house ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

ch rv . th C hat Chief Hayes is right when he said es a general order had been issued to the police of all cities to arrest Socialist eakers is evident from the impartial vianner in which, from the Atlantic coast Lo the Pacific, our speakers are being arrested and subjected to fines and imprisonment. The Appeal has from week to week chronicled the accounts of the arrest of speakers in California, Oregon and Washington. Above is an account of the contest waged in New York and in the Middle States. Toledo, Ohio, Socialists have just won a victory, the Kansas City comrades have beaten the police at their own game, the New York Socialists have driven the police into their holes, and this feat will be re-

The question is WHO ISSUED THIS GENERAL ORDER? The order without doubt came from Washington. The po lice power is always at the beck and call of the ruling class. The late Sen-ator Hanna, a few months before his death, said the national republican committee had undertaken a general campaign of education against Socialism. If this was not sufficient, other effective means would be used! The police powers of the cities are a part of these other eeffctive means. But did you notice how neatly and effectually the Socialists nipped the game in the bud? Three cheers and a tiger for the comrades of Kansas City, New York, Ohio and the Pacific coast. Take off your hats and

REMEDY AGAINST ILLEGAL AR-RESTS.

During July, in Portland, Ore., Socialist speakers were drawing large crowds on the streets. One of them was arrested and fined under a void city ordinance, the charge being that he refused to "move on." The ordinance reads: "That if any person shall stand on the street or sidewalk, after being notified to move on by any public officer of said city he shall be punished by a fine not exceeding

The constitution of Oregon reads: "No law shall violate the right of the people to be secure in their persons against unreasonable seizure no warrant shall issue without probable cause."

Under such a provision such or a similar city ordinance is unconstitutional, as it is lawful to stand on the street therefore refusing to move on is not probable cause for arrest, and such prosecution is ground for damage for false im-

Anyone who instigates arrest under a void ordinance, or any officer who in any way aids in such prosecution, is liable in damage suit. The judge in passing sentence under a void law or ordinance is not considered a court, but stands in the shoes of a private person. (Text Book, Newell on false imprisonment.)

All states have a similar constitutional provision against unreasonable ar-Many cities have a similar void ordinance, and arrests under it are illegal. A city has a right by ordinance to have police regulations, but an ordinance to be constitutional where it prescribes a penalty, must, as notice, point the public whelmed. One more bandage had been to acts contrary to public policy, nuisance, or the like; if it does not do that, then it does not constitute police regula-

Where a penal ordinance does not put a police officer upon rules, but allows more harvesting-machines made than the him to make his own rules, that ordi- world was able to buy! What a hellish nance simply constitutes him a tyrant, but does not constitute police regula- should slave to make harvesting-mations

Without city ordinance, under common out to starve for doing his unwritten law, police officers have a well! right to prevent nuisance or keep the street from being blockaded, but under it no arrests can be made unless it be that persons, when requested by an officer to abate blockading or nuisance they persist therein; that then would constitute resisting an officer, and a legal arrest could

Where large crowds desire, and are pleased to use the street for listening to a speaker, that then would not constitute nuisance, as long as the minority has passageway to go by and wagons little Antanas was hungry, and crying may pass the street. Under common law with the bitter cold of the garret. Also no arrests could be made.

A Socialist speaker should have guard to attend to this matter if hired out once more. or malicious persons persist in blockading. Such guard has a right to call upon the police to demand order.

A non-resident of the state, or one who is not a citizen of the United States of America, after suffering illegal imprisonment, if poor, can go into the United States court with a \$5,000 damage suit, where he must be allowed to the world. There were often one or two prosecute suit to final resort, and also chances—but there were always a hunhave witnesses. In such a suit the United States court would decide upon the state constitution and the city ordinance would be tested. The United there came a spell of belated winter States court is better for that purpose than the local courts on account of the

matter being political.

This article should be copied and published in every Socialist magazine or paper, so that Socialist speakers will not tion, and slept down in a corridor, lay themselves liable and a stop be put

to illegal arrests. This article should be typewritten large and tacked on the wall in each Socialist hall or local—Mary A. Leonard, Attorney, Portland, Ore.

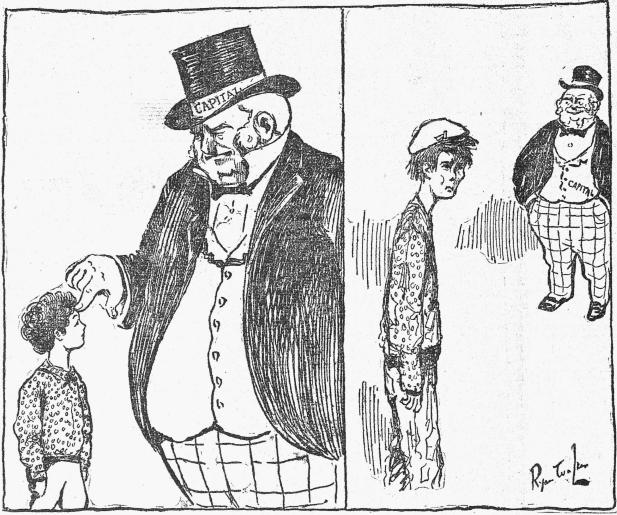
SOCIALIST PLAYS.

Miss Agnes Wakefield, secretary of the Boston Socialist Women's club, and and boys would fall upon him and force also secretary of The Boston Dramatic him to run for his life. They always club, has translated from the German of had the policeman "squared," and so Ernst Preczang a play entitled "The Upper and Lower Class," which, together with the one-act play, "The Curate's Dream," by Robert Granville, reprinted from the London Clarion, are done into dren brought him. And even this was a neat booklet by the Appeal printer for never certain. For one thing the cold use by Socialist dramatic clubs.

The cast in both plays is not large and locals can use these plays to advantage in preparing an entertainment.

The Contest Closes

For the 80-acre farm, which will be given to the man or woman that orders the most of the Trust Edition, on September 30th, at 6 p. m. Get in your final orders at once. This place is easily worth all the effort you may make to



Capital puts its mark upon the children and gives us a youth like this to become a citizen.

The Jungle

CHAPTER XXI.

sand more added to them!

what was the use of a man's hunting a

job when it was taken from him before

then their money was going again, and

Madame Haupt, the midwife, was after

him for some money. And so he went

For another ten days he roamed the

streets and alleys of the huge city, sick

and hungry, begging for any work. He

tried in stores and warehouses, in res-

taurants and hotels, along the docks and

in the railroad-yards, in warehouses and

sheds and cellars and doorways-until

sundown and falling all night. Then

Jurgis fought like a wild beast to get

into the big Harrison street police-sta-

crowded with two other men upon a sin-

He had to fight often in these days-

to fight for a place near the factory

gates, and now and again with gangs on

the street. He found, for instance, that

road-passengers was a pre-empted one-

whenever he essayed it, eight or ten men

there was no use in expecting protec-

That Jurgis did not starve to death

could bear; and then they, too, were in

perpetual peril from rivals who plun-

dered and beat them. The law was

against them, too-little Vilimui, who

was really eleven, but did not look to

a severe old lady in spectacles, who told him that he was too young to be work-

ing and that if he did not stop selling

papers she would send a truant-officer

after him. Also one night a strange man

ried to persuade her into a dark cellar

aught little Kotrina by the arm and

be eight, was stopped on the streets by

almost more than the children

the business of carrying satchels for rail-

gle step.

had time to learn the work? But

"Sinclair's serial—The Jungle—is a marvel for courage and intensity. In securing it you are immortalizing the Appeal, if it had not long ago been crowned with unfading laurels. Its publication recalls vividly the Washington, D. C., era, that firmly fixed seat of slavedom, when week by week the installments of Uncle Tom's Cabin were sent out, little realizing what a tremendous influence that story was going to wield on the public mind."—Henry M. Nelson, Georgetown, Mass.

Written for the Appeal by UPTON SINCLAIR, author of Manassas.

Copyright, 1905.

three days—there was a chance of a job | and boarding-houses across the way, leaping from trolley-cars that passedit seemed as if they rose out of the ground, in the dim grey light. A river It was quite a story. Little Juozapas, who was near crazy with hunger these days, had gone out on the street to beg of them poured in through the gate-and then gradually ebbed away again, until there were only a few late ones running, for himself. Juozapas had only one leg, and the watchman pacing up and down, having been run over by a wagon when a little child, but he had got himself a and the watchman pacing up and down, and the hungry strangers stamping and

Jurgis presented his precious letter. The gatekeeper was surly, and put him through a catechism, but he insisted that he knew nothing, and as he had taken the precaution to seal his letter, there was nothing for the gatekeeper to do but send it to the person to whom it was addressed. A messenger came back to say that Jurgis should wait, and so he came inside of the gate, perhaps not sorry enough that there were less fortunate watching him with greedy

The great mills were getting under way—one could hear a vast stirring, a rolling and rumbling and hammering. Little by little the scene grew plaintowering black buildings here and there, long rows of shops and sheds, little railways branching everywhere, bare grey cinders under foot and oceans of billowing black smoke above. On one side of the grounds ran a railroad with a dozen tracks, and on the other side lay the lake, where steamers came to load.

Jurgis had time enough to stare speculate, for it was two hours before he was summoned. He went into the office-building, where a company timekeeper interviewed him. tendent was busy, he said, but he (the timekeeper) would try to find Jurgis a ob. He had never worked in a steel-mill before? But he was ready for anything?

Well, then, they would go and see. So they began a tour, among sights that made Jurgis stare amazed. He wondered if ever he could get used to working in a place like this, where the air shook with deafening thunder, and whistles shrieked warnings on all sides of him at once; where miniature steam-engines came rushing upon him, and sizzling, quivering, white-hot masses of metal sped past him, and explosions of fire and flaming sparks dazzled him and corched his face. The men in these mills were all black with soot, and hollow-eyed and gaunt; they worked with feverish intensity, rushing here and there, and never lifting their eyes from their tasks. Jurgis clung to his guide like a scared child to its nurse, and while the latter hailed one foreman after another to ask if they could use another unskilled man, he stared about him and

He was taken to the Bessemer furnace, where they made billets of steela dome-like building the size of a big Jurgis stood where the balcony of the theatre would have been, and opposite, by the stage, he saw three giant caldrons, big enough for all the devils of hell to brew their broth in, full of something white and blinding, bubbling volcanoes and splashing, roaring as if were blowing through it—one had to shout to be heard in the place. Liquid fire would leap from these caldrons and scatter like bombs below—and men were

working there, seeming careless, so Then a whistle would toot, and

machine arms were flying, giant wheels were turning, giant hammers crashing; traveling cranes creaked and groaned overhead, reaching down iron hands and seizing iron prev-it was like standing in the centre of the earth, where the machinery of time was revolving. Bye and bye they came to the place where steel rails were made; and Jargis heard a toot behind him, and jumped out of the way of a car with a white-hot ingot upon it, the size of a man's body. There was a sudden crash and the car came to a halt, and the ingot toppled out upon a moving platform, where steel fingers and arms seized hold of it, punching it and prodding it into place, and hurrying it into the grip of huge rollers. Then it came out upon the other side, and there were more crashings and clatterings, and over it was flopped, like a pancake on a gridiron, and seized again quaint pronunciation of words was such and rushed back at you through another squeezer. So amid deafening uproar it clattered to and fro, growing thinner and flatter and longer. The ingot seemed almost a living thing; it did not want to run this mad course, but it was in the grip of fate, it was tumbled on, screeching and clanking and shivering in protest. Bye and bye it was long and thin, erybody. Jurgis had two visitors during his illa great red snake escaped from purgatory; and then, as it slid through the rollers, you would have sworn that it was alive-it writhed and squirmed, and wriggles and shudders passed out through its tail, all but flinging it off by their violence. There was no rest for it until it was cold and black—and then it

out into the sunlight.

They went through the blast-furnaces,

It took him two hours to get to this place, and a dollar and twenty cents a week; as this was out of the question, he wrapped his bedding in a bundle and took it with him, and one of his fellow-workingmen introduced him to a Polish lodging-house, where he might have the privilege of sleeping upon the floor for ten cents a night. He got his meals at freelunch counters, and every Saturday night he went home—bedding and all and took the greater part of his money to the family. Elzbieta was sorry for this arrangement, for she feared that it would get him into the habit of living without them, and once a week was not very often for him to see his baby—but here was no other way of arranging it. There was no chance for a woman at the steel-works, and Marija was now ready for work again, and lured on from day to day by the hope of finding it at the yards.

In a week Jurgis got over his sense

needed only to be cut and straightened

to be ready for a railroad.—It was at

the end of this rail's progress that Jurgis got his chance. They had to be

moved by men with crowbars, and the

boss here could use another man-so he

took off his coat and set to work on the

of helplessness and bewilderment in the about and to take all the miracles and and paid no more for being interested. Also they knew that if they were hurt they would be flung aside and forgotten work Jurgis saw a man stumble while foot mashed off; and before he had been there three weeks he was witness of a yet more dreadful accident. There was a row of brick-furnaces, shining white through every crack with the molten steel inside. Some of these were bulging dangerously, yet men worked before them, wearing blue glasses when they opened and shut the doors. One morning as Jurgis was passing, a furnace blew out, spraying two men with a shower of liquid fire. As they lay screaming and rolling upon the ground in agony, Jurgis rushed to help them. and as a result he lost a good part of the skin from the inside of one of his hands. The company doctor bandaged it up, but he got no other thanks from any one, and was laid up for eight working days without any pay.

Most fortunately, at this Elzbieta got the long-awaited chance to go at five o'clock in the morning and help scrub the office-floors of one of the packers. Jurgis came home and covered himself with blankets to keep warm, and divided his time between sleeping and playing with lit-tle Antanas. Juozapas was away tle Antanas. Juozapas was away raking in the dump a good part of the time, and Elzbieta and Marija were hunting for more work.

Antanas was year and a half old, and was a perfect talking-machine. He learned so fast that every week when Jurgis came home it seemed to him as if he had a new child. He would sit down and listen and stare at him, and give vent to delighted exclamations—"Palauk! Muma! Tu mano szirdele!" The little fellow was now really the one delight that Jurgis had in the world-his one hope, his one victory. Thank God, Antanas was a boy! And he was as tough as a pine-knot, and with the appetite of a wolf. Nothing had hurt nothing could hurt him, he had come through all the suffering and deprivation unscathed-only shriller-voiced and more determined in his grip upon life. He was a terrible child to manage, was Antanas, but his father did not mind that-he would watch him and smile to himself with satisfaction. The more o a fighter he was the better-he would need to fight before he got through.

Jurgis had got the habit of buying the Sunday paper, whenever he had money: a most wonderful paper could be had for only five cents, a whole armful, with all the news of the world set forth

and terror dwell. Then the great cal- many entertaining and thrilling happendron tilted back again, empty, and Jurgis saw to his relief that no one was hurt, and turned and trilled back again, empty, and jurgis saw to his relief that no one was hurt, and turned and followed by the man could have made such things up, no man could have made such things up, and besides, there were pictures of them all, as real as life. One of these papers hurt, and turned and followed his guide was as good as a circus, and nearly as good as a spree—certainly a most won-derful treat for a workingman, who was through rolling-mills where bars of steel were tossed about and chopped like bits tired out and stupefied, and had never had any education-whose work was one of cheese. All around and above giant dull, sordid grind, day after day, and year after year, with never a sight of a green field, nor an hour's entertainment, nor anything but liquor to stimulate his imagination. Among other things, these papers had pages full of comical pictures, and these pages the main ion. pictures, and these were the main joy in life to little Antanas. He treasured them up, and would drag them out and make his father tell him about them; there were all sorts of animals among them, and Antanas could tell the name of all of them, lying upon the floor for hours and pointing them out with his chubby little fingers. Whenever the was plain enough for Jurgis to make out, Antanas would have it repeated to him, and then he would remember it, prattling funny little sentences and mixing it up with other stories in an irresistible fashion. Also his delight—and the phrases he would pick up and remember, the most outlandish and impossible things! The first time that the little rascal burst out with 'God-damn" his father nearly rolled off the chair with glee; but in the end he was sorry for this, for Antanas was soon "God-damning" everything and ev-

> ness—one the young lady from the set-tlement, and the other Miss Wheeler. The Wheelers were a family that had rented a room in Panci Aniele's basement a month or two before. No one in the neighborhood knew them, for they kept to themselves; it was not clear why they were there, for they were people of a far different class from the Packingtown workers. There was a mother, who was a helpless invalid, and a daughter, and a son of about twenty-five. Once a week the daughter went down-town for a bundle of sewing, except for that never going out at all. As for the son, he worked in the factory of one of the "independent" packers, but as no one else in the vicinity worked there, the neighbors knew no more about him, except that he played the violin half the night-and played it in a way that none of them had ever heard or dreamed of, wild, wonderful music that made them tremble to their finger-tips, and sent hem away wondering and awestricken. They noticed that it was always mournful, heart-breaking music that he played -never by any chance had anyone heard so much as half a dozen notes of happy music coming from that little basement room with the curtains drawn.

That the mystery was ever solved for the neighborhood was due to this accident to Jurgis. Miss Wheeler heard of it somehow, and she asked Elzbieta if she might come up and see him. She came in the evening, when they were all home; and she sat in the dark and talked with them. She had heard that Jurgis had injured his hand, she said, rail-mill. He learned to find his way and she could sympathize with them, because of the dreadful misfortune her terrors for granted, to work without brother Harry had met with. He was a hearing the rumbling and crashing. musician, as they knew, and he worked extreme; he became reckless and indifferent, like all the rest of the men, who took but little thought of themselves. the ardor of their work. It was wonder- rest of his life; and of course it had ful, when one came to think of it, that made him very unhappy. The young these men should have taken an interest lady spoke in a low, sweet voice that in the work they did; they had no was like a violin itself; it was the first share in it—they were paid by the hour, time that Jurgis had ever spoken to a woman of her class in his life, and he was speechless with confusion when she went on to say that she had heard of —and still they would hurry to their the sorrow he had met with, and that task by dangerous short-cuts, would use if it would give him pleasure during methods that were quicker and more his helplessness, she would be glad to effective in spite of the fact that they have him come down and visit them, were also risky. His fourth day at his and meet her mother, and talk with her while she was doing her sewing. running in front of a car, and have his bieta had to kick Jurgis in the dark to make him answer, and then apologize for him because he was such a clumsy

Jurgis returned the call, of course: he felt like a fish out of water, but he soon found himself at home watching Miss Wheeler's fingers fly, and listening to her gentle voice. She was a little fairy of a woman, pale and thin, and in the daylight he could see that her eyes were red from the strain of the sewing. She never ceased for an instant, except when she ran to attend to her mother, a white-haired old lady, who would upon her back on the sofa, as silent as corpse for an hour at a time.

The daughter was interested in this

big, strange foreign man, who had suffered so much and was so silent. She drew him out and got him to telling her about his life, and the way things were in Lithuania. She never said anything about her own life, but Jurgis could see that they were nearly as poor as he was. Yet everything they had was different from what one saw in Packingtown. The women had their bed hung round with a curtain, and with a screen the brother had made a tiny room to himself. Also they had pictures, and little knick-knacks that told of another life. It was long afterwards that Jurgis story of the Wheelers. Their father had been a business-man in a town in Connecticut, and had been ruined and had blown out his brains. Then the son, who was studying music, and was called a man of genius, had set out to support them by playing in a theatre; and hearing of a chance in Chicago he had brought them there, and after being ill, and going from one place to another, he had come to be a cashier in tailor-shop, earning six dollars a week. Then he had made up his mind to work with his hands; and had been first in a printing office, and then a motorman on street-car; finally, unable to stand the exposure and killing hours of this trade, had drifted into the stock-yards, and learned to tend a tin-stamping machine. Before he had been two weeks at the work he had had blood-poisoning, and in month more he had lost his fingers This had not prevented his working, but it had broken his heart; he was dying inch by inch, and half the night he yould sit and sob out his anguish through such fitful snatches of music as he could still manage to achieve.

When he was able to use his hands, Jurgis took his bedding again and went back to his task of shifting rails. It was now April, and the snow had given place to cold rains, and the unpaved

was turned into a canal. Jurgis would have to wade through it to get home, and if it was late he might easily get stuck to his waist in the mire. But he did not mind this much—it was a promise that summer was coming. Maria had now gotten a place as beef-trimmer in one of the smaller packing plants, and he told himself that he had learned his lesson now, and would meet with more accidents—so that at last the was prospect of an end to their long ony. They were within sight of promised land, and those of the who were left were to be happy So once more Jurgis began to make plan and to dream dreams. They could sa money again, and when another war came they would have a comfortab place; and the children would be off t streets and in school again-so the might all set to work to nurse back i life their habits of decency and kind

And then one Saturday night Jura jumped off the car and started 1 with the sun shining low under the ed of a bank of clouds that had been po ing floods of water into the mud-soal street. There was a rainbow in the and another in his breast-for he thirty-six hours' rest before him, and chance to see his family. Then s denly he noticed that there was a cr before the door of the house, and started in alarm. He ran up the st and pushed his way in, and saw t Panei Aniele's kitchen was crowded excited women. It reminded Jurgis vividly of the time when he had c home from jail and found Ona dy that his heart almost stood still. "What's the matter?" he cried.

A dead silence had fallen in the re and he saw that every one was star at him. "What's the matter?" he claimed again. And then, up in the garret, he he

sounds of wailing, in Marija's voice, started for the ladder—and Panei Ai seized him by the arm. "No, no! exclaimed. "Don't go up there!" "What is it?" he yelled.

And the old woman answered veakly: "It's Antanas. He's dea was drowned in the street!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GREATEST TRUST IN TH WORLD.

The Appeal Book Department receive numerous enquiries for literature de scriptive of the growth and status of

In the latter part of this month Mr Charles E. Russell's new book "Th Greatest Trust in the World," will b ready for distribution, and contains reliable history of the Beef Trust, an shows how this organization makes yo pay a tax to them on nearly ever

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Yes. Who?

"They are talking of having a ment graft investigating pointed by Teddy to look afters in "Great heavens! Who will inve

The International Institute of Science, of Pittsburg, Pa., has first of a series of "Socialist P by Lucien Sanial, giving a compr analysis of the capitalist system duction in the United States, ill and made clear by diagrams and based on the census reports of 11 gle copies, 5 cents; twelve cents; 25 copies, \$1. Address Eberle, Box 24, Allegheny, Pa.

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way, an experience which filled her with such terror that she was hardly to be kept at work. At last, on a Sunday, as there was no ise looking for work, Jurgis went home

for him.

HAT was the way they did it! There was not half an hour's warning—the works were closed! It had hap-pened that way before, said the men, and it would happen that way forever. They broomstick, which he put under his arm had made all the harvestfor a crutch. He had fallen in with ing-machines that the world needed, and now they had some other children and found the way to Tom Cassidy's dump, which lay three to wait till some wore out! or four blocks away. To this place It was nobody's fault-that there came every day many hundreds was the way of it; and five of wagonloads of garbage and trash, from the lake-front where the rich peothousand men and women were turned out in the dead of winter, to ple lived; and in the heaps the children live upon their savings if they had any, raked for food-there were hunks of and otherwise to die. So many tens of bread, and potato peelings, and apple-cores, and meat-bones, all of it half thousands already in the city, homeless and begging for work, and now five thou-Jurgis walked home with his pittance torn from his eyes, one more pitfall of the jungle was revealed to him! Of what help was kindness and decency on the

frozen and quite unspoiled. Little Juozapas gorged himself, and came home with a newspaper full which he was feeding to Antanas when his mother came in. Elzbieta was horrified, for she did not believe that the food out of the dumps was fit to eat. The next day, however, when no harm came of it and part of employers—when they could not Juozapas began to cry with hunger, she keep a job for him, when there were gave in and said that he might go again. And that afternoon he came home with a story of how while he had been digging away with a stick, a lady upon the street had called him. A real chines for the country, only to be turned out to starve for doing his duty too beautiful lady; and she wanted to know all about him, and whether he got the garbage for chickens, and why walked with a broomstick, and why Ona It took him two days to get over this had died, and how Jurgis had come to go heart-sickening disappointment. He did to jail, and what was the matter with not drink anything, because Elzbieta got Marija, and everything. In the end she his money for safekeeping, and knew him too well to be in the least frighthad asked where he lived, and said that she was coming to see him, and bring ened by his angry demands. He stayed him a new crutch to walk with. She up in the garret, however, and sulked-

She really came, the very next morn ng, and climbed the ladder to the garret, and stood and stared about turning pale at the sight of the bloodstains on the floor where Ona had died. She was a "settlement-worker," she explained to Elzbieta-she lived around on Ashland avenue. Elzbieta knew the place, over a feed-store; somebody had wanted her to go there, but she had not cared to, for she thought that it must have something to do with religion, and the priest did not like her to have anything to do with strange religions. They were rich people who came to live there to find out about the poor people; but dred men for every chance, and his turn would not come. At night he crept into what good they expected it would do them to know, one could not imagine. So spoke Elzbieta, naively, and the young lady laughed and was rather at a loss weather, with a raging gale and the thermometer five degrees below zero at for an answer-she stood there and gazed about her, and thought of a cyncal remark that had been made to her, hat she was standing upon the brink of the pit of hell and throwing in snowballs

had on a hat with a bird on it, Juoz-

apas added, and a long fur snake around

to lower the temperature. Elzbieta was glad to have somebody to isten, and she told all their woes-what had happened to Ona, and the jail, and the loss of their home, and Marija's accident, and how Ona had died, and how Jurgis could get no work. As she listened the pretty young lady's eyes filled with tears, and in the midst of it she burst into weeping and hid her face on Elzbieta's shoulder, quite regardless of the fact that the woman had on a dirty old wrapper and that the garret was full Poor Elzbieta was ashamed of herself for having told so woeful a tale and the other had to beg and plead with her to get her to go on. The end of it was that the young lady sent them a basket of things to cat, and left a letter that Jurgis was to take to a gentleman who was superintendent in one of the mills of the great steel-works in South Chicago. "He will get Jurgis something to do," the young lady had said, and added, smiling through her tears-"if he doesn't he will never marry me,"

The steel-works were fifteen miles way, and as usual it was so contrived that one had to pay two fares to get there. Far and wide the sky was flaring with the red glare that leaped from rows of towering chimneys—for it was pitch dark when Jurgis arrived. The vast works, a city in themselves, were urrounded by a stockade; and already a full hundred men were waiting at the gate where new hands were taken on.

that Jurgis caught his breath

across the curtain of the theatre would come a little engine with a carload of something to be dumped into one of the receptacles; and then another whistle yould toot, down by the stage, and another train would back up-and suddenly, without an instant's warning, one of the giant kettles began to tilt and topple, flinging out a jet of hissing, roaring flame. Jurgis shrank bank appalled, for he thought it was an accilent; there fell a pillar of white flame, dazzling as the sun, swishing like a huge tree falling in the forest. A torrent of sparks swept all the way across the building, overwhelming everything, hiding it from sight; and then Jurgis looked through the fingers of his hands. and saw pouring out of the caldron a cascade of living, leaping fire, white with a whiteness not of earth, scorching the eveballs. Incandescent rainbows shone above it; blue, red and golden lights played about it; but the stream itself

was white, ineffable. Out of regions of in big headlines, that Jurgis could spell wonder it streamed, the very river of life; out slowly, with the children to gate where new hands were taken on. wonder it streamed, the very first of the, but stownly, with the endaren to help Soon after daybreak whistles began to and the soul leaped up at the sight of it, him at the big words. There was battle blow, and then suddenly thousands of field back upon it, swift and resistless, and murder and sudden death—it was by stealing rides on the cars. He found blow, and then suddenly thousands of fied back upon it, suffice back upon it, suffice back into far-off lands, where beauty marvelous how they ever heard about so street in front of Panei Aniele's house