

MINERAL WATER MEN GAIN BIG VICTORY

Eight Bosses Sign Agreements The Union—No General Strike to Take Place.

Twenty-eight mineral water manufacturers out of the thirty-eight that were in this business yesterday signed agreements with the union conceding the demands of the workers, and, in effect, a general strike will not take place this year.

The union has thus far controlled the shops, and it is expected that the shops that run their plants on an open shop basis will come to the same time and will be forced to sign similar agreements.

Since the union was formed, two years ago, the employers have been doing their utmost to bring about many breaks in the workers' ranks, but the workers, still remembering the conditions under which they had been staying before the union was organized, are determined to hold the organization, and all the attempts to break the union have failed.

The employers will never open fire against the flourishing Mineral Water Union, as the last strike gave them a good lesson. Because of the East Side public demanding the union label, the bosses that started the fight during the winter months were put out of business, and the "heroes" are now begging the union to provide them with jobs and are willing to become militant union men.

The mineral water workers will parade the streets of New York today as victorious union men, and they will get out from the dark and filthy tenements, in which they are spending their best days, first, to celebrate the International Labor Day, and, second, to establish their own partial victory. Two hundred men will be in the line, and at the last meeting of their union it was decided to impose a fine of \$5 on all those members who fail to show up.

The majority of the water workers are Socialists, and the First of May is considered by them as the legal holiday of the working class.

Since they were organized, it has been their custom to stop work on the First of May, and as their agreements expire on this day, new demands are made on their employers. They were organized the mineral water workers had a closed season in their trade and were only given work during the summer months, and had to work sixteen and eighteen hours a day for \$8 and \$9 a week, and during the winter months had to live on what they could save of the poor wages they made during the summer months, since they have been organized they forced the employers to employ them the whole year, and they now get \$15 a week and are only working eleven hours a day. Sam Lubowitz, their organizer, stood with them during their good and bad times, and last year at the parade they presented him with a gold watch and chain for his good services in the organization and for his devotion in building up a strong union.

They will dress in uniforms consisting of blue pants, with yellow belts, white shirts and red neckties, red hedges and white caps with the label and name of their union. Their division will be headed by the red banner of the union and many transparencies will be carried throughout the line. They will congregate at Clinton Hall at 11 o'clock, and headed by a band of music will march to Madison Square and join in the general parade of the East Side Socialists and organized workers.

The HATS That Make Good
BARDIN THE HATTER
To Men Who Appreciate.
1008 Third Ave., Cor. 105th St.
Hats Only—None Other Carried

SHOES That Satisfy
L. NATHAN
1175 MADISON AVENUE.
Between 117th and 119th Sts.
Complete Line of Shoes for the Family.

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When you are troubled with your eyes, have your eyes examined, and if glasses are necessary, have them made at
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Filled to your glasses
Buy your glasses direct from the manufacturer, saving middle-man's profit. We manufacture and sell our own brand of the most complete, best quality, and most durable glasses.
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GLASSES \$1
116 Fulton St., near Nassau.
1485 Madison Av., Cor. 105th St.

BLIND MAN TAKES TRIP IN BALLOON

PITTSFIELD, Mass., April 29.—For the first time in America a blind man made a balloon flight today. He is Wilhelm Heinrich, the sightless tenor of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's church in Boston. Charles J. Glidden, the world round motorist and balloonist, was the pilot of the big balloon, Massachusetts, which was sent here from Springfield for the occasion.

Heinrich has known Charles J. Glidden for a long time. He has been interested in Glidden's balloon flights and very lately he expressed the hope that he might some day take a flight with Glidden. He wanted to have the experience of ballooning that he might write a song, he said.

Forthwith Glidden made the arrangements, and the Massachusetts, of 50,000 cubic feet of gas capacity, was sent here.

With Glidden and the singer, Heinrich, was Frank P. Sibley, a Boston reporter. There was a gusty wind while the balloon was being inflated, and later when the basket was being harnessed it required thirty men to hold the bag to the ground. It reared and plunged like a lassoed broncho. Glidden pulled the valve rope, opening the appendix before the balloon left the ground, and in balancing the Massachusetts lost a large quantity of gas. The heavy wind beat the gas out of the bag under adjustment and there was hurried work in the getaway.

The Massachusetts carried fourteen bags of sand and 600 pounds in weight of men and the equipment. In arranging the double drag ropes some mistake was made, so when Glidden cut them away they twisted about fifty feet below the basket, forming a knot.

For an instant the balloon basket seemed to shift, and the men settled down into one end, carrying the ballast with them. Glidden caught the ring and worked himself back and readjusted the sand and pulled in the drag ropes. He is the only balloonist in this country who uses a double drag rope, which steadies the basket in flight and is used in landing. The balloon assistant, stationed in Pittsfield, made up the ropes in a new hitch today, of which much was expected by Glidden, but observers noted that they tangled and caused a bad shift of the ballast, always a dangerous condition in ballooning.

Singer Heinrich began singing an old English composition "like a bird" as the balloon rose, but the flight was so swift that his voice was soon lost to the crowd which had gathered.

EMPLOYS NO MEN WITH WHISKERS

WASHINGTON, April 29.—"We employ no men with whiskers," declared an Ohio oleomargarine manufacturer to the house committee on agriculture today.

"The men must shave on Monday and Thursday of every week. They divest themselves of their street clothes and even of their shoes when they go to work, and don white suits and white hats that are changed twice a week. The factory is scrubbed every day."

"Do you begin the day with prayer?" asked a member of the committee.

"No, I don't get down early enough," he answered, "but there is an oleomargarine factory in Chicago where services are conducted."

KERN WILL RUN

Feels That Democratic Legislators Will Carry Out the Popular Will.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 29.—Assuming that "the Democratic members of the legislature will feel like carrying out the popular will thus expressed," John W. Kern today confirmed in a formal statement his acceptance of the Indiana Democratic convention's endorsement as a candidate for the United States senate conferred upon him yesterday.

Among hundreds of congratulatory messages received by Kern from Democratic members of Congress and others prominent in the party today was this from William Jennings Bryan: "Accept my hearty congratulations. Success to you. We need you in the senate."

ANTONIO VERY SAD

Antonio Grabs Hold of Penny Electric Machine—Can't Let Go. Pockets Emptied.

If any well dressed stranger tries to interest Antonio di Martino, of Brooklyn, in the mysteries of electricity he will be the victim of a vendetta that will make the Corsican Brothers row look like a peace conference.

Antonio took a day off and visited the Bowery. He had a great time in a Penny Arcade until he bucked up against the electric battery. "Pull it all the way out," advised a natty youth, as Antonio took hold of the handles. Antonio did it.

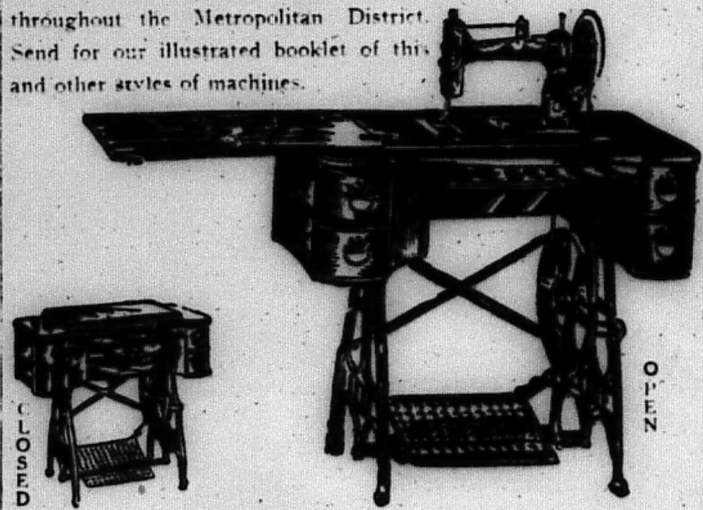
The shock of the current paralyzed his arms and he could not let go. As he stuck to the machine, yelling lustily for help, the natty youth relieved him of his pocketbook containing seven hard earned plunks.

No Deposit 75c a Week

For This Incomparable
White Sewing Machine. List Price, \$65.00

An elegantly constructed machine, fitted with the Drop Head, Automatic Lift and all the latest improvements. Nickel plated hand wheel, ball bearings, and supplied with full set of the latest style steel attachments. Top and four swell-front drawers of best quarter-sawed golden oak.

Demonstrators sent without charge throughout the Metropolitan District. Send for our illustrated booklet of this and other styles of machines.



Inspect this splendid machine at either of our stores, or mail your order, with your full name and address, and we will trust you to pay 75 cents per week. No "red tape" about it.

Pay \$1.50 fortnightly or \$3 monthly, if you prefer. Collectors sent, if requested.

Cowperthwait & Sons

193-205 Park Row
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3rd Ave. and 121st St.

Everything for Housekeeping

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Bedding,
Go-Carts, Ice Boxes, Etc.

Cosy Homes on Liberal Credit
ESTABLISHED 1807.

CENT COST HER LIFE

Little Girl Burns to Death Hunting a Coin With Matches.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29.—Returning from a brief visit to a nearby store, Mrs. Emma Linn, of 2236 East street, found her home filled with smoke, and, upon rushing upstairs to the second-story front bedroom, was confronted with the appalling spectacle of her six-year-old daughter Margaret enveloped in flames and screaming in agony.

The sight proved too much for the horrified mother, who fell in a swoon across the burning clothing of her child. If it had not been for the fact that Police Sergeant Black, of the seventeenth district, happened to be passing at the moment, she must have perished with the unfortunate child, who succumbed to the unfortunate burns a few hours later at the Polyclinic Hospital.

The tragedy was brought about by a new penny which had been given to Margaret for retiring early on Wednesday evening. When the little girl had been put to bed by her mother the bright penny rolled on the floor and out of sight. After a futile search she went to sleep, but on awakening the first thing she thought of was the missing penny.

Another hunt failed to unearth the coin, and the child ran downstairs and returned with a handful of matches. Striking them, she cast them beneath the bed, when suddenly a tiny wisp of flame ignited her nightgown.

AFTER CHARLIE CHIN

Police Asked to Locate Chinaman Who Eloped With Fifteen-Year-Old Girl.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., April 29.—Boston police have been asked to locate Charlie Chin, a full blooded Chinese, who is thought to have eloped with Ada Lambert, a fifteen-year-old girl of Central Mills.

The girl left her home last Monday, ostensibly to go to the theater. She failed to return and her parents have made a wide search for her, fearing foul play.

Her father today received a postal from the girl, of which she had written: "I am married to Charlie Chin. Love, Ada."

Chin conducts a laundry at Revere, Mass.

GRAPTER GOES TO PRISON.

Ex-United States Deputy Marshal Sentenced for Taking \$27.50.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 29.—For having padded an expense account to the extent of \$27.50 while in the government service here, James P. McHale, a former deputy United States marshal, has been sentenced to serve two years and three months in prison. McHale already had spent two years in jail at Calicut, Mexico, fighting extradition.

McHale was engaged to marry the daughter of Governor Camacho, of Sinaloa, Mexico, and had the support of powerful influences in Mexico during the struggle to remain on the other side of the border. When arraigned before Judge Welborn yesterday McHale made a plea for mercy, saying he was willing to repay the money, but the petition was disregarded.

NOW WE ARE TO HAVE AN OPERATIC TRUST

Metropolitan Company to Have Complete Control Over American Opera. Has Eyes on Buenos Ayres.

The directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company made no further announcement yesterday with reference to the increase in the length of the season, which will be necessary next year to make use of all the artists acquired by the acquisition of the Hammerstein operatic plant contracts and rights to production of French operas. It has been practically settled, according to the information of an interested party who would not be quoted, that these extra performances will in all probability be given on Tuesday nights and will then be devoted to the production of the French operas acquired through the merger. According to the present plan these operas will be sung by the artists identified with them at the Manhattan Opera House. What is still more interesting is the fact that they will be conducted by Cleofonte Campanini, who introduced them to New York audiences. This will mark Campanini's first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House since he was a player in the orchestra and an occasional conductor there more than twenty-five years ago. It is thought that these special Tuesday evening performances of French opera will be one of the most fashionable series of the winter. It is, of course, regarded as a great acquisition for the Metropolitan Opera House that it has acquired the services of Sig. Campanini, even for these few performances. Just what the operas in the French repertoire will be has not yet been decided. Associated with the former Hammerstein singers now in the Philadelphia-Chicago company will be some of the Metropolitan's own artists.

Now that the Chicago season has been limited to ten weeks, instead of twenty, the season at the Philadelphia Opera House will follow the Chicago season. It is during these two weeks of the company's stay in Philadelphia that the French wing will come over here every Tuesday night, and as there are to be performances only on three nights a week in Philadelphia, it is not at all improbable that Baltimore may have another chance at opera. According to a telegram received yesterday from Baltimore it is expected that Bernard Ulrich, manager of the Chicago opera company and last year manager of the Lyric Theater in Baltimore, will return to Baltimore next year at the close of the Chicago season and direct the ten performances which the company will give. It will be an easy matter for the company to go from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and it is thought that ten representations of opera at the Lyric Theater there will prove highly profitable. The attitude of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company and its allied organization for the future, is the conviction that there could not have been a worse operatic season than that which has just come to an end, and they are confident that better results will be achieved next winter.

Operatic extension will therefore be just as widespread next season as it was this year, and the difference at New York will not be the only source of supply. Chicago will have its opera and Baltimore will get its performances from Philadelphia. New York will also have Boston and Philadelphia to draw on in case of any emergency. The eyes of the promoters of the merger are now fixed on such remote points as Buenos Ayres and Covent Garden.

PLAN WHITE SLAVE BUREAU.

International Congress will Branch Off Into Literary Censorship.

PARIS, April 29.—The international white slave congress, which has been in session here for several days, decided this afternoon to draw up immediately an international agreement for the establishment of a bureau in each country in order to make easier the suppression of this traffic.

Under the agreement the circulation of objectionable literature will be stopped as soon as possible, according to the local laws of the various nations. The arrangement is to go into effect as soon as it has been approved by the different governments.

SCHOONER IS WRECKED.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29.—Word reached here today of the wreck of the schooner Stanley Coast, which was caught in the ice and crushed off Alaska on March 28. Captain Koehler, Mates Bauers and Williams and the cook, whose name has not been learned, died of exposure while trying to make the main land. The remainder of the crew got ashore in safety.

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83 Canal Street : : Bot. Eldridge and Allen Sts
Excellent Tailoring. Perfect Fitting.
Reasonable Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
COME AND CONVINCe YOURSELF.
Branch: 119 CANAL STREET, near Chrystie St.

FIRST OF MAY CELEBRATION

The First of May will be celebrated by the children of the
SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF GREATER N. Y.
At Murray Hill Lyceum
160-164 East 34th Street, AT 2 P. M.
A very fine program has been arranged by the children. An address will be given by Professor Kirkpatrick.
ADMISSION FEE, 25 CENTS.
Tickets will be sold at the Lyceum from 11 a.m.

SEAMEN TREATED WORSE THAN SLAVES

(Continued from page 1.)

Cherry street, owned by Aksel Hanson, we pay \$7 a week and we are put three men in one bed. I ain't going to describe what's in the bed, in addition to the three of us. It ain't going to be a tasty story when it gets into the print."

While this man was talking a young, powerful fellow came in. He was a bit shabby and his eyes were still heavy with the effects of a carouse. He gave his name as Ed Larson and said that he came out of "Murphy's lodging house."

"If you're coming out of Murphy's lodging house, then I am sure that you ain't got no money. Is it true?" asked Brown.

"Not a d— cent; not a ———." "I thought so," said Brown. "Now, what can we do for you?"

"I want to be shipped—give's a good boat. Murphy's going to send me to Nova Scotia. Don't want to go there. Hell with Nova Scotia and the tub!" Brown gave him a severe scolding for not belonging to the union and the other promised that he would join it as soon as he had the necessary initiation fee.

"That is just what these boarding masters do. Keep them as long as their money holds out," said Brown, "and then force them to accept any boat and go anywhere."

He asked the sailor what Murphy promised to pay, and he said \$18 a month.

"In this way they are made slaves of. In order not to be discharged they have to be dogs to the engineers. Between him and the boarding masters these poor devils are robbed of their courage, manhood, decency and money," said Brown.

HAVENS SEATED IN CONGRESS.
WASHINGTON, April 29.—Representative-elect James S. Havens from the Thirty-second Congressional district of New York, who recently defeated "Boss" Aldridge, was sworn in by the Speaker today. Representative Sulzer presented him to the house and he received an ovation from the Democrats.

Havens was manifestly nervous while "Uncle Joe" read the oath which he did in a very impressive manner.

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SHIRTS FOR SPRING WEAR. All makes, including E. & W. new styles and patterns.	ALL LEADING BRANDS OF COLLARS, as Arrow Brand, Royal, Redman, etc. 15 cts. each, two for 25c.	FANCY VESTS. Large variety of beautiful Spring Styles. Prices have been greatly reduced.	TIES. Many new and attractive patterns. Here you can see sure to find what you like.
SUSPENDERS.	GLOVES.	MANNEQUIN-CHESTS.	SOFTY FIBS.

Our is a modern store. It will pay Call readers to go out of their way and purchase here. We are only a few blocks away from corner Grand and the Bowery.

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MAY DAY SUNDAY CALL

It will contain special May Day Articles by Oscar Leonard and Rose-Pastor Stokes.

Besides These, The Big Features Will Be:

The Unveiling. A two-act play. By Ben Willan. This is the best thing The Sunday Call ever printed.

Was Selma Justified? A story. By Dr. William J. Robinson, Editor of The Critic and Guide.

"Slaves Long Enough." A story. By Ernest Poole.

His Natural Life. Our new serial. By Marcus Clarke.

Science Notes. By E. H.

It will not contain a single line you can afford to miss.

"Not the Biggest Sunday Paper, But the Best."
This Is Not a Boast, but a Cold Fact.

You Buy Less Often

in using this tea, because its strength makes it last so much longer. Two good, full cups to every single teaspoonful.

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CEYLON TEA

A 15c. Package Makes 40 Cups.

FIVE INJURED IN CRASH ON BRIDGE

Two Require Attention of Ambulance Surgeon—Both Cars Badly Damaged and Passengers Shaken Up.

A collision occurred yesterday on the Williamsburg bridge between a Reid avenue and a Bushwick avenue car in which both were badly damaged and five persons injured, two of them so badly that they required the services of an ambulance surgeon.

The crash was witnessed by some of the bridge policemen, who ran to the scene. They found Rosie Goldstein, thirty-seven years old, of 386 Wallabout street, had sustained contusions of the left side of the face and shock, and Robert W. Beelle, twenty-seven years old, of 149 Knickerbocker avenue, a cut on the right eye from the broken glass. Both were assisted to the roadway, where they were attended by Ambulance Surgeon McAllister, of the Williamsburg Hospital.

The other passengers, Samuel Rapoport, of 886 Flushing avenue; Isaac Yelp, of 19 Montith street, and Millie Wolf, of 3 Summer avenue, gave their names to the police and said they had been cut and bruised, but refused to have their injuries attended by the ambulance surgeon.

When the motorman of the Reid avenue car, which was traveling at a fast clip, realized that the car ahead was slowing down, he applied his brakes, but it was too late and he crashed into the Bushwick avenue car with terrific force. Fortunately there were only fourteen passengers in the two cars. They screamed, however, when they were hurled from their seats to the floor.

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CAPITOL CRAFTER IS FOUND GUILTY

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 29.—Joseph M. Huston, of Philadelphia, architect of the state capitol, was this afternoon found guilty of conspiracy to cheat and defraud the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The jury returned a verdict at 3:20 p.m., having been out twenty-six hours. Huston is recommended to the leniency of the court on account of his previous irreproachable reputation.

Counsel for Huston made a motion for a new trial, and Judge George Kunkel gave them thirty days in which to file their reasons.

The jury, which went out at 3:30 yesterday afternoon, and was locked up over night, came into court three times during the day. Its first appearance was at 10 o'clock this morning, when it asked for additional instructions on Huston's responsibility under his contract and the effect of the testimony of the architects called as experts.

At 11:30 the jury came back into court, announcing that it had a verdict. This was found to be that the defendant was guilty of "defrauding the commonwealth." Judge Kunkel said this was not a proper verdict. As Huston had been indicted for conspiracy, the jury would have to render a verdict covering the crime of conspiracy.

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WHY WE DO NOT PRINT PRICES

Our advertisements in The Call do not tell you of \$35 suits to be sold for \$12.45. We do not even print here the prices at which our suits and overcoats sell. To describe clothes in fine language, printing in inch-high type exaggerated claims, anybody can do so as long as he is willing to pay for the newspaper space.

RODMAN & BLUM THE BEST CLOTHES FOR THE LEAST MONEY Clothiers and Merchant Tailors 117 CANAL STREET, N. Y.

FAT MAN TURNS TO BE LIVING SKELETON

When Patrolman Conlin passed up 24 street yesterday and noticed gigantic Hyman Tupsor acting in a peculiar manner he decided to place the giant under arrest.

Tupsor did not resist. He went amiably along. In the 5th street station they began frisking Tupsor. He yielded as many coats as a bowery saloon does drinks.

Only a few cars were running and no attempt was made to maintain schedules during the morning. In many instances trolley ropes were cut while the tracks were blocked by tenmeters, who sympathize with the strikers.

DE FORNARO LOSES

Appellate Division Confirms Verdict of Court of General Sessions. The verdict of the jury in the case of Carlo De Fornaro charged with criminally libeling Raphael Reyes Espindola, and who was sentenced to a year, has been affirmed by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court.

The trial was held in November, last, the jury finding Fornaro guilty. Later, he was sentenced to serve one year in the penitentiary.

BOYS MUST PAY CENT WEEKLY

Mayor Fines Them \$2 for Removing Brass Letters. HAZLETON, Pa., April 29.—Mayor Bruch has imposed a unique sentence on five boys brought before him on the charge of removing brass letters from store show windows.

INTERNATIONAL MAY 1 CELEBRATION

3d and 10th A. D. S. P. 272 East 10th Street. Afternoon Reception in the Club Rooms. Evening Reception in the Japanese Garden. Best Talent Will Appear. Music, Refreshments, Dancing.

AFTER WOMAN IN FOLDING BED MISHAP

Coroner Hellenstein, who is investigating the death of Wellington Smith, the Lee, Mass., paper manufacturer, killed in a folding bed declared yesterday that he will have the woman who was with Smith in custody within twenty-four hours.

He intends that she shall tell her own story of the collapse of the folding bed, and he intimated a belief that the Smith family are concealing her identity.

When the woman left the Ralph boarding house she carried with her Smith's papers and his gold watch with his name and residence engraved in the case. The coroner believes she did this to hide Smith's identity and that she later returned the articles to Smith's family.

Carpenters, Attention!

At a meeting of Local Union No. 147, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, to be held in their headquarters, corner Liberty and Van Sicklen avenues, East New York, on May 2, 1910, the union is ready to accept as members all non-union men and ex-members at the initiation fee of \$5 each.

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Brooklyn. BUTCHERS. BAKERY. BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS. CLOTHING AND TAILORS. CIGAR MANUFACTURER. DENTISTS. DEPARTMENT STORES. DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS. DRY GOODS AND FURNISHINGS. ELECTRICIAN AND SUPPLIES. FURNITURE, ETC. GROCERIES. HATS. HATTERS. HAIR DRESSING. PHOTOGRAPHERS. STATIONERY. TAILORS. TRAINERS. TYPEWRITERS. WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS. WATER CURE MASSAGE.

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Our clothing this season is the talk of the town. The prices are the lowest, and the qualities, styles and fit are the best. To prove our statement, call and convince yourselves. Makers of High-Grade Clothing. 53 Canal Street, N. Y. Open Evenings.

INVESTIGATE DEATH

Batted Ball Hits Youth Over Heart. Seventh Baseball Fatality This Season. The coroner's office is today investigating the death of Frank Breitwiger, the eighteen-year-old youth who died after being struck over the heart with a batted ball in Central Park last evening.

Coroner Winterbottom said today that an autopsy would not be held, as there was no question that the blow ruptured the heart. This is the seventh fatality in baseball games since the season opened two weeks ago.

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RESTAURANTS—Boston. MACFADDEN'S PHYSICAL CULTURE RESTAURANTS. 27-29 Kingston St. Branches: New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago. As an experiment take home a loaf of Whole Wheat Bread, 15 cents. SHOE REPAIRING—Boston. Hubert St. Shoe Repairing Co., 21 E. 2d St. Boston. Eyes examined, glasses supplied, Tel. 475-00. SURGEON DENTIST—Boston. I. Trueman. SOCIALIST BOOKS, PERIODICALS. M. Andelman, 201 Tremont St. UNION-MADE BADGES—MONTAGUE. UNION BUTTONS—CELLULOSE. A. H. Leno & Son, 100 Essex St. UNION-MADE CIGARS, BOXES, MAIL ORDERS—Boston. BOSTON SMOKER—Lynn. 528 10c. J. Alchabur, 150 W. Boston, Mass. Tel. 500-00. Mail orders filled. Carlson, "Reginald" Cigar, 108 Market St. PHOTOGRAPH STUDIOS—Boston. H. Hoffman, 100 Essex St. UNION MADE HATS—Boston. "Atkins". UNION LABEL HOSIERY—Lynn, Mass. Wholesale and Retail, McCane, 8 Boston. UNION MADE HATS AND BOXES—Lynn, Mass. Ash & Nichols, 17 Market St. CIGARS, POOL, PERIODICALS—Lynn. M. H. Cottle, 100 Warren St. UNION LABEL PRINTERS—Seymour, N.Y. 175 Broadway. A. S. Leno & Son, 100 Essex St. I. H. Folsberg & Son, 10 Washington St.

NEW JERSEY DIRECTORY. BOOTS AND SHOES—Newark. Schickler's Shoe Store, 175 Broadway. BOOTS AND SHOES—Irvington. Ed. Ross, 791 Spring St. CUSTOM TAILOR—Jersey City. B. Mark. Levine Tailoring Co., 101 Montross St. DENTIST—Newark. Dr. Geo. Shapiro. GENTS' FURNISHINGS—Newark, N.J. Henry Green, 131 Springfield St. H. Litzman, 205 Springfield St. CASH AND CREDIT CLOTHING—Hoboken, N.J. The People's Clothing Co., 111 Washington St. JEWELRY—Hoboken. Marcus Weintraub, 111 Washington St.

Pennsylvania Advertisers' Directory. Patronize The Call Advertiser. Show Them Call "Ads." Pay Use Your Purchasers' Card. RESTAURANTS—Philadelphia. MACFADDEN'S PHYSICAL CULTURE RESTAURANTS. 825 Chestnut St. Branches: New York, Pittsburg and Chicago. As an experiment take home a loaf of Whole Wheat Bread, 15 cents. PUBLICATIONS. Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Socialist Literature Co. Reports Book Store. UNION LABEL, ETC. Union Label Cigar. Union Made Bread. Union Made Soap.

Union Shoe Co. 52 Avenue B, cor. 4th Street. A COMPLETE LINE OF Spring and Summer Styles. Remember all our Ladies' and Gents' Shoes bear the Union Stamp.

Union Shoe Co. 52 Avenue B, cor. 4th Street. A COMPLETE LINE OF Spring and Summer Styles. Remember all our Ladies' and Gents' Shoes bear the Union Stamp.

50 per cent. saved on your dentist bill by having your teeth attended in the largest dental concern in the world. LOWEST FEE—BEST SERVICE. All work guaranteed. The price for 22 carat crown and bridge work is \$3.00 only—not higher. Paris Dental Parlor Co., Inc. Uptown Office, 1815 Madison Ave., Cor. 118th St. Downtown Office, 80 Delancey St., Cor. Orchard St. Brooklyn Office, 715 Broadway, Near Flushing Ave. "L" Station. More offices will be opened shortly in all parts of the city.

L. Boressoff's Studio 355 Grand, cor. Essex St. Will give my personal attention to Comrades and a special souvenir to every dozen photographs. TRUSSMAKER. HENRY FRAHME TRUSSMAKER 1400 3d Ave. Bet. 84th & 85th Sts. Trusses, Braces, Bandages, Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Suspensories. All stock guaranteed. Tel. 3533 79th St.

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The Popular Priced Union Label Clothing Store

REASONS SHOULD INDUCE THE NEW YORK CALL READERS TO PATRONIZE OUR ESTABLISHMENT.

The First Reason—You are sure to get Union made clothes. The Second Reason—You are sure to get a well made suit of clothes to order or ready made at popular prices.

Every Garment Bought in Our Store Bears This Union Label EVERY GARMENT AT A POPULAR PRICE. L. SEIGEL & CO. POPULAR PRICED UNION CLOTHIERS AND MERCHANT TAILORS. 47 CANAL STREET NEW YORK

A. F. OF L. CHIEFS TO MEET UNION FARMERS

Gompers, Morrison and Others Will Attend History Making Convention at St. Louis on Monday.

(By Pan-American Press.) WASHINGTON, April 29.—To attend the first big convention in the history of this country at which efforts are to be made to solidify the ranks of the toilers of industry with the toilers of the soil, President Gompers and Secretary Morrison of the American Federation of Labor will leave for St. Louis next Sunday.

Among other officials of the American Federation of Labor who will attend the St. Louis convention are William J. Spencer, secretary-treasurer of the Building Trades Department, and Thomas F. Tracy, secretary-treasurer of the union label department.

President Gompers believes the convention will be largely attended, and that its work will be of great help to the labor movement. He said: "The sentiments of the promoters of the convention are healthy, hearty and American. Let the rank and file among the producers get together, interchange ideas, and trust to coming to conclusions of benefit to all."

John Grady, the manager of the convention, says in a statement to the press: "No convention ever held will be so broad in its scope, so comprehensive in the subjects discussed. We want publicity, opinions, remedies, plans, ideas from the best orators and writers in the entire land."

Among the speakers are: C. S. Barrett, president of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union; Congressman Cantrill, former president of the American Society of Equity; Samuel Gompers, Gifford Pinchot, John Temple Graves, Thomas Watson, Senators La Follette, Gore and McCumber, and Governor Norris of Montana.

It is expected an amalgamation of the two farmers' unions will take place at the convention, and afterwards steps will be taken to have the organized farmers and workers wage a common political battle against what Gompers terms "the neglect of the farmers' and laborers' interests by Congress and the assumption of legislative and executive functions of the judicial branches of our government."

REDEMPTION OF BONDS.

Notice of Redemption of Bonds of AMERICAN VULCANIZED FIBRE COMPANY. The following bonds have been drawn for redemption: 100 14 15 16 20 27 31 33 35 41 50 55 61 67 69 70 72 73 75 78 79 80 82 84 85 86 90 101 102 110 115 120 138 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000

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BROOKLYN IS SHUT OUT BY THE DOVES

Bell Pitched a Good Game, but Boston Managed to Get a Run Over the Plate.

BOSTON, April 29.—The Brooklyn and Boston teams lined up today for their third game of the series with the result that the baked bean Doves made the Dodgers look like a two-cent piece after a locomotive had run over it.

The Doves got a run in the second inning. That was all they needed, for southpaw Mattern pitched a wonderful game and shut out the Brooklynites.

THE SCORES. National League. At Boston— Brooklyn 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Boston 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 x—1

At Chicago— St. Louis 1 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1—4 Chicago 3 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 0—5

At Cleveland— Chicago 1 2 0 0 0 0 1 0 2—6 Cleveland 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

At St. Louis— Detroit 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 0—5 St. Louis 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Philadelphia at New York—Postponed on account of rain.

HOTELS BAR OUT JACK JOHNSON

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 29.—Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, was refused accommodations in Los Angeles hotels yesterday. On arriving here he traveled up Spring street in an automobile and immediately went to one of the leading hostellers.

The same excuse was offered for not receiving the black champion—the hostelry was filled to its capacity. As Johnson refused to try to find lodging at any of the cheaper hotels, arrangements were made for his entertainment last night at the home of a negro editor.

The negro champion has just heard that Clarence Berry, an old magnate out here, has \$40,000 to bet on Jeffries and is willing to give odds of 10 to 7. "I guess he must have more money than he needs," said Johnson this morning. "He surely will lose his money, and he won't have to go far to part with it, either," continued Johnson. "Little Artha is going to bet a little change, and I would like to get some of that 10 to 7."

Johnson sparred two short bouts with George Cotton and Mike Cutler, preliminary to the Webster-Carley fight. He displayed great cleverness. He showed his strength by placing the palms of his gloves against Cutler's ears and lifting him half way across the ring.

DORMAN HITS TOO HARD. Jack Dorman, who is to meet Jack Goodman in a ten round bout at the Fairmont Athletic Club next Tuesday evening, May 3, is winning for himself a "Ketchel" reputation. That is, he is having a bit of trouble getting sparring partners for his daily training routine. Dorman takes these exercises a bit too seriously, and punishes his sparring partners to a point where they tear off the gloves and quit work. Dorman is a hard puncher, and figures that a well aimed wallop next Tuesday night will win him a prominent place in the lightweight division. Goodman has been training at Brown's Gymnasium since last Friday, and he will not let up in his work until the morning of the fight.

LANGFORD SIGNS. Agrees to Fight Tommy Burns on Labor Day. PHILADELPHIA, April 29.—Sam Langford, through his manager, has posted \$5,000 for his appearance in a forty-five round fight with Tommy Burns before the Metropolitan Athletic Club of San Francisco, on September 5. The purse will be \$20,000.

DR. ROLLER CALLS OFF MATCH. CHICAGO, April 29.—As a result of an attack of blood poisoning, Dr. J. F. Roller, of Seattle, will not be able to meet Zbuzko, the Pole, in their match tonight at the Coliseum. This came as the result of an apparently trifling infection in his elbow from a wrestling mat a few days ago.

JEFF GOES IT EASY AFTER OPERATION

ROWARDENNAN, Cal., April 29.—Very much to the disappointment of Jim Jeffries' trainers and to the big fighter himself, the boil in the middle of his back turned out to be more serious affliction than any one expected at first, and this afternoon he was forced to go under the surgeon's knife to secure relief from the blood disorder.

Jeffries was not in good trim today. The day was begun with determination to disregard the boil, but Jeffries' first discomfort increased to such an extent that he decided to have the boil lanced. In company with Sam Berger, Farmer Burns and Dick Adams, Jeffries got into an automobile in the afternoon and went to Santa Cruz for the operation, which was performed by Dr. M. J. Gates. It was over very quickly and after the wound had been carefully dressed Jeffries and his men rode back to their mountain camp.

Some little work was done in the morning by Jeffries. He skipped the rope and exercised with the weights for periods that were much shorter than has been his custom. A little baseball was engaged in, but Jeffries complained occasionally as he bent over to pick up the leather sphere that his back was sore and it was hard for him to do the reaching. Usually the big fellow picks sizzling grounders off the turf with the alacrity of a professional ball player.

During his enforced vacation Jim Jeffries is busying himself reading the "Bug Letters," which are pouring into camp by the hundreds. These letters contain all manner of advice, threats, prayers, requests for dough and a source of other things, and have furnished considerable amusement for the Rowardennan colony.

"Now, what do you think of this one?" asked Jeffries as he pulled one on Berger this morning. "Here is a Kansas City bug who sends a prayer with instructions to repeat it before each meal and before retiring at night for twenty-one days prior to the fight if I want to get back to the championship."

"Better let your dad do the praying for the family and you stick to the road and gymnasium," was the advice from Samuel.

A letter received from Galveston melodramatically proclaimed that the missive had been written in the sender's own gore. There were a half dozen "beware's" across the sheet and a sufficient number of exclamation marks to make the line balance nicely. The writer then went on to say that if Jeffries entered the ring with "Lil' Artha" on fireworks day he would not come out alive.

Among other matters was one from a Michigan boilermaker. He asked that Jeffries send him a letter carefully setting forth the essentials necessary to bring him (the boilermaker) into the championship class. Another Michigander wants a job as sparring partner. Fifty others wanted Jeffries' autograph and one girl in the very popular town of Boston was bold enough to ask the former champion for his photograph.

Though the soreness is gradually leaving his shoulder, Jeffries decided it was best not to attempt any hard work today. He took his usual run on the road, and spent some time on the handball court, but there was clearly a lack of ginger in his work.

TITLE BILLIARDS. De Oro and Hueston in Three-Cushion Series Next Month.

A championship series for the three-cushion billiard title has been arranged. Thomas Hueston, the champion, will meet Alfred De Oro on May 18, 17 and 18 at Doyle's new rooms. They will shoot fifty points each night for \$250 a side and a purse of \$500, which will be given by the proprietor of the rooms.

PAPKE-THOMAS SIGNED. SAN FRANCISCO, April 29.—Articles have been signed for the fight in which Billy Papke meets Joe Thomas, of this city, for twenty-five rounds in Coffroth's arena on May 14.

DR. TOLMAN TO GO TO VIENNA. Word has just been received that the Department of State has delegated Dr. W. H. Tolman, director of the American Museum of Safety, to represent the United States at the ninth international housing congress to be held in Vienna next month. Robert W. DeForest is the president of the American section of the international housing committee, of which Dr. Tolman is the executive secretary. T. Commerford Martin and Arthur Williams are the other members. This congress is one of the most important international gatherings, assembling the leaders in the movement for improving housing, which is attracting the earnest attention of government officials, statesmen, publicists, social economists and men of affairs. The reports from the United States will summarize the progress of the movement in this country.

WESTON'S PLUCK KEEPS HIM GOING

It's Fight All the Way, Because That Injured Ankle Shows No Improvement.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 29.—Edward Payson Weston left the St. Charles Hotel at Hudson at 12:45 this morning, taking the New York post road in the direction of Poughkeepsie. His ankle, which was not in the best condition last night when he went to bed, was no better and was worrying the pedestrian's trainer and the party that accompanies him.

Although the swelling had not gone down and the ankle was discolored and feverish, Weston refused to see another physician about it. The continued pain which Weston suffers from the foot raises the suspicion that in addition to the strain there may be a small fracture or a torn ligament in the ankle. The question should be decided by the pedestrian's progress during the day.

The air was brisk and invigorating when the party left Hudson. There was a fitful moon owing to drifting clouds, and Weston was obliged to carry his lantern. He reached upper Red Hook, a hamlet eighteen miles south of Hudson and twenty-three miles north of here, just before 1 o'clock, averaging three miles an hour for six hours, in spite of his ankle. It was a fight all the way and only sand brought the old man through. He left Upper Red Hook at 8:30 o'clock for Rhinebeck, nine miles away.

Weston's conduct on the present occasion recalls the time when on a tour of England years ago he walked for three days with a broken bone in his heel, thinking he was suffering only from a strained ankle. Since the accident the pedestrian's irritation at passing automobiles has much increased. Yesterday afternoon at the Claverick creek bridge, near Stockport, he was crowded by the driver of a big machine, who did not seem to have full control of his faculties.

"You do it," exclaimed the old man, turning on the driver, "if I had a gun I'd blow every tire off your machine." Weston left his gun in Chicago. He had carried it night and day while traveling from Los Angeles on the railroad tracks.

HARLEM SUPPORTS POLICY OF THE CALL

After a warm discussion the first meeting of the united assembly districts of the Socialist party in Harlem adopted the following resolutions by an overwhelming majority on Thursday night:

"Whereas The New York Call was started and has been maintained at the cost of much personal sacrifice on the part of the rank and file of the Socialist party, with the express understanding that it be conducted along the lines of class-conscious Socialism; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the united assembly districts of Harlem, Local New York Socialist party, assert our belief that The Call should remain an uncompromising mouthpiece of the entire Socialist movement and the official organ of the Socialist party, preserving unimpaired the principles upon which it was founded, and be it

Resolved, That we deprecate any attempt to change the policy of the paper so that it will appeal to the Fabians and pure and simple reformers, believing that would mean the death of the paper, and be it

Resolved, That we express our belief that Herman Simpson, the present editor, has, under most trying circumstances, courageously and faithfully endeavored to make The Call an expression of the entire Socialist movement, standing uncompromisingly for the emancipation of the workers from the wage system, and be it further

Resolved, That we urge him to reconsider his decision to withdraw from his position as editor-in-chief, pledging him our moral and financial support."

The History of Great American Fortunes By Gustavus Myers

is already an assured success. The first edition was exhausted within a few days, and the advance orders for Vol. 2 were so heavy that new editions of these volumes are already being printed. Vol. 3 has been delayed owing to the illness of the author, but will appear in April.

ORDER NOW FROM THE NEW YORK CALL Book Department, 442 Pearl St. N. Y. City

Cantor Clothing Co.

NEW MAKEUP NEW MAKEUP
Maker to Wearer. 2164 THIRD AVENUE
Cantor Clothing Company are now open for all. All the Finest Clothing here when you call. New Store and new Clothing, so come and see. The latest styles and fashions, nice as can be. Of course, Cantor Clothing Company Suits the best. Reliable always, so give us a test.
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All goods bought from us kept in Repair for one year.

BROOKLYN ADVERTISERS

Men's Finely Tailored New Model Suits . . . \$12.50
Made of fancy and plain Serges of Superior Quality. Worsteds and Cheviots in plain and striped effects. Men of all builds can be fitted.
Merchant Tailoring Department: A Spring Suit or Overcoat made to your measure, at . . . \$16
HENRY HELLER FASHIONABLE TAILOR AND CLOTHIER
271 Hamburg Avenue, cor. Groves Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ARONSON BROS. & FIERS

Dry and Dress Goods
We Advertise No Special Bargains and Offer No Bull, but Guarantee Satisfaction.
61-63 BELMONT AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

ARNOLD'S

Shop of Fashion 600 Broadway cor. White St. BROOKLYN
Lester Reg. 210

IF YOU READ THE CALL YOU WILL FIND SILBERSTEIN'S Dry and Fancy Goods, Shoes, Etc., Most Reliable Store.
3209 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Now is Time to Buy Goods.

BURDEN & O

DEPARTMENT STORE
1717-1723 BROADWAY, 763-769 MANHATTAN AVE. BROOKLYN.
BIG SALE OF Cotton Goods This Week.

CHILE THREATENS PERU

Gives Notice That She Will Not Look on the Ecuador Clash Indifferently.
VALPARAISO, Chile, April 29.—Chile took further steps today to prevent the threatened Peru-Ecuador clash by notifying Peru that she cannot view such a war indifferently, and informing Ecuador that Chile will not give her assistance in the event of war.

WE DELIVER

At 75c Per Doz. Milk at 10¢ a Quart. PROMPT SERVICE, COURTEOUS TREATMENT. HIGH-GRADE BARRY COMPANY
642-646 Madison St., Brooklyn, Tel. 4333 Bedford.

FIRE DESTROYS VILLAGE.

Beautiful Hamlet of Orleans Wiped Off the Map.
PENN YAN, N. Y., April 29.—Only four houses are standing in the little hamlet of Orleans, Ontario county, the others having been destroyed by a fire that started early today, and fanned by a strong wind, spread rapidly.

The Myrtle Millinery

1821 Myrtle Ave., Bet. Stockton and DeKalb.

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Made to Your Order, 1.90
We will measure, make and hang complete, awnings 2 feet 6 inches wide and 4 feet long—of John Boyle's popular awning stripes. Best galvanized frames and fittings for \$1.98. Later in the season the price will be higher.

Song of the Plutocrats

Quartet and Chorus: John D. Cockyfelow, soprano; William Cockyfelow, alto; James Steelman, tenor; H. H. Dodgers, bass; John D. Cockyfelow, Jr., accompanist on the melodeon.

Chorus, with melodeon accompaniment: We are the vamps of mankind; We loil in ease, while others toil and grind.

We are the predatory plutocrats, We have made ourselves aristocrats. 'The people be damned,' is our refrain.

Listen, and we'll tell you how we gain Everything in sight, Turning evil into the right, And how we got the earth.

Soprano: We never toil; We deal in oil, And lubricate The wheels of state To grind the fools Who are our toils; These oxen blind, We yoke and bind.

Chorus (no accompaniment): To state our lust For self and dust, The State we'd build.

Tenor: The railroad king Has laid our sting, Our rotten touch We place on such; And make a toad To wring the gold From young and old.

Chorus (no accompaniment): To state our lust For self and dust, The State we'd build.

Bass: Our rotten blight We spread like night O'er Halls of State, Where grafters wait To take our pay, And vote our way, Some laws we make; Others we break; And of the Court We make a sport, With gold we buy, The Judges high.

Chorus (no accompaniment): To state our lust For self and dust, The State we'd build.

Alto: We buy the earth; Then make a death Of coal to heat, The toils of meat; Of oil, to light His home at night; Of milk, to feed His child in need, We raise the price Of all things nice, And wring the gold From fools untold.

Chorus (no accompaniment): To state our lust For self and dust, The State we'd build.

Tenor: We heard our gold; Our toils unfold; Block traffic's wheels Till commerce reels, Panics we make, And then we take The bonds and stocks In giant blocks At our own price, So slick and nice, Which once we sold At price three-fold.

Chorus (no accompaniment): To state our lust For self and dust, The State we'd build.

Bass: We take a pride In homicide; We coin the lives Of anxious wives; In sweatshops dark We quench the spark That once, so bright, Beamed in the light. Infants we fill That we may kill Our bags with gain, Wring from their pain.

Chorus (no accompaniment): To state our lust For self and dust, The State we'd build.

Soprano: By singing psalms, And giving alms, Endowing schools, We fool the fools, With a sly wink, We make them think God gave us power To rule the hour, If they but knew The crimes we do, Soon would our day Be yesterday.

Chorus (no accompaniment): To state our lust For self and dust, The State we'd build.

Chorus (with melodeon accompaniment): We are the vamps of mankind; We loil in ease, while others toil and grind. Long have we had our ears to the ground; At last we hear an ominous sound; Can it be these earth-worms are awake, And will again their birthright take? If this should be, Then we, poor we, Must soon disgorge the earth.

May Day in Ireland.

By LADY WILDE.

[Note.—In spite of the fact that Ireland early became a Christian country, the old religion lived on in popular memory alongside the new. All the superstitions and superstitious practices came from the olden days, and they are, even now, a more living reality, have more to do with guiding the actions of many of the people, than the tenets of Christian faith have. The Christian church, very wisely, did not try to stamp out the old customs. It adapted them to the new and turned them to its own purposes. Such an action was not due to prolonged meditation, or great acuteness of thought. It was the eminently human thing to do. The old religion evolved naturally into the new. Lady Wilde, "Superstitions of the People of Ireland," a fervent worker for Ireland's freedom, shows this perfectly in her "Ancient Cures, Charms and Usages of Ireland," a book that is a storehouse of information concerning the old ideas and practices.]

Every race since creation has tried to express man's intuitive belief in the invisible world by some visible image, or occult symbol, or mystic legend; and thus the primitive traditions of humanity have been faithfully preserved as a sacred ritual that it would be fatal to disregard. In Ireland the ancient usages are still adhered to as firmly as they were three thousand years ago when they expressed a religion, and the gods of the people were the visible forces of nature. The awakening of spring to life and beauty, after the death sleep of winter, especially touched the human heart with joy and hope, and was celebrated with music and garlands and song. Mystic symbols were fashioned to represent the mysteries of nature, and strange mystic stories of the rush of the spirit-life through the world were repeated by successive generations till they became indelibly stamped on the national heart and memory. They are still recited at the popular festivals by the professional village bard and crooned over by the old women at wakes and christenings, or told with awful solemnity to the listening children as they crouch round the turf fire of a winter's night, eager to hear the weird stories of witches and demons; of the dead who walk in their white shrouds on certain nights, when to meet them is fatal to the living; or of the mysterious fairy race, the fallen angels of heaven, who have been cast down to earth to expiate their sins, and who live in crystal caves paved with gold beneath the sea, or in the caverns lit by diamonds that stud the rocks, and who sip nectar from the cups of the flowers, and weave their gossamer robes of the sunbeams and the glittering dewdrops. And many a pretty girl, as she listens, longs to dance in the moonlight with these fairy beings under the scented hawthorn tree, for the Sidhe (the fairies) are more beautiful and graceful than any of the children of earth, though a deep sorrow rests on them, knowing at the last day they are destined to eternal death, while the human race will live in heaven for evermore.

A number of ancient traditions circle especially round May Day, called in Irish La-Be-Taine (the day of the sacred Baal fire) because in the old pagan times, on May Eve, the Druids lit the great sacred fire at Tara, and as the signal flames rose up high in the air, a fire was kindled on every hill in Erin, till the whole island was crested by a zone of flame. It is a saying among the Irish: "Fire and salt are the two most precious things given to man." Fire, above all, was held sacred by them, as the symbol of the Deity and the mystic means of purification, and three things were never given away by them on May Day—fire, milk or butter. No one would be to give away luck. No one was permitted to carry a lighted sod out of the house, or to borrow fire in any way. And no strange hand was allowed to milk the cow, for if the first can were filled in the name of the devil there would be no more milk that year for the family.

A curious superstition is still prevalent among the people that on May Day the ancient kings of Ireland arise from their graves and gather together a great army of the dead, horse and foot, and they tell the troops that the hour has come to fight for Ireland, and they must be ready to march as commanded. Then the spectral warriors clash their shields and respond with wild cries to the kings and chiefs and captains of the nation. The last time the kings arose from their graves was, it is said, in 1848, when the tramp and the shouts of the marching men resounded distinctly through the hills; but when the people rushed to the spot where the shields clashed and the voices sounded, not a form was visible, the hosts of the dead warriors had vanished into air.

May Day in old time was the period of greatest rejoicing in Ireland, a festival of dances and garlands to celebrate the resurrection of nature, as November was a time of solemn gloom and mourning for the dying sun; for the year was divided into these two epochs, symbolizing death and resurrection, and the year itself was expressed by a word meaning "the circle of the sun," the symbol of which was a hoop, always carried in the popular procession, wreathed with the rowan and the marsh marigold, and bearing, suspended within it, two balls to represent the sun and the moon, sometimes covered with gold and silver paper. This emblem of the hoop and the balls is still carried on May Day by the villagers, though the meaning has been lost when it was consecrated to Baal, according to the solemn Irish oath, "by the sun, moon, stars and wind." At the great long dance held on May Day all the people held hands and danced round a tall May bush erected on a mound, while pipes and harpers, with gold and green sashes, directed the movements. The oldest worship in the world included homage to the tree and the serpent. Trees were the symbol of knowledge, and the dance round the May bush, which simulated the sinuous curves of the serpent, was part of the ancient oblique ritual associated with the worship of Baal. The dance and the May bush still exist, but the fairy music seems to be lost forever. In the ancient days it was heard upon May Eve on all the hills of Erin, and the most beautiful tunes were thus caught up by the

people and the native musicians. Carolan, the celebrated bard, it is said, acquired the magic melody of his notes by sleeping on a fairy path at night, when the faeries came to him in dreams, and on awaking he played the airs from memory; but since his time the faeries seem to keep silent on the hills, and no more exquisite airs have been allied to the pathetic national music of Ireland. The faeries exercise a very powerful influence for evil at Beltaine, or May-time; so as a preservative against their malice and the fairy darts, which at this season wound and kill, it is the custom on May morning, at sunrise, to bleed the cattle and to taste of the blood mingled with milk. Men and women were also bled, and their blood was sprinkled on the ground. This practice, however, has died out, even in the remote west; but the children are still lifted through the fire when it has burned low, and the cattle are driven through the hot embers—as in ancient times both children and cattle were passed through "the fire of Moloch"—and the young men still leap through the flames after the dance round the burning bush is over, and they carry home a lighted branch of the burning tree to give good luck to the family during the coming year.

THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND MAY DAY

[Note.—In practically all school histories there is at least a passing account of the unholy revels of Thomas Morton and his fellows at Merry Mount (now Braintree), in Massachusetts, and the idea is usually given that the stern Puritans acted wisely in suppressing these scandalous rollesters and chopping down their Maypole. A little picture of the event that so shocked the Puritan is worth looking at today, and the following extract from the popular Englishman, Amsterdam, 1877, is given as printed in "Colonial Prose and Poetry," edited by Trent and Wells.]

The inhabitants of Pasonagesit (having translated the name of their habitation from the ancient savage name to Merry Mount; and being resolved to have the new name confirmed for a memorial to after ages) did devise to among themselves to have it performed in a solemn manner with revels and merriment after the old English custom, prepared to set up a Maypole upon the festival of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrel of excellent beer and provided a case of bottles to be spent with other good cheer, for all comers of that day. And because they would have it in a complete form, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and the present occasion. And upon May Day they brought the Maypole to the place appointed, with drums, guns, pistols and other firing instruments, for the purpose; and there erected it with the help of savages that came thither of purpose to see the manner of our revel. A goodly pine tree eighty feet long was reared up with a pair of buck's horns nailed on, somewhat near unto the top of it, where it stood as a fair sea mark for directions how to find out the way to mine host of Merry Mount. The setting up of the Maypole was a lamentable spectacle to the precise Separatists that lived at New Plymouth. They termed it an idol; and they called it the calf of Horeb; and stood at defiance with the place, naming it Mount Dagon; threatening to make it a woeful mount, and not a merry mount. There was likewise merry song made, which (to make their revels more fashionable) was sung with a chorus, every man bearing his part, which they performed in a dance, hand in hand, about the Maypole, while one of the company sung and filled out the good liquor, like Ganymedes and Jupiter.

THE SONG. Drink and be merry, merry, merry, boys; Let all your delight be in Hymen's toys; To Hymen now the day is come, About the merry Maypole take a roam. Make green garlands, bring bottles out; And fill sweet nectar, freely about; Uncover thy head and fear no harm, For here's good liquor to keep it warm. Nectar is a thing assigned By the Deity's own mind, To cure the heart oppressed with grief, And of good liquor is the chief. Then drink and be merry, etc.

This harmless mirth made by young men who lived in hope to have wives brought over to them, that would save them a labor to make a voyage to fetch them over) was much detested by the precise Separatists that kept much awe about the title of mint and cumint, troubling their brains more than reason would require about things that are indifferent, and from that time sought occasion against my honest host of Merry Mount to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and clean.

WE WANT YOUR COMPANY.

The Builders is a cheerful bunch of lads and lassies, imbued with the genial spirit, who for companionship go in for frolics and fresh air. We intend going over Nantux during the coming summer and have real old-fashioned fun in the parks and other wild places about the city. Last Sunday we did the Palisades. Tomorrow we are to ramble through upper Van Cortland Park. Some time soon we intend taking a trip by motor boat up the Hudson. If you are looking for social rambling, outings at proportionate rates, be with us tomorrow and don't forget to bring your lunch and "stick" with you. We meet at the 94th street station at 11 a. m. on Thursdays. Telephone 2435 Worth. LOUIS NAUSLER Wines, Liquors and Cigars. 449 PEARL STREET, Opposite The Call Office. Cor. William St. New York.

MOTHERS, TO YOU.

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD.

The brotherhood of labor means much to you, oh, you who bear the children of the race! When the prophecies which lie deep-rooted in the First of May come to fruition many sharpest agonies will have ceased to pierce your heart forever more! It has been yours through all the ages to suffer birth pangs only to see the child of your travail feed the hungry canon of the earth's rulers. When the throbbing heart of fellowship which girde the earth on this day of the Common Life, shall thrill the hearts of all men, war will have ceased. Already we have the assurance that in some great nations this consciousness of brotherhood across the boundaries of states has made the barbarism of wars fratricidal murder impossible henceforth, forever. Shall any mother's heart refuse its deep "Amen, so let it be," to the sacred fellowship of labor from which springs such vital brotherhood of man? No, it need not be! But the red curse of shot and shell is not more fraught with menace for these sons of yours than are the battles which must be waged for bread by both sexes and the challenge to brain to skill, to muscle and to ceaseless energy for your children. These you welcome as a gain, a heritage of true humanity. But, alas! on the earth as it is today, even the chance to work at it is not assured, and for the multitude the toil for bread is a deadening fatal thing. You know the victims in the battlefield for bread. The dwarfed bodies and stunted minds. The cringing servility of the slaves of labor who have let the chains blind soul and mind as well as body. The prosperous death in life of such as have forgotten the high goals of brain and heart that the golden husks may be enjoyed. You who have pressed the tiny heads of babes, dearer than life, against your breast and dreamed of high masteries and world service for them in the coming years, tell me, are you content with the mberies, the desecrations, the betrayals that too often meet these, your children, when they enter the battle of life? No, no! To see ambition shrink to a desperate grip upon a job. To find high dreams forgotten in the deadly drug of material success. To watch fine armor dim under the dreary light for bread. To know that the mirama of sordid brutal standards will fill the world your child must enter and poison, if it can, the nature you have sought to keep high and clean. These dangers are more than those of battlefields. And from these also this May Day promises release. This is the day when "the common need" fulfills "its sacred use to be a bond 'twixt thee and me." A day when labor awakes to its world-wide common cause foretells the time when all mankind will strive

Those Terrible Dogmatic Socialists.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

The Public, the interesting weekly of the Single Taxers, frequently concerns itself with Socialism. Like some trade union organs, the Public doubts the wisdom of a third party and is never therefore overly enthusiastic about a Socialist victory. In a recent number it expresses again doubts concerning the future of the Socialist party in America. It sees very little chance of that party ever becoming a great political organization and incidentally it makes the following observation: "The Socialist party is so organized that no one can belong to it, even though they wished to, without subscribing to its creed even to the furthestmost dogma thereof."

Now that is a statement one frequently sees in various radical and trade union papers, and yet along with that statement one is more than likely to see it gravely said that there are at least fifty-seven varieties of Socialism. And the wise editors who make such statements are always distressed over the endless controversies occurring within the Socialist party. But if there is a Socialist creed and if every one who joins the Socialist party must subscribe to every dogma of that creed, how does so much controversy arise? If every Socialist must read Karl Marx, subscribe to all his doctrines and become familiar with all his phrases, how could there be fifty-seven varieties of Socialism? Now, the editor of the Public should know that his statement has no basis whatever in truth. And any one who joins the Socialist party if he will subscribe to the constitution and program of the party and cut off his affiliation with all other parties. He doesn't have to say a creed or subscribe to endless dogmas or yield up forever his liberty of thought. In fact, there is more healthy criticism among Socialists than among Democrats.

But then we must remember that the creed the Democrats subscribe to is graft and the dogmas relate wholly to personal advancement. The creed of the Republicans relates also to graft, and the dogmas are confined to the holding of jobs. But when the Socialists say they don't want enemies in their ranks they are accused of having a creed, for Life, not merely for the chance to live. Fall in line, mothers of the race! The tread of this day's marching feet brings near the day when you will bare free souls into a free world—a world rich in a brotherhood unbounded.

and when they say frankly that they don't want in their ranks those who are opposed to their principles and their program they are accused of dogmatism and bigotry. The Democrats and Republicans want everybody in their ranks who have votes, and especially those who dare to risk their necks in casting many votes. The old parties want in their ranks not only the men who fleece the sheep, but they want also the sheep that are fleeced. They want the protectionist who robs the people and the consumer whom the protectionist robs. They want the boss that needs the Cossacks to support his oppression and they want the workers to cast enough votes to keep that boss and his Cossacks in power. And these men have no creed? No, they have no creed but self; no ambition but their purses, and no dogmas except those which yield them profit. Well, the Socialist party knows enough at least to fight such creeds and dogmas. They want men of clear thought, of conviction and of faith. They want men who know for what they stand and with whom they stand. They can do very well without the grafters, oppressors, the money-lenders and the usurers. They want the people, the millions of workers who today vote without thought, act without wisdom and know too little to subscribe to principles; but they want them only when they begin to think and are determined to fight their own battles. In these days of corruption and political degradation, to have a creed or a dogma or a principle is to be reproached, but in the day the Socialist movement arrives, to be without a creed or dogma or a principle or an aim will be the sign of the imbecile.

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The Call



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OUR DAY.

The workingmen who march today, or who come together in meetings, will gain all those things to which they aspire just as soon as they make an equally effective demonstration at the ballot box. In industry the workers have shown themselves to be all powerful, but they have not exerted their strength for their own benefit. All that society has gained has been the result of the working class, laboring in various branches of human endeavor, but the working class has gained for itself only a small share of the advantages. It has stood the brunt of the battle and has sacrificed its members in mines, transportation and factories. Yet it has left in the hands of others all political and economic control.

Nothing is more natural than that the employers who now have control should use that control to their own advantage. Nothing is more natural than that they should believe in their right to control. Nothing is more natural than that they should look upon those who challenge their domination as enemies of the state.

Yet the control by the capitalist class has been challenged, and its right to rule and profit has been shown to be false. The worldwide Socialist party has been organized for no other purpose, and year by year it brings to itself an increasing number of persons who believe in the justice of the case. Today, International May Day, there will be in America hundreds of thousands of persons who will march through the streets and who will listen to speakers at the assembling places. That is a beginning of the work. After it comes the serious consideration of what the working class must do to save itself from further degradation. After that comes the consideration of what must be done to gain control of the power that justly belongs to the working class.

The last year has shown clearly and unmistakably that labor, the working class, takes all the risks. In every department of industry the list of the killed and the maimed is a long one. All of them were killed in creating new wealth, or in transporting it to where it could be exchanged most advantageously, that is, at the highest profit. But from that risk which exacted such a toll the working class gained nothing except a chance to work. Not a single state legislature passed an effective liability law. Not a single state legislature seriously considered the position of the working class.

There is no reason, from the standpoint of the employing class, why the legislatures should trouble themselves about workingmen. Except in a few scattered instances, there are no representatives of the working class in any state legislature, not to mention the national legislature. The workers have not seriously considered the question of attending to their own affairs, of legislating for themselves, and of guarding themselves. It has left all such important work to a class whose interests lie in a wholly different direction. The working class, in a word, has surrendered all power that can be used against itself.

But such a condition of affairs is one that cannot last. Each November shows it at the ballot box. Each International May Day shows it in the real demonstration of labor.

Today, when spring is awakening, when all the earth gives promise of what can be, it is fitting that the working class, every worker in the land, consider what is to be the future of the working class. It holds absolutely the power to compel, if it sees fit. It can legislate for its own benefit, if it sees fit. It can take control of the government, and as it is the class that is responsible for practically all advance, control of the government belongs to it. Nothing stands in the way except its own unwillingness to work for itself. It has the numbers, it has the power, it has the brains. A class that can enrich society to the extent society has been enriched during the past century, and notably the past generation, has within its hand the power to do what it will for itself.

Unless it does there is but one alternative: it must submit further than it has submitted, it must be meeker than it has been, and it must be more obedient than in the past. The growing wealth of society, wealth created by the working class, will be used against it. The powers of government, given into the hands of opponents, will be used against it. And in the end absolute submission will be exacted for the privilege of doing further work and of creating further wealth.

Socialists have long realized this state of affairs. They know that it is impossible for the working class to remain much longer half free and half dependent. Either there must be absolute freedom, or there must be abject submission. Freedom carries with it the right to control one's own affairs. Up to the present the working class has had no say in the legislation concerning its own affairs.

But May Day is a declaration that such a condition of affairs cannot much longer last. It is a declaration that workers are arousing to the necessity of ruling themselves. All the men who march have sensed in a measure the truth of this. Thousands of those who will line the way have come to a dim realization of it. A real awakening, a firm union and a singleness of purpose would speedily bring about the object sought.

Then May Day can assume a better, nobler aspect even than that which it has today. It can typify the period when all humanity awakens to the work of wresting from the earth the wealth that should go for the comfort of all those who earn it, instead of going to those who sit idly by and simply appropriate.

If you have a pamphlet, a leaflet, a book or a paper on Socialism and do not give it away today, you lose a chance. Get together all the printed matter you have, distribute it along the line of march, or give it to some one on your way to take part in the procession. Let no idle pamphlet escape. Give it away, and the chances are that it will be read. Reading maketh the full man, and reading Socialist literature maketh the strong vote.

It is only natural for Mr. Hearst to be angry at Mayor Gaynor. Hearst assumes that he made Gaynor, and for a creature of his handiwork to rise up against him is unspeakable. But in one thing at least Mayor Gaynor has won respect. He has demanded a showdown on charges of corruption. It has grown to be the custom for men who are accused of being political thieves to ignore the accusation. Readers assume that the charges are merely meant in a Pickwickian, or political, sense. Mayor Gaynor, having been accused of a dirty piece of political connivance, smashes out. It was well done. It shows honesty of intention. The same following up accusations by others, the same willingness to meet charges and imputations of dishonesty, would usher in a period of really honest muckraking. For, in agriculture, after the muckraker has done his work, there is a period of planting, and after the planting there has been nothing but the muckraking. Socialists alone or anything more. But Mayor Gaynor, in turning on the man he rakes or the ax, shows that he is not stupidly satisfied. He does it. Good! Let him go a step further and he will understand what it means.

THE CALL OF MAY.

By A FLAT DWELLER.

When I was a boy of twelve or thirteen I used to earn money after school hours by working in a factory tying up shoes. The practice has, I think, died out, for most shoes, cheap and had or expensive and good, now come packed in paper boxes. But at that time they were tied in pairs according to size, width and case number. But the memory of that time is burned in by two parallel cases. I was one of four boys. One stuck nails in heels, one blacked heels for the heel burnisher, and one blacked edges for the edge setter. Of the four I am the only one living, but I did not continue in the factory. They did. Two died of consumption. One committed suicide after a nervous breakdown. One other boy and myself were of Irish descent. The remaining two were fine specimens of Yankees, born of sturdy New Hampshire farming stock. We ourselves were one remove from the farm. That remove to the factory wiped out three of the four, and doubtlessly would have got me had I stayed long.

The heel burnisher was also a Yankee, a thin, nervous man with tremendous working ability. But he was always coughing and spitting, and we boys plucked him a good deal about it. We plucked him also because he was baseball mad. It was his abiding delusion that he could play the game. Every spring he was tormented with the idea that if he could only practice, get out into the sunshine that filtered even through the dust-stained windows of the factory, he would soon be in condition. That thought was always with him, that if he only had the time, if he could feel the grass under his feet and the sun beating down on his head and body, it would give him strength. He had the great longing, the sound impulse to go into the fresh air and light, but he never followed it. We laughed at him. We knew he had the con, and we believed it was his duty to stick to his machine until they carried him away to die. They carried him away, bleeding from a ghastly rupture in the lungs before I left the factory, and "he in the earth's soft arms is reposing," these twenty years.

My point of view has changed since those barbarous days, and as I liked the man I have a great regret that he did not rebel and get out into the fresh air that called so persistently to him. Every man should rebel, rather than die, should rebel

and rebel rather than submit to murder. But this man and the three boys were murdered by the factory system, and tens of thousands of others are being murdered these beautiful days.

Now, this is a tragedy that is always being enacted. There are thousands of men and women to whom the call of May is going forth, who are being urged and warned. They fight off the feeling and stifle the impulse. They dose themselves with medicine to get back their energy, and they take spring tonics to allay the spring fever. Yet all they need are air and light and nourishment and rest. The gospel of work has been so hammered and distorted—usually by those whose mission it is to preach work to others instead of doing real work themselves—that we sacrifice health and life to it, and instead of gaining happiness and comfort from it, get only pain and sorrow.

Upstairs, in the model tenement in which I live (steam heat, hot water and the legal minimum of light), there is a clerk who is as certainly condemned as though he was already in the death cell with no possibility of a reprieve. His hope is that he will get ahead a few hundred dollars and start a chicken farm out in the country. He won't. Just now he is barely even with the landlord, the butcher, grocer, clothier and traction company, and the undertaker is closing in on him. If he could get into the beautiful air and light of spring he would live. But eight hours in an office where electricity supplies the light, two hours a day in the subway, under electric light and in filthy air, are robbing him of vitality.

If he would only rebel! If he would only refuse to be killed! There are sunshine, pure air, health, joy and vitality for all of us in this world. But we are not allowed to have them, or rather, we permit ourselves to be deprived of them. Were those of the working class who are doomed to untimely death to rise up now in effective protest our present system of industry would stop short. Preachers of the gospel of work might have to go to work, but it would be healthful. And the rebels, while they would still have to work, would yet not be forced into conditions of work that meant death to them.

This unrest that takes us in the spring, this longing to loaf and to get into the country, is the healthiest of impulses.

Instead of crushing it, we should heed it. Nature does not become so seductively alluring to have us ignore her. If we let too many springs go by without filling our systems with pure air, and without a few delightful days in the light, we shall be punished. Some time, and the time is near, May Day is going to mark a glorious exodus of the workers into the country. Instead of having merely one day of freedom and that spent in the city, we are going to have a few weeks of freedom. It would be well for the human race if practically all except agricultural labor was suspended during the spring. During that period all of us could then get what is our just portion, what is our right—a period of work upon the earth itself, a period of rest and ease away from noise and towns and close to nature.

But Monday the rent is due. It takes a little over a week of hard work to earn the money. The recent run of high prices has left us somewhat behind financially, and as we must buy spring clothes, and refurbish the house a little, it will be necessary to work all during May in order that we shall be sure to have the June rent. Then in certain trades it is the season, and one must make money while it is possible. So a little night work and Sunday work will enable us to meet some of the increased demands of landlord and tradesman, and the dream of May fades away to a thing that perhaps can be realized next year.

Some have different ideas, different hopes, and many of them will be marching today. They are not merely dreaming of something better. They are trying to bring something better about. They are striving to make possible the best that is in each man, and one way of doing that is to give every human being a chance to gain health, and having gained it, hold it. May offers health to all of us. We can have it for the taking. But preachers and teachers have told us so often that man's lot in life is a dreary one, that we believe and do not dare take health when it is offered us and when our whole being cries out for it. But we are going to. It is part of the mission of Socialism to make it possible, nay, imperative, for individual health and well-being are social concerns.

MAY DAY REFLECTIONS.

By LOUIS DUCHEZ.

"The world has always listened to a battle cry," is a slogan in which there is at least as much truth as there is poetry.

There is something instructive as well as inspiring in a great shout in which all shout together.

Call it race feeling, the social impulse, the group spirit or anything you wish. The fact is when the mass cries out the cry is heard and long remembered.

In this lies the great value of our May Day celebrations and demonstrations. They inspire solidarity, brotherhood and the class spirit in a way more powerful than carrels of literature.

Throughout the world the hosts of labor will rally the First of May, great speeches will be made, revolutionary songs will be sung and column after column of the world's wealth producers will parade the streets of hundreds of cities.

And every year the numbers grow, the songs become more inspiring, the speeches more real, more true to life and the struggles of the working class.

Glancing back over the past twelve months, what a long step has been made toward the realization of the world wide dream of economic freedom!

A year ago the working class of America was almost as silent as a tomb. Those of us who have spent years in the work of propaganda wondered when our fellow workers would arouse and show the spirit of revolt.

And what a change there has been!

The first great blaze of hope came from McKees Rocks. Six thousand workers in the very heart of industrial America, and unorganized, dropped their tools as one man and won a battle that will long be remembered in the history of the labor movement in this country.

They won against the most powerful combination of capital in the world. And they won regardless of their confusion of tongues and the Cossacks' clubs and Pinkertons' heliographs.

Then there were the switchmen's strike, the waist makers' strike, the great Philadelphia strike, the coal miners' strike and the hundreds of smaller strikes, scores of which are not even recorded in the Socialist or labor press.

Where there is revolt and mass spirit, and Socialist speeches made and revolutionary literature circulated, there is hope and progress.

Last year was a banner year in the history of working class revolts in this country.

The great revolutionary value of these open revolts of the workers is in relegating to the background petty squabbles and personal wranglings. Where there is real revolutionary activity there is no time for quarreling.

And so in these great May Day turnouts our struggles, our blunders and, better than all else, our successes are gone over. We live anew the events at McKees Rocks, New York, Philadelphia, Milwaukee and the thousand and one places in this country and in Europe.

There is, indeed, every reason for much hope. The Co-operative Commonwealth is not yet reached, but we are on the way.

Like a mighty river gathering in the thousands of little streams as it journeys on through the inland to the sea, the tide of Socialist thought and activity is rising, rising, rising.

Looking back over the thousands of years of man's history, we get a vision of his many struggles through the ages.

First we see little groups rally their forces and attack the enemy, only to fall back defeated and scattered. But economic pressure and the hope inherent in struggling humanity urged them on.

They rallied again, but were driven back. And again, and again, and again. But with every new effort their numbers increase, their knowledge broadens, and their hope becomes a greater hope.

Let us take advantage of the great opportunities presented to us. The workers are ready for our literature, our organizers and the assistance of our movement.

Will next May Day be the greatest in the history of the revolutionary movement? I believe it will.

Our strength is increasing, our hope in ourselves is growing, and the capitalists realize this as never before.

"Calmly and coolly we predict the doom of the capitalist system and of the capitalist class. Surely and unflinchingly we herald the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Our voice is the conscious voice of history itself."

MAY DAY AND PATRIOTISM.

By LOUIS WETMORE.

May Day has become international. Workmen of all countries unite to celebrate the great red letter day of the annals of labor. To take it as a text for a little homily on the meaning of patriotism and internationalism will, therefore, be quite appropriate.

I know that to many Comrades Socialism seems the antithesis of patriotism; to me it comes as the fulfillment of the patriot's ideal, the swelling of the heart of each citizen of the United States at the thought, "An American I am!" Just as those good gentlemen in favor of phonetic spelling fail to see that spelling words phonetically would destroy the very meaning of the words (e. g., holidays spelled phonetically would be "hollidies," but that would eradicate the splendid meaning of the word, viz., it is a happy day and as such should be happy), so do many Comrades who orate about internationalism misunderstand the real idea of the word, and so become what we may call country-blind. For do you not see, good reader, that inter-national means between-nations, and that without the nations of the world, internationalism could not exist? Before we can be international we must be national.

We, as Socialists, are in favor of international peace. But surely international peace is a peace between nations, not a peace after nations have ceased to exist, like the ideal peace that the Buddhist looks forward to after the destruction of personality. As a clever essayist wrote not long ago, "The golden age of the good European is like the heaven of the Christian; it is a place where people will love each other; not like the heaven of the Hindu, a place where they will be each other. And in the case of national character this can be seen in a curious way. It will generally be found, I think, that the more a man really appreciates and admires the soul of another people the less he will attempt to imitate it. As a clever essayist wrote something in it too deep and too unmanageable to imitate. The Englishman who has a liking for France will try to be French; the Englishman who admires France will remain obstinately English."

I think you will find this idea that

international peace—the peace of the whole world—will come through an increase rather than a decrease of patriotism, and that one's success in dealing with a country is more the more one deals with it as a nation, admirably backed up by the example of the treatment of Scotland and Ireland by England. For many years the last named country has treated Scotland as a nation, holding a mere titular leadership, and has definitely encouraged the people on the north side of the Tweed to be what they are—Scotch. No longer has it been necessary, then, for Scipio and Percy to guard the boundary river against the Douglases of the north. But England's treatment of Ireland has been quite different. She has refused to encourage Irish patriotism, to let the Irish love their country, to let it be a reality, more than the British empire, which is an abstraction. She has refused to regard Ireland as a nation, and so her greatest enemies today are not Germans, but Nationalists. As Chesterton once said, "The one nation that the English would not recognize as a nation in theory, is the one the English have been forced to recognize as a nation in arms."

I grant those readers of this article who, as conscientious Socialists, are waxing indignant over the unorthodoxy of my ideas, and who, perhaps, are preparing to unceremoniously eject me from the common councils of the party, that they are quite right in attacking a great part of what is called "patriotism" today. But that is not because patriotism—true patriotism—is wrong, but simply because there are four doctrines masquerading under that name. For Bernard Shaw is more than right when he said that too often one's country is only one's country in patriotic song. When the land and capital of America is concentrated in the hands of a few individuals, there is an element of ironic humor in the dollar-a-day laborer lustily bellowing, "My country, tis of thee." Indeed, it is quite as humorous as the English workingman paying taxes for Dreadnoughts to protect the estate of the landed gentry.

But true patriotism is a noble idea, like the brotherhood of man. I do

not mean that masquerading fetich, sometimes called patriotism, which has for its motto, "My country, right or wrong!" I do not necessarily call a man a patriot who "dies for his country" in a war which, like the Russo-Japanese, was not a war between two nations, but a fight between the capitalists of Russia, backed by the czar and his ministers, and the capitalists of Japan, backed by the mikado and his armies. Patriotism will mean, when the apostles of profit go down before the rising tide of the social revolution, when each man has a home and a country that is truly his, that healthy rivalry that exists, say, between the various cities of the United States. The desire of the New Yorker to make his city better than Chicago, the wish of the Chicagoan to have his municipal museum better than the museum of San Francisco, all that is healthy and good. And it is municipal patriotism. When the people come into their own in all the nations of the earth, perhaps a true patriotism like this will arise from the ruins of the present anarchistic society. 'T must. It will—else we fall.

I hope you have understood me enough to see that by upholding the noble idea of patriotism I do not criticize the international labor movement; rather do I see in it the coming of a true patriotism, a patriotism by which nations will become truly national. It is not Socialism that is the foe of patriotism. It is imperialism—that grasping hydra of capitalist enterprise that lays its claws on another people's land for the sake of the dollar and cent per cent.

And I think you will find, Comrade, that the healthy rivalry that patriotism implies you cannot eradicate from this our earth. If you deny this, go to a baseball game at the Polo Grounds!

HIS RECORD.

Buyer—But I'm afraid he wouldn't make a good watchdog.
Dealer (with bull terrier)—Not a good watchdog? Why, bless your heart, it was only last week that this very animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail.—Harper's Bazar.

THE SPIRIT OF MAY DAY.

By META L. STERN.

In all the world is there anything more wonderful, more likely to thrill with ever renewed raptures the human heart, than the reawakening of nature? After winter's long, deep gloom and frigid silence, what joy in the murmur of brooks, the warble of birds, the rustling of leaves and the fragrance of flowers! What boundless potentialities of happiness in all the budding wonders of nature, reasserting the invincibility of life! The hopes and dreams and yearnings that slumber within us during hours of darkness and yet never perish, like the seeds never perish beneath the snow, spring forth anew with the awakening world about us. We take courage again; we believe again with a faith unshaken by the suffering of ages, in the coming of a human springtime, a springtime that shall unfold its blossoms of human achievement to all members of the human race.

This is the spirit of May Day, the joyous, hopeful spirit, that bids the oppressed and exploited of the earth join hands across oceans and continents in one grand glorification of labor, in one great apostrophe to the brotherhood of man.

If I were to write a hymn on the greatest forces of life, that hymn should be dedicated to nature, love and labor. Nature, ever young, endows all beings with the power and will to live, to create, to achieve. Love ever maintains and renews the forces of life, ever sends forth new, young, hopeful generations to fulfill life's mission, from the tiny seed that grows into an oak and the tiny egg from which an eagle soars, to the tiny babe that matures into a Charles Darwin, a Karl Marx, a Susan B. Anthony. But without labor, nature and love would still dwell in caves and wander full of superstitious terrors through an uncomprehended world. Labor conquered the adverse forces of nature and utilized those that favored human development. Labor won for man the lands and the waters and the air. Labor led mankind step by step from the first crude tool hewn of stone to the modern appliances of steam and electricity, from the cave-dwelling to the modern city, from blind ignorance and fear to the undisputed rulership of the earth. Labor, inspired by nature and love, gave to mankind immortal thoughts in prose and poetry, immortal paintings and sculptures and works of architecture. Labor has made this world a beautiful abode; alas, that man's blindness and greed should mar it!

Is it not a tragic truth that labor, the creator of wealth, should itself dwell in poverty; that labor, the creator of all beauty, should lead an unlovely life; that labor, which glorified the human race, should have been despised and degraded? Dark and impenetrable was the winter's gloom for ages. Labor, the mighty, giant, unconscious of his strength, lay fettered and subdued, contented to give leaves, and to take crumbs in return; contented to pour forth a fountain of rich blessings, and to quench his own thirst for the go-itself of life with a few scant drops. From the chattel slaves who built the pyramids of ancient Egypt to the wagen slaves who built the palaces of modern America, labor's history has been one of endless suffering and sorrow. But the winter is behind us, and before us are all the glories of spring, that human springtime coming at least to the downtrodden and disinherited of mankind. Take hope, O my tolling brothers and sisters the world over! Four days is at hand! Labor shall come to its own at last! Do you perceive the fresh breath of

spring that is wafted in these dust-begrimed windows of tenement houses you toll, and tenement houses and huts where you dwell? Do you perceive the faint odor of flowers, wafted by flowers that shall bloom? Do you hear the distant murmur of birds whose jubilant songs light your ear? Upon this May Day with all the world glorified by the joyous, radiant light of spring, let us celebrate triumphs of labor, let us rate the achievements of among all past generations, let us anticipate the glory and the will be labor's due among nations to come! This day you, the tillers. Be you women, be you Christians, be you Mohammedans or heathens, color white or black or red, fact that you are the world encircles you all with a wreath of radiance, makes you the heralds of an age of peace.

They say that "compulsory" spirit of "democracy" destroyed," transplanted battlefield to the industrial necessary to progress. That the struggle for existence has been a lever to progress in the industry, being only another that age-long struggle for essential to maintain life and avoid stagnation. They Nature and say: "Look upon this sunny May Day about you, apparently so full of strife. The birds who force your windows prey upon caterpillars, the caterpillars destroy the foliage of the tree, the tree again maintains a fierce struggle among themselves, tall ones smothering the short for want of air and light, the strong ones, crowding the out of existence. It is warfare, a law of nature."

They who speak thus have one chapter from the book of life and have remained blind to it. The struggle for existence has been a powerful element of progress and no less a law of life is mutual aid. The same prey upon plants, serve the purpose of these plants by carrying pollen from flower to flower, making propagation of the possible. The same trees that one another in a struggle for light, give shelter to insects, plants and animals that subsist except in the darkness, moisture of the forest, and who know how to read the Nature profoundly and with a thetic understanding, will find less examples of mutual aid organic world; they will find entire groups of animals and are mutually interdependent.

Man is only a part of nature, last and best creation. From world about him he has brought his human life both these last Nature; the struggle for existence and mutual aid. While man dwells in the ages of brute force, in stages of savagery and barbarism, struggle for existence was upper in his life. But since he has advanced civilization, the destroy or be destroyed sentiment is growing less, and the help one another sentiment is growing more and more ideal of universal peace is within reach of mankind today. We cannot abolish war among without abolishing the warfare carried on within our known as industrial competition. For we have sufficiently mastered natural forces to "clothe the and house the world and world," to supply the physical and moral needs of all men. That is the lesson the world has learned from the book of life, and is applying more effectively each succeeding year. American workers of the world all unite of nation, race and creed are of minor importance, who recognize with increasing that there's a common mission to form, the mission of liberating kind from the fetters of slavery.

GANGWAY!

The People's Processional.

By CAMARADO.

I. Gangway for Old Glory in her pride, Freedom's flag for which our fathers died!

Spot the stainless beauty of a fold, Gangway for the banner of the free, Red and white and blue of Liberty!

Spot the Army of the Stars and Stripes, Beware! Gangway! Gangway! Halt us if you dare!

CHORUS. Gangway for the People in their might! Gangway for the Army of the Right! Gangway for the Truth and Common Good!

Gangway for the Hosts of Comrade-Gangway for Humanity's great day! Gangway! Gangway! Gangway! Clear the way!

Stand aside and let the Nation pass: We, the People, in united mass; We, the Many; we, the Working Crew.

Sick of being plundered by the few, Give us room; we want the world-wide path! Stop us not, nor stay us, lest our wrath Shall consume you, chaff-like, in the fire.

Of an age-long protest changed to ire, CHORUS. Gangway, ye that steal wronged children's hood's years, Ye that live on children's work and tears!

Gangway, ye that thrive on women's shame, Ye that rob their labor and fair name! Gangway, ye that sell the lives of

We, the Workers, take our own Gangway, should, lest all our bread-stain, Cry aloud for vengeance for pain.

Clear the way! For Mother come, For the little hands with toll numb, For the sake of Mammon's slaves.

Out of sorrow o'er the baby's cry, Clear the track and let the by— Did you think we never heard cry

From the darkness of your mine? Silence, Herod, murderer and hood!

Gangway! Stand aside and clear the way! Hear the Nation's mandate, and Gangway! Rule of Gold is done, And the Golden Rule shall be Gangway! Let us pass and room; Love and Labor seal the doom.

Gangway! We are knocking state, Gangway! Trusts! The People is Fate!

CHORUS. Gangway for the People in their might! Gangway for the Army of the Right! Gangway for the Truth and Common Good!

Gangway for the Hosts of Comrade-Gangway for Humanity's great day! Gangway! Gangway! Gangway! Clear the way!