

A Newspaper for  
the Workers.

# THE NEW YORK EVENING CALL

Last Edition

Vol. 2—No. 128.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909.

Weather To-day—Fair.

Price One Cent.

## CALL BIRTHDAY TO BE CELEBRATED TO-MORROW

### Thousands Will Attend Jubilee at Grand Central Palace.

### FINE PROGRAM PROMISED

### Prominent Speakers to Address Audience—Music, Singing and Dancing.

To-morrow The Evening Call will be one year old.

To-morrow thousands will gather at Grand Central Palace to celebrate this event. Socialists, unionists and other progressive people will pack that spacious hall and take part in one of the grandest and largest labor celebrations ever known in this city. The committee in charge has prepared a program so good and so elaborate that it ought to fill the hall with purely pleasure seekers. As the chairman of the committee puts it: All that's good in the shape of entertainment will be pulled off at Grand Central Palace Sunday afternoon and evening.

The program includes speech making, vocal and instrumental music, recitations and dancing. The celebration will start at 2.30 P. M. and will continue until the early hours of the next morning. The entertainment will be given in the afternoon and the evening will be devoted to dancing.

The following well-known speakers will address the meeting: Charles Edward Russell, Joshua Wanhope, Algernon Lee, Alexander Jonas, Sol Friedman, Harry W. Allen, Meyer London and Mrs. Anita C. Block. A prologue "Labor's Weapon" by Hebe will be read by Jack Britt Gearty.

The vocal and instrumental concert will be under the direction of Platon Brounoff. Music will be furnished by the Carl Sahn Club.

The following is the musical program in full:

- Roseline Kamerman.....Soprano  
"Love in Springtime"
- Morris Silver.....Alto  
"The First of May"
- "The Torch of Liberty"
- By Platon Brounoff  
Caroline Van Name.....Soprano  
Selection.
- Ethel Lawrence.....Fancy Dancing  
Mrs. J. W. Gates.....Soprano  
Selection.
- Max Dolin.....Violin  
"An Evening in Venice"
- By Platon Brounoff  
Mildred Lewis.....Soprano  
Selection.
- Maurice Kilsto.....Baritone  
From the Studeford Opera Company.  
"Prologue from Pagliacci"
- "Tosca Song from Carmen"
- Mrs. J. W. Gates.....Soprano  
Selection.
- Platon Brounoff.....Baritone  
"A Socialist Song"

Tickets, 25 cents each, are for sale at Call Office, 442 Pearl street; Labor Temple, 247 East 84th street; West Side Headquarters, 585 Eighth avenue; Clubhouse, 3309 Third avenue; Rand School, 112 East 19th street. Brooklyn—Labor Lyceum, 947 Wiltoughby avenue; B. C. Hammond, 1199 Flatbush avenue.

## ORDERS NEW FORMS FOR INSURANCE

ALBANY, May 28.—Orders were promulgated to-day by State Superintendent of Insurance Hotchkiss to the life insurance of the state to commence work on the preparation of the new forms of policies which they may use after January 1, 1910, in accordance with the amendment made to the Hughes-Armstrong insurance laws by the Legislature. Companies now are restricted to a standard form of policies, and by the amendment they are allowed to make their own forms, which, however, must contain the principles of the standard form. The present law only applies to domestic insurance companies, while the new section applies to all life insurance companies.

In order to provide ample time for the construction of the new forms Superintendent Hotchkiss has ordered the companies to file with the department not later than September 1 six sample forms of each kind of policy to be used next year. The forms must be made out complete, accompanied by the literature to be issued therewith, the table of rates and the application and medical examination blanks.

## BAR CONSUMPTIVES

PHILADELPHIA, May 29.—Not one of the hospitals in this city has been induced to accept the offer of Henry Phipps, of New York, founder of the Phipps Institute here, to pay a day for a year for each tuberculosis patient cared for in the institutions. The managers of the hospitals say it will be impossible to devote the room to the treatment of consumptives.

## HOLD OLD REVIVALIST

### Police Will Investigate Case of Preacher Victim of Drugs.

Relatives and friends of Rev. George Waverly Briggs, thirty years ago admittedly the greatest revivalist the South ever produced, rallied to his aid to-day when he was arraigned in the Harlem Police Court on a charge of larceny, and set on foot the machinery to have him sent to a sanitarium where he can have the care made necessary by failing mentality.

He presented a pitiable picture when arraigned before the magistrate, showing that he was in no way responsible for his indiscretion. He was weeping and failed to fully recognize relatives who were present. Although only fifty-seven years of age he was stooped like a man of ninety, and his face was deeply lined, indicating the use of drugs. He was ordered detained until the case can be investigated and the magistrate decide what to be for him.

Briggs has been living with a brother-in-law in the Bronx and he was arrested last night charged with carrying away a contribution box of the Sunshine Society from an uptown drug store. The box was found on him and he admitted the theft, while a search of his clothing revealed forty pawn tickets, ranging from twenty cents to forty dollars.

He pleaded with the police to be let go, explaining that he was a drug victim, having become addicted to the drug when ill and broken down in Memphis, Tenn., some years ago. This statement his relatives corroborated and declared that they had tried to watch him and keep him out of trouble.

He was arrested on April 20 on a larceny charge, but Postoffice Inspector Mayer, who knew him in the South, interceded for him and he was let go.

## CENTRAL MAY TO-DAY GET REMOVAL ORDER

It is expected to-day that, following the direction he received from the Board of Estimate yesterday, Borough President Ahearn will serve formal notice on the New York Central Railroad Company to-day to rip up its tracks in Eleventh avenue all the way from the lower West Side to Spuyten Duyvil. If the railroad company fails to act as ordered, then President Ahearn may officially remove the tracks and charge the cost to the Central.

The direction of the Board of Estimate to the Borough President was made following an opinion received from Corporation Counsel Pendleton that such a step could be taken, as the railroad company has violated the franchise grant.

# 5,000 CAR MEN OUT IN PHILADELPHIA STRIKE

PHILADELPHIA, May 29.—Five thousand motormen and conductors employed by the Philadelphia Union Traction Company went out on strike to-day. Their action practically tied up the city traffic.

The strike was ordered at 2:45 by the officers of the International Car Men's Union at a meeting which lasted most of last night.

The principal demand of the men is for twenty-five cents an hour. At present they are receiving twenty-one cents. This demand for an increase followed the announcement by the company, made last week, that beginning July 1, the wages of the men would be increased one cent an hour. Two of the lines, the Ridge avenue and the Fourth and Eighth avenues, were completely tied up.

With the crippled force which reported for duty, the company made desperate efforts to carry out their promise to continue their service uninterrupted. Cars were run on a half-hour schedule, two policemen being on guard on each car. At all points along the line large crowds were waiting, and but little headway was made.

Service in the new subway was also badly crippled. An attempt was made to run the trains on an eight-minute schedule, but had to be abandoned at an early hour.

In addition to the demand for increased pay, the strikers, in their ultimatum to the company, also demanded better working conditions. Under the present arrangement they are compelled to put in from fifteen to sixteen hours work a day to be credited with nine hours. They blame the "lay-off" system for this, and their de-

## TO UPHOLD NEW SULTAN

### Turkish Army Will Stand by Government—Trouble in Provinces.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 29.—An imperial decree, intended to discourage the increasing political agitation in the army and navy and to create a greater feeling of loyalty to the empire, was read to all the troops and marines to-day by Salih Pasha, Minister of War. On the order of General Sheftak Pasha, the Turkish military commander, all the troops and marines in Constantinople were drawn up at noon on the War Ministry's parade grounds to hear the decree.

The decree recited that the constitution gives the Sultan complete command of the army and navy, but Salih urged that the grant of power demanded the Sultan's allegiance to the military forces and that there should be no friction or jealousies between them. The War Minister sought to impress the several thousand men, who heard the decree, that their allegiance was not to the Young Turks, but to the nation, and that should the Young Turks ever adopt a course inimical to the government, the duty of the army and navy would be to oppose them, just as it had supported them in the latest outbreak.

Scheftak Pasha is preparing to leave within a day or two for Albania to personally conduct the campaign against the reactionaries there. The situation in Albania has suddenly developed into an alarming rebellion, and Scheftak will use an iron hand in restoring order.

Secret advices received to-day from Adana indicate that the situation there is rapidly getting beyond control and that fresh massacres are imminent. The troops sent to Asia Minor, it is feared, have become influenced in favor of the reactionaries, in which event the horrible atrocities of several weeks ago are likely to be repeated on an even larger scale.

The local military leaders say that if trouble breaks out again, they will personally lead an army of 20,000 soldiers to the affected region and completely stamp out the reactionary tendency.

BERLIN, May 29.—The Lokal Anzeiger's Constantinople correspondent says that he hears from persons in high authority that the sudden recall of the French Ambassador, M. Constant, and the Russian Ambassador, M. Zinovief, was due to the discovery in the Yildiz Palace records that Abdul Hamid had paid M. Constant \$10,000 monthly and M. Zinovief \$5,000.

## KING LEOPOLD MAY ABDICATE SHORTLY

BRUSSELS, May 29.—Leading politicians are to-day convinced that the thoroughness with which King Leopold is selling his personal belongings indicates the aged monarch's intention shortly to abdicate in favor of his nephew, Prince Albert, son of Leopold's younger brother, the late Prince Philippe.

Leopold, who is seventy-four years old, will make his home in Paris, after resigning the throne, it is understood.

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You will find at the top of the second column on the fourth page something that deserves your attention. Read and act.

## MAIL TRAINS MAY NOT RUN

### Engineers Must Be Protected, Orders Burgess—Citizens, Not Strikers, Causing Trouble.

ATLANTA, May 29.—An ultimatum which may stop the mails on the Georgia Central Railroad to-day has been delivered by Assistant Chief Burgess, of the engineers, to General Manager Scott. Burgess has forbidden engineers to take out trains until complete protection is guaranteed.

The firemen's strike, which had been threatening for a week, commenced last Saturday. The firemen and engineers, all of whom belong to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, allege that white men have been discharged to give place to negro firemen. The firemen claim that the railroad is fighting to retain the negroes because they will work cheaper than white men. Neither side, so far, has shown any signs of yielding.

In the meantime, for a distance of 170 miles through the heart of the rich state, food and other supplies are being carried from town to town by automobiles, wagons and any other available means.

Backed by Organization. The fight of the strikers is being backed by the National Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and is being directed by Eugene A. Ball, of Detroit, second vice president.

Apparently fearful of trouble with the Government, the railroad to-day started out ten mail trains, nine of which were manned by negro firemen. None carried passengers. All made uninterrupted trips.

The first violence in the strike took place last night when a freight train at Lithonia, thirty-six miles out of Atlanta, was stopped, and the train crew, including a negro fireman, were stoned by indignant citizens.

Governor Smith threatens to take charge of the railroad in the name of the state, as the state is a stockholder, and run it for the benefit of the public.

In the meantime the matter is receiving close attention at Washington. United States Labor Commissioner Charles P. Neill is on the scene, and Chairman Knapp, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Second Assistant Postmaster General Stewart, are, on their way to Atlanta to-day to bring about arbitration if possible.

## FRENCH GOVERNMENT MAKES WAR ON LABOR

PARIS, May 29.—At the request of a group of senators supporting the administration, the Senate has appointed a committee of three to investigate the charter of the General Confederation of Labor to see whether it cannot be dissolved by the government. If it is found impossible the supporters of the government will demand a law restricting and defining the scope of the Confederation, so that it will not be able to assist government employees in their work of organizing into unions.

It is alleged that General Secretary Louis Niel has resigned from his office in the Confederation, and that a general reorganization will follow.

The Chamber of Deputies yesterday by a vote of 338 to 141 rejected a motion for the reinstatement of the postal employes who were discharged from their positions because of their connection with the recent strike.

## EVANSVILLE CAR MEN TIE UP ALL LINES

EVANSVILLE, Ind., May 29.—The union car men of the Evansville city lines are on strike to-day. The street car company fears violence and has appealed for extra police, but Chief Brennecke refused to send them.

The striking men are preparing to start a bus line to-day. They propose to carry passengers for five cents and to parallel the car company's tracks. The strikers will be employed on the bus line and the profits of the bus line will be divided among them.

## USE BLUE LAWS TO MAKE KANSAS GOOD

TOPEKA, May 29.—In the effort to make Kansas good the new "blue laws" have been in effect since midnight throughout the state.

The new laws stop the sale of intoxicants by druggists, close all bucketshops, bar child actors from the state, provide that railroads must build "hogtight" fences and stipulate that fruit tree agents must tell the truth.

## HORSE CAR KILLS BOY

### Fear Mother May Become Insane From Shock Caused by Boy's Death.

It is feared to-day that Mrs. Ida Neffel, of 89 Madison street, will become insane from the shock caused by the death of her five-year-old son David, who was run down and killed by a Madison street crostown horse car. The driver and conductor of the car had a narrow escape from being beaten to death, as the hysterical mother, pleading for vengeance, urged on a mob who had gathered about the scene of the accident near the boy's home.

A crowd, orderly at first, gathered. The driver, William Delaney, of 542 West 53d street, and the conductor, Thomas Fallon, of 324 Monroe street, made no attempt to escape, but leaped from the car to render what aid they might be capable of giving.

Some boys raced to David's house and told his mother of what had happened. She ran from the house, and women neighbors followed her. In a flash they knew what had occurred, and joined the mother in imploring the men about to catch the driver and the conductor.

Delaney and Fallon, seeing the crowd rushing upon them, ran. For twelve blocks they sped, with the hundreds of men after them yelling "Lynch them!"

Policeman Sterber, of the Madison street station, finally overtook the two fugitives. Meanwhile the reserves of the Madison street station had been called by Sergeant Howe. Sterber then instructed his prisoners what to do. With him they ran in a circuitous route to the station house.

An ambulance was called from St. Gregory's Hospital and the boy was taken there. He died shortly afterward.

The driver, soon after being locked up at the station house, was hauled, as was the conductor. When the news of the boy's death reached the police they rearrested Delaney, charging him with homicide, and the conductor was also held as a material witness.

## JERSEY MAN SHOTS DAUGHTER AND SELF

PARIS, May 29.—An inquest held to-day over the body of David Henderson, of Jersey City, who last night shot and killed his eight-year-old daughter and then committed suicide, developed the fact that he was a mental and nervous wreck, as a result of drinking, and that he had suffered from neurasthenia for some time. The bodies of Henderson and his daughter will be taken to Switzerland for burial. The family owns a chateau there. Mrs. Henderson, who, with her other two daughters, Olga and Gladys, and the children's governess, was in the restaurant when the tragedy occurred, is prostrated to-day.

## BIG FIRE IN CARLISLE

CARLISLE, Pa., May 29.—The main building of the manufacturing company's frog switch and crossing plant at Carlisle was totally destroyed at 2:30 o'clock this morning by a supposedly incendiary fire with a loss of \$125,000, of which 80 per cent is insured.

# POLICE, WITH BAKER SCAB, BEAT UP CROWD

Reuben Lyman, one of the union bakers of the East Side who are now on strike for a higher wage and better conditions, will be arraigned this morning in Essex Market Court on a charge of disorderly conduct.

Reuben's arrest followed an attack on a crowd of East Siders made by the police, during which the bluecoats wielded their clubs viciously, and sent about twenty persons home with injuries more or less serious.

Three policemen and three plain clothes men were escorting L. Driber, a scab baker, from the bakery of M. Gintel, at the corner of Columbia and Rivington streets, last night, and when the party of seven reached the corner of Columbus avenue and Houston street, almost every one in the neighborhood was either following them or jeering them from doorways and fire escapes.

The bluecoats became enraged and charged the crowd. Lyman's arrest being the only one made.

The Committee of Fifty representing over 200 organizations who have taken up the bakers' strike will meet at 9 A. M. to-morrow at 133 Eldridge street, to prepare a report, and at 11 A. M. the 200 various organizations will meet at Clinton Hall, and hear the committee's report.

The striking bakers have discovered a new plan to avoid police invasion at their meetings. It has been decided that should the interference continue as it has for the last two days, hundreds of small meetings will be held in private rooms at the homes of the strikers.

So angered are the members of the union at the behavior of the officers who closed up several meetings which had been called in an orderly and legal manner, for the purpose of discussing the situation of the strike, that many have offered their homes for such purposes. Many are awaiting anxiously the attitude of the police toward the sanctity of the home. They are wondering whether they will go as far as prohibiting people to gather in private homes, owned by poor workingmen.

The Independent East Side Retail Grocers' Association, in their desire to help the striking bakers, have called a special meeting for to-morrow, at which the question of building co-operative bakeries will be taken up. The meeting will be held at Hennington Hall, 214-16 2d street, and will be attended by 500 grocers, all members of the organization.

# BINGHAM ABOLISHES FREEDOM OF SPEECH

## HOLD ALLEGED BANDITS

### School Teacher and Three Pupils in Line for \$90,000 Reward.

OMAHA, May 29.—The arrest of three men giving the names D. W. Woods, of Minneapolis; James Gordon, of Denver, and Fred Tartansen, of South Dakota, as suspects in connection with the hold-up of the Overland Limited, which was robbed of \$100,000 last Sunday, is to-day regarded by postoffice inspectors as one of the most important that has taken place in many years.

The Omaha police are now confident the robbers of the Union Pacific are identical with those who held up and robbed the Great Northern express near Spokane, Wash., on May 15, and for whom rewards of \$65,000 have been offered. Including the rewards of \$24,000 for the Union Pacific robbers, these men now have a price of \$90,000 on their heads.

Three schoolboys brought about the arrest of three men. To the three boys and their teacher probably will go \$90,000 in rewards if the prisoners prove to be the men wanted.

When the schoolboys found hidden on the banks of the Missouri River three loaded revolvers, three handkerchiefs cut for masks, bull's-eye lamps and about 200 cartridges, they told their teacher, Mrs. Nora Freeman. She notified the police, and detectives, after a thirty-hour vigil, arrested the men now in custody.

## 20,000 LONGSHOREMEN VOTING ON STRIKE

CHICAGO, May 28.—Twenty thousand longshoremen employed on the docks and wharves around the lakes are taking a referendum vote on the question of calling a general strike against the Lake Carriers' Association.

The ballots were sent out Thursday from the headquarters of the International Longshoremen's Association in Detroit, with instructions to make returns on or before June. Captain T. V. O'Connor, president of the Longshoremen's Association, declared to-day that from the sentiment of the men there was hardly any doubt that they would vote for a strike.

The marine engineers, firemen and lake seamen have been engaged in a strike against members of the Lake Carriers' Association since May 1. Should the men on the docks join them, it is said, the tie-up of lake commerce would be almost complete.

# EMMA GOLDMAN LECTURE PROHIBITED AND HALL CLOSED BEFORE WORD IS UTTERED.

Declaring that he was acting under orders from Commissioner Bingham, Captain Hughes, of the West 163d street station, of Brooklyn, descended upon Leidekrans Hall last night with about twenty-five policemen and ten plain clothes men, denounced the proprietor, prohibited the lecture announced by Emma Goldman, closed the hall, and drove away the hundreds of people who came to hear the much-persecuted speaker.

It was about 7 o'clock when the little army of police arrived at the hall, which is at the corner of Manhattan avenue and Meserole street, and is one of the largest in the vicinity. The lecture, on "The True Significance of Anarchism," was announced for 8 P. M., and the audience had not yet assembled.

The hallkeeper was told that the meeting would not be permitted, and ordered to keep the doors closed. A number of policemen were stationed inside the hall, and the rest cleared the streets, a crowd of about 2,000 people having collected upon the arrival of the Cossaks.

The police exercised their tyranny without much physical violence this time, and there were no arrests, and no one injured.

Miss Goldman was informed of the closing of the hall before reaching the meeting and returned to New York.

The greater part of the police were sent back to the station house after a time, but eight officers remained, turning away the audience as fast as they came, and dispersing the people whenever three or more gathered in a group to talk over the suppression of free speech.

Explanation of Outrage Refused. When interviewed by the reporter of The Call, Captain Hughes refused to give his reasons for preventing the lecture.

"I am acting under orders, and cannot discuss this matter with reporters," said the Captain. "Would you have stopped this meeting if the hallkeeper had refused to call it off when you demanded that he do so?" "Yes."

"Under what law would you have taken such action? Does not the constitution guarantee free speech?" "I cannot give you the reasons for this action," said Captain Hughes. "It would be against the rules of the department for me to do so. I have no choice in this matter. You will have to see some one higher up."

"When the manager of the hall was approached, he said: "I didn't know this was going to be an anarchist meeting. I wouldn't have had this happen for a hundred dollars. I never had any trouble with the police."

When he found that he was talking to a reporter, the hall-keeper became very uncommunicative.

Hall Manager Afraid of the Call. "I don't want my name in the papers. It will injure my business in this neighborhood. Especially in The Call, because you will jump on me."

"The only way to avoid being jumped on by The Call," the hallkeeper was informed, "is to stick by your rights and show a little courage and decency. The police had no legal right to stop this meeting, especially before a word was said, and it was your business to stick by your agreement with the people who engaged the hall."

After protesting that he could not afford to offend the police, the hallkeeper passed into silence again, but finally remarked, reflectively: "The Captain gave me hell—but he has to obey orders. He gave me hell—but, oh, he is a fine man; I never had any trouble with him before."

The hall manager refused to give his name. Some said it was Switski, and others said the name of the owner was Lipschutz.

Three weeks ago a lecture in the same neighborhood, at Manhattan Hall, was stopped in a similar manner. Leidekrans Hall is in a neighborhood populated by Jewish working people, and the lecture last night was to have been in Yiddish. An admission fee of ten cents was to be charged.

The Call will give its first Birthday Party on Sunday Afternoon, May 30, at Grand Central Palace. Of course, we expect YOU there.

**for the benefit of Emma Goldman's magazine, "Mother Earth."**

**Victim's Experience of Police Tyranny**  
 When interviewed by the reporter of The Call, Miss Goldman said:  
 "This is only the latest of the many outrages to which I have been subjected. Three weeks ago I was to speak in Terrace Lyceum, East Broadway, for the Bread and Freedom Group, which would have been the fifth of my series of lectures there in Yiddish. The police threatened the landlord with the criminal anarchy law, and told him he would be sent to jail for five years if he permitted the meeting. He would not let us hold the meeting, although we had a contract for the hall for a number of lectures. He promised to make an affidavit that he had been intimidated, but afterward backed down.

"The breaking up of the meeting last Sunday at Lexington Hall, in 116th street, everybody knows about, and the presence of the police at the Sunrise Club on Monday."  
 "Recently my manager, Dr. Reitman, went to New Haven and engaged Colonial Hall, on Crown street, for three lectures, paying a deposit. When I got there the meeting was forbidden, and I was informed that no admission fee could be charged without a license. When Chief Cowles was asked if he would give me a license he replied: 'Not by a damn sight.' I could get no place to speak, and the lectures did not take place.

**"Incites to Riot" Without Speaking**  
 "On my recent Western tour I was arrested in San Francisco, and in Bellingham, Wash., on charges of inciting riot before a single word had been uttered. Just because I engaged a hall in San Francisco I was found not guilty by a jury. After having had to raise \$5,000 bail, in Bellingham we were permitted to leave town, after spending a night in jail. In Seattle we were arrested on the charge that we owed a hall-keeper \$1.50, before the lecture was given. In Everett, Wash., the city fathers decreed that I should not speak. At the Canadian border we were held up by an immigration inspector, until he could find out whether it was safe to let us proceed.

"After all this it might seem that the country was saved for a time being, but now they are trying to take away my citizenship, and the question of my deportation is in the hands of the Attorney General. It would be awful to be deported from such a free country, wouldn't it?"

**ALDEN FREEMAN MAKES PROTEST**  
 Prominent Citizen at Suppressed Meeting Last Sunday Writes Mayor.

Alden Freeman, of East Orange, N. J., who was present at the lecture of Emma Goldman in Lexington Hall last Sunday, when the police stopped her talk on the drama and drove the audience into the street, has addressed a protest to Mayor McEllen, in which he says:  
 "I called at your home on Sunday afternoon to protest against the breaking of the law by the Police Department of your city on the morning of May 23, when, against the protest of both lecturer and audience, the people listening to a talk on 'The Modern Drama,' by Miss Emma Goldman were by force ejected from Lexington Hall in East 116th street by police officers armed with night sticks. I was told that you were out of town, and left my card with the man at the door.

"I am not a resident of New York City or state, but as a member of eighteen clubs and associations of such standing as to be all of them listed in the 'Social Register,' besides many others not there included, and as a subscriber to both of your opera houses for many years, as well as to various lecture courses, charitable institutions, etc., I pay indirectly a considerable tax toward the maintenance of the city government over which you preside, and hence I am a contributor toward the support of the New York Police Department, and have heretofore invariably found the members of the force my friends and protectors.

**Intellectual Address Suppressed.**  
 "I had heard that in some places where there is a less high degree of intelligence and education than in New York this lecturer had been interfered with by the local police, but I was not aware that anything of the kind was possible in New York. I have heard two of Miss Goldman's lectures before. The first of these was held in Mott Hall, in Madison avenue, over a year ago. The subject was 'The Modern Drama,' and I was accompanied by a high official of the New York Life Insurance Company, also by a member of the New York bar, who is a man of great wealth and the highest social position, who was my guest at dinner previous to the lecture, and other friends of high standing in the business world and members of the best clubs. I thought Miss Goldman's treatment of the subject was admirable. It was intellectual, illuminative and brilliant, and in regard to the Russian plays and Ibsen, superior to lectures on that branch of the subject which I had recently heard by a Columbia professor. The second lecture that I heard was held in Lyric Hall in Sixth avenue, on April 11. As on the previous occasion I saw no policemen. I was alone, but recognized and spoke with the law partner of a Republican United States Senator (both gentlemen have been guests at my home), and the wife of a former Democratic State Senator from a Western state.

"I, therefore, had not the faintest premonition or thought of the experience that was before me when I

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 Furniture, Bedding and Go-Carts help to make this sale worthy of your attention. Extremely low prices abound.

**CARPETS CONSTITUTE WOOLSEY'S STRONGEST LINE**  
 For nearly sixty years Woolsey's store has been known as one of the best places in the city to buy carpets. Their very close relations of long standing with the leading mills have enabled them to secure special consideration in the way of exclusive patterns. To talk about the weaves and designs in detail would be simply to enumerate everything desirable and dependable in the line of Floor Coverings. As usual, carpets sewed, laid and lined without extra charge.

**RUGS OF ALL SIZES AND ALL GOOD GRADES—REDUCED.**  
 There will never be a more advantageous time to buy Rugs than during this Sale. Poor qualities of showy design can always be had at low prices, but the Rugs in Woolsey's Stock are the very finest weaves, and the designs include a wide selection of rich Orientals, exclusive two-tones and dainty florals. Full range of carpets and small sizes. Imported and domestic matings and linoleum also 'way underprice.

Note—Woolsey's Store is now closed. Their office is located at Fraas & Miller's.

left the quiet of my suburban home and came to your city on Sunday morning.  
 "I am a law-abiding citizen who has always believed that police officers were maintained by the whole body of citizens to uphold our rights and add to our comfort and to promote peace. I am not an anarchist, nor was I at Lexington Hall out of idle curiosity. As a student and a reader I am familiar with the writings of Godwin, Proudhon, Thoreau, Stirner, Tucker, Kropotkin and Tolstol, but probably less familiar than you, as a scholar and writer, are yourself. The Socialist philosophy interests me more as being of more immediate interest, and as likely to be the next step in the evolution of human society, while anarchism seems a remote goal, and is to-day nothing more than a beautiful dream.

"I am vastly more interested in the drama than I am in anarchism, and my interest in Miss Goldman arises from her remarkable interpretation of modern dramatic literature. I was so greatly impressed by the first lecture that I heard that I soon after proposed to the members of the Shakespeare Club of the Oranges, of which I was vice president at the time, that we request Miss Goldman to repeat her lecture before our club. An Episcopal clergyman from Brooklyn was the speaker at the meeting in question, which was held in the Woman's Club in East Orange, and he heartily endorsed my motion, and said that it was a good thing for any community to hear Emma Goldman speak, for it always set people to thinking. My motion was unanimously carried.  
 "I am also president of the Open Forum, which is endeavoring to present the various phases of liberal thought to the people of New Jersey in the form of debates and lectures. In these lectures and debates we give opportunity to all radicals to express themselves, whether they be Socialists, Single Taxers or philosophical anarchists, and equal opportunity for rebuttal is accorded to the capitalists, individualist, and all believers in the doctrine of laissez faire.

**America Being Russified.**  
 "In the pursuit of our work the Forum has arranged with Miss Goldman to deliver her new lecture on 'The Modern Drama,' in East Orange, on the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Thomas Paine on the 5th of next month. As I had not heard this lecture, although familiar with Miss Goldman's treatment of the subject, and as I am to preside at the meeting in East Orange, I went to New York to attend the lecture at Lexington Hall. I was anticipating an intellectual treat; after what I witnessed in that hall I feel as if I had made a journey to Russia."  
 Mr. Freeman continues by quoting the statement and protest of Miss Goldman's manager, Dr. Reitman, giving it his full indorsement, and states that he was prostrated by the nervous shock he experienced at the meeting.

**BULOW'S BLOC BREAKS**  
 BERLIN, May 29.—The Liberals and Radicals, as well as the Socialists, have refused to take further part in the discussions of the Finance Committee of the Reichstag regarding new taxation, and they all walked out of the committee room yesterday when the Conservatives joined the Center party and the Poles in order to pass an increase in the indirect taxation of tea and coffee. The breach between the parties hitherto forming the majority in the Reichstag thus has been widened.

**\$2,500 AWAITS HER**  
 DENVER, May 29.—T. H. Mathewson to-day holds \$2,500 for Miss Lilian Hazel, of New York City. Years ago Miss Hazel found and returned a \$100 bill lost by W. P. Wilkins. He took her name and when he died left \$2,500 to Mathewson to give to her for her honesty. Mathewson cannot find her.

**CONVICT EX-ALDERMAN**  
 BOSTON, May 29.—Ex-Alderman George H. Battis has been convicted of larceny from the city in connection with the purchase of Fourth of July prizes two years ago. Battis, as a member of a committee selected to buy prizes, had obtained \$300 by means of "padded" bills. Sentence has been deferred.

**DARING BANK HOLD-UP**  
 BENBOW CITY, Ill., May 29.—Efforts are being made to-day to discover a clue to the identity and whereabouts of the robbers who, armed with shotguns, held up the cashier of the People's Bank here and escaped with more than \$2,000. The men were out of town before assistance could be summoned.

**The First Anniversary Celebration of the NEW YORK EVENING CALL**  
 WILL TAKE PLACE ON  
**Decoration Day, Sunday, May 30, 1909**  
 AT  
**GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, LEXINGTON AVE., BET. 43d and 44th STS.**  
 TO BEGIN AT 2:30 P. M.

The following Comrades have promised to speak: Charles Edward Russell, Joshua Wanhope, Alexander Jonas, Sol. Fieldman, Carrie W. Allen, Meyer London, Anita C. Block and Algernon Lee

Prologue, "Labor's Weapon," by Hebe, to be read by Jack Britt Gearity

**Vocal and Instrumental Concert**  
 Under the Direction of Platon Brounoff  
 Music by the Carl Sahn Club.  
 Roseline Kamerman.....Soprano  
 "Love in Springtime."  
 Morris Silver.....Alto  
 "The first of May."  
 "The fourth of Liberty."  
 By Platon Brounoff  
 Caroline Van Name.....Soprano  
 Selections.  
 Ethel Lawrence.....Fancy Dancing  
 Mrs. J. W. Gates.....Soprano  
 Selections.  
 Max Dolin.....Violin  
 "An Evening in Venice," by Platon Brounoff  
 Mildred Lewis.....Soprano  
 Selections.  
 Maurice Klisto.....Barytone  
 From the Studeford Opera Company.  
 "Prologue from Pagliacci."  
 "Tosca Song from Carmen."  
 Mrs. J. W. Gates.....Soprano  
 Selections.  
 Platon Brounoff.....Barytone  
 "A Socialist Song."

**Conover Piano Used. Mason & Hamlin, Agents, 313 Fifth Avenue.**

**Dancing in the Evening.**  
**Admission, 25 Cents**  
 Tickets for sale at Call Office, 442 Pearl St.; Labor Temple, 247 East 84th St.; West Side Headquarters, 585 5th Ave.; Club House, 3309 Third Ave.; Rand School, 112 East 19th St. Brooklyn—Labor Lyceum, 947 Willoughby Ave.; B. C. Hammond, 1199 Flatbush Ave.

**FOREIGN NOTES**  
 ST. PIERRE, Miquelon, May 29.—The French fishing schooner Malouine, of St. Malo, sank a few days ago on Quero Bank. The crew of twenty-one men was rescued by another fishing vessel and arrived here yesterday. The Malouine, while at anchor riding out a gale, sprung a leak and went down.  
 VENICE, May 29.—While an Austrian steamship was passing through the Guidecca Canal yesterday it collided with and sank six gondolas. All the occupants were thrown into the water, but no lives were lost.

AMOY, May 29.—Fighting among the clans has been resumed in the Heu-Wah district, sixty-five miles north of Amoy, and is interfering with local business. The trouble began three years ago, because of the abduction of a bride. About three hundred men have been killed in the encounters.  
 SANTIAGO, Chile, May 29.—The Mercurio publishes a semi-official statement on the relations existing between Chile and Peru, in which it contradicts a report in circulation that the State Department at Washington has made a declaration in favor of Peru. The statement concludes with the assertion that the Chilean Congress and people are determined to observe the existing treaties with Peru

regarding the Tacna and Arica question.  
 TOMSK, Siberia, May 29.—Fire which broke out on May 25 at Novonizhalevsk destroyed 800 houses in the city.  
 MONTREAL, May 29.—Philippe H. Roy, former president of the Bank of St. John, Quebec, convicted of falsifying returns, was sentenced yesterday to five years' imprisonment.  
**4 SOLDIERS ESCAPE**  
 Four soldiers in the Fort Totten prison escaped this morning between 12:15 o'clock and 2 o'clock, when the sunrise gun was fired.


**CONVENE IN TOLEDO**  
 Ch st an Socialists Get Hearty Welcome From Mayor Whitlock.  
 (Correspondence to The Call.)  
 TOLEDO, Ohio, May 28.—The fourth annual General Conference of the Christian Socialist Fellowship opened yesterday with a general meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Y. M. C. A.  
 Hon. Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, made an address of welcome to the city which had produced one man who accepted literally the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the principles of Christianity, was a fitting meeting place for those who believe that the fundamentals of Christianity, really lived out, will solve the vexed problems of economic life.  
 Dr. John D. Long, general secretary of the fellowship, made a short speech gratefully accepting the Mayor's welcome.  
 The address of the evening was by Rev. W. A. Prosser, of McKees' Rocks, Pa., on "Socialism, a Preparation for the Triumph of Christianity." He said that he was a Socialist and a Christian who believed in Socialism, and who wanted both, because he believed that Socialism would help man to attain his highest.  
 To-day there will be business sessions at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M., and public meetings at 4 P. M. and 8 P. M. Many delegates are present from several states.  
**AUTO RAMS TROLLEY; MANY PASSENGERS CUT**  
 A big touring car, containing three men and three women, crashed into a westbound Crosstown trolley car at 118th street and Lenox avenue, early to-day. The automobile was going at a high rate of speed and the force of the collision almost overturned it. The car was badly damaged. Windows were shattered, several of the passengers being cut by flying glass. After the accident the party escaped before the arrival of Police-man McManus, of the West 125th street station.

**THE FIRST MILESTONE.**  
 It was steep climbing, Comrades, this first year, and we have not as yet reached the summit of the hill. You are not tired, are you? Stand still for a minute, and cast a glance backward. A year ago we were eagerly awaiting the first issue of The Call.  
 We had very little capital, but a great deal of enthusiasm. Do not ridicule those who undertook to run a daily newspaper with enthusiasm. We made this enthusiasm count for something.  
 It was this enthusiasm that kept The Call alive for a whole year.  
 Some of our friends say that the paper should not have been started with less than \$100,000 behind it. That sounds all right enough, but the fact is you would have no paper to-day had you listened to that advice.  
 You cannot collect \$100,000 in cold blood. You cannot even collect \$50,000 that way. We found it difficult enough to get together the \$20,000 with which we undertook to publish the paper.  
 Whenever we tried to collect a Dollar, the Comrades said: Start the paper and we shall gladly give ten or a hundred dollars instead of one.  
 No, the idea of first collecting a big fund and then launching our paper, placing Editor and Manager at once in an easy chair, is a chimera.  
 Socialist papers are not born that way. Like the movement they represent, proletarian press organs have a small beginning. But nurtured with the great hope of which the working class is possessed, they soon grow to maturity. Adversity and hard knocks cannot easily kill them.  
 If it is true that a cat has nine lives, a Socialist paper certainly has ninety-nine.  
 Well, here is The Call, one year old. And here is the Anniversary issue, with more pages and more advertising than any previous issue contained. What say you now? Are you still afraid that we cannot keep it up?  
 Please get the idea out of your head that the days of The Call are numbered. The Call will live if you are true to yourself.  
 We make no secret of the difficulties with which we have to contend daily, hourly. On the contrary, in almost every issue we tell you of our needs so that you may help us.  
 Our appeals were not entirely in vain. A great number of Comrades have responded, and the list of receipts printed daily in The Call makes up one of the most interesting columns of the paper. That is, if you can read between the lines, and feel the devotion which alone makes such sacrifices possible.  
 From the same list and from the "Roll of Honor" you can furthermore see that many organizations are beginning to understand the necessity of a daily labor paper. We shall not rest until every labor organization is aroused.  
 Comrades, here is an object worth the sweat of the noble! Do every thing you can for The Call! Let us go to work with a will.  
 Are you in need of inspiration? Come to the Anniversary Festival of The Call. Help us make that a record-breaker. And let your watchword be:  
**LONG LIVE THE CALL!**  
 THE MANAGER.

**M. & A. KATZ, Department Store**  
 831-833 3d Avenue, Near 51st Street.  
 WE ARE OFFERING SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK  
**Long Lisle Gloves, in Black, White and Tan,**  
**at 27c a pair.**  
 Actual value 50c. to 75c. pair.  
**SPECIAL BARGAINS IN MEN'S SHIRTS,**  
**35c each, 3 for \$1.00.**  
 Regular price 50c. each.  
 Save our Coupons. They are equal to 4 per cent. discount.

**BLUM & CO.**  
**Clothiers and Merchant Tailors**  
 117 CANAL STREET, New York

We have advertised in The Call almost since it began publication a year ago. We have found by this time that the readers of this paper stand by their advertisers.  
 Amongst our steady customers we count many Call Readers.  
 You are invited to pay us a visit and examine our goods the next time you need a suit.



CONFERENCE ON NEGRO PROBLEM

Prominent Scientists Here to Consider Status of America's Colored Citizen.

The Conference on the Status of the American Negro will bring to this city many prominent men who have enlisted in the fight for human rights against the race persecution to which this country has recently been treated.



"AMERICA'S BEST MILK." CLEAN, PURE, STERILIZED MILK PRODUCTS PUT UP UNDER SANITARY CONDITIONS FROM FULL-CREAM MILK

Save the Labels Send Postal for Premium List MOHAWK CONDENSED MILK CO. 97 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.



SOCIALIST NEWS OF THE DAY

All notices must be in this office by noon of the day previous to publication. All meetings begin at 8 P. M., unless otherwise specified.

To-Night's Meetings. MANHATTAN AND BRONX. Open Air. 31st A. D.—125th street and Seventh avenue. Ben Blumenberg and Albert Abrams.

Sunday's Meetings. MANHATTAN AND BRONX. Young People's Organization. Young Socialist Literary Circle. 64 East 104th street. 2 P. M.

Sunday Schools. Harlem.—Central Hall, Third avenue and 108th street. 11 A. M. Bronx.—Jacob's Bronx Theater, Wendover avenue, near Park. 1 A. M.

Mock Congress. Harlem Socialist Headquarters, 250 West 125th street. "The General Strike as a Weapon of Socialist Propaganda" will be the subject for discussion.

Lecture. Christian Socialist Fellowship—The Social Store, 25 St. Marks place. Good speakers, 3 P. M.

Popular Dinner. A popular dinner of the Socialist Dramatic Movement will be held at Codrington's, 769 Sixth avenue, at 6.30 P. M.

Brooklyn. Sunday Schools. 22d A. D.—440 Liberty avenue, 4 P. M. Boro Park.—39th street and North Utrecht avenue, 11 A. M.

Young People's Organizations. The Young Socialist Literary League, at Brownsville, has changed its name to Young People's Socialist Federation, Circle 23.

TO HONOR DEPARTED. Albert Halpern has announced to his friends that a tombstone will be erected over the grave of his wife, Annie Halpern, to-day, at 3 P. M.

YOUNG SOCIALISTS CAPTURE VICTIM. After searching through the entire realm of would-be killers of Socialism and exponents of hostile philosophies for an able and willing opponent to debate before their organization, the Young Friends Socialist Literary Circle has at last conspired to get one into their clutches.

SOCIALISTS DECIDE ON SUMMER COLONY. For those interested in maintaining a summer colony where Socialists and others interested in the movement could spend their vacations inexpensively and congenially, it was decided to concentrate all efforts upon the grounds owned by MacFadden, formerly Physical Culture City, Oulcait, N. J., post office, Helmsville, N. J.

CHINESE REBELS BUSY

Plot to Overthrow Present Dynasty Discovered—Family Quarrels.

CANTON, May 29.—Great activity is being shown by the reformers here who, under the guise of patriotic meetings to uphold China's rights in the Macao boundary dispute with Portugal, have assembled to further revolutionary plans against the throne. They have made arrangements to obtain dynamite and arms for their supporters inland. More than twenty pounds of dynamite was found buried and a rebel outbreak has taken place in the country.

MASSO PARRA ADMITS VENEZUELAN PLOT. HAVANA, May 29.—Five bandits, who are being pursued by mounted rurales in the vicinity of San Cristobal and Guanajay, are believed to be connected with General Masso Parra's scheme for an invasion of Venezuela.

HER TRUNK HAD FALSE BOTTOM. Jewelry, fine gowns and furs, valued at nearly \$1,000, have been discovered in a double bottom in a trunk taken to the appraisers' stores after the arrival of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. of the North German Lloyd Line, last Tuesday.

MOROS KILL THREE. MANILA, May 29.—Two private soldiers were killed and a sergeant was mortally wounded in a fight with bandits on the Rouman River on May 22, according to advices received here. The Moros surprised an outpost of the 18th Infantry encamped near Keithley, and poured a volley into the soldiers before the latter could defend themselves. Two columns of infantry are in pursuit of the bandits.

THE PARKSIDE CHURCH. The speaker in the Parkside Church, Lenox Road, near Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, in the absence of Dr. Long, at the National Conference of the Christian Socialist Fellowship meeting in Toledo, Ohio, will be Rev. Eli Beers, of Boston, who will tell how unjust is our present distribution of wealth. In the evening the same speaker will discuss "Practical Socialism."

SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTICE. Owing to the approaching hot weather season the school will discontinue the regular Sunday sessions and assemble at 1199 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, for a social gathering, Sunday, May 30, June 13, July 11, and August 15, at which entertaining programs will be given, followed by refreshments.

250 WOMEN ATTACK ALLEGED DEFAMER. WASHINGTON, Pa., May 29.—Geo. Englart, of Manifold, a town three miles north of here, is dying to-day from the effects of a beating he received at the hands of a mob of infuriated women who accused him of slandering them. Clubs and pickhanes were used by the 250 who joined in the attack. According to reports to-day, his wife is dying from the shock.

Church of the Ascension 5th AVENUE and 10th STREET.

Sunday, May 30, 1909, at 8 P. M. ALEXANDER IRVINE

Picnic of Local Kings County, Socialist Party

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CAMPAIGN FUND. Saturday, June 12, '09, commencing 2 P. M. AT LIBERTY PARK, Cooper Ave. and Evergreen, L. I. Senator Winfield Gaylord, of Wisconsin, will speak at 8 P. M.

TICKETS, 15 CENTS. Tickets can be bought at the office of The Call, Volksetzungs, Brooklyn Labor Lyceum, Jewish Forward and at the headquarters of the Party Branches in Brooklyn. To reach the Park—Take any "L" or surface car to Ridgewood depot, transfer to Cypress Hills car to Cooper Avenue, a few minutes walk to the left.

MARK THE DATE AND PLACE SOCIALIST PARTY, LOCAL NEW YORK

Picnic and Summernight's Festival Sunday Afternoon and Evening, June 13, 1909 AT SULZER'S WESTCHESTER PARK For the Benefit of the Campaign Fund.

Dancing, Amusements, Games, Etc. Concert by Carl Salm Orchestra, Socialist Band, Etc. Chorus by the United Workingmen's Singing Societies, Hungarian "Liberty" Singing Society, Etc. BARBECUE Gymnastic Exhibitions by the Turn Verein "Vorwaerts." Senator WINFIELD R. GAYLORD, of Milwaukee, will speak in English and German. Speeches from Music Stand at 5 P. M. BAZAAR TICKETS IN ADVANCE, 10 CENTS. AT THE GATE, 15 CENTS.

NINTH ANNIVERSARY Grand Picnic and Summernight's Festival

BUTCHER UNION NO. 174 PROMENADE CONCERT Dance Music by Professor Vogt

EACH CHILD WILL RECEIVE A PRESENT SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1909 At SULZER'S WESTCHESTER PARK

BARBECUE :: PRIZE BOWLING :: GAMES

Admission, Gent and Lady, inc. Refreshments, \$1 Admission to Park, 15c. Payable at the Gate

How to Reach Park—Take Subway trains to West Farms, within two blocks from Park; or Third Ave. "L" road to 149th St. and Third Ave. and change to West Farms (Subway).

UNION MEN! Special for Decoration Day Blue Serge Suits from \$10.00 up. LEVY BROS., 53 Canal Street, cor. Orchard Street. The clothing being manufactured at their own premises is strictly union made. Each garment has the union label which in itself is the guarantee for lowest prices and best qualities. OPEN SUNDAY AND DECORATION DAY.

Congratulations to The Call on its First Anniversary.

George J. Schwarz Largest Furniture and Carpet House in Ridgewood 1279-1281-1283 Myrtle Ave., cor. Hart St., Brooklyn Open Saturday and Monday Evenings.

Announcements

Henry Frank will lecture at the Berkeley Theater, 19 West 44th street, to-morrow at 11 o'clock, on "New Discoveries About God and Destiny of Man." To-morrow night at the Social Store, 25 St. Marks place, Samuel Stodel will speak on "Socialism and Some Experience." At 9.30 all present will leave for The Call Anniversary Celebration, at Grand Central Palace.

"The Italians in America" will be the subject treated by Leone Mucchi, in Italian, to-morrow at 134 Mezerole street, Brooklyn. A concert will be given to-night at the Parkside Church, Lenox Road, near Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, for the benefit of the church.

Jewelry, fine gowns and furs, valued at nearly \$1,000, have been discovered in a double bottom in a trunk taken to the appraisers' stores after the arrival of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. of the North German Lloyd Line, last Tuesday.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Table with rates for classified advertising: 1 time . . . . . 10c, 2 consecutive times . . . . . 20c, 3 " " " " . . . . . 30c, 10 " " " " . . . . . 1.00

Information wanted of John Joyce (Holystone Jaek); born in old Dover Castle, Dover Cliffs, England, in or about the year 1834. Father, Maurice Joyce, Coast Guard, English Navy; mother, Mary Ryan, of the Ryans of Cappoquin, County Waterford.

SOCIAL STORE

A mental gymnasium, refreshment and market place; open day and night 25 St. Marks Place (Opposite Cooper Union).

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. Elmsford, N. Y., midway Tarrytown and White Plains, handsome, substantial house for sale; 7 rooms. Commutation 12 1/2 cents from 42d street. No reasonable offer refused. House will be ready for occupancy in two weeks. Swales, Elmsford.

EGGS FOR SALE. Strictly fine fresh eggs, direct from my farm, 30c. dozen delivered; any quantity. Pinkenstadt, New Paltz, New York.

FOR SALE. Tent, 14x14, with fly; three burners, blue flame oil stove and oven. Call evenings, Fishery, 23 East 3d St., Mt. Vernon, New York.

NOTICE. There is a strike at A. Martinek's, 1353 First avenue. All sympathizers and other local unions please take notice. Bohemian Butcher and Bologna Makers Union, Local 373, Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, A. F. of L.

FURNISHED ROOM TO LET. LARGE, convenient, nicely furnished and unfurnished rooms with bath; moderate prices. 230 E. 78th St., Stoop.

HELP WANTED. First-class canvassers; newspaper work in nearby New Jersey towns; good pay. P. O. Box 1624, New York.

HELP WANTED—MALE. WANTED—Comrades to volunteer as committeemen at the anniversary festival of The Call at Grand Central Palace, May 30. Send your name to manager of anniversary, The Call, 442 Pearl street, New York.

Wanted—Sign painter. Call 9 p. m., 44 Bowersy.

SITUATION WANTED—MALE. Strong young man wishes position at anything; age 29. N. Swan, 3741 3d ave., Bronx.

WANTED. Amateur musicians to join the Socialist Band (brass). Meets at Labor Temple every Thursday.

The Call offers a good opportunity to capable advertising solicitors. Inquire at the office, 442 Pearl St., New York.

HUGE CROWD HEARS TWIN MELODRAMAS

Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" Well Applauded.

By HARRY CHAPIN PLUMMER.

By far the most successful performance thus far effected by the International Opera Company during its engagement of one week at the Grand Opera House...

(Photo Copyright by Mishkin, N. Y.)

The International opera, upon the close of their brief season here, next Monday night, will leave for San Francisco, where they will be heard during the summer in a repertoire of fifteen operas...

Rather good effects were accomplished by the choristers. The stage management, however, was very poor. Ruggiero Leoncavallo's music-drama, "I Pagliacci," followed the Mascagni opera...

The International singers, upon the close of their brief season here, next Monday night, will leave for San Francisco, where they will be heard during the summer in a repertoire of fifteen operas...

"RED" DUFFY FIGHTS JAIL SENTENCE

Frank Duffy, alias "Red," who is in the Tombs awaiting transportation to Sing Sing, where he is to serve a term for illegal registration...

Duffy was handcuffed in a long line of prisoners ready to be taken to Sing Sing shortly after noon yesterday when his counsel, Clark L. Jordan, served the stay upon Acting Warden Hanley...

Duffy was handcuffed in a long line of prisoners ready to be taken to Sing Sing shortly after noon yesterday when his counsel, Clark L. Jordan, served the stay upon Acting Warden Hanley...

Money spent with Call advertisers is money well invested. It will not only secure your necessities, but will also insure the life of this paper through building up the advertising patronage.

COM. ALBERT HALPERN begs to announce to his friends that a tombstone will be erected over the grave of his wife, Annie Halpern...

The Eagle Shoe Store, Union Made, Fine Foot Wear. 848 Columbus Avenue.

What to Read on Socialism. By Charles E. Kerr, Editor of the International Socialist Review.

The 312th Day of The Call Every Day Since It Started.

SIG. KLEIN and ASSISTANTS, 50 and 52 THIRD AVE., near 10th St., New York. are steady advertisers co-operators, friends and prompt payers for the ads for the 312 days in The Call.

UNION LABEL GOODS. Broad bearing this label is Union Made. Ask for the Label when buying bread.

READ THIS

Do you want to do something big for The Call? Of course, you do. Here is the way: If you are a member of a union, Socialist local or progressive organization...

It's not much to your organization but it means a great deal to The Call. A few hundred organizations taking this action will insure the existence of The Call during the coming summer months when business is nearly at a standstill.

Your organization probably gets a dollar's worth of space in The Call every week just by printing of notices and announcements. That's outside of the fact that The Call serves the cause of labor and liberty with the fidelity and loyalty that is unquestioned.

Here is a list of organizations that have started the ball a rolling:

- 1. Cigarmakers Union, No. 149, Brooklyn.
2. Progressive Literary Aid Society, Brownsville.
3. 24th Assembly District, Socialist Party, New York.
4. Machinists' Progressive Lodge, No. 235, I. A. of M.
5. 6th A. D. Socialist Party, New York.

BUILDING NEWS.

The following plans have been filed with the Building Department for new structures in Manhattan and the Bronx:
70th st., n. s., 73 ft w. of Madison av. for a five-and-a-half-story brick dwelling...

70th st., n. s., 73 ft w. of Madison av. for a five-and-a-half-story brick dwelling, 35x75; A. W. Kreech of 26 West 85th st., owner; Heins, La Farge & Jackson, architects; cost, \$45,000.

Clinton av., w. s., 100.2 ft s. of 150th st. for a four-story brick tenement, 41 x60.3; L. W. Devine Co., owner; H. G. Steinmetz, architect; cost, \$20,000.

Avenue St. John, e. s., from Beck to Kelly sts. for ten four-story brick tenements, 25x58.5; Avenue St. John Realty Co. (Emanuel Schwage of 57 East 129th st. president), owner; Geo. T. Pelham, architect; cost, \$220,000.

Morris av. e. s., 50 ft n. of 152d st. for a three-story brick dwelling and stable, 25x68.5; Henry Penzente of 642 Morris av., owner; Moore & Landstedel, architects; cost, \$10,000.

Van Nest av., n. s., 50 ft e. of Garfield st. for a two-story frame dwelling and shop, 24x48; Patrick Reilly, premises owner; T. J. Kelly, architect; cost, \$5,000.

St. Raymond's av., n. s., 150 ft e. of Zerega av. for a two-story frame dwelling, 21x53; Patrick J. Jordan of Baker av., owner; T. J. Kelly, architect; cost, \$5,000.

Alterations. Minetta pl. n. w. cor. of Macdonald st. to a three-story brick stable; R. M. Marasco of 57 East Houston st., owner; Sommerfeld & Steckler, architects; cost, \$5,000.

ORDERS INVESTIGATION

Federal District Attorney Gets After Beef Trust Extortioners.

Federal District Attorney Henry A. Wise today detailed one of his deputies to investigate the charges that there exists a combine among the wholesale meat dealers doing business in this city—and they include all of the big packing houses—whereby the price of meat is being forced up.

The retail dealers declare that the advance by the wholesalers came to them without warning; that they are only met the advances they are compelled to pay, and that they should not be held responsible for the high prices consumers have to pay.

This week's jump in the price of beef has had its most serious effect upon the poor. Their limited incomes have been crippled completely by the exorbitant increases in the price of foodstuffs.

Fresh eggs at wholesale have jumped to 26 and 27 cents a dozen, with retail prices from two to three cents higher. It is prophesied that before the end of the summer cold storage eggs will bring from 35 to 50 cents, and strictly fresh eggs from 50 to 75 cents.

Fowls are bringing 16-17 cents a pound, which is 2-3 cents more than is usual at this season.

TRUCK KILLS GIRL

As a one-horse truck was passing in front of 34 Barrow street last evening, Anna Walsh, fourteen years old, fell from the sidewalk between the wheels. One wheel passed over her chest, and she is dead today in St. Vincent's Hospital. The driver was arrested, charged with homicide.

FLOUR MILLS CLOSE

WINNIPEG, May 29.—Owing to the continued high price of wheat, all the smaller flour mills in Western Canada shut down this week, and the larger mills have decided to run on short time. In Ontario nearly all the mills have shut down.

CALL PURCHASERS' LEAGUE.

The Call Purchasers League and Conference held their meeting Wednesday, May 26, 1909, in Brooklyn Labor Lyceum. It was decided that the proceeds of Sunday's celebration be turned over to the treasurer of The Call...

FREE TROLLEY RIDES

Clip the words "OUR DARLING" from each box, send 12 cut-outs with this advertisement, giving your name and address, and I will send you tickets for five trolley rides. Tickets good on any trolley, subway or elevated in any city.

AMUSEMENTS. HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, at 2 & 5. Spectacle-Circus-Ballet HUDSON W. 44th St. E. of B'way. Ev. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15.

THE THIRD DEGREE. WHERE TO DINE WELL. LITTLE HUNGARY. 257 E. Houston St. Table d'Hote Din. 5c. Dinner 15c. Hungarian Gypsy Band and Royal Neapolitan Mandolinists and Singers Evenings.

RESTAURANTS. VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT, 108-5 William St., N. Y. NOONDAY LUNCH. PHYSICAL CULTURE FOODS.

GRAY'S LUNCH ROOM. 123 PARK ROW. THE PLACE THAT DELIVERS THE GOODS.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. O. W. WUERTZ, PIANOS, 2512 Third Ave., near 50th St., and 2523 Third Ave., near 52nd St.

TRUSSMAKER. HENRY FRAHME TRUSSMAKER 1490 3d Ave. Bet. 84th & 85th Sts.

W. C. REEVES & CO. 124 East 23d St., New York City. If you cannot come, telephone, write or call on us for maps and full particulars.

ENGINEER KILLED IN ELEVATOR MISHAP

The widow and two children who survive George McBride, of 412 West 54th street, are to-day grief-stricken over his death. McBride was killed by an elevator in the old Florence House, which went out of business a month ago, and is now being torn down. McBride was employed for many years as engineer of the establishment.

He lost his life in a fall from the roof to the top of an elevator, two floors below. His skull was fractured. He tried to climb from the elevator to the roof, slipped, and caught at a cable. That started the car downward and the man hung from the cable at the top of the shaft. The elevator stopped automatically and he fell. A widow and four children survive.

LOVED HIS WIFE BUT OH! THE KID

ST. LOUIS, May 29.—A strong temperamental dislike to hearing the baby cry at night is said by the wife to have been the principal cause that led Don C. Summers, Assistant Circuit Attorney, to leave her sixteen months ago.

Mrs. Summers, however, alleged in her suit for divorce, now going on in the Circuit Court here, that there are other reasons. She alleges in her complaint that the so-called "simple life" which Summers says he led on a bungalow had a decided "low-neck" tinge. It is expected that Mrs. Summers will get her decree.

SALE OF WOOLSEY'S STOCK AT FRAAS & MILLER'S.

In to-day's issue of The Call appears a large advertisement of Fraas & Miller, a firm that did not hesitate to begin to advertise in this paper during the first few months of its firmistence. The entering of this firm into the Call has not only proven of mutual benefit to this paper and Fraas & Miller, but also has given perfect satisfaction to numerous Call readers, who have made purchases at this "Furniture Center," which may be seen from the many letters received at The Call office.

Now the long-established firm of S. W. Woolsey & Sons, of Grand street, Brooklyn, have discontinued their business, and have turned over their immense stock of furniture to Messrs. Fraas & Miller, who are offering it at prices that really are rare exceptions and mean wonderful bargains.

Brooklyn and even New York Call readers will benefit by visiting Fraas & Miller's establishment right now and make their selections. Those of our readers residing in the suburban districts or even farther away should not fail to communicate with the above firm and ask for its large catalogue. Fraas & Miller ship furniture to places outside New York by their own automobile trucks, and also by freight.

CALL PURCHASERS' LEAGUE.

The Call Purchasers League and Conference held their meeting Wednesday, May 26, 1909, in Brooklyn Labor Lyceum. It was decided that the proceeds of Sunday's celebration be turned over to the treasurer of The Call. Letter written by Comrade O'Neal was accepted to be sent to unions and organizations of Brooklyn. Comrade Harry Slavin was appointed by the league to serve as committee at the Grand Central Palace Sunday, May 30. It was regularly moved and seconded to give Sustaining Fund stamps in charge of Mrs. Nauman for the league and surrounding districts. Fraternally yours, MRS. G. NAUMAN, Secretary.

AMUSEMENTS. HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, at 2 & 5. Spectacle-Circus-Ballet HUDSON W. 44th St. E. of B'way. Ev. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15.

THE THIRD DEGREE. WHERE TO DINE WELL. LITTLE HUNGARY. 257 E. Houston St. Table d'Hote Din. 5c. Dinner 15c. Hungarian Gypsy Band and Royal Neapolitan Mandolinists and Singers Evenings.

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W. C. REEVES & CO. 124 East 23d St., New York City. If you cannot come, telephone, write or call on us for maps and full particulars.

UNION LABEL GOODS. Broad bearing this label is Union Made. Ask for the Label when buying bread.

DUMA GRANTS RIGHTS TO OLD BELIEVERS

ST. PETERSBURG, May 29.—The bill legalizing the sect of Old Believers, the first of a series of important measures designed to put into effect the principles of religious liberty enunciated in the Emperor's manifesto of May 13, has been adopted in the Duma. The bill of the Conservatives and the Octoberists against the amendments was less serious than expected, and the measure obtained a majority of 39.

DESPONDENT, ENDS LIFE

Mrs. McCarthy, the mother of Mrs. Mary Monahan, who was found dead in Central Park, a suicide by drinking carbolic acid, declared today that her daughter was the victim of despondency brought on by her separation from her husband, William Monahan. The Monahans had a quarrel Thursday night and the young woman seemed much depressed yesterday. Mrs. Monahan was a buyer for a downtown dry goods store.

Send The Call One Dollar as a Birthday Present.

Convenient for the Reader. Profitable for the Advertiser. CALL ADVERTISERS' DIRECTORY READ IT DAILY—BEFORE YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY.

BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. S. John Block, 203 Broadway.

BARBERS. Union Co-Op. Barber, 145 Attorney St.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, ETC. Progress Book Store, 223 E. 84th St.

BOOTS AND SHOES. The Bates Shoe, 81 Rivington St. Eagle Shoe Store, 848 Columbus Ave.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS. W. Hursch, 360 Columbus Ave. John & Brunhofer, 1604 Ave. A. Raphael De Nat., 1590 Madison Ave.

CIGARS AND STATIONERY. H. Yohalem, 989 Columbus Ave.

CLOTHING. Rickards Co., Cor. 26th St. & 6th Av.

COLORS. J. M. Huber, 150 Worth St. & 3, 4, 5, 6 Mission Pl.

DRUGGISTS. Jos. H. Jacobson, 31 Eighth Ave. cor. Horatio St.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS. The F. & S. New Store, 84th St. & 3rd Av. Richards Co., N. E. Cor. 26th St. & 6th Av.

DELICATESSEN. Eugene Ebel, 1400 Avenue A. H. Kropp, 2640 8th Ave.

DELICATESSEN AND GROCERIES. Ch. Grube, 804 W. 147th St.

DAILY LUNCH ROOM. L. Schinfeld, 30 Rivington St.

DRY GOODS, LADIES AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS. David Grossman, 1474 Ave. A. at 78th.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Sam W. Elges, 465 E. 174th St.

BREAD AND CAKE BAKERY. F. Adolf Scheller, 1488 Washington Av. Bakery and Lunch Room.

BOOTS AND SHOES. The Bates Shoe, 144 Saint Ann's Av. Lewins' Smart Footwear, 3291 3d Ave.

CIGARS. S. Mendelson, 1801 Boston rd. & Union Av. Union Made Cigars at The Pioneer, 735 East 160th St.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS. Travis, 3d Av. opp. 161st St. L. Station. Westchester Clothing Co., Third Ave. and 144th St.

DRUGGISTS. Katsel's Drug Store, 174th St. & 3d Av. Theo. A. M. Hartung, 774 E. 160th St. D. W. Shochat, 166th and Jackson Av.

JEWELER. L. Gittelman, 502 Brook Ave. J. McKittrick, 3315 3d Av. nr. 165th St.

BOROUGH OF THE BRONX.

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BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN.

BOOTS AND SHOES. The Bates Shoe, 2977 Fulton St. The Bates Shoe, 5110 5th Ave. The Bates Shoe, 193 E. New York Ave. Umann & Kaunofsky, 684 Broadway.

DRY GOODS. "Bring your feet" to the Boston Shoe Store, 1237 B'way, near Greene Ave. McDougall's, 149 Myrtle Ave. M. Feldman, 29 Manhattan Ave. J. Gutter, 434 7th Ave. Bloch, 5105 5th Ave. Schmidt, 366 Crescent St. Greenblatts, 1155 Myrtle Ave. A. Sonneschein, 2689 Atlantic Ave. H. Triebitz, 1734 Pitkin Ave.

Meade Shoe Co., 102-104 Myrtle Ave. Brooklyn's Largest Shoe House.

Charles Mohr, 197 Wyckoff Ave. John V. Blemer, 1775 Broadway.

BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRING WORKS. Isaacson's, 1671 Pitkin Ave.

BUTCHERS. Jos. Kunz, 1219 Myrtle Ave. James Berker, 123 Wyckoff Ave. Meyer's Market, 5621 3d Ave. Prosperity Beef Co., 1411 Myrtle Ave.

BUTTER AND EGGS. T. S. Colyer, 83 Atlantic Ave.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS. Clearfield Butter and Egg Co., 1691 Broadway. Sam Haber, 121 3d Ave.

BICYCLES, KODAKS AND SPORTING GOODS. Yuncas & Sons, 2768 Atlantic Ave.

CORSETS AND GLOVES. 1735 Pitkin Ave. and 79 Graham Ave.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS. C. F. Gackelheimer, 1274 Myrtle Ave. Seifert, Brothers.

CIGARS AND STATIONERY. Ehrlich, 16 Court St. & 362 7th Ave.

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS & TAILORS. Guarantee Clothing and Hat Co., 2703 Atlantic Ave.

CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS. Henry Heiler, 271 Hamburg Ave. Seifert, Brothers, 247 Wyckoff Ave., Cor. Blecker St.

3 AND 19C STORE. I. Friedman, 1732 Pitkin Ave.

5 AND 10 CENT STORE. H. Benjamin, 474 5th Ave.

CUSTOM TAILORS. S. Bernstein, 3217 5th Ave.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST. Zelig, Drug House, Pitkin and Powell I. Schlossberg, 322 Knickerbocker Av.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Newark. The Bates Shoe, 178 Ferry St. Schlesinger's Shoe Store, 174 Ferry St.

CUSTOM TAILOR.—Jersey City, N. J. R. Mark, 716 Grand St. Levine Tailoring Co., 124 Montgomery St.

FAMILY RESORTS. St. Brendan, Musical Entertainment, Columbus Ave. and 103d St.

FAMILY WINE & LIQUOR STORE. L. M. Goldberg, 939 8th Ave., n. 53rd.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. Meyer Davidson, 235 E. 105th St.

FURNITURE, ETC. J. D. Flattau, 2264 8th Ave.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS. Teich & Alter, 33-35 Ave. C. Rubin & Hoffman, 35 Pike St.

GROCERIES. F. C. Smith, 2491 9th Ave. J. F. Cashman, 639 3d Ave.

HATS. Union Made Hats. American Mfg. Co., 5 Avenue C, Jersey City, N. J. Breithaupt, 475 8th Av. & 651 3d Av. Lenthal Union Hats, 1606 2d Av., at 84th. Callahan, The Hatter, 140 Bowery; 45 years' reputation.

HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. S. Abrams & Son, 2653 8th Ave. Painting, Paperhanging, Decorating.

HARDWARE, SPORTING GOODS AND PHOTOGRAPHS. Enterprise Hardware & Spig. Goods Co., 802 3d Ave., near 49th St.

LUNCH ROOM. William G. Stocker, 97 2d Ave.

LAUNDRIES. The Globe Hand L'dry, 250 W. 18th St. Preserve Hand L'dry, 368 W. 134th St.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING. J. Friedman, Established 1890. Suits Made to Order, 400 West 46th Street. Branch 275 W. 49th St., cor. 9th Ave.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS. Shapiro & Tuman, 93 Clinton St.

OFFICIANT. M. Elasing, 1322 3d Ave., near 76th St. 150 Worth St. & 3, 4, 5, 6 Mission Pl.

RESTAURANTS. MACFADDEN'S PHYSICAL CULTURE RESTAURANTS, 654 Broadway, 106 East 23d St, 220 Fulton St., 615 Sixth Ave., 2078 Seventh Ave., 150 West St. As an experiment take home a loaf of Pure Whole Wheat Bread, 10 cents. The German Restaurant, 14 North William St. Manhattan Lunch, 2919 5th Ave. Harlem Private Restaurant, 151 E. 104th St. Rand School Restaurant, 112 E. 19th St.

TEAS AND COFFEES. Standard Coffee Co., 48 Lewis St. Teas, 25c. lb.; 5 lbs. Good Coffee, \$1.00. White Lily Tea Co., 193 Division St.

TRUNKS AND BAGS. Thomas G. Hunt, 490 9th Ave.

UNION MADE BANNERS & BADGES. When getting Badges made, ask your badgemaker to use Pioneer Mfg. Co. material; strictly Union Made, and bear this label.

Pioneer Mfg. Co., 262 Bowery, N. Y. I. Kraus, 128 Clinton St. Branch, 3205 3d Ave.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY. Gustave Stiglitz, 652 Columbus Ave.

BOROUGH OF THE BRONX.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS. Travis, 3d Av. opp. 161st St. L. Station. Westchester Clothing Co., Third Ave. and 144th St.

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LADIES' WAISTS.

J. Klein, 488 Knickerbocker Av.

LADIES' TAILOR. M. Hammer, 1700 Pitkin Av.

LAUNDRIES. Schneider's Laundry 1340A Myrtle Av. F. Schweitzer's Laundry, 140 Nassau St.

MILLINERY. Hamilton Millinery, 283 Wyckoff Ave.

MILLINERY, FURS & HAIR GOODS. M. Newman, 3295 Fulton St.

MILLINERY AND FURS. Mlle. Worstan, 440 Knickerbocker Av.

MILLINERY AND MILLINERY SUPPLIES. Mme. J. Lawrence, 115 Osborn St.

MILK, CREAM, ETC. Swarwood Dairy, 194 10th St.

PAPER, TWINE AND SUNDRIES. Harrington, 258 Bay Ridge Av.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Chas. Meitner, 1700 Pitkin Av. H. Adelsohn, 85 Belmont Av.

PIANOS AND SAFES. Morris Sander, 1805 Pitkin Av.

PHARMACIES. M. Chauvin, New Utrecht Av. Epstein's Pharmacy, 8th Av. & 48th St. Friedland Bros., 515 6th Ave. H. Hubin, 164 Columbus St.

PICTURES AND FRAMES. C. A. Hansen & Bro., 4711 5th Av.

PRINTERS. Louis J. Sokoloff, 44 Graham Av. Henry S. Hilling, 1444 Myrtle Av. Ravit & Sokoloff, 154 Watkins St.

DOINGS IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS

CROSS WHIPS YOUNG ERNE

East Side Dentist Had the Better of Philadelphia Boy Last Night.

Leach Cross, the fighting dentist, had the pleasure of pummeling Young Erne of Philadelphia, around the ring at the Fairmont Athletic Club last night in a star ten-round go.

Erne deserved great credit for his gameness, if that will get him anything. No matter how hard and often Cross pounded, the boy from Sleepy-town was always back for more, and he took a trimming that would have stopped the majority of other lightweights.

JOHNNY FRAYNE MEETS GLOVER

Johnny Frayne, San Francisco's champion lightweight boxer, who has been making such a stir among the local lightweights since his arrival here, is again in championship condition for his bout with Mike Glover, which is scheduled to be held at the East Avenue Athletic Club, Long Island City, to-night.

NELSON FAVORITE OVER HYLAND, TEN TO FOUR.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29.—Battling Nelson and Dick Hyland will meet for the world's lightweight championship here this afternoon in what is scheduled as a forty-five round contest. The men will weigh 138 pounds ring-side. Nelson is reported to have placed several large bets that he will win before the twenty-sixth round. Hyland has bet \$1,250 on himself. Eddie Smith of Oakland, will referee the contest, which will begin at 8 o'clock.

ELEVENTH DRAW AT CHESS.

A perpetual check forced by Marshall in the nineteenth game of his chess match with Jose R. Capablanca, contested at the rooms of the Brooklyn Chess Club yesterday afternoon, resulted in still another draw, the eleventh of the series to be recorded.

JOHNSON IS NOT USED TO TRAVEL BY WATER—WILL REMAIN IN U. S.



Broadway is bright and cherry. The crowds are gay and free. The Johnsons looked toward London; said, "Dat's de place for me."

HEGELMAN LEADS THE PIN KNIGHTS

H. Miller of New York, the unknown pin knight, who held the lead in the individual contest since Tuesday with 644 pins was dethroned yesterday by Frederick Hegelman of the Imperial Bowling Club of Brooklyn, in the big tourney at the Garden. Hegelman captured 670 pins in three games. This achievement is but twenty-nine pins behind the world's record.

STOCKHOLM GETS OLYMPIC GAMES.

BERLIN, May 29.—The International Council of the Olympic committee, now in session here under the presidency of Baron de Coubertin, decided to have the 1912 Olympic games in Stockholm, Sweden.

HARRY PUT BRITON OUT.

PARIS, May 29.—In a series of fights held here last night Jim Barry, the Chicago heavyweight, knocked out Tom Bolan, an Englishman, in the first round, and a Frenchman named Hogan won from Dick Green, an American, in the third round. Green was knocked out.

YOUNG FITZ MEETS KELLY TO-NIGHT.

Young Fitzsimmons and Farmer Kelly will meet in the star bout at the stage of the Long Acre Athletic Club to-night.

REGATTA ON THE HUDSON.

The Harlem Regatta Association will hold its forty-third annual regatta on Monday on the Speedway course.

COVALESKI GETS HIS

So Do the Giants in a Miserable Exhibition of Ball in First Game.

At last the Giants have scored a victory over the terrible Covaleski. They did it yesterday in the nightcap of a double-header. Nothing less than the defeat of the giant Pole could have squared the McGraws with the 16,000 fans present for their terrible work in the eye-opener. Helpless with the bat before Lew Moren, the millionaire kid, the Giants in addition gave exhibitions of pitching and fielding that would have chased the "audience" away from a corner-foot game.

The Coal Miner trimmed the Giants three times last season and kept them from representing the National League in the World's Championship series. On his previous appearance against the New Yorks in Philadelphia this spring Covaleski earned brackets. Yesterday, however, the Giants got to him in good style and pounded out three runs in one inning—the fifth. They might have increased this total, but the approach of a storm cut the combat short.

In the fifth Devlin worked Cove for a pass and Dridwell moved him up with a sacrifice. Admiral Schiel poked a grounder past Grant. Magee ran in on the ball, stopped it and then ran over it. Devlin scores and the Admiral gets to second. Then Matty takes a slash at the sphere and drives to right for two bases, scoring Schiel.

Not often since the olden days have the Phillies scored as easy a victory at the Polo Grounds as they did in the first what-ever-it-is game. They pounded away at the shoofs of Rube Marquard, Jake Weimer and Otis Crandall for thirteen hits. They were handed passes and they were hit with the ball. Otherwise fumbles, overthrows and dropped thrown balls helped them along.

VANDERBILT HORSE FINISHES THIRD.

PARIS, May 29.—T. P. Thorne's Grandisiam came in third in the Prix Express at Maisons Laiffite yesterday, and W. K. Vanderbilt's Gambaisouil finished third in the Prix Paulmaumont.

L. BORESSOFF



Artistic Photographs. Personal attention given to comrades. 355 GRAND STREET, Cor. Essex St. New York.

H. SILVERSTEIN

38 De'ancey St., Cor. Forsythe, N. Y.

OHLSEN & ANDERSON EXCLUSIVE TAILORS.

Business Suits \$25 to \$45 3 School St., Corner of Washington, BOSTON, MASS.

UNION MADE SHOES. B.N. LEFKOWITZ

2 Ave. C, cor. Houston St., N. Y.

CALIFORNIA BRANDY RYE WHISKY I. GOLDBERG'S

4 STORES

WARM WEATHER IS COMING. Guard baby's health by using White Cross Milk.

DECORATE GRAVES OF CAPITALISM'S VICTIMS

The unemployed of the city are going to celebrate Decoration Day in their own way. A committee will be sent up Monday morning to the Potter's field for the purpose of decorating the graves of the victims of the present industrial system under which it is impossible for many to get employment.

When the committee returns it will meet the bulk of the unemployed at Lafayette street, near City Hall Park. From there a procession will advance to Astor Place, then east to St. Marks Place, then south on Second avenue to the Manhattan Lyceum.

The parade is scheduled to start at 1 P. M. and is to last for an hour and a half.

M'ADOO AVOIDS DELAY

William G. McAdoo, President of the Hudson and Manhattan Company, believes he has found a way to avoid delay in getting a franchise for the Grand Central Station extension.

After a conference with Chairman Willcox, it was announced that Mr. McAdoo would agree not to place any part of his station at Fifth avenue and 42d street in the space reserved for the extension of the Steinway tunnel across town. It is believed that will settle the question.

A New Book Store

A Full Line of Socialistic, Scientific and School Books at Greatly Reduced Prices.

REGENTS BOOK STORE

CHAS. A. ERON, Prop. 4 RUTGERS STREET

METEOR THRU HOUSE

GALVESTON, May 29.—Soundings are being made to-day to locate the meteor that passed through a one-story cottage occupied by S. F. Farn of Jacinto County.

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.



IN MEMORIAM. All is well that ends well. The tremendous struggle is well nigh forgotten, and we honor the memories of the brave ones in BLUE AND GRAY who participated, and wish to say that if you allow us to attend to your clothing wants, all will be well for you.

HENRY HELLER CLOTHIER AND TAILOR

271 HAMBURG AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF NEW LAID LONG ISLAND EGGS

FOR INVALIDS AND SICK CHILDREN. Shipped daily from nearby towns on Long Island; every egg tested by an expert; guaranteed strictly fresh.

BUY YOUR FURNITURE AND CARPETS AT YOUR OWN PRICE FROM FUSSMAN BROS. & CO.

662 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN

WM. LUCHTENBERG & SON PAINTERS AND DECORATORS

General Painters' Supply Store. Estimates Furnished for Painting, Decorating, Paperhanging, Plastering, Mason Work, Etc. 3290 Fulton St., near Euclid Ave. New York Store, 972 First Avenue.

BEN'S Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Imported Hosiery and Underwear. Union Label Goods a Specialty. 745 Myrtle Avenue, near Nostrand Avenue, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

RASKIN'S

1736 Pitkin and 590 Sutter Aves., Brownsville.

ARONSON BROS. & FIERST DRY AND DRESS GOODS

61-63 Belmont Avenue. We will celebrate The Call's Anniversary by offering its readers 72x90 Bleached Sheets at 29c; 99x90 Seamless Bleached Sheets at 35c.

Christian H. Grau

has opened a new store at 5810 FIFTH AVENUE

The Reliable Clothing House CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children. Garments to Order Our Specialty. 1701 Pitkin Avenue

A. Schnitman HIGH GRADE PIANOS AND SAFES

425 Stone Ave., near Belmont Ave.

C. A. WERNER DRY GOODS

128 Third Ave., Brooklyn

A Pair of Slippers FREE To celebrate the first anniversary of The Evening Call, I have decided to give to every Call reader, on presentation of my "ad," together with a purchase of a pair of shoes from \$1 up. A PAIR OF SLIPPERS FREE OF CHARGE.

LADIES' SHOES AND OXFORDS, \$2.50 and \$2.00 grades, at \$1.69 CHILDREN'S TAN SHOES, sizes 6 to 8, 75c grade for 49c

Men's Shoes and Oxfords, \$3.00 and \$2.50 grades, at \$2.00.

I. BRAVERMAN 1584 Ave. A, bet. 83d and 84th Sts.

SOCIALISTS WILL PLAY BALL. There will be a hot game of ball tomorrow morning between the Brownsville Socialist Baseball Club and the Kings County Pick-Ups on the grounds at Powell street and Newport avenue, Brooklyn, where a great crowd of fans will be accommodated.

NEWARK HOLDS DISTANCE RACE. Jimmy Lee, winner of the Chicago Marathon last week, will be the best known starter in a twelve and one-half mile race to be run by the Olympic Athletic Club at Olympic Park, Newark, to-day. Post entries will be accepted.

20 YEARS FOR A CENT John Curran is to-day a prisoner in Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, awaiting trial on an indictment handed down by the Kings County grand jury. Curran was charged with having held up and stolen one cent from a man. If convicted he may be sentenced to twenty years.

# MEN WANTED—MUST BE HUNGRY.

By Ben Hanford.

Newspapers have much to say about the tariff. Congressmen and Senators talk tariff. A high protective tariff—to benefit American labor. A low protective tariff—to benefit American labor. Every possible kind and degree of tariff—to benefit American labor. Incidentally, it is now and then coyly admitted, occasionally asserted even, that business may be benefited—because in so doing labor would be benefited. And there are living workmen who really believe that the President, Senators, Congressmen and editors of "great" newspapers truly desire to benefit American labor. Not a stragglings few, but a great number of workmen are entirely confident such is the fact. Not only illiterate workmen, not merely ordinary unskilled workmen so believe. But men who should constitute the intellectual pick of the working class in America are still looking for help from on high. Strong, skillful workmen; young, middle-aged, and in all other ways wise old workmen—Union men, veteran union men, men who have studied the labor movement seriously, honestly, union men who have to the best of their ability served their brethren long and faithfully; men who have never paused to count the cost of any sacrifice—such men as many of them, look to Washington, and truly believe the lawmakers there (or at least those belonging to their party) are trying to pass a tariff bill to benefit American labor. And yet, properly directed, an instant's thought would prove that there has not been, is not now, and never can be, any foundation in fact for such a hope.

The same paper that prints the editor's statement that "good times" will return with the passage of a tariff bill for the benefit of American labor will in the same issue print (inconspicuously) the record of the poor fellows who, after days, weeks, perhaps months, spent in a fruitless search for work, has killed himself because of the prosperity that he could not find. Stories of the "bread line" will appear column-side by the "prosperity" interview with the Captain of Industry. If its politics be of a certain political complexion its editorial declaration will be to the effect that our country is prosperous now—while its news columns report the shut-down of factories, the scarcity of work, and the sufferings of the unemployed. At least the honest workmen referred to are compelled to see the world as it is, and lose their faith and hope in it. The editors, Senators, Congressmen and President. At last they see things as they are, and there stands clearly before their eyes a living picture of the Devil's Trinity for the working class:

- Teh Unemployed;
- The Army of the Unemployed;
- The Permanent Army of the Unemployed.

Even then they do not lose their faith and hope in editors, President, Senators or Congressmen. To faith and hope they add charity, and reason to themselves (and with their fellows) that the worthless mentioned are doing their best for American labor, that they are striving to serve the interests of workmen, and that they would make any effort and every sacrifice to help the unemployed, but the task is too great, the problem

cannot be solved—in fact, the poor are to be with us always, the unemployed are such because of their own inefficiency, hard times are caused by unkind Nature, and poverty and starvation result from the beneficent rule of a most bountiful and most merciful Providence. So they try to be resigned with the worst and hope for the best—and never get the blessings they hope for, but invariably suffer from all the evils to which they are resigned. To workmen who so reason (?) I wish to address a few lines.

Do you not think that a session of Congress which expends a billion dollars yearly might use some of that money for the benefit of American labor DIRECTLY? If they really desire to benefit American labor could they not use a few of those thousand millions for the immediate benefit of labor by actually assisting laborers? If the President, Senators and Congressmen wish to end the hard times, if they seriously desire to help the unemployed, could they not reduce the hundreds of millions annually appropriated for the army and navy, and to that extent relieve the unemployed by employing them in producing things to supply their wants? Of course, it would never do to raise additional money to employ the unemployed (even if the Government would get the money back), but if the President, Senators and Congressmen are sincere, would it be utterly impossible for them to take part of the hundreds of millions annually spent in preparation to destroy life and use it to save life?

Would such legislation be paternal? Or would it be inhuman? Or would it be dishonest? Or would it be unconstitutional? Or would it be UNBUSINESSLIKE? Is it possible that such a course would not be "GOOD BUSINESS?"

What does that mean? All you men who are unemployed, all you who may become unemployed, all of you who look to the President, Senators and Congressmen for help for American labor, try to consider what is meant by that word "business."

The "business" man BUYS labor. Do you suppose that he wants to pay a high price for something he ALWAYS BUYS? No more than you. The business man BUYS LABOR, and therefore he wants labor to be CHEAP, and he wants LOTS OF IT for his money.

When there is an army of unemployed labor is cheap.

The boss wants times to be good for bosses, but he wants times to be hard for workmen.

When a boss wants to hire a workman he does not wish to go to a man who has a good job—which he would only leave if offered a BETTER job at a HIGHER wage. The boss who wishes to hire one man wants conditions to be such that he merely has to whistle and two men appear. Then he can employ the one who will do the most work for the least wage. Just as you, Mr. Workman, when you buy an apple, pick the biggest and best apple for the least money.

The boss wants an army of unemployed to be hungry. The President of the United States, the Senators and Congressmen belong to the boss—many of them are bosses, and those who are not bosses hope to be. Therefore, they will do as your boss wants them to. And as your boss wants a market to sell his goods in at a high price, so he wants a market in which to buy labor at a low price. Hard times and an army of the unemployed make the ideal labor market for the boss.

Workmen, lose the notion that a congress of BOSSES is going to help YOU. Discard the superstition that there are good bosses. The only good boss is a dead boss—that is, he is a man who has been killed off—put out of business—by bosses who were not good. Good bosses cease to be bosses. They become workmen. The boss is in business to make money. If he does not make money he's a dead one.

When the bosses lock you out because you refuse to accept a raise in wages, then you will be justified in thinking that the boss wants times to be good for workmen. Then you will be justified in thinking that the boss does not want an army of the unemployed. Yes, then you may be justified in thinking that. But it won't be true. Not even then. Any time you think the boss is doing something for your benefit, you want to think again. And if you are not feeble-minded, you will discover that he has got a new scheme to make more money—or to get more of your hide.

Congress COULD do lots for you, Mr. Workman—if it was YOUR Congress. Just as the Congress of the boss does lots for him. Think it over, Mr. Workman.

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## WHOSE GOVERNMENT IS IT?

By Charles Dobbs.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, has given more than one sign that his intellectual umbilicus is a purse string. When his brain throbs become so delicately responsive to capitalist necessity that he wins the commendation of the New York Sun we may assume that he has made his point with skill and force. And it may as well be conceded that it is a decidedly forceful argument he advances in the Sun of May 13, when he discusses the strike of French postoffice employes.

Of course, President Butler takes the position that government employes have no right to band themselves together to force the employer, i. e., the state, to grant concessions. As President Butler puts it: "Servants of the state in any capacity—military, naval or civil—are, in our government, there by their own choice and not of necessity. . . . The door to get out is always open if one does not wish to serve the public on these terms. Indeed, I am not sure that as civilization progresses loyalty and

barrage the orderly administration of public functions by summarily abandoning their duties. I, for one, am willing to go further and declare that no section of state employes in a nation of universal suffrage have the right to paralyze the machinery of government by organized hostility, even if the state does not represent the interests of "the entire community." I believe that order is the first essential of civilization, and we have clearly defined and orderly methods of directing the activities of the state in a country where the ballot is not hedged about with restrictions. It is only when the minority in control of the state imposes unjust restrictions upon the exercise of the will of the majority that force becomes justifiable. When, however, the will of the majority is frustrated by ballot restrictions, or when opportunities are denied for free speech, a press and peaceful assemblage, revolt becomes not only a right, but a duty."

The attempt in France to precipitate a general strike in support of the dissatisfied postal employes has failed, and I think it deserved to fail, but President Butler and those who share his ideas that the present body of taxpayers are now and ever shall be the sole beneficiaries of government, have won but a Pyrrhus victory. Throughout the turmoil in France the Socialist "Left" in the Chamber of Deputies has been outspoken in its demand for a redress of the grievances of the postoffice employes. The Socialists have demanded that the state prescribe such regulations as would make the condition of these men tolerable. Because the Socialists have been in the minority their voice has not been heeded. The lesson is plain. If the postoffice employes and the working class generally want the state to function along different lines they must elect more Socialists to have seats in the French Parliament. We know that this lesson is being learned by added thousands of the working class every year, and it is only a matter of time until the state will become responsive to the needs of those who alone, because of the vital part they play in society, have a right to say, "We are the community."

When the majority of the voters in countries where the ballot is free give the reins of power to the Socialists, we know that we shall expect and compel the loyal obedience of all to the acts of the state. Manifestly, then, as honest men and good citizens, we must render a similar obedience to the laws and regulations of the state as at present enacted. Will President Butler and those who agree with him plead themselves to render a like loyalty to the state when Socialists get in control of the Government and "communism" proceeds "to organize itself under our flag and at the expense of the taxpayers?"

### CAPITALISM VS. SOCIALISM.

Capitalism means that others own your job and you have to work for them or starve. Socialism means that you will own your own job and work for yourself and get all the products of your own skill and energy.—Appeal to Reason.

### WHEN PEACE WILL COME.

Peace will come and militarism will go when the economic and industrial problems of our age are put in the course of solution, and these problems cannot be solved until every man has the right to work and the right to keep what he himself produces.—Brand Whitlock.



CHARLES DOBBS.

treason in the military and naval service will not become more important and more vital than loyalty and treason in the military and naval service. . . . A servant of the entire community cannot be permitted to affiliate or ally himself with the class interests of a part of the community."

With certain reservations all good citizens may assent to President Butler's propositions, and, of course, the phrase "all good citizens" embraces the Socialists, a mighty slayer of wild beasts and windmills to the contrary notwithstanding. If we can agree that the "state" is the instrument of "the entire community," then we may assent that it is treason for a servant of that state to "ally himself with the class interests of a part of the community." If that "part of the community" is a minor part. The trouble with President Butler's argument, however, is that by the use of the terms "state" and "government" he evidently intends to express the same idea that we convey by the term "society." If "society" were consciously organized, and if with clear vision it devised the machinery of the state to serve its purposes, then we could all get together and with one voice make odious any attempt to hamper the efficiency of the machinery of government.

As a matter of fact, "society" is not consciously organized and at no time in the recorded history of the past has the general intelligence been such as to make possible any such organization for the promotion of the general good. The masses of men have moved along the line of least resistance and the state is but the expression of the immediate need of that section of the community which for the time being represents measurably the interests of "the entire community." But the "government" which may reflect the interests of the entire community at one stage of development may reflect only the interests of a minority at another stage.

The "state" in France and in the United States, as an institution, represented at one time the interests of "the entire community," but President Butler assumes without sufficient warrant that the "government" is even now the instrument of an enlightened nation, consciously at work promoting and conserving the "great-great good of the greatest number." That he does commit himself to such an assumption is very clearly revealed in his observation that a line must be drawn between trade unions and mutual benefit associations "unless we are to permit communism to organize itself under our flag and at the expense of the taxpayers themselves." In other words, those who believe in "communism," i. e., industrial democracy, must not expect to use the power of the state to promote their purposes. "We"—that is to say, those who oppose Socialism—will not "permit" Socialism "to organize itself under our flag and at the expense of the taxpayers."

Now, let's get down to brass tacks. President Murray is right when he lays down the principle that in a state representing the interests of "the entire community" no action of state employes have the right to em-

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THE GOULDS TRIUMPH OVER LABOR AND STANDARD OIL TRIUMPHS OVER THEM

HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES

By Gustavus Myers.

Author of 'The History of Tammany Hall,' 'History of Public Franchises in New York City,' Etc.

PART III.

The Great Fortunes from Railroads.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE GOULD FORTUNE.

I.

What was the concrete result, the grand culmination of Gould's fifteen years of plundering? He, himself, gave a demonstration when on March 13, 1882, he called in Sage and other cronies and exhibited to them a box crammed with securities.

These heaps of stocks and bonds were the legal tokens of this one man's far-reaching power. By their ownership he not only was vested with the mastery of the great inflowing revenues from numerous corporations, but the autocratic control over a vast army of wage workers.

Warred on Capitalist and Worker Alike.

But a few years back and Gould was buying law to escape law; and now here he was unbranded with the prison stigma, thanks to his money, and lordling it over the nation.

aggressiveness, daring them to challenge his power.

Few magnates write in the very process of putting through some colossal fraud had the hardihood to incite the resentment of their employees and of the people. They preferred to wait until the agitation over their individual frauds had been tempered by a certain lapse of time.

Beating Down His Army of Workers.

In 1881 he and his clique were loaded down with spoils; the people had grown exceedingly restless, stung by their poverty, on the one hand, and contemplating the gigantic wealth of the capitalists on the other.

At the very time that he was looting the railroads in the West, he slashed the wages of the men on the Missouri Pacific and defied the labor unions, causing great strikes in 1885 and 1886, by which, however, his railroad workers gained virtually nothing.

Theft Rewarded with Power and Splendor.

At forty-five years of age Gould possessed more than a hundred million dollars. He was prematurely old; his beard was streaked with gray; his hair thin, and his swarthy, bilious, gloowering face was ridged with hard, deep lines.

that he looked more insignificant than ever before. But when he traveled, no one could mistake the evidences of sovereign power. From one end of the country to the other he rode in a palatial private car, handsomely appointed, containing every comfort and luxury then devised—an observation room, a parlor, a dining hall, sleeping quarters, a kitchen and porter's quarters.

Insidious Molding of Public Opinion.

He, however, had other mighty powers not evidenced in outward display. For some years he owned a newspaper, the New York World; a curious sight it was to see one of the great pirates, who many a time had narrowly escaped prison, instructing the public as to its duty, moral, political and otherwise.

Jay Gould's Death.

Jay Gould's last years were divided between the tortures of severe indigestion and insomnia. Up and down the block fronting his New York City mansion he would nervously pace for hours during the long, shadowy vigils of the night—a little, shrunken, cankered man vainly endeavoring to tire his mind and frame into an exhaustion compelling sleep.

The Social Ascend of the Goulds.

Gould passed away the most hated man in the United States. Social ambitions had never concerned him, but his children developed the yearning for recognition. At every step at first there came an outburst of the old taunt that their father's fortune had come from pilage and wrecking.

caste of European titled nobility, which in these business days does a lively trade huckstering names for cash. Accordingly, in 1895 Anna Gould, one of Jay's daughters, was transformed into the Countess de Castellane, and the Count received the opportunity of requisitioning many of the Gould millions.

The Struggle for Survival.

To lay too much stress upon the social aspirations and doings of the Gould family would obscure the Titanic industrial conflict in which they have been engaged. After Jay Gould's death the wealth and possessions of the family greatly increased and its conquests were extended.

Now another stage in the process of industrial evolution is being reached which signifies the decedence of overlords of the Gould type and which foretells the approaching climax of capitalist institutions. Mighty as these magnates have been, they are gradually and inexorably being subordinated by a still mightier power, the most pervasive power in industrial society.

The Rising Autocracy.

This supreme power, clutching at every form of the production and distribution of products, is the Standard Oil Company, headed by the Rockefellers.

Thirty-five years ago it obtained a monopoly of oil products by getting secret railroad rates, and by other cunning means. At first it invariably approached the railroad magnates as a supplicant seeking favors. Seen, as a matter of policy, it made these magnates sharers in its profits. Then it began to buy its way into the ownership of railroads.

of the railroads long ruled over by the Goulds have become, to a considerable extent, Standard Oil adjuncts.

Waning Industrial Battles.

Industrial battles, such as that between George Gould and the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1902, will, as occurrences, soon be extinct. This warfare arose over Gould's project to extend the Wabash Railroad to the Atlantic seaboard.

One of the most marked instances showing the extremes that the Pennsylvania Railroad magnates went in their rule, was the Riot Indemnity bill which they attempted in 1879 to get the legislature of that state to pass. It is advisable to present a sketch of the circumstances of this bill, inasmuch as it gives a good idea of the methods of A. J. Cassatt, long the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Self-Inflicted Arson and a \$4,000,000 Grab.

We have seen, in an earlier chapter, how the Pennsylvania Railroad's officials, during the great strike of 1877, ordered their agents to set a number of worthless freight cars at Pittsburgh on fire, in order to charge the strikers with being riotous and so have a pretext for calling out the military.

A War of Multimillionaires.

Such were the ways of Cassatt, the head of the forces that George Gould had conquered. The Pennsylvania Railroad machine had leagued forces to rush the bill through; that many members had been bribed either with money or with promises that certain bills of theirs would be passed that corrupt combinations existed among members to pass important legislation, and that many editors of influence throughout the state had been bought to advocate the passage of the bill.

(2) Petroff, Kemble, Salter, Rumberger and Crawford.

Such were the ways of Cassatt, the head of the forces that George Gould had conquered. Petroff, Kemble, Salter, Rumberger and Crawford, all legislators or lobbyists, were convicted in 1880 of bribery and each sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

SOCIALISM BECOMING RESPECTABLE

This will be the leading editorial in the June International Socialist Review. It will contain a startling quotation from a recent article by Professor Clark, of Columbia University, the famous economist, in which he advises reformers to join the Socialist party, but be "ready to break ranks and leave the army when it reaches the dividing of the ways."

The June Review will also contain A Story of Child Labor, by Jack London, a popular article on The Third Volume of Marx's Capital, by Ernest Untermann, one of Mary E. Carey's Stories of the Case People, the second installment of The American Inferno, by Arthur Scales, giving inside facts about the police of the United States, The Socialist Philosophy, a study for beginners, by Joseph E. Cohen, and the usual variety of other matter.

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had to encounter. Of all results, Gould sought most to get an entrance into Pittsburg with its stupendous annual traffic of 75,000,000 tons. The government of that city was owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Backed by his millions, so it was said, a "reform" movement was generated and blown into lusty growth. Gould carried his point; a Common Council favorable to his plans was elected. (3) At the same time Gould had a bill passed by Congress allowing him to bridge the Monongahela River. The statement has been made that it cost him \$12,000,000 to get an entrance into Pittsburg, but the documentary proof is wanting.

Becoming Secondary Oligarchs.

Slowly sliding downward, as it is, to a relinquishing place in the ranks of wealth when compared with such fortunes and power as Rockefeller's, the Gould family is nevertheless prodigiously rich. Forty years ago Jay Gould was doing his best to keep out of prison; to-day his children and grandchildren live in gorgeous palaces. Georgian Court at Lakewood, N. J., one of the homes of George Gould, is emblematic of their splendor.

(3) This "reform" movement was heralded as one which would regenerate Pittsburg.

The increasing corruption, caused by the business interests in bribing public bodies, was evidenced recently (in 1909) by the remarkable exposure of graft in the Common Council and the arrest of many of its members.

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tion is a court, built at a cost of \$250,000, wherein is a great tankard hippodrome, a gymnasium, bowling alleys and lounging rooms, a shooting gallery, a large swimming pool and Turkish and Russian baths. And this is only one of the many palaces of the members of the Gould family. Whence all of this wealth and splendor came is now an open book; no enigma are its sources, but a prolonged tale of fraud and theft, whereof the most vital facts only have been herein brought out.

(To be continued.)

SPRING PRECAUTION.

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# THE AGITATORS—A Story of the Dawn

By JOHN R. McMAHON

Author of "TOILERS AND IDLERS."

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## CHAPTER I.

The inspired silence of a May night rested on the mountain. It was an hour before dawn. A solitary wanderer rejoiced, and wondered at the beauty of the world. Because she was alone and the partial dark veiled too much richness and the mystery of the stars replied to the odoriferous flowers beneath shadowy trees.

Madeline Rensen walked through open grassy places exultingly, and with eager hands she thrust aside bushes, smooth-leaved, of spice and sasparilla. The hemlocks gave a resinous smell, and it seemed almost a loving action when leaf buds brushed across her cheek. The fruitful earth smelt, even that of decayed leaves, was good. She stopped with an exclamation; that essence meant that a violet had been crushed by her feet; but she could not find it in the grass.

She gave a friendly meaning to the shapes of angled rocks and tree stumps and tall, gaunt trunks scarred by lightning. Slim, white birches and gray, fat-waisted beeches showed through the woods' twilight; but the shaggy hickory told of itself to the hand. The petals of dogwood fell on her as she passed. Where the foliage was dense there were tunnels and caves of darkness; elsewhere the star radiance came through a thousand leaf windows. She climbed log barriers and compassed rock cubes. She heard the sound of a moving wing, a chirp of inquiry, a rustle of a small ground animal.

A rocky height in a clearing showed the Great Bear hanging low over the mountain gap. Its separate stars blazed white against the colored radiance of planets. Madeline felt a dizzy exultation. She saw the infinite creativeness of the universe and she knew her own part in that harmony. The life and motion of the orbs were in her body. Like a vapor whirled into planet, like a bud swelling into flower, the love mystery was on its way to fulfillment.

The sweet anguish of a muscular throb and leap startled her. She leaned against a tree to steady herself.

An assurance came that the primeval beauty and holiness of love would be restored on earth. What had been lost through the ages of false civilization, through a perverse strife between humanity, would come back in a higher form. Love would establish its own laws. Woman would walk the earth not as property nor as an inferior being needing protection, but as in the dawn of time, a co-equal with man. She would have muscles and reckless courage. Worthy to transmit eternal life, she would be held worthy of the highest place in human society. The sex sin against her, with its ages long suffering for all humanity, would be atoned. But not alone could she rise to the heritage; her freedom and triumph would come with that of all the disinherited and oppressed.

As if in glorious prophecy of the dawn a chorus of bird voices rose through the forest.

First came little chirps, snatches of melody and broken trills. The wistful joy of the bluebird was answered by the confident soaring rapture of the song sparrow. An oriole's tones, golden as his plumage, had their accompaniment in the loud fluting of the white-eyed vireo. Supreme above all, the wood thrush voiced a theme that ended with an ecstatic tremble, as if to paint the dawn colors, silver and rose and lilac, pulsing across the eastern sky.

An odd fact or illusion was glimpsed by Madeline through the dim trees upon a distant height. Slowly clambered up an old white-haired man, straightened himself facing the east and moved his arms with vigorous regularity. Something military was in his air and gestures. But a second look showed no such figure; only a wreath of mist swayed by the breeze.

Madeline stood by a cliff overlooking the plain that rolled twenty miles seaward. She scanned the sunrise with uprising eyes, breathed the rare air of a May morning, listened to the harmonious tumult all about. A figure of ripe young womanhood, tall and erect, garbed in a short-skirted blue dress, a ruffled blouse fit for night rambles, a visor cap, pinned jauntily—now somewhat awry—over masses of reddish gold hair.

Looking where the city lay at the edge of the northeast horizon, America's metropolis, she thought of the destiny that had sent her there from a country town; how as a friendless, unknowing girl she had passed through adventure and temptation to gain a certain success in art. What had seemed a goal at length proved but a starting place. Social affairs, bohemian amusements, intellectual conquests—the coming of love into life. Great as love or a part of it, the ideas to which she and Otis Rensen had consecrated themselves. Not without struggle and conflict had they reached the hopeful summit of the present.

It became possible to see the plain marked with white roads, dark clumps of woods and clusters of small towns afar. The uneven plateau at the foot of the mountain—a New Jersey hill range thus locally known—was part

veiled with rolling clouds and scarfs of mist. Gradually this rose and gave the outlines of the colony, an industrial enterprise, established by Rensen.

The foundry, a long brick building, held a prominent position on the plain, and from it curved away two steel tracks. Not far off, backed by a grove and fronted by a mile of green, undulating lawn, stood the central hall. This was a square, white colonnaded building. Here and there cottages of rather garish newness, with garden spaces, and some mossy-roofed farmhouses. The creek that flowed through the gorge skirted the southern edge of the colony, crossed by a white bridge, and meandered still southward to the town of Westvale. A number of factory chimneys lifted in that direction.

Again reviewing, it seemed to Madeline that her life divided into two epochs—when she went to the city and realized her personality through the intense effort of art, and when she merged herself in conscious sympathy with the workers. She thought of her husband as a hero. He had renounced his class with deliberate purpose, giving up his property to those that produced it; he had sacrificed wealth and position to join the ranks of labor; whereas she had been merely an intellectual wage earner and might naturally gravitate to her class.

The sun had fully risen. It was time to be going home. Rensen would awake, and finding her missing from the house would be alarmed. Sleepless, filled with an exultant desire to commune with the nature long denied to her, she had slipped out of the house. Now the shortest way back seemed to be down the face of the mountain to the gorge road. The cliff where she stood marked the gash in the hillside made by years of stone quarrying.

She skirted the edge of the quarry, clinging to young oaks and taking footing among the piles of trap rock, broken by centuries of weather and strewn down the steep slopes. A feeling of strength, the daring urge of the morning air, led her to an upslanting ledge as a short cut. The ledge would descend around a corner. She knew in a moment how she was deceived when, clutching an ironwood bush, half on her knees, she faced the high walls of the quarry and saw depths beneath.

The idea of a retreat she had and gave it up. An alpine climber, not hampered by skirts, might have kept on and scaled the cliff. Seen closely, the rock wall presented many footholds, jutting tables and ledges for the use of a reckless climber.

"I am lucky to have this strong little bush for my own," she murmured whimsically. "I ought to enjoy myself here. I can study the

rocks, and while I am in this devotional attitude think over my sins."

She saw that the newly fractured surfaces were bluish, while the old ones became gray, darkly stained or streaked with iron. At the bottom of the quarry there were great boulders and tower masses left as a protection to the workers in blasting. Brown, olive and red tints were scattered up the face of the bluish cliff until the top soil of yellow clay and dark mold added the last elements in the color harmonies presented by the quarry at a distance. A pine tree leaned dizzily at the brink, some of its roots in mid-air. White and pink flowers grew in lofty crannies or bordered the chasm.

Madeline drew comfort from these observations, but she was getting tired. Her thighs ached, her fingers were weary of their rigid clutch. How long would it be before anyone passed below? She turned her head a little and glimpsed the dust-covered roof of the crusher and engine house. She felt a little dizzy and shut her eyes. Pictures of crowded streets, the East Side, a studio reception, a riot of women, other trivial scenes and foolish words, but as she thought, perhaps matching the absurdity of her present plight, raced through her excited mind. She opened her eyes, threw them upward in a wretched fashion and vowed to be calm.

A series of quick, eager yelps as of a dog following a trail along the crest of the mountain.

"Well, God bless you, Sansculotte!" exclaimed Madeline. A few moments later a small, shaggy spaniel, with two white spots on his back and one on his face, arrived opposite to the ledge and barked joyously.

"Yes, yes, I'm glad to see you, dear Sans. But I wish you would run home and tell your master—"

The dog barked more loudly, leaped about and wagged his bushy tail. He seemed to think it was a game and tried to reach her. At length her urgent voice and motionless attitude made him understand; but preferring his own means of getting help, he did not wish to leave her, he sat on his haunches and howled dolefully. Madeline had to smile at the tons and the tear-filled, large, brown, shining eyes.

Rensen, hurrying along the road below, heard the howl and saw his wife's position at the same moment. He ran into the engine house and picked up a coil of rope. He started to climb the height, while Sansculotte announced him by a changed and cheerful yelping. There was a moment of dismayed calculation. Nothing to which the rope could be fastened was near.

A comforting shout came from the Italian quarry laborers. They were on their way to work, crossing the

creek in single file on stepping stones. Two of them, an elderly grizzled man and a handsome youth with a slight mustache, hastened to Rensen's assistance. They came up the steep hill with sure-footed ease.

"Ah, Signora, don't be 'fraid," said Old Nick in a soft, persuasive voice. "You be safe a minute—bring your safe quick."

The younger Italian, Enrico, coolly swung himself over the abyss at rope's end. He fastened another rope under Madeline's arms, himself still swinging in space. She admired his nonchalance and his frank, courteous smile. Danger seemed a detail in the life of such a worker; it was a privilege for him to expose himself out of the daily routine.

A moment later the three men had drawn Madeline up to safety. She needed to rest her cramped limbs for some time before she could descend the slope, even on her husband's arm. She assured him breathlessly that she was not hurt. The polite Italians went to work as if nothing had happened.

Rensen and Madeline were too overwrought to say anything. They started homeward with waist-tightened arms. Sansculotte wriggled, leaped and barked around them with affectionate joy.

## CHAPTER II.

Rensen sat at his desk in the office attending to a thousand details of foundry management and getting a colony under way. It amused as well as overwhelmed him to order carloads of pig iron and adjust domestic difficulties, solve mechanical problems, and give advice on the treatment of ivy-poisoning. During the first days of chaos every one, especially mothers and children, seemed to come to him with all their troubles.

He was a young man of an ordinary well-built type, smoothly full faced, of wide forehead, thoughtful gray eyes and a resolute if ample mouth. His hair was close trimmed and a little sandy. He wore a plain gray business suit. Rensen impressed strangers as reserved and slow of speech. Gradually they might perceive a background of cultivation. His old friends of the society world would have been shocked at the amount of cynical distinction he had lost.

"Good morning, John. How's everything doing?"

"Otis, we're up against it."

"Why, what's happened now?"

"I hate to tell you, Mr. Rensen."

"Sit down, Mr. Day, and get that twinkle out of your eye."

"All right, boss. I just wanted to say the men are acting like kids—you and I, we're outclassed—talking about going in swimming and all that. It makes 'em wild to see so much nature lying around loose. But they'll

be all right after a few heats from the new cupola. We want another car of screenings, same of coke and a couple barrels of molasses for the coremakers."

John Day, who was general superintendent and shared with Rensen the management of the Brotherhood Foundry for the benefit of all the workers, had a chubby red face, whitish hair, eyes of twinkling blue. As he laid a plump, deft-fingered hand on the desk, Rensen thought of their first meeting in the East Side foundry when the old molder and unionist essayed to teach him the mysteries of the trade. The kindness and encouragement shown by this man toward a supposed laborer, who was, in fact, a life-weary employer, had laid the basis for their deep friendship. Perhaps not all consciously, Day had taught Rensen more than the making of molds and pouring of iron.

"You can't blame the boys for feeling gay in a place like this," said John Day as he rose to go. "The country makes me about sixty years younger. Seems as if the blackbirds were all whistlin' my favorite tune, Killarney."

Mr. Fielding, the foundry chemist, a tall, thin-faced man who wore spectacles, came in to consult about some analyses of ores which he had made. He said that the furnace analysis of the last lot of acid Bessemer showed less sulphur than it contained, but the iron could be used by mixing with other grades. Waremann, the head pattern maker, short and bearded, wearing a glue-spotted apron, came next with a requisition for a supply of pine wood. He carried a large blue-print and said that he was going to supervise the molding layout for a complicated pattern.

When Rensen was alone, he turned in his chair to look out of the window and observe with serene happiness the picture of the creek, the colony's pillared hall and the rolling sweep of green meadow to the north. This meadow, along the foot of the hill range, was the same where he had played golf as a member of the Inverness Club. How strange it seemed! The same earth and trees and hills were there, and yet they made up another world, because of a profound change in himself. The idleness of a golf player, too ennuied even to enjoy the beauties of the landscape, had been changed into a meaning purpose that absorbed all endeavor.

It had been no easy thing to transplant several hundred workers and their families from town to country. After everything seemed ready and every contingency provided against, new difficulties arose. A commercial enterprise, the mere moving of a plant without regard for the employes, would have been a simple matter. Rensen smiled as he thought of the

delirious effects of the country. The first few days, as in earthquake region after calamity, had to be a series of holidays. Who could think of working? Gay parties of men, women and children wandered through the fields and over the mountains. Branches of white dogwood, sprays of apple blossoms and enormous bouquets of wildflowers gave a festive aspect to returning processions. Some of those who had spent their lives within brick walls were astonished and delighted with the simplest things. The children of the East Side looked on the country as an extended park and they picked flowers as if they were not sure whether a bluecoat lurked behind the trees.

Fear of strange and new things, however harmless, was shown by some of the newcomers. That they were used to evils of the city did not help any when they encountered insects, domestic animals, snakes and running water, and considered being lost in the woods. But there were girls who dared to wade in the creek and boys who went swimming in the back pond, past the second mountain, and came back with Munchausen tales of adventure.

During the first nights the deep silence, broken only by vibrant frog voices, prevented sleep. Some of the colonists wandered disconsolately about the plain, while others held midnight talks with neighbors through bedroom windows. There was complaint that a person couldn't sleep without street lights. Some solace was found when the roar of an express train and the long, effortful rumble of a freight on an upgrade echoed from a mile's distance against the hill.

Mothers complained that the country milk made their children sick. It was, in fact, too pure and rich for little stomachs used to diluted abominations.

Rensen was told that more bricks were needed for the foundation of new cottages. Glad of an excuse to be outdoors, he got on his wheel and pedaled in the direction of Westvale to the brickyard. The fine level road was arched with maples and bordered by open fields. A farmer was planting corn in an earth brown field, next to one of wheat, vividly green. The brickyard lay on an outlying slope of the mountain. There was a clay pit where men and teams were at work, an open sided building covering the kilns and an inclosed building where bricks were made and dried by machinery. In an outdoor yard barefooted negroes, the sun shining on moist bare chests and arms, pushed wheelbarrows laden with green bricks or staggered, leaning backward, while carrying brick-filled molds. The soft yellow clay oozed between their toes as they walked. A maze of footprints covered the yard, as if made

by a multitude instead of a few incessant toilers.

"Some people have a prejudice against 'em," said the proprietor of the yard, when Rensen had given his order and was leaving. "But I say they make the same brick as white men. A laborer is a laborer."

A spacious red touring car stopped at the office just as Rensen returned. The passenger, a large middle-aged man, with a short-trimmed brown beard, flashed a look of inquiry at Rensen and addressed him by name, as if in well assured surmise. There was something decisive about his voice, an alertness in his steel gray eyes, a military set to his shoulders as he stepped from the auto and came forward.

"I thought it would be a neighbor act to call as I passed," said Colonel Stuart, of the Sixth Regiment, National Guard, offering his card.

"It is very kind of you, colonel." "We are in the same business, perhaps you know, sir. The Excelsior Iron Works at Westvale is my enterprise."

"I believe I have heard of it, colonel." "Any time you are in Westvale, sir, I shall be pleased to show you my plant."

Rensen understood that the visitor wished to see the colony. He led the way to the foundry and, with a satisfaction tempered by a sudden thought of old conditions of dirt and darkness, exhibited the large sand floor hall with its new machinery, safeguards and comforts for the men. There was perfect lighting from side windows and skylights. The pipes of a heating and ventilating system went around the walls. An electric crane that traversed the shop was doing the lifting of mold boxes, usually performed by straining human backs. There was every new device to save labor. A machine driven by steam sifted the black sand, while the molder stood by smoking his pipe and jesting with his neighbor. Small carts on tracks conveyed sand and other material from place to place. There was no unsightly disorder of tools, lades and boxes, everything being kept in place here or in the storeroom. Nor was neatness gained by imposing extra labor on the men; a special force of laborers attended to the cleaning up. Rows of clay-lined lades of different sizes were ranged against the wall, beside the cupola, a tall cylinder furnace on stilts.

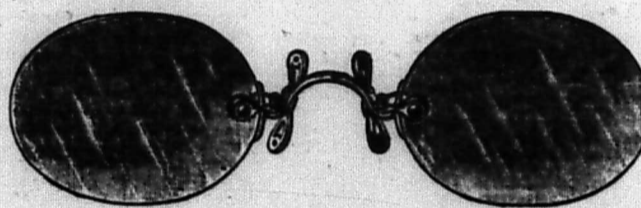
"You have a remarkable shop, sir," observed Colonel Stuart, and as a group of men, who were laughing and chatting, nodded familiarly to Rensen, he added: "Is there any trouble about discipline?"

"I don't know," said Rensen. "We have hardly considered that. . . . How is the discipline, Tom?"

(Continued on Monday.)

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SCENES FROM LONDON.

From the Elephant to Frying-Pan Alley.

By RUTH BERKELEY.

V. These sorrowful workmen who shriek poverty from every pore, and whose abject condition and hopeless resignation is so apparent to every one, are pitiable indeed, but the misery and irony of it all is epitomized by another set of proletarians, whom no one would dream of classing in the same category with these workmen, and who would be the first to resent such a classification, and yet whose position is almost worse.

I speak now of a large class. These are the so-called actors and actresses, who are looking for work. For them the battle is doubly hard, as they have the seemingly impossible task of appearing before their prospective manager gay, bright and well dressed, although they may be just as poor and hungry and wretched as the workman whose poverty is so palpable to all. But the actor knows from bitter experience that the moment he begins to look shabby and sad, gone forever are his chances of a position. So they must be as careful of hiding their poverty as the laboring man is careless of showing his.

To this class of proletarians belonged Jenny, who lodged in the dingy theatrical mission house in Bloomsbury. No one would have suspected, to see her tripping along in such a bright and debonair manner, that she was in the exact position of one of these same workmen who chanced to be standing opposite the house and who looked admiringly at her as she passed.

One might almost have taken Jenny for a real West End, and it was difficult to realize that all this bright loveliness lived in a room so small that in dressing it was necessary for her either to stand on her bed and bend down almost double in order to get a peep in the mirror, or, as she was not very plump, she might by standing sideways wedge herself in between the wall and the bed, and then twisting her head almost completely round see herself. This latter feat of dressing is not feasible, as it gives but a distorted view at best, so most of the girls preferred dressing in the hall just outside their cubicle. This, too, has its disadvantages, as it puts the length of the room between the mirror and the dresser, but for that matter they might just as well have dispensed with the mirror altogether as the rooms were so dark they couldn't see themselves anyway.

Perhaps this accounted for some of the more or less highly colored faces that emerged from the dingy house in Fitzroy street, faces just a little less highly colored than they were wont to show at night. Not all the girls are as fortunate as Jenny in hiding their poverty, for she is young and pretty, and hard work and dark cubicles have not yet left their imprint on her. Others there are who carry their dingy cubicles with them, for all they leave them behind, and these less fortunate ones who, not being good looking or very young, are consigned to the back row of the ballet. For the privilege of living in this wretched place, no larger than a prison cell and almost without air and light except what comes in over the transom, they must work not

only all evening in the theater, but all day beside at millinery or typewriting or at anything they may be so fortunate as to secure. For not only is the ballet wretchedly paid, but the precariousness of employment makes it impossible, hard work though it is, to depend on it for a livelihood. There are always the six or eight weeks of wearing rehearsals for which the dancers receive no salary. And then if the piece falls rehearsals have



"The sight of two refined looking girls pushing along a vegetable cart, mounted by a piano, caused scarcely a second glance to be cast upon them, so accustomed are people in London to seeing anything and everything done for a living."

to be begun all over again and another six or eight weeks work given gratuitously. I shall never again wonder as once I did when I saw a ballet at one of the large music halls why the girls, although they were dancing a bright fairy thing, went through their performances with such sad, dead faces. The gay music and the bright lights, brilliant though they were, were not brilliant enough to light up their faces and make them forget even for a few hours the long days of incessant toil with the prison-like cubicle at the end for a reward. There were two sisters living at this theatrical mission house who belonged to the back row category. Every year it became more difficult for them to obtain positions, and this year they had been in London for eight weeks, looking unceasingly for work, always with the same result. Their money

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offered to lend them her piano. So, borrowing a pushcart of the vegetable man with which to wheel the piano around, they set out on their journey bright and early next day. The golden sun, which happened to be shining that morning, was not more golden than their dreams of the wealth with which they would return. The sight of two refined looking girls pushing along a vegetable cart mounted by a piano, caused scarcely a second glance to be cast upon them, so accustomed are people in London to seeing anything and everything done for a living. They walked all day toward the country, stopping occasionally to sing, and although they attracted large crowds, they collected very little money, for their audiences were almost as poor as they themselves. They returned after two weeks, more dead than alive, and with only a few shillings in their pockets. It was with difficulty that they appeased the matron's ire when she found that her piano squeaked worse than ever. So everywhere this struggle for existence grows harder each day. Most people seem to think that the poverty is caused by drink, which is not the case, for they drink to forget their poverty. It would need a strong character indeed to endure, without some such resort, this grinding, soul-deadening poverty, the effect of which is augmented by the gloomy, depressing atmosphere that forever hangs over London, as if the city were trying to hide its shame from God and the sun. The drizzling black tears that fall almost perpetually are but a symbol of the tears in the hearts of the people. That they bear it at all is because they don't realize what they are asked to bear. Could they suddenly be transported to a good climate, amid decent surroundings, they would realize with crushing force the long hideous nightmare they have had to endure. That they are as good and as moral as they are, despite all the horrors heaped upon them, speaks well for the Anglo-Saxon blood. But good and uncomplaining as they are, something will have to be done soon to feed and house them better, or the predatory wealthy class may have to turn out and work themselves, for the physical and mental deterioration of the lower and lower middle classes is such that, if it continues long, even those who survive will be without sufficient physical stamina to carry on the work of the world.

THE END.

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OLIVE SCHREINER TO WORKING WOMEN.

The following is the remarkable address sent by Olive Schreiner, of South Africa, to the women clerks of Johannesburg. It applies to all the world: I regret that I am unable to attend your meeting. Among all the reforms necessary to the life of the modern civilized nations, the first in importance in its bearing on human good is that a just return of the worth of his labor should be made to the worker, who benefits the world by his work, whether it be of body or of brain; and that not all should go to the man who produces nothing of material use or of spiritual benefit or joy to his fellows, but who expends all his talents in collecting the fruits of others' labors for himself. If we are to reach this improvement, three things are necessary. Firstly, that by means of writing and speaking, and by all possible means, the general social conscience should be educated to see that the present condition is not healthy either for the man who lives to accumulate for himself the result of others' ill-paid labors, or the worker whose profit of whose work is taken; that the man who lives and grows wealthy on underpaid human labor is as essentially a parasite, feeding on human brain and nerve and muscle, as the insect which fastens itself on another animal organism and sucks its life. Secondly, there must be organized union among all workers; union among all workers in different branches in the same society, and a yet larger union between the workers of all nations and countries, without which our labor problem can never be fully solved. For as long as there is an Italian girl working to take the work for five shillings which the French girl did for ten, or a Chinaman who will take the miser's work for half that the Englishman or Kafir demanded, there is always a hole in the bottom of the boat through which the water will ultimately creep in. I am glad to hear of your meeting in Johannesburg for several reasons. I am glad because it shows that at least we in South Africa are, in part, waking up to take our place beside other civilized nations in the great struggle for healthier and sounder conditions of labor. I am glad that in your meeting men and women are combined, because man and woman are the right and left sides of humanity, capable of moving anywhere together, and nowhere alone. I am especially glad that women workers are taking their place in this meeting, because as the most poorly paid and heavily pressed section of workers—denied in all but a few enlightened societies, such as Australia, New Zealand, and some state of America, even that small means of making her wants felt which the exercise of the franchise gives to the other taxpaying workers in free countries—it is especially necessary that women workers should learn solidly to combine. I hope your meeting will be large and successful. I will no longer see up the time, because I know many other speakers will be waiting to address you. But I should like to say one thing to all women workers present to-day. Remember that it is not for yourselves alone that you are working. It may seem a very small thing for a little shop girl in Johannesburg to be demanding a few shillings a week more, or a chair to sit on, or a room with decent air; but what you are each one doing is a really great thing. You are taking a part in the great movement that is going on in countries all over the world to benefit and make more large and healthful woman's condition of life and in benefiting her, to benefit all the race of which she is, as it were, the root and groundwork; and if you should personally have to live and suffer by the part you play, remember you are not playing it for yourself alone. It seems a small part; remember it is really large.

MOVING PICTURES.

By JOSEPHINE DAY NYE. On Monday the American nation will reverently lay its heart's tribute on the graves of "Our Beloved Dead." From the stately mausoleum of the most valiant general to the ugly trench into which were thrown the mangled remains of our humblest heroes, there will be the flags and the flowers, and the muffled drum-beat! There will be eloquence, too, and the air will vibrate with tenderness and brotherly love, and for a single day the word "Patriotism" will be read as an illumination in the heavens! The word "Duty," too, will ring forth, strong and clear, and we shall throw ourselves to its stern vibrations moved by the remembrance of those who gave their all for their country's good.

We shall see marching, with faltering step, the frail and faded remnant of our old Army of the Republic, and in the vanguard of this pathetic little procession trembling hands will bear aloft the sacred emblem of our National Unity and Peace. There will be a surfeit of sentiment, and we shall congratulate ourselves upon our sense of justice, our recognition of self-denial, and our manifestation of all the Christian virtues. For this transitory reverence, this tender remembrance, we should be truly glad; but glad, too, that we have got thus far away from the Saturnalia of bloody sacrifice which a so-called Christian people saw as the only means of gaining solidarity. Who knows—we may be a little less bloodthirsty, a little more human than we were!

Since the year 1864 there have been paid out of the United States Treasury over three billion dollars (exclusive of 1865-'69) in pension claims to the soldier invalids, their widows and their children—all direct heirs of the country which they served. In all parts of the land you will find soldiers' homes, where the disabled and the indigent may find, not simply a shelter and a crust, but comfort and companionship. For all these benefits bestowed upon the truly deserving we are grateful. Human nature knows little enough of remembrance and recognition. In many cases there should be more done, not less. But listen: Here, in this wondrous city of New York, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nine, one of the daily papers has been trying, week after week, to raise a meager \$250 to send an invalid school teacher to a home where she may spend the remainder of her broken life. At last, dollar by dollar, and by a mighty strain, this pitiful sum has been collected, and please God the good woman may now have admission to a place of charity. She hath found where to lay her head! Here, too, in this mighty metropolis, which owns up to a million a day spent in drink alone, and where countless millions are wantonly squandered in unblushing graft, there has been war to the knife, and the war is still on, over the question of a woman teacher, with equal efficiency, and for exactly the same work, receiving the same wages as a man! And yet we are not ashamed! Verily, sentiment is a strange, a wonderful thing. It blots where it listeth and no man knoweth whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. One day it bestoweth itself upon Buddha—and the next upon Billikens! And verily, prejudice is a strange, a malefic thing.

Whether it be prejudice of race, or religion, or class, or sex. Prejudice is the distinguishing mark of the rudimentary human. Prejudice is incontinent hatred and out of it grow antagonism and disruption—the rending of the social body. The time is coming, and now is, when we, the advancing army of today, may behold in the heavens as did Constantine, the cross, bearing the inscription, "In Hoc Signo Vincas." "By This Sign Thou Wilt Conquer."

But we shall behold the emblem, and we shall read the inscription with an illuminated understanding—not as applying to one people, or one sect, or one sex. We shall never know social wholeness and healing until we have recognized the law which has manifested itself from the beginning, that male and female are absolutely equal in the divine economy; that in all kingdoms but the human they co-operate and supplement each other. Are we too small and too mean to read it? Before the wondrous dawn of true brotherhood the black and gruesome shadows of the mighty army of prejudice—that horde through which comes denial and betrayal and crucifixion, shall sink away. Where there is now, among us all—yes, among us all—suspicion and apprehension, there shall be trust and surety. Where there is now antagonism there shall be recognition and co-operation. Where there is disruption and distress there shall be constructiveness, harmony, and joy.

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Advertisement for 'MEETING HALLS' including 'LABOR TEMPLE' and 'LABOR LYCEUM'.

Advertisement for 'AMERICAN STAR HALL'.

Advertisement for 'CLINTON HALL'.

Advertisement for 'DENTISTS' including 'DR. A. CARR' and 'DR. PH. LEWIN'.

Advertisement for 'DR. MATILDA SINAILEE' and 'DR. S. BERLIN'.

Advertisement for 'DR. ELIZABETH HORWITZ' and 'DR. H. M. Zeitler'.

Advertisement for 'DR. JOHN MUTH' and 'DR. A. RITT'.

Advertisement for 'STERN'S INSECTAGO' and 'NEW SOCIALIST GAME'.

**THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.**  
 The working class of the United States cannot expect any remedy for its wrongs from the present ruling class or from the dominant parties. So long as a small number of individuals are permitted to control the sources of the nation's wealth for their private profit in competition with each other and for the exploitation of their fellow men, industrial depressions are bound to occur at certain intervals.—From the Socialist Platform.

# THE NEW YORK EVENING CALL

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WORKERS.

**THE SOCIALIST PARTY.**  
 National Secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, 180 Washington street, Chicago. New York State Secretary, U. Solomon, 230 East 8th street, New York.  
 You who have voted the Socialist ticket, the next thing for you to do is to join the Socialist party organization. Every Socialist should be a member of the party and do his full share the year round to carry on its work and direct its policy.

## THE NEW YORK EVENING CALL

A Newspaper for the Workers.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Workingmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, 442 Pearl Street, New York. W. W. Passage, president; Frank M. Hill, treasurer, and Julius Gerber, secretary.  
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### THE FOUNDATION IS LAID.

The Evening Call has lived a year. It has gone through the hardest part of its struggle. It has survived crises that seemed almost insurmountable. It will have to face other crises. But it will win, as it has won in the past. The foundation for its success is laid. To build the superstructure is no light task, but it is the foundation that costs the most in money and in work and sacrifice.  
 The one thing which the publishers and editors of The Call would to-day, above everything else, impress upon its readers and supporters is this: Important as it is to meet financial crises as they arise, absolutely necessary as the Sustaining Fund has been and still will be for some time to come, there is just one way in which, while REDUCING ITS DEFICIT, we can at the same time INCREASE ITS USEFULNESS.  
 The Socialist Party needs a daily paper to advocate its principles. The Labor Unions need a daily paper to tell the truth about the conditions of labor and the struggles to improve them. That paper you have. But to-day it reaches too small a public. Double its circulation, and you double its usefulness to party and union. Double its circulation, and you wipe out its deficit.  
 That is the way to build firm and strong upon the foundation you have laid so well in this past year.

### THE SOCIALIST PRESS.

By Eugene V. Debs.

In the present advanced state of the Socialist movement it is hard to understand why the press, which has been such an important factor in the party's progress, should be so indifferently treated and so scantily supported by Socialists themselves. The importance of the press in the class struggle, in political campaigning, and in the educational propaganda of the movement is conceded by all, and yet practically every Socialist paper in the United States is having a desperate struggle to maintain its existence.

Whether Socialist papers are privately owned or party owned, whether they are narrow and dogmatic or liberal and opportunist, they encounter the same difficulties and with scarcely an exception they are compelled to waste their means and energies in keeping going from day to day.

A Socialist paper, no matter by whom started or how honestly and ably conducted, is in for trouble from the very beginning. Where one sends in a subscription to build it up, half a dozen use their hammers to batter it down. Almost every one could improve upon the way it is run, but only a few can find anything in it to commend. The result is that the paper, instead of growing and improving and developing power, has to spend most of its time dodging the bricks of its friends and the rest keeping out of the clutches of its creditors.

Socialist publishers and editors have uniformly had the same experience, and yet they remain undaunted and struggle along in the hope that relief may come and that the paper whose critical career has so endeared it to them may at last be placed upon a secure foundation.

The average Socialist editor works harder, longer and more conscientiously than any other person in the movement, and he does it under circumstances that would break the spirit and drive out in despair and disgust anyone not literally harnessed to the movement by chains of steel.

Yet, in spite of all these handicaps and hardships, the Socialist papers have done and are doing a vital work in the upbuilding of the party and the development of the movement, the value and importance of which could by no extravagance of words be overstated.

With all their weakness they are the strength of the party, the bulwark of the movement, and without them disintegration and disaster would speedily follow.

The supreme importance of a working class press was demonstrated in the Moyer and Haywood kidnapping, in the cases of Pouden and Rudowitz, and now again in the cases of Magon and his associates. Without a press of our own in such an emergency, or in any crisis, we are practically helpless—at the mercy of the enemy.

The capitalist class recognize the value of their press and feed it fat and plenty to keep it strong and active. Socialists might well profit by their example. It is not to the credit of the fifty thousand Socialists who make up the Socialist party that their two daily papers have to almost fret themselves into nervous exhaustion to keep up a day to day existence. The snarling wolf is ever at the door, and under such circumstances no paper and no set of men can do the best there is in them. They cannot fight the battles of Socialism and the battle for their own existence at the same time.

The New York Evening Call and the Chicago Daily Socialist have done and are doing magnificent work, and if Socialists and those who sympathize with them were as loyal to these papers as these papers are to the movement, in thirty days' time they would both be on a foundation of rock and their efficiency increased tenfold at least.

There is no reason why The Evening Call should be compelled to humiliate itself by its periodical cries for help. If it does not deserve the help, its cries should not save it, but if it does deserve the help, its cries should not be necessary.

And it DOES DESERVE the help and ought to have it, with the hearty good will of all those it is so faithfully and efficiently serving.

A thousand active Socialists in and about New York can solve the problem in thirty days. Let them determine to turn in a thousand new subscribers a week. It can be done without half trying, and if done it will be found the easiest way of solving what now seems such a vexatious and endless problem.

Finally, I venture to suggest that if the same energy that is now devoted to kicking, grumbling, fault-finding, and doing nothing is applied to getting subscribers, The Call will soon be humming with prosperity and set a shining example to the press of the Socialist movement.

## WORKERS, UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS, YOU HAVE A WORLD TO GAIN!



May 30, 1908—THE VOICE OF THE WORKERS—May 29, 1909.

### THE CALL OF THE WORKERS—An Anniversary Ode.

By Sardonicus.

I.  
 In measureless space,  
 Across the face  
 Of the primal deep,  
 Where Darkness reigned  
 And Chaos craned  
 His neck in sleep,  
 There came a Call  
 To one and all:  
 "Let there be Light!"  
 And Chaos heard  
 The Master's word:  
 Thus fled the Night.

II.  
 "Call me the workers," the Vision said,  
 "For here there is plenty and all shall be fed;  
 They shall work and enjoy a new, rational life,  
 And ended shall be all the horror and strife—  
 Call me the workers!"

III.  
 "But how shall we call? We are voiceless and numb,  
 Our masters have stolen our songs, we are dumb;  
 Beasts of burden they call us, jocosely, in mirth,  
 As they goad us and drive us these lords of the earth.  
 Far, far from the threshold of Justice are we,  
 Abandoned and helpless by some one's decree,  
 And how shall we trumpet our woes to the sky,  
 When groaning and speechless and captive we die?"

IV.  
 New Voices in the Wilderness  
 Cry out as with one loud accord,  
 "Make way, ye people in distress,  
 Announce the coming of the Lord—  
 The longed-for coming, not with arms,  
 Nor haughty, slaughter-reddened crown;  
 With peace, and not with war's alarms,  
 An uplift, not a casting down."

V.  
 The Hanging Gardens of Babylon  
 Are crowded with dancers fair,  
 The while each luckless myrmidon  
 Like Atlas crouches there;  
 We hold the Gardens bravely up,  
 And stagger neath their weight,  
 The while our masters laugh and sup  
 With courtisans' mate,  
 In pleasing and mellifluous verse  
 Their poets sing of love,  
 And all make merry while we curse  
 The throng who dance above,  
 Speak not of visions—who shall call  
 The powers to free each tortured thrall?

VI.  
 "Call me the workers, nevertheless,"  
 The Voice impassioned once more spake:  
 "Full well I know your helplessness—  
 Call and your tyrants all shall quake,  
 Like dust from Krokato's throat  
 Belched o'er a darkening little world,  
 So shall these tyrants all be gone,  
 Be from their sensual gardens hurled,  
 Lo, see the Bow of Hope outspread,  
 From Freedom's Temple pure and white,  
 Forever banished be your dread  
 In Freedom's new and holy light,  
 Call me the workers."

VII.  
 Oh, torch-bearer, light the way  
 Out of the fray,  
 For drunk with the wine of victory  
 Are the Plutocrats to-day!  
 We have called,  
 We have fought,  
 We have been disenthralled  
 A moment then caught  
 By the enemy again and again,  
 And down have fallen our choicest men,  
 And the call of the oppressed rings dull at home  
 Like muffled sounds in a Catacomb;  
 The call of those who hunted leap,  
 The call of those who naked weep:  
 We are wounded sore  
 And would call no more!

VIII.  
 "Fools! Would ye loose the tyrant's hold  
 With inexpensive effort? Nay,  
 Dream ye that he will not be bold  
 For Privilege to save the day!"

I give no easy victories  
 From the hollow of my hand;  
 They who would win, in seas like these  
 Where many slip, must stand."

IX.  
 Oh, the tiger's paws are soft as silk,  
 When his claws are in their sheath;  
 Have you felt the caress of the tiger's lick—  
 Have you seen him lapping his tiger's milk,  
 With his jaws red underneath?

X.  
 Once more the cry went forth with might;  
 Our gladiators fought their fight  
 With Predatory Wealth;  
 And high and clear above the din  
 The Evening Call was ushered in—  
 A health, dear Call, a health!  
 For Labor's found her voice,  
 Let the workers' hosts rejoice,  
 And though the Krakatoan night  
 Should hide us for a time  
 In murky regions where the battles rage,  
 New deeds are written on the page  
 Of history sublime.  
 Aye, Labor, speechless now no more  
 Shall laugh at all her former woes,  
 And wolves, in gleaming-eyed pursuit,  
 Shall tire like all our other foes.  
 By the red blood that binds us all,  
 These also like the wolves shall fall!  
 Lord, those who pay thy love with hate  
 And all thy temples desecrate  
 Shall feel thine anger and thy sword,  
 For, lo, our voice at last is heard!

XI.  
 Here is the lever and the fulcrum here:  
 The unfettered press shall move this mundane sphere.

XII.  
 And the grass shall grow, and the skies shall smile,  
 And merry children romp the while,  
 The workers at their toil shall sing,  
 For the harvest which the workers bring  
 (No longer stolen on the way)  
 Shall all be theirs—oh, wondrous day!  
 And woe to him who dares say nay!

### OUR KID.

By Louis Kopecin.

The kid's first birthday is to-morrow!  
 Why, it seems only yesterday when  
 Lee, Gordon, Mailly, Ghent, Merrick  
 and myself were up day and night,  
 plugging along, getting out the first  
 issue of The Call. What a job it was!  
 Why, we worked a week on that Vol-  
 ume 1, No. 1, and then it came out  
 two hours late.  
 The paper appeared Saturday.  
 Hardly any of us slept Friday night.  
 We just stuck to our posts until that  
 little red-headed printer's devil  
 brought up the first papers, hot off  
 the press.  
 Then we all sat down leisurely and  
 looked the kid over. We read every-  
 thing in sight—advertisements as  
 well as the regular stuff.  
 My, the "bulls" we found! Even  
 more than you'll find in The Call to-  
 day. But we were proud of that kid.  
 Just as we are to-day, when it's be-  
 ginning to walk and making a big fuss  
 about it, too.  
 Our kid is a year old to-morrow,  
 and that means a lot to us of the ed-  
 itorial staff.  
 We are now spared the "humilia-  
 tion" of explaining to the puzzled  
 ones, "Why, The Call, that's a daily  
 paper." No more! The Call is a year  
 old, and that's a great deal in news-  
 paperdom.  
 Although in poor circumstances, we  
 dressed the kid up a bit for his first  
 birthday. Oh, how we would have  
 liked to celebrate the occasion by  
 getting out a big illustrated paper,  
 one that might startle the natives.  
 But—we're poor.  
 Let us hope that the kid's second  
 birthday will mark a happier period  
 than the present one and that it will  
 be more joyously and fittingly cele-  
 brated.  
 SO, HERE'S TO OUR KID!

### AN APPRECIATION.

By A. M. Simons,  
 EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST.

The Socialists of America have at each step in their progress met new tasks. Each of these has been accomplished as it appeared. The great task of to-day is the establishment of a daily press. Without such a press further progress will be extremely difficult.  
 In some respects this is the hardest of all the tasks of propaganda. It is hard because of certain features peculiar to the newspaper situation in America. Yet we must meet this emergency.  
 Those who do the first pioneer work must meet the greatest difficulties. They must learn at the costly school of experience. They must create institutions with untried material.  
 When that work is done, when this first road has been cleared, progress will be easier to all who come after. It may be possible that later papers will be built upon the dead ruins of the first ones established. But even so, those who gathered the material for those ruins will not have worked in vain, for that material will serve to pave the way and make smooth the road for those who are to follow.  
 No efforts can be too great to make audible the voice of the workers. No sacrifice will be reckoned too heavy after success has once been achieved.  
 The New York Evening Call has been doing magnificent work. In it the workers have the beginning of a

press whose powers no one can measure. To-day it seems a burden, though even that seeming is not true. To-morrow it will be a powerful aid in



A. M. SIMONS.

every direction as well as in an indispensable weapon for the battle of freedom.

### QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

M. F.—The following statistics of military strength are given for Germany and Russia. Germany—Available for active service, 617,000; in the reserves, 1,223,000; total male population of military age not included in these, 1,900,000. Russia—Available for active service, 1,100,000; reserves, 260,000; remaining male population of military age, 5,200,000. The German forces are far superior to those of Russia in quality—better disciplined, better equipped, better officered, and more devoted to their government. The leading powers of Europe, in the order of their "war strength"—active and reserve service combined—is as follows: Germany, France, Russia, Turkey, Austria-Hungary, Italy and Great Britain.  
 H. S.—A society has a right to suspend a member for non-payment of taxes, provided, however, that these taxes are imposed in accordance with the constitution and by-law of the society, and that the said taxes were imposed at a regular special meeting called for that purpose, and whereof each member was duly notified.  
 Wm. B.—You can bring suit for the money you loaned without having written proof, so long as you have witnesses. But do not start a suit unless you are sure that the party is worth suing. The Legal Aid Society, East Side Branch, 331 Grand street, Manhattan, attends to the cases of people who cannot afford to hire a lawyer.