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CHAPTER XXVIII.



NDERSON & Company, which had kept most of its strike-breakers, went on with its work after the second strike; but some of the other plants were left in a desperate plight, with half-dressed meat lying on their floors and rotting in the stifling midsummer heat. The discharged negroes were called back, and messages sent out to rush

new hands; and at the same time the unions were telegraphing the call for a general strike of all the meatworkers in the country, and holding mass-meetings denouncing the packers for their treachery.

There was quite a different tone in Packingtown after this-the place was a seething caldron of passion, and the "scab" who ventured into it fared badly. There were one or two of these incidents each day, the newspapers detailing each one with vehement denunciations. They always blamed it upon the unions-it was the inevitable consequences of the union propaganda, they said. Yet ten years before, when there were no unions in Packingtown, there was a strike, and national troops had to be called, and there were pitched battles fought at night, by the light of blazing freight-trains. The public was never reminded that Packingtown was always a centre of violence; that the people were ignorant, and that the work they were forced to do accustomed them to scenes of cruelty and to the shedding of blood. In "Whiskey Point," where there were a hundred saloons and one glue factory, there was always fighting, and always more of it in hot weather. Anyone who had taken the trouble to consult the station-house blotter would have found that there was less violence that sunmer than ever before-and this while twenty thousand men were out of work, and with nothing to do all day but brood upon bitter wrongs. The public could not go there and see, and there was no one to tell it the truth, to picture the mighty battle the union leaders had to got to keep this bugs army in real. fight—to keep this huge army in rank, to keep it from straggling and pillagcheer and encourage and guide a hundred Liousand people, of a dozen different tongues, through six long weeks of hunger and disappointment and despair. When the union leaders were not at their headquarters, transacting business and attending to the distributing of supplies, they were riding about the district, exhorting and pleading with the men. They posted pickets at intervals, and when there was trouble they would notified by telephone, and would ride to the scene to intercede. They pleaded with the men to work at home, to go fishing on the lake-front, to do anything but loaf on the corners. As only a minority of the strikers belonged to the

union, they put an absolute and to "canrushing " and they all but spoiled the of the saloons. They plastered the neighborhood with warnings; and early in August, at their monster parade, in which forty-thousand people took part, the girls gave out basketsful of printed cards that read as follows:

We Will Win!

The eyes of the nation are upon us! The cause of unionism is at stake! We have raised wages 25 per cent, but manliness 50 per cent!

Let us stand firm for law and order! We must win by fair means!

Perhaps none of these cards came un der the eyes of the newspaper reporters; at any rate none of the papers printed them. Furthermore, as tending to show how the packers appreciated such efforts in the cause of peace, it should be added that of the girls who were conspicuous in the giving out of these cards, not one could get work in Packingtown when

the strike was over. There was violence by the unions, and there was still more by the police. was violence for the newspapers to declare, when the packers put up a billa stockade. It was violence for them to magnify every saloon-row and streetfight into a union riot. It was violence of the police, whenever such a fight occurred, to plunge into the midst of the crowd of the idle and curious, and club and beyond this would be a meat store laid hands on, until they had prisoners to summon to his office and lecture a magistrate who failed to punish such not be a window in the place, only gasprisoners to the satisfaction of the packers. It was violence to seize the president of the Teamsters' union and throw him into a cell for the offense of calling from the window of his office an order shirts, their faces dripping with sweat to a member of his own union. It was and their hands smeared with blood. because of such things as these, and only because of them, that "disgraceful" riots | would pour out into the streets to play! took place; such as once when the police Fighting, gambling, drinking and cabegan clubbing union men who were rousing, cursing and screaming, laughtrying to stop a fight between two ing and singing, playing banjoes and Packingtown swarmed out of their gether in the sordid democracy of vice. houses, and there was a pitched battle, lasting an hour, between three thousand frenzied men and women and a hundred policemen, in which many of the former were badly hurt, and some of the latter would have been torn to pieces but for

ing a new labor force. A thousand or and the blood of the "Lamb," until men two of strike-breakers were brought in and women lay down upon the ground, every night and distributed among the moaning and screaming in convulsions various plants. Some of them were ex- of terror and remorse. perienced workers-butchers, salesmen and managers from the packers' branchstores, and a few union men who had deserted from other cities; but the vast majority were "green" negroes from the cotton-districts of the far South, and in America. It is said that in Germany they were herded into the packing-plants it is due to the work and sympathy of like sheep. There was a law forbidding the Socialists that servants are so the use of buildings as lodging-houses reasonable," for they no longer are unless they were licensed for the pur- willing drudges, refuse to wear caps, pose, and provided with proper windows, and most cooks positively will not get stairways and fire-escapes; now, in a a dinner at night. Don't you see that "paint-room," reached only by an in- Socialism will make you free?

the exertions of union officials.

closed "chute," a room without a single window and only one door, one hundred men were crowded upon mattresses placed in a solid row upon the floor. Jpon the third-story of the "hog-house" of Morton's was a store-room, without a window, into which they crowded seven hundred men, sleeping upon the bare springs of cots, and with a second shift to use them by day. When the clamor of the public led to an investigation into these conditions, and the mayor of the city was forced to order the enforcement of the law, the packers got a judge to issue an injunction forbidding

him to do it. And that was but a small part of the "violence" of the packers. The sanitary arrangements in the packing-houses had always been grossly inadequate; and now the corners of every room where meat was being prepared were reeking with the stench of human filth. The mayor was boasting that he had put an end to gambling and prize-fighting in the city; while here a swarm of professional gamblers had leagued themselves with the police to fleece the strikebreakers; and any night, in the big open space in front of Smith's, one might see brawny negroes stripped to the waist, and pounding each other for money, under the eyes of policemen, while howling throng of three or four thousand surged about, men and women, young white girls from the country rub-bing elbows with big buck negroes with daggers in their boots, while rows of woolly heads peered down from every window of the surrounding factories. The ancestors of these black people had been savages in Africa; and since then they had been chattel-slaves, or held down by a community ruled by the traditions of slavery. Now for the first time they were free-free to gratify every passion | union.' -free to wreck themselves. They were wanted to break a strike, and when it was broken they would be shipped away, and their present masters would never and their present masters would not see them again. So whiskey and women were brought in by the car-load and sold union had a right to stop him—didn't you?" yards. Every night there were stab-bings and shootings, rape and murder stalking abroad—the packers had blank permits, which enabled them to ship dead bodies from the city without troubling the authorities. They lodged men and women on the same floor, and with the night there began a saturnalia of debauchery-scenes such as never before were witnessed in America, and never in the world since the days of Baal and Moloch. Along the platforms where the railroad-cars were loaded one could not pass for the bodies of men

and women, black and white, sleeping together, and as the women were the dregs from the brothels of Chicago, and the men were for the most part ignorant country negroes, the nameless diseases of vice were soon rife-one com pany physician stated that he treated that hundred cases every week. And unions, the officers could not always inter men handled the food which was their way; but to the three thousand members of the grass ized world—tin-cans which would infect the three thousand members of the grass ized world—tin-cans which would infect the three thousand members of the grass ized world—tin-cans which would infect the three thousand members of the grass ized world—tin-cans which would infect the grass in the person who cut his hand upon them, meat that would be handled by millions

people, any one of whom, chancing away. to have an open sore upon his hands, might be made the victim of a loathe some disease that would cause his fin gers or a part of his face to rot away and drop off.

The "Union Stockyards" were never

a pleasant place; but now they were not merely a collection of slaughter-houses -they were the camping place of an army of fifteen or twenty thousand of the lowest and most degraded of human beasts. All day long the blazing midsummer sun beat down upon their quare mile of abominations-upon tens of thousands of cattle crowded into pens whose wooden floors stank and steamed contagion, upon bare, blistering, cinderstrewn railroad-tracks, and huge blocks of dingy meat-factories, whose labyrinthine passages defied a breath of fresh air to penetrate them; and there were not merely rivers of hot blood and car-loads of moist flesh and the fetid. sickening stench of viscera, render-ing-vats and soap-caldrons, glue-facthere was some by the newspapers, and tories and fertilizer tanks that smelt like craters of hell—there were also tons board fence, that they were constructing in every hallway to dry. In the rooms where bread was being baked and food prepared would be great piles of lumpy mattresses, and grey blankets stiff with filth; and next door would be a windowless toilet-room that was an open sewer: every head they saw, men and women room with a litter of boxes and barrels, and children, driving the panic-stricken old ladders and trucks flung to one side, people before them like sheep. It was and an improvised dining-room with a violence of them to seize the first they laid hands on, until they had prisoners oil-cloth and black with flies. The floor enough to fill their patrol-wagons; and would be slippery with tobacco-juice and it was violence for the mayor of the city scraps of food, and rats would scurry about it in broad daylight; there would

gust day, clad in "jeans" and under-And then at night, when this throng drunken gamblers, and the people of dancing, black and white mingled to-They were worked in the yards all seven days of the week, and they had their prize-fights and crap-games on Sunday nights just the same; and then around the corner one might see a bon-fire blazing, and an old, grey-headed negress, lean and witchlike, her hair flying wild, Meantime the packers had now set and her eyes blazing, now yelling and themselves definitely to the task of mak-

jets burning dimly in a haze of tobacco

smoke-and here four hundred men

would crowd to feed at noon on an Au-

TO BE CONTINUED.

I think the idea of freedom is in the air more than ever. Domestic service in Europe is even in a worse strait than YOUR BALLOT.

If your journey's way is rough, And the capitalists treat you tough, And they tell you with a bluff You're not in it—
And if you're feeling mighty blue At the way they're using you, Why, the best thing you can do—
Cast your ballot.

If you've trouble on the way, If you've had a trying day,
If you've had a trying day,
If the rich men tell you nay
Don't you heed it.
And if some sorrow's trace
Has reached you in the face,
Why just kick out of the trace
With your ballot.

If your fight has just begun
And they have you on the run,
Why just show them your big gun—
The ballot.
There is plenty room ahead,
And they will surely pound your head
Unless you pound the pounders till they're

dead With your ballot. —D. C. M. A REAL CLOSED SHOP.

"What's the matter, Bill? Why ain't you working?" "The shop shut down yesterdaythat's the reason."

What did they shut down for?" "'Cause they had no orders—or not 'nuff to pay to keep going." Did they call you in and show you the books-or any of your fellow work-

"Humph! I guess nit."
"Why not?"

"They don't have to."
"Where is the boss—do you know?
"He's over in Europe, so I heard."

Where is the manager?" "He went away last night, some where. "Well, now, Bill, you told me when was trying to argue with you that this was going to be an open shop!"
"Well, it is."

"The doors are all locked, ain't they?

"A locked shop don't look like an open shop to me, Bill." "()h, well, you know what I mean."
"Yes; you mean that it is an open

shop to men who do not belong to the "Yes, that's it." "And you said that you believed in

it, and thought every free American cit-izen had a right to work whenever and

'Yes, that's what I said." "Well, you want to work, don't you?"
"Of course I do."

"I know you do; I know you can't afford to be idle, Bill, but it's up to you to go over and break open that shop and go to work, or else acknowl-

"That you're not a free sovereign citizen of this republic, and can work when

you want to." "Huh!" said Bill, in a dazed way. "Either go over to that shop and go to work or else admit to me that you that man's slave who owns the building and tools-because he won't let admit this, too-

"That you've been an ignoramus all these years, and did not know what a lammed in your face."

Bill opens his eyes and stares as the truth dawns on his mind. "By Go-osh! That's so!" he mutters as he walks



There is great energy in a hornet's nest, but you don't feel it until you stir it up. Socialist propaganda pamphlets are much the same; you never of garbage festering in the sun, and the know what they will do until you stir greasy laundry of the workers hung out them up and get them after somebody. The October Combination is a hornet's nest; stir it up and stir it out.

SOCIAL ILLUSIONS.

Social illusions are due to the superficial observation of those who accept them, and to the economic interests of to be tortured by lies and misrepresentthose who teach them.

by private interests, so it is not to be Journal: "Even if every woman should wondered at that the owner of chattel exercise the suffrage, the vote of the slaves should preach one system of eth- thoughtful and conscientious would alics, while the exploiter of wage slaves most certainly be largely outweighed should teach a code of morals adapted by that of the disreputable, the ignoto his own methods and conservative of rant, the thoughtless, the purchased and his own interests.

dustrial history of the United States, rant, thoughtless, etc. Oh, lords of cremakes this point clearer, perhaps, than ation, you voting kings in your immacany other piece of popular literature. It also explains the why and wherefore come contaminated! But know this of existing institutions that otherwise the tide of Socialism can no longer be are incomprehensible. It is the applica- stemmed, and Socialism first and foretion of the theory of economic deter- most demands that women have a voice minism to American history that gives everything a meaning and discloses the cause of things that by the ideal view appear to have come into being without material cause. 10c.

This is the season of grouse hunting. Have you leased a moor in Scotland for the sport? One of the costliest imaginable ways in which our country's wealth is squandered to amuse the rich people is in bagging grouse in Scotland. Americans spend more than five times that much in other expenditures to maintain reputations for lavishness. Mrs. H. W. Poor of New York City has leased a Scotch moor, and birds eaten

there will cost more than \$15 each Mrs. Poor, of the other family, the ten million Poor in the United States, will not go to Scotland to hunt grouse. She will stay at home in her shack and hunt bedbugs, with daily visits to the factory for her health.

Et Tu Brutus.

Heard this? He went into a restaurant and "et" two brutes—packing house frankfurters. What did he eat in the alleged lemon pie?

At Finnegan's

He that will not work, neither shall INNEGAN'S "open forum" was in regular session and the subject Socialism. "Socialism," said the Traveling Man

turning to the Station Agent, "What are you going to do with the men who won't work under Socialism?' "To answer that," said the S. A.

"I'll tell you of a little incident that happened right here in our midst a few days ago. My boy, Jimmy, and a num-ber of his friends—boys and girls— went over to Sneed's creek the other day to camp out for a week. Well, after they had got settled it was noticed that one of the boys, named Jones, a great, big, healthy cuss, whis share of the work; in fact, he his share of the work; in fact, he wasn't doing any work at all, but was eating regularly, just the same. The boys promptly held a council of war and decided that Jones should work or and decided that Jones should work or the least at the camp's extended that the camp's extended to the donkey and the links and bites of the donkey and the links and threatened to abandon the links and the links and threatened to abandon the links and the li great, big, healthy cuss, was not doing human beasts who rub him himself into a hammock and proceeded to read a novel.

take. To more firmly establish the blockade between Jones and food a guard was placed over the supplies night and day.

"Jones was pretty 'nervy,' and stood it very well until dinner of the next day; by that time his stomach was protesting vigorously. After dinner Jones approached one of the girls who was noted for her kind-heartedness and philanthropic nature, and asked her to get him some bread and butter. 'If you were sick and unable to work,' replied the young lady, I'd see that you got something to eat, even if I had to rob myself, but you are as able to work as any of the rest of us, and if you go hungry it is your own fault.' "Well, the upshot was that Jones

'caved,' and for the rest of the time did his share of the work. "Now, the boys, unless it was my Jimmy, knew nothing about Socialism,

but they were confronted by a condition which their common sense told them how to meet, just as society will meet the same condition under Social-

"That's all very well," broke in the Traveling Man, "but what about the the man who has grown too old to work must he starve or live by charity?" "Neither one," replied the S. A.

There will be no such thing as charity, as we know it today, under Socialism. Every man will have free access you work when you want to, and pays to the resources of nature, and an equal u what he sees fit—and you'll have to opportunity with every other person to apply his labor power to the tools of production, with the guarantee of re-ceiving the full social product of his labor. Under such a condition what would closed shop was until its door was you do if an able bodied man approached you and asked for alms? Why you'd laugh at him; that's what you'd

"Now, as to the man who is too old to work, there is no good reason why he should not receive a pension equal to the full social product of his labor tain and educate the boys and girls—
the oncoming workers—who are to take their places later on. Socialism will give every man the full product of his labor; a portion of it he gets direct—many times more than he gets now—another portion goes to educate the young and provide pensions for the old, all of which comes back to him later, when he gets old birect—standard and some and such as I was making a trip from Lebanon, attracted an Ant to them, who had been sent by the Commonwealth of Antdom to investigate the prolonged disturbance. To this Ant they recited their tale of woe and begged his advice as to what they should do and as to where they could secure much-needed help. The Ant listened patiently to the beginning of literature for the old, all of which comes back to him later, when he gets old birect—when they could secure much-needed help. The Ant listened patiently to the beginning of literature for the old, all of which comes back to him later, when he gets old birect—and the commonwealth of Antdom to investigate the prolonged disturbance. To this Ant they recited their tale of woe and begged his advice as to what they should do and as to where they could secure much-needed help. The Ant listened patiently to the beginning of literature for the commonwealth of antitotic part of the commonweal part of the commonwealth of antitotic part of the commonwealth of the commonwealth of antitotic part of the commonwealth of the commonwealth of the common during his working days. Such a penall of which comes back to him later, when he gets old himself. So you see the old age pension I would get when and saw the great machinery for the incapacitated for work would simply be a part of my own product. The education and support society will give to the boys and girls is only advanced to them—they pay it back later by educating and supporting the boys and girls that are to follow them. Do you see the point?"

The Traveling Man smiled and gave Finnegan a high ball to slack ahead with the box of perfectos.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Saturday Post for October 7, covers two pages about Grover Cleveland, entitled "Echoes of Greatness." Like others, he was misunderstood, and he says he would exchange places with ations. Here is an echo of his great-The ethics of everybody is influenced ness from the current Ladies the coerced." This is really Comrade A. M. Simons' "Class Strug-gles in America," which is a brief in-and sweethearts are disreputable, ignocome contaminated! But know this. in public affairs.

The wage-worker is unable to tear himself from me. When, like the hunted deer, he flees before me beyond the mountains, he finds me there ahead of him; when he, trying to escape me, crosses the ocean, he finds me waiting for him on the shore where he lands The wage-worker is my prisoner; the earth is his prison.—Paul Lafargue

TIME IS PASSING and with it is going your opportunity

to get in on the Trust edition. We are compelled to limit the edition to 3,000,000 copies, as that is the limit of our capacity, and there are less than 235,000 copies which we can sell. You may contribute ONE DOLLAR or more to the fund for sending the edition to the business men, or you may order papers to be distributed by yourself among lawyers, doctors, laborers, farmers mechanics, mill, factory, mine and railroad men. DO IT NOW!

WHAT THE "600" ARE DOING.

"Monkey dinners" pale before the newest function of Mrs. Astor's "600." Member 601 of this "smartest" of social sets is a white donkey, duly initiated at a lawn party given in his honor. The donkey is the \$1,000 gift of Mr. T. Suffern Tailer to his little 7-year-old son, Lorillard. It was after being pulled through an attack of pneumonia by a veterinary surgeon who charged \$10 a the patient, long-eared animal carried visit, that "Snowball" went to New the Man upon his back, and also bore the port to convalesce and to make his provisions and accumulated property of debut into the social set at whose por-"is a beautiful theory, but it won't debut into the social set at whose porwork out. Tell me," he continued, tals so many of his two-legged contemporaries have knocked in vain.

Doesn't it look as though they are staggered over the question how to spend the enormous wealth which your labor has given them, and doesn't it show that too much wealth has produced an

something new and different?
This four-footed favorite is in a position to give the "Haw-Haw" to the "The boys said no more, but went rich man's son as well. If his groom back, ahead and helped the girls get dinner, of which Jones was not invited to parhence, what does it matter if his food is poor, his house unsanitary or his body racked with a disease from which he can get no relief because he doesn't

> slaughter-houses for wage-workers would immediately be built to furnish them with boy steeks, men hams, women chops and girl roasts. Workers of the world unite and de-

mand for yourselves, your wives and vour children as good as the donkey.—
Josie M. Bates, Toledo, O.

The Pressure Removed.



Information" "Suppressed prejudice like the March zephyrs hit an umbrella. This pamphlet of government statistics turns some ideas inside out and gives one a chance to see both sides. It's breezy, but it's all business. A hundred for \$5.

HE VISITED THE APPEAL.

making of the Co-operative Common-wealth. Busy as a bee, every man and woman knew just what they were do. more ing. They treated me like an old time It made me feel enthusiastic

ing generation. Well, I shall close by saying, "Keep

Ouslay, Eureka, Kas. SOCIALIST STATE TICKETS.

Rhode Island-Governor, Warren Carpenter; lieutenant governor, W. J. Higgins; secretary of state, H. F. Thomas; state treasurer, Joseph Arnold; attorney general, John Burton.

Virginia—Governor, J. E. Norris; lieutenant governor, William Gath; secretary of the commonwealth, Max Boehm; state treasurer, Joseph Cooper.
Ohio—Governor, Isaac Cowen; lieutenant governor, W. G. Guntrup; attorney reneral, J. C. Madden; state treasurer, . H. Sims; judge of supreme court, E.

Zeigler; member board of public works, George Storck. Pennsylvania-State treasurer, Robert Ringler; judge of supreme court, Ed to ride or be ridden. They moved leis-Kuppinger; judges of superior court, F. urely along the way, enjoying the land-. Schwartz, C. F. Foley and Hugh Ayers.

Nebraska-Supreme judge, P. S. Condit, of Omaha; regents for state university, Mary Pierce Roe, Omaha, and Dr. L. DeVore, of Laurel. Massachusetts—Governor, James F. Carey; lieutenant governor, Patrick F. Mahoney; state secretary, C. C. Hitch-

cock; auditor, Ambrose Miles; attorney general, John W. Sherman; treasurer and receiver, David S. Brodeaux. New York City Ticket-Mayor, Algernon Lee; comptroller, Cortes W. Cavanaugh; president of board of aldermen. Morris Brown.

A Modern Fable.

BY F. M EASTWOOD.

MAN and an Ass were traveling as companions, and, to conform to public opinion, which re-Asses only as beasts of burden,

At the beginning of the journey the Man and the Ass were each of average How does this latest absurdity of the weight-the Ass being in sufficient flesh parasit() impress you, Mr. Worker? to carry its load without serious distress; but, after weary months of toiling up the hill of Progress, the Man became corpulent and his accumulations grew to such an extent that the load upon the back of the patient animal unnatural and abnormal demand for had doubled, while its ability to do the work had declined.

But the Ass thought of nothing but duty, and struggled along under the indown, creasing burden until one sultry after-make noon, when they were passing along the

\$1,000, and the trouble and expense of was loosened and he complained bit erry finding another that will please the of the inequalities that had sprained his At length the man was so moved by

the recital of his companion's woes that he voluntarily agreed to change places with the animal. He therefore took the burden upon his own back, and the brute as well, which was so reduced in flesh as to add little to the load. Spurred possess the doctor's fees?

More money is spent to entertain on by a new conception or duty,

this quadrured than to pay the wages Man toiled along the Prosperity High-lands, while the Ass, relieved of all care, lands, while the Ass, relieved a hearty "Haw-Haw" coming for every methods con of the working class for mother's son of the working class, for came capricious, and it was necessary if he and his kind should take it into for an increasing amount of appetizer their heads to feed upon human flesh, and forage to be carried; but at the slaughter-houses for wage-workers same time the Man began to fail and his shadow to grow less, even as that of hams, the Ass had done before.

They were now passing through the Utopian Valley of Charity, and the Man was anxiously looking forward to the end of the journey; but the Ass, while encouraging his companion with hopes of the beyond, was secretly very much satisfied with things as they were, and thought how delightful it is to only do our work patiently day by day, trusting the future to that beneficent power which hath ordained the things that are. He was so absorbed in the beauties of the landscape and the fragrance of the valley atmosphere, laden with the scent of flowers, that he did not once notice the bleeding feet of his benefactor nor observe the pain with which he labored along the way.

Finally the Man, wholly overcome sank down by the wayside and could go no further, and the Ass was very angry The end of the journey was not yet in sight, and he was stranded in the midst of plenty, unable to proceed, for there was no means of conveyance for his accumulated wealth. But, finally, touched strikes with consideration for the Man, he became moderate, and the two discussed their troubles of the present and past. However, they could find no issue out of

their hopeless situation.

It happened that they had paused close to an ant-hill, where thousands of these little creatures were busily collect-

had once before broken down under the burden, just as the Man had more recently done, the Ant would hear no

"You Ass and You Chump!" he exclaimed, "How can either of you bear to see that big press grind out the old the burdens of both? Why don't each Appeal nearly as fast as one man could of you bear your own burden and travel carry the papers away. Then to go upon your own legs? Can't you see that into the storeroom and see the blank that is the only sane thing to do? I paper piled up; to see the linotypers wouldn't expect a Man to do any better, busy at work, and the bookmakers, and everybody else as busy as they could be. bosses on his back in obedience to inevery poncy else as pusy as they could be. In observe in observe in observe in stinct for centuries; but no self-respecting of the following in observe ing Ass should ever be guilty of such take the reins of this government out of the dirty hands that now hold them, this fool Man has recovered from the and make better conditions for the ris- misery his ideas of duty have inflicted upon him, then each of you pick up what you need, throw away what is the good work going on." I shall help useless, and proceed upon your jour-all I can when I get located.—Walter ney."

The Man and the Ass were much moved by the advice of the Ant, and questioned him narrowly as to whether his advice were sound, and as to authorities he might be able to quote in support of such rvolutionary ideas; but after much discussion both concluded they would take his advice. A short rest restored the Man to strength and they proceeded down the valley. The Ass soon found that much of the appetizers and dainties he had formerly thought essential were useless, and threw them away, thereby lightening his uncomfortable burden. Both tempered the length of the day's journey to their physical needs, and in a short time both had returned to normal condition and enjoyed the remainder of the journey, in which it was neither necessary scape the more as they pointed out its beauties to each other, and their daily labor ceasing to be drudgery, gathered new interest from the double incentive of enjoying the day's work and looking hopefully forward to the future.

I think the angels are old fashioned. some two thousand vears behind the styles. Instead of flowing robes, the he-angels, to be "correct," should wear frock coats and creased trousers, and the she-angels-Oh, I forgot, there aren't anv.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Two girls applied for a job doing housework in the same family and were accepted, but on finding out that the girls were from college, and were writers and speakers for Socialism, the man of the house notified them that they "did not want servants with higher aspirations—wanted girls who knew their place." Truly culture is a stumbling block toward getting a job!

AN EASY WAY TO MAKE MONEY.

I have made \$360 in 80 days selling Dishwashers. I did my housework at the same time. I dishwashers. I handle the Mound City Dishwashers. I handle the Mound City Dishwashers. I to sell the washer and tries the dishes perfectly in two minutes. Every lady who sees it wants one. I will devote all my future time to the business and expect to clear \$4,000 this year. Any intelligent person can do as well as I have done. Write for particulars to the Mound City Dishwasher Co. 3685U, Laclede Ave., St. Louis, Mo. MRS. W. B.

(ADVERTISEMENTS) FreetoMen

Man Medicine Receipt

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