

The Jungle

CHAPTER XXIX.

URGIS had come into conflict with one of the creatures of the jungle whose power was greater than his own; and he had been beaten down and left wounded and crippled...

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.

Jurgis became once more a besieger of factory gates. But never since he had been in Chicago had he stood less chance of getting a job than just then.

At the end of about ten days Jurgis had only a few pennies left—and he had not yet found a job—not even a day's work at anything, not even a chance to carry a satchel.

When he was down to his last quarter Jurgis learned that before the bakeries closed at night they sold out what was left at half price, and after that he would go and get two loaves of stale bread for a nickel, and break them up and stuff his pockets with them, munching a bit from time to time.

hollow, sunken cheeks and his yellow skin. "Let's see your arms," he said, and as Jurgis held out one, in perplexity, he caught it just below the elbow and squeezed it.

Then he dropped it, with an exclamation of disgust. "Fugh!" he said. "It's all skin! You can't lift anything!"

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 him! But then, with a sudden rush, his fear gave place to rage.

Just about this time one of the Chicago newspapers, which made a great fuss over the "common people," opened a "free-soup" kitchen for the benefit of the unemployed.

This depot was within the danger-line for Jurgis in the "Levee" district, where he was known; but he went there all the same, for he was desperate, and beginning to think of even the Bridewell as a place of refuge.

The next morning Jurgis went out again to beg for his life. But it was still raining, and people would not stop for anything he might say.

"Do you belong to the church?" inquired the other, severely.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jurgis, with despair, and striving to think of what church this victim might be a member of.

"How do you belong to two churches?" she demanded.

"But I don't know, ma'am," he answered, "but I do—that is, I've been in the place where there was only one. That was where I lived in Missouri, where my home was burned down—"

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

Nor did good fortune come singly. When he came out of the restaurant, into the rain and the darkness, far down the street he saw red lights flaring and heard the thumping of a bass-drum.

Though a political campaign, alas, no longer meant to Jurgis what it had once meant, he knew that one was in full swing just now.

The sight of Senator Sparesbanks almost brought the tears into Jurgis's eyes. What agony it was to him to look back upon those golden hours—the hours when he, too, had a place beneath the shadow of the plum-tree!

But the girl only shook her head. "De lady says dey ain't no sich person here," she said.

And here the band began to play, and Jurgis sat up with a violent start.

URGIS stood for a second, bewildered. Then, seeing blue-coated forms rushing upon him, he sprang after the negroes.

URGIS was standing in front of the glass fastening her dress. He sat staring at her. He could hardly believe that she was the same Maria!

Jurgis was silent for a moment. "Do you know you live here—how you live?" he asked.

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Alena Jansaitis, who had been the belle of the wedding-feast! Who had looked so beautiful, and danced with such a queenly air, with Juozas Raczus, the teamster!

She was as much surprised as he was. "Jurgis Rudkus!" she gasped. "What in the world is the matter with you?"

"I—I've had hard luck," he stammered. "I'm out of work, and I've no money and no money. And you, Alena—are you married?"

"Yes," said Alena; "and she'll help you. She's got a place, and she's doing well, and she'll be glad to see you."

She gave him a number on Clark street, and added: "There's no need to give you my address, because Maria knows it."

"What do you want?" she demanded. "Does Maria Biarezynskas live here?" he inquired.

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balustrade, and began to kick with her slipped foot at the helmets of the policemen, until one of them caught her by the ankle and pulled her down.

She heard him, and glanced around; then she shrank back and half sprang to her feet in her amazement.

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

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just then. "Come on, now," he said. "Live!"

"All right," said Maria, reaching for her hat, which was big enough to be a drum-major's, and full of ostrich feathers.

She went out into the hall and Jurgis followed, the policeman remaining to look under the bed and behind the door.

She fell silent for a moment, staring ahead of her gloomily. "It's morphia," 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."

"I don't know," she said. "Always I guess. What else could I do?"

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of the house was known. Meantime, he listened to the story of his sister, and advised him dryly to keep his sister in a better place; and then let him go, and proceeded to fine each of the girls five dollars, which fines were paid in a bunch from a wad of bills which Madam Polly extracted from her stocking.

Jurgis waited outside and walked home with Maria. 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.

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...last week," said the other. "She had a few words with her, but she seemed to be in a very unappy; Marija went on..."

...to save them. It was queer. Af- ter going Higgins, his superin- tendent had no idea of marrying..."

...to see that he was very decent, but she took her to a hotel, and she didn't let her out of his hands..."

...to tell her the long story of his adventures, since his flight from home; his life as a tramp, and his work in the night-tunnels, and the accident..."

...to get up, and she gave him the address of the family, a tenement in the ghetto district. "You go home," she said. "They'll be glad to see you."

...at Jurgis stood, hesitating. "I don't like to," he said. "Honest, Marija, why don't you just give me a little money and let me look for work..."

...tions in the hall this time—only a big flag, a strange flag to Jurgis. There was a crowd upon the platform, and almost every seat in the hall was filled...

...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 meeting it would be too late for him to go home...

...So Jurgis went on meditating; until finally, when he had been nearly two 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...

...And then someone nudged him, and he sat up with his old terrified start. He had been snoring again, of course. And now what? He fixed his eyes ahead of him with feverish intensity, staring at the platform as if nothing else ever had interested him...

...CHAPTER XXXII. He turned a little, carefully, so that he could see her better; then he began to watch her, fascinated. She had apparently forgotten all about him, and was looking towards the platform. A man was speaking there; Jurgis heard his voice vaguely, but all his thoughts were for this woman's face...

...CHAPTER XXXIII. THE speaker was gone; but there was a stage-door that stood open, with people passing in and out, and no one on guard. Jurgis summoned up his courage and went in and down a hall the way, and to the door of a room where many people were crowded. No one paid any attention to him, and he pushed in, and in a corner he saw the man he sought...

...profits in the world-wide mill of economic might! To toil long hours for another's advantage; to live in mean and squalid homes; to work in dangerous and unhealthy places; to wrestle with the spectres of hunger and privation, to take your chances of accident, disease and death...

...I am here to plead with you, to know if you want and misery have yet done their worst with you, if injustice and oppression have yet opened your eyes! I shall still be waiting—there is nothing else that I can do...

...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 still, motionless and rigid, his eyes fixed upon the speaker...

...I am here tonight," he said, "to plead with you, whoever you may be, provided that you care about the truth; but most of all I plead with workmen, with those to whom the evils I have portrayed are not mere matters of sentiment, but of daily life..."

...It was like coming suddenly upon some wild sight of nature—a mountain forest lashed by a tempest, a ship tossed about upon a stormy sea. Jurgis had an unpleasant sensation, a sense of confusion, of disorder, of wild and meaningless uproar...

...only two black hollows for eyes, were. He was speaking rapidly, in great excitement; he used many gestures—as he spoke he moved here and there upon the stage, as if he were there upon his long arms to seize each person in his audience. His voice was deep, like an organ; it was some time, however, before Jurgis thought of the howler—his too much occupied with his eyes to think of what the man was saying...

...frighten; who from tonight on will move forward and not backward, who will study and read and understand, who will gird on his sword and take his place in the army of his comrades and brothers! Who will carry the good tidings to others, as I have carried them to you—the priceless gift of liberty and light...

...I realize that out upon the plains of Manchuria tonight two hostile armies are facing each other. Can you not see that the task is yours to undertake, to resolve, yours to execute. That if ever it is carried out, it will be in the face of every obstacle that wealth and mastership can oppose...

...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 made in the image of your mothers; they may be your sisters, who left at home to the child whom you left at home to the night, whose laughing eyes will greet you the morning—that fate may be waiting for her! Tonight in Chicago there are ten thousand men, homeless and wretched, willing to work and beg for a chance, yet starving, and fronting in terror the awful winter cold!

...The sentences of this man had been to Jurgis like the crashing of thunder in his soul. A flood of emotion surged in him—all his old hopes and longings, all his old griefs and fears and despairs; all that he had ever felt in his whole life seemed to come back to him at once, as described. That he should have suffered such oppressions and such horrors was bad enough; but that he should have been crushed and beaten by them, that he should have submitted, and forgotten, and lived in peace—ah, truly that was a thing not to be put into words...

...The man had gone back to a seat upon the platform, and Jurgis realized that his speech was over. The applause continued for several minutes; and then someone started a song, and the crowd took it up, and the place shook with it. Jurgis had never heard it, and he could not make out the words, but the wild and wonderful spirit of it seized upon him—it was the Marseillaise! As stanza after stanza of it thundered forth, he sat with his hands clasped, trembling, his every nerve. He had never heard of every nerve. He had never heard of a miracle stirred in his life—no thought in his head that had been brought in him. He could not think at all, he was stunned; he knew that in the mighty upheaval...

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...that had taken place in his soul, a new man had been born. He had been torn from the jaws of destruction, he had been delivered from the thralldom of despair; the whole world had been changed for him—he was freer, he was freer! Even if he were to beg and starve, nothing would be the same to him. He would understand it, and bear it; he would no longer be the sport of circumstances, he would be a man, with a will and a purpose; he would have something to fight for, something to die for, if need be. Here were men who would show him and help him; and he would have friends and allies, he would dwell in the sight of justice, and walk arm in arm with power!

...The audience subsided again, and he sat back. The chairman of the meeting came forward and began to speak; the others, and to Jurgis it seemed a profanation. Why should any one else speak, after that miraculous man—why should they not all sit in silence? The chairman was explaining that a collection 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 been plenary 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 up 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. The man came forward, and some one's opinion the speaker had expressed concerning Tolstoy. Jurgis had never heard of Tolstoy, 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 Tolstoy was not altogether in agreement with the speaker, it seemed—then so much so much the worse for Tolstoy, and enough said about him!

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...So Jurgis stood, watching, while five or ten minutes passed. Now and then the man would look up, and address a word or two to those who were near him; and at last, on one of his long, thin, pale fingers, he would point to someone—"he began; but the other held up his hand. "Wait," he said. "He has something to say to me." And then he looked into Jurgis's face. "You want to know more about Socialism?" he asked. Jurgis started. "I—I—" he stammered. "Is it Socialism? I didn't know. I want to know about what you spoke of—I want to help. I have been through all that."

...The man thought for a moment, and then turned to his friend. "Who is that man, Walters?" he asked. "There is Ostrinski—but he is a Pole." "Ostrinski speaks Lithuanian," said the other. "All right, then; would you mind seeing if he has gone yet?" The other started away, and the speaker looked at Jurgis again. He had deep, black eyes, and a face full of gentleness and pain. "You must excuse me, comrade," he said. "I am just tired out—I have spoken every day for the last month. I will introduce you to someone who will be able to help you as well as I could—"

...The messenger had had to go no further than the door; he came back, followed by a man whom he introduced to Jurgis as "Comrade Ostrinski." Comrade Ostrinski was a little man, scarcely up to Jurgis's shoulder, wizened and wrinkled, very ugly, and slightly lame. He had on a long-tailed black coat, worn green at the seams and the button-holes. His eyes must have been weak, for he wore green spectacles, that gave him a grotesque appearance; but his hand-clasp was hearty, and he spoke in Lithuanian, which warmed Jurgis to him.

...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, Ostrinski 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 he entered, and he had three young children, he explained, 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 clothing, and Ostrinski explained that he was a "pants-finisher." He carried with him great bundles of clothing here to his home, where he always made a living at them. He had always made a living at it, but it was getting harder all the time, because his eyes were failing. What would come when they gave out he could 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, and so the pay was forever getting less. That was the competitive wage system; and if Jurgis wanted to understand Socialism, here was the place for him to begin—with wages! Wages tended constantly to the lowest possible level; the workers were dependent upon a job to exist from day to day, and so they bid against each other, and no man could get more than the lowest man would consent to work for. That was the fundamental fact of life, from the point of view of the poor. By combining unions, and co-operating, they could raise the level a little, but there was always the mass of the unorganized and unemployed, and it swept over them like a flood, and wages sank again; and thus the vast mass of the people were always 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 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 pleased for labor, and charged the key to all the problems of the modern world was that competitive wage. It was owing to this that all over the world two classes were forming, with an unbridled chasm between them—the capitalist class, with its enormous fortunes, and the proletariat, bound into slavery by unseen chains. The latter were a thousand to one in numbers, but they were ignorant and helpless, and they would remain at the mercy of their exploiters until they were organized—until they had become "class-conscious." That was a Socialist phrase; it meant that a workman had come to perceive once and for all that the interests of his employer and his own were opposite; and then he would join the Socialist movement, and devote all his efforts to opening the eyes of others. It was a slow and weary work, but it would be done—it was like the movement of a glacier, once it was started it could never be stopped. Every Socialist did his share, and lived upon the vision of the "good time" coming—when the working-class should go to the polls and seize the powers of government, and put an end to private property in the means of production. No matter how poor a man he could be, or how much he suffered, if he knew never really unhappy, if he did not live of that future; even if he did not live to see it himself, if his children would, and to a Socialist, the victory of his class was his victory. Also he had always the progress to encourage him. Here in Chicago, for instance, the movement was growing by leaps and bounds—Chicago was the industrial center of the country, and its workmen were years ahead of the rest of the unions so strong; but their organizations did the workers little good; 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 "old party" papers were forced to admit that the Socialists were holding the most successful political meetings of the present campaign. There were half a dozen 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 silence of the capitalist press—the workmen had to discuss Socialism, and though they told lies about it, the people would begin to ask questions. It was that that the party made carrying the ground inch by inch every obstacle Ostrinski explain...

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...So Jurgis stood, watching, while five or ten minutes passed. Now and then the man would look up, and address a word or two to those who were near him; and at last, on one of his long, thin, pale fingers, he would point to someone—"he began; but the other held up his hand. "Wait," he said. "He has something to say to me." And then he looked into Jurgis's face. "You want to know more about Socialism?" he asked. Jurgis started. "I—I—" he stammered. "Is it Socialism? I didn't know. I want to know about what you spoke of—I want to help. I have been through all that."

...The man thought for a moment, and then turned to his friend. "Who is that man, Walters?" he asked. "There is Ostrinski—but he is a Pole." "Ostrinski speaks Lithuanian," said the other. "All right, then; would you mind seeing if he has gone yet?" The other started away, and the speaker looked at Jurgis again. He had deep, black eyes, and a face full of gentleness and pain. "You must excuse me, comrade," he said. "I am just tired out—I have spoken every day for the last month. I will introduce you to someone who will be able to help you as well as I could—"

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 rapidly in the smaller places; a local had anywhere from six to a thousand members, and there were fourteen hundred of them in all, with a total of about twenty-five thousand members, who paid dues to support the organization. There were the state organizations, and above them the national, which had its headquarters in Chicago. "Local Cook County," as the city organization was called, had eighty branch locals, and it alone was spending several thousand dollars in the campaign. It published an English weekly, and a Bohemian, a German, and also there was a monthly published in Chicago, 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 Sillesia, 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 upon the "International," Ostrinski himself had twice been in jail but he had been young then, and had not cared. He had had more of his share of the fight, though, for just when Socialism had broken all its barriers and become the great political force of the empire, he had come to America, and begun all over again. In America everyone had laughed at the mere idea of Socialism, but in America all men were free. As if political liberty made wage-slavery any the more tolerable! said Ostrinski. He had understood, for himself, that Socialism would come more quickly in a free country than in any other, and when the comrades had sneered at the American workingman, saying that he had no idea save to get to be an employer himself, and turn upon his class, Ostrinski had always answered that when the country was once filled up, and the class-lines were drawn tightly, it would no longer be possible for the workingman to become a capitalist, and then they would find out the importance of free speech and free institutions to Socialism. Now that time had come, and the whole country was seething with agitation; so much so that it seemed to Ostrinski that America might really be the first of the nations to witness the industrial revolution.

The little tailor sat tilted back in his stiff kitchen chair, with his feet stretched out upon the empty table, and 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, hunger-driven 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 long in admiring; 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 Ostrinski, when a man was first converted 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 come into his mind that other new things would be coming to keep him from settling down into it. Just now Jurgis would have plenty of chance to vent his excitement, for a presidential campaign was on, and everybody was talking politics. Ostrinski would take him to the next 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 officials. All of these things Ostrinski explained, as also the plan by which the party controlled its candidates who were elected to office. When they were nominated 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 the proletarian movement all over the world. When a Socialist was elected to office, he voted with old party legislators for every measure that was likely to be of help to the working-class, but he never forgot that the measure, whatever it might be, were trifles compared with the great purpose for which the party existed—the organizing of the working-class for the revolution. So the 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 browbeat the 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 was now more solidly class-conscious than it had ever been in its history before; yet it was the conventional historians accepted by all the capitalist writers in America and England, that the German Socialists had abandoned the revolution, and became a party of political reform! This helped to take away from the American Socialists the prestige of the "three million party," and to make them feel that they were in the rear of the party that had first made

nominations, it had cast two thousand votes; in 1896 it had cast thirty-two thousand, and in 1900 it had cast a hundred and twenty-five thousand. At the same rate it should cast half a million this year, two millions in 1908, and sweep the country in 1912—though there were few Socialists who expected to succeed as quickly as that.

The Socialists were organized in every civilized nation; it was an international political party, the greatest the world had ever known. It numbered thirty millions of adherents, and it cast eight million votes. It had started its first newspaper in Japan, and elected its first deputy in Argentina; in France it named members of cabinets, and in Italy and Australia it held the balance of power and turned out ministries; in Germany, where its vote was more than a third of the total vote of the Empire, all other parties and powers had united to fight it. There was the Emperor—the world of the "mailed fist;" there was the medieval nobility, the descendants of lords of the "mailed fist;" there was the 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 was the Roman Catholic church and the Jesuits; there was the bureaucracy, and the "republic" press; and finally, there were the capitalists, the masters of them all. And in every country in Europe to which light and freedom had come, the same powers of darkness, leagued together, and the wretched workers were jammed into slums and imprisoned in factories, or herded like sheep and sent out to the slaughter, to conquer new markets and new opportunities of profit for the masters. All this was frightful to see and understand—it was a sort of day-nightmare: the people burdened by poverty and ignorance, by race prejudice and religious bigotry, and crushed by a power such as this! Yet that was life—it was in this fiery furnace that it was in this agony that men were being brought together, and the dream of the Brotherhood of Man being made a reality. It would not do, Ostrinski explained, for the proletariat of one nation to achieve the victory; for that nation would be crushed by the military power of the others; and so the Socialist movement was a world movement, an organization of all mankind to establish liberty and fraternity, a party to which the rights of all men, white or black or red or yellow, were equally sacred. So the International Socialist movement was the new religion of humanity—or you might say it was the fulfillment of the old religion, since it was but the practical application of all the teachings of Christ.

Until long after midnight Jurgis sat lost in the conversation of his new acquaintance. It was a most wonderful experience to him—a almost supernatural experience. It was like wandering through 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 mountain-top, from which he could survey it all—could see the paths upon which he had wandered, the morasses into which he had stumbled, the hiding-places of the beasts of prey that had fallen upon him. There were his Packtown experiences, for instance—what was there about Packtown 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 of capital, which had crushed all opposition, and overturned the laws of the land, and was preying upon the people. Jurgis recoiled, how when he had first come to Packtown, he had stood and watched the hog-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 packers' hogs! Labor was their hog, and they themselves were their hog, and they themselves were the biggest hogs of all. They were business-men, and business was business. What they wanted from a hog was all the profits that could be got out of him; and that was what they wanted 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 Packtown; there seemed to be something about the work of slaughtering that tended to rub out of men all the methods of the packers a hundred human lives did not balance a penny of profit. When Jurgis had made himself familiar 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 thousand 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-offices; 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 building-laws against it. In the national capital it had power to prevent inspection of its product, and to falsify government reports; it violated the rebate laws, and when an investigation was threatened it turned 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 businesses every year, it drove men to madness and suicide. It had forced the price of cattle so low as to destroy the stock-raising industry, an occupation upon which whole states existed. It had ruined thousands of butchers who had refused to handle its products. It divided the country into districts, and fixed the prices of men in of them; it owned all the refrigerator cars, and levied an enormous tribute upon all poultry and eggs and fruit and vegetables. With the millions of dollars a week that

poured in upon it, it was reaching out for the control of other interests, railroads and trolley lines, gas and electric-light franchises, the leather and the grain 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 pocket-book directly. About the sufferings of the Packingtown employes, to whom the same slaughter-house methods were being applied, the public did not care anything—it read the capitalist papers, and was prejudiced against the workingmen. What would stir the public, however, was the realization of the third floor in which the "Great Butcher" was at work—when it understood that he was dealing out, blindly and at random, a sudden and agonizing death to tens of thousands of human beings every year, through the sale of tainted and poisoned meats; when it understood that a man who took a part of the packing-house product into his stomach was simply playing a game of chance for his life. With the horrible and nauseating stuff that they put up in tins they had killed more American soldiers than all the bullets of the Spaniards in the last war, and with every carload they were shipping out tonight, they sent the death warrant of some poor helpless wretch in a hospital or a poorhouse or a convict-camp—not only in America, but all over the world, in the Panama ditches, and on the Mancharian battle-fields, and in the South African diamond-mines!

And then, as a contrast to this, Ostrinski went on to tell Jurgis how he had heard at Hull House Settlement a lecture by an Englishman, an expert upon sanitary science, who had been sent by the London Lancet to study the horrors of Packingtown. This man had described the model municipal slaughter-house of Berlin, where the governing power of an old time aristocracy put some slight check upon the crimes of commercialism. This slaughter-house killed for any one who brought animals to it, charging so much per head. It was built according to the latest scientific principles, light and airy, with concrete floors and no nooks or corners to hold dust or dirt; its walls and floors, every day, were flushed with water from a traveling machine pump; and from every animal that was killed there, twelve samples were cut, which were examined by twelve different microscopes, and if the least sign of disease was found, the carcass was instantly destroyed. As the loss fell upon the owner, he was careful what he bought, and so the business of breeding diseased cattle had been wiped out. The difference between such a system as that and the one that prevailed in Chicago was, of course, simply the difference between civilization and savagery. Yet there was no hope of a national or 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 not to heap up fortunes for a band of murderers and pirates.

It was long after midnight when Jurgis lay down upon the floor of Ostrinski's kitchen; and yet it was an hour before he could get to sleep, for the glory of that joyful vision of the people of Packtown marching in and taking possession of the Union Stockyards!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JURGIS had breakfast with Ostrinski and his family, and then he went home to Elizabeth. He was no longer shy about it—when he went in, instead of saying all the things he had been planning to say, he started to tell Elizabeth about the revolution. At first she thought he was out of his mind, and it was hours before she could really feel certain that he was himself. When she had satisfied herself that he was sane upon all subjects except politics she troubled herself no further about it. Jurgis was destined to find that Elizabeth was absolutely impervious to Socialism; she 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 he intended to look for work and to contribute his share to the family fund, she gave him no further thought of anything. A wonderfully little woman was Elizabeth; she could think as quickly as a hunted rabbit, and in an hour she had chosen her life-attitude to the Socialist movement. She agreed in everything with Jurgis, except the need of his paying his dues; and she would even go to a meeting 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 lobby, and he went up to him and tackled him for a job.

"What can you do?" the man asked. "Anything, sir," said Jurgis; and added quickly: "I've been out of work for a long time, sir. I'm an honest man, and I'm strong and willing." "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 trucks—"

"I'm willing, sir." "All right, I'll pay you thirty a month and board, and you can begin now, if you feel like it. You can tuck in the other fellow's rig." And so Jurgis fell to work and toiled like a Trojan all night. Then he went and told Elizabeth, and also, late as it was, he paid a visit to Ostrinski to tell

him of his good fortune. Here he received a great surprise, for when he was describing the location of the hotel Ostrinski 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 Chicago—he's a state organizer of our party, and one of our best known speakers!"

So the next morning Jurgis went to his employer and told him; and the man seized him by the hand and shook it. "By Jove!" he cried, "that lets me out—I didn't sleep all last night because 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 known to his intimates, was a squat little man, with broad shoulders and a florid face, decorated with gray side-whiskers. He was the kindest-hearted man that ever lived, and the liveliest; he was inexhaustible in his enthusiasm, talking Socialism all day and all night. He was a great fellow to jolly along a crowd, and he would keep a meeting in an uproar; when once he got really waked up, the torrent of his eloquent words could be compared with nothing save Niagara.

Billy Hinds had begun life as a blacksmith's helper, and had run away to join the Union army, where he had made his first acquaintance with "graft" in the shape of rotten muskets and shoddy blankets. To a musket that broke in a crisis he always attributed the death of his only brother, and upon worthless blankets he blamed all the agonies of his own old age. Whenever it rained, the rheumatism would get into his joints, and then he would screw up his face and mutter: "Capitalism, my boy. Capitalism! It's the inferno." He had one unfulfilling remedy for all the evils of this world, and he preached it to every 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 do about it—vote the Socialist ticket!"

Billy Hinds had set out upon the trail of the Octopus as soon as the war was over. He had gone into business, and found himself in competition with the fortunes of those who had been stealing while he had been fighting; he had found the city government in the hands of such men, and the honest business driven to the wall; and so he had put all his savings into Chicago real estate, and set out single-handed to dam the river of graft. He had been a reform member of the city council, 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 leader had revealed to him that others were ahead of him. Now for eight years he had been fighting for the party, and the honest business—whether it was a G. A. R. reunion, or a hotel-keeper's 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 his own, ending at some place between 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 employers were party men, and if they were not when they came, they were quite ready to become so when they went. The proprietor would get into a discussion with some one in the lobby, and 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 cronie of the proprietor's, an awkward, raw-boned giant of a man, with a lean, saw-like face and a broad mouth, and whiskers under a chin, the very type and body of a prairie farmer. He had been that all his life—he had fought the railroads in Kansas for fifty years, a Granger, a Farmers' Alliance man, a "middle-of-the-road" Populist. Finally, Billy Hinds had revealed to him the wonderful idea of using the trusts instead of destroying them; and he had sold his farm and bought some tenements in Chicago. He went to collect the rent himself each month, and with every receipt went a Socialist tract, and a statement to the effect that, so long as the rent continued to vote to pay rent, he was in a position to put the money to better use than any capitalist.

That was Amos Struver; and then there 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 Massachusetts the percentage of white illiteracy is eight-tenths of one per cent, while in South Carolina it is thirteen and six tenths per cent; also in South Carolina there is a property qualification for voters—and for these and other reasons child-labor is the rule, and so the cotton mills were driving those of Massachusetts 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 the fashion in Massachusetts, and had been discharged; but he had gotten other work, and stuck at it, and at last there had been a strike for shorter hours, and Harry Adams had attempted to address a street meeting, which was the end of him. In the state of the far 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 authorities to go out hunting negroes—they will find a number of them playing craps in a hallway, or indulging in a jo-joe game on a Sunday night, and they will haul them up for "gambling," and

send them for three or six months to a convict-camp, where the hours of labor are from dawn till dark, and a man who ventures to murmur is knocked over the head. Harry Adams was sent up by a judge who was a cousin of the mill-owner 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 his family had left the state of South Carolina—hell's backyard, as he called it. He had no money for car-fare, but it was harvest time, and they walked one day and worked the next; and so Adams got at last to Chicago, and joined the 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 expected, 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 prices to induce enormous shipments of cattle, and then dropping them again and scooping in all they needed, a stock-raiser was very apt to find himself in Chicago 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 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 worked there and seen every bit of it." And then Jurgis would drop his work, whatever it was, and come, and the other would say, "Comrade Jurgis, just tell these gentlemen what you saw in the stockyards." At first, this request caused poor Jurgis the most acute agony, and he was like pulling teeth to get him to talk; but gradually he found out what was wanted, and in the end he learned to stand up and speak his piece with enthusiasm. His employer would sit by and encourage him with exclamations and shakes of the head—when Jurgis would give the formula for "pot-leads ham," or tell about the condemned hogs made into lard in another state, Billy Hinds would bang his knee and cry: "Do you think a man could make up a thing like that out of his head?"

And then the hotel-keeper would go on to show how the Socialists had the only real remedy for such evils, how they alone "meant business" with the Beef Trust. And 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 blow all ready. "Yes," he would say, "all that is true—and what do you suppose is the reason for it? Are you foolish enough to believe that it is for the good of the public? There are other trusts in the country just as illegal and extortionate as the Beef Trust; 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 keeps you from reading at night—and why do you suppose it is that all the fury of the press and the government is directed against the Beef Trust, and not against these?" And when to this the victim would reply that there was clamor enough over the Oil Trust, the other would continue: "Ten years ago Henry D. Lloyd told all the truth about the Standard Oil company in his 'Wealth versus Power'—and the book was bought and sold, and allowed to die, and you can hear it get a copy of it. And now, at last, two magazines have the courage to tackle Standard Oil again, and what happens? The newspapers ridicule and vilify the authors, the churches defend the criminals, and the government—does nothing at all. And why is it so different with the Beef Trust?"

Here the other would generally admit that he was "stuck," and Billy Hinds would explain to him, and it was fun to see his eyes 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 a thousand subtle influences, it controls the press of this free republic; and, controlling the press, it controls public opinion, the churches, the schools, and the colleges. And all of the trusts that I have named are railroad trusts—save only the Beef Trust! The Beef Trust has defied the railroads—it is plundering them day by day through the Pullman Car; and so the public is roused to fury, and the government goes for action, and the government gets the railroads! The Steel Trust fixes the tariff laws of the country and robs us by wholesale, and nothing is done; the Beef 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 packers in jail! And you poor common 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 might of the United States government, and of the press and public opinion of America, is being used in an attempt to reverse the victory!"

Such was the new home in which Jurgis lived and worked, and in which his education was completed. Perhaps you would imagine that he did not do much work there, but that that was not his mistake. He would have cut off one of Billy Hinds; and to keep Hinds's hotel a thing of beauty was his job in life. That he had a score of Socialist arguments chiding through his brain in the meantime did not interfere with this; on the contrary, Jurgis scrubbed the spittoons and polished the banisters all the more vehemently because at the same time he was wrestling 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 men, and men who had come up from the social pit, and with the mire of it smeared over them. Some of them drank, and some of them swore, and some of them ate pie with their knives; 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 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 morrow. It was so evidently a wicked thing to spend one's premises for drink, while 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 Elizabeth had made friends in her neighborhood, and he set out to make Socialists of them, and several times he all but got into a fight.

It was all so painfully obvious to Jurgis: it was so incomprehensible how a man could fail to see it! Here were all the opportunities of the country, the land, and the buildings upon the land, the railroads, the mines, the factories, and the stores, all in the hands of a few private individuals, called capitalists, for whom the people were obliged to work for wages. The whole balance of what the people produced went to heap upon the fortunes of these capitalists, to heap, and heap again, and yet again—and that in spite of the fact that they, and every one about them, lived in a palace of luxury! And was it not plain that if the people stopped this ceaseless drain of "profits," there would be much more for all who worked? That was as plain as two and two makes four; and it was 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 would not see that "economical" management by masters meant simply that they, the people, were worked harder and ground closer and paid less! They would speak of wage-earners, servants, and menials, who had no hope of anything but a bare existence, and who were at the mercy of exploiters whose one thought was to get as much out of them as possible—they were taking an interest in the process, and were anxious lest it should not be done thoroughly enough! Was it not honestly a trial to listen to an argument such as that? To think of people who were unwilling to trust themselves to be free and equal dwellers in a house of which they were part owners, and preferred to be scullions and lackeys in a house that was managed "economically!"

That was hard—and yet there were 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 to take his clothes off; who had never been on vacation in his life, had never traveled, never learned anything, never hoped anything, and when you started to tell him about Socialism he would sniff and say: "I'm not interested in that—I'm an individualist!" And then he would go on to tell you that Socialism was "paternalism," and that if it ever had its way the world would stop progressing—because individual initiative would be destroyed. It was enough to make a mule laugh to hear arguments like that; and it was no laughing matter, as you found it in how many millions of such poor deluded wretches there were, whose individualities had been so stunted by Capitalism that they no longer knew what individuality was, and were content to repeat a piece of stupid knavery that had been hatched in the secret councils of employers' associations, and passed along by subsidized college presidents and knavish politicians, by hiring newspaper editors and sleek society preachers! Only think of it—it was "Individualism" for tens of thousands of workmen 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 manage them, and what books should be found in them; while for the men to take up this impudent business of themselves, and run their own libraries, and run those who had stunted themselves—that was "Paternalism!" It was "Individualism" for political parties to be in the hands of corrupt and ignorant bosses, who were paid by big business-men to do their will, and to lead the people to the polls like sheep to the slaughter-pen; and when the people got up and started a party of their own, and paid its expenses and ran it to suit themselves—that was "Paternalism!" Sometimes the agony of such such oppression as this, more than Jurgis could bear—his impotence in the face of million voices, that he might yell it into the ears of all the stupid fools at once.

"No, Socialism is not paternalism! Capitalism is paternalism! It's doing as you're doing for work, and taking what's offered for work, and being taught your place! Socialism is freedom and independence; it's giving you your own job and being your own boss, it's working when you please and where you please, it's plenty and op-

portunity—it's everything that you want in the world and that your masters are trying to keep from you!"

And yet Jurgis was only at the beginning of his trials. He had, yet, to find out the newspapers, and the spurs that patient merit had to take from them. About a week after Jurgis got his "Hinds-View Debate"—and when our friend read the accounts of this that were published in the 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 giving out of Socialist tracts during the campaign had moved him to a sermon denouncing Socialism as a menace to civilization. Straightway, of course, Billy Hinds and his cronies had gotten up a polite little letter challenging the gentleman to a debate. The letter was persuasively worded, in the name of fair play 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 letter, accepting. Now, a month or so later, the debate came off, and it was a great event. The neighborhood had been gladdened 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 been 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 climax; and he would work up the crowd—he would lift them—lift them—till they leaped to their feet with yells of delight! 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 there, 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 man who had worked and saved and accumulated a little capital, and upon his "right" to the interest it would bring him. 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 and dimes, which by and by grow up to be dollars as big as your daddy! He doesn't understand that the thing he calls interest is wealth produced by another man's sweat and blood, and then taken from him!" And then the hotel-keeper went on to show how persons who could get ten thousand dollars, whether they got it by saving it or stealing it, had an abominable 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 in them were the wage-earners of the world!

The clergyman's speech had consisted mainly of two arguments—first, that the people could not properly the industries of the country throughly; and, second, that Socialism would destroy individual enterprise. Said Billy Hinds, "I wouldn't really need to answer those two arguments—I could just tie them up by the tails and hang them over a clothes-line, and they would swing there like the Killdeer hats!" And he went on to show how the second meant that the government would be doing nothing—and the first meant that the government would be so much for us to do that we shouldn't be able to do it! The first simply meant that Dr. Winslow had failed to understand that Socialism implied, not merely the public ownership of the industrial machinery, but also its democratic administration. Our present idea of "government" was a tyrannical bureaucracy, the agent of a particular exploiting-class, that was in charge at the time; but under Socialism the governing authorities would be the board of directors of a club, in which the world would be exactly a big club of which all men and women were equal members, and in the affairs of which all took part. So, of course, there might appear to be much force in that argument, that there would be too much for the people to do; there is public spirit enough, intelligence enough, said Dr. Winslow—"And what course there isn't!" cried Billy Hinds. "Who knows that better than the Socialists? If there were enough, we'd go to work to make it. We have to people together and organize them, we have to teach them, we have to read and study and think for themselves. We have to train them to write and to speak and debate, and organize and administer affairs. And what all that but the people becoming capable of doing what the doctor says they aren't capable of doing at present? And why shouldn't heaven's name be not helping us to make them capable—why, at least, if we don't wish us God-speed, instead of calling us enemies of civilization? Why shouldn't we simply stand there and tell us that Socialism is an untried experiment—of course it is an untried experiment! So is the first attempt of the baby to get upon its feet—but that is not any sort of a doorway into the world of emboldened Socialism, do they always argue a question of dollars and cents, and fail to understand that Socialism is not a question of business, but a question of right and wrong; that the facts by which it is to be interpreted are not the financial alone, but those of religion and justice; that the Socialism of the present is not an act of will; it is the part of the perpetual miracle of life, the coming into being of a thing that never was before, a thing that is the will of the sovereign soul; it is the will of the soul man to do rightness, and also is the will of the working-class, with all its elements of luxury and government, and corruption, crime and war, and evil, and things that can be effected by an ordinary student, or that can be comprehended by a Jesuit calculation—it is a good, a thing that

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 rapidly in the smaller places; a local had anywhere from six to a thousand members, and there were fourteen hundred of them in all, with a total of about twenty-five thousand members, who paid dues to support the organization.

There were the state organizations, and above them the national, which had its headquarters in Chicago. "Local Cook County," as the city organization was called, had eighty branch locals, and it alone was spending several thousand dollars in the campaign. It published an English weekly, and a Bohemian, a German, and also there was a monthly published in Chicago, 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 Sillesia, 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 upon the "International," Ostrinski himself had twice been in jail but he had been young then, and had not cared. He had had more of his share of the fight, though, for just when Socialism had broken all its barriers and become the great political force of the empire, he had come to America, and begun all over again. In America everyone had laughed at the mere idea of Socialism, but in America all men were free. As if political liberty made wage-slavery any the more tolerable! said Ostrinski. He had understood, for himself, that Socialism would come more quickly in a free country than in any other, and when the comrades had sneered at the American workingman, saying that he had no idea save to get to be an employer himself, and turn upon his class, Ostrinski had always answered that when the country was once filled up, and the class-lines were drawn tightly, it would no longer be possible for the workingman to become a capitalist, and then they would find out the importance of free speech and free institutions to Socialism. Now that time had come, and the whole country was seething with agitation; so much so that it seemed to Ostrinski that America might really be the first of the nations to witness the industrial revolution.

The little tailor sat tilted back in his stiff kitchen chair, with his feet stretched out upon the empty table, and 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, hunger-driven 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 long in admiring; 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 Ostrinski, when a man was first converted 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 come into his mind that other new things would be coming to keep him from settling down into it. Just now Jurgis would have plenty of chance to vent his excitement, for a presidential campaign was on, and everybody was talking politics. Ostrinski would take him to the next 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 officials. All of these things Ostrinski explained, as also the plan by which the party controlled its candidates who were elected to office. When they were nominated 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 the proletarian movement all over the world. When a Socialist was elected to office, he voted with old party legislators for every measure that was likely to be of help to the working-class, but he never forgot that the measure, whatever it might be, were trifles compared with the great purpose for which the party existed—the organizing of the working-class for the revolution. So the Socialists never made any sort of an alliance with capitalist parties, never "f

you, Christian ministers, meet a man who is a slave to drink and who wishes to be free, you do not sit down with him and figure out the chances, you do not go to the statistics to find out if it is worth while; you rush him to the hospital, you implore him to rise and get up, you understand that the power of the will in the will to be, and that apart from the will there is no power. Of course the man may fail, after all, he may be too far gone for help; and so we say, Socialism—it may be that corruption has so far eaten into the fibre of our manhood, it may be that we are so dead to the call of freedom, that we shall fail in our efforts, and that the struggle for the disinherited for life will end only in chaos and ruin. If so, the fault will not be ours, who strove and did our best—it will lie at the door of those who mocked at us and despised us, who lied about us and misrepresented us, who sat by in idleness, while we toiled to deliver mankind.

That was the climax of the debate; and so let it be imagined how Jurgis felt when he saw the papers the next day. He discovered that, though all of them had been notified, only one had reported the event, and that one under the heading: "Dr. Winslow Rebukes Socialism!" It represented the worthy doctor in the attitude of a school-master lecturing an unruly pupil; and it gave half a column of his arguments, while all that had to say of Billy Hind's effort was this one sentence: "To the argument of the clergyman that the government could not manage the industries of the country properly, his opponent replied by stating that to Socialists municipal ownership was not a question of finance, but of faith."

CHAPTER XXXV

ONE of the first things that Jurgis did when he got a job was to go and see Marjia. She came down into the basement of the house to meet him, and he stood by the door with his hat in his hand, saying, "I've got work now, and so you can leave here."

But Marjia only shook her head. "No," she said, "there's nothing for you to do, and nobody to employ you." She could not keep her past a secret any longer, and she was always found out. Thousands of men came to this place, and sooner or later she would meet one of them. When a woman had come to this, she never got out. "And besides," Marjia added, "I can't do anything. I'm no good—I take dope. What could you do with me?"

"Can't you stop?" Jurgis cried. "No," she answered, "I'll never stop. No! 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 Elizabeth take her money she answered indifferently: "Then it'll be wasted here—that's all." Her eyelids looked heavy and her face was red and swollen; he saw that she was annoyed, but that she only wanted him to go away. So he went, disappointed.

Elizabeth was very happy in his home. Elizabeth was sick a good deal now, and the boys were wild and noisy, and very much the worse for their life upon the streets. But he stuck by the family as his duty; and when things went wrong he could solve himself with a plunge into the Socialist movement. Since his life had been caught up into the current of this mighty stream, things which had before been the whole of life to him now came to seem of relatively slight importance. His interests were elsewhere, in the world of ideas. His outward life became commonplace and uninteresting—he was just a porter, and expected to remain while he lived; but meantime in the realm of thought his life was a perpetual adventure. There was so much to know—so many wonders to be discovered!

Never, in all his life, did Jurgis forget one day when there came a telephone message from a friend of Harry Adams, asking him to bring Jurgis to see him that night; and Jurgis went, and met one of the great minds of the Socialist movement.

The invitation was from a man named Fisher, a young Chicago millionaire, who had given up his life to settlement-work and had a little home in the heart of the city's slums. He did not belong to the Socialist party, but he was in sympathy with it, and he had explained that he was to have as his guest that night the editor of a big eastern magazine, a man who wrote against Socialism, but who really did not know what it might be a good idea to introduce the editor to some Socialists, and he suggested bringing Jurgis, with the idea of starting up the subject of the "Pure Food bill," in which the editor was interested.

The millionaire's home was a little two-story brick house, dingy and weather-beaten outside, but attractive within. The room that Jurgis saw was half-lined with books, and upon the walls were many pictures, dimly visible in the soft, yellow light; it was a cold, rainy night, so a large fire was crackling in the open hearth. Seven or eight people were gathered about it when Adams and his friend arrived, and Jurgis saw to his dismay that three of them were ladies. He had never talked to people of this sort before. He stood in a doorway, watching his hat tightly in his hands, and made a deep bow to each of the persons as he was introduced; then, when he was asked to sit down, he took a chair in a dark corner, and sat down upon the edge of his seat, wiping the perspiration off his forehead with his sleeve. He was terrified lest they should expect him to say anything; but, as it chanced, he was let to sit nearly the whole time.

There was the host himself, a tall, middle-aged young man, clad in evening dress, as also was the editor, a distinguished gentleman named Maynard, who was the former's frail young wife, and also an elderly lady, a Mr. Jones, who taught kindergarten in the city, and a Miss Harkness, a beautiful girl with an intense and earnest expression, a student of the great Standard Oil University. She only spoke once or twice during the evening, but she sat by the table in her room, resting her chin in her hand, and drinking in the conversation, and there were two other men, when young

Fisher had introduced to Jurgis as Mr. Lucas and Mr. Schliemann; he heard them address Adams as "Comrade," and so he knew that they were members of the party.

The one called Lucas was a mild and meek-looking little gentleman of clerical aspect; 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 his way—as he phrased it—from San Francisco to Texas, by way of Maine; he was like the apostles of old, upon whom hospitality, and preaching upon street-corners when there was no hall, were the man previously referred to, and he had been in the midst of a discussion with the editor when Adams and Jurgis came in; at the suggestion of the host they resumed it after the interruption, and Jurgis was soon sitting spellbound, thinking that here was surely the strangest man that had ever lived in the world.

Nicholas Schliemann was a German Swab; a tall, gaunt person with hairy hands and bristling yellow beard. He was a university professor, and had been a professor of philosophy, and as he said, he had found that he was selling his character as well as his time. Also he was a violinist of a tremendous sort, but he would not sell his music, and instead had come to America, where he lived in a garret-room in this slum district. He made volcanic energy take the place of fire, and he studied the composition of food-stuffs, and knew exactly how many proteins and carbohydrates his body needed; by scientific chewing he could triple the value of all he ate, and it cost him eleven cents a day. About the first of July he would leave Chicago for his vacation, on foot; and when he struck the harvest-fields he would set to work for two dollars and a half a day, and come home when he had another year's supply—a hundred and twenty-five dollars. That was the nearest approach to independence a man could make under capitalism, he explained; he would never marry—no man should allow himself to fall in love until after the revolution.

He sat in a big arm chair, with his legs crossed, and his head so far in the shadow that one saw only two glowing lights, reflected from the fire on the hearth. He spoke simply, and utterly without emotion; with the manner of a teacher setting forth to a group of scholars an axiom in geometry, he would enunciate such propositions as made the hair of an ordinary person rise on end. And when the auditor had asserted his non-comprehension, he would proceed to elucidate by some new proposition, or yet more appalling. To Jurgis the Herr Doctor Schliemann assumed the proportions of a thunder-storm or an earthquake. And yet, strange as it might seem, there was a subtle bond between them, and Jurgis could follow him nearly all the time; he was carried over the difficult things in spite of himself, and went plunging away in mad career, and went plunging 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 so 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 guarding of property-rights, the perpetuation of ancient force and modern might; what was marriage? Marriage was prostitution; there were two sides to the sex-predatory man's exploitation of the sex-prey; the difference between them was negligence. If a woman had money prostitution, if a woman had money she might dictate her own terms; equality, a life-contract, and the legitimate—that is, the property-rights—of her children. If she had no money, she was a proletarian, and sold herself for an existence. Ethically considered, marriage was an act of potherony; like all other conventions, it was an attempt to obviate the soul. After the revolution, woman would be free, and she would not sell herself for a living; and with industrial equality, legitimate would of course lose its meaning. With the abolition of mental slavery the family would go to pieces; machinery would take the place of the household drudge, and children would be reared cooperatively—which would mean that science would at last have something to say in the shaping of civilization at present was the hands of a few. A philanthropist and the chief task of the modern intelligence was the delivering of woman from herself.

And then the subject became Religion, which was the Arch-foes' deadliest weapon. Government oppressed the body of the wage-slave, but religion oppressed his mind, and poisoned the stream of progress at its source. The workingman was to fix his hopes upon a future life, while his pockets were picked in this one; he was brought up to frugality, humility, obedience, to the pseudo-virtues of the bourgeoisie. Aboard the destiny of the world-struggle between the International and the Robber-Lords, the Catholic Church. Nor were things much better at home, for "the stygian midnight of American evangelicism—"

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

"Yes," said the other, "I have no doubt that in a hundred years the Vatican would be denying that it ever preached Socialism, just as at present it denies that it ever tortured Galileo." "I am not defending the Vatican," exclaimed Lucas, vehemently. "I am defending the word of God—which is the fanning 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 quote in my addresses as 'the Bible up to the Beet Trust' or take the words of Isaiah—or of the Master himself! Not the elegant prince with the golden crown and the fine linen of our debauched and vicious art, not the jewelled idol of the social churches—but the Jesus of the awful reality, the man of sorrow and pain, the outcast, despised of the world

who had no where to lay his head—"I will grant you Jesus," interrupted the other.

"Well, then," cried Lucas, "and why should Jesus have nothing to do with his church—why should his words and his life be of no authority among those who profess to adore him? Here is a man who was the world's first revolutionist, the true founder of the Socialist movement; a man whose whole being was one flame of hatred for wealth, and all that wealth stands for—the pride of wealth, and the luxury of wealth, and the tyranny of wealth; who was himself a beggar and a tramp, a man of the people, an associate of saloon-keepers and women of the town; who again and again, in the most explicit language, denounced wealth and the holding of wealth: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth'—'Sell that ye have and give alms'—'Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven'—'Woe unto you that are rich for ye have received your consolation!'—'Verily, I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven!' Who denounced in unmeasured terms the exploiters of his own time! 'Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites!'—'Woe unto you also, ye lawyers!'—'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' Who drove out the business-men and brokers from the temple with a whip! Who was crucified—think of it—for an incendiary and a disturber of the social order! And this man they have made into the high-priest of property and sin, and respectability, a divine sanction of all the horrors and abominations of modern commercial civilization! Jeweled images are made of him, sensual priests burn incense to him, and modern pirates of industry bring their dollars, wrung from the toil of helpless women and children, and build temples to him, and sit in cushioned seats and listen to his teachings expounded by doctors of divinity!"

"Bravo!" cried Schliemann, laughing. But Lucas was in full career—he had talked this subject every day for five years, and had never yet let himself be stopped. "This Jesus of Nazareth!" he cried. "This class-conscious workingman! This union carpenter! This agitator, law-breaker, firebrand, anarchist! He, the sovereign lord and master of the world which binds the bodies and souls of human beings into dollars—if he could come into the world this day and see the things that men have made in his name, would it not blast his soul with horror? Would he not go mad at the sight of it, he the Prince of Mercy and Love! That dreadful night when he lay in the Garden of Gethsemane and writhed in agony until he sweat blood—do you think that he saw anything worse than he might see tonight upon the plains of Manchuria, where men march out with a jewelled image of him before them, to do wholesale murder for the benefit of foul monsters of sensuality and cruelty? Do you not know that if he were in St. Petersburg now, he would take the ship with which he drove out the bankers from his temple—?" Here the speaker paused an instant for breath.

"No, comrade," said the other, drily, "for he was a practical man, and he would take pretty little imitation-lemons, 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."

Lucas waited until the company had stopped laughing over this; then he began again: "But look at it from the point of view of practical politics, comrade. Here is a historical figure whom all men reverence and love, whom some regard as divine; who was one of us—who lived our life, and taught our doctrine. And now shall we leave him in the hands of his enemies—shall we allow them to stifle and stultify his example? No, we shall not quit them; we shall use his words, which no one can deny, and we shall prove to them what he was, and what he taught, and what he did! No, no—a thousand times no!—we shall use his authority to turn out the knaves and shegards from his ministry, and we shall yet rouse the people to vengeance and resolution!"

Lucas paused again; and the other stretched out his hand to a paper on the table. "Here, comrade," he said, with a laugh, "here is a place for you to begin. A bishop whose wife has just been robbed of fifty thousand dollars worth of diamonds! And a most unctuous and oily of bishops! A philanthropist and scholarly labor bishop—a Civic Federation decy-duck for the chloroforming of the wage-workingman!"

This little passage of arms the rest of the company sat as spectators. But now Mr. Maynard, the editor, took occasion to remark, somewhat naively, that he had always understood that Socialists had a cut-and-dried program for the future of civilization; whereas here were two active members of the party, who, from what he could make out, were agreed about nothing at all. Would the two, for his enlightenment, and to ascertain just what they had in common, and why they differed, address him the same and why? The result, after much debate, was the formulating of two carefully-ordered propositions: First, that a Socialist believes in the common ownership and democratic management of the means of producing the necessities of life; and, second, that a Socialist believes that the means by which this is to be brought about is a class-conscious political organization of the wage-earners. Thus far they were at one; no farther. To Lucas, the religious zealot, the Co-operative Commonwealth was the New Jerusalem, the Kingdom of Heaven, which is "within you," the reign of peace and good will towards men. He regarded with abhorrence the ideas of the other—to whom Socialism was simply a necessary step towards a far-distant goal, a step to be tolerated with impatience. Schliemann called himself a "philosophical anarchist," and he explained that the anarchist was one who believed that the free development of every personality, unrestricted by laws save those of its own being. Since the same kind of match would light everyone's fire and the same shaped loaf of bread would fit every one's stomach, to submit industry to the control of a majority vote. There was only one earth, and the quantity of material things was limited. Of intellectual and moral things, on the other hand, there was no limit, and one could have more without another's having less; hence "Communism in material production, anarchism in intellectual," was a formula of the best modern proletarian thought. As

soon as the birth-agonies were over, and the wounds of society had been healed, there would be established a simple system whereby each man was credited with his labor and debited with his purchases; and after that the processes of production, exchange and consumption would go on "automatically, and without our being conscious of them, any more than a man is conscious of the beating of his heart. And then, explained Schliemann, society would break up into independent, self-governing communities of mutually congenial persons; examples of such are present being clubs, churches and political parties. After the revolution, all the intellectual, artistic and spiritual activities of men would be cared for by such "free associations;" romantic novelists would be supported by those who liked to read romantic novels, and impressionist painters would be supported by those who liked to look at impressionist pictures; and the same with preachers, scientists, editors and actors, and musicians; if an one wanted to work or paint or pray, and could find no one to maintain him, he could support himself by working part of the time. That was the case at present, the only difference being that the competitive wage-system compelled a man to work all the time to live, while, after the abolition of privilege and exploitation, any one would be able to support himself by an hour's work a day. "But the artistic audience of the present was a small minority of people, all debased and vulgarized by the effort it had cost them to win in the commercial battle; of the intellectual and artistic activities which would result 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 would exceed anything that would sound reasonable to minds injured to the ferocious barbarisms of Capitalism. After the triumph of the international proletarian, 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 it destroys, not merely the cost of keeping millions of men in idleness, arming and equipping them for battle and parade—but the drain upon the vital energies of society by the war-attitude and the war-temper, the brutality and ignorance, the drunkenness, prostitution and crime it entails, the industrial impotence and the moral deadness? Do you think that it would be too much to say that two hours of the working time of every efficient member of a community goes to feed the red fiend of war?"

And then Schliemann went on to outline some of the wastes of competition; the losses of industrial warfare; the cessless waste and friction; the wastes, such as drink, and the use of which had nearly doubled in twenty 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 hairdressers, dancing masters, chefs and lackeys. "You understand," he said, "that in a society dominated by the fact of commercial competition, money is necessarily the test of prowess, and wastefulness the sole criterion of power. So we have, at the present moment, a society with, say thirty per cent of the population occupied in producing useless articles, and one per cent occupied in destroying them. And this is not all; for the parasites, the milliners and the jewellers and the lackeys have also to be supported by the useful members of the community. And bear in mind also that this monstrous disease affects not merely the idlers and their menials, its poison penetrates the whole social body. Beneath the hundred thousand women of the élite are a million middle-class women, miserable because they are not of the élite, and trying to appear of it in public; and beneath them, in turn, are five million farmers' wives reeking fashion papers and trimming bonnets, and shop-girls and serving maids, selling their wares in broths for cheap jewelry and imitation sealskin robes. And then consider that, added to this competition in display, you have, like oil on the flames, a whole system of competition in selling! You have manufacturers contriving tens of thousands of catch-penny devices, storekeepers displaying them, and newspapers and magazines filled up with advertisements of them!"

"And don't forget the wastes of fraud," put in young Fisher, at this point. "When one comes to the ultra-modern art of advertising," said the other, "the science of persuading people to buy what they do not want—he is in the very centre of the ghastly charnel-house of capitalist destructiveness, and he scarcely knows which of a dozen horrors to point out first. But consider the waste in time and energy incidental to making ten thousand varieties of a thing for purposes of ostentation and snobishness, where one variety would do for use! Consider all the waste incidental to the manufacture of cheap qualities of goods, of goods made to sell and deceive the ignorant; consider the wastes of adulteration—the shoddy clothing, the cotton blankets, the unstable tenements, the ground-rook life-preservers, the adulterated milk, the aniline soda-water, the potato-flour sausages!"

"And consider the moral aspects of these things," put in the ex-preacher. "Precisely," said Schliemann; "the low knavery and the ferocious cruelty incidental to them, the plotting and the lying and the bribing, the blustering and the scheming, the professional end of human existence was the free development of every personality, unrestricted by laws save those of its own being. Since the same kind of match would light everyone's fire and the same shaped loaf of bread would fit every one's stomach, to submit industry to the control of a majority vote. There was only one earth, and the quantity of material things was limited. Of intellectual and moral things, on the other hand, there was no limit, and one could have more without another's having less; hence "Communism in material production, anarchism in intellectual," was a formula of the best modern proletarian thought. As

much of time and energy required to sell these things in a dozen stores, where one would do. There are a million or two of business firms in the country, and five or ten times as many clerks; and consider the handling and rebalancing, the accounting and re-accounting, the planning and worrying, the balancing of petty profit and loss. Consider the whole machinery of the civil law, made necessary by these processes; the libraries of ponderous tomes, the courts and juries to interpret them, the lawyers studying to circumvent them, the pettifoggery and chicanery, the hatreds and lies! Consider the wastes incidental to the blind and haphazard production of commodities—the factories closed, the workers idle, the goods spoiling in storage; consider the activities of the stock-manipulator, the paralyzing of whole industries, the over-stimulation of others, for speculative purposes; the constant and baneful failures, the crises and panics, the deserted towns and the starving populations! Consider the energies wasted in the seeking of markets, the sterile trades, such as drummer, solicitor, bill-poster, advertising-agent. Consider the wastes incidental to the crowding into cities, made necessary by competition and by monopoly railroad-rates; consider the slums, the bad air, the disease and the waste of vital energies; consider the material in the piling of story upon story, and the burrowing underground! Then take the whole business of insurance, the enormous mass of administrative and clerical labor it involves, and all utter waste."

"I do not follow that," said the editor. "The Co-operative Commonwealth is a 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 government 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 everything which the Commonwealth has 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 imitation, no bribery or 'grafting.'"

"How is the price of an article determined?" "The price is the labor it has cost to make and deliver it, and it is determined by the first principles of arithmetic. The million workers in the nation's wheat-fields have worked a hundred days each, and the total product of the labor is a billion bushels, so the value of a bushel of wheat is the hundredth part of a farm labor-day. If we employ an arbitrary symbol, and pay, say five dollars a day for farm-work, then the cost of a bushel of wheat is fifty cents."

"You say 'for farm-work,'" said Mr. Maynard. "Then labor is not to be paid cash." "Manifestly not, since some work is 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 same, and the hours varied; 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 transfer of the workers is accomplished blindly and imperfectly, by rumors and advertisements, instead of instantly and completely, by a universal government bulletin."

"How about those occupations in which time is difficult to calculate? What is the labor cost of a book?" "Obviously it is the labor cost of the paper, printing and binding of it—about a fifth of its present cost." "And the author?" "I have already said that the state could not control intellectual production. The state might say that it had taken a year to write the book, and the author might say it had taken thirty. Goethe said that every *bon mot* of his had cost a purse of gold. What I outline here is a national, or rather international, system for the providing of the material needs of men. Since a man has intellectual needs also, he will work for his own taste and in his own way. I live on the same earth as the majority, I wear the same kind of shoes and sleep in the same kind of bed; but I do not think the same kind of thoughts, and do not wish to pay for such thinkers as the majority selects. I wish such things to be left to free effort, as at present. 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COMING IN A MINUTE

IS THIS PROSPERITY?

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

By reference to the Twelfth Census Report anyone can see the progress in prosperity(?) made by the American farmer from 1880 to 1900. In 1880, 65.9 per cent of all the families in the United States lived upon farms. In 1900, 61.1 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 1880, 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 decrease of 1.5 per cent in farm population by families, and a decrease of 2.9 per cent in ownership of farm homes.

In 1880, 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 increase in the percentage of mortgaged farm homes.

Moreover, in 1880 the families living upon rented farms were 34.1 per cent of all, while ten years later the farm-renting 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 farms has decreased, the percentage of free farm homes has decreased even more, and the percentage of mortgaged and rented farm homes has decidedly increased.

While in Kansas last summer Tom Lawson made several interesting predictions. Here is one of them. "But the end is in sight. I make the solemn and positive assertion that, before all the investigations are finished, before the sworn evidence of the financiers of the leading insurance companies in this country which have been plundered is finished, there will be anywhere from 100 to 150 men, now posing as men of affairs, Wall street magnates and manipulators of insurance funds, doing time in states' prisons for terms varying from eight years to life."

A PREDICTION FULFILLED.
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 country wearing, covered, striped, the rulers of the land, the controllers of the press and the states, the possessors of economic and political power of the country wearing the garb of felons! The people who buy and sell legislatures and judges as fish and sausages are bought and sold in 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 Cranville, in his craziest flights of imagination, conceive such an astounding spectacle as this which the practical Boston stockbroker gives us his 'solmen and nostive assertion' we are soon to behold!"

The age of miracles may not be past, after all, and if not, there is one thing lacking to round out this one. Let Lawson make the same positive assertion that the aforesaid prospective jailbirds will either go to prison voluntarily, or demand that they be allowed to break into the penitentiaries. This would add nothing to the miracle except to furnish a necessary detail, giving verisimilitude to an otherwise astounding and spectacular narrative.

low, and each room throughout the entire building has walls which are decorated in some of these colors. The floors are of hard wood, varnished, and the ceilings are in wood panel effect. There is a wainscoting made in a tile effect and enameled in ivory white. Heavy brass trimmings also add to the beauty of the apartments. In the stable proper, where the horses are kept, there is a porcelain water trough. Hay, straw and grain are delivered to this apartment from the upper floors by means of chutes. Many of the posts at the ends of the partitions dividing the stalls are of solid brass. To the rear of the stalls as shown in the photograph, meeting is heated by steam floors. The stable is heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

The coachman's sitting room is situated at a point which commands a view of the entire first floor of the stable. This apartment is also used as a harness room, where the silver-plated harnesses are kept in glass cases. There is a telephone upon the wall, oriental rugs upon the floors, a mantle, and pretty antique furniture. Stylish winding stairways lead to upper story and basement. In the basement are the furnaces and the hot water heaters. In the up-stairs apartment, besides the separate and places for the storage of grain, hay and straw, there is a bedroom for the coachman, a bathroom, and a room solely for the cleaning of the many harnesses. This beautiful stable is the property of E. S. Rogers. Some of the wealthy 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?

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HUMAN CATTLE.

The Ohio Farmer prints the following article in its issue of the 12th inst., under the title of "The Hurdles of Human Cattle." It is a very interesting article, and one that all of us who are interested in the welfare of the human race should read.

The much advertised Postum is a most excellent article to give the working man an idea of what a chump he is to expend his labor upon palaces for horses while his children live in hovels.

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 \$200,000 a year to maintain his beautiful stables.

There are numerous people who pay at least \$5,000 a year to maintain their stables and coachmen and groom.

Excellent heated and ventilated quarters for their horses when one considers 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' time.

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 the towers there is a large bed filled with flowers in their season. The windows are of plate glass. The interior is handsomely finished and decorated. The carriage and stable rooms are finished in water colors of red and yellow. The harness room is in green and yellow.

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The dealer who delivered the girls into slavery resides in Chicago and has a woman confederate at Shanghai, who is also known to government secret service agents.

The bureau revealed these facts after receiving a complaint of the sale of Louise Miller, of Montreal, to an agent of a Chinese official in Shanghai.

Other evidence indicates Eva Campan, Maggie E. Drouin, Victoria Stamour, waitresses, who were induced to come to Chicago four years ago from Montreal, met the same fate. The names of ten more young women in Chicago and other cities who disappeared and have been shipped to Shanghai to become slaves are in possession of an inspector, J. W. Burst, of the Chicago immigration bureau.

The government, he says, must rely upon the police and state authorities to punish procurers, 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 in 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 forty-nine.

It is known that Hilda Anderson, aged 20, committed suicide after learning the purpose of being sent to China. She lost trace of many, who were sent to one master after another, until they got so far in the interior that it was impossible to locate them.

Chinese girl slaves bring \$250 to \$400. American girls, betrayed into the hands of rich Chinese by the two women, firms have escaped to their beauty and accomplishments. Two hundred victims have escaped at Shanghai and sought refuge in places frequented by American and English sailors. They told an officer of the United States navy of their experiences.

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 detective, and on his way to serve a two-year sentence in this city prison for assault with intent to kill.

Whether it was a factory district or one of the "silk-stocking" wards seemed to make no particular difference in the increase; but one of the things which surprised the party leaders was the tremendous vote that came rolling in from the Stockyards. Packingtown comprises three wards of the city, and the Socialist vote in the spring of 1903 had been five hundred, and in the fall of the same year, sixteen hundred. Now, only a year later, it was over sixty-three hundred—and the Democratic vote only eighty-eight hundred! There were other wards in which the Democratic vote had been actually surpassed; and in two districts, one of them including part of the Stockyards, members of the state legislature had been elected—the first Socialists ever chosen to state offices in Illinois.

Two Views of the Declaration of Independence.

1835

1905

"Freedom—A mere sentimental phrase."—Chancellor Harper. THEY repeat, as the fundamental maxim of our civil policy, that all men are born free and equal, and quote from our Declaration of Independence...

"Self-government is anarchy."—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst. OUR mutual preference is for self-government, which is a bombastic way of saying that WE PREFER TO DO AS WE PREFER TO DO. Self-government, if you construe the term strictly, is simply ANOTHER NAME FOR ANARCHY.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

J. L. Buchanan.

"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."

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 point.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EDITOR.

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 American journalist, who for years served either as editor-in-chief or as a principal editorial writer on Chicago and New York dailies, gave me some examples showing how it was possible for the great dailies to be true to the people at all times.

A HEROINE'S REWARD.

For thirty-eight years Elizabeth Gallagher 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-



self doing housework and scrubbing. But with increasing feebleness her earnings have fallen off.

HERE'S ONE RAY OF HOPE.



In scores of places among 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 thrilling story of Socialism. It is the 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, and we will not accept any orders after the paper is on the press. Prices: 250 copies \$1.00 500 copies 2.00 1,000 copies 4.00

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

The Jungle

Copyright, 1905.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

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, bringing 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.

They went out at the Ashland Avenue gate, and started in the direction of the "dump." There was a yell as soon as they were sighted, men and women rushing out of houses and saloons as they galloped by. There were eight or ten 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.

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

Wages

WAGES can never rise so high as to make it impossible for the capitalist to carry on his business and live; under such circumstances it would be more profitable for the capitalist to give up his business. Consequently, the wages of the workingman can never rise high enough to equal the value of his product.

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 those of his family. In order to enable him to propagate himself and to enable the capitalists to find no proletarians ready made for exploitation.

Also most forms of the following:

- Liver Troubles, Stomach Troubles, Women's Diseases, Fever, induration or catarrh—impure or vitiated blood—usually indicate a germ attack in nervous debility. Ligozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing remarkable results.

50c Bottle Free.

If you need Ligozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for it places you under no obligations whatever.

A Test Will Tell What Ligozone Can Do for You—and It Is Free.

You who are waiting—we ask you again to try Ligozone; to try it at our expense. You'll regret this delay when you learn what the product means to you. Do as millions have done—stop doubting; give Ligozone a test. Then judge it by results. Germ diseases—and there are scores of them—call for a germicide. Those are the diseases to which Ligozone best applies. Don't cling blindly to old-time remedies, if you don't find them effective. Let us prove the power of the new.

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Ligozone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

- Asthma, Anemia, Bronchitis, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Cancer, Catarrh, Neuritis, Sciatica, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Skin Diseases, Tuberculosis, Tumors—Uterus, FEVERS—Gall Stones, Goitre—Gleet, Hay Fever—Influenza, Malaria, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Skin Diseases, Tuberculosis, Tumors—Uterus, FEVERS—Gall Stones, Throat Troubles.

A KALAMAZOO DIRECT TO YOU! At Lowest Factory Prices. We will sell you, freight prepaid, direct from our factory any Kalamazoo Stove or Range on a 360 Days Approval Test. SEND A POSTAL CARD FOR CATALOGUE No. 244.

Deafness Cured at Home. Don't waste your time and money in experiments. My method cures deafness and all attendant troubles. Absolute and positive proofs sent on application. No pain, no loss of time. The method is my own and cannot be obtained elsewhere.

YOU CAN MAKE \$3000 AS OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE. In the Real Estate Business. Former experience unnecessary. I will teach you the business and you will teach me your own special occupation.

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Gold Watch FREE AND RING. Buy a watch with beautiful engraved Gold Plated Case with a beautiful diamond set dial.

CANCER. Cured to stay cured. My TRU-METHO... No deadly germ which is most established, most reliable, most successful.

\$3 a Day Sure. Send your address and we will mail you absolutely free, a 30-day trial of our...

WE PAY \$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSE. (IMPERIAL REP. CO., DEPT. 12 PARSONS, ILL.)

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Library of Science for the Workers. FOUR VOLUMES NOW READY. 1. The Evolution of Man. By Wilhelm Döbischke.

K. C. S. Kansas City Southern Ry. LOWEST RATES EVER MADE TO Southwest, Missouri, Indian Territory.

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA CURED! After suffering for ten years the tortures that only an ataxic can know, Mr. E. P. Burnham of Delmar, N. Y., has been relieved of all pain.

THE BALANCE OF "THE JUNGLE." To the Reader: The balance of the installments of "The Jungle" will be printed in a special edition and mailed to any reader of the story who makes request for the same.