

A Story of the Condemned.

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER.

In the fields stretching away from the colorless hamlet Sarah was working. There she had worked every summer since she could remember, often times sleeping in the fields at night, that she might begin her labors early the next morning. Other women slept there, too. Sometimes all of them that could be spared from the duties at the hamlet.

A jug of cabbage or beet-rot soup and a loaf of rye bread served as lunch in the fields. Sometimes it was washed down with quass, or in good times, with tea or vodka. Just at present, however, Sarah was not drinking vodka or tea, or even quass, save in small quantities. Her bread was even adulterated with chopped straw, because Sarah was trying to save money. It was a big problem, a tremendous problem, but her husband had made up his mind two years ago to go to America, the land where all people were free and equal. Ever since that time they had grown up rich and beautiful like mad. Only last week Sarah had given birth to a little girl out there in the fields, with no one but ignorant peasant women attending her. She had missed six hours of work, but had gone back early next morning. The girl baby, fortunately, had not lived. If it had lived, perhaps they could not have saved enough to go to the great free country. The mother-heart of Sarah had been consoled by that one thought. In the new country she could have children, and they would grow up rich and beautiful and intelligent. But in Russia—oh, it was a fearful thing to be a peasant mother in Russia. The men and the women all toiling like mad throughout the hot summer months, with the sun beating relentlessly upon their stooped backs, and hibernating like animals in the long winter months, piously grateful if there is food enough, by scurrying, to last until the summer comes again with its toil in the fields.

So Sarah worked, and her husband worked in a field hard by, and so diligent were they that sometimes they did not see each other for days. After the harvesting was all over, and they had counted their little wealth, there was enough, and they joined an immigration party for America. Sarah and her husband were young and strong and diligent in labor, and their hearts beat high with hope for the new life they were going to find.

A peasant who has grown to maturity drawing his life from the soil, who speaks an outlandish jargon, who is full of strange and awkward notions about a new country, finds himself in a peculiar position when he is set down in the midst of a great metropolis of that country. He feels himself carried with the tide, he knows not whither, until his ever-diminishing wealth causes him to bring himself together suddenly, and he begins to look about for a definite position, something to which he can anchor himself, against the storms that beat about him continually. Such an anchorage is a difficult thing to discover. And besides, there are thousands of others floating about, looking anxiously for it, along with the newcomer.

Sarah's husband met this sort of a proposition in New York. And as for Sarah, she was so stupefied with the roar and the rush about her that no one expected her to secure an intelligent grasp of the situation for weeks and weeks. The two were living in the cheapest possible quarters in a cheap tenement. At last the man, because of his superior strength, secured a position on the levee, where he was employed in lifting the heavy truck about the place. After a few days of getting acquainted, Sarah scoured work at scrubbing the steps and cleaning the walls of the bank. Gradually she picked up all she could do, and she made a little money—enough to live, but she never liked her work. In the extreme heat of the summer nights she would lie awake and think of the star-like sky that was often the only roof above her in the Russian fields. At such times she would involuntarily expand her lungs, hoping to fill them with fresh, lewy, air. Instead of freshness, the stale, heated atmosphere of her windowed bedroom would rush in, almost

that "Aunt" she would say to her husband and querulously, "why did you come from this place? You told me it was very 'hone in America, and we would be rich." Agent And-Anton would beseech her to keep hold, but because he was tired. Sarah and her husband were only unimportant bits

Nine Nations

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

Millions of people, of nine different nations, are constant users of Liquezone. Some are using it to get well; some to keep well. Some to cure germ diseases; some as a tonic. No medicine is ever so widely employed. These medicines are everywhere; your neighbors and friends are among them. And half the people you meet—wherever you are—know someone whom Liquezone has cured. If you need help, please ask some of these users what Liquezone does. Don't hastily take medicine for what medicine is not. Drugs never kill germs. It is your own 'sake, ask about Liquezone. Then let us buy you a full-size bottle to try.

We Paid \$100,000 For the American rights to Liquezone. It did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, after proving, in thousands of emergency cases, that Liquezone destroys a cause of any germ disease. Liquezone has, for more than twenty years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. It is not only so, but its compounds are derived solely from vegetable life. It is the most perfect to try.

For the American rights to Liquezone. It did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, after proving, in thousands of emergency cases, that Liquezone destroys a cause of any germ disease. Liquezone has, for more than twenty years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. It is not only so, but its compounds are derived solely from vegetable life. It is the most perfect to try.

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. Liquezone 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.

- Asthenia
- Anaemia
- Bronchitis
- Cancer
- Consumption
- Diphtheria
- Emphysema
- Gonorrhoea
- Hypertension
- Hysteria
- Indigestion
- Influenza
- Insomnia
- Leucorrhoea
- Liquorism
- Nephritis
- Neurosis
- Obesity
- Ophthalmia
- Pharyngitis
- Phthisis
- Rheumatism
- Sciatic Neuralgia
- Scurvy
- Skin Diseases
- Strabismus
- Tuberculosis
- Uterine Diseases

Liquorism costs 50c and \$1.

OUT OF THIS COUPON.

For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail to the Liquezone Company, 453-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is _____

I have never tried Liquezone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it.

W200 _____

Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquezone will be gladly supplied for a test.

WHY SOCIALISM GROWS.

Commenting on the governorship squabble in Colorado the Washington Post gives utterance to the following. Be it remembered that during the strike excitement the Post upheld Peabody's course, and refused to accept the Appeal's account of the situation, written by trained correspondents on the field. Every statement made by the Appeal in reference to the Colorado strike has been proved true:

The whole history of the political deal can be briefly told. Gov. Peabody, in response to the demands of a clique of corporations, including the smelter trust and the mine owners' association, suspended the laws of the state and used the militia to perpetrate outrages upon organized labor that have not been equaled by Russia in her palmy days of autocracy. Peabody did his work thoroughly and was rewarded with a renomination. The state gave Roosevelt and Fairbanks a rousing plurality, but elected Alva Adams, the democratic candidate for governor, over Peabody by a majority of more than 10,000. Peabody brought a contest, at the instigation of his corporation bosses, and the review showed that, eliminating recognized fraudulent ballots, the democratic candidate for governor still had a plurality of about 8,000. To overcome this it was necessary to reject the entire vote of 103 precincts in Denver. This was done, and the legislature voted to unseat Adams, although ten of the most enthusiastic republicans in the joint assembly refused to sanction the steal. Peabody was seated, but he had already accepted orders from his political makers and resigned after having served one day as governor. This resignation made McDonald governor.

The new governor appreciates the conditions that confront him, and it is on account of these that The Post sympathizes with him. He knows that he holds his certificate from the trust bosses of the state and will be expected to do their bidding. They will name the judges of the courts—as they have done in former like emergencies—outline his policy for him, and make him simply the executive puppet to do their bidding. He is compelled to face two years of service as a fence for stolen political goods, and the job is obnoxious. In the meantime, learned savants in the study of economic conditions will probably continue to write articles expressing surprise at the remarkable growth of Socialism in Colorado.

OUR AMERICAN LORDS.

It will be pleasant news to the section men on the Northern Pacific to know that among the list of distinguished stockholders of that road are Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen. They, together with other foreign stockholders, own a very large share of the Northern Pacific. They draw seven per cent on their investment. These English lords, so far as history goes, did not lift a shovel of dirt or drive a single spike or fashion a part of an engine or car of this gigantic railroad system, yet here we find them drawing thousands of dollars annually from the earnings of this road. Earnings of yours, Mr. Northern Pacific Railroad. Funny argument, don't you think? But you say they bought this stock with their own money. So? These fellows inherited land that was handed down to them from the time of

Williams the Robber. With the land was also handed down hundreds of laborers, which were called serfs. These serfs were freemen—free to work for themselves three days a week and the balance of the time they worked for my lord's ancestors. Then finally the serfs were set free. They didn't have to work for Lord Strathcona unless they wanted to—they could work for Lord Mount Stephen. They paid rent for the use of the land—and in the end the lords got all the free tenants produced except enough to enable them to live—just as the ancestors of these lords had taken all the serfs produced except enough to live. These rents, being greatly in excess of what the lords could spend, were in turn invested in Northern Pacific stock. That's how it happens that these scions of the robber barons of yesteryear are being enriched by the American working class. And the joke of it all is that the American working class think the arrangement is all right!

The Standard Oil neatly bagged the Kansas oil producers during the early days of the game. When the field was new and excitement was high the producers wanted a buyer. The suave agent of the Standard was on the ground. He told the enthusiastic Kansan that he would be very glad to buy his oil at the market price, and would build pipe lines, provided enough oil would be guaranteed to justify the expenditure. The Kansan man considered that was fair enough—and it was. Only the Kansas oil man overlooked



Copyright 1905 by Upton Sinclair.

All day long the rivers of hot blood poured forth, until with the sun beating down, and the air motionless, the stench was enough to knock a man over; all the old smells of a generation would be drawn out by this heat—there was never any washing-up at Andersons, and the walls and rafters were coated with the filth of a lifetime. The men who worked on the killing-floor would come to work with food, so that you could smell every one of them fifty feet away; there was simply no such thing as keeping decent, the most careful man gave it up in the end, and wallowed in uncleanness. There was not even a place where a man could wash his hands at Andersons, and the men ate as much raw blood as food at dinner-time. When they were at work they could not even wipe off their faces—they were as helpless as newly-born babes in that respect; and it may seem like a small matter, but when the sweat began to run down their necks and tickle them, or a fly to bother them, it was a torture like being burned alive. Whether it was the slaughter-houses or the dumps that were responsible, one could not say, but with the hot weather there descended upon Packingtown a veritable Egyptian plague of flies; there could be no describing this—the houses would be blacked with flies. There was no escaping, you might say, but all your doors and windows with screens, but their buzzing outside would be like the swarming of bees, and whenever you opened the door they would rush in as if a storm of wind were driving them.

Perhaps the summertime suggestions to you thoughts of the country, visions of green fields, and mountains, and sparkling lakes. It had no such suggestion for the people in the yards. The great packing machine ground on remorselessly, without thinking of green fields; and the men and women and children who were part of it were not supposed to think of them either. Recently one of New York's no-decorating magazine took the trouble to write a magazine article about the injustice of the vacation habit, and the newspapers fell upon him mercilessly for his meanness, defending the toiler and his right to a rest. The newspapers were probably quite sincere in this—so little does the great world know about those who do it work. The newspaper editors most likely really believe that working people get vacations—that not merely the million or two of clerks and bookkeepers, but also the ten or fifteen millions of factory workers, mechanics, and miners, are all accustomed to rest two weeks in the year, and are paid by their generous employers while they do it. Not only did the people of Packingtown not get any vacations, or even a day in the country, they never saw any green thing, not even a flower. Four or five miles to the east of them lay the blue waters of Lake Michigan; but for all the good it did them it might have been as far away as the Pacific Ocean. There were parks also, but not for poor people—they did not even know where they were. They had only Sundays, and then they were too tired to walk. They were tied to the great packing-machine, and tied to it for their whole lives. They were doing year after year till they died, and there would never be the least relief, never an instant's freedom, no better pay, no larger opportunity, no easier work, no hope. The managers and superintendents and clerks of Packingtown were all recruited from another class, and never from the workers; they scorned the workers, the very meanness of them. A poor devil of a bookkeeper who had been working in Anderson's for twenty years at a salary of six dollars a week, and might work there for twenty more and do no better, would consider himself a gentleman, as far removed as the poles from the most skilled worker on the killing-floor; he would dress differently, and live in another part of the town, and come to work at a different hour of the day, and in every way make sure that he never rubbed elbows with a laboring man.

Perhaps this state of affairs was due to the repulsiveness of the work; at any rate, the people who worked, and their hands were a class apart, and were made to feel it. If you had had the misfortune to be born into it, and class, you lived and died in it, and your galley-slave was ever chained to his oar more tightly than you were chained to your place in the machine. Jurgis and his family were paying two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars a year upon their house, and at the end year upon their house, they would not of eight or ten years; and that was the one single hope betterment that they could expect in all their lives.

I MADE a little trip on the steam cars the other day. In my grip I had placed a number of copies of an eight-page leaflet containing Vice President Weeks' address on "The Most Interesting Phenomenon of the Twentieth Century." I distributed them to the passengers. It was worth many times the effort which it cost to note the effect this leaflet had on the passengers. They all read it, and with one or two exceptions it was folded and stowed away in the pocket of the passenger as he left the train. Better try this method of propaganda. Never go on a trip without taking some kind of literature along with you.

FRANK G. BIGELOW, a member of one of the "oldest and most respected families" in Milwaukee, a bitter opponent of Socialism, and the "dividing-up" process, stole a million and a half from the bank of which he was president. That's another example of high finance.

AND still the Socialist increase in votes continues.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

On 100 sheets Bond writing paper, 8 1/2 x 11. Envelopes to match, in blue, pink or white, and 100 white cards, for \$1, postpaid.

THE JUNGLE
A STORY OF CHICAGO
BY UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "Manassas," "Prince Hagen," etc.

All day long the rivers of hot blood poured forth, until with the sun beating down, and the air motionless, the stench was enough to knock a man over; all the old smells of a generation would be drawn out by this heat—there was never any washing-up at Andersons, and the walls and rafters were coated with the filth of a lifetime. The men who worked on the killing-floor would come to work with food, so that you could smell every one of them fifty feet away; there was simply no such thing as keeping decent, the most careful man gave it up in the end, and wallowed in uncleanness. There was not even a place where a man could wash his hands at Andersons, and the men ate as much raw blood as food at dinner-time. When they were at work they could not even wipe off their faces—they were as helpless as newly-born babes in that respect; and it may seem like a small matter, but when the sweat began to run down their necks and tickle them, or a fly to bother them, it was a torture like being burned alive. Whether it was the slaughter-houses or the dumps that were responsible, one could not say, but with the hot weather there descended upon Packingtown a veritable Egyptian plague of flies; there could be no describing this—the houses would be blacked with flies. There was no escaping, you might say, but all your doors and windows with screens, but their buzzing outside would be like the swarming of bees, and whenever you opened the door they would rush in as if a storm of wind were driving them.

Perhaps the summertime suggestions to you thoughts of the country, visions of green fields, and mountains, and sparkling lakes. It had no such suggestion for the people in the yards. The great packing machine ground on remorselessly, without thinking of green fields; and the men and women and children who were part of it were not supposed to think of them either. Recently one of New York's no-decorating magazine took the trouble to write a magazine article about the injustice of the vacation habit, and the newspapers fell upon him mercilessly for his meanness, defending the toiler and his right to a rest. The newspapers were probably quite sincere in this—so little does the great world know about those who do it work. The newspaper editors most likely really believe that working people get vacations—that not merely the million or two of clerks and bookkeepers, but also the ten or fifteen millions of factory workers, mechanics, and miners, are all accustomed to rest two weeks in the year, and are paid by their generous employers while they do it. Not only did the people of Packingtown not get any vacations, or even a day in the country, they never saw any green thing, not even a flower. Four or five miles to the east of them lay the blue waters of Lake Michigan; but for all the good it did them it might have been as far away as the Pacific Ocean. There were parks also, but not for poor people—they did not even know where they were. They had only Sundays, and then they were too tired to walk. They were tied to the great packing-machine, and tied to it for their whole lives. They were doing year after year till they died, and there would never be the least relief, never an instant's freedom, no better pay, no larger opportunity, no easier work, no hope. The managers and superintendents and clerks of Packingtown were all recruited from another class, and never from the workers; they scorned the workers, the very meanness of them. A poor devil of a bookkeeper who had been working in Anderson's for twenty years at a salary of six dollars a week, and might work there for twenty more and do no better, would consider himself a gentleman, as far removed as the poles from the most skilled worker on the killing-floor; he would dress differently, and live in another part of the town, and come to work at a different hour of the day, and in every way make sure that he never rubbed elbows with a laboring man.

Perhaps this state of affairs was due to the repulsiveness of the work; at any rate, the people who worked, and their hands were a class apart, and were made to feel it. If you had had the misfortune to be born into it, and class, you lived and died in it, and your galley-slave was ever chained to his oar more tightly than you were chained to your place in the machine. Jurgis and his family were paying two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars a year upon their house, and at the end year upon their house, they would not of eight or ten years; and that was the one single hope betterment that they could expect in all their lives.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN
By WILHELM BOELSCHE.

Modern Socialism is closely allied to the modern scientific theory of evolution, and it is impossible to understand it without some knowledge of the theory. Now evolution is a scientific theory, the basis in every university of Europe and America. It is not a theory, it is a fact. It is a fact that there is no such thing as a single cell. Moreover it provides a link between the organic and the inorganic, but that is a life-form; it is up to date and gives the latest discoveries to understand it.

The Evolution of Man tells in full detail, in a clear, simple style, illustrated by pictures, just how the descent of man from the monkeys, apes, and lower forms of life, down to the present human form, is a scientific fact. It is a scientific fact, and it is a fact that there is no such thing as a single cell. Moreover it provides a link between the organic and the inorganic, but that is a life-form; it is up to date and gives the latest discoveries to understand it.

Your Name and Address

On 100 sheets of Bond writing paper, 8 1/2 x 11, 100 Envelopes to match, in blue, pink or white, and 100 white cards, postpaid.

For \$1.00

FOR RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

The friends of the wounded Russian have been sending literature for them to read while in the hospital. With a sweep of his pen, Trepoft put an end to the attempt of friends to make the lives of their wounded brothers miserable. It is quite impossible to read matter to these poor soldiers now, but the New York Society of Friends of Russian Freedom have a scheme on foot to send reading matter to the Russian prisoners in Japan. The idea is to get them to thinking along the lines of greater freedom, as the soldiers are not up with the peasants or the industrial workers in this respect. Send all contributions to Arthur Bullard, No. 135 East 15th street, New York.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES
A Dated Guarantee
Each on Every Tire

\$1.95 PAIR

ALLIGATOR PUNCTURE-PROOF SELF-REPAIRING RUBBER TYRES
THE VIX COMPANY, Dept. 157, Chicago, Ill.

No Money Required

until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to you on TRIAL. Finest guaranteed \$10 to \$24.

1904 Models \$10 to \$24
1904 & 1904 Models \$17 to \$12
500 Second-Hand Wheels All makes & models \$3 to \$8

THE VIX COMPANY, Dept. 157, Chicago, Ill.

SLIGHTLY USED FURNITURE
from the INDIAN TERRITORY
leading world SIDE INN and tea other

AT ONE-FOURTH COST

25c Bed, 30c Dresser, \$2.50 Dining Table, \$3.50 Chairs, \$1.00 per pair, \$1.50 per pair.

Our Big Warehouse, All goods as new. Room must be reserved in advance. Complete Catalogue Free. LANCAN & TAYLOR, St. Louis, Mo.

CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING BALMY OILS.
Cancer of Gland, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcer, Eczema, and all Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for treated Book. Sent free Address: DR. J. YE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

FREE GOLD WATER

Send me your address and we will send you a bottle of Gold Water free of charge. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the skin and the hair. Write to J. YE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send me your address and we will send you a bottle of \$3 a Day Sure free of charge. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the skin and the hair. Write to J. YE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

SMOKELESS POWDER

Send me your address and we will send you a bottle of Smokeless Powder free of charge. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the skin and the hair. Write to J. YE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

TAPE-WORM

Send me your address and we will send you a bottle of Tape-Worm free of charge. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the skin and the hair. Write to J. YE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

I CURED MY RUPTURE

I Will Show You How to Cure Yours FREE.

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W.A. Collins, Box 1074, Watertown, N. Y.

