The Bloody Week in Poland

ment of the pending revolution within the czar's dominions, I think it proper to begin with a description of the most recent of the many crimes of the Russian authorities, namely, the massacres of the unarmed and innocent people at Lodz. I do it the more willingly as these events are typical, and show both the cruel senselessness and stupidity of the ezar's government and the gradually growing revolutionary spirit of the working class in Poland.

The primary cause of the bloody events was an insignificant one. The February strikes ended with the general victory of the workingmen. In many factories wages were increased by 10 to 15 per cent, the hours shortened, and other causes for complaint removed; in others like improvenents were promised for the future. But after a time of comparative calmopportune to attempt a restoration of the old conditions of labor. This angered the workingmen. They again laid down their tools, and especially in those factories where these attempts were made. Seeing that they would not be able to break the resistance of the strikers, the employers requested the government to send troops to Lodz to assist them. This immediately changed the situation, transforming a common economic strike into an eventful political struggle. As soon as the people heard of that request they answered with a general strike, laying down their tools in most of the factories. Everything leads to the belief that they would have forced the employers to yield and brought the affair to a peaceful conclusion but for the government and the interference of

On Sunday, June 18, there was a funeral of one of our comrades. Thousands of workingmen, who, as they are wont to do, took part in the funeral procession, were returning from the emetery into the city, singing the revodenly, in one of the suburbs, they saw themselves surrounded by policemen and soldiers, who charged the peacefully returning people with guns and sabres, killing seven and wounding fifty-seven. The general excitement grew The workingmen determined to protest against this unheard-of crime by their participation at the funeral of the victims. On Tuesday afternoon all the factories stopped and at 7 o'clock in the evening a crowd of 30,000 people accompanied five victims of the Sunday crimes to their last resting place. The demonstration was intended to remain a peaceful one. Whenever the soldiers meant to interfere, or made prepara-tions to shoot, they were entreated in Russian not to do it, and women stepped courageously forward, sheltering the crowds with their own bodies. This time the soldiers refrained from

strating crowds is peace. At the tery speeches were made. In thenry die for liberty, but, lacking arms, cannot resist the government tormenting us so cruelly. Revenge was the general cry, and revenge to the czar sas solemnly sworn by all the people pres-

On Wednesday another funeral of Sunday victims was to take place, but had removed the dead bodies and buried them secretly. Again a wave of indignation moved the people, and the crowd of 70,000 men who gathered before the hospital where the victims died formed a procession and marched through the city. They were again met by troops, who attacked them, killing thirteen and wounding many.

The following day was a Roman Cath

olic holiday—Corpus Christi day. In Poland this day is usually celebrated by religious processions. But this time religious processions turned into political demonstrations, so much so that Protestants and Jews took part in them, and all joined in singing the revolutionary hymn, "The Red Flag."
Towards evening the troops renewed their shooting at the crowds, for the first time took which to active resistance and defense. Street lanterns were destroyed, and under cover of the ensuing darkness barricades were built. Stones from the pavement served as missiles, for there was a painful lack of fire-arms. The governmental whiskey shops were demolished, as if in revenge that the first shot against the people was fired from just such a shop. Barricades were built and defended until 11 o'clock next morning. They were crected not conty to serve as a base for defense, but also to form a hindrance to the troops in their marchings through the city. When the troops succeeded in taking the barricades they began to commit a series of terrible crimes. Since the times of

CCEPTING your invitation to the Paris commune history does not redescribe the course of develop. cord such acts of violence. Soldiers climbed on housetops, whence they aimed at and killed innocent people whom they happened to see. Thus a mother, with her babe in her arms, was killed in a back vard, where she thought herself safe from bullets. Many innocent people were murdered while standing at their house doors or windows. Even the interiors of the houses were not safe, as the soldiers were shooting through closed shutters. The number of dead, it is estimated, will reach 600, while 2,000 persons are said to have been wounded. And, indeed, that wanton cruelty of the troops ought not to surprise anyone when you understand that the Russian authorities always make the soldiers drunk before letting them loose upon the unarmed people. ing and shooting continued until Saturday. Then it became relatively quiet at Lodz, the strike ceased and martial law

was proclaimed. The people at Lodz are thirsting for revenge; the working population is dreaming of arms—arms to be used in future struggles which are expected soon. They want arms to be able to fight more effectually the forces of the czar's regime. More effectually, I say, because I do not wish anyone to think that the latter have not suffered. The Polish Socialist party, when calling upon the workers to strike for the sake of a political demonstration, expressly said in its manifesto that this was to be a peaceful demonstration, and that in case of governmental provocation it would hold the chief of police and the commanding officer responsible for crimes committed. Now, notwithstanding the peaceful

attitude of the working people a number of them were killed on Wednesday. which called forth the events of Friday, On July 1 the sentence of death was executed upon the leader of the Cossacks, Colonel Mar-murow. During the fights many officers and Cossacks were killed, but how many remains unknown, as the government carefully conceals the number of its dead, as well as the accurate number of the victims of its criminal acts. Now, at the call of P. P. S. (Polish Socialist Party) protest strikes of one or three days' duration have taken place in nearly all the industrial centers of Poland. At Warsaw, in the Dom-browa mining region and at Lgierz Czeustochowa, work has ceased, street processions and protest meetings have taken place, the latter in the woods or in public places, according to the prearranged plans. Work was laid down at a given signal and taken up again at the time designated by the party. Everywhere, according to the orders of the party authorities, encounters with the troops were successfully avoided, princh was due not only to the excellent organization, but also to the fact that the government, taken by surprese, was not able to send troops to all parts of the land, and where the soops are not numerous the governmace dares not at-

This is now especially so, because, in fact was emphasized that there are are places, the working people are fact was complasized that there are some papers, the fire-arms. At one of among us thousands of men ready to well supplied with fire-arms. At one of die for liberty but lacking arms, the meetings in the minin region there were present 2,000 well-armed men. Nothing to wonder, then, that the Cossacks refrained from coming near it. During this bloody week, on Thurs-

day, there chanced to be the Corpus Christi day. In Poland, as I mentioned before, it is usually celebrated by religious street processions. In many places and prominent towns the Russian authorities endeavored to incite the people to massacres of the Jews, spreadng rumors that Jews intended to throw bombs into the procession. All these endeavors, however, proved futile. In some places, Siedlee, for instance (about 20,000 inhabitants), the governor was requested to remove all the known thieves from town for this one day. He did not agree to that, but wanted, instead, to forbid the procession. Thereupon the leading clergymen went to the governor, vouching for peace in case the police and the soldiery would not make their appearance in the streets. The governor agreed and the clergymen called upon two workingmen, who were known as locialists by being previously sentenced for their participation in Socialist demonstrations, and asked them to organize a workingman's guard to keep order in town during that day. The guard was organized, the thieves warned to remain quietly at home, and the procession proceeded in perfect order.

Similar things happened in other places, and the very best order reigned wherever it was entrusted to the workingmen, and the police, soldiers and thieves were kept aloof.

The workingmen in Poland are very well organized and ready to do what is expected of them. The organization of peasants is also progressing with a truly revolutionary speed. But what they are lacking painfully is arms—firearms. To get them funds are needed,

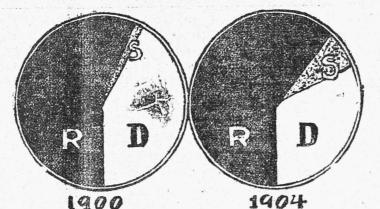
and the country, the workingmen espe cially, are exhausted by the war and the economic stagnation caused by it. The funds collected in foreign lands are not so big as they ought to be. Here in America only \$3,500 was collected for the revolutionary fund of the Poland Socialist party, and that almost exclusively from among the Polish population. This sum would certainly be ten times as large but for the priests and nationalists, who agitate against giving any money for the movement, which they consider purely a proletarian one, and Socialist at that, because headed by the Polish Socialist party.

The movement in Poland, however, thanks to the class-consciousness of the Polish workingmen, their solidarity and self-sacrifice, is playing now, and will play in the future, a most important part in the general struggle against the

view of the revolutionary forces of Russia and Poland .- Al H. Debski, 61 Market Place, New York, N. Y.

A few years ago the Texas legislature passed a law that a man who did not pay a poll tax by February 1 of each year could not have the privilege of voting. Now we have a law that arrests a citizen who did not pay his poll tax-was not allowed to vote-and works him three days for each year's disfranchisement on the public road, or pay three dollars for each year to be exempt from

If he has no money, or does not care for voting, and does not pay his poll tax, he is disfranchised, and because he is disfranchised he is worked under guard for three days for each year on the publie road, or pays a fine of three dollars per year .- J. B. Gay, Columbus, Tex.



the shaded the Socialist vote. Just watch the shaded section grow, like the mango tree, until it covers the face of the earth. The republican party was never stronger than in 1904—history tells us that this appearance of strength always precedes the downfall of the dominant political thought. The sun of Socialism is rising; the star of capitalism is set-

THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES WILL NOT ALLOW US TO ENCLOSE A SUB-SCRIPTION BLANK WITH LINES FOR MORE THAN ONE NAME AF-TER SEPTEMBER FIRST. THE ONE THE GREATEST QUESTION.

Questions about the greatest question on earth are discussed and answered in "The Question Box," which, by the way, is not a pine or paper box, but is a 64page pamphlet full of questions and answers about Socialism.

A hundred and twenty-five questions asked by readers of the Appeal are reprinted and answered in this little book, and these short articles, straight to the point, make it a winner.

A dozen "Question Boxes" will make breach in the walls of capitalism anywhere, and are mailed, postage prepaid,

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CHARLES E. RUSSELL, the man who is kinning the Beef Trust in "Everybody's Magazine." writes: "My Dear Mr. Sinclair:—I shall be most glad to have a chance to read your book (The Jungle'). I have beard so much about it from Tayld Graham Phillips, and others, that I am curious to read it. At a linner in New York some weeks ago. Phillips declared that it was the greatest work of fiction written by an American, and predicted that it would be immortal."

breaking-to Jurgis a wild and appalling occupation to think about: a man he had

umphs and his failures, his loves and his griefs. Also he introduced Jurgis to already given Jurgis a name—they called him "the stinker." This was cruel, but

Our friend had caught now and then a whiff from the sewers over which he lived, the cess-pools and fens of the jungle; but this was the first time that he had ever been splashed by its filth. This were all the inmates of the jail crowded together. At one side of the court was a place for visitors, cut off by two heavy wire screens, a foot apart, so that nothing could be passed in to the prisoners; ing could be passed in to the prisoners; and then.

-there were murderers, "hold up men" and burglars, embezzlers, counterfeiters and burglars, embezzlers, counterfeiters, and forgers, bigamists, "shoplifters," confidence men, petty thieves and picking in perplexity. Jurgis had been listening in perplexity. It was only when the policeman who had him by the arm turned and started to jail was a Noah's ark of the city's crime ers, beggars, tramps and drunkards; they were black and white, old and young, Americans and natives of every nation under the sun. There were hard ened criminals and innocent men too poor to give bail; old men and boys literally not yet in their teens. They were the drainage of the great festering ulcer of society; they were hideous to look upon, sickening to talk to. All life had turned to rottenness and stench in them -love was a beastly filthiness, joy was a snare and God was an imprecation. They strolled here and there about the courtyard; and Jurgis listened to them; he was ignerant and they were wise-they had been everywhere and tried everything, they could tell the whole hateful story of it, set forth the inner soul of a city in which justice and honor, women's bodies and men's souls were for sale in the market-place, and human beings writhed and fought and fell upon each other like wolves in a pit; in which lusts were raging fires, and men were fuel and humanity was festering and stewing and wallowing in its own corrup-Into this wild beast tangle these men had been born without their consent, they had taken part in it because they could not help it; that they were in jail was no disgrace to them, for the game had never been fair, the dice were loaded. They were swindlers and thieves of pen-

> He spent a week in this company, and during all that time ne had no word from his home. He paid one of his fifteen cents for a postal card and his companion wrote a note to the family telling them where he was and when he would be tried. There came no answer to it, however, and at last, the day hefore New Year's, Jurgis bade good-bye to Jack Duane. The latter gave him his address, or, rather, the address of his mistress, and made Jurgis promise to look him up. "Maybe I could help you out of a hole some day," he said, and added that he was sorry to have him go.

spent half an hour brooding over this- leave his cell. and then suddenly he straightened up and the blood rushed into his face. A man had come in-Jurgis could not see room, which was barred like a cell. man nad come in-Jurgis could not be that Through the grating Jurgis could see swathed him, but he knew the burly figure. It was Connor! A trembling seized him, and his limbs bent as if for a spring. Then suddenly he felt a hand on his collar, and heard a voice behind him-"Sit down, you son of a -He subsided, but he never took his

Williams—THREE Jurgis Chap 17 eyes off his enemy. The fellow was still alive, which was a disappointment, in one way; and yet it was pleasant to see him, all in penitential plasters. He and the company lawyer who was with him came and took seats within the judge's railing; and a minute later the clerk called Jurgis's name, and the policeman jerked him to his feet and led him before the bar, gripping him tightly by the arm, lest he should spring upon the boss.

Jurgis listened while the man entered the witness chair, took the oath, and told his story. The wife of the prisoner had been employed in his department, and he had discharged ner for inefficiency. Half an hour later he had been violently attacked, knocked down and almost choked to death. He had brought witnesses-"They will probably not be necessary,

observed the judge, and he turned to Jurgis. "You admit attacking the plaintiff?" he asked. "Him?" inquired Jurgis, pointing at

the boss.

"Yes," said the judge.
"I hit him, sir," said Jurgis. "Say 'Your Honor,'" said the officer, pinching his arm hard.

"Your Honor," said Jurgis, obediently. "You tried to choke him?" "Yes, sir, Your Honor."

"Ever been arrested before?" "No. sir, Your Honor." "What have you to say for yourself?"

Jurgis hesitated. What had he to say? In two years and a half he had learned to speak English for practical purposes, but these had never included the statement that some one had intimidated and seduced his wife. He tried once or twice, stammering and balking, to the annoyance of the judge, who was gasping from the odor of fertilizer. Finally the prisoner made it understood that his vocabulary was inadequate, and there stepped up a dapper young man with waxed mustaches, bidding him speak in any language he knew.

Jurgis began; supposing that he would be given time, he explained how the boss had procured Ona's discharge from anotner place, and how, after giving her employment, he had taken advantage of his position to make advances to her. When the interpreter had translated this the judge, whose calendar was crowded, and whose automobile was ordered for a pleasant to tell him adventures, he was so full of wonder and admiration, he was mark: "Oh, I see. Well, if he made love to your wife, why didn't she complain to the superintendent, or leave the

place ?" Jurgis hesitated, somewhat taken aback; he began to explain that they were very poor-that work was hard to

"I see," said Justice Callahan; "so in stead you thought you would knock this gentleman down." He turned to the plaintiff, inquiring, "Is there any truth in this story, Mr. Connor?"

"Not a particle, Your Honor," said the boss. "It is very unpleasant—they tell some such tale every time you have to discharge a woman-"

"Yes, I know," said the judge, "I hear it often enough. The fellow seems to

him by the arm turned and started to lead him away that he realized that sentence had been passed. He gazed round him wildly. "Thirty days!" he panted—and then he whirled upon the judge. What will my family do?" he frantically. "I have a wife and baby, sir, and they have no money-my God, they will starve to death!"

"You would have done well to think about them before you committed the assault," said the judge, drily, as he

turned to look at the next prisoner,

Jurgis would have spoken again, but the policeman had seized him by the collar and was twisting it, and a second policeman was making for him with evidently hostile intentions. So he let them lead him away. Far down the room he saw Elzbieta and Kotrina, risen from their seats, staring in fright; he made one effort to go to them, and brought back by another twist at his throat, he bowed his head, and gave up the struggle. They thrust him into a cell-room, where other prisoners were waiting; and as soon as court had adjourned they led him down with them into the 'Black Maria," and drove him

This time Jurgis was bound for the "Bridewell," a petty jail where Cook County prisoners serve their time. It was even filther and more crowded than the county jail; all the smaller fry out of the latter had been sifted into it-the petty thieves and swindlers, the brawlers and vagrants. For his cell-mate Jurgis had an Italian fruit-seller who had refused to pay his graft to the policeman and been arrested for carrying a large pocket-knife: as he did not understand : word of English our friend was glad when he left. He gave place to a Norwegian sailor, who had lost half an ear in a drunken brawl, and who proved to be quarrelsome, cursing Jurgis because he moved in his bunk and caused the roaches to drop upon the lower one. It would have been quite intolerable, staying in a cell with this wild beast, but for the fact that all day long the prisoners were put at work breaking stone.

Ten days of his thirty Jurgis spent thus, without hearing a word from his family: then one day a keeper came and informed him that there was a visitor to see him. Jurgis turned white, and so

(ADVERTISEMENT)

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh and

costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to

boding as to what that might mean. He weak at the knees that he could hardly

The man led him down the corridor and a flight of steps to the visitors some one sitting in a chair; and as he came into the room the person started up, and he saw that it was little Stanislovas. At the sight of some one from home the big fellow nearly went to pieces—he had to steady himself by a chair, and he put his other hand to his forehead, as if to clear away a mist. 'Well?" he said, weakly.

Little Stanislovas, also trembling, and all but too frightened to speak. "They—they sent me to tell you—" he said,

with a gulp.
"Well?" Jurgis repeated. He followed the boy's glance to where the keeper was standing watching them. Never mind that," Jurgis cried, wildly,

'How are they?"
"Ona is very sick," Stanislovas said: and we are almost starving. We can't get along; we thought you might be able to help us." Jurgis gripped the chair tighter; there

were beads of perspiration on his fore-head, and his hand shook. "I—can't help you," he said. "Ona lies in her room all day," the boy

went on, breathlessly. "She won't eat anything, and she cries all the time. She won't tell what is the matter and she won't go to work at all. Then a long time ago the man came for the rent. He was very cross. He came again last week. He said he would turn us out of the house. And then Marija-

A sob choked Stanislovas, and he "What's the matter with Marstopped. ija?" cried Jurgis.

"She's cut her hand!" said the boy. She's cut it bad, this time, worse than before. She can't work, and it's all turning green, and the company doctor says she may-she may have to have it cut off. And Marija cries all the time-her money is nearly all gone, too, and we can't pay the rent, and the interest on the house; and we I we no coal, and nothing more to eat, and the man at the store, he says—"
The little fellow stopped again, begin

ning to whimper. "Go on!" the other panted in frenzy—"Go on!"

"I-I will," sobbed Stanislovas, "It's so -so cold all the time. And last Sunday it snowed again-a deep, deep snow-and couldn't-couldn't get to work all

"God!" Jurgis half shouted, and he took a step towards the child. There was an old hatred between them because of the snow-ever since that dreadful morning when the boy had had his fingers frozen and Jurgis had had to beat him to send him to work. Now he clenched his hands, looking as if he would try to break through the grating. 'You little villain," he cried, "you didn't

"I did-I did!" wailed Stanislovas shrinking from him in terror. "I tried all day—two days. I couldn't walk at all, it was so deep. And I had nothing to eat, and oh, it as so cold! I tried, and then the thomas y Qna went with

"Ona!"
"Yes, She tried to go torrolk
She had to. We were all stating.
she had lost her place—"
Jurgis reeled, and gave a gasp. "She

went back to that place?" he screamed. "She tried to," said Stanislevas, gaz-

ing at him in perplexity. "Why not, Jurgis?"
The man breathed hard, three or four times. "Go—on," he panted, finally.
"I went with her," said Stanislovas, 'but the boss wouldn't take her back. He cursed her. He was still bandaged

up-why did you hit him, Jurgis? ere was some fascinating mystery about this, the little fellow knew; but he could get no satisfaction.) Jurgis could not speak; he could only

stare, his eves starting out. "She has been trying to get other work," the boy went on, "but she's so weak she can't keep up. And my boss would not take me back, either—Ona says he knows Connor, and that's the reason; they've all got a grudge against us now. got to go down-town and sell papers, with the rest of the boys and Kotrina. "Kotrina!"

"Yes, she's been selling papers, too. She does best, because she's a girl. Only the cold is so bad—it's terrible coming home at night, Jurgis. Sometimes they can't come home at all—I'm going to try to find them to right and there when to find them to-night and sleep where they do, it's so late, and it's such a long ways home. I've had to walk, and didn't know where it was-I don't know how to get back, either. Only Teta Eliz bieta said I must come, because yo would want to know, and maybe some body would help your family, when the had put you in jail so you couldn't work And I walked all day to get here and only had a piece of bread for breakfast Jurgis. Teta Elzbieta, she tried to ge some work where she was before, they didn't need her; and so she go and begs at houses with a basket, people give her food. Only she did get much yesterday; it was too cold her fingers, and today she was crying

So little Stanislovas went on. as he talked; and Jurgis stood, gripp the table tightly, saying not a word, feeling that his head would burst; it w like having weights piled upon him, e after another, crushing the life out him. He struggled and fought wit himself-as if in some terrible nightman in which a man suffers an agony, a cannot lift his hand, nor cry out, feels that he is going mad, that his hi is bursting-

Just when it seemed to him that other turn of the screw would kill his little Stanislovas stopped. "You can it elp us?" he said, weakly.

Jurgis shook his head. "They won't give you anything her

He shook it again. "When are you coming out?"

"Three weeks yet," Jurgis answered And the boy gazed around him und tainly. "Then I might as well go," said.

Jurgis nodded. Then, suddenly ecting, he put his hand into his P and drew it out, shaking. "Here said, holding out the fourteen c "Take this to them."

And Stanislovas took it, and at little more hesitation, started for "Goodbye, Jurgis," he said door. the other noticed that he walked steadily as he passed out of sight

For a minute or so Jurgis stooding to the chair, reeling and swa then the keeper touched him on and he turned and went back to stone.

~ (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Modern Financier.

Thomas W. Lawson in Englishedy's.

The truth is that in high finance all civilized amenities have long been suspended. The black flag is today the Wall Street standard. Thuggery and assassination are so much the rule that nowadays all parties to a business transaction wear armor and carry stilettos. Property rights are vested in Power; the sole license to have, is strength to hold; to covet another man's railway or factory is, if you be the stronger, full warrant and charter to its possession. In the pursuit of "made dollars" greed and cunning lead the pack; kindliness, fair dealing, and truth have lost the scent. Today the penal code is Wall Street's bible; its priest, the corporation lawyer; conscience is a fear of legal consequences; the sole crime, being caught; talent and character are best proved by a large bank account; to err is to fail; continued success in speculation and a few years' immunity from retributive justice constitute a reputation for virtue and stability that finds its highest justification as a handy asset behind a bond issue.

It is the deplorable fact that in carrying through the great deals that have marked the last few years, it has become a habit for men to lie, cheat, bribe, and commit perjury, and there is no more condemnation of such practices among those who are today the representatives of finance in America than there was in earlier times for the close-fisted driver of a hard but honest bargain. This is a broad statement, but everything I have written so far and the events of the last twelve months prove it is not exaggerated.

autocratic regime of the czar. In my next letter I will try to bring before the eyes of readers a general re-

1900

The black shows the republican vote; the white the democratic vote; ting. On with the march!

THAT YOU WILL FIND IN THIS PA-PER IS ONE OF A RAPIDLY DISAP-PEARING SPECIES, WHICH YOU SHOULD MAKE GOOD USE OF. THIS ATTEMPT OF THE CAPITALISTS TO CIRCUMSCRIBE THE LABORS OF THE APPEAL ARMY SHOULD BE

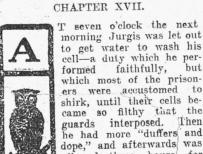
ANSWERED IN THE USUAL WAY.

The Jungle

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

The Underworld in Chicago-

"* * * a city in which justice and honor, women's bodies and men's souls were for sale in the market-place, and human beings writhed and fought and fell upon each other like wolves in a pit; in which lusts were raging fires, and men were fuel, and humanity was festering and stewing and wallowing in its own corruption. Into this wild beast tangle these men had been born without their consent, they had taken part in it because they could not help it; that they were in jail was no disgrace to them, for the game had never been fair, the dice were loaded. They were swindlers and thieves of pennies and dimes, and they had been trapped and put out of the way by the swindlers and thieves of millions of dalk."



came no one to see him. Soon after he went back to his cell keeper opened the door to let in another prisoner. He was a dapper young face to the wall and sulk, he had to with a light brown mustache and blue eyes, and a graceful figure. He nodded to Jurgis, and then, as the keeper closed the door upon him, began gazing critically about him.

"Well, pal," he said, as his glance encountered Jurgis again. "Good morn- midnight ventures and perilous escapes, "Good morning," said Jurgis.

"A rum go for Christmas, eh? Jurgis nodded. The new-comer went to the bunks and inspected the blankets; he lifted up the mattress, and then dropped it with an exclamation. "My God!" said, "that's the worst yet."

He glanced at Jurgis again. "Looks as if it hadn't been slept in last night. Couldn't stand it, eh?" "I didn't want to sleep last night,"

said Jurgis. "When did you come in?" "Yesterday."
The other had another look round, and then wrinkled up his nose. "There's the devil of a stink in here," he said suddenly. "What is it?"

"It's me," said Jurgis. "You?" "Yes, me."

"Didn't they make you wash!"
"Yes, but this don't wash." "Fertilizer." "Fertilizer! The deuce! What are

"I work in the stock-yards-at least I did until the other day. It's in my "That's a new one on me," said the

"I thought I'd been new-comer. against 'em all. What are you in for?" "I hit my boss."
"Oh—that's it. What did he do?"

"He—he treated me mean."
"I see. You're what's called an est workingman!" "What are you?" Jurgis asked.
"I?" The other laughed. "They say

I'm a cracksman," he said.
"What's that?" asked Jurgis. "Safes, and such things," answered "Oh," said Jurgis, wonderingly, and stared at the speaker in awe.

mean you break into them-you-"Yes," laughed the other, "that's what they say."
He did not look to be over twenty-

world calls a "gentleman."
"Is that what you're here for?" Jurgis inquired.

than a dozen, but that's my company morning Jurgis was let out one." He seated himself on the floor to get water to wash his with his back to the wall and his legs cell—a duty which he per-formed faithfully, but soon put Jurgis on a friendly footing which most of the prison- he was evidently a man of the world ers were accustomed to used to getting on, and not too proud shirk, until their cells be-came so filthy that the ing man. He drew Jurgis out, and guards interposed. Then heard all about his life—all but the he had more "duffers and one unmentionable thing; and then he dope," and afterwards was told stories about his own life. He was

low continued after a pause. "My

name's Duane-Jack Duane. I've more

allowed three hours for a great one for stories, not always of exercise, in a long cement-walled court roofed with glass. Here apparently not disturbed his cheerfulwere all the inmates of the jail crowded ness; he had "done time" twice before, Naturally, the aspect of prison life was changed for Jurgis by the arrival of a cell-mate. He could not turn his

speak when he was spoken to; nor could he help being interested in the onversation of Duane-the first educated man with whom he had ever talked. How could he help listening with wonder while the other told of of feastings and orgies, of fortunes squandered in a night? The young fellow had an amused contempt for Jurgis, as a sort of working-mule; he too had felt the world's injustice, but instead of bearing it patiently, he had struck back, and struck hard. He was striking all the time-there was war between him and society. He was a genial free-booter, living off the enemy, without fear or shame; he was not always victorious, but then defeat did not mean annihilation, and need not

Withal he was a good-hearted fellow -too much so, it appeared. His story came out, not in the first day, nor the second, but in the long hours that dragged by, in which they had nothing to do but talk, and nothing to talk of but themselves. Jack Duane was from the east; he was a college-bred man—had been studying electrical engineering. Then his father had met with misfortune in business and killed himself; and there had been his mother, and a younger brother and sister. The sister was beautiful; Jurgis could not be sure, as it was dark when they were talking, but he fancied that there were tears in the other's eyes as he told about her. He had not laid eyes upon her for six years-he would have had an arm torn out rather than have her know what had become of him.

break his spirit.

Their hopes had all been in an invention of Duane's; Jurgis could not understand it clearly, but it had to do with telegraphing, and it was a very important thing-there were fortunes in it, millions upon millions of dollars-yes really. The trouble had been that they were poor, and this device had to be patented so carefully. Duane had taken all he owned to pay lawyers; and then at last he had taken his model to a great company, which, understanding his position, had offered him for his rights about a thousandth part of what they were worth. He had refused the offer; and a few weeks later he had found that they were beginning to infringe upon his pat-ent. Then he had tried to stop them, He did not look to be over twenty-two or three, though, as Jurgis found nicalities—it would have taken a fortune afterwards, he was thirty. He spoke and half a lifetime to get justice done, like a man of education, like what the and meantime they went on using his for 'disorderly conduct.' They were mad son's money, and then run away, and all

met, his cell-mate had replied-one thing leads to another. Didn't he ever wonder about his family, Jurgis asked. Sometimes, the other answered, but not often -he didn't allow it. Thinking about it would make it no better. This wasn't a world in which a man had any business with a family; sooner or later Jurgis would find that out also, and give up the fight and shift for himself Jurgis was so transparently what he

pretended to be that his cell-mate was as open with him as a child; it was so new to the ways of the country. Duane did not even bother to keep back many of the other prisoners, nearly half of whom he knew by name. The crowd had they meant no harm by it, and he took it with a good-natured grin.

nies and dimes, and they had been trapped and put out of the way by the swindlers and thieves of millions of dol-

To most of this Jurgis tried not to listen. They frightened him with their savage mockery; and all the while his heart was far away, where his loved ones were calling. Now and then in the midst of it his thoughts would take flight; and then the tears would come into his eyes -and he would be called back by the jeering laughter of his companions.

Jurgis rode in the patrol wagon back to Justice Callahan's court for trial.

One of the first things he made out as he entered the room was Teta Elzhieta ike a man of education, like what the very like a man of education, like what the very like a man of education, like what the very like a man of education, like what the very like a man of education, like what the very like a man of education, like what the very like a man of education, like what the very like man of education, like what the very like what the very like what the very like myself, I consider it my duty larger to try to signal to them, and the prisoners' pen and sat gazing at the rest had come from that. Jurgis larger was not with them, and was full of fore-was not was not with them, and was full of fore-was not very looking pale and little Kotrina, looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His pay a dollar for directions when they see the very looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His pay a dollar for directions when they see the very looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His pay a dollar for directions when they see the very looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His pay a dollar for directions when they see the very looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His pay a dollar for directions when they see the very looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His pay a dollar for directions when they see the very looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His pay a dollar for directions when they see the very looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His pay a dollar for directions when they see the very looking pale and little Kotrina, looking pale a and little Kotrina, looking pale and frightened, seated far in the rear. His because they couldn't get any evidence. the rest had come from that. Jurgis them in helpless agony. He saw that Ona

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.