







# THE IRON HEEL

BY JACK LONDON

## CHAPTER XXII (Continued)

Hartman was extremely disappointed. He tried to cheer him up, but he ignored my effort and suddenly began talking very hurriedly, in a low voice, as we passed through a station. At first I could not understand.

"I have not been here," he was saying, "and I have told no one. I have been working on it for weeks, and I cannot make any more. Watch out for Kivonoff. I suspect him. He knows the secrets of a secret of my refuge. He carries the lives of hundreds of us in his hands, and I think he is traitor. It is more a feeling on my part than anything else. But I thought I marked a change in him a short while back. There is the danger that he was added out, or going to sell us out. I am almost sure of it. I wouldn't whisper to anyone to a soul, but whenever I don't think I'll leave a word, I'll keep your eye on Kivonoff. Trap him. Find out. I don't know anything more. It is only an intuition, and so far I have failed to find out anything more. We were just stepping out upon the sidewalk. Remember," Hartman concluded earnestly, "keep your eyes upon Kivonoff."

And Hartman was right. Before a month was past by Kivonoff paid for his treason with his life. He was fatally stricken by the comrades in Milan.

All was quiet on the streets—no riot, Chicago lay dead. There was a roar, and a rumble in the air, but there were no noise on the streets. The surface cars and the elevated were not running. Only occasionally, on the sidewalks, were there stragglers. It was as though they expected the buildings to topple over on them or the sidewalks to sink under their feet or be up in the air. A few gamblers were still around, in their eyes an suppressed eagerness in anticipation of wonderful and exciting things to happen.

From somewhere in the south, the dull sound of an explosion came to our ears. That was all. Then quiet again, though the gamblers had started and listened, like the rest of the crowd, to our ears. The doorsways to all the buildings were closed; the shutters to the shops were up. But there were many police and watchmen in the streets, and now and again automobile patrollers. The Mercantile slipped swiftly past.

Hartman and I agreed that it was useless to report anything to the local chiefs of the police. Our failure to do so report would be evaded, we knew, in the light of subsequent events. So we headed for the great laborer ghettos in the South Side. As we got getting in contact with some of the comrades. Too late! We knew it. But we could not stand still. We had to do something in those ghastly, silent days. What was Hartman? I was wondering. What was happening in the cities of the Is there chaos and Mercantile in the fortresses?

As if in answer, a great screaming roar went up, dim with distance, punctuated with detonation after detonation.

"It's the fortresses," Hartman said. "God pity those three fragments!"

As a roaring we noticed, in the direction of the city, a great pillar of smoke. At the next crossing several similar smoke pillars were rising upward in the direction of the West Side. Over the tops of the Mercantile we saw a great captive balloon that burst even as we looked at it, and fell in flaming wreckage toward the earth. There was no time to think of tragedy of the city. We could not determine whether the balloon had been manned by comrades or enemies. A vague sound came from the air, like the bubbling of a gigantic caldron a long way off, and Hartman said it was the machine guns and automatic rifles.

And still we went on in immediate quietude. Nothing was happening where we were. The police and the automobile patrol went by, and once half

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"I could see he was working rapidly with his hands. When he returned to me the secret was busy on his face."

"I discovered it," he said, "and I got in the back of time. The matter was done. He could not be a comrade, but he didn't get it through his mind. It would have exploded promptly. Not in my opinion at all. It was a matter of a few days. As soon as the street was half a block down, high up in a building, I could see heads peering out. I had just pointed them out to Hartman when a sheet of flame and smoke ran along that portion of the face of the building where the heads had appeared, and he was an object of the explosion. In a place the stone facing of the building was blown away, exposing the brick structure beneath. The next moment the explosion was over, and the smoke smote the front of the building across the street opposite it. Between the explosion we could hear the rattles of the automatic pistols and rifles. For several minutes the air was filled, then died out. It was patent that our comrades were in one building, that Mercantile was in the other, and that they were waiting across the street. But we could not tell which was which, which building contained our comrades and which the Mercantile."

By this time the column on the street was almost over. As the front of it passed under the warning bells, the men and women were just lifting up the wounded officer to carry him to the other machine. A party lined all of them, and they were turned in the direction of the Mercantile. The wounded officer, roughly lifted up, the wounded officer, roughly dropped, being left behind. The coming policeman alongside of me also, and Hartman and I were just going not why, chased with the same blind terror to get away from that particular spot.

Nothing really happened then, but every thing was explained. The flying men were sheepishly coming back, but all the while their eyes were raised apprehensively to the tops of the windows, and which window? There had been no second bomb, only a few of one.

Therefore we looked with speculative eyes at the tops of the windows. Any of them contained possible death. Each building was a possible ambush. This was warfare in that modern sense, a great city of stone and iron, a canyon, every building a mountain. We had not changed much from primitive man, despite the fact we were surrounded by a city of steel and stone. Turning a corner, we came upon a woman. She was lying on the pavement, in a pool of blood. Hartman and I were looking at her, and myself, I turned deathly sick. I was so many dead that day, but the total carnage was not to affect me as did the first time. I was not a man, I was a pillar of smoke. At the next crossing several similar smoke pillars were rising upward in the direction of the West Side. Over the tops of the Mercantile we saw a great captive balloon that burst even as we looked at it, and fell in flaming wreckage toward the earth. There was no time to think of tragedy of the city. We could not determine whether the balloon had been manned by comrades or enemies. A vague sound came from the air, like the bubbling of a gigantic caldron a long way off, and Hartman said it was the machine guns and automatic rifles.

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## VOTES VALUABLE AND OTHER WISE

(Continued from page one)

...to vote the Socialist ticket as we Socialists want to assist in the propagation of Scientific Socialism which certainly subscribes to the Western European and American Socialism, but we believe, but all they can do to get others to subscribe. It is of more importance, at the present time, to help to propagate the Socialist Philosophy than to vote the Socialist ticket.

In conclusion, I would advise all those who vote the Socialist ticket as an experiment to get some Socialist friends and study the program set forth with the Scientific Basis of Socialism, for knowledge is the foundation of power, and those who possess it require no leaders.

F. J. McNEY.

## GARBAGE CAN PROPAGANDA.

The contradiction arising out of a few capitalists using the means of wealth production and thereby contributing to the general wealth, and at the same time attempting to conceal the same and give the appearance of freedom, by trying to make it conform to a code of morals which is against the Scientific Basis of Socialism, is yielding an ever increasing rate of social scandal, and a vulgar desire to reveal it.

In the opinion of the Scientific Socialist, exposing the rate of capital, with its brutal exploitation of slaves under the guise of wages. There are a number of ways to appear well informed. But Socialist propaganda is not a light study, so different to the light trash they have been used to. Exposing the Home Defense and the garbage can propaganda is a task which has to be taken advantage of this situation and by digging deep into the social garbage cans, revealing the character of social scandal, magnifying the same, and labeling it "Socialism," are supplying a cheap commodity to satisfy both the desire for scandal and to appear well informed. The garbage can propaganda is a strain on the organ of thought, and just as the name or picture of a king or queen, or such as, is put on a stamp, and the same is put on a permit, so they give a few quotations from Marx, or some other well known Socialist, to give their commodity the appearance of being genuine, and to respectable folk can be sold '09, '10, '11, I have read a great deal of Socialist literature, and heard some of the same, and I have seen some of the same, etc. "I don't detect those revolutionary Socialists."

Garbage can Socialism also catches much of the same kind of feel, the stick of poverty, and from their scanty wages they buy handies to give away, pay for a subscription for the book, the paper, and the same kind of sentiment, and others who could better afford to do the paying. They spend time and money that they can ill afford to spend, and they are advertising garbage can speakers. Some say "it is a start toward Socialism."

"Better to have their sympathy than their opposition," is the motto of the garbage can brand. They have used in almost every country to disparage and hamper the Scientific Socialists are usually labeled "slaves." Because I thought I was free and Britons never would be slaves, that did not make me a Socialist. But it did make me a more deluded wage slave.

The slaves that were so fortunate as to come in contact with the Scientific Socialist Movement first, have grasped it more readily, and as a rule, grasped it more readily than the wage slaves. They were so unfortunate as to first get deluded with the garbage can brand.

C. M. O'BRIEN.

**APPROHENSIVE**

"In the May number of that Catholic Magazine, 'America,' occurs the following, under notes and comments: 'At Hartburg, in a recent assembly held quarterly in the Church of St. Martin, bishop asked the priest who at that moment was preaching to a crowded congregation, and shouted at accusations of reality. 'At that moment he was thought to be a slave, but when captured was found to be a free man.'

**WHAT IS SOCIALISM? (Hardenburg)**

"In the last three years," said Edward F. Brown, vice-president of the International Child Welfare League, before the Federal Commission, appointed to investigate the child labor laws, "I have traveled 60,000 miles studying the work of children. I have seen children 5 years old in the cyster and children 11 or 12 on the breakers at the anthracite coal mines; children of 12 in the vegetable canneries of New York; and children of 12 in the cotton mills of the South. Even in this city children as young as three are at work in their own homes preparing dresses and clothes for the factories."

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## CURRENT EVENTS

**By Watts**

Comrade H. M. Fitzgerald speaks at the Empire Theatre, Sunday, June 11.

With millions of its people starving, Japan is on the verge of a revolution.

Coal miners of West Virginia are again out on strike.

Organizers Kingsley, Reid and Cooney are reporting good meetings in British Columbia.

The State of New York has supplied sixteen deputies for the protection of J. B. Keady.

Thirty-five Hindus who had risen against the Indian Government, have been executed.

Sixty thousand families were evicted from houses in New York during the year 1914, for the non payment of rent.

China is again on the verge of a revolution. The President is offering \$100,000 reward for Sun Yat Sen, dead or alive.

In 1906, the Socialist Party of France polled 972,999 votes; in 1910, the vote rose to 1,110,261, and in 1914 to 1,328,771.

To offset the Boy Scout movement, the Socialists of the States are forming an organization known as the Boy Pioneers.

The Woman Rebel, a Socialist paper in the States, has been barred from the mails for the reason that its circulation is less than ten cents.

Thousands of unemployed are still waiting the streets of the cities of Canada. The unemployed of Winnipeg are being clubbed and jailed.

Over 150 miners of Colorado have been indicted on charges of murder or attempted murder by the mine owners in order to try and break the strike.

Another new "manifesto" of Socialism is about to make its appearance in the United States. It is to be called the Home Defender, and is being financed by employers of labor.

The National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, who have recently convened decided to advocate all of social legislation for the past few years.

Methy Jones was prevented from entering Canada by order of Bowser. The Conservatives at Ottawa who are at present in office, have decided to discontinue the order and also to no longer be maintained in Canada.

The John Wamsucker's departmental stores of New York and elsewhere will give its employees two days rest every week during July and August. The stores will close at 4 o'clock on Fridays and reopen at 4:30 Mondays.

I know of 700 little Colorado children made orphan or dependent because of explosions in the mines which might have been avoided if ordinary safety appliances had been employed at all other conditions. Judge Lindsay of Denver, Colo., in an address before the industrial disputes commission.

Hand Lax, a reformer "scarlet woman," off-balance, "oh, who has done so to keep young girls from entering into the life of shame," (Hand Lax), to whom she had given, for many years, the money she had earned by prostitution. He tried to force her into a life of shame.

The Brisbane branch of the Australian Socialist Party have been fighting for more than eight months for the right to hold street meetings on Sundays. George Thompson claimed himself to a vanguard post had addressed the crowd. When he landed in jail he refused to eat and has since been declared insane and placed in the asylum, with very little chance of getting out.

Miss Sellina, a garment worker, of Fairmont, West Virginia, has been sentenced to six months in jail for violating an injunction prohibiting the miners from joining labor organizations. She declared to the miners that they were the right to organize and to be organized, and is now in jail with drunks, being brought in during day and night, being no separate place for women.

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## DECOORATION DAY, WINNIPEG, 1914

(Continued from page two)

his own son is at the wrong end of the rifle. Strike home," and "Shame to be taken to the 'Coy' boys, for your hearts and honor, for Bill and Dan, the Q. P. R., or whatever other Gods there be."

"I say bravo thing is a scarlet coat."

"There's a charm in the clinkin' spurs. There's a kind of joy, for a soldier boy, 'Take care to the 'Coy' boys."

"There's a light-love for each gleamin' badge."

"There's a cheer from the gamin' crowd."

"With the cold bright steel, you've come to feel."

"Ye've got the beggars' coin."

"Oh! a gay, brave thing is the bugle's note."

"There's a charm in the squarin' notes."

"But it ain't no fun, when you're on the run."

"With the clank of fear in your trippies."

"There's the whine of small arms a-wa-aw."

"In 'em."

"There's the stink of death in your nostrils."

"An yer throats burn full of sand and lead."

"My God! but it's hell is roost!"

"Oh! a gay, brave thing is a scarlet coat."

"For one other guy to wear."

"Don't be a Goat, 'cause the bugle's note."

"In a brave, gay thing to hear."

"There may be a charm in the squarin' pipes."

"The spurs may kill as a master will."

"But the clank will echo as the 'Coy' boys will."

"Is a sucker and amine all the same."

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