

stayed around to see to it that he didn't abscond with any of Jack's effects.

"I didn't know this bird," he told Jack, "but seeing that he said he were a friend of yours I just showed him in, and as I didn't know him I just kindo' stuck around."

"That was alright Bill. Rudy and I are old time pals, and I am mighty glad to see him, as well as thankful to you for showing him the way to the shack," Jack replied after which Bill took his leave, and Rudolph and the boy were lost in conversation. But when Jack told the other that he intended to quit the mines and go out with a surveying party for the rest of the summer Rudolph was entirely disagreed.

"I always knew that Collins was wrong when he dragged you into the mines," Rudolph argued. "Mining is not your line. I tell you what you want to do —"

"No you don't," Jack interrupted him almost savagely. "From now on I tell myself what to do. When I was a kid my parents and the preacher told me what I 'wanted' to do. When I got away from home the sheriff and the rube, told me what I 'wanted' to do, after that Collins, while I was in the shack and the boss when I was on the job, told me what I 'wanted' to do. From now on Jack Thurston will tell Jack Thurston what he wants to do, as far as that is humanly possible under the rules of the class struggle. This is my declaration of independence. From now on I'll be the captain of my life."

"Got sore at Ed, eh? I thought so," Rudolph grinned. "But let me tell you what you and I are going to do. We're going out to the harvest fields of Kansas. Its a little late, but early enough to get in on the threshing. We will meet Ed. on his way back, and together we will follow the harvest up into Dakota and then back to the shack by the lake for us. What do you say?"

"Ed is mine crazy," Jack protested. "He wants to industrialize the Federation. He is coming back here, or at least such were his plans."

"Not if we stop him in the harvest fields. He is needed there. The mines are organized in a way; they can fight the boss when it becomes really necessary, but the harvest slaves are helpless. They are the victims of every bewhiskered crook that employs them. They need us. Let's go. Eh, Jack?" To this Jack made no reply, and Rudolph went on. "We will stop off in Denver for a few days. Great town Denver. Beats Spokane four ways from nothing. We will meet many of the boys there, and after some good street meetings, we can 'Blow' for the harvest fields."

"No I'm through—for a while at least," Jack quavered. "I want to make something of myself, and I can't do

it humming." Then with a note of hostility in his voice he continued, "I'm done. Let the dead bury the dead. I must live my own life."

They argued until supper time, and then went to the boarding house after which they resumed their discussion and kept at it until far into the night. Rudolph doing his best to persuade the boy to follow him into the harvest fields. But at this he made no headway. At last his patience exhausted he divined that Olive was at the base of Jack's attitude, and this made him angry. "I know what's eating on you," said he sarcastically, "it is that bourgeois skirt that is pulling you away. I could kick Ed all the way from Frisco to New York for putting you in correspondence with that thing. Why kid you are doing good work here. I talked to several of the miners here this afternoon and they all like you. They even say that you beat Ed. as a speaker." Then in a tone of disgust he added, "I always said that women have ruined more radicals than all other influences combined. They are decorations for a home, and the modern proletariat have no business with homes. Homes even if rented stimulate their property instincts. The possession of a wife even does that. It makes them conservative. It makes them worthless in the class struggle."

Jack looked at him steadily, but did not speak, and Rudolph went on, "Ed is to blame. I told him what it would lead to. He ought to have initiated you into the class struggle, instead of entangling you in a skirt. I always thought that he was really class conscious but I was mistaken, that damned skirt—"

"Now stop right here," Jack interrupted, "all that you are saying is pure unadulterated bunk. If it were not for the fact that you are mentally diseased on that subject I would knock you down, but I never attack cripples, especially if their affliction is above the ears. I would have ditched

this whole business months ago and entered some other line of work, had it not been for that girl's devotion to the class war and all that it entails. It is she who holds me to it, or rather held me to it, instead of drawing me away."

"The hell she did," Rudolph exclaimed not a little surprised at this assertion. "And do you know I got sore at Ed. and left you both because he brought that skirt into our friendship."

"Speak of her with a little more respect," Jack commanded, and Rudolph noticed that the boy was developing into a man, ready to resent an insult with a force other than logic—

"Oh, well, I meant no offense," Rudolph explained, "I was only using the vernacular. 'If she is what you say, then she is different from the great majority of her sex and I apologize. I've said nothing.'"

The next day the two spent in argument. In the afternoon Jack received a letter from Olive. She told him that she felt lonesome and heart sick at the stupidity of the people with whom she was surrounded. She expressed a desire to go into a mining camp where the men were on strike and help to care and comfort those who were suffering. She concluded her letter with the remark that Collins had written to her saying that he would possibly come to see her on his way back from the east, and that she wished Jack could be with him at that time.

It was this letter which caused him to change his mind regarding the surveying job, but not concerning the harvest field. He would go east with Rudolph as far as Denver, and then on to Boulder where Olive was waiting for him. After reading his letter over a second time he looked at his companion and said, "Say Rudy, let's get a soap box and go out on the street tonight; we must dispose of this literature before we go east."

(The End.)

LABOR DAY SEPT. 6-th 1920

2-nd Annual Picnic and Mass Meeting

GIVEN BY THE I. W. W. at Russik Grove,
ATT. JAKOB MARGOLIS, from Pittsburgh

and

RALPH CHAPLIN, of the I. W. W.

will be the speakers

— TICKETS 30c. —

Thousands will be there. Will you?

DIRECTIONS: Take W. 25th st. car (through) to end of line then change for State Rd. car to park.