



It Was Ghosts

Ha! What is that collection of weather-beaten warehouses off in the distance? And, is not that a man ringing a gong in front of the largest shanty? Surely we are not approaching the worldly mansions of Labor, the residences of the proletariat? It cannot be—and surely, that gong is not a super bell?

Why are we going in that particular direction, and why are our feet dragging as if some invisible shackle was weighing them down? Is it possible that we do not desire to arrive there too soon?

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"What made the rest turn back?"

"Were they frightened by something?"

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Darkness is upon us but we can distinguish ten or twelve buildings and, as I live, two of them are tents. We hold a consultation in muffled tones as if loathe to disturb the gloomy sancity of the ill-smelling "square." "I wonder what the Hell have we struck here," comes a question from one of the boys who appeared to have knowledge in such things. "It beats me," volunteers another. "What are we going to do, go back or stay?" "Take a look at 'er, anyway," somebody suggests.

In this solemn moment, under a frowning sky we approach the forbidding and forlorn hovel; hesitatingly expectant, half fearful, as to what terrible retribution may there await our discovery. A ghostly gleam, pale and yellow, stabs us in the eye. Ghosts! The darn thing may be haunted? Look! There it is again—in the window.

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A fellow worker, braver than the rest, creeps to the window and looks in. "My God, fellows, there are human beings in there! 'Tis a camp," he whispered, voice husky with emotion. "'Tis the place we were shipped to."

Haunted? Yes—by Labor.

Tell me how long.

Ghosts? Shadows of Men!—(T-Bone Slim).