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APPEAL TO REASON. This is Number 508. Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., August 26, 1905.

No man is great enough or rich enough to get this paper on credit or for a longer time than paid for. It is published as an advocate of International Socialism, the movement which favors the ownership of the earth by ALL the people—not by a PART of the people.

Answer to Plutocracy!

In this issue you will find the LAST BLANK containing room for more than one name that we may send out in the Appeal, owing to the refusal of the postal department to allow US to do so.

Let each and every one make it a point to secure enough new subscriptions to fill this blank. This is the best and most direct reply that you can make to the capitalistic element in this country, since it is very evident that the one thing they do NOT want you to do is to SECURE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE APPEAL.

The Farm...

Above the ground this farm produces fruits, berries, nuts and cereals of all kinds, as well as horses, cows, hogs, fowls, bees, and everything that one can think of in the way of human domestic value. In the surface of the land may be raised potatoes, turnips and vegetables and roots of that sort.

Every cent that you invest in this contest goes into Socialist literature—it literally costs you nothing to try for the farm. You ought to be willing to come in on such terms as these.

Rules of the Contest.

- 1-A farm of 80 acres, one mile from River Springs, Ariz. will be given under warranty deed to the man or woman that orders the largest number of copies of the Trust Edition of this Appeal, to be published at a later date. 2-Each contestant must work alone, ordering with his or her own money. Two or more persons cannot combine their orders in one name to make a better showing.

The rates on this special Trust Edition have been reduced to the following: 250 copies Trust Edition... \$1.00 500 copies Trust Edition... \$2.00 1000 copies Trust Edition... \$4.00

Two Denver banks have failed, caused by runs. The head of the banks is a man named Imboden, who has twice done service in prison for crime.

ONE-FOURTH of all wages paid goes back to landlords for rent. Socialism will provide houses for all citizens at the actual cost of maintenance—and houses that will be fit to live in, not like the shacks and cellars that now house millions.

THINK of the twenty-five thousand striking teamsters surrendering unconditionally to the few hundred employers of Chicago! Great, brawny men kneeling in humble submission to a little group of soft-handed, weak muscled parasites!

KANSAS CITY papers are gleeful because Rockefeller is to build the greatest ice plant in the world there. Yes, and when the thing is ready ice will be forced below cost of production long enough to break all the small dealers, and then the Standard will have a monopoly and will raise the price and squeeze the public for all it will bear.

THE eastern papers said that the battleship Kansas was christened with champagne encased in gold, while the western papers say it was water. You pay the money and take your choice.

THE government disposes by lot of millions of dollars' worth of land in the Rosebud reservation, but for any citizen to run a lottery is a crime! The king can do no wrong—likewise the government.

THE government pays out \$150,000 a year to gather cotton statistics to enable the speculators to skin the planters, but they do it under the guise of doing something for the dupes! And the dupes believe it.

SENATOR DEPEW, the grafter! And he will be received with open arms by the rest of that criminal assembly. Shame! And we boast that we are free Americans!

A KALAMAZOO woman left \$10,000 to feed tramps. She is called "eccentric." If she had left it to feed some already well-fed pastor she would have been philanthropic. The world usually gives to those who have plenty.

I HAVEN'T noted the obituary of a single trust killed by the great trust-busting president since he took office. Not even a scratch on the sacred body of one of them!

THE seven-line reference to Professor Willett, of Rockefeller's college, saying that the bible was poor literature and worse on facts, is denied by the reporter who wrote it.

THE Associated Press dispatches state that graft has entered into the operation of the Salvation Army in New York. It has twenty wagons that gather up the gifts of the people, under the guise of giving them to the deserving poor.

PROF. MOORE, chief of the U. S. weather bureau, has been threatened with dismissal because he refused to hire men for fifty cents a day, instead of paying them enough to live on. If there is anything that the rulers hate and fear it is the recognition that the men who work are human beings and entitled to any consideration at all.

THE government telegraph in Alaska is being extended by the profits of the system, according to Washington dispatches. The rates are not as high as at home, where there is more business per mile, and where the people could better handle it and the service could be reduced so that telegrams could be had for five cents.

THE Deweys, the rich Kansas ranchers, who killed the Berrys so that they could get their lands, have just paid the widows of the dead men \$10,000 each for killing their husbands, though they were acquitted of the charge! In this civilized age we assess lives like we do cattle, at so much per head, according to quality. What a farce the laws are.

DISPATCHES say that only the Socialists are opposed to a war between Sweden and Norway. They are the only ones that comprehend that war means profit for the few with the working class paying all the expenses and giving up their lives. Under Socialism war will disappear from the earth. The masses will not be kept in ignorance and used as so many cattle for the profit that lies in them.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his speech at Chautauqua, N. Y., says: "The effort to prevent all restraint of competition, whether harmful or beneficial, has been ill-judged." Of course, it has—from the standpoint of the trusts, which the president, in the same talk, says have been violating the law all the time.

A REVOLUTION against the old and in favor of the western civilization is sweeping over China, brought about by the foreign educated element, including laborers who have gone home and told the people the difference between the two systems, Miss Funk, a returned missionary who has been there for fifteen years, says this awakening will make the French revolution appear as a mere street brawl and will occur on the death of the empress, if not sooner.

THE newspapers say that discoveries of even worse frauds in other insurance companies than the Equitable have been unearthed, and that these companies are busily engaged in doctoring their books in the hope that they may deceive their dupes when the investigation comes. This is a great system, you bet. All these fellows are opposed to Socialism, which would do away with their useless existence and graft.

THE Kansas City Journal says that farmers are being swindled by grain buyers by false tests for wheat. This, it says, is done in the country, but not when the grain is shipped, for then it is inspected by the state inspectors! In the same issue of the Journal is the confession of an inspector of the city engineer's office, who confessed that he had reported work done which was not done, just to get his per diem for inspection!

THE great and good Mr. Rockefeller has been caught using measures that were sport. At Kansas City a number of the buckets used in retailing oil have been confiscated by the authorities because they did not hold the alleged quantity.

EDUCATION DIDN'T SAVE HIM.

C. F. Hinckle, graduate of Lehigh, Columbia and Lafayette colleges, Pennsylvania, considered brilliant in his profession as civil engineer, went to Los Angeles, and, after vainly trying to find employment, even offering to work for \$10 per month, committed suicide to get out of a world that had no place for a competent, willing worker.

J. W. COLEMAN, aged 30, a telephone operator at Indianapolis, asked by wire for five minutes' rest. The answer came back—"Soon." He wired back, "Give it to me now—I'm dying," and fell at his desk—dead of consumption. This is the system we have. This is what the working class vote for.

THE associated press dispatches state that graft has entered into the operation of the Salvation Army in New York. It has twenty wagons that gather up the gifts of the people, under the guise of giving them to the deserving poor. The tons of goods thus collected have been sold—and you may guess the rest. But the present system would corrupt Gabriel if he were to try to live under it.

HON. J. W. HELME, Adrain, Mich., former state senator, is out in an article in the Kalamazoo Gazette in which he says that behind every graft is a lawyer, and he shows how in that state they have grafted for fifty years. He includes the supreme court as the worst of the lot, instancing where they have increased their salaries and the number of judges, so they would have little or nothing to do.

THE seven thousand pastors of the Presbyterian church in the United States have arranged to deliver Labor-Day sermons on Sunday, September 3d, in their respective churches. I would suggest to every reader of the Appeal that they hunt up the Presbyterian pastor in their town and give him a copy of "Suppressed Information," a little booklet which will give the said preacher more information on the labor question in the United States than he ever dreamed of knowing.

THE Jew bakers of New York have been striking for some time and there is a bread famine in Israel. They struck against starvation wages, killing conditions and hours. The bosses didn't fight—they just found some poor devils who were even hungrier than the strikers and put them to work.

SPEAKING of a Mexican who has a tract of land one hundred and fifty miles one way by two hundred miles the other, granted by the Spanish king to some cut throat for his services in murdering people, Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald, says: "Between thirty and forty thousand people live upon the estate of Don Luis, and he controls their destinies with a power even more absolute than the czar of Russia ever exercised in his domains."

WHEN one looks back on the history of the country, when he remembers the hundreds of cases of official corruption and graft, when he knows that none of these have been punished, and that the people have been lulled into acquiescence, is it any wonder that labor leaders find it easy to pull the wool over the eyes of their followers and deliver their votes at every election for the same gang of grafters who have all these years been fattening off the public?

IN order to weaken the intense criticism against the grafters a Chicago professor has been delving in the history of the past and has found that Fannuel Hall, Boston, "the cradle of liberty," was built partly by tainted money gained in the slave trade, and that other objects of general veneration were also so builded. He might have also gone into history and found that General Putnam, whom all the king's money could not buy, was guilty of bribing the first congress of the United States, and securing, by placing stock in the hands of congressmen, three million acres of land where Cincinnati now stands.

THE San Francisco Call, of July 18th, has an account of Miss Helen Coulter, who walked sixty miles hunting employment, sleeping on the roadside and having but one meal in eight days. She was found so weak that she was taken to a hospital. This is the system that the people vote for. Under Socialism every citizen will have a place of employment at five times the reward given today.

"The Newspapers Will Choose Socialism."

From the St. Louis Star-Chronicle. "Either they (the great corporations) will have to submit to reasonable submission by the national authorities or else they will ultimately have to submit to governmental action of a far more drastic type." Thus said President Roosevelt in his Chautauqua address. It is a fair warning. And timely. Judged by their actions the men who control the great monopolies of the country are proceeding on the theory of the French Bourbons—"After us the deluge."

HURRAH FOR THE MEAT TRUST.

The Charlotte, N. C., Observer, of August 4th, says that the Armour meat dealers at Asheville, by refusing to sell meat to some while furnishing it to one market, presumably owned by the Armour, at a price that knocks the others out. This is a case of confiscation without law, for the Armour will as surely confiscate the business of the little fish as anything can be.

A RALEIGH, N. C., dispatch says the state board of health has issued a statement that over 15,000 children under fifteen are employed in the cotton mills of that state! That is what capitalism is doing for your children. What kind of stunted, ignorant, criminal men and women are these you are creating to care for the nation in the next generation? Do you not see that the nation will pay a heavy price for thus treating its growing population?

THE more trusts the greater the grafts; the more outrageous the judicial decisions the sooner must the people wake up to the task of wiping out capitalism. It takes a good deal to wake up a sleepy population. If you will make Socialists the future will take care of itself!

FIFTY implement dealers in Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska have paid in \$1,000 each and will manufacture the wagons they sell, and thus get away from the implement octopus, the expenses of traveling salesmen and advertising that now go in as part of the price they pay for wagons. This is a good move on their part—the only kind of action that will save them. But what becomes of the farmer who buys these wagons? Where is his interest protected? The burdens of the world rest upon the backs of the farmers and the wage slaves—and they seem unable to organize together for mutual protection.

THE strike of the telegraphers on the Northern Pacific has already resulted in greater loss to the road than would the advance in wages for the next several years. The public has also lost immeasurably by lack of facilities. Several killed and many injured by accidents caused by incompetent help. But the masters do not like to have their slaves dictate to them. They feel as if those who work are not human beings and their condition is not to be considered. That is the effect of one-man power over great industries. Under Socialism the men operating the road will elect all the officers of the road, and make their own regulations, the public holding them responsible for good service. But the people prefer to have strikes and losses rather than take transportation out of the hands of speculators and robbers.

IN the same paper you will find advertisements of whiskey and cures for the whiskey habit, side by side! This is the system we call practical. All that is paid for such work, and it is millions annually, is so much wasted for which society gets nothing. Can't you see the absurdity?



I HAVE often come upon a sneer when I have suggested that the public should provide homes for the people and see that they are supplied with the necessities of life without interest, rent or profit. Such action has been denounced as one that would destroy the initiative, the ambition and self-reliance of the citizen. In view of this adverse position by the attorneys and exponents of capitalism, it is with surprise that I read in *Dun's Review*, of July 29th, that the government is not only proposing, but actually going even beyond, this position of "paternalism." It shows that down on the Panama canal work the government is building good houses for the men, and proposes not only to supply them with food at cost, but is to provide them with golf, tennis, base ball, and other field sports, and to provide club rooms where they can play indoor games—and gambling facilities are hinted at. If society can do this for its employees at the equator, as the only means of inducing men to face almost certain death by disease, surely such conditions at home would be an improvement on what we have. All this is done to get a canal built that will not benefit the American people one iota—but is built solely because it was too big a job for the private capitalists to do, and it will be given them on such terms as will enable them to make more money, but not increase the pay of a working man one cent—and will take from him such an amount as will be necessary to pay interest on the investment. The whole thing has been conceived for the graft that certain capitalists saw in it—and the reports that come up from there show that graft is the principal work being done. But aside from that, why does the government refuse to workers at home, who support the nation, that which it grants to workers on the isthmus who are working solely for the benefit of the marine capitalists? Under Socialism every citizen will be provided with a good house and every need of life can be had by all workers at the time cost of producing such articles. But Socialism would be awful, so it would!

A FEW men could not rule any nation (and a few rule each nation) if they could not deceive the people. You can't drive the people half-

have done so, would have aroused the ire of the working class, but by dallying and making them think they were really making a fight with some chance of success, the authorities kept them quiet and kept them from feeling that the government was being used against them, in which event the working people would have awakened to the realization that they must vote the government into their own hands. And then the jig would have been up with the masters. The whole thing was long drawn out, and the costs piled up, rather than do the thing that might awaken the sleeping giant of labor, that has the votes to control the whole business. If the workers had no votes the troops would have been there and they would have been suppressed just as they are in Russia, even in which country, by the way, every move is made by the rulers to the end that it may not let the people know just how powerful they are. Like horses, the working people permit the masters to put bits in their mouths by which they can be controlled. The bit is the false idea concerning the rights of property, which causes them to vote the old party tickets, and then they have to obey the men elected, who are controlled by the corporations and property interests. It is a great game the rich robbers are playing—the stakes are the whole earth and so far they have succeeded in holding it in spite of being in the minority. The working class harness themselves for the rich, and then kick because they have to pull the rich! The working people are funny animals.

A populist wants to know if he bought a farm and improved it, he could leave it to his children, under Socialism, when he died, or if it would go to some one else. The law says that there was no Socialist platform in the countries before 1892, and that it was copied from the Socialist platform of that year—E. A. Hill, Paris, Mo.

Under public ownership of industries each citizen will be provided with all the land and machinery that he or she can make use of. But it will be public property—not private. The department of agriculture will see that each person is supplied with a position under the best conditions for production, and that each will receive the social value of what they produce. Today he may own a farm and leave it to his children, but some one will swindle his children out of the title or the products of their labor. How many children today have the farms their

parents left them? Mighty few. Under Socialism each child will be provided by society with as good conditions as the parents. Today, the best a parent could do would be to divide his possessions among all his children, and none would be as well off as the parent. Each worker in the agricultural department of the nation will receive more than any farmer can possibly make today, for all the waste and ill-directed labors will be abolished, and there will not be thousands of non-producers sucking the life out of the worker. Either this is true or I want nothing to do with Socialism—nor would any other Socialist.

The Socialists had a platform in this country as far back as 1884, and the demands of the party were formulated into a platform in Europe fifty years ago. The populist platform was taken from the Socialist demands, but touched only a part of them. It demanded just what would appeal to the farmers, but not to the farm hand or the city wage worker. Socialism takes into consideration the needs of all useful people, but makes no provision for any useless class to be fed and cared for by the workers. Men should be useful to society or get off the earth. No one should be given conditions that will enable them to prey upon others.

Today the working man in the United States is entitled to one vote. With this vote he can shape the destinies of the nation. Tomorrow this power may be taken from him. Five years from now, unless the workers unite on the political field and take possession of the government, the universal franchise will be taken from them on some pretext or other. In a dozen or more states today efforts are being made to disfranchise the working class. In some northern states—notably Nebraska and Minnesota—it requires several hundred dollars to place the candidates of a political party on the official ballot. In the south it is an educational qualification. If I had the power of a Patrick Henry I would use it to arouse the sleeping giant to the insidious methods being used by the master class to enslave him for all time to come. Unless you make your fight during the next five years on the political field—where you can win with hands down—the opportunity may be lost for generations—and can only be

renewed by a revolution. Taking advantage of their poverty, of the need for food and clothing for the family, the poor are compelled to work for the rich and produce five to ten times as much wealth as their wages represent. This is the same as tying a man up and starving him until he gives up his property, which was a favorite method with the barons of the feudal age. This is confiscation. And the loudest howl from the capitalists is that it would confiscate their property, if people were helped so that they would not have to slave for them and give up untold billions of riches to them! It is the howl of the thief to distract attention from his own crime.

THE BANK GRAFT.

A news item says that the circulation of national bank notes has more than doubled since the Spanish-American war. Why shouldn't they? These notes are printed by the government and given to the banks and used as money. These are notes, mind you—notes that the banks owe the people. If you could loan your note and draw interest on it, wouldn't you think you had a cinch? Wouldn't you put out over five hundred millions of dollars of them, as the banks have? But, now, really don't you think that you are a chump of a voter when you vote for a system that gives a few the legal right to issue their notes in such a way that they can draw an interest on them—draw an income from their debts? How the bankers must chuckle when they get great piles of bank notes from the treasury department and hand them out to you for money! And you, poor dupe, don't know that the law was passed by bribery and corruption.

GET WISE.

Little persuasion is required to make the wise act in their own interest. To illustrate: Two hundred wide-awake students of Socialism have snapped up your offer on the Big Four Book Combination in double-quick time. Now, don't wait and be disappointed, but get wise and order these books while they can be had at this ridiculously low price. See announcement elsewhere in this paper.

LAST CALL!!

The final blank that we are allowed to announce in the paper is in this number. Henceforth there can be no blanks containing more than ONE NAME sent out enclosed in the Appeal.

Let's have YOUR immediate efforts on this blank to the good and that we may reach a larger field with the steps of the ready for political and industrial tyranny.



JIM AND JAMES.
No. 9

Jim, after a long time in the hospital, was turned out a physical wreck. He was also on the blacklist. His wife died in child-birth; for want of attention, while Jim was in the hospital. So Jim became an outcast—a tramp.

After James' illness, from his exposure as a "soldier," his doctor said that he must enjoy life more. So James, in a fine automobile, bought by the work of many Jims, becomes a tramp—a rich tramp. James' wife had a baby boy and they lived because they had every attention the money furnished by the Jims could give them.

The Jungle

"The Jungle" is grand, we think, and sure of a place in literature. No story writer we have read after has put so much in so few words. Not one word wasted.—Mrs. George Hilber, Concordia, Kansas.

Written for the Appeal by UPTON SINCLAIR, author of *Manassas*. Copyright, 1905.

CHAPTER XIX.

MADAME HAUPT, Hebamme, ran a sign, swinging from a second-story window over a saloon on the avenue; at a side door was another sign, with a hand pointing up a dingy flight of steps. Jur-

gurgis went on them, three at a time, and as they went up, he looked back over his shoulder at the door, and half open to the street, he saw the

rest of the street. The sign of her, with a black bottle turned up to her lips. Then he knocked louder, and she started and put it away. She was a Dutch woman, enormously fat—when she walked she rolled like a small boat on the ocean, and the dishes in the cupboard jostled each other. She wore a filthy blue wrapper, and her teeth were black.

"Vot is it?" she said, when she saw Jurgurgis. He had run like mad all the way and was out of breath he could hardly speak. His hair was flying and his eyes wild—he looked like a man that had risen from the tomb. "My wife!" he panted. "Come quickly!"

Madame Haupt set the frying pan to one side and wiped her hands on her wrapper. "You want me to come for a case?" she inquired. "Yes," gasped Jurgurgis. "I haf just come back from a case," she said. "I haf had no time to eat my dinner. Still—if it is so bad—" "Yes-it is!" cried he. "Vell, den, perhaps—vot you pay?" "I—I—how much do you want?" Jurgurgis stammered.

"Twenty-five dollars." His face fell. "I can't pay that," he said. The woman was watching him narrowly. "How much do you pay?" she demanded. "Must I pay now—right away?" "Yes, all my customers do." "I—I haven't much money." Jurgurgis began, in an agony of dread. "I've been in—in trouble—and my money is gone. But I'll pay you—every cent—just as soon as I can. I can work!" "Vot is your work?" "I have no place now. I must get one. But I—"

"How much haf you got now?" He could hardly bring himself to reply. When he said "A dollar and a quarter," the woman laughed in his face. "I would not put on my hat for a dollar and a quarter," she said. "It's all I've got," he pleaded, his voice breaking. "I must get some one—my wife will die. I can't help it—I—"

Madame Haupt had put back her pork and onions on the stove. She turned to him and answered, out of the steam and noise: "Git me ten dollars cash, and so you can pay me de rest next month." "I can't do it—I haven't got it!" Jurgurgis protested. "I tell you I haf only a dollar and a quarter."

The woman turned to her work. "I don't believe you," she said. "Dot is all I try to cheat me. Vot is de reason a big man like you has got only a dollar and a quarter?"

"I've just been in jail," Jurgurgis cried—he was ready to get down upon his knees to the woman—and I had no money, and my family has almost starved."

"Vere is your friends, dot ought to help you!" "They are all poor," he answered. "They gave me this. I have done everything I can."

"Listen to me—if you git me you will be glad of it. I will save your wife and baby for you, and it will not seem like mooch to you in de end. If you lose dem now how you tink you feel dem? Und here is a lady dot knows her business—I could send you to people in dis block, und dey would tell you—"

Madame Haupt was pointing her cooking-fork at Jurgurgis persuasively; but her words were more than he could bear. He flung up his hands with a gesture of despair and turned and started away. "It's no use," he exclaimed—but suddenly he heard the woman's voice behind him again:

"I will make it five dollars for you." She followed behind him, arguing with him. "You will be foolish not to take such an offer," she said. "You von't find nobody to go out on a rainy day like dis in my life so sheep as dot. I couldn't pay mine room rent—"

Jurgurgis interrupted her with an oath of rage. "If I haven't got it," he shouted, "how can I pay it? Dams it, I would pay you if I could, but I tell you I haven't got it. I haven't got it! Do you hear me—I haven't got it!"

He turned and started away again. He was half way down the stairs before Madame Haupt could shout to him: "Vait! I will go mit you! Come back!" He went back into the room again.

"It is not good to tink of anybody suffering," she said, in a melancholy voice. "I might as vell go mit you for nothing as vot you offer me, but I will try to help you. How far is it?"

"Three or four blocks from here." "Tree or four! Und so I shall get soaked! Gott in Himmel, it ought to be worth more! Vun dollar und a quarter, und a day like dis! But you understand now—you will pay me de rest of twenty-five dollars soon!"

"As soon as I can." "Some time dis month!" "Yes, within a month," said poor Jurgurgis. "Anything! Hurry up!"

"Vere is de dollar und a quarter?" persisted Madame Haupt, relentlessly. Jurgurgis put the money on the table and the woman counted it and stowed it away. Then she wiped her greasy hands again and proceeded to get ready, complaining all the time: she was so fat that it was painful for her to move, and she grunted and gasped at every step. She took off her wrapper without even taking the trouble to turn her back to Jurgurgis, and put on her corsets and dress. Then there was a black bonnet which had to be adjusted carefully, and an umbrella which was mislaid, and a bag full of necessities which had to be collected from here and there—poor Jurgurgis being nearly crazy with anxiety in the meantime. When they were on the street he kept about four paces ahead of her, turning now and then, as if he could hurry her on by the force of his desire. But Madame Haupt could only go so far at a step, and it took all her attention to get the needed breath for that.

They came at last to the house, and to the group of frightened women in the kitchen. It was not over yet, Jurgurgis learned—he heard Oma crying still, and meantime Madame Haupt removed her bonnet and laid it on the mantel-piece, and got out of her bag first an old dress, and then a saucer of goose-grease, which she proceeded to rub upon her hands. The more cases this goose-grease is used in, the better luck it brings to the midwife, and so she keeps it upon her kitchen mantel-piece, or stowed away in a cupboard with her dirty clothes, for months, and sometimes even for years.

sort of a place is dot for a woman to bear a child in—up in a garret mit only a ladder to it? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!" Jurgurgis stood in the doorway and listened to her scolding, half drowning out the horrible moans and screams of Oma.

At last Panel Aniele succeeded in pacifying her, and she essayed the ascent; then, however, she had to be stopped while the old woman cautioned her about the floor of the garret. They had no real floor—they had laid old boards in one part to make a place for the family to live; it was all right and safe there, but the other part of the garret had only the joists of the floor, and the lath and plaster of the ceiling below, and if one stepped on this there would be a catastrophe. As it was half dark up above, perhaps one of the others had best go up first with a candle. Then there were more entreaties and threatening, until at last Jurgurgis had a vision of a pair of elephantine legs disappearing through the trap-door, and felt the house shake as Madame Haupt started to walk. Then suddenly Panel Aniele came to him and took him by the arm.

"Now," she said, "you go away. Do as I tell you—you have done all you can, and you are only in the way. Go away and stay away."

"But where shall I go?" Jurgurgis asked, helplessly. "I don't know where," she answered. "Go on the street, if there is no other place—only go! And stay all night!"

In the end she and Marjia pushed him out of the door and shut it behind him. It was just about sundown, and it was turning cold—the rain had changed to snow, and the slush was freezing, Jurgurgis shivered in his thin clothing, and put his hands into his pockets and started away. He had not eaten since morning, and he felt weak and ill; with a sudden throb of hope he recollected he was only a few blocks from the saloon where he had been wont to eat his dinner. They might have mercy on him there, or he might meet a friend. He set out for the place as fast as he could walk.

"Hello, Jack," said the saloon-keeper, when he entered—they call all foreigners and unskilled men "Jack" in Packerstown. "Where've you been?" "I've been in jail," he said, "and I've got out. I walked home all the way, and I've not a cent, and had nothing to eat since this morning. And I've lost my home, and my wife's ill, and I'm done up."

The saloon-keeper gazed at him, with his haggard white face and his blue trembling lips. Then he pushed a big bottle toward him. "Fill her up!" he said. "Jurgurgis could hardly hold the bottle, his hands shook so.

"Don't be afraid," said the saloon-keeper: "fill her up!" "So Jurgurgis drank a huge glass of whiskey, and then turned to the lunch-counter in obedience to the other's suggestion. He ate all he dared, stuffing it in as fast as he could; and then, after trying to speak his gratitude, he went and sat down by the big red stove in the middle of the room.

It was too good to last, however—like all things in this hard world. His soaked clothing began to steam, and the horrible stench of fertilizer to fill the room. In an hour or so the packing-houses were enclosing and the men coming in from their work; and they would not come into a place that smelt of Jurgurgis. Also it was Saturday night, and in a couple of hours would come a violin and a cornet, and in the rear part of the saloon the families of the neighborhood would dance and feast upon wienewurst and lager, until two or three o'clock in the morning. The saloon-keeper coughed once or twice, and then remarked: "Say, Jack, I'm afraid you'll have to quit."

He was used to the sight of human

wrecks, this saloon-keeper: he "fired" dozens of them every night, just as haggard and cold and forlorn as this one. But they were all men who had given up and been counted out, while Jurgurgis was still in the fight, and had reminders of decency about him. As he got up meekly, the other reflected that he had always been a steady man, and might soon be a good customer again. "You've been up against it, I see," he said. "Come this way."

In the rear of the saloon were the cellar stairs. There was a door above and another below, both safely padlocked, making the stairs an admirable place to stow away a customer who might still chance to have money, or a political light whom it was not advisable to kick out of doors.

So Jurgurgis spent the night. The whiskey had only half warmed him, and he could not sleep, exhausted as he was; he would nod forward, and then start up, shivering with the cold, and begin to remember again. Hour after hour passed, until he could only persuade himself that it was not morning by the sounds of music and laughter and singing that were to be heard from the room. When at last these ceased, he expected that he would be turned out into the street; as this did not happen, he fell to wondering whether the man had forgotten him.

In the end, when the silence and suspense was no longer to be borne, he got up and hammered on the door, and the proprietor came, yawning and rubbing his eyes. He was keeping open all night, and dozing between customers.

"I want to go home," Jurgurgis said. "I'm worried about my wife—I can't wait any longer." "Why the hell didn't you say so before!" said the man. "I thought you didn't have any home to go to." Jurgurgis went outside. It was four o'clock in the morning, and as black as night. There were three or four inches of fresh snow on the ground, and the flakes were falling thick and fast. He turned towards Panel Aniele's and started at a run.

There was a light burning in the kitchen window and the blinds were drawn. The door was unlocked and Jurgurgis rushed in. Panel Aniele, Marjia, and the rest of the women were huddled about the stove, exactly as before; with them were several new comers, Jurgurgis noticed—also he noticed that the house was silent.

"Well!" he said. No one answered him; they sat staring at him with their pale faces. He cried again: "Well!" And then, by the light of the smoky lamp, he saw Marjia, who sat nearest him, shaking her head slowly. "Not yet," she said.

And Jurgurgis gave a cry of dismay. "Not yet?" "Again Marjia's head shook. The poor fellow stood dumbfounded. "I don't hear her," he said suddenly.

"She's been quiet a long time," replied the other. There was another pause—broken suddenly by a voice from the attic: "Hello, there!"

Several of the women ran into the next room, while Marjia sprang towards Jurgurgis. "Wait here!" she cried, and the two stood, pale and trembling, listening. In a few moments it became clear that Madame Haupt was engaged in descending the ladder, scolding and exhorting again, while the ladder creaked in protest. In a moment or two she reached the ground, angry and breathless, and they heard her coming into the room. Jurgurgis gave one glance at her, and then turned white and reeled. She had her jacket off, like one of the workers on the killing floor. Her hands and arms were smeared with blood, and blood was splashed upon her clothing and her face.

She stood breathing hard, and gazing about her: no one made a sound. "I haf done my best," she began suddenly. "I can do nothing more—dere is no use to try." Again there was silence.

"It ain't my fault," she said. "You had ought to haf had a doctor, and not waited so long—it was too late already ven I come." Once more there was death-like stillness. Marjia was clutching Jurgurgis with all the power of her one well arm.

Then suddenly Madame Haupt turned to Panel Aniele. "You haf not got something to drink, hey?" she queried. "Some brandy?"

Aniele shook her head. "Herr Gott!" exclaimed Madame Haupt. "Such people! Perhaps you will give me something to eat—den I have had nothing since yesterday morning, and I have worked myself near to death here. If I could haf known it was like dis, I would never haf come for such money as you gif me."

At this moment she chanced to look round, and saw Jurgurgis. She shook her finger at him. "You understand me," she said, "you pays me dot money yust de same! It is not my fault you send for me so late! I can't help your wife. It is not my fault if der baby comes mit one arm first, so dot I can't save it. I haf tried all night, und in dot place vere it is not fit for dogs to be born, und mit nothing to eat only vot I bring in mine own pocket."

Herr Madame Haupt paused for a moment to get her breath, and Marjia, seeing the beads of sweat on Jurgurgis' forehead, and feeling the quivering of his frame, broke out in a low voice: "How is Oma?"

"How is she?" echoed Madame Haupt. "How do you tink she can be ven you leave her to kill herself so? I told dem dot ven dey send for de priest. She is young, und she might haf got over it, und been vell und strong, if she been treated right. She fight hard, dot girl—she is not yet quite dead."

towards her and fell upon his knees with a cry of anguish: "Oma! Oma!"

She did not stir. He caught her hand in his, and began to clasp it frantically, calling: "Look at me! Answer me! It is Jurgurgis come back—don't you hear me?"

There was the faintest quivering of her eye-lids, and he called again in frenzy: "Oma! Oma!"

Then suddenly her eyes opened—ones instant—and then closed. One instant she looked at him—there was a flash of recognition between them, he saw her afar off, as through a dim vista, standing forlorn. He stretched out his arms to her, he called her in wild despair; a fearful yearning surged up in him, hunger for her that was agony, desire that was a new being born within him, tearing his heart-strings, torturing him. But it was all in vain—she faded from him, she slipped back and was gone. And a wall of despair burst from him, great sobs shook all his frame, and hot tears ran down his cheeks and fell upon her. He clutched her hands, he shook her, he caught her in his arms and pressed her to him; but she lay cold and still—she was gone—she was gone!

The word rang through him like the sound of a bell, echoing in the far depths of him, making forgotten chords to vibrate, old shadowy fears to stir—fears of the dark, fears of the void, fears of annihilation. She was dead! she was dead! He would never see her again, never hear her again! An icy horror of loneliness seized him; he saw himself standing apart, and watching all the world fade away from him—a world of shadows, of black dreams. He was like a little child, in his fright and grief; he called and called, and got no answer, and his cries of anguish echoed through the house, making the women down stairs draw nearer to each other in fear. He was inconsolable, beside himself—the priest came and laid his hand upon his shoulder and whispered to him, but he heard not a sound. He was gone away himself, stumbling through the shadows and groping after the soul that had fled.

So he lay. The gray dawn came up and crept into the attic. The priest left, the women left, and he was alone with the still, white figure—quieter now, but moaning and shuddering, wrestling with the grisly fiend. Now and then he would raise himself and stare at the white mask before him, then hide his eyes, because he could not bear it. Dead! dead! And she was only a girl, she was barely eighteen! Her life had hardly begun—and here she lay murdered—mangled, tortured to death!

It was morning when he rose up and came down into the kitchen—haggard and ashen gray, reeling and dazed. More of the neighbors had come in, and they stared at him in silence as he sunk down upon a chair by the table, and buried his face in his arms.

A few minutes later the front door opened; a blast of cold and snow rushed in, and behind it little Kotrina, breathless from running, and blue with the cold. "I'm home again!" she exclaimed. "I could hardly—"

And then, seeing Jurgurgis, she stopped with an exclamation. Looking from one to another she saw that something had happened, and she asked, in a lower voice: "What's the matter?"

Before any one could reply, Jurgurgis started up; he went toward her, walking unsteadily. "Where have you been?" he demanded. "Selling papers with the boys," she said. "The snow—"

"Have you any money?" he demanded. "Yes." "How much?" "Nearly three dollars, Jurgurgis." "Give it to me." Kotrina, frightened by his manner, glanced at the others. "Give it to me!" he commanded again, and she put her hand into her pocket and pulled out a lump of coins tied in a bit of rag. Jurgurgis took it without a word, and went out of the door and down the street.

Three doors away was a saloon. "Whiskey," he said, as he entered, and as the man pushed him some, he tore at the rag with his teeth and pulled out half a dollar. "How much is the bottle?" he said. "I want to get drunk."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUPPRESSED INFORMATION. This mighty little pamphlet, by Fred D. Warren, is received with enthusiasm everywhere. Comrade Ryan Walker writes: "I consider it the best thing of the straight-from-the-shoulder literature yet turned out by the Socialists in this country. You get 'em (the plutes) and send 'em to the hardy few who see comets. It's a Yogi vibration that'll knock the chimneys off the house of capitalism."

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And there are others too numerous to print at once. You might as well have one as the price, postpaid, is only 10c; a dozen for a dollar.

ENGLAND'S PAUPERS.

The child paupers of England and Wales have now reached the formidable total of 248,771—an army verging on a quarter of a million boys and girls under the age of 16, supported out of the poor rates. It is a growing army. This year the number is 25,081 greater than on New Year's day of 1904.

Ravenens Springs

is about six miles from a railroad, but a new road has been incorporated. The road passes right by the 80-acre farm which the Appeal will send the one that orders the most copies of the Trust Edition.

ONE LAW FOR THE RICH AND ONE FOR THE POOR.

From the New York Evening Post. It is not yet clearly enough perceived that in enabling Mr. Morton to escape, Mr. Roosevelt has put an effective weapon into the hands of demagogues...

Can any public official find fault hereafter with the orator who declares that the injunction is merely for use against the lowly? At the very moment that the president was publishing his defense of Morton, members of the Chicago Teamsters' union were being sent to prison for violating an injunction...

THE MILLIONAIRE OUTPUT. "Rich as Croesus?" Croesus's fortune was a paltry \$8,000,000. John D. Rockefeller's fortune is not less than \$500,000,000.

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"Uncle Johnny" says, of course it's not Socialism, but it's certainly in the right direction. It's called the kindergarten of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

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Prof. Enrico Ferri, in Socialism and Modern Science. This enables us also to reply to the objection, too often repeated, that Socialism stifles and suppresses human individuality under the leaden pall of collectivism...

When property shall have become collective, that is to say, under the Socialist regime, every one will be assured of the means of existence, and the daily labor will simply serve to give free play to the special aptitudes, more or less original of each individual...

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When in a family financial affairs run smoothly and prosperously, harmony and mutual good will prevail, as soon as poverty makes its appearance, discord and struggle ensue. Society as a whole shows us the picture on a larger scale. A better social organization will insure a universal harmony and mutual good will.

FREE TRANSPORTATION.

Some men ride on the railroads free. These fellows are men with a pull—a political or a commercial pull. The Wall Street Journal prints an interesting description of the free pass bureau of the New York Central.

There is a Statute of Merton, that secured to each freeman within his village, as he came of age or took to himself a wife, his right to sufficient land to build him a house, and to graze his cattle on the common lands.

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Just 120 feet from the door of the cabin on the 60-acre farm which the Appeal will give to the man or woman that orders the most copy of the Trust Edition.

PARTY NOTES.

A local is being organized at Sullivan, Mo. North Carolina goes to the front with a local of 25 members.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH.

Those who would perpetuate the power of the present ruling class work overtime in their efforts to scare Christians away from Socialism. Many preachers who draw their convictions and salary from the same source never lose an opportunity to frighten their flock with statements to the effect that Socialism will destroy the church, do away with religion and inaugurate a reign of immorality.

BUSINESS AND GRAFT.

Business and graft are identical—that the essence of business is graft. "Business," as I understand it, consists in buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest; and this always implies an effort on the part of both buyer and seller to outwit and cheat the other.

THE SLAVES OF TODAY.

The enormous power of capital and of machinery held by capitalists still prevents the liberty of the proletariat from full realization. Men who struggle with each other in order to gain a weekly wage are not in any valid sense free men. They are slaves of the market.

LAST CALL!!

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