

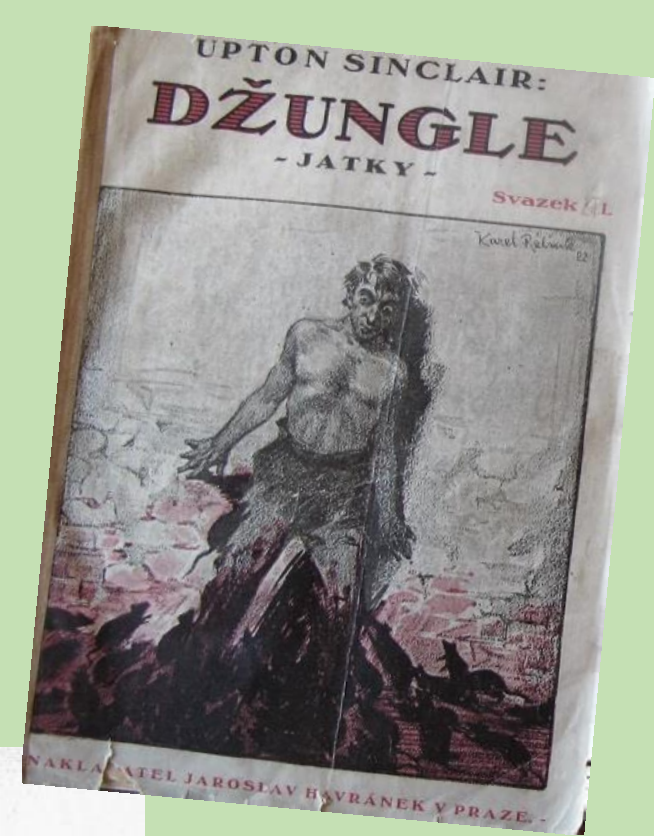
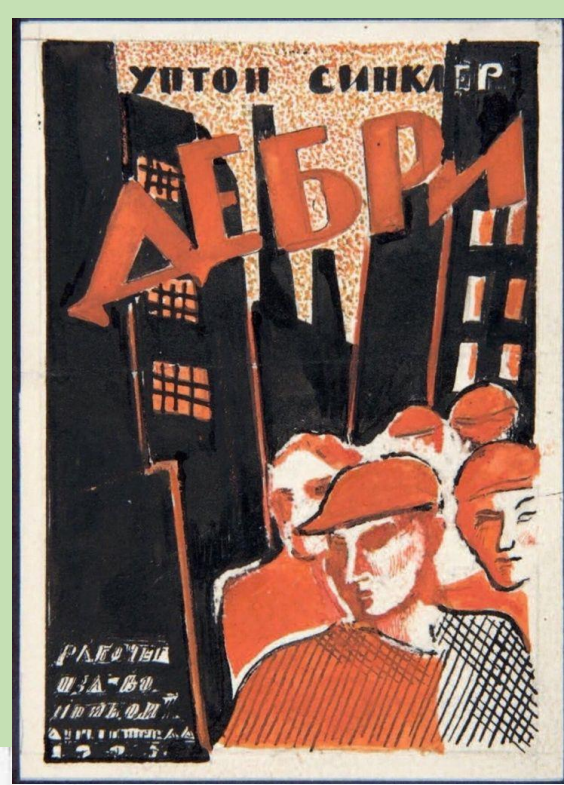
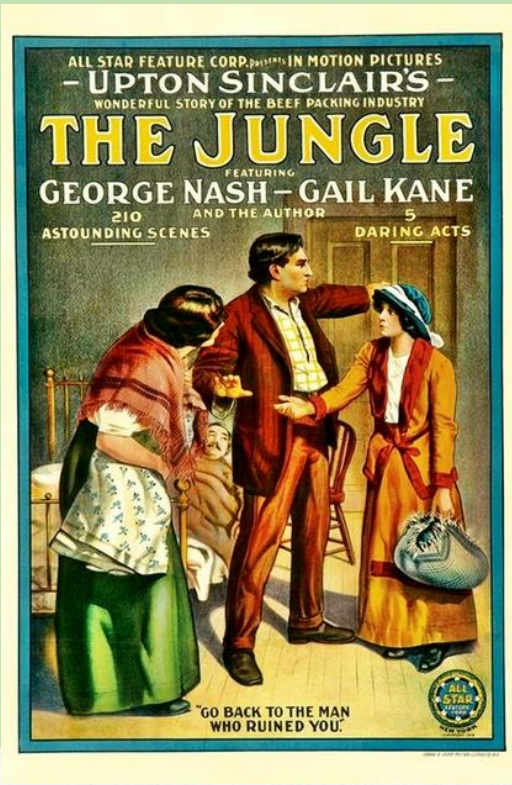
The **WORLD** was fixated on the prospect of **TAINTED MEAT**,  
**SINCLAIR** was absorbed in his political crusade for **SOCIALISM**, and  
**WOMEN** were left **LOST IN THE JUNGLE**.











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J. A. Wayland.

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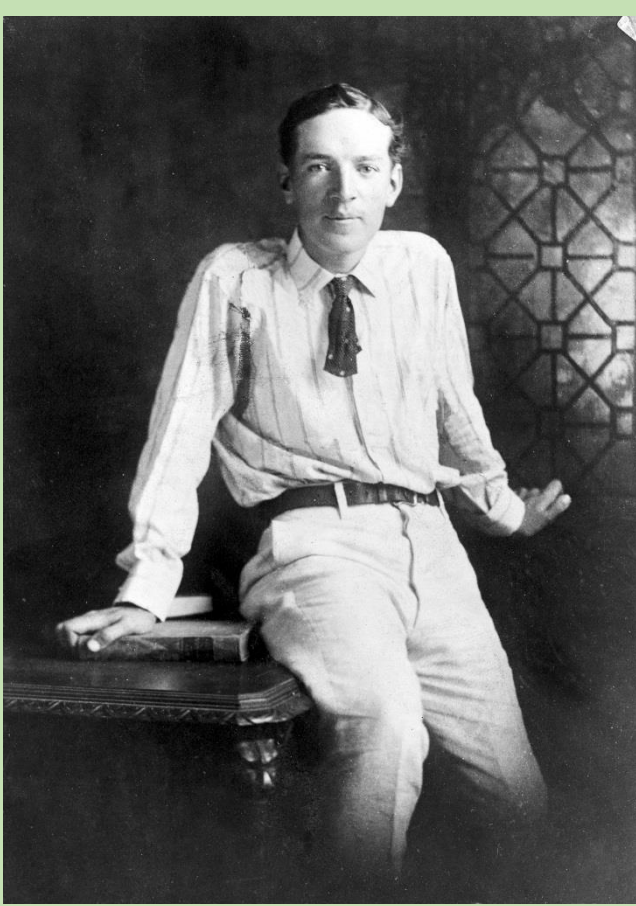
This is Number 482  
Topeka, Kansas, U. S. A., February 25, 1905.

**THE JUNGLE**  
A STORY OF CHICAGO  
BY UPTON SINCLAIR  
Author of "Manassa," "Prince Hugen," Etc.

(Copyright 1905, by Author.)



“Because I feel sure that in the crowd that has come to me tonight, no matter how many may be dull and heedless, no matter how many may have come out of idle curiosity, or in order to ridicule--there will be some **one man whom pain and suffering have made desperate**, whom some chance vision of wrong and horror has startled and shocked into attention. And to him my words will come like a sudden flash of lightning to one who travels in darkness--revealing the way before him, the perils and the obstacles--**solving all problems, making all difficulties clear!** The scales will fall from his eyes, **the shackles will be torn from his limbs**--he will leap up with a cry of thankfulness, he will stride forth a free man at last! **A man delivered from his self-created slavery!** A man who will never more be trapped--whom no blandishments will cajole, whom no threats will frighten; who from tonight on will move forward, and not backward, who will study and understand, who will gird on his sword and **take his place in the army of his comrades and brothers**. Who will carry the good tidings to others, as I have carried them to him--priceless gift of liberty and light that is neither mine nor his, but is the heritage of the soul of man! **Working-men, working-men--comrades! open your eyes and look about you! You have lived so long in the toil and heat that your senses are dulled, your souls are numbed; but realize once in your lives this world in which you dwell--tear off the rags of its customs and conventions--behold it as it is, in all its hideous nakedness! Realize it, realize it!**” (Sinclair 369-70)



“when a man was first converted to Socialism he was like a **crazy person**--he could not understand how others could fail to see it, and **he expected to convert all the world the first week**. After a while he would realize how hard a task it was; and then it would be fortunate that other new hands kept coming, to save him from settling down into a rut” (Sinclair, 383)







“And then suddenly came a voice in his ear, a woman's voice, gentle and sweet, ‘If you would try to listen, comrade, perhaps you would be interested.’ Jurgis was more startled by that than he would have been by the touch of a policeman. He still kept his eyes fixed ahead, and did not stir; but his heart gave a great leap. Comrade! Who was it that called him ‘comrade’? He waited long, long; and at last, when he was sure that he was no longer watched, he stole a glance out of the corner of his eyes at the woman who sat beside him. She was young and beautiful; she wore fine clothes, and was what is called a ‘lady.’ And she called him ‘comrade’! He turned a little, carefully, so that he could see her better; then he began to watch her, fascinated. She had apparently forgotten all about him, and was looking toward the platform. A man was speaking there--Jurgis heard his voice vaguely; but all his thoughts were for this woman's face. A feeling of alarm stole over him as he stared at her. It made his flesh creep. What was the matter with her, what could be going on, to affect any one like that? She sat as one turned to stone, her hands clenched tightly in her lap, so tightly that he could see the cords standing out in her wrists. There was a look of excitement upon her face, of tense effort, as of one struggling mightily, or witnessing a struggle. **There was a faint quivering of her nostrils; and now and then she would moisten her lips with feverish haste. Her bosom rose and fell as she breathed, and her excitement seemed to mount higher and higher, and then to sink away again, like a boat tossing upon ocean surges.** What was it? What was the matter? It must be something that the man was saying, up there on the platform. What sort of a man was he? And what sort of thing was this, anyhow?--So all at once it occurred to Jurgis to look at the speaker. It was like coming suddenly upon some wild sight of nature--a mountain forest lashed by a tempest, a ship tossed about upon a stormy sea. Jurgis had an unpleasant sensation, a sense of confusion, of disorder, of wild and meaningless uproar.” (Sinclair, 366)

# The Hull House

