

A MILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL!--PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION REFUSES TO FIGHT FOR PUBLIC INTEREST

Mr. Ryan Wins as Usual--Scheme Is to Let Subway Advertising Privilege Die in Court.

Commission Council, Public Service Commission and Judiciary Are All Willing to Permit This Enormously Valuable Contract to Go By Default--The Call Spills Scheme.

(This story, was refused by the New York American.)

"There was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for that purpose, that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid--for instance, if my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to take my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right. . . . Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, he under two disadvantages; first, my lawyer being practiced almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice. . . . The second disadvantage is that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be rebuffed by the judges, and abandoned by his brethren as one who could know the practice of law. . . . These judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous rogues, who are grown old and lazy; and having seen biased all their lives against truth and equity, he under great necessity of favoring fraud, perjury, and oppression."

DEAN SWIFT.
(A Vengeance to the Hounyhnnims.)

The people of New York have been misled by the Interborough Rapid Transit Co. (leasee for the Subway) in a matter in which the physical and moral well-being of the city is concerned; and it was done through the negligence of public officials, sustained by the judiciary.

When the city spent about forty millions to build the Subway and then turned it over to August Belmont, allowing him to reap the profit, it was specified that the artistic beauty of the stations should be maintained. The city had spent a fortune for tiles, mosaic and decorations and it wanted to make sure that no one would be permitted to deface the walls. The contract covers this condition.

THE STATIONS MUST BE FINISHED IN A DECORATIVE AND SUBSTANTIVE MANNER, SUCH AS IS CONSISTENT WITH AND SUITABLE TO BUILDINGS OF SUCH CHARACTER. THE GENERAL EFFECT IS TO BE LIGHT, AVOIDING ANY GLOOMY SUGGESTION, AND TO PRODUCE SUCH AN APPEARANCE AS TO GIVE THE COLOR OF THE EXAMINED BRICK OR TILES SHALL BE WHITE OR APPROACHING WHITE, EXCEPT AS BRICKS OR TILES OF OTHER COLOR ARE INTRODUCED FOR ARCHITECTURAL EFFECT. THE CEILINGS ARE TO BE DECORATED IN A SUBSTANTIVE AND ATTRACTIVE MANNER, AND TINTED A LIGHT COLOR.

No sooner did the Interborough get a hold of the Subway than hideous signs and other posters made their appearance of what should be "decorative and substantive" walls. The Municipal League, with Calvin Tompkins and John De Witt Warner at the head of it, took up the general cry of the people against this infamous vandalism and the Corporation Council took action. He advised James F. Ahern, President of the Borough of Manhattan, who, under section 282 of the charter of New York, has cognizance and control of the removal of encumbrances, to immediately give notice to I. R. T. to at once remove from the subway stations these various advertising signs and other encumbrances in the form of cigar-stands, flower-stands, newspaper and book-stands, slot machines, etc. In giving this order the Corporation Council cited the entire contract which also provides that "all details of the station must be so arranged as to FACILITATE CLEANLINESS AND TO PERMIT, IF DESIRED, A THOROUGH WASHING OF ALL PARTS OF THE STATIONS AND APPROACHES BY MEANS OF A HOSE."

The requirement I have quoted from the agreement," said Mr. De Witt Warner, the Corporation Council, "as to the washing and flushing of each and every part of the station shows to my mind that there was an earnest desire to make the stations clean and beautiful as well as ornamental, and to provide every means to consider the health of the travelling public by preventing in this manner THE ACCUMULATION OF DUST OR

(Continued on page 2.)

FIREBUG CAPTURED

Smell of Kerosene Caught in Blazing Building.

Smelling strongly of kerosene, coming out of a tenement at No. 221 East 114th street, in which five separate fires had just been started, Beniamino Couino, forty years old, a laborer of No. 207 East 107th street, fought desperately with Jacob Greenstein at one o'clock this morning, finally escaping after biting his thumb to the bone. The Italian was captured by Detective Hartmyer, of the East 104th street station, after a hard battle.

The tenement at No. 221 East 114th street is a double deck five-story house occupied by twenty-five families. Passing the hallway door, Greenstein, who keeps a delicatessen store in the neighborhood, noticed a light at the back of the ground floor hall. He entered by the front door, which is kept open, and ran into the Italian, who tried to rush past him.

A struggle ensued during which the Italian got Greenstein's thumb in his mouth and bit it to the bone. Released, he fled to the street just in time to run into the arms of Detective Hartmyer, who sized up the situation and rapped the Italian over the head with his billy and brought him to his knees.

About this time Edward F. Anderson, an employee of the Dock Department, who lives at No. 228 East 114th street, came on a run across the street and helped the detective get his prisoner to the station. Anderson, sitting at his window on the third floor, had seen a light in one of the third story flats of No. 221, and turned in an alarm. He was returning at the time the Italian was caught.

In the hallway of the second floor a similar fire was found. On the third floor, in a flat occupied by a relative of the owner of the house, three fires were discovered. One was in an air-shaft window, another in a bedroom and a third in the front room. These fires had been extinguished by the family across the hall, however, before the arrival of the fire chief. The family who occupied the flat were said to be celebrating the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. All the fires had been started with shavings saturated with oil.

At the East 104th street station the prisoner, Couino, said he had been celebrating the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and had soiled his clothes. He had gone into the hallway to clean his clothing with the contents of a bottle found in his pocket. The bottle contained a mixture of benzine and kerosene.

He was locked up and police were detailed to watch for the occupants of the flat in which the fires were discovered burning.

Many Suspicious Fires in the Neighborhood.

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was celebrated with fireworks and parades by the Italians of the upper East Side until a late hour last night. During the celebration most of the tenants of the district were upon the street. Three suspicious fires were started during the celebration. The first was at No. 329 East 114th street, the second at No. 340 East 115th street, and the third at No. 224 East 109th street.

Suspicious Fire on Lower East Side. Passing the front of No. 49 Fifth street about three o'clock this morning, Patrolman Dawson, of the Madison street station, noticed a light in the basement. Investigating, he found the back part of the cellar to be filled with painters' supplies. In the midst of the paint cans a blaze had been started. He turned in an alarm and then hurried back to the fire, where he removed the cans of inflammables and allowed the blaze to burn until the Fire Marshal arrived.

It was found to have been of incendiary origin. On June 20, a similar fire had started in the same cellar.

The storing of painters' supplies in a cellar under a tenement is a direct violation of the law. Captain Schlotman has assigned detectives to get the owner of the supplies, who could not be found up to a late hour this morning.



DE PROFUNDIS. JULY, 1908.

Out of the swarming, sun-baked lives,
With the wall of our sickly babes,
Doth our weary voices rise;
Hushed, confused by the city's roar,
And the curious smirk and leer
Of Greed's luxurious band--
See at the filthy airshaft holes
The pallid faces gleam, and gasp for air;
Lung-wrecked, flesh pinched, lank, loose wights,
The freighted herd of the flat house den,
From cellar to roof we are circled round
With the wanton lust of a master's gain,
Who mints our sweat for the fattened hoard.

Oh! Faith that stirs e'en anrunken breasts,
And martyrs cheered to the funeral pyre,
Strengthen our cries to a mighty roar
That will touch the skies or pierce the earth.
To reach the God we were taught to praise,
Or rouse a Devil's jealous wrath
Whom our selfish brothers plagiarize--
If without hope or mercy here,
We hide in pens from pampered Pride;
Then Death, Oblivion, any curse
But the knell of an infant's stifling moan
And ghastly Want that stalks and stares
Where stifled Hope lies dead.

JOSEPH FITZPATRICK.

AMERICAN FLEET REACHES HONOLULU

HONOLULU, July 17.--The leper settlement on the island of Molokai sighted the Atlantic battleship fleet yesterday. The fleet was proceeding at 10 knots speed in line of squadron. The Nebraska had joined the fleet, as there were sixteen vessels in line.

The sky was overcast as thousands began to gather on the mountains around Honolulu at an early hour this morning. Although the fleet was not expected before noon, business was practically suspended from dawn and natives and whites in gala dress proceeded to make a holiday in honor of the event.

As the vessels neared Diamond Head the thousands who lined the shore set up a great shout and waved flags and wreaths of flowers.

It was 12:30 when the ships steamed slowly into the harbor and dropped anchor. The sight was one never to be forgotten. Around the big battleships as they came up the channel clustered scores of Japanese fishing boats, which fired a cloud of daylight fireworks of new and curious designs.

CONVENTION IN SESSION

DENVER, Col., July 17.--In reading their annual reports before the convention of the Western Federation of Miners, now in session in this city, President Charles H. Moyer and Financial Secretary Ernest Mills stated that although the membership had fallen off about 5,000 during the past year, the financial condition was very good, and that there was little doubt that the membership would rapidly increase now that the attention and time of the organization would no longer be taken up by the necessity of defending its members from the attacks to which they have been subjected for the past few years and from which seem to have terminated with the acquittal of Steve Adams yesterday.

If all the miners now in arrears with their dues were to pay up there would be an increase instead of a diminution in numbers to be shown.

The strikers for the eight-hour day now in progress in Alaska were promised every aid and it is said that they

PRINCE ZU EULENBERG DYING A PRISONER

BERLIN, July 17.--Prince Philip zu Eulenberg is said to be dying in the Charity Hospital, where he has been confined under police surveillance since his arrest in May last.

His condition is so serious that his trial was this morning adjourned sine die, and apparently the authorities are satisfied that it will not be reopened.

The Prince has been suffering from multiple neuritis and anaemia for several months. For several days past his condition has been such that the sessions of the court have been held in the consultation room of the hospital, the examination of the Prince being conducted at his bedside.

will be continued until their object is attained. Tom Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, attended the convention yesterday as a fraternal delegate of the coal miners, and in a speech before the assembled members of the W. F. of M. said that he hoped to see the two great miners' unions soon united in an organization that would be able to fight effectively for the interests of its members in the economic field. Lewis was cheered to the echo when he said that he intended to keep up the battle for the working class until every worker should receive the full product of his labor and not one iota less.

BURGLAR GORMLEY PICKS OUT HIS SENTENCE

GOMPERS ROASTED

Detroit Local to Investigate that Bryan Pledge.

Special to The Call.

DETROIT, July 17.--Hotly indignant at the presumption of Gompers in pledging the American Federation of Labor to the support of the Democratic party, the local here passed resolutions on Wednesday night requesting the national officers to inform them upon what authorization Gompers assumed the right to pledge the organization to the support of Bryan or any one else.

The resolution was the retort of the local to the attempt on the part of Organizer Samuel Price of New York to secure the support of the Detroit local to Gompers' pledge.

Price was on his way east from the Denver convention and stopped off to make an address before the local organization.

As he concluded, Henry Kummerfeldt, Jr., sprang to his feet.

"I protest against this attempt to tie up the labor movement to the Democratic party that is being made by the officials of the American Federation of Labor," he shouted.

A delegate from the Barbers' Union seconded the protest. Other delegates followed. The meeting broke into a general and unorganized protest against the actions of Gompers and the national officials.

At the conclusion of the discussion the delegates adopted a resolution demanding an explanation of the Gompers program and the authority that had sanctioned the program.

NEW YORK UNIONISTS ECHO SENTIMENTS.

The same sentiments prevail in the New York unions, whose members are inclined to resent the action of President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor in pledging support to Bryan.

The officers of some of the unions said that Gompers could not talk for them. Secretary Hourigan of the New York branch of the International Association of Machinists said:

"My organization is affiliated with the A. F. of L. but that does not give Gompers the right to promise the support of my union for Bryan. I would like to know just what he means by stating as president of the A. F. of L. that he will support Bryan. He cannot call on the unions to support any political party, and as to influencing them by argument the voters know how they are going to vote and can think for themselves."

Julius D. Davis, a member and former officer of the United Garment Workers, who has been in touch with the workers throughout the country, predicted that Bryan would be defeated.

"The same arguments that appealed to the workmen against Bryan when he ran the first and second times will appeal to them this time," he said.

"He is still the same Bryan--and a great deal of the talk of union men against Taft, in fact most of it is half-hearted. There is no real argument to appeal to them against Taft, but there is the very solid fear of the setting back of matters when the tide of prosperity is beginning to flow again. If a radical like Bryan is elected, Technically Taft is persona non grata with the unions because a long time ago during his judicial career he rendered decisions against unions. I don't believe one out of twenty knows of cares now what these decisions were."

SPY SYSTEM EXPOSE STIRS UNIONISTS

The Call's expose of a gigantic spy system employed among labor unions by the Manufacturers' Association is causing tremendous interest in labor circles everywhere. Union men have been stirred up by the publication of the confidential letters exchanged between the hirelings of capital and their masters, as they were never before. In many unions, the facts contained in The Call's story is the dominant subject, and efforts are made there to stamp out the vermin who carry the endorsement of David M. Parry.

Several journals of international unions and central bodies are running The Call's story serially. Among them are the Bakers' Journal, Amalgamated Journal, Toledo Union Leader, and Michigan Union Advocate. The expose has received editorial comments from nearly a score of labor journals; some of them have been printed in these columns.

With \$100,000 Loot Will Be Out in Three Years.

Percy Nagle's Criminal Lieutenant Is Accorded Every Courtesy--Is Kindly Treated In Tombs and Will Be Gently Handled at Sing Sing--Such Is the Strength of "Pull."

Burglar Gormley picked out a sentence of four years and five months for Judge Foster, loyal Tammany judge, to hand him yesterday, and smiled as the farce sentence was imposed upon him with a faint-hearted protest from the dignity of the supreme law of the State.

The throng of low-brows crowding the court room nudged one another and grinned as the judge protested, and whispered: "All to the good! That means three years, a couple of months and twenty odd days. Nuttin' to it!"

With all the modest dignity of a presidential candidate, backed by the powers, Gormley strode proudly back to the special cell in the Tombs in which he has been confined and received there the congratulations of his friends upon his ability to defy the laws of the State of New York which would have conferred upon any not afflicted with Tammany a life sentence as a habitual criminal.

He knows that his title of rank as criminal lieutenant of Percy Nagle outranks that of the keeper of Sing Sing, and that the keeper and his subordinates will be his personal servants while he remains their guest.

It is not to be supposed that he will be confined for even the period of three years and two months and two days, for the usual practice is to release him in three months.

Will New York surreptitiously of course understand that you have had as long as he is there when the time comes around for his formal release, the bluff will hold in the eyes of the public and that's all that's required of him.

Besides Percy Nagle will need his services within the next three years, and so loyal a servant of Tammany will not be denied.

The humper of the Gormley sentence can only be appreciated in its grim satire upon the law of the State when it is remembered that only a short while ago a valet of Mortimer Schiff, who pleaded guilty to the theft of a diamond valued at \$125, and to an assault upon Banker Schiff, the valet being a man whose sanity was questionable, was sentenced by this same court in General Sessions to Sing Sing for twenty-five years.

This sentence is virtually a life sentence, although the victim was not a habitual criminal and had previously borne a good reputation.

A comparison of the sentences places a habitual criminal who acts as the agent in the dirty work of a Tammany district leader upon a par with a leader in the baking circles of the plutocratic society of the city, judging from their ability to sway the Judiciary of the State until his members dance Boleyn-like at the command of the Gods of Things As They Are.

Said Judge Foster, after he had obeyed orders:

"If the law were enforced in all its strictness, I would have to send you to jail for the rest of your natural life. And the newspapers, the loyal defenders of the people who read and support them, devoted about one inch of space to this flagrant outrage of the law. Had it been a Socialist meeting broken up under orders from Tammany a column would have been spared, devoted to arraigning the speakers as disturbers of the law and order of the land."

Content him forthwith!

That was when Gormley smiled. And the newspapers, the loyal defenders of the people who read and support them, devoted about one inch of space to this flagrant outrage of the law. Had it been a Socialist meeting broken up under orders from Tammany a column would have been spared, devoted to arraigning the speakers as disturbers of the law and order of the land.

MORE INDICTMENTS FOR ELECTION OFFICERS.

Thirteen more indictments were handed in by the Hudson County Grand Jury last night against organization Republican officers in charge of the recent primaries in Jersey City and Hoboken. The indictments were found on the charges of New Idea Republicans that the ballot boxes were stuffed.

PREPARING FOR ELECTIONS.

VERA CRUZ, Mexico, July 17.--As the result of an agitation carried on by many prominent political personages of this city, petitions demanding the nomination by the Liberal party of General Bernardo Reyes, Governor of Nuevo Leon, for president of the republic in the election of next year, are being circulated throughout the State of Vera Cruz, and already over 23,000 signatures have been gathered. This is taken as an indication that the people believe that President Diaz intends to withdraw from public life at the end of his present term.

LEGATE DE VEAUX

Exception to The Call's C. F. U. Report.

Had the committee been actuated by motives to show that they actually desired to accomplish the real purpose for which they were appointed, there was much good work they could have undertaken and carried through successfully.

I have up to this time proven every charge made by me against my accuser, Timothy Healy, with the sworn documents to prove my statements, I have submitted sworn affidavits from those whom Healy has quoted as making statements detrimental to my actions as a member of organized labor, these sworn affidavits prove Healy has made charges and has used the names of individuals without their authority and the statements accredited to them they absolutely deny and repudiate.

Your reporter in the issue of Monday, July 13, has my statements well mixed up, in fact the defense he credits me with is absolutely untrue in every particular. I did not say that I had evidence in my behalf from newspapers that I had lost. I did not use the statement that in my defense I quoted the fact that the newspapers had not written up the Murray Hill meeting. I did not say that because one chairman of the C. F. U. had turned over the vote of this union to the party that he belonged to. I had the right to do the same. The statements of Morris Brown and my replies to the same quoted, pervert the actual occurrence. If your reporter had a little more experience and knew the situation better he would know by this time that the entire situation is one with a desperate political game at the bottom of it.

I have no fear as to the ultimate result. I have never at any time compromised either myself or the movement in general, and I have not used my position in the movement for political trading purposes, and I am in a position to prove before I get through that the vicious charges made against me are absolutely untrue, and not alone shall I prove this but it will be my purpose to show to the labor world the real culprit who has been using and trading on the labor movement for years and this is the first time he has gotten a real showing up.

You are to understand that up to this time it has been my purpose to see how far my friends the committee would go, and I am indeed sorry that I have been compelled in self defense to make public the actions of some of those in the labor movement that cannot stand the light of publicity.

I would in plain justice to myself ask you to withhold criticism until I am through with my end of this controversy, and if you find that I am guilty of a breach of trust, that I have used my position in the labor movement to the detriment of the labor movement as a whole, or that I have acted other than honest, use your pen good and hard, do not spare me; but if proven innocent, give me what I am justly entitled to, plain justice and a square deal.

Respectfully yours,
HARRY DE VEAUX,
President Actors' Union.

DIVES IN SWIMMING POOL BREAKS HIS BACK.

"But the steamer has gone. Oh, these women!" exclaimed Cornu. He gave his wife \$60 and left court.

John Kelly, twenty-four years old, of 138 Crescent street, Astoria, broke his back while diving into seven feet of water in the Silver Spring swimming pool at North Beach yesterday afternoon. He was fished out by the life saver and taken to St. John's Hospital, Long Island City, where it is said he is likely to die.

SPECIAL CAMPAIGN OFFER.

Signs are multiplying that the Presidential campaign this year is going to be the most exciting in the history of the country. And Socialism is going to be the most widely discussed and warmly debated question of the campaign. What Socialism is and is not, who the Socialists are and what they are saying and doing, will engage public attention as never before.

THE EVENING CALL

Will be sent six days a week to any address outside of Greater New York

FIVE MONTHS FOR \$1.00.

This is the best campaign offer that could be made this year. It is an offer of which every wide-awake citizen should avail himself. Whether you are a Socialist, a union man, a Republican or Democrat, no matter to which class in society you belong, you will want to read THE EVENING CALL during the next five months. You will want to know about the Socialist campaign, so that you can discuss intelligently the burning question of the campaign.

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THE EVENING CALL,
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MILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL

(Continued from page 1.)

DIRT WHICH IN THE SUBWAY WOULD PROVE FAR MORE INJURIOUS THAN ON THE OPEN ROAD. The care with which the artistic beauty and embellishment of the stations was provided for in the contract and specifications, seems to me absolutely to preclude the idea that these walls were ever intended to be made supports for gaudy and offensive advertisements or that it was ever contemplated that the stations themselves should be used for the display of goods, wares and merchandise to the impairment of their efficiency and the lessening of their artistic beauty.

Subway Stations Still Made Ugly By Obnoxious Posters.

With all this the posters are still in the subway stations. Mr. Delaney wrote his opinion almost four years ago, and the Interborough Rapid Transit Company still pockets a million a year out of a revenue that is in violation of several clauses of the contract, and "here is a serious risk of danger to the traveling public in the interference of this custom with the sanitary provisions of the stations. To ascertain why nothing further was done in this matter and where the case stands, The Call began an inquiry.

Calvin Tomkins is in Europe. Mr. John DeWitt Warner, of 60 Wall street, was seen.

"The matter," he said, "is still on the calendar, and Nelson Spencer, Attorney for Municipal Art League, has charge of the case. Judge Bischoff issued an injunction, checking whatever progress could be made in the attempt to remove the advertising signs. THE CONTRACT NEVER AUTHORIZED THE LETTING OF ADVERTISING SPACE, AND I CONSIDER THE LIBERTY THAT THE INTERBOROUGH RAPID TRANSIT CO. IS TAKING AN IMPOSITION THAT WILL ULTIMATELY RESULT IN A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT."

"Do you think that the Corporation Counsel is doing his best to fight the case?" Mr. Warner was asked.

"I don't want to make any statement," he said, "but I will say this: If the city officials were as anxious to have signs removed as the Interborough is anxious to have them in they would have been removed long ago."

Mr. Nelson Spencer, of 27 William street, was seen in regard to this matter and he said that the case was taken out of his hands by the Corporation Counsel, who has the authority to present it.

"We have no standing before the law to present city matters, and so we had to turn the case over to them."

"Was anything done?" he was asked.

"The case is still on the calendar, and it looks as if the matter were dropped. The people stand no chance of winning the case."

Mr. Spencer cited Justice McCall's opinion in the trial of the Board of Rapid Transit vs. the Interborough to have slot-machines removed. The decision, 153 Miscellaneous Reports, page 156, reads: "Decision grants the right to lessee to maintain slot machines upon the ground that use and maintenance of said machines is universal and constant in operation of a railroad company."

"What does that mean?" asked the reporter. What has custom of other railroads to do with the provisions made in the contract?

Mr. Spencer is not a large man and has a bright twinkle in his eye. "That is what I would like to know," he said.

Public Service Commissioner Sure the Decision Will Be Against City.

Le Roy T. Harkness, of the Public Service Commission, said when interviewed by The Call reporter that he had his hands full fighting the Interborough and in MOST OF THE CASES THE JUSTICES DECIDE AGAINST THE PEOPLE. "Here," he said, "we have discovered that the Interborough Rapid Transit Company used the ducts of the Subway stations to supply power to the City Interborough, a street car railway owned by the same concern. Now we refuse to supply power to a railway system and we were, enjoined by Justice Fitzgerald, of Special Term. We carried it to the Appellate Division, and it was decided against us by 2 to 1. The case will come up before the Court of Appeals next October."

Speaking of the advertising case Mr. Harkness pointed to the clause that makes it in his opinion "UNADVISABLE TO PURSUE THE CASE."

It reads: "The contractor should not permit advertisements in the stations or cars which shall interfere with easy identification of stations or otherwise with efficient operation."

"Is this all that the company has to depend on?" Mr. Harkness was asked.

"This is all."

It was suggested that it should be a simple matter for the city officials to prove that the contract does not call for "identification," but for EASY IDENTIFICATION OF THE STATIONS.

The names of the stations are lost in an ugly assortment of profuse legends announcing the virtues of Hungary's mineral waters (made in Delancey street), McGinnis's Rubber Heels and Dr. Soakem's constipation pellets. Often one manages through a slit of crowded humanity, to get a glimpse of a letter in the effort to identify one's vicinity, only to get a fleeting glimpse of a pictured victim in an agony of pain because of neglect to apply "Potato Oil," etc., to her back.

Certainly it takes no sage to tell that the advertising signs do interfere with easy identification of stations. In fact it makes, in many instances, identification impossible.

And yet this clause has frightened the Service Commission into inactivity. With all the other clauses of the contract in his favor, he nevertheless permits the Interborough to pocket a million a year of a privilege that is an imposition on the people.

The contract demands that the walls shall be kept clean, "and in an attractive and decorative manner," it declares that "it facilitates cleaning

WILLIS IS REFEREE IN DROEGE CASE

William H. Willis of No. 89 Wall street, who has been a referee in many important cases, including that which resulted in the removal of Herman Bolte from the Municipal Court bench, was appointed yesterday to hear the supplementary charges of the Bar Association against City Magistrate Otto H. Droege. The Appellate Court ordered the referee to report when it reconvenes on the first Monday in October. Droege was given until August 5 in which to file his answer to the charges, which are based on the findings of the Commissioners of Accounts.

The report of the Commissioners verifies the disclosures of irregularities in the records of the Night Court, and demolishes the defenses Droege interposed to the original charges.

The hearing before the referee doubtless will bring into evidence much testimony given before the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association, but never published on account of the private nature of the proceedings and the omission of a large part of the evidence when the case was heard by the Appellate Division on the limited pleadings.

Cross-examination by the Appellate Justices brought out only part of the payment of fees to former associates of Droege by the prisoners who were sent to the workhouse by him one day and released the next, after payment of \$50 to \$150 to some "attester" who took the money to the law office where Droege made his headquarters. The sixteen specifications in the supplemental charges made the area of the coming investigation broad enough to include practically everything exposed concerning justice in the "poor man's court."

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

VERA CRUZ, Mexico, July 17.—After imprisonment of about ten months the free lance journalist, Eugenio Mendez, has been released from the fortress of San Juan de Uloa. Mendez was accused of being implicated in an attempted uprising that took place near Acayucan over a year ago, but as no evidence has been found against him, he has at last been set at liberty.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Dressmaker, neat, 16, wants position as apprentice; understands designing, cutting and fitting. Address Veronica Lesko, care The Call.

FURNISHED ROOM TO LET.

Nice, airy front room, bath and all conveniences, to respectable workman, by widow. 1720 Second avenue, second floor front, room 7.

HAVANA SOCIALISTS FORM A PACT

Correspondence to The Call.

HAVANA, Cuba, July 17.—In the hope of being able to defeat the municipal candidates of the reactionary so-called "Liberal" party in the coming elections, the Socialist party and the Popular party have formed a temporary electoral agreement, and while preserving their independent organizations will vote for the same candidates for Mayor and Aldermen of this city.

This action of the Socialist party is severely criticized by a number of labor leaders, among them several prominent anarchists, and in justification of its conduct the party has just issued a statement in which, after citing the decisions of the International Socialist Congresses which leave to each national party the choice of electoral tactics that do not involve fusion or abandonment of Socialist principles, the following explanation is given:

At the time for making nominations for the approaching elections, a large number of workmen who were members of the Liberal party agitated for the candidacy of Dr. J. R. O'Farrell for Mayor, as O'Farrell, who had formerly occupied the same office, had always distinguished himself by his fair treatment of the laboring class, but the party boss, Alfredo Zayas, forced the convention to reject O'Farrell's candidacy and a reactionary was nominated. This action so disgusted the majority of the working class members of the Liberal party that they bolted and organized the Popular party, nominating Dr. O'Farrell for Mayor, and twenty-seven candidates for aldermen, among whom are thirty workmen, two of them members of the Socialist party. Then the Popular party asked the Socialist party to unite with it in support of this list.

The request was acceded to after a lively debate in a general meeting of Local Havana of the Socialist party of Cuba, the advocates of the pact asserting that no fusion was implied by this temporary arrangement and that by this means it would be possible to inoculate the workmen of the Popular party with the germs of real working class action, and at the same time overthrow the boss-ridden Liberal party. The election promises to be an exciting one, as the campaign is being waged with great enthusiasm on both sides.

THE CONTRACT NEVER AUTHORIZED THE LETTING OF ADVERTISING SPACE, AND I CONSIDER THE LIBERTY THAT THE INTERBOROUGH RAPID TRANSIT CO. IS TAKING AN IMPOSITION THAT WILL ULTIMATELY RESULT IN A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

and permits the washing of all parts of the station by means of a hose." The contract demands "that the lessee operate the railroad carefully and skillfully according to the highest known standards of railway operation," the contract demands "that no advertising should be permitted that will interfere with the easy identification of stations" and with all this the Corporation Counsel and Public Service Commission are dormant!

How the Case Was Side-Track.

Immediately upon the order and advice of the Corporation Counsel that the city proceed to remove the advertising signs, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company hurried to Justice Bischoff and he issued an injunction which permits the signs in the stations, pending trial.

There was no hurry to decide the case to place it on the county clerk's calendar means to side-track it for several years, during which time the company will continue to enjoy its million annually.

Denies the Right of the City Officials To Act.

"The railroad is not a street, but simply a railroad," says Justice Bischoff in his opinion. "It is a highway upon which the public have the right to travel upon payment of a fixed fare or toll. As such, its construction was for a city purpose, but it was not essential to the constitutionality of the statute which devoted the city's money to the purpose, that any particular, and then existing ministerial officers of the city should have control of this highway as an ordinary street. Provision was made for a competent body of agents to exercise the necessary incidental control of the property, in behalf of the city."

Thus has the learned justice taken out the right of action from the city officials and has turned it over to the Rapid Transit Commission. He is plain in giving his reasons and tells that he does it to save the money for that company that would otherwise be lost. The opinion continues:

"The right of the city to remove the signs and other property should not be arbitrarily determined by a city officer, by resort to his own interpretation of the statute, and of this contract, but in view of the importance of the question and of the serious financial injury which would result through the carrying out of the expressed intention to remove this property, if the question of right be ultimately decided favorably to the plaintiff, the interference should be restrained UNTIL THE ISSUE HAS BEEN FINALLY DETERMINED and the right of the party fixed."

The opinion does not even touch upon the clauses of the contract that are violated by the introduction of the advertising signs. Instead an effort was made to show that it is customary for railway companies to have advertisement matter in their stations.

F. Mortimer Boyle, 179 West Eighty-eighth street, testified that on February 27, 1905, he visited, on request of counsel for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, stations on Staten Island Railroad Company and found that there, too, are advertising signs. Bertram Gardner, a lawyer of 92 William street, on February 21, visited Long Island Station and found that there, too, are advertising signs. W. Irving Harrod, a lawyer of 92 William street, visited Pennsylvania. Frederick G. Watson, 153 West Fourteenth street, visited the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and Dow S. Smith, of Brooklyn, testified that on the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company, the same state of affairs exists.

Based on the forceful evidence of those who went in search of the self-evident, the justice continues his opinion:

"In the matter of custom, in the maintenance of railway property, enough has been shown to support the plaintiff's case prima facie, and custom must enter into the inquiry as an important factor in the determination of the extent of this lessee's incidental power of dominion over property which is the subject of the lease."

Corporation Counsel's Weak Reply.

In speaking on the subject of custom, Delaney, Corporation Counsel, made a very weak argument. He said: "I am not aware of any custom of this character. On the contrary I am informed and have reasons to believe the subway railroads in operation in the city of Boston, Mass., do not permit any advertising whatever in its stations."

What indeed has the custom of other railroads to do with the Subway? The other railroads, and those they did not sign the contract which demands requirements and prevents privileges that were quoted.

For example: The contract demands that two toilets should be installed in every subway station. Will the fact that there is only one toilet in the Long Island station justify the violation of this clause? The contract clearly states that the I. R. T. should operate the railway carefully and skillfully, according to the highest known standard of railway operation. And it is strange indeed that after that we stoop to the Long Island and New Jersey railroads for a standard of beauty and comfort.

EMBALMING EXAMINERS TO BE INVESTIGATED.

ALBANY, July 17.—Governor Hughse to-day designated his counsel, Owen L. Potter, to make an early investigation of the State Board of Embalming Examiners under the so-called Moreland act, which gives authority to the Governor to examine in person or through a person or commission any state department. The Governor has received complaints against the board; some of which alleged that the board failed to perform its duties as required by law or to give an official report of fees collected. The members of the board are Cornelius F. Burns, Troy, president; William J. Phillips, Albany, secretary; Frederick Hulberg, New York; Charles F. Moadinger, Jr., Brooklyn, and Lenuel A. Jeffreys, Rochester.

Underwear to Fit Fat, Short or any Size Men

Men's and Ladies' Furnishings, Waiters' Outfit and Overalls

UNION MADE.

AT GUARANTEED LOWEST PRICES. Any Goods Not Right or Don't Fit, Please Bring Back.

SIG. KLEIN, 30 Third Avenue, near 10th St.

YE OLDE RELIABLE STORE.

HENRY GREEN, UP-TO-DATE

Hatter and Gent's Furnisher.

ALSO A COMPLETE LINE OF

STRAW HATS \$1.00 and up.

151 Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J.

HAT MAKING SHOP.

Panama Hat Bleachery.

Soft, Stiff & Silk Hats Cleaned, Blocked & Reshaped 50c.

NAT R. WALKER, 406 8th Avenue, New York City.

GRAND ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE

International Union of Steam Engineers, LOCAL UNION NO. 54 OF BROOKLYN.

On SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1908, AT FALKENMEYER'S RIDGEWOOD COLOSEUM, Cypress Avenue, Ridgewood, L. I.

MUSIC BY PROF. HENRY PUELLI ARDT.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS A PERSON.

Commencing at 2 P. M. PRIZE BOWLING.

THE COMMITTEE.

GRAND ANNUAL PICNIC AND SUMMERNIGHT'S FESTIVAL.

Arranged by the 2nd, 4th, 6th, and 8th Assembly Districts of the

SOCIALIST PARTY

To Be Held on

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1908.

At Liberty Park, Evergreen, L. I.

Music by Prof. Spielberg's Double B. B. All kinds of Games.

Tickets, 20c.; to be had at the "Forward" 175 E. Broadway; 2nd Assembly District, 196 E. Broadway; 6th Assembly District, 295 E. Third St.; 8th Assembly District, 313 Grand St., and the date of the picnic at the park.

COMRADES AND SYMPATHIZERS ARE INVITED.

Direction: From all Ferries, or Brooklyn or Williamsburg bridge take Trolley to Ridgewood, transfer to Cypress Hill Car and stop at Liberty Park.

BAZAAR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE EVENING CALL.

STATEN ISLAND

The Garden Spot of the City.

30 MINUTES FROM CITY HALL

FULL SIZE LOTS, Two Minutes from Trolley, Ready for Building.

\$200 to \$400 Each

EASY TERMS.

L. A. MALKIEL, 116 Nassau St.

The man who buys any other typewriter always hopes it will be as good as the

REMINGTON

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY (Incorporated) New York and Everywhere.



The Changing Style.



MOHAIR JUMPER PROCKS FOR WARM DAYS.

Mohair is light of weight, soft and is practically non-irritating. Many women prefer it to any other fabric for a summer costume. Some of the mohair jumper frocks are exceedingly effective in design and owe much of their effectiveness to the daintiness of their finishing. Few of them are in one tone, as usually a touch of contrasting color is afforded by the girdle, the neck and sleeve trimmings and the gumples. All-over embroidery, batiste fancy nets are employed for the blouses to be worn beneath jumpers, for their material matters little if they

of their finishing. Few of them are in one tone, as usually a touch of contrasting color is afforded by the girdle, the neck and sleeve trimmings and the gumples. All-over embroidery, batiste fancy nets are employed for the blouses to be worn beneath jumpers, for their material matters little if they

WANTS ON HEALTH.

Wants in the Bedroom.
The light iron or brass bedstead with a mattress that can be easily changed and kept clean is the bed that is generally to be used instead of the old-fashioned wooden bed. The bed should be of excellent quality in a light-colored material that can be frequently washed and kept soft and white. Some people prefer a covering too hot for summer weather, but experience will show that the bed-clothes tightly tucked up a bed and making it uncomfortable is an unhealthy as it is unhygienic. It is of importance that the bed should not be placed against the wall. The old fashion of placing the bed in an alcove which cannot be opened so well as an open and large room is very unhygienic. An excellent plan is to have the bed should not be placed against the wall is that the bed should be placed in the room so that the head of the bed is to the wall that his breath, blowing the wall, will be rebreathed.

Inasmuch as gouty difficulties usually arise from sluggish excretion, buttermilk is a blessing to all gouty subjects. It gently stimulates all the excretories—liver, skin and kidneys. It also tones the stomach and furnishes it with the material from which to make rich, red, healthy blood.
Summer Colds and New Treatment.
The summer cold is a nuisance, and one of which is sometimes hard to get rid in the usual way. Whenever you contract a summer cold, before resorting to drugs try this process: If able, go out in the open air, breathe copiously and deeply and slowly for about twenty times, repeating the operation every hour until cured. If unable to go out, wrap yourself up in a blanket, even on the hottest kind of a day, and then open all the doors and windows, and then do just as directed above. Some persons, having had a summer cold for six weeks, have got rid of it by this process, and colds newly contracted have also been cured in this way. Therefore, everywhere try and cultivate full and frequent lung inflation by breathing clear out, clear in and low down—that is, make all your breathing as when taking a long breath. This will have a tendency to throw off the waste material at the pores and revitalize the blood, thus imparting much wanted energy to the system.

Value of Buttermilk.
What was the best summer drink, a famous physician replied: "Buttermilk, and it is also the best drink, the best drink all the year round." Noted European scientists have come to the same conclusion. American physicians, after some years of tests, and it is now declared that a minimum of one quart of buttermilk a day will add from ten to twenty years to a man's life. In fact, it is a remedial agent that can be used too highly. The lactic acid in the buttermilk, attacks and dissolves every sort of deposit in the blood vessels, thus keeping the veins and arteries clear and free running that there is no clogging up; hence no deposits of irritating calcareous matter in the joints, nor of poisonous acids in the muscles. It is the stiffening of the joints, the narrowing of the blood vessels, which brings on senile decay.

KNOW THE SIZE.
"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a hosier's, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."
"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the shopman.
"That's it! How on earth did you know?"
"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant assistant.—Modern Society.

Our Daily Puzzle.



Callie is instructed in the language of Lilliput. From "Gulliver's Travels," by Swift.)
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE
Side down, under window.

OUR SHORT STORY.

HER PREDECESSOR.

By A. C. ROWSEY.

It was just after the advent of the light that was never seen on land or sea except by a man and a maiden looking into each other's eyes.
"Of course," she began, very seriously, "we are going to be exceptional. For, individually we are exceptions, don't you think so?"
He said yes; just for the sake of watching the wise look deepen in her eyes.
"So, of course, we are never to allow ourselves to, to feel the least bit slighted—or jealous."
"Jealous?" he echoed, "impossible!" Her eyes opened wide, although she did not reply, and he continued:
"It is an awful feeling; maddening!"
She stroked the cat asleep in her lap, pensively.
"But I thought," murmured she slowly, "that I was the—"
"So you are the—," he interrupted hurriedly.
"Oh, of course—the first really true, but—she interrupted herself to conclude hastily—"the rest were fancies."
He made no reply, so she continued slowly, as if to herself:
"How could you have known what jealousy was—"
His frank, open laugh seemed indelicate; it jarred.
"We are never to be jealous," he goaded.
"I'm not," scornfully, "it's—it's perfectly natural for me to be interested in—in my—one's—predecessors. Especially—"
"I have shown no interest in mine," he suggested quietly.
"Yours?" the brown eyes softened in sympathy, and their owner half-whispered; "you had none—that is, really—"
"He has my sympathy," he said softly.
"Indeed? Why?"
"He's lost you forever."
She surveyed his face with great earnestness, toying absently with her teaspoon.
"That was very nice," she nodded to convey her entire approbation; "he taught me—"
"Yes?" he interrupted gently, "never to allow compliments to sidetrack investigation," she continued with an arch assumption of gravity: "I know I should have admired her."
He mused over his teacup.
"Was it, long-ago?" the voice was tenderly serious; "or, don't you know how to begin? This is the way: 'In the days of King Adam, there was a high-toned madam, as full—"
"as full of curiosity as her daughters have been since," he concluded for her, mockingly; "no, it wasn't quite so far back. It happened—let me see—it started just before I entered college and lasted until—until I graduated."
She rustled with relief that was very frank.
"Cried from home!" she declared triumphantly; "I know her—fluffy girl, lived next door—fudge—pickles—divine affinity."
"I don't know," he murmured softly, slightly frowning. "I had good taste, even then."
"For fudge?" distinctly there was acidity in her tone.
He ignored the taunt, musing meanwhile; which was annoying. The tinkle of her tea spoon roused him.
"Of course," she said, her lips twitching oddly; "I don't wish to, to interrupt; but—er—er—er it is weakness—and it isn't nice at all."
"Meditation," he returned gravely, with a subdued smile, "is strength. I was only thinking of how hideous the whole thing was. That led me to think of the first kiss she gave me. That is, the first that I ever really understood."
"Nice—girl?" tremulously, after a long silence.
"A woman," he answered; "a woman with big brown eyes—just like yours—eyes that talk. She worshipped me—"
She rallied bravely.
"You—you—thought so?" she began, and then queried: "how old?"
The shrug of his shoulders spoke volumes.
"I never knew. I never cared," he replied. "Much older than I. No young woman could love as she loved—"
The cat fled from her lap to the floor. A sob came from the little heap of disordered femininity, that lay face downward among the cushions of the couch.
But he seemed not to hear, and mused aloud:
"When she put her arms around me the day I graduated and said she was proud of me, I tell you the world seemed to smile and to hold out its hand. I guess I earned it—I had worked hard. But, one doesn't get all one earns—I did. It was all for her sake—"
"I have you!"—muffled—came from amid the cushions: "I do hate you! Don't you dare speak to me!"
He was bending over the little, quivering figure, but his lips tightened slightly. He returned to his chair.
"Jealousy," he murmured softly, "is maddening. It has caused more misery than all the criminals in the world. She never made me jealous but once."
"She—she—was old enough to be your mother," retorted the sob-shaken voice in the cushions; "don't—don't—you suppose I know I—I—am—a—a—little fool?"
He made no response and the voice, after a moment, continued:
"But—but—you did say, positively, that I was the only, only girl, you—you— I suppose she—she—was married?"
"She was a widow," he replied coldly.

A short silence followed.
"What broke it off?" the tears had left the voice in the cushions.
"It wasn't broken off."
She came out of the cushions with a startled look.
"You mean—you—she—why—what do you mean?"
"You are not jealous, are you?" he seemed amazed.
"Oh, no! Not at all," she laughed hysterically; "why, of course, not!"
"She made me jealous once," he resumed. "I was very young then. He owned the next ranch. I watched his coming and going for six months; the six months that followed her husband's death. It became common gossip. She always laughed at me when I spoke of it. One night I listened. Then I went out on the prairie. The moon was just rising. I was crazed, mad! He rode away, finally. He rode like the devil!"
He seemed lost in introspect.
"We—!" she murmured with dry lips.
"They organized a posse. She knew. She came to my room that night. I had a pillow over my head. He was in agony downstairs. I knew—I could hear—that he hadn't much chance. She lifted the pillow and turned me over so that she could look into my face. She held the candle close and looked into my eyes. She went away without a word. I can see that look in her eyes now."
"It is a mystery out there, even today. She gave him another horse, after she had nursed him back to life. That was my punishment; the care she gave him for two months."
"How you must have loved her," she said gently in a tone so impersonal that he looked at her—gratified.
"She sent me away," he continued rapidly. "I did not see her for four years. I worked hard. She stayed back in Wyoming bossing cowpunchers in the summer and freezing in the winter."
"Why didn't you marry her?" again that odd, impersonal note of tenderness.
He smiled slightly and drew forth his watch, a quaint old affair. He handed it to her and pointed to the opened shell of the case.
"How sweet she must have been," she murmured compassionately. "It must have been taken long ago."
"When I was a year old," he mused, taking the watch from her.
"Poor woman," she whispered; "she knew she was too old for you, and I suppose she wouldn't let you sacrifice yourself."
"A better man than I married her, and he lies out there in Wyoming. No one could take his place. I should have known that," he said.
She was silent for a moment, seemingly absorbed in her own thoughts.
"Jealous?" he inquired, tenderly apprehensive.
She dropped her eyes and made no answer.
Hallowed is the hour wherein the spirit of the virgin brings forth the soul of the woman. Fascinated, yet full of yearning for the girl-like vanishing before his eyes, he watched the little head as it raised, and gazed at the young eyes so full of quiet pride in its new dignity.
"You must go back to her," she said, with a pitiful little smile. "Won't you tell me who she was?"
He rose, stood before her and kissed the quivering lips.
"She was—my mother," he whispered.

THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER.

By W. L. D.

THE DEVIL A HOLY MAN.
The Devil, a Holy Man was he.
When he made his way to Mass;
And his garb was white, to his keen delight
As he watched the sacred pass.
He ruffled him up with a pair of wings,
Some fanciful brooches and diamond rings.
A high silk hat and some other things,
That betokened his royal class.
The Devil, a Righteous Man was he.
When he summered at gay resorts;
And he took his swim which was rare for him,
And he garbled the Stock reports.
He flirted with all of the girls in town,
And barked at the thought of a furtive frown:
(And knowing his fault, why he never looked DOWN)
Like the rest of the shy escorts.
The Devil, a bashful Man was he.
When he dabbled in Business deals,
He sat in his chair with a cheerful air
And shied at the chap who steals.
But under the garb that we know well-bred,
And under the wit of his wise old head
We knew, if we scraped, we would find it RED;
And the hoofs at his haughty heels.
"Tammany back, tired and DICKY," says Murphy. The last word is well chosen.
A Jackie deserted the navy because of lemon pie. Why not form a "bread line" for the boys behind the guns?
Wedding guest dying of a stab wound. He couldn't have been the "best man."
AFTER A MOMENT'S REFLECTION.
"I see there are to be more detectives and police in Brooklyn."
"Sure. The criminals have to have somebody to pass the time with."
Mr. Wu Ting Fang states that he expects to live 200 years. Hasn't he lived long enough already to know better?
CAUGHT IN THE TIDE.
Two weakened little girlish hands Reached for the picture book;
The flowers drawn upon the page Called for an eager look.
Toll's stamp had marked the little brow.
The Tenements had drawn Their wrinkles to the youthful face.
And left their love upon.
Faint-sounding, in her dazed ears The whirl of wheels was heard;
The sweat-shed fever held the soul Of her, that barely stirred.
And now Death claimed its tiny one;
Fate clutched the feeble throat;
And one day's news was prone to term It just "An Anecdote."
God's last sweet mission was to let Those weary eyes foresee
The flowered realms that lay beyond In His great Mystery.
And from a tattered magazine,
Dear visions of a shore—
God's Garden—somehow straggled out She'd never known before.
A financial journal speaks of "The Revival of business." It would appear more like the "resurrection of the dead."
FRAGMENTARY EVIDENCE.
"Money is the root of all evil," but a mighty few are willing to pull out the roots.
A millionaire is certainly known by the COMPANY he keeps.
The modern miracle worker is the man who can make both ends meet without tearing the cloth.
Safe cracked in broad daylight in Herald Square. Obvious that the burglars were thoughtful enough not to attempt it after dark when the police were yearning for sweet slumber.
WHEN PEARY FINDS THE POLE.
Each man will get his rightful share (When Peary finds the Pole).
No hungry mother know a care (When Peary finds the Pole).
We all will have enough to eat, And be well garbed from head to feet, And dodge the dangers of the heat, (When Peary finds the Pole).
The scale of wages will advance (When Peary finds the Pole).
Life offer only song and dance (When Peary finds the Pole).
No hungry, weary, patient crowd; No heart-cries sounding forth aloud; No hopes and yearnings daily bowed (When Peary finds the Pole).
A man may have the right of speech (When Peary finds the Pole).
Necessities of life in reach (When Peary finds the Pole).
But gracious goodness, it is said, A still worse fate will come instead For all of us will be—well—dead (When Peary finds the Pole).
W. L. D.
SALADS.
Cucumber and Tomato Salad.—Peel the tomatoes, cut them in two and cover each piece with mayonnaise. Place them on one side of a vegetable dish, and on the other side place sliced cucumbers wet with French dressing. Separate the two with crisp lettuce leaves.
Tomato and Green Pepper Salad.—Cut peeled tomatoes into slices, three-eighths of an inch thick. Cover them with a thick layer of chopped green peppers. Place them in the center of a dish with a border of crisp lettuce leaves. Moisten the whole with French dressing.

NOVED USES FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

The illustration shows one of the many useful things which can be made of handkerchiefs. Gaily colored bandannas make excellent dusters or cushion covers, while Fayal handkerchiefs are used for neckerchiefs and old ladies' caps. Then, too, the large kerchiefs are so easily made into aprons and kimono. There are many other articles almost too numerous to mention, such as babies' caps, corset covers, pincushion covers, dainty undergarments, aprons with handkerchief corners, and any number of stocks and collars.
The apron pictured in the cut was made from a large handkerchief having a pink border. One corner of the handkerchief was cut off and made to serve as a pocket, and embroidery beading half an inch in width was used to form the belt and as a finish across the top of the pocket.
BEATRICE CAREY.
FRUIT THE BEST MEDICINE.
Here are the prescriptions of a celebrated physician: Eat fruit for breakfast, for dinner, for supper. Shun hot rolls, hot biscuits and buttered toast. Eat whole-wheat bread. Refuse rice pudding. Decline potatoes if they are served more than once a day. Do not drink too much coffee or tea and very little beer and whisky. Walk several miles each day. Take a bath every day in summer and every other day in winter. Brush the teeth and wash the face in warm water every night just before retiring. Sleep eight hours. Here are the fruits to be eaten: Apples, grapes and bananas at any time, day or night, but not too many at a time. These are the three healthiest fruit and the habitual eater will require no medicine. Peaches are good for the clearing of muddy complexion. Pears are healthy raw, but better when cooked. Strawberries are good for dyspepsia, but pineapples are even better. Lemons are a fine fruit tonic and a few drops squeezed into half a wineglass of water each morning or night will act more beneficially on the system than purgative pills or salts.

TO READERS OF THE CALL.

To tell a merchant that you patronize him BECAUSE HE ADVERTISES IN THE CALL does the latter more good than the effort of a salaried advertisement solicitor. By doing it you are HANDLING US MONEY. Keep this in mind.

EVENING CALL PATTERN.



6048 Tucked Blouse with Yoke, 32 to 48 Bust.
The blouse that is made with a yoke always allows effective use of contrasting material and this one in addition to that advantage is trimmed in a novel and distinctive manner. As illustrated this trimming consists of bands and medallions of lace while the blouse itself is made of fine white lawn. But for the yoke lace, or inserted tucking or any fancy material, can be utilized, or plain lawn can be daintily embroidered by hand, while the banding can be lace or embroidery as liked. Figured materials as well as plain are being much used just now and white Swiss muslin with embroidered dots of color would be both dainty and fashionable.
The blouse is made with the front and backs and with the pretty shaped yoke. The tucks are laid in groups and between these groups the trimming is arranged. The sleeves are tucked on indicated lines and finished with straight cuffs.
The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21 or 24, 2 1/2 yards 22 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 1/2 yard 18 inches wide for yoke, collar and cuffs, 3/4 yards of insertion and 17 medallions.
The pattern 6048 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 48 inch bust measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (It is made sent an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.)

EVENING CALL PATTERN COUPON
No. 6048. July 17.
Name.....
Street and Number.....
City..... State.....
Size Desired.....
(Also must be put on coupon.)
To obtain the pattern above, fill out this coupon and enclose ten cents in stamps or coin. Address Fashion Department, New York Evening Call, 6 Park Place, New York City.

CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD.



Elaine: "Yes, my parents want me to marry old Mr. Doughbag, but I'm not going to do it. I shall marry whoever I please."
Donald: "Then it's up to you to name the day, for you certainly please me."

TAPT WILL MISS IT. TWO SIDES TO IT.

We suppose there is no doubt that Secretary Taft will miss the War Office a good deal. It is said that he has enjoyed his occasional week-ends there very much indeed.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.
"If we were all vegetarians," says Dr. Robert Bell, "we should all live to be over a hundred years old." We believe, however, that there is also much to be said in favor of vegetarianism.—Punch.

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GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES MUST NOT THINK FOR THEMSELVES.

It remained for President Roosevelt, the not too modestly advertised champion of the "square deal," to forbid workingmen employed in the Navy Department to take an active part in any political movement, under pain of losing their positions and being turned out, in the midst of an industrial depression, to beg private capitalists for a chance to earn a living by the labor of their hands.

When Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York City he did not hesitate to "use his official influence to affect the result of an election." When he was Governor of New York he did not consider that his position as a servant of the public debarred him from "using his influence to affect the result of an election." Since he has been President of the United States he has not missed a single opportunity to "use his official influence to affect the result of an election." He has not even thought that it was improper for him, as Chief Magistrate of the nation, to issue a statement which he well knew would have the tendency to influence, not merely the result of an election, but the result of a trial in which the lives of three workmen were at stake and the Standard Oil Company and its accomplices were eagerly thirsting for their blood.

All this was perfectly proper for Theodore Roosevelt, the Superman with the Big Stick. But for common workingmen—mechanists, pattern makers, iron molders, carpenters, and other mechanics who do their hard day's work, week in and week out, for a good deal less than \$2,000 a year—for them to think of taking active part in a political campaign was a crime for which American jurisprudence has not yet developed an appropriate name, but which the Germans designate by the formidable word Majestatsbeleidigung. Kaiser Billy knows what that means, and so does Kaiser Teddy.

For the case is plain. Let no one make any mistake. This order, issued by executive authority, without any warrant from the legislative branch of the government, and yet enforced with penalties just as terrible as those of real law—this order issued from on high was not aimed against men in the upper ranks of the government service who might use their influence over men in their departments to compel them to work for the election of Mr. Roosevelt's candidate. Not a bit of it. The "men higher up" are just as busy to-day doing Roosevelt's political work as men in like positions ever were under McKinley or Cleveland. The steam-roller at Chicago proved that.

The men against whom the "no politics" order is directed are the mechanics and laborers in the government service—men who draw wages instead of salaries—men who do work instead of "performing duties"—men who use their own hands and their own brains in their work instead of getting paid for allowing other men to work—and men who have also begun to use their own brains in political affairs, instead of letting the Great I Am do all their thinking for them—men who have had the manhood to open their mouths without asking their official superiors for leave and to tell their fellow workingmen what they think about political and economic affairs.

That Socialism was gaining ground among the workmen in the navy yards has been well known to the Socialist party for some time. Now it has become known at the White House, and the consequence is this notice that the order forbidding any person in the executive civil service "to use his official authority or influence for the purpose of interfering with an election or influencing the result thereof" will be construed to mean that "laborers and mechanics at navy yards and naval stations will be subject to discharge for political activity."

But we give our Kaiser warning: This will not check the growth of Socialism, in the government service and elsewhere, any more than have the similar measures attempted by his imperial friend at Potsdam.

"Timber Land Swindle Unearthed" is the latest. What with insurance exposures, traction receivership exposures, embalmed beef exposures, Litzsack glove scandals, Borah land-fraud scandals, Knickerbocker Trust investigation, and all the other revelations of probable rascality made within the last few years, who will dare to speak of such a thing as "legitimate business" if this thing goes on a little longer? The fact is, under the conditions of our highly developed capitalism, honesty in small business and honesty in large business is impossible.

An American detective went over into Mexican territory and kidnaped a Mexican citizen who was accused of having committed a murder in the United States. Later the detective was incautious enough to go to Mexico again and get caught. And now the Mexican authorities are going to hang him for the crime of kidnapping. It is rather a striking contrast to the glorification in this country of the scoundrel who perpetrated the kidnapping of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone. On general principles we are not in love with Diaz' government, but in the present case it seems to deserve a word of praise.

So there were Standard Oil men mixed up in that rotten fire-hose deal. Well, did anyone suppose that the associates of the pious John D. would let a good thing like that get past them? And after all, it's not so very much worse than hiring men to blow up a rival oil refinery. If you want to know about that, read Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonweal."

When you go to get a suit of clothes look for the union label in the inside pocket of the coat and the hip pocket of the trousers.

By Our Amateurs.



A SIDELIGHT ON THE CLASS CONFLICT

By ALEXANDER FRASER.

Some one has said that the workers were not born with saddles on their backs, neither did the ruling class come into the world booted and spurred. Between the two sets of beings there is no congenial difference. All their desires, passions, faults and failings, good and bad qualities, are human; they are not the peculiar property of a class, they belong to the race. But as there is a gulf between the mushroom aristocracy of America and the European aristocracy which even money cannot bridge, so there is a chasm between the working class and their exploiters which time tends to widen and to accentuate. A little proof of this was given at one of the meetings of the Church of the Ascension. Just before the meeting began it was noticed that a man sitting in the audience was the recipient of much attention at the hands of the elite. He was a typical workman with all the appearance of having passed through the struggle. First one gentleman came and shook him cordially by the hand, then another, and they came bringing others. As I stood with my back against the wall I mused to myself, "This is probably some poor lost sinner returned," and I repeated of some of the bitter things I had said and some of the harsh thoughts I had entertained against the Church. Just then the chairman called the meeting to order. He gave the announcement, "Mr. Herman Robinson, of the Central Federated Union, will now have the privilege of the floor." Imagine my surprise to see this "poor lost sinner" get up from his seat, take the platform, and address the meeting. He took occasion to express his opinion of the Socialists in terms somewhat uncomplimentary and incidentally supplied quotations claimed to be from the writings of Karl Marx to which he took serious exception. That the quotations were spurious anyone familiar with the brilliant style of Marx could not fail to detect. After he had finished he came back and stood close to where I was. When the meeting was over I asked him for a copy of the quotations. "Oh, go on," he said, "what's the matter with you?" He had been subjected to some criticism which appeared to have ruffled his temper. I repeated the request and he peremptorily instructed to "go and read Marx." A little crowd began to gather, which did not improve matters. I was determined to get the quotations and the source from which he obtained them and so I hung on. "Oh, what's the matter with you, you know me; I'll make good anything I say." That sounded good, but it did not quite satisfy. Finally he gave me his address with a promise that he would furnish the quotations if I would write to him. I wrote a few days afterwards enclosing a stamped envelope for a reply. Mr. Robinson's reply must have got lost in the mails. This leads me to the point I wish to make. Mr. Robinson was leaving the room; but apparently not satisfied that he carried the day with flying colors, he returned to hobnob with the "better element," who strove to receive him on terms of equality. Every attempt at familiarity was marked with failure. One was reminded at this point of the social aspirations of the successful prize fighter. The first thing he does is to get into evening clothes. It does not require much penetration to discover that he is like a fish out of water. Mr. Robinson does not belong to the class with whom he fraternized, but he does not seem to know this. No effort on the part of the tailor, however skillful, could place him there. His language is not theirs, neither is his manner or general bearing. There is a gulf fixed between him and them which he cannot pass. It is equally impossible for them to come to him. Their training and education unfit them for the association and I presume they are painfully conscious of this. The incongruity of these associations is probably one of the manifestations of the irreconcilable conflict. It would be well for those of our fellow-workers who are selected for distinction at the hands of the exploiters to inquire whether these people desire their acquaintance solely on the ground of their superior qualities or for some other reason. If some one will supply me with a ticket for a seat behind the curtain at the next Civic Federation function where the lion and the lamb are said to lie down together, I shall be glad to record my impressions. [NOTE.—Incidentally, it may be worth noting that when Mr. Robinson was finally cornered on his quotations, they proved to be taken, not from any writings of Karl Marx, the Socialist, but from a book by Wilhelm Marr, an opponent of Socialism.—Ed.]

CHILD LABOR UNKNOWN AMONG BARBARIANS.

An Indian was recently conducted through New York and the marvels of the white man's science and the triumphs of invention were paraded to excite his admiration and his awe. As the extended tour drew near to its end the guide complacently inquired of him which of all the wonders he had seen had most impressed him. "Little children working," said the red man solemnly. The practice of deriving profit from child labor is unknown among those tribes we call barbarous.—Journal of Theosophy.

The Aims of Youth.



When you go to get a suit of clothes look for the union label in the inside pocket of the coat and the hip pocket of the trousers.

A Helpmate.



When you go to get a suit of clothes look for the union label in the inside pocket of the coat and the hip pocket of the trousers.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

By GEORGE D. HERRON.

Whatever terms the struggle may appear in, it is none the less true that the history of the world has pivoted itself upon the struggle for bread. Up to the present time economic conditions have been the compelling motives of great historic changes or of the lack of changes. All real revolts in their analysis have been motivated by intolerable economic conditions, and wars of conquest, however disguised, have been wars of theft, the predatory expeditions of economic might.

History has been the struggle on the part of those who made bread, but did not have it, against those who had bread, but did not make it, the words "bread" here symbolizing all the things that go to make up opportunity and privilege. Bread to eat means opportunity to live and means power in one's hand. To be certain of one's bread is to have the ground of liberty beneath one's feet, and to have power over another's bread, power to give it or take it away as may serve one's interest, is to have the power of life and death over another.

And this is the one and only blasphemy, the supreme and desecrating sacrilege, from which all blasphemies and sacrileges and human wrongs spring, that some people should control the lives of other people, their thoughts and deeds and aspirations, their judgments of right and wrong, the labor of their hands, the uplifting or the prostrating of their souls. And the basis of this ancient and universal wrongdoing, making history seem but a food for the destroyer of the human spawn, is the ownership of bread.

This is why history is the struggle of those who produce bread against those who possess it—the struggle of the breadmakers against the bread owners for increasing scraps of power which the ownership of bread puts into the hands of the world's masters. The struggle for bread is the struggle for life in all its expression, the struggle for equality of power and opportunity to be and to blossom. Until bread and all that bread means are communicated and equalized and made as certain and free as the air we breathe liberty cannot be said to have begun its real work. This is not to say that man lives by bread alone; it is to say that until all men have free and equal bread no man may freely and completely live. This economic motive lies deep in religion and politics, even where it is least apparent.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor of The Call: After reading the reports of the Democratic convention by Lincoln Steffens and Brand Whitlock I could not for the moment decide whether I was reading a paper which was considered as voicing the views of Socialism or one upholding the principles of the Democratic party.

Throughout the reports of these two writers there was nothing to indicate that The Call was anything but a supporter of Bryan. In fact, so strong was their commendation of Bryan, his party and principles, that a Socialist would never suspect after seeing those articles that the paper which contained them was a Socialist paper. Now, do you think that such reports are consistent with Socialist views and Socialist pretensions? Do you not think that a statement such as Brand Whitlock makes, that "Labor is knocking at the doors of most parties these days preparatory, no doubt, to having a party of its own" completely ignores the existence and nature of the Socialist party? If we are to have reports of the Denver convention let us have reports which will aid the Socialist party in rolling up a large vote for Debs, and not reports which are virtually booming Bryan. In other words, to be consistent, let us have Socialist views in a Socialist paper and leave capitalistic views to be expressed by the capitalistic organs themselves. Yours sincerely, I. W. W.

New York, July 8. (We have already explained editorially that we think it worth while to lay other men's views before Socialists as well as to lay the Socialists' views before other men. We criticize the old-party papers for giving only a one-sided view of things. We do not wish to deserve the same criticism.—Ed.)

Editor of The Call:

In a recent issue of the New York World comments editorially on the failure of the city to provide free bathing beaches for the people and says, "And out of all the invitations the city has accepted not one free bathing beach." Recurrent reminders may yet induce the men in control of city affairs to give to matters of immediate vital concern to the people something of that prompt and effective attention." etc. There is one spot in this city where attention has been given to the need of free bathing beaches. Orchard Beach, at Pelham Bay Park, just north of the bridge leading to City Island, and about a half mile from Bartow station, is the largest and finest free bathing beach in the city, accommodating perhaps twenty-five thousand people. Here the Park Commissioner has erected hundreds of free bathhouses, a large shelter pavilion, drinking fountains, scores of tables and benches under spreading trees, etc. Here in the largest city park in the world is a modern Arcadia, with government by the people, for the people, and of the people.

With thousands of children, hundreds of acres of water front, green fields and trees, with tiny horse cars running through miles of forest, here exists such idyllic simplicity as would ease the feelings of the most rabid Socialist. WILLIAM STONEBRIDGE. Bronx, July 16.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

National Secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, 180 Washington Street, Chicago.

OUR CANDIDATES: For President EUGENE V. DEBS For Vice-President BENJAMIN HANFORD For Governor of New York, JOSHUA WANKHOFF

Table showing the growth of the Socialist vote from 1888 to 1904. 1888: 2,008; 1892: 21,187; 1896: 56,961; 1904: 468,230.

COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS.

By G. FLETCHER HALL.

Despite the fact that the agitation against the railways is on the increase, those in control—through the capitalist press and otherwise—are endeavoring to create the impression that "the day of radicalism has passed." Their primary object is to lessen the growing discontent of employees prior to a concerted move for the wholesale reduction of wages.

They know that so long as there is a prospect of anti-railway legislation the employees will be more disposed to support their unions and demand the maintenance of the present wage scale. But if it can be made to appear that the people have tired of radicalism and are beginning to appreciate the efforts of those who have "given efficient service at a minimum profit"—through fear—it will tend to allay the discontent and—at the psychological moment—the easier it will be to enforce reductions and weaken the unions without serious troubles resulting therefrom. To accomplish this object the advocates of the open shop—the Manufacturers' Association—have been enlisted and have entered heart and soul into the game.

A Sham Battle. On the surface it seems they are strenuously opposing the railway magnates, who claim that their "properties are being operated at a loss; that money cannot be borrowed to improve the roads or make needed extensions; that efficient service cannot be maintained and small dividends declared unless earnings are augmented; and that either rates must be advanced or wages reduced, otherwise the roads will cease to pay. It further is claimed that "if such an advance on the part of the manufacturers or such a reduction on the part of the employees is not acceded to, that grave danger exists that the roads will be forced into bankruptcy."

Magnates' False Pretenses. It is true we are not enjoying boom times. But the railways are in no danger of being bankrupted. Since the panic economy has been carried to extremes, and the operating forces

THE SOCIALISTS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

The transformation of the crowd into the people—profound task! It is to this labor that the men called Socialists have devoted themselves during the last forty years. The author of this book, however insignificant he may be, is one of the oldest in this labor. If he claims his place among these philosophers it is because it is a place of persecution. A certain hatred of Socialism, very blind, but very general, has raged for fifteen or sixteen years and is still raging most bitterly among the influential classes. Let it not be forgotten that true Socialism has for its end the elevation of the masses to the civic dignity and that, therefore, the principal care is for moral and intellectual cultivation.

A DEFINITION.

Teacher—Johnny, what is a hypocrite? Johnny—A boy wet comes to school with a smile on his face.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

NOTHING DOING.

Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a haircut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news. "Let's see," said he to the barber after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?" "Yep," replied the tonsorologist. "Have I missed much?" "None, we bin standin' pat." "Has Congress done anything yet?" "Not a thing." "Jerome done anything?" "None." "Platt resigned?" "None." "Panama Canal built?" "None." "Bryan been elected?" "None." "Carnegie poor?" "None." "Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—Success.

BACK YARD REPARTEE.

