the manufacture of wage-earners. Thus far they were at cheap qualities of goods, of goods made one; but no farther. To Lucas, the reigious zealot, the Co-operative Common- the wastes of adulteration-the shoddy wealth was the New Jerusalem, the clothing, the cotton blankets, the un-Kingdom of Heaven, which is "within stable tenements, the ground-cork lifethe analine soda-water, the potato-flour "And consider the moral aspects of

said Schliemann; "the low knavery and the ferocious cruelty anarchist;" and he explained that an incidental to them, the plotting and anarchist was one who believed that the the lying and the bribing, the blustering end of human existence was the free and bragging, the screaming egotism, imitation and adulteration are the es-

cheapest market and sell in the dearest. the nation suffers a loss of a billion and a day's work, it takes, therefore, half tance than the application of the knowl-A government official has stated that half an hour a day; with ten hours as majority vote. There was only one earth, a quarter dollars a year through aduland the quantity of material things was terated foods; which means, of course, not only materials wasted that might things, on the other hand, there was no have been useful outside of the human

nore than a man is conscious of the sider the whole machinery of the civil lawyers studying to circumvent them, built up in the last ten years; by which, closed, the workers idle, the goods spoil- population of the whole globe could be activities the bad air, the disease and the be able to support himself by an hour's fice-buildings, the waste of time and material in the piling of story upon tion of expert agricultural chemists! I ance, the enormous mass of adminis-

> "I do not follow that," said the editor. "The Co-operative Commonwealth is universal automatic insurance-company and savings-bank for all its members. Capital being the property of all, injury to it is shared by all and made up by all. The bank is the universal gov ernment credit-account, the ledger in which every individual's earnings and spendings are balanced. There is also a universal government bulletin, in which are listed and precisely described commonwealth has everything which the for sale. As no one makes any profit by the sale, there is no longer any stimulus to extravagance, and no misrepresentation; no cheating, no adulteration or initation, no bribery or 'grafting.'"

sacks!

men and

soil with his primitive tools, and

"How is the price of an article de-termined?"

"The price is the labor it has cost to make and deliver it, and it is dehis name, would it not blast his soul arming and equipping them for battle termined by the first principles of arith-The million workers in the nation's wheat-fields have worked a hundred days each, and the total product so the all the benefits of science and invention, writhed in ageny until he sweat blood titution and crime it entails, the in- value of a bushel of wheat is the hun- and all the joys of the spirit—held to a richs, chanced to be long and lean, and dredth part of a farm labor-day. If we bare existence by competition in labor, the orator took him to illustrate the worse than he might see tonight upon the plains of Manchuria, where men too much to say that two hours of the say five dollars a day for farm-work, is too blind to see his chains!" then the cost of a bushel of wheat is

then continued:

one or the other will have to be varied continually, according as a greater or less number of workers is needed in any particular industry. That is precisely what is done at present, except that the prepare and handle, and more likely to transfer of the workers is accomplished be unclean; but what of that, so long blindly and imperfectly, by rumors and as it tickles the palate more strongly? advertisements, instead of instantly and completely, by a universal government asked Miss Harkness, quickly.

bulletin. "How about those occupations in which gis came. "So long as we have wage-slavery," answered Schliemann, "it matters not time is difficult to calculate? What is the labor cost of a book?"

"Obviously it is the labor cost of the in the least how debasing and repulsive paper, printing and binding of it—about a task may be, it is easy to find people to perform it. But just as soon as la-

fifth of its present cost. "And the author?" "I have already said that the state work will begin to rise. So one by one could not control intellectual produc the old, dingy and unsanitary factories tion. The state might say that it had will come down-it will be cheaper to poor. I live on the same earth as the major- their own killing-and how long do you ity, I wear the same kind of shoes and think the custom would survive then? To sleep in the same kind of bed; but I go on to another item-one of the necesdo not think the same kind of thoughts, sary accompaniments of capitalism in and do not wish to pay for such thinkers a democracy is political corruption; and as the majority selects. I wish such one of the consequences of civic administhings to be left to free effort, as at tration by ignorant and vicious politic-present. If people want to listen to a land is that typhoid, an absolutely precertain preacher, they get together and ventable disease, kills thirty-three contribute what they please, and pay hundred thousand of our population for a church, and support the preacher, every year. The well-to-do citizen reads and then listen to him; I, who do not magazines, and flatters himself that he want to listen to him, stay away, and it dodges the peril by drinking pure spring costs me nothing. In the same way there water-and he drinks it out of a glass about Egyptian coins, which has been washed and rinsed in magazines about any of them. On the other hand, in a generation if we cared to do it, by if wage-slavery were abolished, and I the isolation of the worst cases and the earn some spare money without education of the rest; and yet we conpaying tribute to an exploiting capi- tinue to allow them to go among us, then there would be a magazine spitting in our cars and on our streets, for the purpose of interpreting and sentencing one in every ten popularizing the gospel of Friedrich death! And the rich man fla opularizing the gospel of Friedrich death! And the rich man flatters him-vietzsche, the prophet of Evolution, and self that he does not ride in the streetalso of Horace Fletcher, the inventor of ears-and then his wife goes to a store the noble science of clean eating; and and buys a dress that was made in a incidentally, perhaps, for the discouragperhaps, for the discourag-sweat-shop, and a few weeks later his skirts, and the scientific only child dies of scarlet fever, and breeding of men and women, and the his preacher tells him it was an act of establishing of divorce by mutual Providence—as indeed it was. It was onsent."

That was a lecture," he said with a Mother Nature; a demonstration of elimination of the wage-worker. His ex-Dr. Schliemann paused for a moment. "and yet I am only begun!" "What else is there?" asked Maynard.

other. "I have hardly mentionel the positive economies of co-operation. Allowing five to a family there are fifteen up in filthy houses and left to rot and competition," answered the beings are not human beings at all: million families in this country; and at stew in misery. The conditions of their least ten million of these live separately, the domestic drudge being either the doctors in the world could heal them; wife, or a wage-slave. Now set aside and so, of course, they remain as centres cleaning, and the economies of co-operative cooking; and consider just one single item, the washing of dishes. I am sure it would be no exaggeration to one impossible for even the most selfish. I dish-washing for a family of five takes country. And note that this is most their right to a human existence." filthy and deadening and brutalizing work; that it is a cause of anæmia, nervousness, ugliness and ill-temper; of relapsed into silence. Jurgis had noticed sold, and prostitution, suicide and insanity; of that the beautiful young girl who sat by man race ten or twenty years before the drunken husbands and degenerate chil- the centre-table was watching him, with Of the

who had no where to lay his head—" soon as the birth-agony was over, and "I will grant you Jesus," interrupted the would be established a simple system of the would be established a simple system one would do. There are a mil-Mr. Maynard will still write the same and do it, not merely to the eye and the touch, but scientifically - sterilizing things about Socialism;" to which she answered, "I don't know-but if he does g and reaccount-worrying, the and loss. Con-time! All of these things you may find the I shall know that he is a knave." in the books of Mrs. Gilman; and then CHAPTER XXXVI. take Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories and Workshops," and read about the new science of agriculture, which has been with made soils and intensive culture, a gardener can raise ten or twelve crops in supported on the soil now cultivated in in the ically and rationally, by scientists! All however. He had to convert others, and

> selected; the exact requirements of the community known, and the acreage figured accordingly; the most improved machinery employed, under the direcwas brought up on a farm, and I know the awful deadliness of farm-work; and I like to picture it all as it will be after the revolution. To picture the great four potato-planting machine, drawn by horses, or an electric motor, plowing the furrow, cutting and dropping and covering the potatoes, and planting a score of acres a day! To picture the great potato-digging machine, run by electricity, perhaps, and moving across a thousand-acre field, scooping up earth and potatoes, and dropping the latter into To see every other kind of vegetable and fruit handled in the same way -apples and oranges picked by machin-ery, cows milked by electricity—things which are already done, as you may the future, to which millions of happy and he could hear speakers of national prominence. These discussed the polit women come for a summer holiday, brought by special trains, the ical situation from every point of view exactly needful number to each place! and all that troubled Jurgis was the in-And to contrast all this with our present agonizing system of independent part of the treasures they offered him. small farming—a stunted, haggard, ignorant man, mated with a yellow, lean and There was a man who was known in the party as the "Little Giant."

they are able to walk, scratching the but he got about on the platform, and shut when he shook his raven whiskers the out from all knowledge and hope, from machinations of the enemy. Dr. Schliemann paused a moment and hen continued: "And now place beside "You say 'for farm-work,' " said Mr. Maynard. "Then labor is not to be paid alike?"

this fact of an unlimited food-supply, the newest discovery of physiologists, that most of the ills of the human system only do the Socialists contend for the alike?" anything. thorities. Also, it has been proven that meat is unnecessary as a food; and meat is obviously more difficult to produce than vegetable food, less pleasant to of the Socialist party!"

Then there came a young author, who "How would Socialism change that?" It was had been a street boy in San Franciscothe first time she had spoken since Jur- a salmon-fisher, an oyster-pirate, a longshoreman, a sailor. He had tramped the country and been sent to jail he had lived in the Whitechapel slums, ne had been to the Klondike in search of gold. All these things he pictured in his books, and because he was a man, of genius he forced the world to hear him. bor is set free, then the price of such Now he was famous, but wherever he went he still preached the gospel of the

taken a year to write the book, and the build new; and so the steamships will author might say it had taken thirty. be provided with stoking-machinery, and "millionaire Socialist." He had made a Goethe said that every bon mot of his so the dangerous trades will be made fortune in business, and spent nearly all had cost a purse of gold. What I out safe, or substitutes will be found for of it in building up a monthly magazine, line here is a national, or, rather inter- their products. In exactly the same which the postoffice department had national, system for the providing of way, as the citizens of our Industrial tried to suppress, and had driven to the material needs of men. Since a man Republic become refined, year by year Canada. He was a simple, quiet-man-has intellectual needs also, he will work the cost of slaughter-house products longer, earn more, and provide for them will increase; until eventually those for anything in the world but a Socialist to his own taste and in his own way, who want to eat meat will have to do agitator. Yet he had been a candidate of the party in England and in Australia. in British Columbia, California and New

economic evolution, and he exhibited its laws and methods; he spoke simply and informally-he could not understand why anyone should not get excited about it. Life was a struggle for existence, and the strong overcame the weak, and in turn were overcome by the strongest. Those who lost in the struggle were generally exterminated; but now and then they had been known to save themselves combination-which was a new and nigher kind of strength. It was so that he gregarious animals had overcome the the predaceous; it was so, in human history, that the people had mastered the kings. The workers were simply the citizens of industry, and the Socialist movement was the expression of their will to survive. The inevitability of the revolution depended upon this fact, that they had no choice but to unite or be exterminated; this fact, grim and inex orable, depended upon no human will; it was the law of the economic process. The editor could show the details of it with the most marvelous precision; how just a little Socialist lecture, delivered the irresistible tendency of the wealth of after the cold and impersonal fashion of society to concentrate resulted in the slow equality and human brotherhood to one istence depended upon his ability to find who ridiculed and denied it! At pres- a job; and the job depended upon the "I have named some of the negative ent, of course, the majority of human master's ability to make profits; and as the wealth concentrated, the

HE impression which Jurgis got most keenly during these first weeks of his acquaintance with Socialism, was of the boundlessness of the subject, and of his own overwhelming ignorance. Its moral appeal he was as fit-ted to judge as any man; but so far as its intellectual content was concerned, ev-

ery difficulty which he conquered only revealed to him a dozen more. There was nothing for him to do but stick to it.

could not remain ignorant forever. He acquired the reading habit. He would carry in his pocket a tract or a pamphlet which some one had loaned him, and whenever he had an idle moment during the day he would read a paragraph and then think about it while e worked. Also he read the newspapers, and asked questions about them. One of the other porters at Hinds's was a sharp little Irishman, who knew everything that Jurgis wanted to know; and while they were busy he would explain to him the geography of America and its organization, its constitution, its laws, and its history; also he gave Jurgis a clear idea of the business system of the country, the great railroads and corporations, and who owned them, and the labor unions, and the big strikes, and the men who had led them Then at night, when he could get off Jurgis would attend the Socialist meet ings. During the campaign one was not dependent upon the street-corner affairs, where the weather and the quality of the orator were equally uncertain know. To picture the harvest-fields of There were hall meetings every night.

sad-eyed drudge, and toiling from four Lord had used up so much material in o'clock in the morning until nine at night, working the children as soon as not been enough to complete his legs; pillars of Capitalism rocked. The chair man of the evening, a man named Hinyou," said he, "that Socialists wish to abolish private property-that they wish us to divide up and own everything in right to own things, but their principa objection to the present system is that under it most people are unable to own Here are Comrade Hinrichs and I, who wear pants; and imagine us owning our pants in common! Do you think that Hinrichs would stay in a party that wanted he to go round is niy pants? Not collective ownership of pants, but collective ownership of the means of producing pants, is the object

York. There was a world-wide process of

production; but they could not do itmodern machinery, driven by steam and electricity, enabled one worker to duce a hundred times what he had for the modern system of pneumatic house-the modern system of pneumatic house-decoming and the economies of co-opera-lives of all of us, and making happiness man's income was fifty million dollars a year, he had to "save" it, whether he would or not. What he actually did was Surely it is moderate to say that the say that all the medical and surgical to reinvest it—that is, he used it to discoveries that science can make in the build new machinery, and to produce the wealth, which was rein-country and so on forever. S as babes. Yet future will be of infinitely less impora million able-bodied persons—mostly women—to do the dish-washing of the and interes Here the Herr Doctor concluded and there woul

closed a

the same look that Jurgis | was th

and answers, covering every phase of the social problem,

longer for the masters, but for ance production forever.

fifty thousand railroad employes, and into jail without trial. When the president of the union came out of his cell he Comrade Smith, of Kalamazoo. Michcame out a Socialist; and now for just ten | igan! years he had been traveling up and down the United States, standing face to face would be desperately serious. It sent a was scarce a workingman in the country who had not heard him; and now, to-night, in Chicago, where he had been crushed and ruined, the representatives of ninety-five labor-unions sat upon the platform with him, and over forty of hem had brought their union-banners for a sign. They were grouped in masses of color above the stage, and behind them all waved the standard of the revolution, the blood-red symbol of Brotherhood. The great Auditorium was packed

He was a man of electric presence, tall has ten loves to your one love."

panther. He leaned over, reaching out papers for his audience; he pointed into their souls with an insistent finger. His voice ize. In his biography you will note that Tom Cassidy. in his youth he was a slave-driver; and number of white ones. And if any of my not resist!

The ex-president of the United States had recently published his version of the Chicago strike in a big Eastern maga-zine, and his victim had written a reply. which the magazine had refused to print. It had appeared in a Socialist weekly, of which three-quarters of a million copies this meeting, and Jurgis took a copy home with him and read it through. And so he became acquainted with the "Ap

peal to Reason. About twelve years previously a Colo rado real estate speculator had made up his mind that it was wrong to gamble in the necessities of life of human beings; and he had retired and begun the publication of a Socialist weekly. There had come a time when he had to set his own type, but he had held on and won out, and now his paper was an institu-tion. It used a car-load of paper every week, and the mail-trains would be hours loading up at the depot of the lit tle Kansas town. It was a four-page weekly, which sold for less than half a cent a copy; its regular subscription list was over a quarter of a million, and its editions averaged four hundred thousand each week, and now and then touched the million mark. It went to every country town and cross-roads postoffice in America, and sometimes a single copy it was read and re-read by a dozen

people.

The "Appeal" was a "propaganda" paper. It had a manner all its own—it was full of ginger and spice, of Western slang and hustle. It collected news of the doings of the "plutes," and served it up for the benefit of the "American working-mule." It would have columns of the deadly parallel-the million dollars' worth of diamonds, or the fancy pet poodle-establishment of a society dame, beside the fate of Mrs. Murphy, of San Francisco, who had starved to death on the streets, or of John Robinson, just out of the hospital, who had hung himself had read a series of in New York because he could not find work. It collected all the stories of graft and misery from the daily press, and made little pungent paragraphs out "Three banks of Bungtown, of them. South Dakota, failed, and more savings of the workers swallowed up!" "The mayor of Sandy Creek, Oklahoma, has vise, will keep negroes from taking the skipped with a hundred thousand dollars jobs of Northern white workingmen? of the public funds. That's the kind of rulers the old partyites give you!" "The president of the Florida Flying Machine company is in iail for bigning. He was the read to fall the working class owned the rumpled, his eyes shining, his clenched fists upraised. It was Jurgis.

The working class owned the rumpled, his eyes shining, his clenched fists upraised. It was Jurgis. its "Army," about thirty thousand of the faithful, who did things for it; and it was always exhorting the Army to how?

In appear had the three deposition of the faithful, who did things for it; and it was always exhorting the Army to how?

In appear had the three deposition of the faithful, who did things for it; and then there were official returns is handsomely finished and decorated. From the various precincts and wards of the critical season. The wind have a finished the first form the various precincts and wards of the first form the various precincts and wards of the critical season. The wind have a finished and decorated from the various precincts and wards of the critical season. The wind have a finished and decorated from the various precincts and wards of the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season and the critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season are critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season are critical season. The wind have a finished and the critical season are critical season and the critical season are critical season. The critical season are critical season and the critical season are critical season and the critical season are critical season are critical season and the critical season are critical season are critical season are crit keep its dander up, and occasionally en-

nopoly was thus no diabolical invention, it was an economic necessit; and there from each state; and it would be exult- orable senator the time of his life. could be no possible restoration of com- ant or mournful, according to circumopen, and goods would be produced, no Redheaded Girl," "the Bulldeg," "the Ofworkers, and so consumption would bal- was an "Army Column," in which notable events were recorded, after such a fashion as this: "There was a moment's And then came the evening of the sudden silence, broken only by the rumble to go on; but the man would have an cans—anybody—anyt'ing, he don't care the man would have an of the campaign, when of the press. Then the Army Editor answer, and the audience backed him up —so it's his man. An' when de strike Jurgis heard the two standard-bearers shouted; There it comes—get under of his party. Ten years before there had cover!' Through the window came a huge een in Chicago a strike of a hundred and projectile; the Sporting Editor, used to thinking quickly, scurried to the bombcommit violence, and give a pretext to the president of the United States to send in troops and break the strike, by fluging the officers of the union strike, by fluging the officers of the union of the union strike, by fluging the officers of the union of the union strike.

with the people, and pleading with them correspondent to Colorado, and printed for justice. In that long period there pages describing the overthrow of Amerpages describing the overthrow of American institutions in that state. In a cerduring the campaign; one copy that came to Jurgis was a manifesto addressed to striking workingmen, of which nearly a million copies had been distribwith a mob of four thousand workingmen, uted in the industrial centers, wherever and when their leader came upon the the employers' associations had been stage they rose and shouted—shouted! carrying out their "open shop" program.

He was a man of electric presence, tall "You have lost the strike!" it was teeling mighty good when he made him," were taken out and stowed away in the wrote James Whitcomb Riley, "and he rear of a little cigar-store, and every didn't have anything else to do all day." evening, and on Sundays, the members "He has ten hopes to your one hope," of the Packingtown locals would get wrote another poet who loved him. "He armfuls and distribute them on the streets and in the houses. The people lessly; he was lithe and eager, like a ever a people had, and so they read these gladly, and twenty thousand

were hardly enough to go round. This was a work at which hall was as still as death, and everyone dare, for fear of Phil Connor and the heard him. He spoke the language of police. Indeed, Billy Hinds was always workingmen-he pointed them the way, urging him to be careful how he too! their candidates, and both of them were But Jurgis was reckless and impatient, were dictated, by the same power. The of going near the Stockyards, the fact people attended political meetings of was that he was burning up with a deeither party, and the hall was paid for, sire to do just that. After all, Packing-and the speakers were hired, out of the town was his home; and now, about elecsame purse. The Republican convention tion time, when the yards were seeeth-Democratic convention had nominated a for him not to be able to go out and see her, backing up every word. She in

he is yet—he has simply exchanged a this impatience boiled over—there came small number of black slaves for a large a temptation which Jurgis simply could To which the woman replied: "We're not

for their candidates and all the work-ingmen vote for theirs."

The last sold of the transfer of their candidates and all the work-ingmen vote for theirs."

The last sold of the transfer of their candidates and all the work-ingmen vote for theirs."

The last sold of the transfer of their candidates and all the work-ingmen vote for their candidates and the work-ingmen vote for the work-ingmen vote fo this true of Packingtown, where the Sothis true of Packingtown, where the So-sialists were literally having their own way, and Tom Cassidy and the Cook County machine were at their wits' end for an "issue." Almost at the wind-up of the struggle they bethought them-selves of an appeal to race-prejudice; for serves of an appeal to race-prejudice; for and finally he chose one and they had an the strike had been won by southern neargument, winding up with a little gross, thousands of whom had stayed on since the trouble—and now it occurred to Cassidy that if he was to course to Cassidy that if he was to course to complish all dependent for their course.

> ole of the district would listen! There was a South Carolina politician their votes ?" known as the "Pitchfork Senator;" a member of the Stockyards local came down to Billy Hinds's with the news, and the two, with Struver and Adams. locked themselves up for an hour or two and devised a counter-stroke. later the people of the district found a new proclamation, posted everywhere underneath the other, and beginning: underneath the other, and beginning: "Workingmen of Chicago, don't let them fool you! So long as white workingmen

fight negro workingmen, the capitalists will own both!" cialists had to be careful, for it was unannounced, and nothing said, the police ised?"
would recollect the law whenever they

Questions for the Pitchfork Senator: I. What did you or your party ever do for the working class?

shooting, hanging and burning of dozen men were on their feet, shouting Southern black workers, which you ad- for a hearing—until finally one of them

company is in jail for bigamy. He was they need to fight each other for jobs?

a prominent opposint of Socialism, which he said would break up the home!" The Appeal had what it called expenses are paid? Laborers or capital-was concerning the character of Demography and Jungis and Jungis had cap-

When that meeting was called to or-

Religious Editor, who stood rected to the spot, saying his prayers. Then it landed, and the building shook like a battle-ship above an exploding torpedo. One hundred and sixty yearlies, from Comrade Smith, of Kalamazco. Michigan!"

Religious Editor, who stood rected to you were fiving in helf, wouldn't you be glad to get into purgatory for a while?"

To which a voice replied: "We don't want helf or purgatory either!" And when the senator inquired, "What do you want, then?" the whole building rang with the reply: "Socialism! Socialism!"

To which a voice replied: "We don't want helf, wouldn't you be glad to get into purgatory for a while?"

And then suddenly Jurgis gave a gasp, and stopped. He stood for a moment, exactly as he was, as if hewed to stone: his jaw fell loose, and a deadly pallor speed. The audience speed over his face. The audience speed over his face.

know what Socialism was, and he started again to talk about "equality" and "amalgamation." When the crowd shout at the senator, and in a few seckept badgering him, he yelled in a rage: onds the fight had rolled past. As for Jurican institutions in that state. In a tertain city of the country it had
over forty of its "Army" in the
headquarters of of the Telegraph
headquarters of of the Telegraph
headquarters of of the transportance to get out into the aisle and propounded Trust, and no message of importance to Socialists ever went through that city that a copy of it did not go to the Appeal. It would print great broadsides do they own the Southern cotton mills?" cause of all the workingmen's troubles, a certain spot in a crowd to the right of do they own the Southern cotton mills?" the platform, where for one brief instant "Of course they don't," answered the

speaker, missing the point.
"And then, why is it that children six and eight years of age are compelled to work in them at night?" asked the other.

This put the senator in a corner again, and gaunt, with a face worn thin by struggle and suffering. The fury of outing do about it?" It was what is called an "incendiary" appeal—it was report that the Democratic nominee. tears of suffering little children pleaded written by a man into whose soul the while judge of the supreme court of to his voice. He was represented in the iron had entered. When this edition New York, had declared the eight-hour apers as a man of violence, but he had appeared, twenty thousand copies were law unconstitutional. The senator adsented tenderness of a woman. "God was sent to the Stockyards district; and they mitted that he didn't know about that, "I don't know everything," said, with an attempt to be genial; to which a woman who rose up in front made answer: "You don't seem to know anything, Senator!"

And again, when the uproar over this When he spoke he paced the stage rest-ssly; he was lithe and eager, like a ever a people had, and so they read these show that it was the negroes who had broken the strike. They had done it once, and they would do it twice, he said —and then the same woman demanded: was husky from much speaking, but the would have tried to help, but he did not "Wouldn't they do just the same if a

Democrat were president?"

It was fully a minute before the crowd stopped laughing over that. The senator was red in the face and he tried He showed the two political parties "two wings of the same bird of prey!" The the harm it might do the party to have people were allowed to choose between one of its workers arrested for a crime. for a minute or two. Finally, however. he threw up his hands and cried: "I can controlled, and all their nominations and though he said that he had no idea face any man, but, my God, I'm not used to arguing with women!" laughter over this would have cleared the atmosphere in any meeting less de termined; but when it ceased, the woman was still there. She kept shaking her naminated fa vice president a roll-ling with agitation, and every report told finger at the speaker—she would have road director a 1 millionaire, and the of new gains by the party, it was hard answers, and the audience was behind capitalist, the owner of a large part of with his own eyes-it was hard for him sisted upon being told what good it state of West Virginia, a not to be able to undo the work which would do the Packingtown unions to coal-baron, who does not permit he had done the previous spring, elect a Democratic president. The sen the men in his employ to organ when he had served as a henchman of ator could not tell her; he could not Tom Cassidy.

And a week or so before election day and finally he cried: "But it you vote for a Republican, how will that help you?" going to vote for a Republican!" "Then audience are in this gentleman's class, let them vote for him! I shall be quite satisfied when all the capitalists vote that it had sold out to the trusts the

The "Pitchfork Senator" stood listen-

The man denied that, but the other gentleman who fore off his coat when he talked to workingmen, and damned and swore like a Hessian. And now one morning all Packingtown woke up to read that this formers content was coming to the workingmen to vote for what they know they can't get?" "Well, Senator," retorted the read that this famous orator was coming other, "which is better, to vote for what to pay it a visit! That same day a you want and can't get, or to vote for you want and can't get, or to vote for what you don't want and get it?"

But even then the senator had courage to try again. He came back to the point again. The workingman must not throw his vote away! "But, Senator, asked the man, "why should the capitalists all be so anxious to save the workingman's vote? If it is to the working man's interests to vote the Democrat ticket, why do the capitalists contribute millions of dollars to keep him from voting any other?" "They don't! They And then, when the day of the meeting don't," cried the senator; to which the came, as the men came home from their man demanded: "Then you deny that work, they found thousands of little your campaign fund was made up by green cards being mysteriously circu-capitalists?" "I do," said the senator lated. This was a work at which the So- and instantly the women, his Nemesis was upon her feet again, crying: "But, lawful to distribute printed matter on senator, you admitted just now that you the streets, and though a Y. M. C. A. or had a millionaire mine-owner on your Methodist church meeting might be so ticket; and didn't he do what he prom-

There was a furious scrimmage over caught a Socialist breaking it. But nobody was caught this time, and before night every workingman in the yards in previous campaigns. And then, pres- Michigan, 14 to 203; Cleo. Oklaho ently, the argument came round to where to 104: Martin's Ferry, Ohio, 0 to 296-The senator was engaged in denying vehemently that the Democratic campaign-2. What makes you think that the funds were used to bribe voters; and a

It was Jurgis, crazy with excitement. He had forgotten everything in

"I have been dere myself!" he rushed rable senator the time of his life.

He had not talked two minutes before of the crowd. "I have seen it wit' my pention—the next change could only be stances. Its omce-helpers were all they got after him. He was denouncing own eyes. I have done it wit my own from the Stockyards. Packingtown complements of the city, and the prises three wards of the city, and the prises three wards of the city, and the proper, which is a stance of the city, and the proper of the proper of the stable proper. They like," "the Baldheaded Man." the apartments. In the stable proper, when the proper of the city of the proper of the city, and a man who sat them about it, all the details. "I lived be apartments. In the stable proper, when the proper of the city of the city of the proper of the city of the cit they got after him. He was denouncing own eyes. I have done it wit' my own "race equality," and a man who sat them about it, all the details. "I lived just in front of Jurgis got up and asked the senator why the Democratic party "I helped to sell out de people! I have had nominated a capitalist judge and a known Tom Cassidy! Every god damn millionaire mine-owner. The senator cent dat feller has he gits from de packwas disconcerted for a moment, and tried ers. an' den he goes an' elects Republiov noots and yells. So the other ex-plained that the ticket did not suit him perfectly, but that he had to make the best of it; and when the ground laughed a hour is He buys him best of it; and when the crowd laughed a house in Hyde Park—he pays a hun-this, he got angry, exclaiming: "If dred t'ousan' dollars for it! Who pays

> reply: "Socialism! Socialism!"
>
> The unhappy orator had plainly not been warned; he did not seem even to been warned; he did not seem even to age him. But Jurgis did not go on, and he seem to age him. But Jurgis did not go on, and began to thought that it was embarrassment, and so someone else got up and began to are the kept gazing, as if he were hypnotized, at the platform, where for one brief instant he had seen a face peering out at himthe face of his one enemy in the world

> -"Phil" Connor, the boss! Jurgis was slow of thought, and never did his slowness cost him more than now. For a full minute he stood there-lookand finally he confessed that this was a ing for the face again, and wondering if new problem to the South, and that he he had really seen it-before he turned

and made a break for the door.

The aisle was packed half way up, so that he had to elbow his way, and he had scarcely got out of the door and into the corridor, when he heard the voice of Connor, at one side: "Hey, there! Stop that man! Stop him!"

Instantly, of course, the place was in an uproar. Jurgis hurled himself into the crowd and started to fight his way When men tried to seize him he. out. struck out, and was soon striking at everything he saw. He was within sight of the open door, and freedom, when sudhe saw a policeman plunging todenly ward him, club in hand; somebody grabbed him by the coat-tails, and he lunged at the man and floored him, and hen the club swung at his head, and he ducked just in the nick of time. The next instant-knowing the police flung his hands into the air and shouted: 'I give up! I give up!"

And so, in a second or two more, it vas all over; the policeman had collared him, and another had reached him on the other side, and Connor, the henchman of Cassidy, had arrived and given

CONCLUSION.



T was election day-when seemed to stand still and on a thousand dollars' bail, of the staff of Hinds's for the evening.

there, and already the telegraph instrument on the stage had begun clicking off the returns. When the final accounts were made up, the Socialist vote proved to be about four hundred and thirty on since the trouble—and now it occurred to Cassidy that if he were to bring in an old-time "fire-cater," he would have somebody to whom the people of the district would listen!

speech by the Socialist.

"And do you expect to accomplish all these things this election?" the senator inquired; and when the other had an acturally those locals which had been all the speech by the Socialist. most like reporting; and so that night every one in the hall believed that the vote was going to be six, or seven, or eight hundred thousand. Just such an incredible increase has actually been made in Chicago, and in the state; the vote of the city had been 6.700 in 1900, and now it was 47,000; that of Illinois had been 9.600, and now it was 69,000 So, as the evening waxed, and the crowd piled in the meeting was a sight to be seen. Bulletins would be read, and the people would shout themselves hoarse; and then some one would make a speech. and there would be more shouting; and then silence and more bulletins. There would come messages from the secretaries of neighboring states, reporting their achievements; in four years the vote of ndiana had gone from 2,300 to 12,000; hat of Wisconsin from 7,000 to 28,000; that of Ohio from 4,800 to 36,000. And then, later on, came reports from the Far West, which was the most American part of the country, and accordingly the part in which the Socialist movement ras the strongest. Washington had gone from 2,000 to 10,000, Oregon from 1,500 to 7,600, California from 7,600 to 30,000. There were telegrams to the national office from enthusiastic individuals in little towns which had made amazing and inprecedented increases in a single year: erson, Kentucky, 19 to 111; Holland, Michigan, 14 to 203; Cleo, Oklahoma, 0 the money went to—and at this point and many more of the same kind. a new personage entered the debate. There were literally hundreds of such towns; there would be reports from half dozen of them in a single batch of telegrams. And the men who read the dispatches off to the audience were old camaigners, who had been to the places and selped to make the vote, and could make appropriate comments. Quincy, Illinois, and gone from 189 to 831-that was where mayor had arrested a Socialist speaker! Crawford county, Kansas, had gone from 285 to 1,975; that was the

10,184; that was the answer of labor to

home of the "Appeal to Reason!" Battle

because there were too many goods produced, because competitive selling no duced, because competitive selling no longer furnished profits. The trust molonger furnished profits are also as a factory district or one of the stock and he still called himself a "Lit-ua-nian."

Whether it was a factory district or one of the "silk-stocking" wards seemed to make no particular difference in the inof the "silk-stocking" wards seemed to tire building has walls which are decmake no particular difference in the in- orated in some of these colors. The crease; but one of the things which sur- floors are of hard wood, varnished. The prised the party leaders most was the ceilings are in wood panel effect. There tremendous vote that came rolling in from the Stockyards. Packingtown combeen five hundred, and in the fall of the where the horses are kept, there is a same year, sixteen hundred. Now, only porcelain water trough. Hay, straw a year later, it was over sixty-three nundred - and the Democratic vote ment from the upper floors by means only eighty-eight hundred! There were other wards in which the Democratic ends of the partitions dividing vote had been actually surpassed; and stalls are of solid brass. To the rear first Socialists ever chosen to state offices in Illinois. Thus Chicago now led the country; and what was more important, the size of the vote would enough the entire first floor of the stable. title the party to hold primaries—and This apartment is also used as a haras the primary officials would be paid ness room, where the silver-plated harby the city, and would, of course, turn nesses are kept in glass cases. There is

> the campaign fund! So spoke an orator upon the platform; and two thousand pairs of eyes were fixed upon him, and two thousand voices were cheering his every sentence. This man had been the head of the city's relief-bureau in the stockyards, until the sight of misery and corruption had made him sick. He was young, hungry-looking, full of fire. As he swung his long arms and beat up the crowd, to Jurgis he seemed the very spirit of the revolution. "Organize! Organize! Organize!"— that was his cry. He was afraid of this tremendous vote, which his party had not expected, and which it had not earned. These men are not Socialists," he cried "they do not know what Socialism is. They have voted because they wished to protest, and there was no other way to do it. But they are ready to learn, if you are ready to teach them. This elec-tion will pass, and the excitement will die, and people will forget about it; and if you forget about it too, if you sink back and rest upon your oars, we shall lose this vote that we have polled today, and our enemies will laugh us to scorn. It rests with you to take your resolution-to take it now, in the flush of victory, and stand by it; to find these men who have voted for us, and bring them to a woman confederate at Shanghai, who our meetings and give them our literature and organize them and bind them to us! We shall not find all our campaigns as easy as this one, and you must Everywhere in the country the old-party politicians are studying this vote, and will they be quicker or more cunning than here in our own city. Fifty thou sand Socialist votes in Chicago means a Montreal, met the same fate. municipal-ownership Democracy in the spring! And they will fool the voters once more—they will poll the biggest peared and have been shipped to Shangvote in their history, and all the powers his orders: "There's a warrant out for of plunder and corruption will be swept that man—run him in!" into office on the tide! But whatever into office on the tide! But whatever cago immigration bureau. they may do when they get in, there is one thing they will not do, and that will be the thing for which they were elected.

> > the long campaign was municipal ownership—they will not over, and the whole country mean to do it, they will not try to do it; what they will do is give our party in held its breath, awaiting Chicago the greatest opportunity that the issue. Jurgis was out has ever come to Socialism in America! We shall have the sham reformers which his employer had fur-nished; and he and the rest have the radical Democracy left without a lie with which to cover its nakedness! hotel hardly waited to fin- We shall have our people without a ish their dinner before they hurried off to the big hall out its will! And then will begin the out its will! And then will begin the which the party had hired rush that will never be checked, the tide that will never turn till it has reached whelming—the rallying of the outraged workingmen of Chicago to the standard of the revolution! And we shall organize them, we shall drill them, we shall marshal them for the victory!

They will not give the people of our city

All of which was at one o'clock on the morning of the day after election; and at one o'clock of the afternoon of the same day Jurgis was handcuffed to a de-tective, and on his way to serve a two years' sentence in state's prison for assault with intent to kill.

HUMAN CATTLE,

The Ohio Farmer prints the following ar-ticle "to give," says the editor, "our readers an idea of the handsome equipment, the care nected with keeping horses and expense, connected with keeping horses by wealthy city people." The Appeal re-prints the article to give the working ass an idea of what a chump he is to expend his labor upon palaces for horses while his children live in novels:

The photographs illustrating this article picture one of the finest stables in the city of Cleveland. Cleveland is an important center for blooded horses, for beautiful turnouts and luxurious stable apartments and appointments. One of the finest stables in the city is owned by Dan R. Hanna, son of the late Senator Hanna. It is said that it costs Dan Hanna something like \$20,000 a year to maintain his beautiful stables. There are numerous people who pay at least \$5,000 a year to maintain their stables and a coachman and groom. It is not surprising that rich men provide excellently heated and ventilated quarters for their horses when one cons ders the value of that horseflesh and how a slight cold may precipitate great loss to the owners. It is not an uncommon thing for a man who loves a prancing pair of bays to pay as high as \$3,000 for them. These horses are bred in luxury and are not able to stand what farm horses can. Pneumonia is not an uncommon disease for them to contract, and, even in the midst of their beautiful surroundings, such a team or one of the team may die within a few days'

The stable shown in the illustrations is of Spanish-American architecture. It is built of yellow pressed brick, with stone foundations and tile roof. The building is 70 feet in length by 32 feet in width. Around the base of one of Creek, Michigan, had gone from 4,261 to the towers there is a large bed filled with flowers in their season. The wingis had his peculiarities of pronunciation, Chicago itself—the vote of Chicago had ished in water colors of red and yellow couraging it with a prize competition, der, Jurgis was there-wild horses could which have not been reproduced here; he gone from 14,000 to 47,000 in two years. The harness room is in green and yel-

low, and each room throughout the enand grain are delivered to this apartof chutes. Many of the posts at the

The coachman's sitting room is situtheir pay over to the party, the city of Chicago would be made to contribute about five thousand dollars a year to stairways lead to upper story and basement. In the basement are the furnaces and the hot water heaters. In the up-stairs apartments, besides the separate places for the storage of grain, hay and straw, there is a bedroom for the ceachman, a bathroom, and a room solely for the cleaning of the many har-nesses. This beautiful stable is the property of E. S. Rogers. Some of the vealthy men who own these fine stables also have country estates, where they keep high-priced cattle, and even engage in the raising of poultry.

DO YOU STAND FOR THIS?

Chicago-The local immigration bu-reau disclosed today the fact that forty-nine American girls have been sold into slavery in Chinese harems. Most of them are boost to civilization and can can possibly explain this, but it is hope for no release save by suicide, about time for the American farmer to They are helpless prisoners in Chinese do some figuring for himself. interior towns, subject to the wh.ms of the mandarins, who are able to purchase them through the connivance of a woman whose identity is well known to government officials.

The dealer who delivered the girls into slavery resides in Chicago and has is also known to government secret service agents.

The bureau revealed these facts after receiving a complaint of the sale of not be discouraged if the tide recedes. Louise Miller, of Montreal, to an agent of a Chinese official in Shanghai.

Other evidence indicates Eva Camsetting their sails by it; and no where peau, Maggie F. Drouin, Victoria Sta- ulators of insurance funds, doing time mour, waitresses, who were induced to come to Chicago four years ago from hai to become slaves are in possession of an inspector, J. W. Burst, of the Chi-

The government, he says, must rely upon the police and state authorities to punish procuresses, because there is no federal law against the exporting of women for immoral purposes. The American consul, James L. Rogers, at Shanghai has enlisted the co-operation of the English and Chinese authorities that city, and evidences of the sale of many American and Canadian girls have been procured. The authorities have unquestionable proof of the incarceration of at least a dozen of the fortv-nine.

It is known that Hilda Anderson, ing the purpose of being sent to China. which the practical Boston stockbroker They lost trace of many, who were sent gives us his "solmen and postive asserto one master after another, until they tion" we are soon to behold?

got so far in the interior that it was The age of miracles may no impossible to locate them.

American girls, betrayed into the hands of rich Chinese by the two women. his solemn and positive assertion that tims have escaped at Shanghai and the aforesaid prospective jailbirds will fluctuating according to their beauty and accomplishments. Two hundred victims have escaped at Shanghai and sought refuge in places frequented by anothing to the mind that they be allowed to break into the penitentiaries. This would add nothing to the minacle except to furnish anothing to the minacle except to furnish American and English sailors. They told an officer of the United States navy of their experiences.

IS THIS PROSPERITY?

James R. Keene, the British-born broker who dabbles in frenzied finance at 30 Broad street, New York City, and lives in a palace at Cedarhurst, Island, in a recent interview, made pub. lie his opinion that "the American farmer was never more prosperous than he is today."

By reference to the Twelfth Censu-Report anyone can see the progress in prosperity (?) made by the American farmer from 1890 to 1900. In 1890, 65.9 per cent of all the families in the United States lived upon farms. In 1900, 64,4 per cent of all the families of the United States lived upon farms. Therefore during the decade the ratio of farm families to total families in the nation decreased. But notice further. In 1890, 47.3 per cent of all American families lived upon their own unencumbered farms. In 1900, 44.4 per cent of American families lived upon their own unencumbered farms. This shows a de-crease of 1.5 per cent in farm population by families, and a decrease of 2.9 per

cent in ownership of farm homes. In 1890, 18.6 per cent of American families lived upon mortgaged farms. In 1900, 20 per cent of American families lived upon mortgaged farms. This shows the prosperity Mr. Keene reminds us of when, with a decrease in percentage of farm population there is a decided in crease in the percentage of mortgage

farm homes. Moreover, in 1890 the famil'es living uron rented farms were 34.1 per cent of all, while ten years later the farm-rent ing families had increased to 35.6 per cent of the total.

Williams - SEVEN Paper under In other words, while the percentage of families living upon forms has depressed, the percentage of free farm homes has decreased even more, and the rementage of mortgaget and rented farm nomes have decidedly increased.

Mr. Komo is a man of figures, and

A PREDICTION FULFILLED.

While in Kansas last summer Tom Lawson made several interesting predic

tions. Here is one of them:
"But the end is in sight. I make the solemn and positive assertion that, be fore all the investigations are finished, before the sworn evidence of the financiers of the leading insurance companies this country which have plundered is finished, there be anywhere from 100 to men, now posing as men of affairs, Wall street magnates and manip-

in states' prisons for terms varying from eight years to life. Commenting on this, the New York Worker pertinently remarks: "Morgan, Rockefeller, McCall, Perkins/ Keene, Stillman, and a host of lesser lights behind the bars, some of them for

life! The business interests of the life! The business interests of the country wearing convict strices! The rulers of the land, the controllers and manipulators of tesidents, exites congresses and cities, the bread, the possessors of conomic and political power of the country wearing the garb of felous! The people who buy and sell legislatures and indees as fish and sell legislatures and judges as fish and sausages are bought and sold Boston, going to jail like common criminals! Upon what dope doth this, our Lawson, feed that all these wonders be revealed to him alone? Did ever the crankiest crank from Crankville, in his craziest flights of imagination, conceive such an astounding spectacle as this

after all, and if not, there is one thing Chinese girl slaves bring \$250 to \$400. lacking to round out this one. Let Law

NUTRITO

The New Cereal Coffee It is the latest scientific discovery in food drinks and is acknowledged

by all who try it to be "The Most Delicious Ever."

THE OPINION OF AN EXPERT.

CARL GRAEB, M. D., Physician and Chemist. 1851 W. 35 Ate., Denver. Colo.

Girard Cereal Co. Gliard, Kansas,

Girard, Kansas.

Gentlemen:

Ilto sample of Nutrito sent me upon request has been examined, and, as a result. I have to admit that Nutrito has excelled my expectations.

I have used cercal coffees for myself and most of my patients for more than a decade. All excepting Nutrito were objectionable in some point or other. The grains of Kneip's Mait Coffee are hardly half roasted, and the coffee has a sour taste, especially after cooling. The one known as Colo is entirely unfit as a substitute for coffee. Its very sour taste is too unpleasant.

The much advertised Postum is neither to be recommended. Its grains are overheasted and the taste of the Postum Coffee is consequently empyreumatic (burnt cercai). Besides, it is unclean, turbid, and thick. Itse chickory, as the ground is held in suspension by the interference of gummy matter.

Nutrito coffee has none of the bad qualities of the other coffees. Its grains are properly roasted. Its decortion is clean, and has a pure taste, free from acidity and empyreumatic products. It tastes best, when put on cold, just let come to a boil, and then let simmer gently for just lifrty minutes. It's a very refreshing summer drink when cold.

I cannot, after trying Nutrito, conscientiously recommend any other occeal coffee, and I predict that the time will come when Nutrito, as a cercal coffee, will completely control the market between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, unless the manufacturers of the other cercal coffees bring their products up to the requirements of a decent coffee and fondstuff.

You can use this in advertising your coffee, as I have no chiection to let the truth be known and everyhedre and or the band in the products of the content of the market between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans.

You can use this in advertising your coffee, as I have no chiection to let the truth be known and everybody enjoy the benefit, in this respect, of my many years of experience.

Respectfully yours. Oct. 11. '05. CARL E. H. GRAEB, M. D.

Ask your grocer for it and if he does not keep it send us his nam

Physician and Analytical Chemist. Formerly (1890-1894) Food Inspector N. Y. City, Health Department.

and a two-cent stamp and we will mail you a sample package postpaid.

GIRARD CEREAL COMPANY, Girard, Kans

Two Views of the Declaration of Independence.

1835

"Freedom—A mere sentimental phrase."—Chancellor

HEY repeat, as the fundamental maxim of our civil policy that all and equal, and quote from our Declaration of Independence 'that men are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' It is not the first time that I have had occasion to observe that men may repeat with the utmost consome maxim or sentimental phrase, as selfevident or admitted truth, which is either palpably false, or to which, upon examination, it will be found they attach no definite idea. Notwithstanding our respect for the important document which declared our independence, yet, if anything be found in it, and especially in what may be regarded rather as its ornament than its substancefalse, sophistical or unmeaning—that respect should not screen it from the first examination.

"Self-government is anarchy."-Rev. Charles H.

UR mutual preference is for self-government, which is a bombastic way of saying that WE PREFER TO DO AS WE PREFER Self-government, if you construe the term strictly, is simply ANOTHER NAME FOR ANARCHY. The men who are a moral failure, the nations that have perished, all of them owe their fall to the attempt to administer themselves by rules that are no quotation from that which is eternally right, no quotation from the law of God's own divine righteousness, but by rules that men & and nations have legislated for themeslyes AT THE SUGGESTION OF MOMENTARY EXPE-DIENCY, passion and ambition.

It is a blemish upon the fair face of that document so dear to the heart of every true American, the Declaration of Independence, that it asserts that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

THAT IS FICTION.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

J. L. Bachman.

'Mamma, why did we leave our home And move into this shack? Was it taken by the Socialists. Who refuse to give it back?'

"No, child, when pa was out of work, We mortgaged it one day, And the interest kept on eating 'Til the law took it away."

'And, mamma, where is papa now, Since I don't see him more? Did the Socialists break up our home And drive him from our door?'

"No, dear, he leaves when you're aslee And comes when you're in bed; He has to work long hours, my son, To earn our daily bread."

'And, mamma, who owns all the shops, And the things pa makes each day? Does he work so hard for Socialists Who steal those things away?"

"My son, God gave unto the rich The factories and soil, That they may make their profits large

And let the poor man toil. "Then, mamma, dear, why didn't God Give all those things to me? I'd make the rich man work awhile,

And let pa rest, you see. "Or give those means of life to all That none could profits take, But own the tools with which they toil And all the things they make.'

Wages

r a action of the copye. AGES can never rise so high as to

make it impossible for the capitalist to carry on his business and live; under such circum- the helpless, who are made a prey of would be more profitable for shocking maltreatment and abuse. Thus his business. the capitalist to give up Consequently, the wages of the workingman can never rise high enough to equal the value of his product. They must always be below that, so as to leave a surplus; it is only the prospect of a surplus enough to put an end to the exploitation | the capitalists would fi

This surplus, which the capitalist class covers, for instance, rent, interest on risk of stopping the supply of fresh laloans, salaries, merchants' profits, taxes, bor-power. etc. All these have to be covered with Over and above this, the labor of the workingman must be great, even where the wages are high. It is clear Accordingly, the labor of women and that the wages of the workingman cannot rise high enough to be even approximately equal to the value of his product. ishes his capacity for resistance in that der all eircumstances, the thorough ex- to both these circumstances it lowers the ploitation of the working class. It is wages of the workingman.

impossible to abolish this exploitation without abolishing the system itself. But wages rarely reach the highest point which they might even under these circumstances; more often they are found to be nearer to the lowest possible This point is reached when the wages do not even supply the workman with the barest necessities. When the workingman not only starves, but starves rapidly, all work is at end.

The wages swing between these two extremes; they are found to be lower the lower the necessities of the workman. the larger the supply of labor in the la-bor market, and the slighter the capacity of the workingman for resistance. In general, wages must be high enough

to keep the workingman in a condition to work, or, to speak more accurately. they must be high enough to secure to the capitalist the measure of laborpower which he needs. In other words. vages must be high enough, not only to keep the workingmen in a condition to work, but also in a condition produce children who be able to replace them. It follows that the industrial development has a tendency that is most pleasing to the capitalist, to-wit, to lower the necessities of the workingman in order that his wages may be lower in proportion.

There was a time when skill and strength were requisite for a workingman. The period of apprenticeship was then long, the cost of his training consid-erable. Now, however, the progress made in the division of labor and the system of machinery render skill and strength in production more and more superfluous; they make it possible to substitute unskilled and cheap workmen for skilled ones; and, consequently, to substitute weak women and eevn children in the place of men. Already in the early stages of manufactory this tendency is perceptible; but not until machinery is introduced into production does wholesale exploitation commence of women and children of tender age-an exploitation of the most helpless among

machinery develops a new and wonderful quality in the hands of the capitalists. Originally, the wage-worker, who was not a member of the family of his employer, had to earn wages high enough to defray not only his own expenses, but that moves the capitalist to purchase la- those of his family, in order to enable bor power. It is, therefore, evident that him to propagate himself and to bein the capitalist social system the wages | queath his labor power to others. Withof the workmen can never rise high out this process on his part the heirs of no proletarians

ready made for exploitation. When, however, the wife, and, from appropriates, is larger than is usually early infancy, the children of the work-imagined. It covers not only the ingman are able to take care of them-'profits" of the manufacturer, but many selves, then the wages of the male workother items that are usually credited to ingman can be safely reduced to the level the costs of production and exchange. It of his own personal needs without the

the surplus, that is, the excess of the value of the product over the wages of tional advantage that these offer less rethe workingman. It is evident that this sistance than men; and their introduc-surplus must be a considerable one if a tion into the ranks of the workers inconcern is to "pay:" the exploitation of creases wonderfully the quantity of la-

Accordingly, the labor of women and children not only lowers the necessities of the workingman, but it also dimin-The capitalist wages system means, unlit overstocks the labor market; owing

The advertising leverage has been one of the most powerful means of silencing the daily press, says a writer in the Arena. A well-known the Arena. A well-known journalist, who for years American served either as editor-in-chief as a principal editorial writer on Chicago and New York dailies, gave me some examples showing how it was unpossible for the great dailies to be true to the people at all times. One instance cited was as follows:

ongress," said this editor, "we came out strongly in favor of it, and I was pounding away in a vigorous manner when one orning our proprietor and manager, Mr. S., called me into his room and told me that we would have to drop our advocacy of the income tax.

believe in it, and the people want it. "Yes, that is all very true, but you know that neither this paper nor any other of the great dailies can live in Chi-cago without the advertising patronage of certain firms,' and he gave the names of a number of the great newspaper advertisers. 'Well,' he continued, 'I have received a hint, and if we do not drop the advocacy of the income tax we may expect the withdrawal of the advertising patronage of these great houses.

"Consequently, we had to switch off on to other subjects."

my informant had to do with the beef

"The New York World," said he, "had been exposing the way the beef trust and the railways had the producers and consumers by the throat, and we fol-lowed suit. But again I was called into the room of our manager, who said: 'You'll have to let up on that beef trust

business. "'And why?' I asked. 'We are not be holden to the Big Four. How much advertising do they give us in a year?' 'Ah!' he broke in, 'directly very lit-

tle, but you remember the large yearly contract we secured last year from -

- of the beef trust is be ...Well, less are the great newspapers in which

ter and summer, given each week to the man that sends in the largest club of yearly subscriptions.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EDITOR.

"When the income tax was before

Why? I asked, You believe in it, 1

Another typical illustration given by

trust extortion.

hind that firm, and I have been informed that the advertisement will be canceled f we continue our assaults on the trust. "And so again we had to turn our at-tention to other matters. And," he continued, "I could give you a number of similar instances illustrating how helpcorporate wealth has no financial interest. And still further," he went on, in our great metropolitan centers there are wheels within wheels at every turn. The editors and proprietors of the journals belong to the clubs and are on the most friendly terms with the gentlemanly directors of the most avaricious and brazenly law-defying corporations. moving spirits in the great public service corporation, monopolies and trusts."

10 Acres Free

of land in Sunny, Arkansas, in the greatest fruit belt in the world, in the Ozark hills -pure air and water, a fine climate win-

For thirty-eight years Elizabeth Gal lagher has lived in a little rented house at 328 East Twenty-second street, New York. Through all these years she has promptly paid the rent, supporting her-

A HEROINE'S REWARD.



elf doing housework and scrubbing. But with increasing feebleness her earnings nave fallen off. The other day she sat among her poor

household effects out in the sharp wind of the street. She had been evicted because she had fallen one month behind Mrs. Gallagher has lived in the neigh-

borhood since she was 10. She is now 60. During the civil war she was living next door to the police station. When the draft riot mob pillaged Ma jor Wood's gun factory at Twenty-sec ond street and Third avenue and turned the weapons on the East Twenty-second

street station. Elizabeth stuck to her they rushed the station house to burn it. The crowd set fire to her house in revenge, and that is how she came to take up quarters in No. 328, across the street.



In scores of places along the crowded streets of New York City, any night in the week, one may find a bunch of earnest men and women listening to the and that he had been attacked firstthrilling story of Socialism. It is the and if only some one had been there rumbling before the storm.

IF YOU WANT

any of the Trust Edition to distribute in your locality order now, as we are approaching the limit of the plant to print, guns in the house next door, and met the mob with kettles of boiling water when the paper is on the press. Prices.

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Copyright,

Written for the Appeal by Upton Sinclair, author of "Manassas." The Jungle

CHAPTER XXVIII .- (Concluded.)

Such were the stock-yards during the strike; while the strikers watched in sullen despair, and the country clamored like a greedy child for its food, and the packers went grimly on their way, bring-ing order out of chaos, and breaking the opposition. Each day they had more workers, and could be more stern with those they had-could put them on piece-work, and threaten and dismiss them if they did not keep up the pace. Jurgis was now one of their agents in this process; and he could feel the change day by day, like the slow starting up of a heavy train. He had gotten used to being a master of men; and because of the stifling heat and the stench and the fact that he was a "scab" and knew it and despised himself, he was drinking and developing a villainous temper, and he stormed and cursed and raged at his men, and drove them until they were ready to drop with exhaus-

Then one day late in August, a superintendent ran into the place and shouted to Jurgis and his men to drop their work and come. They followed him outside, to where, in the midst of a dense throng, they saw several two-horse trucks waiting, and three patrolthe driver yelled to the crowd and they went thundering away at a gallop. Eleven steers had just escaped from the yards, it was said; the strikers had got hold of them, and now the wagons were going to the rescue, and there would be the chance of a scrap!

They went out at the Ashland Ave-Many of them have stock tendered to them, and in a hundred different ways, the "dump." There was a yell as soon often before they are aware of the fact, as they were sighted, men and women they become obligated morally, if in no rushing out of houses and saloons as other way, to the individuals who are they galloped by. There were eight or they galloped by. There were eight or policemen on the truck, however, and there was no disturbance until they came to a place where the street was blocked with a dense throng. Those on the flying truck yelled a warning and the crowd scattered pell-mell; then the rescue party saw one of the steers lying tern. in its blood. There were a good many cattle-butchers at large in the neighborhood, with nothing much to do, and hungry children at home; so some one had knocked out the steer-and as a first-class man can kill and dress one in a couple of minutes, there were a good many steaks and roasts already missing This was thieving, of course, and called for punishment-which the police proceeded to administer by leaping from the truck and darting into the throng, cracking at every head they saw. were yells of rage and pain, and the terrified people fled into houses and stores, or scattered helter-skelter down the street. Jurgis and his gang joined in the sport, every man singling out his victim, striving to bring him to bay and "punch the daylights" out of him. If he fled into a house his pursuer would smash in the flimsy door with his shoulders, and follow him up the stairs, hitting everyone who came within reach, and finally dragging his squealing eves, and then, as he fell, seized him by quarry from under a bed or pile of old lothes in a closet.

Jurgis and two policemen were chasing two men who ran into a bar-room. One of them took shelter behind the bar, and one of the policemen cornered him and proceeded to whack him over the back and shoulders until he lay down and gave a chance at his head. The other leaped a fence in the rear, balking the second policeman, who was cursing, a big Polish woman, the owner of the saloon, rushed in screaming, and doubled her up on the floor. Meantime Jurgis, who was of a practical temper, was helping himself to the contents of a bottle on the bar: and the first policeman, having laid out his man, joined him in this, handing out several more bottles, and filling his pockets besides—and then, as he started to leave, cleaning off all the balance with a sweep of his club. The din of them crashing to the

floor brought the fat Polish woman to her feet again, gasping with terror, and another member of the killing gang who had come in to share the fun crept up behind her and put his knee into her back and shut his hands over her eyes; and then he called to the policeman, who went back and broke open the cashdrawer and filled his pockets with the spinning and dashed out himself. The hand two

they got back, and they dressed the remainder of the steer and a couple of others that had been killed, and then horse trucks waiting, and three pattern wagon loads of police. Jurgis and his wagon loads of police. Jurgis went knocked off for the day. Jurgis went downtown to supper, with three friends the driver yelled to the crowd and they who had been on the other trucks, and they exchanged reminiscences on the way. Afterwards, they drifted into a roulette-parlor, and Jurgis, who was never lucky at gambling, dropped about had to drink a good deal, and he went your bail and skip. fifteen dollars. To console himself, he back to Packingtown about two o'clock in the morning, very much the worse for his excursion. As he was going to the place where he slept he met a painted-cheeked woman in a greasy "kimona," and she put her arm about his waist to steady him. With no further formality than an inquiry as to terms, they turned into a dark room they were passing. Scarcely, however, had they taken two steps before another door opened, and a watchman entered, carrying a lan-

"Who's there?" he called sharply, Jurgis started to mutter some reply a sudden trembling seized him. The

Connor, the boss! Connor, who had seduced his wife, who had sent him to ined his life! It was Connor who stood there, staring, with the light flashing upon his hated face! Jurgis had thought thing far off, that no longer concerned a flood of rage boiled up in him, a blind frenzy seized him-he flung himself at the throat and began to pound his head upon the floor.

The woman had screamed in fright, and people came rushing in. The lantern had been upset and extinguished, and it was so dark they could not see a thing; but they could hear Jurgis ing, and hear the thumping of his vic-tim's skull, and they rushed there and tried to pull him off. Precisely as before, Jurgis came away with a piece of fat; and as he came back, furious and his enemy's flesh between his teeth, and. as before, he went on fighting with those who had interfered with him, until a pohe gave her a poke in the stomach that liceman had come and beat him into insensibility.

So he spent the balance of the night

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haled into court and remanded at five hundred dollars' bail to await the result of his victim's injuries. Jurgis was wild about this, because, a different magistrate being now on the bench, he stated that he had never been arrested before to speak a good word for him, he might have been let off at once.

But Harper explained that he had been down-town, and had not got the message. What's happened to you?"

"I've been doing a fellow up," said Jurgis, "and I've got to get five hundred dollars' bail."

"I can arrange that all right," said the other. "It may cost you a few dol-lars, of course. But what was the

"A man that did me a mean trick nce," answered Jurgis. "Who is he?"

"He's a boss in Smith's sausage-department—or used to be, His name

And the other gave a start, "Connor! he cried, "Not Phil Connor!" "Yes," said Jurgis, "that's his name,

Why?" "Good God!" exclaimed the other then you're in for it, old man! I can't help you!"
"Not help me! Why not?"

"Why, he's one of Cassidy's best men he's a vice president of the War Whoop League, and they talked of sending him to the State Legislature! Phil Connor! Great heavens! Jurgis sat silent with dismay. "Why,

ne can send you to Joliet, if he wants to!" declared the other. "Can't I have Cassidy get me off be-fore he finds out about it?" asked Jur-

gis, at length. "Cassidy's out of town," the other answered. "I don't even know where he is."
(The boss of the stock-yards had gone into hiding-having found that it is not possible for a man even to pretend to serve two masters, when the masters

are at open war.) That was a pretty mess, indeed. Poor Jurgis sat half-dazed—his pull had run up against a bigger pull, and he was down and out! "But what am I going to do?" he asked, weakly.
"How should I know?" said the other.

'I shouldn't even dare to get bail for you-why, I might ruin myself for life! Again there was silence. "Can't you do it," Jurgis asked, "and pretend that you didn't know who I'd hit?"

"But what good would that do you when you came to stand trial?" asked Harper. He sat buried in thought. "There's nothing—unless it's this: could do as you say, and have your bail reduced; and then if you had the money you could pay it, and forfeit

Jurgis did not understand this, until it was explained at length. "How much will it be?" he asked finally. "I don't know," said the other. "How

much do you own?" "Tye got about three hundred dollars saved," was the answer.

"Well," was Harper's reply. "I'm not sure, but I'll try and get you off for that. I'll take the risk for friendship's sake-I'd hate to see you sent to state's prison for a year or two."

So finally Jurgis ripped out his bankbook—which was sewed up in his trou-sers—and signed an order, which "Bush" Harper wrote, for all the money to be paid to him Then the latter went and got it, and hurried to the court, and explained to the magistrate that Jurgis was a decent fellow and a friend of Cas- 2. sidy's who had been attacked by a strike-breaker. So the bail was made three hundred dollars, and Harper went on it himself; he did not tell this to Jurgis, however-nor did he tell him that when the time for trial came it would be an easy matter for him to avoid the forfeiting of the bail and pocket three hundred dollars as his reward for the risk of offending Tom Cassidy! that he said, when he came with bond, was that Jurgis was free, and that the best thing he could do was to get out of the neighborhood as quickly possible; and poor Jurgis, whelmed with gratitude and relief, took the dollar and fourteen cents that was left him on his bank-account, and put it with the two dollars and a quarter that was left from his last night's celebration, and boarded a street-car and got off at the other end of Chicago, an outcast and a tramp once more. THE BALANCE OF "THE JUNGLE."

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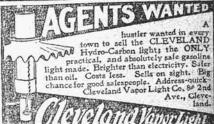
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ontents. Then the three went outside and the man who was holding the woman gave her a shove that sent her gang having already boosted the carcass onto the truck, they set out at a trot, ollowed by screams and curses, and a shower of bricks and stones from unseen enemies. These bricks and stones, with he addition of a few imaginary pistolshots, would figure in the accounts of the 'riot" which would be sent out to a few thousand newspapers within an hour or two; but the episode of the cashdrawer would not be mentioned again, save in the heart-breaking legends of Packingtown.—Certainly, at any rate, Jurgis did not mention it, for during the drive the policeman slipped into his "cart-wheels" that had come out of the till. It was late in the afternoon when

but at the same instant the man raised his light, and it flashed in his face, and Jurgis recognized him; he stood stricken dumb, and his heart gave a leap like a mad thing. He caught his breath and man was Connor!

prison, and wrecked his home, and ruof him often since coming back to Packingtown, but it had been as of somehim, Now, however, as he saw him, alive and in the flesh, the same thing happened to him that had happened before;

in the stock-yards station-house. This LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA CURED!