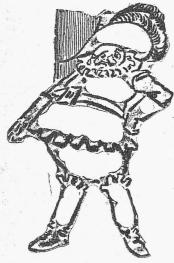
The Last Cruise of the Amalgamated;

or, Who Scuttled the Ship?

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT. Scene: 26 Broadway, New York.

LL right. Now's the best time | interval. To make real all the terrors I possible to clear our decks." The scene was truly in keepng with the situation. We were In the little glass pen where most of our conferences took place. I, with my elbows on the small mahogany table, sat looking across at him leaning back in Without knowing what was eagerness I had detected under his frigid of some kind. Instantly a swift thrill of for real deviltry. There was perhaps a minute's delay while he fumbled in his pocket and drew out letters and papers. My blood steeplechased in my veins as I waited for him to deal me the hand that might decide my fate. In such tense moments thoughts flash in and out



of the mind like lightning, and as his hand, it came over me with a sharp exultation that however the trumps fell it was a great game—great even for the king of gamesters who was about to play his hand. Just as the master card gambler who has lived for weeks and months with the coup by which he is going to make his killing, pauses for one last scrutiny of the victim before delivering the blow that will lay his fortune low, so Henry H. Rogers looked pierc ingly into my eyes and said:

There's the account, Lawson." laid on the table in front of me an oblong piece of paper. On it were some lines of words followed by other lines of figures. That was all. I spread it out carefully between my two hands and bent over it. Then I looked up. Before letting the significance of the figures penetrate my mind, I wished to

know exactly to what they pertained.
"If I understand aright, Mr. Rogers," I asked, "this does not take in our Boston deals or my loans on the Butte and other affairs, but is a settlement of this first section only—a final clearing-up, showing just what my 25 per cent of the Amalgamated and the things connected with it amount to? Am I right?"

voice was even and calmly businesslike, and he answered in exactly the

I turned to the paper; I leaned over back and top of my head, no part of my millions and a half. At once the other lines upon the sheet became a crimson blur. Into my mind rushed an avalanche figures and facts which proved should have read nine millions in place the numbers that were burning themwere rightly but two and a half millions; and the great sum on which all my mara hideous miscalculation? Then inevitably was I hopelessly bankrupt, or saved ably caught in the "Standard Oil" noose I tried fiercely to steady my nerves, to arrest the stampeding terrors that had into my mind a feverish memory of the hideous procession of Thursday's midnight vigil. I fiercely asseverated to myself: "I must be cool, I must, I must But all my resolutions went as goes the powder when touched by the match. In an instant nothing in the world mattered; all dams burst asunder; I sprang to my feet, kicked over the chain with an exclamation which was half vell. half imprecation, I stuck the paper under Mr. Rogers' eves. On the balance line I beat a tattoo with my trembling forefinger. Then I caught forefinger. Then I caught my voice. Heavens knows what I said, for all barriers were down and a flood-tide of rage, overwhelming, terrific, swept my being. There was no chance for Mr. Rogers to answer or interrupt me. Suddenly I became conscious that I was saying: to understand that this is final? Is

"Lawson, in the name of God, stop for a second; there is some mistake; I see there is some mistake, some terrible Don't utter another word. Give me that paper and I'll take it to Mr. Rockefeller. He will see, what is wrong; he and I'll go over it together and you shall have what's right. I will be back in a few minutes, and I swear to you you shall have your full share. Yes, I swear to you even if it takes every dollar of the trate on a faithful comrade in arms a profits, every dollar.

this what I get for my cursed work?"

My voice as I heard it was strange-a

car like a death sentence. "No, by

I handed him the paper without a word. He was out of the room in-I heard gates bang and knew he had, as he promised, "gone up-stairs." dever forget the racking torture of that body's Magazine.

DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ: Lawson, lieutenant; Rogers, captain of the Pirate Ship.

was suffering, it would be necessary for me to enter into elaborate details of the wide-spread financial commitment into which I had been led by my relations with the Consolidated. I was staggering under immense lines of Boston "Coppers," which were to be included in the second section of Amalgamated, but had to happen, but from a certain suppressed | been purchased to make part of the first section. Some of these Mr. Rockefeller composure, I had a strong conviction was carrying for me; the rest were porthat he was nerving himself for a coup tioned among two dozen banks, trust apprehension suggested I'd better look I had legitimately calculated upon, I had proposed to lighten my burden and with the balance attend to the personal contract I had taken on my shoulders to protect Amalgamated stock in the market. To do so on this showing would be out of the question; more than ever should I be at "Standard Oil's" mercy. The dangers that threatened me assumed cyclopean proportions as I mar-shaled them. Suddenly another contingency flashed across my brain. "What if they should tell you that, having refused what is fair, you should have nothing-that you could go to the devil and fight? Then where would you be?" That meant ruin, crushing, irrevocable, complete; and instantly a series of disasters began a cinematographic procession across my disordered brain, so portentously realistic that I found myself shivering in anticipation, when suddenly the door-knob clicked and I jumped to my feet to admit Mr. Rogers. In his hand was a paper. I had eyes for it alone. I took it from his outstretched fingers and devoured its contents. It was the same sheet, the same word "balance," but underneath the old figures was a line below which appeared a new set of ciphers, showing just a fraction under five millions of dollars. In the orief interval of minutes my balance had doubled. Before I could utter a word, with his hand on my arm to arrest my attention, Mr. Rogers was exclaiming:

"Lawson, one word before you open your mouth. Remember, I said you should be satisfied. Mr. Rockefeller agrees with me. He thinks these figures now are right, but wanted me to tell you if you believe they are not, to make your own and you'll have what they call

Henry H. Rogers knows the human animal, and in the intimate intercourse of preceding years he had had ample opportunity to learn those very human characteristics which go to the blending of my individuality. It is a weakness of which I am intensely conscious, yet can



not altogether regret, to be easily moved by any show of generosity and fairness, however specious. When I saw "It shows where you stand on this the new figures and realized that all the particular affair, and gives your balance hell I had conjured up was no more than of stock and cash, which we are ready to pay over in whole or in part, in case and relief seized me. It was not that I you may want to leave some of it against the loans on the other section." lost sight of the fact that this new balance was far below what I knew was my right, for according to the lowest compuletting my two hands with the el- tation my proper share was nine milbows resting on the table support my lions; nor did I fail to realize that I was head. Mr. Rogers could see only the in the power of this man whose greed, callousness and brutal obstinacy in the face. At the first glance I caught the face of opposition no one knew better balance—it was a little less than two than I. Still, though his unusual deference convinced me that by continued, flery insistence I could force from him the remaining four millions (for the one thing Standard Oil never lets get into court is a dispute over a division of profits on a joint stock deal), the first shock had been so awful, and the reaction was selves into my brain. But what if it so sudden, that my whole being revolted at the idea of further business. I was in the same condition as the man ket movements had been predicated was whose runaway horse suddenly stopped just as the children in the roadway seemed doomed to be crushed and heaten from that only to find my neck irrevoc- to death beneath its iron heels. He condones the running away in gratitude for the stopping. A glad voice within me seemed to be saying: "It's all right, all broken loose in my brain. There flitted right—that's money enough to fight him out with-that's ammunition for victory -victory for yourself, for the friends who have banked on your ability to pro-

> I said to Mr. Rogers: "Tell Mr. Rockfeller I thank him for his fairness. I thank you both. I'm satisfied and this is settled." I put my finger on the account which lay on the table.

Yes, I really thanked these men who had tried to rob me of 75 per cent of all the millions that I had earned by all the laws of the game, and that I so urgently required to protect those I had lured to robable destruction; needed as a mother in the desert needs milk to keep life in her babe. I thanked these men in heartfelt terms because they had returned me an additional third of my own money. Idiot, you say. I went further; I shook Mr. Rogers by the hand, and as the tears gathered in his eyes I said, and it was from the heart, too

hoarse hiss-and the words fell on my "Don't think, Mr. Rogers, that I shall ver lay up this day against you and Mr. no!" I sprang between him and the Rockefeller, or that I shall resent not etting all I thought I should have had. want you both to understand that do know I am entitled to more, but it ends here. I will cherish no ill-feeling, for this balance is amply sufficient to en able me to do what I will do with it, and

-there is more on earth than millions." We were both emotionally excited, I from relief at escaping the clutches of the dread hell of which for certain moments I had felt the flaming grasp; he because of the sudden degrading realizayou shall have what you say is right, tion that he had attempted to perpecowardly and contemptible piece treachery. My impulsive gratitude for the measure of justice granted me made his avaricious greed seem even to him despicable, and for an instant Henry H. I locked the door and waited. I shall Rogers was honestly ashamed, -- EveryANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. A BUNCH OF REPUBLICAN EDITO-

From the "Punkville Gasbag," "Young Author"—Sorry we cannot use your MS entitled "How the Financial Giants of Today Made Their First Thousand Dollars." An article showing how they made their last thousand will be taken any time, at your own price.

"Bill Mudhead"-We think your idea of forming a Labor Voters' union to raise the price of votes is worthy of consideration. As you say, it's hardly worth while having a vote when you can only get \$2 for it once in four years. barely a cent a week! You and your mates should certainly unite. We see no reason why you couldn't force the price up to a cent and a half, or even two cents a week.

"J. Mitchell"-There is always a steady demand in the market for a good reliable dope that is not too expensivesomething that can be handed out in generous quantities to the poor working people; but we are inclined to think that your patent, "No-Politics-in-the-Union" dope would not now command a very extensive sale. It isn't exactly what one could term "new," and we learn that it is not nearly as efficacious as it used

"Gwennie" (Newport)-If you want to make your "Pink Teas" real popular and pleasant, you should get up little debates, such as "Which Is the More Useful Member of the Community-the Society Lady or the Washerwoman?" or, "If We Hadn't Been Born Would Our Country Have Missed Us?" You might also suggest in a playful way that some of the ladies and gentlemen present might give little five-minute talks on, Low Can I Justify My Existence? You could then ask conundrums (still in a playful way), such as, "What Is the Difference Between an Aristocrat and a Parasite?" "Which One Is Likeliest to Be the Greater Criminal-the Tramp or the Millionaire?" or, "Which Class Could Exist Best Without the Other-the Working Class or the Workless Class?" You needn't worry about the answers— your wealthy friends will be so charmed at your ingenious questions that they will quite forget about answering. In this way you will make yourself immensely popular. You will be much spoken of by those whom you entertain -but we wouldn't advise you to run your "Pink Teas" too close upon one another.

"Sammy Gompaz"-We can hardly adise you as to how long you ought to keep the bandages on your brother's swollen eyes. You must be very careful, whatever you do, as the painful inflammation that's almost certain to follow will undoubtedly make the poor fellow very irritable. You had better contrive to have a good anaesthetic lying handy, in case of emergency.

We have received a cute little poem from Mr. Post, entitled, "The Masters' Declaration of Freedom." Therein he shows how sweet little Willie Master gets pushed and shoved about by a big, coarse boy called Tommy Union-Labor. It's awfully pathetic-in parts, especially where Willie has a dispute with Tommy Union-Labor over the hauling of a wagon, and little Willie hands Tommy a big black eye. Whilst we have no desire to dampen the enthusiasm of a promising young poet like Mr. Post, still we would like to see what he could do from the opposite view-point, before publishing his effusion. Might we suggest that he write a companion poem under the title of "The Slave's 'Declaration of Freedom?"

J. LILLS WILSON. TWO SIGNIFICANT ITEMS.

From the Journal American Medical Association: "Six market men in Boson were each fined \$100 for selling ham burger steak which had been treated by preservatives. Their conviction was based on investigations of Dr. Harrington, of the state board of health, who de tected sulphite of soda. Experiments made by feeding cats with meat so preserved demonstrated marked degenera tive disease of the kidneys and implies that this form of adulteration may be largely responsible for Bright's disease."

From the same paper, on a different page: "During the week ended January 28. 558 deaths were reported, equivalent to an annual death rate of 14.61 per 1,000. During the previous week there were 591 deaths, and in the corresponding week of 1904, 549 deaths. The principal death causes were as follows: neumonia, 96; consumption, Bright's disease, 44; violence, 39; heart disease, 36; and nervous diseases, 30.

In the opinion of the undersigned the ecent remarkable increase in the Socialist vote in America should serve as an indication to the educated men and women of the country that Socialism is thing concerning which it is no longer

wise to be indifferent. The undersigned, regarding its aims and fundamental principles with sympathy, and believing that in them will ultimately be found the remedy for many far-reaching economic evils, propose or-ganizing an association, to be known as the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, for the purpose of promoting an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men, graduate and under graduate, through the formation of study clubs in the colleges and universities, and the encouraging of all legitimate endeavors to awaken an interest in Socialism among the educated men and women of the country. All persons who care to join such a society and aid in such work are requested to send their names to the emporary secretary, Chas. M. R. Hol-

brook, box 1663, New York city. J. G. Phelps-Stokes, Thomas Went worth Higginson, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Clarence S. Darrow, Oscar Lovell Triggs, B. O. Flower, William English Walling, Leonard W. Abbott, Jack London, Upton Sinclair

David M. Parry has resigned as presi dent of the Citizens' Alliance and (Post has steped into his shoes. Post is the Battle Creek manufacturer of postmortem gripenuts, an alleged breakfast food, who breaks out in half-page adds in the daily papers every so often and raves against trade unions. It is runnored that things have not been going well in the aliance, and those who are "working" that body wanted somebody who is more easily separated from good to them .- Cleveland Citizen

Selfish interest has much to do with syaying the opinion of men.-Nebraska Mo. Write them for particulars, State Journal.

The Harrison County Herald, of Clarksville, W. Va., is a stalwart republican newspaper. Nevertheless, this does not prevent the editor from writing of things as they are. I clip the following bunch of editorials from a late issue. want to tell you that when the local press commences to print editorials of that kind there will be something doing in this trust-ridden country. Here's to the Harrison County Herald—may its shadow never grow less:

The working class have but one weapon of which the capitalists are afraid—the ballot.

The capitalists have no objection to a government by the people as long as they are considered the people.

The government is investigating the General Paper company, the concern that controls the print paper industry and makes the prices. These investigations are great things-they don't hurt the trusts any-and they amuse the people wonderfully.

Have you noticed how the price of ugar has gone up in the last few years? You only get about two-thirds as much now for the same money as you did several years ago. In other words the sugar trust is stealing about thirty cents from you on every dollar's worth of sugar you buy. If you were to steal thirty cents from the trust you would probably go to jail.

According to Mr. John Moody, over wenty thousand millions of wealth is held by the Standard Oil-Morgan group. This group is governed by four men and these four men are largely subject to one man. They control over one-fourth of the wealth of the nation. A man might start a small industry, but it would have to be so small as not to arouse the objection of these greater interests, otherwise they would ruin his business. There is a point beyond which the small venturer cannot go.

The price of Standard Oil stock has dropped, but what of it? The dividend just declared is greater than when the price of stock was higher. The price of oil is just the same, and the amount of water in the stock has nothing to do with the robbery of the people. If the Standard was capitalized at only \$1,000 and it had possession of what it holds, it would pay \$36,000,000 a year in dividends just the same. It is not the watered stock that is hurting you—it is the high price you have to pay which the possession of the industry enables the capitalist to collect from you.

Not a single attempt has been made to get at the cause of the trouble in the teamsters' strike at Chicago. The cause was a small one and could have been made right by the expenditure of a few dollars, but the employers refused to recognize any human rights and spent mil-lions of dollars and caused several deaths rather than add a few cents a day to the wages of some starv-ing women and girls. Their motto seems to be, "millions for oppression, but not one cent for justice." They may suppress the trouble temporarily with police and soldiers, but so long as the cause is not removed it will break out again. Justice cannot be kept down. Defeated at the strike, the working class will be forced to use their ballots, where they could be strong, while at the strike they are weak. Carry the fight to the polls and the result will be different,

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"THE REBEL AT LARGE."

Prof. Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, professor of Sociology and Applied Science of Liberal University, writes: "Thanks for your valuable book, 'The Rebel at Large' * * the sad but too true stories of our time. * * * The economic, social and moral stages of progress that have been allied with Social-These

cover every part and phase of human feeling, thought, endeavor and How can they be brought most effectively before the people? In no way more surely than by such stories as you have proven your ability to write."

"The Rebel at Large" is a 135-page booklet of short stories by May Beals, who is well known to the readers of the Appeal through her propaganda work among the miners of Tennessee. Price, postpaid, 35c.

Some sage once said that "Reading maketh a full man." Drinking sometimes does the same thing, and the man that reads the "Question Box" drinks in its 125 answers to questions about Socialism, will be so full of knowledge and enthusiasm as to bubble over

The U. S. Rubber Co. and the Rubper Goods Manufacturing Co. have consolidated and will in the future occupy

Objections to Socialism disappear when it is understood to be, not a evolution of society.-Chicago Socialist.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

HOW A WOMAN PAID HER DEBTS. HOW A WOMAN PAID HER DEBTS.

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600.00 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own house. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why laddes want the Dish-washer. I gire my experience for the benefit of aryone who may wish to make money easy. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mound City Dish-Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particulars. They will start you in business in your own home.

The Jungle

By Upton Sinclair uthor of "Manassas," "Prince Hazen," Copyright 1905 by Upton Sinclair.

(New readers of the Appeal may obtain the hapters of the "Jungle" which have been rinted for ten cents, stamps or silver. You would secure these chapters while the supply sts.)

CHAPTER XIV.



ITH one member trimming factory, our family had

pickle-rooms, they could now study

ig except the squeal. Jonas had told them how the meat

would rub it up with soda to take away his foot, a man could fill a ham with val terror of life. pickle in a few seconds. And yet, in to be in the room with them. To pump into these the frugal packers had a second and much stronger pickle which destroyed the odor—a process known to his own. There was another spectre spairing as he was, could not but under the workers and it was a dreadful thing to destroyed the odor—a process known to his own. There was another spectre spairing as he was, could not but under the workers are the first the way and the second and much stronger pickle which destroyed the odor—a process known to his own. There was another spectre that had gone to the bad. Formerly Grade," but later on, some ingenious person had hit upon a new device, and now they would extract the bone, about which the bad part generally lay, and He insert in the hole a white hot iron. After this invention there was no longer Number One, Two and Three Grade there was only Number One Grade.

sand-revolutions-a-minute flyers, and any difference; and if people all over the world ate the sausage and died of Eausage that had been rejected, and that was moldy and white—it would that was not an easy thing for Jurgis there were things that went into the with the spectre. sausage in comparison with which a and was therefore expensive, they would and so could not understand. Some and dampen every knocker against the they would charge two cents more a the horror escape for a while, come Such were the new surroundings in

she sank into a torpor—she fell silent to hell with the packers. and never stir until it was time to get his dinner on a pile of fertilizer dust, up again, and dress by candle light, and This was not always his most up again, and dress by canne light, and go back to the machine. They were course—he still loved his family. But

times. The gates of memory would fever, mumps and whooping-cough,

the whole of the spoiled meat industry had lost. Six years more of toil they great purple lump of misery. on the inside, and read a new and grim had before they could expect the least respite, the cessation of jest—that they use everything of the least respite, the cessation of the payments upon the house; and how Antanas was the least unforturate. cruelly certain it was that they could never stand six years of such a life as able to bear his sufferings—it was as that was taken out of pickle would of pickle would often be found sour, and how they were going down! And there was no would rub it up with soda to take away deliverance for them, no hope; for all was the child of his parents' youth and the smell, and sell it to be eaten on the help it gave them the vast city in joy; he grew up like the conjurors free-lunch counters. In the pickling of which they lived might have been an rose-bush, and all the world was hams they had an ingenious apparatocean waste, a wilderness, a desert, a construction of the world was been an over the beautiful the world was been an over the beautiful the world was been an over the world w tus, by which they saved time and in- tomb. So often this mood would come the kitchen all day with a lear at creased the capacity of the plant—a to Ona, in the night time, when some-machine consisting of a hollow needle thing wakened her: she would lie, afraid ily's allowance that fell to him was n attached to a pump; by plunging this of the beating of her own heart, frontneedle into the meat and working with ing the blood-red eyes of the old prime- his demand for more. Antanas was

Once Ona cried aloud, and woke Jurspite of this, there would be hams found gis, who was tired and cross. After spoiled, some of them with an odor that she learnd to weep silently— his mother's strength—had left not so bad that a man could hardly bear their moods so seldom came together ing for those that might come after the strength of the strength

destroyed the odor—a process known to the workers as "giving them thirty per cent." Also, after the hams had to speak of it—he had never acknowledged its existence to himself. Yet the these had been sold as "Number Three battle with it took all the manhood that he had-and once or twice, alas, a little more. Jurgis had discovered

He was working in the steaming pit of hell; day after day, week after week, until now there was not an organ of his body that did its work without It was only when the whole ham was spoiled that it came into the depart-ment of Ona. Cut up by the two thou-him as he went down the street. And mixed with half a ton of other meat, no odor that ever was in a ham could make could drink! He could forget the pain. he could slip off the burden; he would ptomaine poisoning, the packers would not even have to know it. There was never the least attention paid to what he would find himself laughing, and Elzbieta would explain to him that it was cut up for sausage; there would cracking jokes with his companionscome all the way back from Europe old he would be a man again, and master

be desed with borax and glycerine, and to take more than two or three drinks. dumped into the hoppers, and made over With the first drink he could eat a again for home consumption. There meal, and he could persuade himself would be meat that had tumbled out on that that was economy; with the second leaky roofs would drip over it, and hunger-haunted class. One day, howrun his hand over these piles of meat it. He was happier than he had been of rats. These rats were nuisances, and that the happiness would not last, he out first. So Jurgis would carry on, be the packers would put poisoned bread was savage, too-with those who would coming half hysterical himself, which out for them; they would die, and then wreck it, and with the world, and with was an unbearable thing to see in a rats, bread, and meat would go into his life; and then again, beneath this. the hoppers together. This is no fairy- he was sick with the shame of himself. gether and fling herself into his arms story, and no joke; the meat would be Afterwards, when he saw the despair shovelled into carts, and the man who of his family, and reckoned up the she would be better, it would be all did the shovelling would not trouble money he had spent, the tears came into right. So she would lie and sob out her to lift out a rat even when he saw one his eyes, and he began the long battle grief upon his shoulder, while he gazed at her, as helpless as a wounded animal,

It would not have been so bad but for the target of unseen enemies. poisoned rat was a tidbit. There was the fact that it was a battle that had no place for the men to wash their no end, that never could have one. Jurhands before they ate their dinner, and gis did not realize that very clearly; ise him with terror in her voice that it so they made a practice of washing he was not given much time for rethem in the water that was to be ladded flection; he lived wholly in the present. into the sausage. There were the butt. He simply knew that he was always and more perplexed and frightened, more ends of smoked meat, and the scraps fighting. Steeped in misery and deof corned beef, and all the odds and spair as he was, it was to be put upon of corned beef, and all the odds and spair as he was, it was to be put upon lations, and to believe that there was ends of the waste of the plants, that the rack merely to walk down the would be dumped into old barrels in the corner—perhaps on all four corners, or twice in these outbreaks he system of rigid economy which the and some in the middle of the block backers enforced, there were some jobs as well; and each one stretched out a that it only paid to do once in a long hand to him-each one had a personaltime, and among these was the cleaning ity of its own, allurements unlike any out of the waste-barrels. Every spring others. Going and coming—before sun they did it; and in the barrels would rise and after dark—there was warmth be dirt, and rust, and old nails, and and a glow of light, and the steam of stale water—and filth that cannot be hot food, and perhaps music, or a named. The meat would be moldly and friendly face, and a word of good cheer. white, stinking and full of maggots; Jurgis developed a fondness for having and still, cartload after cartload, it would be taken up and dumped into on the street, and he would hold her the hoppers with fresh meat, and sent tightly, and walk fast. It was pitiful out to the dear public's breakfast. Some to have One know of this—it drove him of it they would make into "smoked" wild to think of it; the thing was not of it they would make into smoking took time. fair, for Ona had never tasted drink preserve it with borax, and color it with times, in desperate hours, he would gelatine to make it brown. All of their find himself wishing that she might sausage came out of the same bowl, but learn what it was, so that he need not sausage came out of the same down, out when they came to pack it they would be ashamed in her presence. They stamp some of it "special," and for this might drink together, and escape from

what would. There came a time when nearly all which Ona was placed, and such was the conscious life of Jurgis consisted of the work she was compelled to do. It a struggle with the craving for drink. Was stupefying, brutalizing work; it He would have ugly moods, when he the same position in the rubber goods left her no time to think, no strength for anything. She was part of the matter of the mat There are lots of people in this country chine she tended, and every faculty to have married; be had fied himself that was not needed for the machine down, had made himself a slave. It was doomed to be crushed out of exist- was all because he was a married man ence. There was only one mercy about that he was compelled to stay in the the cruel grind—that it gave her the yards: if it had not been for that he when it is understood to be, not a time time girlla that he gard not the paints, in it had not been for that he scheme, but a result, of the historical gift of insensibility. Little by little might have gone off like Jonas, and she sank into a torpor—sne ren snene to nen with the packers. There were -Ona, who had once gone about all few single men in the fertilizer millday singing like a bird. She had noth and those few were working only for a day singing like a one. She had hoth chance to escape. Meantime too, they about. She had barely strength to had something to think about while drag herself home at night; she would they worked—they had the memory of drag herself home at night; she would meet Jurgis at the corner, and often they would not say a word all the way, the hope of the time when they would At home they would cat what they had be drunk again. As for Jurgis, he was At home they would can what they may to eat, and then, because there was only expected to bring home every penny: their misery to talk of, they would he could not even go with the men at crawl into bed and fall into a stupor noon-time—he had to sit down and eat

go back to the machine. But so numbed that they did not even suf- just now was a time of trial. Poor litfor much from hunger, now; only the tle Antanas, for instance—who had of \$3 for over day snork absolutely sure.

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children continued to fret when the never failed to win him with a sn little Antanas was not smiling Yet their souls were not dead, they were only sleeping; now and then they would waken and there are the had had all the diseases that babi would waken, and these were cruel are heir to in quick succession, scarle roll open—old joys would stretch out their arms to them, old hopes and dreams would call to them, and they would stir benefit the honder that her works are to belon him because the honder that her works are to belon him because the honder that he was no on the stirred transfer to the honder that he was no on the stirred transfer to the honder that he was no on the stirred transfer to the honder that he was no on the stirred transfer to the honder that he was no on the stirred transfer to the honder that he was no on the stirred transfer to the honder that he was no on the was not would stir beneath the burden that lay was no doctor to help him, because upon them, and feel its forever unmeasurable weight. They could not even cry out beneath it; but anguish would saize them more deadful than the standard of the measurable would saize them more deadful than the standard of the measurable would saize them more deadful than the standard of the measurable would saize them more deadful than the standard of the standard ith one member trimming beef in a cannery, and another working in a sausage factory, our family had spoken by the world, that will not know thoor was full of draughts, and if he now a first-hand knowledge of the great majority of Packingtown swindles. For it was the custom, as they found, whenever meet was because that it had to do with wages it and to do with wages it was so sordid, because that it had to do with wages it was so sordid, because that it had to do with wages it was so sordid, because that it had to do with wages it was so sordid, because that it had to do with wages it was so sordid, because that it had to do with wages it was so sordid, because that it had to do with wages it was so sordid, because that it had to do with wages it was so sordid, because that it had to do with wages it was so was the control of the would because that it had to do with wages it was so was the control of the world die. At night he was tied down, lest he should kick the was tied down, lest he should kick so spoiled that it could not be used for anything else, either to can it, or else to look about them and learn something; ing in his torment. He was burning the many them are the look about the look about them and learn something; and then, when he was worn out, he would lie whimpering and wallchop it up into sausage. With what had been told them by Jonas, who had worked in the pickle-rooms, they could now study the what played the game and they had pl

> little over a year old, and already one but his father could manage

In the first place she was developing cough, like the one that had killed of Diedas Antanas. She had had a trace it ever since that fatal morning when the greedy street-car corporation had turn her out into the rain; but now it w beginning to grow serious, and to wak her up at night. Even worse than the was the fearful nervousness from which pain, until the sound of ocean breakers she suffered; it had begun almost the echoed in his head day and night, and first day she entered the sausage-rooms the buildings swayed and danced before and it had grown worse every day since She would have frightful head-aches from all the unending horror of this and fits of aimless weeping; sometime she would come home at night shuddering and moaning, and would fling herself down upon the bed and burst into see clearly again, he would be master tears. Several times she was quite beside herself and hysterical; and then Jurgis would go half mad with fright. could not be helped, that a woman was subject to such things when she was pregnant: but he was hardly to be persuaded, would beg and plead to know what had happened. She had never been like this before, he would argue-it was monstrous and unthink able. It was the life she had to he the floor, in the dirt and saw-dust, where the workers had tramped and spit uncounted billions of consumption germs.

The that was economy; with the second the second that the second the second that the sec There would be meat stored in great was an unthinkable extravagance, a depiles in rooms; and the water from fiance of the age-long instincts of his such work; if the world could not keep thousands of rate would race about on it. It was too dark in these storage places to see well, but a man could home half "canned," as the men called the men them alive any other way it ought to a woman was and sweep off handfuls of the dried dung in a year; and yet, because he knew like, he would have had his eyes torn big man; Ona would pull herself tobegging him to stop, to be still, that

> The beginning of these things was in September; each time Ona would prom would not happen again-but in vain. Each crisis would leave Jurgis more disposed to distrust Elzbieta's consocaught Ona's eye, and it seemed to him like the eye of a hunted animal; there were broken phrases of anguish and despair now and then amid her frantic weeping. It was only because he was so numb and beaten that Jurgis did not worry himself more about this; he never thought of it, except when he was dragged to it—he lived like a dumb beast of burden, knowing only the moment in which he was.

(TO BE CONTINUED. (ADVERTISEMENTS)

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