"***King Coal*** is to the mining world what Sinclair's *The Jungle* is to the meat-packing industry." —*Library Journal*

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"***King Coal*** is perhaps as fine a labor novel as could be written . . . a brilliant success."
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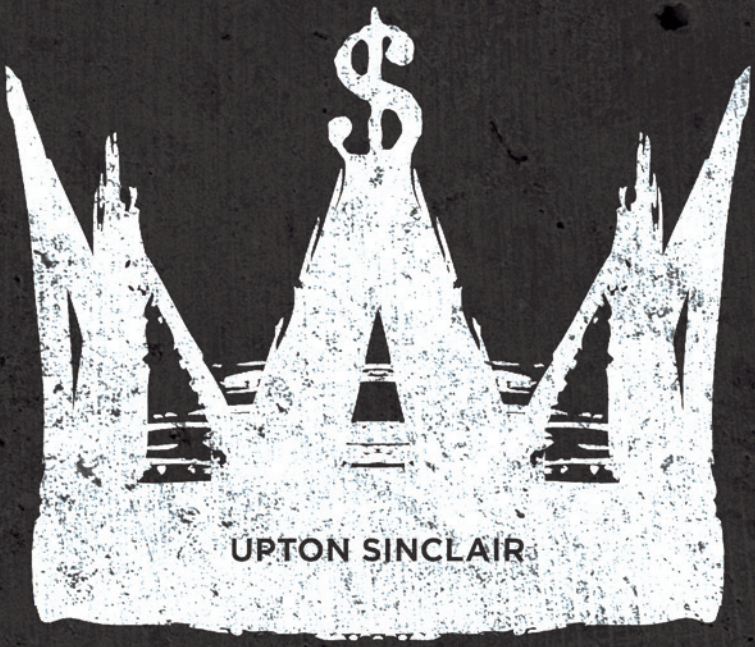
—Susan Williams, *Charleston Gazette-Mail*

"It is seldom that truths concerning conditions in coal mines are brought to light in so readable and popular a form as Mr. Sinclair's novel." —Hazel Wilkinson, *Social Thought in American Fiction*

"I wish that every word of it could be burned deep into the heart of every American." —Adolph Germer

"Sinclair's achievement was impressive . . . He saw through the lies of his era and exposed a world long hidden from view. He showed compassion for the weak and the poor, the powerless and the despised . . . He fueled anger at injustice." —Eric Schlosser

"When people ask me what has happened in my long lifetime I do not refer them to the newspaper files and to the authorities, but to [Sinclair's] novels." —George Bernard Shaw



UPTON SINCLAIR

KING COAL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
DR. GEORG BRANDES

HEATHEN EDITION

HEATHEN EDITIONS
THEIR BOOKS. OUR WAY.

Published in the good ole United States of America
by Heathen Editions, an imprint of
Heathen Creative
P.O. Box 588
Point Pleasant, WV 25550-0588

Heathen Editions are available at quantity discounts.
For information and more tomfoolery, check us out online:

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First published September 1917
First Heathen Edition published September 16, 2018
Second Heathen Edition published February 2, 2023

Book and cover design by Sheridan Cleland
Set in 11pt Adobe Garamond LT
Titles in Poster Cut

ISBN-13: 978-1-948316-02-6

SECOND HEATHEN EDITION

TO

MARY CRAIG KIMBROUGH

To whose persistence in the perilous task of
tearing her husband's manuscript to pieces,
the reader is indebted for the absence
of the faults from the book.

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HEATHENRY: THOUGHTS ON THE TEXT

Being from Appalachia, when we Heathens decided that we'd make a go of this publishing venture, a book about coal mining seemed a given. And since we're big fans of Upton Sinclair's *Oil!* (and Paul Thomas Anderson's loose adaptation of it, *There Will Be Blood*), Sinclair's *King Coal* seemed a logical choice, both because of our West Virginia coal-mining roots and because *King Coal* seemed an overlooked diamond in the rough that we could present to the world in an interesting, unique way.

Starting with the cover, we wanted to convey the idea of a rough, whitewash stencil-like image, perhaps created by a miner and used to convey a message of unrest — perhaps something one might see haphazardly painted on a wall near or inside a coal mine or on the side of a coal car. We could imagine a miner or two mixing lime and water in a bucket, then moving surreptitiously through a small mining town just after dark, painting the image as quickly as possible and in as many places as possible; maybe no two images exactly the same, but the message always exactly the same: Alert! Rebellion fast approaching . . . That idea was, in part, why we christened this the first book in our Heathen genre **Rebellion 101**!

Interestingly, in our surveys most people notice the dollar sign topping the crown last, but the almighty dollar was certainly not the last thing on the minds of the coal barons of Appalachia.

Moving to the inside of the book, this is where we drew inspiration from our own book collection. Penguin has a series of six hardcover horror books curated by filmmaker Guillermo del Toro

that feature black page edges. When you first approach these books in the wild, you're immediately struck with how sharp the books appear. The black-block look is striking and gorgeous, and it's a unique presentation that jibes well with the horror vibe of the books overall. The faint gradient on the page edges themselves also lends a nice touch to the reading experience. The more that we looked at those books the more we realized how that presentation could fit *King Coal* perfectly: rather than black because horror, ours could be black because coal. However, since we're currently utilizing print-on-demand services for our books (read: we're ballin' on a budget), this type of presentation seemed illogical and out of reach.

That is, until we remembered *The Black Book* by Jean Keller and a point of its creation: "…the price of a book is not calculated according to the amount of ink used in its production. For example, a Lulu book of *blank* pages costs an artist as much to produce as a book filled with text or large photographs." Perhaps you can understand why that book's 740 (!) **solid black** pages seared themselves so boldly into our memory. Suddenly, it occurred to us: could we "hack" the POD process and make our page edges black? What a Heathen thing to try! So try we did, and the result far exceeded our expectations!

After receiving the first printed proof, however, we decided that the gradient leaned too far black and hindered rather than enhanced the reading experience, so we dialed it back to a dusty gray. We found this approach lent itself better to the idea that maybe this book had made its way straight out of a coal mine and into your hands.

What's more, we also found that as we proofed our edition for the first time, the ink from the page edges slowly gathered on our fingertips, making it look as if we had been working in the coal mine alongside the book's protagonist Hal Warner and his fellow miners — and that's the moment we realized how absolutely perfect this approach was for this particular Heathen Edition because one of the things Sinclair is routinely asking you to consider as you read this book is:

How much coal is ***one*** human life worth?

Suddenly our edition wasn't just a book, it had become an immersive experience — literally leaving "coal dust" on your fingertips — that stayed with you long after you put the book down . . .

That, dear reader, is why we do what we do, and why our design of *King Coal* is one of our absolute favorites.

We hope it'll soon become one of your favorites, too.

As for the text: either dictated by early twentieth-century American grammar style or maybe it was just personal preference, Mr. Sinclair used hyphenated words in extreme abundance throughout the original text. Being the Heathens that we are, we felt those hyphened words were dated, tedious, and trying for today's eyes, so we opted to edit and update those words to reflect their modern equivalents. For example, "star-dust" has become "stardust" and "to-morrow" has become "tomorrow," et al.

He also chose to hyphenate many coal mining terms that are not, in fact, hyphenated, even when compared to literature from that era, so we edited those words as well. That's how a "checkweighman" becomes a "checkweighman" and a "pit-boss" becomes a "pit boss."

And since we were editing the text anyway, we chose to jettison Sinclair's use of British spellings in favor of their American counterparts.

All told, we're most confident that our edition of *King Coal* is easier on the eyes and a far more enjoyable read as a result.

Indeed, when we look at the final product, we think Hal sang it best: *Hurrah for you and me!*

INTRODUCTION

Upton Sinclair is one of the not too many writers who have consecrated their lives to the agitation for social justice, and who have also enrolled their art in the service of a set purpose. A great and non-temporizing enthusiast, he never flinched from making sacrifices. Now and then he attained great material successes as a writer, but invariably he invested and lost his earnings in enterprises by which he had hoped to ward off injustice and to further human happiness. Though disappointed time after time, he never lost faith nor courage to start again.

As a convinced socialist and eager advocate of unpopular doctrines, as an exposer of social conditions that would otherwise be screened away from the public eye, the most influential journals of his country were as a rule arraigned against him. Though always a poor man, though never willing to grant to publishers the concessions essential for many editions and general popularity, he was maliciously represented to be a carpet knight of radicalism and a socialist millionaire. He has several times been obliged to change his publisher, which goes to prove that he is no seeker of material gain.

Upton Sinclair is one of the writers of the present time most deserving of a sympathetic interest. He shows his patriotism as an American, not by joining in hymns to the very conditional kind of liberty peculiar to the United States, but by agitating for infusing it with the elixir of real liberty, the liberty of humanity. He does not limit himself to a dispassionate and entertaining description of things as they are. But in his appeals to the honor and good-fellowship of his compatriots, he opens their eyes to the appalling conditions under which wage-earning slaves are living by the hundreds of

thousands. His object is to better these unnatural conditions, to obtain for the very poorest a glimpse of light and happiness, to make even them realize the sensation of cozy well-being and the comfort of knowing that justice is to be found also for them.

This time Upton Sinclair has absorbed himself in the study of the miner's life in the lonesome pits of the Rocky Mountains, and his sensitive and enthusiastic mind has brought to the world an American parallel to *Germinal*, Emile Zola's technical masterpiece.[1]

The conditions described in the two books are, however, essentially different. While Zola's workingmen are all natives of France, one meets in Sinclair's book a motley variety of European emigrants, speaking a Babel of languages and therefore debarred from forming some sort of association to protect themselves against being exploited by the anonymous limited Company. Notwithstanding this natural bar against united action on the part of the wage-earning slaves, the Company feels far from at ease and jealously guards its interests against any attempt of organizing the men.

A young American of the upper class, with great sympathy for the downtrodden and an honest desire to get a firsthand knowledge of their conditions in order to help them, decides to take employment in a mine under a fictitious name and dressed like a workingman. His unusual way of trying to obtain work arouses suspicion. He is believed to be a professional strike-leader sent out to organize the miners against their exploiters, and he is not only refused work, but thrashed mercilessly. When finally he succeeds in getting inside, he discovers with growing indignation the shameless and inhuman way in which those who unearth the black coal are being exploited.

These are the fundamental ideas of the book, but they give but a faint notion of the author's poetic attitude. Most beautifully is this shown in Hal's relation to a young Irish girl, Red Mary. She is poor, and her daily life harsh and joyless, but nevertheless her

[1] *Germinal* (1885) is the thirteenth novel in Émile Zola's twenty-volume series *Les Rougon-Macquart*. Often considered Zola's masterpiece and one of the most significant novels in the French tradition, the novel – an uncompromisingly harsh and realistic story of a coalminers' strike in northern France in the 1860s – has been published and translated in over one hundred countries and has additionally inspired five film adaptations and two television productions.

wonderful grace is one of the outstanding features of the book. The first impression of Mary is that of a Celtic Madonna with a tender heart for little children. She develops into a Valküre[2] of the working class, always ready to fight for the worker's right.

The last chapters of the book give a description of the miners' revolt against the Company. They insist upon their right to choose a deputy to control the weighing-in of the coal, and upon having the mines sprinkled regularly to prevent explosion. They will also be free to buy their food and utensils wherever they like, even in shops not belonging to the Company.

In a postscript Sinclair explains the fundamental facts on which his work of art has been built up. Even without the postscript one could not help feeling convinced that the social conditions he describes are true to life. The main point is that Sinclair has not allowed himself to become inspired by hackneyed phrases that bondage and injustice and the other evils and crimes of Kingdoms have been banished from Republics, but that he is earnestly pointing to the honeycombed ground on which the greatest modern money-power has been built. The fundament of this power is not granite, but mines. It lives and breathes in the light, because it has thousands of unfortunates toiling in the darkness. It lives and has its being in proud liberty because thousands are slaving for it, whose thraldom is the price of this liberty.

This is the impression given to the reader of this exciting novel.

GEORG BRANDES.

[2] A valkyrie; any of Odin's handmaidens who conducted the souls of the slain to Valhalla.

BOOK ONE

THE DOMAIN OF KING COAL

1

The town of Pedro stood on the edge of the mountain country; a straggling assemblage of stores and saloons from which a number of branch railroads ran up into the canyons, feeding the coal camps. Through the week it slept peacefully; but on Saturday nights, when the miners came trooping down, and the ranchmen came in on horseback and in automobiles, it wakened to a seething life.

At the railroad station, one day late in June, a young man alighted from a train. He was about twenty-one years of age, with sensitive features, and brown hair having a tendency to waviness. He wore a frayed and faded suit of clothes, purchased in a quarter of his home city where the Hebrew merchants stand on the sidewalks to offer their wares; also a soiled blue shirt without a tie, and a pair of heavy boots which had seen much service. Strapped on his back was a change of clothing and a blanket, and in his pockets a comb, a toothbrush, and a small pocket mirror.

Sitting in the smoking car of the train, the young man had listened to the talk of the coal camps, seeking to correct his accent. When he got off the train he proceeded down the track and washed his hands with cinders, and lightly powdered some over his face. After studying the effect of this in his mirror, he strolled down the main street of Pedro, and, selecting a little tobacco shop, went in. In as surly a voice as he could muster, he inquired of the proprietress, "Can you tell me how to get to the Pine Creek mine?"

The woman looked at him with no suspicion in her glance. She gave the desired information, and he took a trolley and got off at the foot of the Pine Creek canyon, up which he had a thirteen-mile trudge. It was a sunshiny day, with the sky crystal clear, and the mountain air invigorating. The young man seemed to be happy, and as he strode on his way, he sang a song with many verses:

"Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He made him a college all full of knowledge—
Hurrah for you and me!

"Oh, Liza-Ann, come out with me,
The moon is a-shinin' in the monkey puzzle tree;[1]
Oh, Liza-Ann, I have began
To sing you the song of Harrigan!

"He keeps them a-roll, this merry old soul—
The wheels of industree;
A-roll and a-roll, for his pipe and his bowl
And his college facultee!

"Oh, Mary-Jane, come out in the lane,
The moon is a-shinin' in the old pecan;
Oh, Mary-Jane, don't you hear me a-sayin'
I'll sing you the song of Harrigan!

"So hurrah for King Coal, and his fat pay-roll,
And his wheels of industree!
Hurrah for his pipe, and hurrah for his bowl—
And hurrah for you and me!

"Oh, Liza-Ann, come out with me,
The moon is a-shinin'—"

And so on and on—as long as the moon was a-shinin' on a college campus. It was a mixture of happy nonsense and that questioning with which modern youth has begun to trouble its elders. As a marching tune, the song was a trifle swift for the grades of a mountain canyon; Warner could stop and shout to the canyon walls, and listen to their answer, and then march on again. He had youth in his heart, and love and curiosity; also he had some change in his trousers' pocket, and a ten dollar bill, for extreme emergencies,

[1] An evergreen coniferous tree with branches covered in spirals of tough, spiny, leaflike scales, native to (and the national tree of) Chile. Because of the longevity of this species, it is described as a living fossil.

sewed up in his belt. If a photographer for Peter Harrigan's General Fuel Company could have got a snapshot of him that morning, it might have served as a "portrait of a coal miner" in any "prosperity" publication.

But the climb was a stiff one, and before the end the traveler became aware of the weight of his boots, and sang no more. Just as the sun was sinking up the canyon, he came upon his destination—a gate across the road, with a sign upon it:

PINE CREEK COAL CO.
PRIVATE PROPERTY
TRESPASSING FORBIDDEN

Hal approached the gate, which was of iron bars, and padlocked. After standing for a moment to get ready his surly voice, he kicked upon the gate and a man came out of a shack inside.

"What do you want?" said he.

"I want to get in. I'm looking for a job."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Pedro."

"Where you been working?"

"I never worked in a mine before."

"Where did you work?"

"In a grocery store."

"What grocery store?"

"Peterson & Co., in Western City."

The guard came closer to the gate and studied him through the bars.

"Hey, Bill!" he called, and another man came out from the cabin. "Here's a guy says he worked in a grocery, and he's lookin' for a job."

"Where's your papers?" demanded Bill.

Everyone had told Hal that labor was scarce in the mines, and that the companies were ravenous for men; he had supposed that a workingman would only have to knock, and it would be opened unto him. "They didn't give me no papers," he said, and added,

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hastily, "I got drunk and they fired me." He felt quite sure that getting drunk would not bar one from a coal camp.

But the two made no move to open the gate. The second man studied him deliberately from top to toe, and Hal was uneasily aware of possible sources of suspicion. "I'm all right," he declared. "Let me in, and I'll show you."

Still the two made no move. They looked at each other, and then Bill answered, "We don't need no hands."

"But," exclaimed Hal, "I saw a sign down the canyon—"

"That's an old sign," said Bill.

"But I walked all the way up here!"

"You'll find it easier walkin' back."

"But—it's night!"

"Scared of the dark, kid?" inquired Bill, facetiously.

"Oh, say!" replied Hal. "Give a fellow a chance! Ain't there some way I can pay for my keep—or at least for a bunk tonight?"

"There's nothin' for you," said Bill, and turned and went into the cabin.

The other man waited and watched, with a decidedly hostile look. Hal strove to plead with him, but thrice he repeated, "Down the canyon with you." So at last Hal gave up, and moved down the road a piece and sat down to reflect.

It really seemed an absurdly illogical proceeding, to post a notice, "Hands Wanted," in conspicuous places on the roadside, causing a man to climb thirteen miles up a mountain canyon, only to be turned off without explanation. Hal was convinced that there must be jobs inside the stockade, and that if only he could get at the bosses he could persuade them. He got up and walked down the road a quarter of a mile, to where the railroad track crossed it, winding up the canyon. A train of "empties" was passing, bound into the camp, the cars rattling and bumping as the engine toiled up the grade. This suggested a solution of the difficulty.

It was already growing dark. Crouching slightly, Hal approached the cars, and when he was in the shadows, made a leap and swung onto one of them. It took but a second to clamber in, and he lay flat and waited, his heart thumping.

Before a minute had passed he heard a shout, and looking over, he saw the Cerberus of the gate[2] running down a path to the track, his companion, Bill, just behind him. "Hey! come out of there!" they yelled; and Bill leaped, and caught the car in which Hal was riding.

The latter saw that the game was up, and sprang to the ground on the other side of the track and started out of the camp. Bill followed him, and as the train passed, the other man ran down the track to join him. Hal was walking rapidly, without a word; but the Cerberus of the gate had many words, most of them unprintable, and he seized Hal by the collar, and shoving him violently, planted a kick upon that portion of his anatomy which nature has constructed for the reception of kicks. Hal recovered his balance, and, as the man was still pursuing him, he turned and aimed a blow, striking him on the chest and making him reel.

Hal's big brother had seen to it that he knew how to use his fists; he now squared off, prepared to receive the second of his assailants. But in coal camps matters are not settled in that primitive way, it appeared. The man halted, and the muzzle of a revolver came suddenly under Hal's nose. "Stick 'em up!" said the man.

This was a slang which Hal had never heard, but the meaning was inescapable; he "stuck 'em up." At the same moment his first assailant rushed at him, and dealt him a blow over the eye which sent him sprawling backward upon the stones.

2

When Hal came to himself again he was in darkness, and was conscious of agony from head to toe. He was lying on a stone floor, and he rolled over, but soon rolled back again, because there was no part of his back which was not sore. Later on, when he was able to study himself, he counted over a score of marks of the heavy boots of his assailants.

He lay for an hour or two, making up his mind that he was in a lockup, because he could see the starlight through iron bars. He could hear somebody snoring, and he called half a dozen times, in

[2] In Greek mythology, Cerberus, often called the "hound of Hades," is the monstrous multi-headed dog that guards the gates of the Underworld to prevent the dead from leaving.

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a louder and louder voice, until at last, hearing a growl, he inquired, "Can you give me a drink of water?"

"I'll give you hell if you wake me up again," said the voice; after which Hal lay in silence until morning.

A couple of hours after daylight, a man entered his cell. "Get up," said he, and added a prod with his foot. Hal had thought he could not do it, but he got up.

"No funny business now," said his jailer, and grasping him by the sleeve of his coat, marched him out of the cell and down a little corridor into a sort of office, where sat a red-faced personage with a silver shield upon the lapel of his coat. Hal's two assailants of the night before stood nearby.

"Well, kid?" said the personage in the chair. "Had a little time to think it over?"

"Yes," said Hal, briefly.

"What's the charge?" inquired the personage, of the two watchmen.

"Trespassing and resisting arrest."

"How much money you got, young fellow?" was, the next question.

Hal hesitated.

"Speak up there!" said the man.

"Two dollars and sixty-seven cents," said Hal—"as well as I can remember."

"Go on!" said the other. "What you givin' us?" And then, to the two watchmen, "Search him."

"Take off your coat and pants," said Bill, promptly, "and your boots."

"Oh, I say!" protested Hal.

"Take 'em off!" said the man, and clenched his fists. Hal took 'em off, and they proceeded to go through the pockets, producing a purse with the amount stated, also a cheap watch, a strong pocket knife, the toothbrush, comb and mirror, and two white handkerchiefs, which they looked at contemptuously and tossed to the spittle-drenched floor.

They unrolled the pack, and threw the clean clothing about.

Then, opening the pocketknife, they proceeded to pry about the soles and heels of the boots, and to cut open the lining of the clothing. So they found the ten dollars in the belt, which they tossed onto the table with the other belongings. Then the personage with the shield announced, "I fine you twelve dollars and sixty-seven cents, and your watch and knife." He added, with a grin, "You can keep your snotrags."

"Now see here!" said Hal, angrily. "This is pretty raw!"

"You get your duds on, young fellow, and get out of here as quick as you can, or you'll go in your shirttail."

But Hal was angry enough to have been willing to go in his skin. "You tell me who you are, and your authority for this procedure?"

"I'm marshal of the camp," said the man.

"You mean you're an employee of the General Fuel Company? And you propose to rob me—"

"Put him out, Bill," said the marshal. And Hal saw Bill's fists clench.

"All right," he said, swallowing his indignation. "Wait till I get my clothes on." And he proceeded to dress as quickly as possible; he rolled up his blanket and spare clothing, and started for the door.

"Remember," said the marshal, "straight down the canyon with you, and if you show your face round here again, you'll get a bullet through you."

So Hal went out into the sunshine, with a guard on each side of him as an escort. He was on the same mountain road, but in the midst of the company village. In the distance he saw the great building of the breaker, and heard the incessant roar of machinery and falling coal. He marched past a double lane of company houses and shanties, where slattern women in doorways and dirty children digging in the dust of the roadside paused and grinned at him—for he limped as he walked, and it was evident enough what had happened to him.

Hal had come with love and curiosity. The love was greatly diminished—evidently this was not the force which kept the wheels of industry a-roll. But the curiosity was greater than ever. What was there so carefully hidden inside this coal camp stockade?

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Hal turned and looked at Bill, who had showed signs of humor the day before. "See here," said he, "you fellows have got my money, and you've blacked my eye and kicked me blue, so you ought to be satisfied. Before I go, tell me about it, won't you?"

"Tell you what?" growled Bill.

"Why did I get this?"

"Because you're too gay, kid. Didn't you know you had no business trying to sneak in here?"

"Yes," said Hal; "but that's not what I mean. Why didn't you let me in at first?"

"If you wanted a job in a mine," demanded the man, "why didn't you go at it in the regular way?"

"I didn't know the regular way."

"That's just it. And we wasn't takin' chances with you. You didn't look straight."

"But what did you think I was? What are you afraid of?"

"Go on!" said the man. "You can't work me!"

Hal walked a few steps in silence, pondering how to break through. "I see you're suspicious of me," he said. "I'll tell you the truth, if you'll let me." Then, as the other did not forbid him, "I'm a college boy, and I wanted to see life and shift for myself a while. I thought it would be a lark to come here."

"Well," said Bill, "this ain't no football field. It's a coal mine."

Hal saw that his story had been accepted. "Tell me straight," he said, "what did you think I was?"

"Well, I don't mind telling," growled Bill. "There's union agitators trying to organize these here camps, and we ain't taking no chances with 'em. This company gets its men through agencies, and if you'd went and satisfied them, you'd 'a been passed in the regular way. Or if you'd went to the office down in Pedro and got a pass, you'd 'a been all right. But when a guy turns up at the gate, and looks like a dude and talks like a college perfessor, he don't get by, see?"

"I see," said Hal. And then, "If you'll give me the price of a breakfast out of my money, I'll be obliged."

"Breakfast is over," said Bill. "You sit round till the pinyons gets ripe." He laughed; but then, mellowed by his own joke, he took a

quarter from his pocket and passed it to Hal. He opened the padlock on the gate and saw him out with a grin; and so ended Hal's first turn on the wheels of industry.

3 Hal Warner started to drag himself down the road, but was unable to make it. He got as far as a brooklet that came down the mountainside, from which he might drink without fear of typhoid; there he lay the whole day, fasting. Toward evening a thunderstorm came up, and he crawled under the shelter of a rock, which was no shelter at all. His single blanket was soon soaked through, and he passed a night almost as miserable as the previous one. He could not sleep, but he could think, and he thought about what had happened to him. "Bill" had said that a coal mine was not a football field, but it seemed to Hal that the net impress of the two was very much the same. He congratulated himself that his profession was not that of a union organizer.

At dawn he dragged himself up, and continued his journey, weak from cold and unaccustomed lack of food. In the course of the day he reached a power station near the foot of the canyon. He did not have the price of a meal, and was afraid to beg; but in one of the group of buildings by the roadside was a store, and he entered and inquired concerning prunes, which were twenty-five cents a pound. The price was high, but so was the altitude, and as Hal found in the course of time, they explained the one by the other—not explaining, however, why the altitude of the price was always greater than the altitude of the store. Over the counter he saw a sign: "We buy scrip at ten per cent discount." He had heard rumors of a state law forbidding payment of wages in "scrip"; but he asked no questions, and carried off his very light pound of prunes, and sat down by the roadside and munched them.

Just beyond the powerhouse, down on the railroad track, stood a little cabin with a garden behind it. He made his way there, and found a one-legged old watchman. He asked permission to spend the night on the floor of the cabin; and seeing the old fellow look

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at his black eye, he explained, "I tried to get a job at the mine, and they thought I was a union organizer."

"Well," said the man, "I don't want no union organizers round here."

"But I'm not one," pleaded Hal.

"How do I know what you are? Maybe you're a company spy."

"All I want is a dry place to sleep," said Hal. "Surely it won't be any harm for you to give me that."

"I'm not so sure," the other answered. "However, you can spread your blanket in the corner. But don't you talk no union business to me."

Hal had no desire to talk. He rolled himself in his blanket and slept like a man untroubled by either love or curiosity. In the morning the old fellow gave him a slice of corn bread and some young onions out of his garden, which had a more delicious taste than any breakfast that had ever been served him. When Hal thanked his host in parting, the latter remarked: "All right, young fellow, there's one thing you can do to pay me, and that is, say nothing about it. When a man has gray hair on his head and only one leg, he might as well be drowned in the creek as lose his job."

Hal promised, and went his way. His bruises pained him less, and he was able to walk. There were ranch houses in sight—it was like coming back suddenly to America!

4

Hal had now before him a week's adventures as a hobo: a genuine hobo, with no ten dollar bill inside his belt to take the reality out of his experiences. He took stock of his worldly goods and wondered if he still looked like a dude. He recalled that he had a smile which had fascinated the ladies; would it work in combination with a black eye? Having no other means of support, he tried it on susceptible looking housewives, and found it so successful that he was tempted to doubt the wisdom of honest labor. He sang the Harrigan song no more, but instead the words of a hobo song he had once heard:

"Oh, what's the use of workin' when there's women in the land?"