

burning honey permeated the air. And outside the fire circle an incessant procession of beribboned horses on which riders performed with swords and knives and jumped through circles of fire.

In the midst of all the joy a lone bent figure appeared suddenly near Ishmael, who was engaged in conversation with the Hogeia.

It was Echmet Kondir. All voices were silenced. The procession stopped still. The drums ceased beating. The Tartar bowed low before the man of God, then he sat down near Ishmael. He talked earnestly for a few minutes, but, as Ishmael shook his head negatively, he implored with head low and arms raised above his head. The Hogeia interrupted the conversation. Ishmael listened respectfully to the end, still he shook his head negatively and repeated one word to all entreaties, "*Jock, Jock, Jock*—No, no, no!" Teptath, holding Pasha's bridle strap, was standing close

by me while the conversation was going on. The three men rose to their feet. Echmet accompanied by Ishmael was leaving the circle. He had aged years in the few days. A great sorrow had gnawed and consumed him. He stopped and looked longingly at the horse. Then his moist eyes turned pleadingly to the eyes of Ishmael who was himself in tears.

For a long time the two men looked at each other without saying a word. Then, Ishmael approached his horse. Fondling it, he covered its eyes with the shawl that hung on his left arm. A flash, a muffled detonation, and Pasha crumbled dead to the ground.

And while the two men wept with their arms wound around the dead horse's neck, Teptath was crying in the arms of Abdul, "Have pity on me, father, for I love him so!"

And there was one more wedding that night.

## On the Hills

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

**T**O-DAY I walked on lion-colored hills  
 With only cypresses for company  
 Until the sunset caught me, turned the brush  
 To copper, set the clouds  
 To one great roof of flame above the earth  
 So that I walked through fire  
 Beneath fire  
 And all in beauty.  
 Being alone  
 I could not be alone, but felt  
 Closer than flesh the presence of those  
 Who once had burned in such transfigurations.  
 My happiness ran through the centuries  
 And linked itself to other happiness  
 In one continual brightness.  
 Looking down  
 I saw the earth beneath me like a rose  
 Petalled with mountains  
 Fragrant with deep peace.

# With the I. W. W. in the Wheat Lands

BY D. D. LESCOHIER

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THE turtle was unlucky. Throughout the early summer he had sunned himself in peace at the bend in the river. But now the harvest hoboes had come. A straggling "stiff" transferred him from the river side to the "jungle stew." The old wash boiler was filled with steaming carrots, onions, corn, and potatoes (involuntarily contributed by neighboring farmers), thirty cents' worth of beef, and the turtle.

Meanwhile, seventy-five hoboes, members of the Industrial Workers of the World, lounged about the jungle waiting for their suppers. A half dozen were playing cards. Several went to the river to wash clothes. Others smoked and talked. Some sat quietly looking at the river where bending branches were reflected in the golden water lights of a perfect August evening. And through the grove at the back of the jungle, and into the open space where the "wobblies" were scattered, came two young strangers who asked for the delegate in charge of the camp. A messenger was sent up the track after him. He had gone to meet a freight coming into Valley City and welcome its "passengers" to the jungle.

The strangers were two of the writer's assistants in a study of harvest labor conditions in the Big Wheat Belt. Starting at Fort Worth, Texas, we swung northward during June and July across the wheat fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota, and in early August were working in North Dakota and the Red River Valley of Minnesota. We were gathering data on labor conditions in the wheat harvest for the United States Department of Agriculture.

Throughout the wheat area, and during both seasons that the field party had been at work, the I. W. W.'s had been constantly mentioned as a menace, real or potential, to the successful completion of the harvest. The farmers, the federal, state, and country agricultural and employment officials, business men, and trainmen interviewed, regarded them as dangerous or merely irritating—wolves or cooties—according to their own temperaments and individual experiences. But the hostility of the great majority of the population of the wheat belt to the organization was beyond question. The favor or at least tolerance with which trade unions are viewed in most sections of the country was missing in the attitude of the wheat farmers and wheat towns toward the I. W. W.'s. A North Dakota county attorney who declared that he was in favor of "an open season on I. W. W.'s from June until October" expressed the sentiments of a good many people of his own and neighboring states.

Why has this bitter hostility grown, up toward an organization which claims to be "only a labor union" and which considers its teachings "a gospel of hope to the poor"? Endeavoring to answer this question, the writer and his assistants made a careful study of the organization's activities especially in the Dakotas. Members of the staff visited the headquarters of the I. W. W.'s at Fargo, talked with them on the streets and round the railroad yards of many towns, ate with them in their jungles, rode with them on freights, and finally were arrested as organizers in company with an I. W. W. delegate at Jamestown, North Dakota.