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"NUTRITO is all O. K. It has wonderful amount of good in regulation in the wonderful amount of good in regulation in the second in the word in the wor

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2

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

CHAPTER XXII.

of the room, clutching his hands tightly and setting his teeth. Then he pushed Panei Aniele aside and strode into the next room and climbed the ladder. the corner was

blanket, with a form half showing beneath it; and it lay Elzbieta, whether or in a faint, Jurgis not tell. Marija was pacbeside it lay crying

ing the room, screaming and wringing her hands. He clenched his hands lighter yet, and his voice was hard as lie spoke. "How did it happen?" he asked. trees. He was only a poor, dirty tramp, and he did not know any poetry; but

Marija scarcely heard him in her agony. He repeated the question, louder yet and more harshly. "He fell off the sidewalk!" she wailed. The sidewalk in aslamed of him. front of the house was a platform made of half-rotten hoards, about three feet above the level of the sunken street. "How did he come to be there?" he demanded.

"He went-he went out to play," Marija sobbed, her voice choking her. please," he said. "We couldn't make him stay in. He must have got caught in the mud!" "Are you sure that he is dead?" he

demanded. "Ai! ai!" she wailed, "yes, we had the

doctor." Then Jurgis stood a few seconds, wavering. He did not shed a tear. He took one glance more at the blanket with the little form beneath it, and then turned suddenly to the ladder and climbed down again. A silence fell once more in the room as he entered. He went straight to the door, passed out, and

started down the street. When his wife had died, Jurgis made for the nearest saloon, but he did not do that now, though he had his week's convenient thing to carry. In a few wages in his pocket. walked, seeing nothing, splashing climbed a fence and walked down the through mud and water. Later on he bank, along a woodland path. Bye and sat down upon a step and hid his face bye he found a comfortable spot, and

Finally he got up and walked on again. in the shade of a bush. It was about sunset, and he went on and on until it was dark, when he was hot in his face. He sat up and stretched and when he was past the gate-keep- water since he left Lithuania! er's shanty he sprang forward and wwung himself onto one of the cars.

Bye and bye the train stopped again, the car, and hid himself upon the truck. Here he sat, and when the train started ngain, he fought a battle with his soul. sickness and cold and hunger and dis-He gripped his hands and set his teeth couragement, and the filthiness of his together—he had not wept, and he work, and the vermin in his home, Jurwould not—not a tear! It was past gis had given up washing in winter, and should go like a black, hateful night-mare, and in the morning he would be a new man. And every time that a about like a very boy in his glee. Aftermemory, a trace of a tear-he rose up, cursing with rage, and pounded it down.

He was fighting for his life; he gnashed his teeth together in his desperation. He had been a fool, a fool! He had wasted his life, he had wrecked himself, with his accursed weakness; and mow he was done with it-he would tear it out of him, root and branch! There should be no more tears, and no more tenderness: he had had enough of them -they had sold him into slavery! Now he was going to be free, to tear off his shackles, to rise up and fight. He was glad that the end had come—it had to come some time, and it was just as well now. This was no world for well now. women and children, and the sooner they got out of it the better for them. Whatever Antanas might suffer where he was. could suffer no more than he would have had he stayed upon earth. And meantime his father had thought last thought about him that he meant to; he was going to think of himself, he was going to fight for himself, against the world that had baffled him and tortured

So he went on, tearing up all the owers from the garden of his soul, and etting his heel upon them. The train ast blew in his face; but though the train stopped now and then through the night, he clung where he was-he would night, he dung where he was—he would promptly: "We don't feed tramps here. cling there until he was driven off, for Get out!" every mile that he got from Packingtown meant another load from his mind. honey-suckle and clover. He snuffed it,

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APPEAL TO REASON. Girard, Kan.

it is not read. I have the book will follow in chean form and be read

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meadows and woods and rivers. At | such a feast since his wedding day, and URGIS took the news in a when the train stopped again he crawled his twenty cents' worth. when the train stopped again he crawled deadly pale, but he caught himself, and for half a swore; Jurgis waved his hand derisively, the steps and smoked, and the farmer questioned his guest. When Jurgis had

and started across the country. Only think that he had been a countryman all his life; and for three long years he had never seen a country sight nor heard a country sound! Excepting for that one walk when he left jail, when he was too much worried to notice anvthing, and for a few times that he had rested in the city parks, in the winter time when he was out of work, he had literally never seen a tree! now he felt like a bird lifted up and borne away upon a gale; he stopped and stared at each new sight of wonder —at a herd of cows, and a meadow full of daisies, hedgerows set thick with June roses, and little birds singing in the

ashamed of him. Then he came to a farm house, and after getting himself a stick for protection, he approached it. The farmer was greasing a wagon in front of the barn, and Jurgis went to him. would like to get some breakfast,

"Do you want to work?" said the

farmer. "No," said Jurgis, "I don't." "Then you can't get anything here,"

snapped the other. "I meant to pay for it," said Jurgis. "Oh," said the farmer; and then added

sarcastically: "We don't serve breakfast after seven a. m." "I am very hungry," said Jurgis,

gravely; "I would like to buy some food. "Ask the woman," said the farmer,

nodding over his shoulder. The "woman" was more tractable, and for a dime Jurgis secured two thick sandwiches and a piece of pie and two apples. He He walked and minutes he came to a stream, and he in his hands, and for half an hour or there he devoured his meal, slaking his the he did not move. Now and then he would whisper to himself: "Dead! until at last he felt sleepy, and lay down

stopped by a railroad-crossing. The his arms, and then gazed at the water gates were down, and a long train of sliding by. There was a deep pool, freight-cars was thundering by. He sheltered and silent, below him, and a stood and watched it; and all at sudden wonderful idea rushed upon him. once a wild impulse seized him, a He might have a bath! The water was thought that had been lurking within free, and he might get into it—all the him, unspoken, unrecognized, leaped into way into it! It would be the first time sudden life. He started down the track, that he had been all the way into the

When Jurgis had first came to the stockyards he had been as clean as any workingman could well be-on Saturday and Jurgis sprang down and ran under nights he had never failed to scrub out his kitchen sink and plug it up and take a bath. But later on, what with and over, and he was done with it—he in summer only as much of him as would would fling it off his shoulders, be free go into a basin. He had had a showerof it, the whole business, that night. It bath in jail, but nothing since-and now

The water was warm, and he splashed wards he sat down in the water near the doing it he would do it thoroughly, and He see how it felt to be clean. He even scrubbed his head with sand, and combed what the men called "crumbs" out of his long, black hair, holding his head under water as long as he could, to see if he could not kill them all. Then, seeing that the sun was still hot, he took his clothes from the bank and proceeded to wash them, piece by piece; as the dirt and grease went floating off downstream he grunted with satisfaction and soused the clothes again, venturing even to dream that he might get rid of the fertilizer.

He hung them all up, and while they were drying he lay down in the sun and had another long sleep. They were hot and stiff as boards on top, and a little damp on the under-side, when he awakened; but being hungry, he put them on and set out again. He had no knife but with some labor he broke himself a good stout club, and armed with this

he marched down the road again. Before long he came to a big farm-house, and turned up the lane that led to it. It was just supper-time; and the "can I have something to eat? I can pay."

Jurgis went without a word; but as places and new people every hour! he passed round the barn he came to a a man whose whole life had consisted Whenever the cars stopped a warm freshly plowed and harrowed field, in of doing one certain thing all day, until came there; if an army were encamped, breeze blew upon him, a breeze laden which the farmer had set out some he was so exhausted that he could only with the perfume of fresh fields, of young peach-trees; and as he walked lie down and sleep until the next day voung peach-trees; and as he walked lie down and sleep until the next dayhe jerked up a row of them by the and to be now his own master, working and it made his heart beat wildly-he roots, more than a hundred trees in all, was out in the country again! He was before he reached the end of the field. going to live in the country! When the That was his answer and it showed his dawn came he was peering out with mood; from now on he was flighting. hungry eyes, getting glimpses of and the man who hit him would get all

that he gave, every time. field of winter-grain, and came at last him, laughing and calling! What with to another road. Before long he saw plenty to eat, and fresh air, and exercise another farm-house, and as it was beginning to cloud over a little, he asked here for shelter as well as food. Seeing off not knowing what to do with his enthe farmer eyeing him dubiously, he ergy, stretching his arms, laughing, singbarn.

e for the barn."

So Jurgis went in, and sat down at away again to battle with the world. the table with the farmer's wife and half a dozen children. It was a bountiful meal-there were baked beans and big enough, he knew, and there was no and stewed and a dish of strawberries, and great, thick slices of bread; and a company for the asking—everywhere he drink.

from, and how to read the secret signs They laughed at his ideas of paying for land haunt, and foraged with them in the

majority of them had been workingmen,

had fought the long fight as Jurgis had.

and found that it was a losing fight, and

questioned his guest. When Jurgis had explained that he was a workingman from Chicago and that he did not know just whither he was bound, the other said: "Why don't you stay here and work for me?"

"I'm not looking for work just now," Jurgis answered. "I'll pay ye good," said the other.

eyeing his big form—"a dollar a day and board ye. Help's terrible scarce round here." "Is that winter as well as summer?"

Jurgis demanded, quickly. "N-no," said the farmer, "I couldn't keep ye after October—I aint got a big enough place for that."

"I see," said the other, "that's what I thought. When you get through working your horses this fall will you turn themselves?" (Jurgis was beginning to think for himself nowadays.)

"It aint quite the same as that," the farmer answered, seeing the point. "A job, and that the job was fleeting. In the early summer they would be in Texas, work a strong fellow like you can find and as the crops were ready they would to do, in the cities or some place, in the winter time."

"Yes," said Jurgis, "that's what they all think; and so they crowd into the cities, and when they have to beg or steal to live, then people ask 'em why. they don't go into the country, where help is so terrible scarce." The farmer meditated over

said finally, "that keep help all winter, and don't get it any too easy. The men say its too lonesome—they like to get where there's a crowd."
"Well," said Jurgis, "I like company once in a while, myself. It's hard to work all the time with nothing to work

awhile. "There's some, here-abouts," he

for. I don't suppose any of your farmers would keep a man with a wife and family, would they?"
"No, hardly," was the reply. "Would they give him a house where he could keep them on his wages?"

"They aint generally got but their own

house," was the reply.
"Yes," said Jurgis, "they want to
marry themselves, but they expect the men who work for them to be made different. I had a family myself, but

"How about when your money's a half or three. gone?" inquired the farmer, "you'll have o then, won't you?" "Wait till she's gone," said Jurgis,

'and then I'll see." He had a long sleep in the barn and afterwards a big breakfast of coffee and bread and oatmeal and stewed cherries. for which the man charged him only fifteen cents, perhaps having been in fluenced by his arguments. Then Jurgis bade farewell, and went his way.

Such was the beginning of his life as treatment as from this last farmer, and he could get it back again so as time went on he learned to shun when he wanted it. But Jurthe houses, and to prefer sleeping in the gis was now a homeless man, the nouses, and to prefer steeping in the fields. When it rained he would find a deserted building, if he could, and if not, he would wait until after dark and and letters of credit? If he carried the crease in the number of American famithen, with his stick ready, begin a stealthy approach upon a barn. Genbed in the end; and so what crease in the number of shifting and, in erally he could get in before the dog got was there for him to do but enjoy it scent of him, and then he would hide in the hay and be safe until morning; if he drifted into a town with his fellows; and a half million families, more than bank, and proceeded to scrub himself— not, and the dog attacked him, he would and because it was raining, and there half were renters; only four and soberly and methodically, scouring every rise up and make a retreat in battle inch of him with sand. While he was order. Our friend was not the mighty went to a saloon. And there were some three-quarter millions own homes free of order. Our friend was not the mighty man he had once been, but his arms were still good, and there were few farm had to treat, and there was dogs he needed to hit more than once.

Before long there came raspberries and then blackberries, to help him save his money; and there were apples in the orchards and potatoes in the groundhe learned to note the places, and fill his pockets after dark. Twice he even managed to capture a chicken, and had feast, once in a deserted barn, and the other time in a lonely spot alongside of a stream When all of these things failed him he used his money, carefully, time. And then because of his memories but without worry-for he saw that he could earn more whenever he chose. lively fashion was enough to bring him a meal, and when the farmer had seen him working he would are the farmer had seen him the farmer had seen him working he would are then, men and women; and they had more drink, and spent the night in the van of the farmer had seen him working he would are then him wild rioting and they work had been him wild rioting and debauchery. him working he would sometimes try to bribe him to stay.

But Jurgis was not staying. He was Wanderlust had got into his blood, the joy of the unbound life, the joy of seeking, of hoping without limit. There were mishaps and discomforts—but at least there was always something new; etting his heel upon them. The train farmer was washing his hands at the and only think what it meant to a man numbered deafeningly, and a storm of kitchen-door. "Please sir," said Jurgis, who for years had been penned up in one place, seeing nothing but one To which the farmer responded prospect of shanties and factories—to be suddenly set loose beneath the open sky, to behold new landscapes, new as he pleased and when he pleased, and

facing a new adventure every hour! Then, too, his health came back to him, all his lost youthful vigor, his of nature. joy and power that he had mourned and orgotten! It came with a sudden rush, Beyond the crehard Jurgis struck bewildering him, startling him; it was through a patch of woods, and then a as if his dead child had come back to that was taken as it pleased him, he would waken from his sleep and start "I'll be glad to sleep in the ing old songs of home that came back to him. Now and then, of course, he could "Well, I dunno," said the other. "Do not help but think of little Antanas, you smoke?" whom he should never see again, whose "Sometimes," said Jurgis, "but I'll do little voice he should never hear; and it out of doors." When the man had as- then he would have to battle with himsented, he inquired, "How much will it celf. Sometimes at night he would cost me? I haven't very much money." waken dreaming of Ona, and stretch out "I reckon about twenty cents for sup-his arms to her, and wet the ground with per," replied the farmer, "I won't charge his tears. But in the morning he would get up and shake himself, and stride

lived, and whom he was welcome to storm, and he sought shelter in a little join. He was a stranger at the business, house just outside of a town. It was a but they were not clannish, and they workingman's home, and the owner was taught him all their tricks—what towns a Slav like himself, a new emigrant and villages it was best to keep away from White Russia; he bade Jurgis welupon the fences, and when to beg and him to come to the kitchen-fire and dry when to steal, and just how to do both. himself. He had no bed for him, but any thing with money or with work- could make out. The man's wife was for they got all they wanted without cooking the supper, and their children either. Now and then Jurgis camped were playing about on the floor. Jurgis out with a gang of them in some wood- sat and exchanged thoughts with him neighborhood at night. And then among there they had been and the work they them some one would take a "shine" to him, and they would go off together and travel for a week, exchanging reminiscences.

ranks the tramps were recruited, men harvest-fields Of these there was an army, the huge surplus-labor army of society; called into being, under the stern system of nature, to do the them out in the snow to shift for which were transient and irregular, and casual work of the world, the tasks yet which had to be done. They did not about a year old, and a sturdy little felknow that they were such, of course; they only knew that they sought the follow north with the season, ending with the fall in Manitoba. Then they would seek out the big lumber-camps, where there was winter work; or fail he sat in the midst of it and grinned, ing in this, would drift to the cities, and splashing the water over himself and live upon what they had managed to squealing like a little pig. He spoke in save, with the help of such transient work as was there, the loading and unloading of steamships and drays, the digging of ditches and the shovelling of snow. If there were more of them on hand than chanced to be needed, the weaker ones died off of cold and hunger, again according to the stern system of nature.

> Jurgis was in Missouri, that he came upon the harvest-work. Here were crops that men had worked for three or four months to prepare, and of which they would lose nearly all unless they could find others to help them for a week or two. So all over the land there was a for labor-agencies were set up and all the cities were drained of men, even college boys were brought by the car oad, and hordes of frantic farmers would hold up trains and carry off wagon loads of men by main force. Not that they did

The harvest-fever was in the very air.

labor army, there followed another, an army of women; they also struggling for life under the a free man now, a buccaneer. The old stern system of nature. Because there were rich men who sought pleasure. there has been ease and plenty for them so long as they were young and beautiful: and when they were crowded out by others younger and more beautiful, they went out to follow upon the trail of the workingmen. Sometimes they came of themselves, and the saloon-keepers shared with them; or sometimes they were handled by agencies, the same as the labor army. They were in the towns in harvest-time, near the lumber-camps in the winter, in the cities when the men or a railroad or canal being made, or a exposition getting ready, crowd of women were on hand, living in shanties or saloons or tenementrooms, sometimes eight or ten of them together, according to the stern system

In the morning Jurgis had not a cent, and he went out upon the road again. He was sick and disgusted, but after the new plan of his life, he crushed his feelings down. He had made a fool of himself, but that was his life; he could not help it now-all he could do was to see that it did not happen again. So he tramped on until exercise and fresh air banished his headache, and his strength and joy returned. This happened to him every time, for Jurgis was still a creature of impulse, and his pleasures had not vet become business. It would pe a long time before he could be like the majority of these men of the road, who roamed until the hunger for drink and for women mastered them, and then went to work with a purpose in mind. and stopped when they had the price of a spree.

Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

vicious all their lives. But the vast was proceeding to undress her youngest baby. The rest had crawled into the closet where they slept, but the baby was to have a bath, the workingman exgiven up. Later on he encountered yet plained. The nights had begun to be another sort of men, those from whose chilly, and his mother, ignorant as to the climate in America, had sewed him who were homeless and wandering, but up for the winter; then it had turned still seeking work—finding it in the warm again, and some kind of a rash had broken out on the child.

doctor had said she must bathe him every night, and she, foolish woman,

believed him. It was in the latter part of July, when

a job again! But I aint looking for two dollars a day and his board, and the best men could get two dollars and

and no man with any spirit in him could be in that region and not catch it. Jurgis joined a gang and worked from dawn till dark, eighteen from hours a day, for two weeks without a break. Then he had a sum of money that would have been a fortune to him in the old days of misery-but what could he do with it now? sure he might have put it in a bank. and if he were so fortunate as to find a bank whose officers were not involved tramp. It was seldom he got as fair in the frenzied finances of Wall street, laughter and singing and good cheer; and then out of the rear part of the saloon a girl's face, redcheeked and merry, smiled at Jurgis, and his heart thumped suddenly in his throat. He nodded to her, and she came and sat by him, and they had more drink and then he went upstairs into a room with her, and the wild beast rose up within him and screamed, as it has screamed in the jungle from the dawn of and his shame, he was glad when others joined them, men and women; and they

He never asked where he was nor gis could not help being made a miser-where he was going; the country was able by his conscience. It was the ghost that would not down. It would come mashed potatoes and asparagus chopped danger of his coming to the end of it, upon him in the most unexpected places

come in his home language, and told there was straw in the garret, and he about the old country, and the places had done. Then they ate, and afterwards sat and smoked and talked more about America, and how they found it in the middle of a sentence, however, Of these professional tramps a great Jurgis stopped, seeing that the woman many had of course been shiftless and had brought a big basin of water and

> Jurgis scarcely heard the explanation; he was watching the baby. He was low, with soft, fat legs, and a round ball of a stomach, and eyes as black as coals. His pimples did not seem to bother him much, and he was wild with glee over the bath, kicking and squirming and chuckling with delight, pulling at his mother's face, and then at his own little toes. When she put him in the basin Russian, of which Jurgis knew some; he spoke it with the quaintest of baby accents-and every word of it brought back to Jurgis some word of his own dead little one, and stabbed him like a knife. He sat perfectly motionless, si-lent, but gripping his hands tightly, while a storm gathered in his and a flood heaped itself up behind his eyes. And in the end he could bear it no more, but buried his face in his hands and burst into tears, to the alarm and amazement of his hosts. Between the shame of this and his woe, Jurgis could not stand it, and got up and

rushed out into the rain. He went on and on down the road, finally coming to a black woods, where he hid and wept as if his heart would break. Ah, what agony was that, what despair, when the tomb of memory was rent open and the ghosts of his old life came forth to scourge him! What woe, to see what he had been and now could never be-to see Ona, and his child, and his own dead self, stretching out their arms to him, calling to him across a bottomless abyss-and to know that they were gone from him forever, and he writhing and suffocating in the mire of his own vileness!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PASSING OF THE HOMESTEAD.

Somebody handed the editor of the Saturday Evening Post, the Philadelphia paper with a half million circulation, a opy of Warren's "Suppressed Information," and this is what he wrote.

"It may be true that the best development comes through the family living in a house which it owns. But, whether it went to a saloon. And there were some who treated him and whom he unbroken record of the past, the next census will show that about two families out of those are renters, and only one family in five or six owns its abode out-

right. "The 'old homestead' is a rapidly passing phenomenon. Its passing is pro-foundly significant. It is another and big instance of the decay of a human institution. What compensatory good will come to its place we cannot yet see. But, be sure, the good will come."

Have you furnished your local editor with a copy of this little booklet, which without doubt contains more information on industrial and economic questions than any book of five times its size ever issued?

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Special notice, last page, top of last column.

PLAYS AND RECITATIONS.

"The Upper and the Lower Class" and The Curate's Dream" are two short plays which, together with several poems suitable for recitation, have been ranged by Miss Agnes Wakefield and printed by the Appeal. Just the thing to provide an interesting and instructive evening's entertainment. Price, 15c. "Socialist Readings and Recitations,

compiled by Mrs. L. J. Tubbs. A 64page collection of selections adapted t recitations in Socialist locals and meet ings. Price, 10c.

What Capitalism Has Done,

rom The Cleveland Press.

Alarm is spreading throughout England at the growing seriousness of the problem of finding work for Englishmen to do. England, with all its wealth, is rapidly degenerating into a nation of One person in ten of the 33, paupers. 000.000 inhabitants of England and Wales is just hovering above the staration line, and there are 850,000 paupers in receipt of public relief. English men are called upon to pay an annual bill of \$31,000.000 to support their pauper fellow citizens, and this amount is increasing at the rate of \$1,000,000 a vear.

Land is the physical basis of the social organism. It is, then, absurd for it to belong to a few and not to the whole sometimes it fairly drove him to social collectivity; it would not be any more absurd for the air we breathe to be pitcher of milk. Jurgis had not had went there were men living just as he One night he was caught by a thunder- the monopoly of a few air lords.—Ferri.

HOW WE GRO Less than a year ago the Girard Cereal Company was organized b Less than a year ago the diffact of the purpose of man of workingmen—Socialists and union men—for the purpose of man

of workingmen—Socialists and union men for the purpose of m NUTRITO, a cereal coffee that is the latest scientific discovery in nks.
This perfect substitute for coffee is the result of twelve years of n vestigation and experiment on the part of Comrade A. B. Wallace
From the start NUTRITO has been a success. We ascribe this to that it is just what its maker says it is—the best cereal drink on the Over 1,000 grocery stores, seventeen wholesale houses, and one porder concern now handle NUTRITO, and this list is being added to ever

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"I am delighted with the good results of NU-TRITO. My wife and I have gained in flesh, sleep well and now we feel free from those bilious attacks so frequent while using coffee."

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"Some time ago I sent for and received a sample package of NUTRITO. My wife has been cooking it as per directions and we all like it—it has a pleasing flavor and a satisfying quality. Coffee that we buy for less than forty or fifty cents per pound has so much adulteration in it that it is not fit to drink."—A. W. Spanton, Murray, Utah.

no record of them:

"My wife and daughter will have NUTRITO from this on."-F. A. W "Received your sample package of NUTRITO | Minn. Following is a partial list of dealers and wholesale houses handle TRITO. Stores supplied by the jobbers are not included in this list, as

Retail Grocery Dealers.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.-J. B. White, 41 E st.
ALMA, NEB-Swartz & Egelston.
ALIEN, NEB-O. C. Isom: Wilson Bros. Co.
ABERDEEN, WASH-Co-operative Assn.
ADA, I. T.-Baugh & Prewett.
ALBERTVILLE, ALA.-W. M. Thompkins.
ALINE, OKLA-D. S. Gardiner & Co.
AMERICAN FALLS, IDAHO-Oliver & McKowen. Kowen. AUGUSTA, OKLA.—Polson Bros. ADA. I. T.—Baugh & Prewitt. ANGUS, IOA.—Thos. Chambers. ANGUS, IOA.—Thos. Chambers.

BASSETT, NEB.—Albert Kemp.

PLARSYILLE. FA.—F. O. Shields.

BONHAM, TEX.—R. L. Williams.

BLOOMINGTON, WIS—W. H. Holford.

BECK. I. T.—G. W. Buckmaster.

BESSEMER, ALA—J. H. Johnson & Sons.

BASIL, KAS—J. W. Reed.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH—Frank L. Rowe,

343 Lavetta.

BROCKTON, MASS—E. T. Spear & Co..

226 1-2 Belmont; F. D. Flannagan, 87

Lawrence.

226 1-2 Belmont; F. B. Frankagan, G. Lawrence.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH—Queen City Co-operative Assn., 31 Jefferson ave., S. BLUE HILLS, NEB—W. H. Frahne.

BIG FLAT, ARK—A. S. Kelly.

BARABOO, WIS—Koppe Bros.

BURHNEA, VA—H. R. Terrell.

BETHESBA, ARK—W. F. Snow, G. F. Juster

BURLEY, WASH—Burley, Roch. Merc. Assn.;

Coon. Brotherhood.

Co-op. Brotherhood.

BURCHAED, NEB-J. P. Swallow.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL-Rēdlick's Store.

BOONVILLE, IND-Scales Bros.' grocery.

BAXIER SPRINGS, KAS-Baldwin Bargain BUFFALO, N. Y .- J. C. Schnell & Co., 460 BUFIALO, N. Y.—J. C. Schnell & Co., 400
Glenwood ave
BELLAIRE, O.—American Tea Store.
BROOKINGS, S. D.—O. O. Olson & Co.
BELDING, MICH.—L. D. Pierce.
BRIDGEPORT, OKLA.—O. L. Cozen, J. L.
Hildermann, Brooks & Finnegan.
CROCKETT, CAL.—White & Strait.
CLEBURNE, TEX.—C. R. Coney & Co.
CHEWELIS, WASH.—J. M. White.
CLARINGTON, O.—Dietrich Bros.
COLO. SPGS., COLO.—John Ferguson.
COTTON, ARK.—W. H. Nelres.
CLINTON, WASH.—Labor Exchange Store.
CULDESAC, IDA.—Nez Perces Co. Roch. Co.
CHINA, LA.—M. D. Sutherlin.
CANTON, KAS.—Wicham Bros.' grocery.
CHANUTE, KAS.—Mammoth Racket Grocery

CHATTANOOGA, TENN-A. M. Jeruld, 401

CHATTANOOGA, TENN—A. M. Jeruld, 401 W. 8th st.
CENTENNIAL, WYO.—Reed & Sander.
CHALLIS. IDA.—F. Nickerson & Co.
CENTERVIEW. MO.—R. C. Hull & Co.
COUNCIL GROVE, KANS.—G. W. Simpson.
CARMEN, OKLA.—Alspaugh & Robinette.
DURANGO, COLO—J. W. Lair.
DELTA, COLO—Spot Cash Mercantile Co.
DILL, OKLA—C. F. Reese.
DEADWOOD, S. D.—J. W. Fargo, 424 Main
street. DENVER, COLO,-M. Gleeksman, 8181 East

DENVER, COLO.—M. Gleeksman, 8181 East 18th avenue.

EDGERTON, O.—C. E. Miller.

EUREKA SPGS., ARK.—Harding Spring Grocery: G. H. McLaughlin, J. W. Newport; O. W. Pendergross.

E SOMERVILLE. MASS.—Richard Pigot.

ESCONDIDO, CAL.—Escondido Rochdale Co.

EQUALITY, BOW P. O., WASH.—Equality Colony. Colony.

EVERETT, WASH—Everett Co-op. Meat C
EXETER, CAL—Exeter Rochdale Co.

EUREKA, CAL—Merc. Co-operative Assn.

EXETER, NEB.—J. N. Cox.

EVERSON. PA—John Kane.

ECKHART. MD.—S. B. Hively.

FDGERTON, O.—C. E. Miller.

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FOSTER. ORE—Dayton. Harris & Co.

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FRANCES, WASH—Crystal Spgs Creamery.

FREELAND, WASH—Freeland Co-op. Co.

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GARNETT. KAN.—Frank Hunsinger. Meat Co

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GRANITE FALLS, WASH.—G. F. Co-op. Agcy.
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GRAETTINGER, IOA.—Culler Bros. & Co. GOODLAND. KANS.—Dawson & Dawson. GRAETINGER, IOA.—Culler Bros. & Co. HARTFORD CITY, IND.—J. C. Tritie, HARVEY, ILL—T. A. Southwick, 48 Center. HENRIETTA. TEX.—A. Burry HOUSTON. TEX.—Suburb Gro. Harrisburg Rd HARDY. MEB.—H. Cramer & Son. HOTCHKISS, COLO.—Woodring & Johnson. HURON. S. D.—Newton & Maag. HILLIARD. WYO—R. M. Lewis. HARRISONVILLE, MO—S. E. Brown & Co. HESPERUS. COLO.—Joseph Certet. HARPER. IA.—Peter Hartman. HEALDSBURG. CAL—Healdsburg. Roch. Co. HOME, LAKEBAY P. O.—Co-op. Store. HILLYARD. WASH.—Hillyard Co-op. Assn. HOME. WASH.—Home Grocety Co. HUMBOLDT. KAS.—M. M. Mauison. HERRIN, ILL—Co-operative Store Assn. HOMINY. OKLA.—Fred Wood. HUMBOLDT. NEB.—J. Zulek. HECLA. S. D.—Hecla Mercantile Co. HUMBOLDT. NEB.—Blantz & Norton. HERRINGTON. KANS.—E. D. Reed & Co. HALSTEAD, KANS.—John Lehmann.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND—Herman F. Smith, 728 S. Noble st.; W. W. Barnum & Co., 129 N. Ala. INDEPENDENCE, MO.—C. D. King & Co., North Side Square. KEENE, TEX.—Casey Bros.
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Main st.: M. Middleton, 1429 Jefferson st.;
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NEW ORLEANS, LA.-W. B. LA PUEBLO, COLO.-Henkel-Duke PITTSBURG, KANS .- Pittsburg Grocery Co.
PENDLETON, ORE.—Clark & In
PARSONS. KANS.—J. J. Pearen
TAMFA, FLA.—Percy Dean,
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