THE JUNGLE

A STORY OF CHICAGO

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

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Jurgis made it plain that it would take more than one Irishman to scare him into a union.

CHAPTER V.

THEY had bought their home. It was hard for them to realize that the wonderful house was theirs to move into whenever they chose. They spent all their time thinking about it, and what they were going to put into it. As their week with Panei Aniele was up in three days, they lost no time in getting ready. They had to make some shift to furnish it, and every instant of their leisure was given to discussing this.

A person who had such a task before him would not need to look very far in Packingtown—he had only to walk up the avenue and read the signs, or get into a street car, to obtain full information as to pretty much everything a human creature could need. It was quite touching, the zeal of people to see his health and happiness were provided for. Did the person wish to smoke? There was a little discourse about cigars, showing him exactly why the Thomas Jefferson Five-Cent Perfecto was the only cigar worthy of the name. Had he, on the other hand, smoked too much? Here was a remedy for the smoking habit, twenty-five doses for a quarter, and a cure absolutely guaranteed in ten doses. Here also was the beverage which would make him think he was still drinking his usual coffee poison, while in reality he was having his body all made new by a marvelous concentrated health food. In innumerable ways such as this, the traveler found that somebody had been busied to make smooth his paths through the world, and to let him know what had been done for him. In Packingtown the advertisements had a style all of their own, adapted to the peculiar population. One would be tenderly solicitous. "Is your wife pale?" it would inquire. "Is she discouraged, does she drag herself about the house and find fault with everything? Why do you not tell her to try Dr. Lanahan's Life Preservers?" Another would be jocular in tone, slapping you on the back, so to speak. "Don't be a chump!" it would exclaim. "Go and get the Goliath Bunion Cure." "Get a move on you!" would chime in another. "It's easy, if you wear the Eureka Two-fifty shoe."

Among these importunate signs was one that had caught the attention of the family by its pictures. It showed two very pretty little birds building themselves a home; and Marija had asked an acquaintance to read to her, and told them that it related to the furnishing of a house. "Feather your nest," it ran—and went on to say that it could furnish all the necessary feathers for a four-room nest for the ludicrously small sum of seventy-five dollars. The particularly important thing about this offer was that only a small part of the money need be had at once—the rest one might pay a few dollars every month. Our friends had to have some furniture, there was no getting away from that; but their little fund of money had sunk so low that they could hardly get to sleep at night, and so they fled to this as their deliverance. There was more agony and another paper for Teta Elzbieta to sign, and then one night when Jurgis came home he was told the breathless tidings that the furniture had arrived and was safely stowed in the house—a parlor set of four pieces, a bedroom set of three pieces, a dining-room table and four chairs, a toilet-set with beautiful pink roses painted all over it, an assortment of crockery, also with pink roses—and so on. One of the plates in the set had been found broken when they unpacked it, and Ona was going to the store the first thing in the morning to make them change it; also they had promised three sauce-pans, and there had only two come, and did Jurgis think that they were trying to cheat them?

The next day they went to the house; and when the men came from work they ate a few hurried mouthfuls at panei Aniele's, and then set to work at the task of carrying their belongings to their new home. The distance was in reality over two miles, but Jurgis made two trips that night, each time with a huge pile of mattresses and bedding on his head, with bundles of clothing and bags and things tied up inside. Anywhere else in Chicago he would have stood a good chance of being arrested; but the policemen in Packingtown were apparently used to these informal movings, and contented themselves with a cursory examination now and then. It was quite wonderful to see how fine the house looked, with all the things in it, even by the dim light of a lamp: it was really home, and almost as exciting as the placard had described it. Ona was fairly dancing, and she and Cousin Marija took Jurgis by the arm and escorted him from room to room, sitting in each chair by turns, and then insisting that he should do the same. One chair squeaked with his great weight, and they screamed with fright, and woke the baby and brought everybody running. Altogether it was a great day; and tired as they were, Jurgis and Ona sat up late, contented simply to hold each other and gaze in rapture about the room. They were going to be married as soon as they could get everything settled, and a little spare money put by; and this was to be their home—that little room yonder would be theirs!

It was in truth a never-ending delight, the fixing up of this house. They had no money to spend for the pleasure of spending, but there were a few absolutely necessary things, and the buying of these was a perpetual adventure for Ona. It must always be done at night, so that Jurgis could go along; and even if it were only a pepper-cruit, or half a dozen glasses for ten cents, that was enough for an expedition. On Saturday night they came home with a great basketful of things, and spread them out on the table, while everyone stood round, and the children climbed up on the chairs, or howled to be lifted up to see. There was sugar and salt, and tea, and crackers, and a can of lard and a milk-pail, and a scrubbing-brush and a pair of shoes for the second oldest boy, and a can of oil and a tack-hammer and a pound of nails. These last were to be driven in the walls of the kitchen and the bedrooms, to hang things on; and there was a family discussion as to the place where each one was to be driven. Then Jurgis would try to hammer, and hit his fingers because the hammer was too small, and get mad because Ona had refused to let him pay fifteen cents more and get a bigger hammer; and Ona would be invited to try it herself, and hurt her thumb, and cry out, which necessitated the thumb being kissed by Jurgis. Finally after every one else had had a try, the nails would be driven, and something hung up. Jurgis had come home with a big packing-box on his head, and he sent Jonas to get another that he had bought. He meant to take one side out of these tomorrow, and put shelves in them, and make them into bureaus and places to keep things for the bed-rooms. The nest which had been advertised had not included feathers for quite so many birds as there were in this family.

They had, of course, put their dining-table in the kitchen, and the dining-room was used as the bedroom of Teta Elzbieta and five of her children. She and the two youngest slept in the only bed, and the other three had a mattress on the floor. Ona and her cousin dragged a mattress into the parlor and slept at night, and the three men and the oldest boy slept in the other room, having nothing but the very level floor to rest on for the present. Even so, however, they slept soundly—it was necessary for Teta Elzbieta to pound more than once on the door at a quarter past five every morning. She would have ready a great pot full of steaming black coffee, and oatmeal and bread and smoked sausages; and then she would fix them their dinner pails with more thick slices of bread with lard between them—they could not afford butter—and some onions and a piece of cheese, and so they would tramp away to work.

This was the first time in his life that he had ever really worked, it seemed to Jurgis; it was the first time that he had ever had anything to do which took all he had in him. Jurgis had stood with the rest up in the gallery and watched the men on the killing-floor, marveling at their speed and power as if they had been wonderful machines; it somehow never occured to one to think of the flesh and blood side of it there—not until he actually got down into the pit and took off his coat. Then he saw things in a different light, he got at the inside of them. The pace they set here, it was one that called for every faculty of a man—from the instant the first steer fell till the sounding of the noon whistle, and again from half past twelve till Heaven only knew what hour in the late afternoon or evening, there was never one instant's rest for a man, for his hand or his eye or his brain. Jurgis saw how they managed it; there were portions of the work which determined the pace of the rest, and for these they had picked men whom they paid high wages, and whom they changed frequently. You might easily pick out these peace-makers, for they worked under the eye of the bosses, and they worked like men possessed. This was called "speeding up the gang," and if any man could not keep up with the pace, there were hundreds outside begging to try.

Yet Jurgis did not mind it, he rather enjoyed it. It saved him the necessity of flinging his arms about and fidgeting as he did in most work. He would laugh to himself as he ran down the line, darting a glance now and then at the man ahead of him. It was not the pleasantest work one could think of, but it was necessary work; and what more had a man the right to ask, than a chance to do something useful, and to get good pay for doing it?

So Jurgis thought, and so he spoke, in his bold, free way; very much to his surprise, he found that it had a tendency to get him into trouble. For most of the men here took a fearfully different view of the thing. He was quite dismayed when he first began to find it out—that most of the men *hated* their work. It seemed strange—it was even terrible, when you came to find out the universality of the sentiment; but it was certainly the fact—they hated their work. They hated the bosses, and they hated the owners; they hated the whole place, the whole neighborhood—even the whole city, with an all inclusive hatred, bitter and fierce. Women and little children would fall to cursing about it; it was rotten, rotten as hell—everything was rotten. When Jurgis would ask them what they meant, they would begin to get suspicious, and content themselves with saying—"Never mind, you stay here and see for yourself."

One of the first problems that Jurgis ran upon was that of the unions. He had had no experience with unions, and he had to have it explained to him that the men were banded together for the purpose of fighting for their rights. Jurgis asked them what they meant by their rights, a question in which he was quite sincere, for he had not any idea of any rights that he had, except the right to hunt for a job, and do as he was told when he got it. Generally, however, this harmless question would only make his fellow workingmen lose their tempers and call him a fool. There was a delegate of the butcher-helpers' union who came to see Jurgis to enroll him; and when Jurgis found that this meant that he would have to part with some of his money, he froze up directly, and the delegate, who was an Irishman and only knew a few words of Lithuanian, lost his temper and began to threaten him. In the end Jurgis got into a fine rage, and made it sufficiently plain that it would take more than one Irishman to scare him into a union. Little by little he gathered that the main thing the men wanted was to put a stop to the habit of "speeding up;" they were trying their best to force a lessening of the pace, for there were some, they said, who could not keep up with it, whom it was killing. But Jurgis had no sympathy with such ideas as this—he could do the work himself, and so could the rest of them, he declared, if they were good for anything. If they couldn't do it, let them go somewhere else. Jurgis had not studied the books, and he would not have known how to pronounce "laissez-faire;" but he had been round the world enough to know that a man has to shift for himself in it, and that if he gets the worst of it, there is nobody to listen to him holler.

Yet there have been known to be philosophers and plain men who swore by Malthus in the books, and would, nevertheless, subscribe to a relief fund in time of a famine. It was the same with Jurgis, who consigned the unfit to destruction, while going about all day sick at heart because of his poor old father, who was wandering somewhere in the yards begging for a chance to earn his bread. Old Antanas had been a worker ever since he was a child; he had run away from home when he was twelve, because his father beat him for trying to learn to read. And he was a faithful man too, he was a man you might leave alone for a month, if only you had made him understand what you wanted him to do in the meantime. And now here he was, worn out in soul and body, and with no more place in the world than a sick dog. He had his home, as it happened, and some one who would care for him if he never got a job; but his son could not help thinking, suppose this had not been the case. Antanas Rudkos had been into every building in Packingtown by this time, and into nearly every room; he had stood mornings among the crowd of applicants till the very policemen had come to know his face and to tell him to go home and give it up. He had been likewise to all the stores and saloons for a mile about, begging for some little thing to do; and everywhere they had ordered him out, sometimes with curses, and not once even stopping to ask him a question.

So after all there was a crack in the fine structure of Jurgis' faith in things as they are. The crack was wide while Diedas Antanas was hunting a job—and it was yet wider when he finally got it. For one evening the old man came home in a great state of excitement, with the tale that he had been approached by a man in one of the corridors of the pickle-rooms of Anderson's and asked what he would pay to get a job. He had not known what to make of this at first; but the man had gone on with matter-of-fact frankness to say that he could get him a job, provided that he were willing to pay one-third of his wages for it. Was he a boss? Antanas had asked; to which the man had replied that that was nobody's business, but that he could do what he said.

Jurgis had made some friends by this time, and he sought one of them and asked what this meant. The friend who was named Tamoszius Kuszlejka, was a sharp little man who folded skins on the killing-floor, and he listened to what Jurgis had to say, without seeming at all surprised. They were common enough, he said, such cases of city graft. It was simply some boss who proposed to add a little to his income. After Jurgis had been there awhile he would know that the plants were simply honeycombed with rottenness of that sort—the bosses grafted off the men, and they grafted off each other; and some day the superintendent would find out about the boss, and then he would graft off the boss. Warming to the subject, Tamoszius went on to explain the situation; here was Anderson's, owned by a man who was trying to make as much money out of it as he could, and did not care in the least how he did it; and underneath him, ranged in ranks and grades like an army, were managers and superintendents and foremen, each one driving the man next below him and trying to squeeze out of him as much work as possible. And all the men of the same rank were pitted against each other; the accounts of each were kept separately, and every man lived in terror of losing his job, if another made a better record than he. So from top to bottom the place was simply a seething cauldron of jealousies and hatreds; there was no loyalty or decency anywhere about it; there was no place in it where a man counted for anything against a dollar. And worse than there being no decency, there was not even any honesty. The reason for that? Who could say? It must have been old Anderson in the beginning, it was a heritage he had left to his son, along with his millions.

Since he had died they had dropchant. Since he had died they had dropped the custom of giving two pounds short in every forty; but they still did ten thousand things every day that would have landed them in state's prison if they had not been able to buy up the law of the land. What were these things? Oh, Jurgis would find them out for himself, if he stayed there long enough. It was the men who had to do all the dirty jobs, and so there was no deceiving them; and they caught the spirit of the place, and did like all the rest. Jurgis had come there, and thought he was going to make himself useful, and rise and become a skilled man; but he would soon find out his error—for nobody rose in Packingtown by doing true work of any sort. You could lay that down for a rule—if you met a man who was rising in Packingtown, you met a knave. That man who had been sent to Jurgis' father by the boss, *he* would rise; the man who told tales and spied upon his fellows would rise; but the man who minded his own business and did his work—why, they would "speed him up" till they had worn him out, and then they would simply throw him into the gutter.

Jurgis went home with his head buzzing. Yet he could not bring himself to believe such things—no, it could not be so. Tamoszius was simply another of the grumblers. He was a man who spent all his time fiddling; and he would go to parties at night and not get home till sunrise, and so, of course, he did not feel like work. Then, too, he was a puny little chap; and so he had been left behind in the race, and that was why he was sore. And yet so many strange things kept coming to Jurgis' notice every day!

He tried to persuade his father to have nothing to do with the offer, but old Antanas had begged about until he was worn out, and all his courage was gone; he wanted a job, any sort of a job. So the next day he went and found the man who had spoken to him, and promised to bring him a taird of all he earned; and that same day was put to work in Anderson's cellars. He found that his wages were to be seventy-five cents a day, and so he would have three dollars each week as the result of his toil. Every cent of it he brought home to his family for his board—he would not hear of anything else; he had no need of money, he told them, he did not care for beer, and they would give him all he wanted to eat. Yet, as it proved, he had to break his resolution at the very beginning; for they had put him in a place where there was never a dry spot to stand upon, and so he had to take nearly the whole of his first week's earnings to buy him a pair of heavy-soled boots. Antanas was a "squeedgie" man; he worked in one of the "pickle-rooms," going about all day with a long-handled mop, swabbing up the floor. Except that it was damp, it was not an unpleasant job, in summer; nor was it very hard work—if only he had been allowed to sit down for an instant or two now and then.

Now Antanas Rudkos was the meekest man that God ever put on earth; and so Jurgis found it a striking confirmation of what the men all said, that his father had been at work only two days before he came home as bitter as any of them, and cursing Anderson's with all the power of his soul. For they had set him to cleaning out the traps; and the family sat round and listened in wonder while he told them what that meant. It seemed that he was working in the room where the men prepared the beef for canning, and the beef had lain in vats full of chemicals, and men with great forks speared it out and dumped it into trucks, to be taken to the canning-room. When they had speared out all they could reach, they emptied the vat on the floor, and then with shovels scraped up the balance and dumped it into the truck; this floor was filthy with manure tracked in from the streets, and with spit, and the accumulated dirt of years; yet they set Antanas with his mop slopping the "pickle" into a hole that connected with a sink, where it was caught and used over again forever; and if that were not enough, there was a trap in the pipe, where all the scraps of meat and odds and ends of refuse were caught, and every few days it was the old man's task to clean these out, and shovel them into one of the trucks with the rest!

This was the experience of Antanas; and then there came also Jonas and Marija with tales to tell. Marija was working for one of the independent packers, and was quite beside herself and outrageous with triumph over the sums of money she was making as a painter of cans. But one day she walked home with a pale-faced little woman who worked opposite to her, Jadwiga Marciukus by name, and Jadwiga told her how she, Marija, had chanced to get her job. She had taken the place of an Irish woman who had been working in that factory ever since any one could remember, for over fifteen years, so she declared. Mary Dennis was her name, and a long time ago she had been seduced, and had a little boy; he was a cripple, and an epileptic, but still he was all that she had in the world to love, and they had lived in a little room alone somewhere back of Halsted street, where the Irish were. Mary had had consumption, and all day long you might hear her coughing as she worked; of late she had been going all to pieces, and when Marija came, the "forelady" had suddenly decided to turn her off. The forelady had to come up to a certain standard herself, and could not stop for sick people, Jadwiga explained. The fact that Mary had been there so long had not made any difference to her; it was doubtful if she even knew that, for both the forelady and the superintendent were new people, had only been there two or three years themselves. The poor creature had burst into tears when the forelady told her that same afternoon; and Jadwiga did not know what had become of her. Somebody said that she had given up trying to get another place in the yards, and had gone downtown and disappeared. Jadwiga would have gone to see her, but had been sick herself, she had pains in her back all the time, she explained, and feared that she had womb trouble. It was not fit work for a woman, handling fourteen-pound cans all day.

It was a striking circumstance that each member of the family had gotten his job by the misfortune of some other person; Jurgis found upon inquiry that on the very morning the boss had chosen him, a man had been carried out to his death not ten minutes earlier. One of the cattle-butchers had been drunk the night before, and been in a fight; meeting his enemy on the floor he had hurled his knife at him, and, missing him, slashed upon the abdomen of an inoffensive Polack, who had been shoveling guts with the same implement that Jurgis was now using. The cut had refused to heal (every wound that a man gets on the killing-floor was an infected one) and the man had died the third day.

And it was the same with Jonas. Jonas pushed a truck loaded with hams from the smoke-rooms onto an elevator, and thence to the packing-rooms. The trucks were all of iron, and heavy, and they put about three-score hams on each of them, a load of more than a quarter of a ton. On the uneven floor it was a task for a man to start one of these trucks, unless he was a giant; and when it was once started he naturally tried his best to keep it going. There was always the boss prowling about, and if there was a second's delay he would fall to cursing; Lithuanians and Slovaks and such, who could not understand what was said to them, the bosses were wont to kick about the place like so many dogs. Therefore, these trucks went for the most part on the run, and there was need to look sharp for them; Jonas' predecessor had been jammed against the wall by one, and crushed in a horrible and nameless manner.

All of these were sinister incidents; but none of them were so bad as some that Jurgis saw with his own eyes before long. One curious thing he had noticed, the very first day in his profession of shoveller of guts; which was the sharp trick of the floor-bosses whenever there chanced to come a "slunk" calf. Any man who knows anything about butchering knows that the flesh of a cow that is about to calve, or has just calved, is not fit for food. A good many of these came every day to the packing-houses—and, of course, if they had chosen, it would have been an easy matter for the packers to keep them till they were fit for food. But for the saving of time and fodder, it was the law that cows of that sort came along with the others, and whoever noticed it would tell the boss, and the boss would start up a conversation with the government inspector, and the two would stroll away. So in a trice the carcass of the cow would be cleaned out, and the entrails have vanished; it was Jurgis' task to slide them into the trap, calves and all, and on the floor below they took out these "slunk" calves, and used even the skins of them.

Yet this was a minor matter compared with what came after two or three weeks. One day a man slipped and hurt his leg; and that afternoon, when the last of the cattle had been disposed of and the men were leaving, Jurgis was ordered to remain and do some special work which this injured man had usually done; and so for the first time in his life Jurgis was the participant in a crime. It was late, almost dark, and the government inspectors had all gone, and there were only a dozen or two of men on the floor. That day they had killed about four thousand cattle, and these cattle had come in freight trains, from far states, and some of them had got hurt. There were some with broken legs, and some with gored sides; there were some that had died, from what cause no one could say; and they were all to be disposed of, here in darkness and silence. "Downers" the men called them; and Anderson and Company had a special elevator upon which they were raised to the killing-floor, where the gang proceeded to handle them, with an air of business-like nonchalance which said plainer than any words that it was a matter of every day routine. It took a couple of hours to get them out of the way, and in the end Jurgis saw them go into the chilling-rooms with the rest of the meat. For this work he was paid double time, and understood full well what that meant.

When he came home that night he was in a very sombre mood; having begun to see at last how those might be right who had laughed at him for his faith in the packers, and in America, telling him that he was in the employ, not of honest merchants, but of knaves and public enemies.

(To be continued.)

SERMONS ON SOCIALISM.

I. Labor.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.—Gen. 3:19.

If this text means anything it means that he who eats should do enough useful labor to produce the equivalent of what he consumes. It is a remarkable fact, however, that those who labor the most get the least of the wealth created by their labor, while those who enjoy the greater part of labor's products do the least toward producing them.

Evidence is everywhere that the just law above quoted is not enforced and that those who evade that law are not regarded as immoral, but, to use a common expression, are "our best people."

The eminently respectable gentleman who, in defiance of bible precepts, maintains his household on interest collected from his neighbors, is not eating bread in the sweat of his face; but is eating bread in the sweat of the faces of those whom necessity compels to pay him unholy tribute.

The landlord whose labor is limited to the collection of rents and the occasional eviction of a penniless renter, is sweating his bread out of his tenants.

The employer, who graciously grants a dollar in wages to the worker who has produced two dollars' worth of merchandize for him, need not burden his own brow with perspiration, for his bread is the crystalized sweat distilled from the blood of the workers in his factory.

The trust magnate, who sets the price upon both what the farmer sells and what he buys, knows how to perspire vicariously and escape the labor that the farmer patiently performs.

Many have noted this sweating process and have wondered why it is that honest toil goes unrequited while others have millions of unearned wealth to lavish upon themselves, their horses and their dogs. They know from bitter experience that the gulf separating Dives from Lazarus is on the terrestrial as well as on the celestial map, and that in earth life Dives is on the comfortable side of it.

It may be that the reader is a beneficiary of the present arrangement. If so, he is probably content with things as they are. He may think it just that one should array himself in fine linen and dine sumptuously every day on foods and fabrics made by another. If so, he is doubly an infidel; for he is both unfaithful to a commandment fundamental to Christian ethics, and moreover unfaithful to his duty toward his fellow man.

The Encyclopedia Britannica is responsible for the statement that, "The ethics of Socialism are identical with those of Christianity." Whether this be correct or otherwise, it is certain that the two are harmonious on the issues involved in the above text from Genesis.

Socialism teaches and seeks to realize a social and industrial system in which "If any would not work, neither should he eat." Paul's command to the Thessalonians is identical with the demands of modern Socialism, which would secure to every worker the full social product of his toil.

In the establishment of the new social order it is not necessary that even the capitalist should perish, but that he should conform to this great law of labor, remove his heel from the neck of the poor, cease exploitation and do his part in the world's work.

Socialism calls upon the workers of the world to unite and secure a majority of the voters through the preaching of this just doctrine. It remains with the voter to enforce the law of labor through Socialism or remain a party to its dishonor through capitalism.—F. M. E.

Garfield is coming to Kansas to whitewash the Standard Oil corruptionists and public enemies. Money makes the mare go, you know.

WAR ON LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society have adopted a new plan to fight the liquor traffic. They are distributing free to all who write and inclose a stamp, a prescription that will cure the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in coffee, milk or food. Also a recipe that will cure the tobacco habit, that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell the recipe, but give free copies to your friends. Address Kansas Anti-Liquor Society, Box D1141, Kansas City Mo.

Nine Nations

Now Use Liquozone. Won't You Try It---Free?

Millions of people, of nine different nations, are constant users of Liquozone. Some are using it to get well; some to keep well. Some to cure germ diseases; some as a tonic. No medicine was ever so widely employed. These users are everywhere; your neighbors and friends are among them. And half the people you meet—wherever you are—know someone whom Liquozone has cured.

If you need help, please ask some of these users what Liquozone does. Don't blindly take medicine for what medicine cannot do. Drugs never kill germs. For your own sake, ask about Liquozone; then let us buy you a full-size bottle to try.

We Paid $100,000

For the American rights to Liquozone. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, after proving, in thousands of different cases, that Liquozone destroys the cause of any germ disease.

Liquozone has, for more than twenty years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. It is not made by compounding drugs, nor with alcohol. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and fourteens days' time. The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissue, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison and cannot be taken internally. Every physician knows that medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anaemia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Leucorrhea
Bright's Disease	Liver Troubles
Bowel Troubles	Malaria—Neuralgia
Coughs—Colds	Many Heart Troubles
Consumption	Piles—Pneumonia
Colic—Croup	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Constipation	Rheumatism
Catarrh—Cancer	Scrofula—Syphilis
Dysentery—Diarrhoea	Skin Diseases
Dandruff—Dropsy	Stomach Troubles
Dyspepsia	Throat Troubles
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tuberculosis
Fevers—Gall Stones	Tumors—Ulcers
Goitre—Gout	Varicocele
Gonorrhea—Gleet	Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

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