

The emancipation of the Working Class must be accomplished by the workers themselves



The Call

The Weather.

PARTLY CLOUDY AND UNSET TLED

600 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

Devoted to the Interests of the Working People.

TELEPHONE 2365 BEEKMAN.

No. 248.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1910.

Price Two Cents.

PHOTO ENGRAVERS' UNION BETTER FIGHT

Engravers Prepare to Fight Injunction Declaring a Strike Illegal to a Finish.

PHOTO ENGRAVING INDUSTRY ORGANIZATION AIDS

Temporary Decree Restrains Union From Paying Benefits or Inducing Men to Leave the Shops.

An effort to crush the Photo Engraving Union of Boston, which was organized with a temporary injunction granted by Judge Richardson, in the Superior Court, on July 29, is now being made to its conclusion by Attorney Noble, a well known corporation lawyer, who is arguing before a special master in chancery to have the temporary injunction made permanent. The argument for the permanent injunction against the photo engraving commenced Friday, and undoubtedly will continue for several days before a final decision is reached. The strike against which the injunction was issued was started on July 16, and resulted in the complete stoppage of fifteen photo engraving shops in Boston. Realizing that the demands of the union were fully justified, seven employers signed an agreement with the union, and as a result of this partial victory, 110 men returned to work under union conditions.

The remaining members of the Engravers' Association, however, refused to sign the union of their work. That forty-eight hours should constitute a week's work; that a minimum wage scale should be established; that a system of apprenticeship be used, and that the blacklist be abolished.

On the terms of the injunction granted by Judge Richardson the officers and members of the Photo Engravers' Union in Boston are restrained "from any way intimidating or inducing any workmen (that is, strike firms) work for any members of the union," and to leave the employment of the plaintiffs for any reason shown in this case.

The strike of the photo engravers against which Judge Richardson's injunction was hurled was provoked by the fact that the employers refused to recognize the union of their workmen, and left them from their officers unrepresented. One of the chief demands of the men was that the firm of Pelton & Sunerger should employ some bond union men, and against the demand Judge Richardson ruled as follows:

"It was admitted in the argument," declared the learned jurist, "that it is the desire and hope of the labor unions to have all workmen become members of such unions. If that should be accomplished and the rules of the union or those now in force by its members continue, it is not to be wondered at that such unions could then control the labor market, both in respect to employers and employees, and have complete monopoly or corner in the labor market inconsistent with the public policy and the rights of the citizen to have as the court has stated, a reasonably free market.

It is a labor market full of such conditions bound by such rules of the unions, now existing, would not in any sense a free market. It would be a condition not only objectionable to the immediate parties concerned, but to all parties who are interested in the basic principles of the market in such matters in this country.

It is a man out of 140 on strike has been the union, and the Boston photo engravers are confident that they will win their fight. The Central Labor Union of Boston, and the Socialist party are making a hand in the fight of the engravers, helping them out morally and financially.

TREATY WITH GREAT BRITAIN IN FORCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Before leaving Beverly yesterday, President Taft signed a proclamation making effective the recent treaty between the United States and Great Britain settling the northeastern boundary dispute. The text of the proclamation was made public today at the State Department.

The new treaty was signed in Washington on May 21 last, by the Right Hon. James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States, and Secretary of State Knox. Ratifications were exchanged here on August 20 last.

The treaty defined the boundary line between the United States and Canada, as beginning from a point in Passamaquoddy Bay, lying between Treat Island and Friar Head, and extending thence through Passamaquoddy Bay and to the middle of Grand Manan Channel.

The treaty of April 11, 1906, under which the agreement was reached, provided for the submission of the dispute to arbitration, in case it was impossible to reach an adjustment by direct negotiation. Secretary Knox and Ambassador Bryce reached a direct agreement on the subject, however, and it was not necessary to resort to arbitration.

WOMEN SMUGGLERS MAY GO TO JAIL

An attempt will be made by the federal counsel to prosecute the women recently indicted on charges of violating the customs laws to induce the court to inflict prison sentences, in addition to the fines, no matter how brief the incarceration may be. Collector Loeb and Surveyor Henry believe that imprisonment will be necessary if smuggling by women is to be checked. The women now under charges are Mrs. I. Reynolds Adriaene, who brought a pearl necklace into port concealed in the folds of a great turban, and Mrs. Mayme McKenna, of Chicago, who did not declare seven gowns, valued at \$1,600.

In the numerous smuggling cases growing out of the "sleeping trunk" practice, not a woman among the many wealthy ones indicted was sent to jail. They were fined in sums ranging from \$500 to \$7,500, which were paid as a rule with brand new bills of large denominations. The collector believed that the violations of the customs laws were decreasing until the return of the foreign travel began. Before the tide set for this country reports reached Europe that Collector Loeb was more lenient, and it is believed that this may have something to do with the almost unprecedented harvest of smugglers.

O. & W. RAILROAD CONDUCTOR LOST LEG

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Sept. 4.—Conductor Milton R. Barnhart, of the Ontario and Western railroad, lost a leg while making up a train here today, preparatory to starting out on his run.

Despite the fact that he had always excoriated great care regarding accidents, Barnhart stepped between two cars in such a manner that his foot got under the wheel as the cars started, crushing the leg. He had a narrow escape from death.

WANT CHEAPER FOOD.

New Organization Hopes to See the Trusts Busted.

The effort to lower the cost of living is now incorporated. Henceforth it will be a campaign. Justice Brady has signed the certificate of incorporation of the Anti-Food Trust Campaign.

INJUNCTION NOW HURLED AT COLUMBUS CAR MEN

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 4.—The Common Pleas Court has granted a temporary injunction against the Association of Street Car Men, now on strike, restraining them for a period of seven days, from September 4 to September 11, from circulating any printed matter warning persons not to ride on the cars, or patrolling railroad stations or their approaches, the vicinity of street car stopping points, the State Fair grounds or their vicinity, or in any manner intimidating the employees or officers of the Street Railroad Company, or persons desiring to do business with it, or passengers.

The order says that the injunction shall not be construed to prevent any of the persons restrained from exercising their rights of persuasion and reasoning, or from the presentation of any views entertained, so long as the same is done in a peaceful and orderly manner.

IMPORTANT CLEWS IN HUDSON MURDER

Fowler's Suitcase Containing Money, Weapons and Other Things Dropped by Murderers Are Found.

The bandits who murdered young Denton Fowler, assistant treasurer of the Atlas Building Material Company, and his negro driver, George Ragsdale, Saturday afternoon near Hudson, fled through the woods in such haste that they dropped the assassin's suitcase containing \$1,000 in gold, silver and bills. Police Chief James J. Lane and Superintendent Jerry Leonard, of the Atlas brickyard, stumbled upon the cashbag Sunday morning while they were beating up the thickets with a party of armed men.

Lane and Leonard found not only the money that Denton Fowler had been hurrying with to the Atlas brick makers, but within a few steps of where Fowler and the plucky negro had been shot to death they came upon the weapons the robbers had used in the killing, a Winchester repeating rifle, a shotgun and two revolvers. They also found two caps, such as Italian laborers commonly wear in this part of the country; two red bandanna handkerchiefs, which had been pierced with eyeholes and used for masks; the scattered fragments of an envelope and the letter the envelope had contained, and the scrap-strewn spot, a tiny clearing surrounded by almost impenetrable thickets of thornbush where the robbers made camp while they waited for young Fowler's buggy.

Pressing close to the ground and fighting their way through the thickets, Chief Lane's men picked up the trail of two of the assassins and the trail led in a wide curve to the least likely place in the world, the brickyard, where 150 of the employees, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, largely, had been waiting for Denton Fowler's approach with their three weeks' pay. And while Lane's country detectives were making discoveries another party of policemen and volunteers, under Sergeant Cruise and Policeman Klemmer, were finding interesting things less than a quarter of a mile away on the other side of the road where Fowler and Ragsdale were killed.

Here and there, leading in exactly the opposite direction from the tracks that Lane and Leonard were nosing, Sergeant Cruise came upon the prints of the bandits' shoes, impressions deep in the mud and sharply marked on bushes that had been trampled down by rushing feet. These signs carried Cruise partly southward, away from the brickyard, toward the river gradually. At length they discovered, imperceptible only to a regularly used road, the discovery of the suitcase, untouched even; the rifle, shotgun and revolvers, the caps and masks, and the torn envelope and letter, and the clear significance of the trail that led to the brickyard, almost left the story in themselves of the incidents that preceded and followed the killing and the looting of the buggy. They indicate that employees of the Atlas Company, Italians, almost certainly, men who were entitled by their work to a moiety of the cash young Fowler was conveying; men who knew every step the paymaster had taken, ambushed him, and then, unable to escape with the heavy money case, and in danger of being caught by the brick makers, who were pouring down the road to the woods, dropped the case and made two of them at least, a long detour back to the brickyard.

The letter was addressed to an Italian living in Hudson. It was worded in Italian. But envelope and contents had been torn across again and again and flung in small fragments over twenty yards of ground. It was a long and tedious job to piece these papers together, but Chief Lane finally had the reconstructed envelope pasted on to a sheet of paper. That gave him the name and address of a printer. Now the Crane paper millers are said to supply practically all the foreign governments, as well as Uncle Sam, with silk-thread paper.

INJUNCTION NOW HURLED AT COLUMBUS CAR MEN

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 4.—The Common Pleas Court has granted a temporary injunction against the Association of Street Car Men, now on strike, restraining them for a period of seven days, from September 4 to September 11, from circulating any printed matter warning persons not to ride on the cars, or patrolling railroad stations or their approaches, the vicinity of street car stopping points, the State Fair grounds or their vicinity, or in any manner intimidating the employees or officers of the Street Railroad Company, or persons desiring to do business with it, or passengers.

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To Our New Readers.

To those who will read The Call today for the first time a word is necessary. The Call is the only English paper in the East that consistently reports all news of interest to the workers; that defends and encourages the righteous efforts of the working class to better its condition, and advocates the assumption by the working class of that political control which all the usefulness of the working class in industry demands.

During the two years it has been published it has fought many hard battles for the working class, and fought them under great difficulties. Every organized body on strike to better its condition during that time can testify to the great work done in their behalf by The Call. The Philadelphia car men, the bakers, the shirtwaist makers, the cordage workers, the sugar refinery workers, the cloak makers, etc., etc., can bear witness of The Call's faithful service in their behalf.

The field of usefulness for The Call is still wider, and every one who really wishes to be informed of what is happening in industry and politics should become a steady reader of the paper, by either buying of the newsstand if a resident of New York, or have it sent to you by mail, when a resident outside of the city of New York. Do it today. Send in at least a month's trial for the Daily and Sunday. The rates will be found on the head of the editorial column.

TAFT TO FIGHT FOR 1912 NOMINATION

Senator Crane, of Mass., Said to Be Engineering Noiseless Campaign to Line Up Party.

(Special to The Call.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—A noiseless campaign to renominate Taft for the presidency in 1912 is now under way, headed by Murray Winthrop Crane, United States senator from Massachusetts. Crane is a millionaire probably a score of times, a big paper manufacturer, and a magnate with many corporation affiliations.

He was the man behind the guns of "the allies" who fought Taft's nomination at the last Republican convention, but such is his skill and finesse in wielding politicians and their tools that Taft has now selected him to lead his fight for renomination. At least that is the opinion of some of the best informed politicians here.

Roosevelt's barnstorming trip through the West is said to have been responsible for the beginning of a quiet but persistent campaign for Taft among Republicans. There is little doubt that Teddy desires the nomination in 1912. It is said.

Crane is a man of large capitalist interests and sympathies. When he was born, it is said, he inherited \$5,000,000.

At twenty-six he succeeded in getting a monopoly of the business of supplying the government with silk-thread paper on which money is printed. Now the Crane paper millers are said to supply practically all the foreign governments, as well as Uncle Sam, with silk-thread paper.

Crane Great Reactionary.

Because of his vast influence, due to affiliations with many of the largest trusts, Crane is one of the powers that control the Republican party. Not only is Crane one of the most influential men in the Republican party, but he is also one of the most reactionary.

Since he entered the senate in 1904, after the death of Hoar, he has managed the manipulation of the vote on the floor. As a member of the "steering committee" he has always been relied upon to deliver the votes—and he has done so.

Crane is one of those smooth, easy-going chaps, to whom all his colleagues look to smooth up difficulties. He is smooth and slick, and never known to offend any one by anything, he said. Seldom, if ever, does he say anything that will be remembered ten minutes, because he never expresses opinions. He never grips a man firmly by the hand, but always slips his soft hand into the other fellow's.

WILL PROBE SUGAR BRIBERY SCANDAL

Legislative Committee's Lawyer Inter- ested in Testimony of Zimmerman Regarding Raines and Burnett.

LYONS, N. Y., Sept. 4.—Attorney Alfred Hurrell, prober for the legislative investigating committee, arrived here last night, and is looking up the scandal surrounding disbursements made by Harry F. Zimmerman in behalf of legislation favorable to the Lyons Beet Sugar Refining Company.

The story narrated by Zimmerman some days ago in bankruptcy proceedings at Seneca Falls before Referee Charles A. Hawley, in which he testified to paying the late Senator John Raines \$6,000 and late Assemblyman Jean L. Burnett, of Canandaigua, \$1,500, is not believed here by those who should know. It is believed that Attorney Hurrell will unearth sufficient matter to keep the legislative committee at work investigating the records of men alive at this date who were vitally interested in the affairs of the Lyons Beet Sugar Refining Company at Albany.

The memory of Zimmerman will in all probability be considerably refreshed. Incidentally in looking up this matter, Attorney Hurrell stumbled upon another interesting matter, which will surely be brought before the probing committee, and in which there will be no dead legislators involved. Upon this new clew Hurrell left here early this morning, leaving word that he might be gone over Labor Day. He said that he had hopes of bringing live legislators up for a grilling in connection with the sugar scandal. Friends of the deceased legislators whose names were disclosed are wrathful, and are lending every assistance to the investigation, believing that Zimmerman craftily named the two dead legislators in an attempt to cover up the guilty parties. Zimmerman refuses to say anything, and seems to feel embarrassed over the situation.

IT WASN'T A BRIBE, MERELY A "RETAINER"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 4.—Harry E. Zimmerman, former postmaster at Lyons, a member of the well-known and long-established hardware firm of Zimmerman Bros., and president of the Lyons Beet Sugar Refining Company, in explaining the transaction between himself and the late Senator Raines and the late Assemblyman Burnett in giving the former leader \$6,000 and the assemblyman \$1,500, Friday said:

"I gave that money to Raines and to Burnett, but the people must not take the transaction in the light that it was given as a bribe. It was not, it was merely a 'retainer.' The law that provided for the giving of bounty on beet sugar and afterward on the raising of sugar beets was passed and in effect some years before the Lyons factory was constructed. It was passed to encourage the building of sugar factories at Rome and Binghamton and the promoting of good acreages of beets for these factories. The money that was given by the Lyons company was not to enact new legislation, and was in no sense a bribe."

NEW SUGAR SCALES TO PREVENT FRAUD

Fifteen new automatic scales, made by the Subtarget Company, of Boston; for the Treasury Department at Washington, are on their way to this city to be installed in sugar refineries. The government gave the company a contract for twenty scales, which were said to be of a pattern to obviate all fraud on the docks of the importers, where such fraud might be due to underweighing.

The first scale was installed on the dock of the Havemeyer & Elder refinery, in Williamsburg, in the place of the scale which was used to rob the government for so long.

The Subtarget Company has rented a shed for the storage of the weighing machines that are to be installed in Brooklyn. Two of the scales are to be put in the Havemeyer & Elder refinery, and two in the Long Island City refinery of the American Sugar Refining Company. Four of the scales are to be put later in the Federal Sugar Refining Company plant in Yonkers, and three in the plant of the National Sugar Refining Company.

MAN AND GIRL DIE IN QUARREL

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 4.—The bodies of Maud Rich and Hiram L. Jones are in the morgue, as the result of a jealous quarrel. The girl wanted to go to a dance and Jones objected. He got a revolver and said it on her dresser, when she asked it and ran into another room. He followed, carried her back in his arms and took the weapon from her. Four shots were then fired, and when the landlady entered the room she found the girl dead, with the revolver by her side. Jones was found dead in the yard, having fallen from a second story window after the shooting.

RUSSELL SPEAKS IN QUEENS TONIGHT

Socialist gubernatorial Candidate Will Deliver an Address at 6 O'clock.

Charles Edward Russell, Socialist candidate for governor, will speak at the fair in Kreuzer's Hall, at Myrtle and Cypress avenues, Evergreen, at 6 o'clock this evening, for the benefit of the building fund of the Queens County Labor Lyceum. Admission 10 cents.

In addition to the Russell speech the committee has prepared a fine program for the last night of the fair, which opened Saturday night with a crowded house. The additional numbers on the program for the evening include a gymnastic exhibition by the Turn Verein Vorwaets of Brooklyn, comedy jugglers, a number star vaudeville acts, and some excellent music by representatives of Hoffman's Zither school.

Remember, Russell speaks at 6 o'clock. To reach the hall from New York take a Myrtle avenue 'L' train at Brooklyn and get off at Wyckoff avenue.

The Queens County Labor Lyceum is not only the home of the Socialist party and the Socialist Sunday school, but also of other progressive labor organizations, and those who attend the fair have the pleasure of enjoying an evening of amusement while helping a good cause.

RIVAS SURRENDERS TO ESTRADA'S FORCES

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Dispatches to the State Department and Navy Department indicate that the forces of Gen. Juan Estrada took possession of Rivas and his garrison of 600 soldiers peacefully September 2 and that San Juan del Sur had indicated its preparedness to surrender upon demand. The Madrid forces at Cape Gracias a Dios were unwilling to surrender, and discredited the report of the overthrow of the Madrid faction. A temporary armistice, however, was arranged. The cruiser Tacoma left for Cape Gracias, but the life and property of American citizens was not considered in danger, and it was thought that the trouble would be readily adjusted. The withdrawal of the machines from Bluefields was, however, postponed until order should be restored at Cape Gracias.

A later dispatch indicated that Colonel Alvarez, of the Madrid forces, at Cape Gracias, and General Zeledon, of the Estrada forces, reached an agreement postponing any assault upon the port until the local Madrid representatives should be informed through a neutral channel of the retirement of Dr. Madrid. It appears that the news of the occupation of Managua had not reached Cape Gracias in an authentic form. Information of the changed situation will be given by the commander of the Tacoma.

ASLEEP ON PARK BENCH, ROBBED OF \$12

Joe Gordon was in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday for by no means the first time in his career. No one there was surprised to hear that he was accused of stealing \$12 from Philip Schmidt, of 255 Henry street, at the time the latter slumbered in yesterday's dawn on a bench in Union Square Park. Schmidt was very diffident in testifying against Gordon, but finally said that he had been awakened by finding a man's hand in the pocket that contained the \$12. Gordon, he said, occupied the next bench and he grabbed his hand. Some loose change fell to the ground, but Schmidt told Magistrate House that he saw two of his dollars sticking out of Gordon's fist. The latter ran over to where a taxicab was awaiting passengers on 14th street and Fourth avenue and tried to climb in it.

This the chauffeur would not permit, however, and Gordon ran up to 15th street, followed by the sobbing Schmidt and a crowd. There Policeman Cernovsky caught Gordon, who denied ever having seen Schmidt. While they were arguing Cernovsky felt something fall on his feet and picked up a roll containing two \$2 bills and a receipt signed by Schmidt's name. Charles Markowitz, of 338 East 53d street, one of the members of the crowd, said Gordon had dropped them.

On the way to court, according to Schmidt's story, a man approached him and told him that if he would drop the case against Gordon there would be \$25 in it for him, and when Gordon was held by Magistrate House in \$5,000 for the grand jury Schmidt said he had understood that the case would be settled immediately, and that it would have been better for him if he had lost the money and said nothing about it. Thereupon the court decided it would be best to send Schmidt to the House of Detention as a witness, and this was done.

BOSSES CONSIDER MINERS' ULTIMATUM

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—With only two points in dispute the Illinois coal operators adjourned last night, leaving the question of a settlement of the strike a matter of uncertainty.

A special meeting of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association will be held tomorrow to hear the report of the peace conference, and decide whether to accept the final ultimatum of the miners.

The union officials left the city last night, and will await the action of the operators before seeking another conference to sign a contract.

BIG LABOR DAY PARADE TODAY

Organized Labor to Celebrate Spirit of Loyalty and Progress of Past Year.

100,000 OR MORE IN LINE

Big Section of Women Tailors and Another of Victorious Cloak Makers Will March.

Labor Day will be celebrated this morning by a monster procession of organized workers numbering 100,000 or more, who will march down Fifth avenue from 59th street to Washington Square, starting at 10 o'clock.

Every craft and calling that is organized will be represented in this gigantic army of men and women that will march, and there will be many very interesting exhibits in the line.

It is expected that one of the most interesting sections of the parade will be the women's section, which will form between 9 and 9:30 on 56th street, east of Fifth avenue. The location of each union will be marked by its banner, and paraders are asked to fall in line behind the banner of their own organization.

The women's section will be in charge of the following women: Violet Pike, Rose Schneiderman, Helen Marot, Leonora O'Reary, Pauline Newman, Bertha H. Mallis, Alice Glenside, Alice Bean, Sarah Ostrow, Nellie Curley, Ruth Austin, Eugenia Hamill, Nannie Helms, Florence King and Fannie Zinher.

The women marshals can be distinguished by their sashes of the two colors of the Women's Trade Union League, blue and yellow. Women marchers will wear each one of the colors, either blue or yellow.

It is expected that a vast army of victorious cloak makers will be in line in the various divisions assigned to them. Some estimate that there will be at least 50,000 cloak makers alone in line, in which case the total number of marchers will be close to 150,000.

The following instructions for the organizations participating in the parade were issued by the committee appointed by the Central Federated Union:

All organizations resting on the west side of Fifth avenue have the right of line. This rule should be understood by all organizations to avoid confusion.

Line of March Outlined.

Organizations are expected to be ready at the appointed hour. On reaching designated points a representative from each organization shall report to the marshal of their respective divisions.

The official line of march, together with the marshals and aids of the parade, follows:

Grand marshal, Edward I. Hannahan; aids, James H. Hatch, Thomas J. Cawley; color bearers, James Stuart McGuinness, William Cronin; assistant grand marshals, Harry Deveau, James P. Holland; aids, John C. Hillendorf, John J. Brady, Mathew A. Mcconville, Albert A. Abrams; president C. F. U., Joseph Healy; delegates of the Central Federated Union:

First division, 58th street, John C. O'Brien, marshal—East Side: Engineers' District Council, Pavers and Ramblersmen, Asphalt Workers No. 49, Asphalt Workers No. 48, West Side: United Housepainters and Bricklayers No. 46, Tunnel and Subway Constructors.

Second Division, 57th street, M. E. Neyland, Marshal—East Side: House Shovelers and Movers, Actors' Union No. 1, Hebrew Variety Actors' Union, Section No. 54, Pattern Makers, Paper Caulkers and Tappers, Cigar Makers and Packers' Union, St. Gregory's Ambulance.

Third Division, 56th street, Alexander Bloch, Marshal—International Ladies' Garment Workers No. 16; Fourth Division, 55th street, J. Greenberger, Marshal—International Ladies' Garment Workers No. 16, and 23.

Fifth Division, 54th street, J. A. Dyck, Marshal—International Ladies' Garment Workers No. 1 and 25.

Sixth Division, 53d street, H. Grossman, Marshal—International Ladies' Garment Workers No. 54.

Seventh Division, 52d street, Elias Wolf, Marshal—East Side: Longshoremen's Union No. 78, Longshoremen's Union No. 72, Gregory's ambulance, model of house, by H. P. McEster; Typographical Union No. 1, West Side: Excavators' Union, Excavators' Women's Trade Union League, Job Press Feeders' Union No. 1, Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union, Hatters' Union, wagon.

C. H. DRAKE
225-227 8th Ave.
bet. 21st and 22d Sts.
ONLY ONE WEEK MORE
AND THEN SCHOOL

We are making a special
of children's school cloth-
ing for this week.

- Boys' and Girls' Heavy Stock-
ings, pair.....10c
- Girls' Guimpes reduced to 25c
- Girls' Aprons reduced to...25c
- Gingham School Dresses, new-
ly trimmed, and all new
styles, each...49c, 69c, 98c
- Boys' Blouses, madras....25c
- Boys' Corduroy Trousers,
pair.....49c
- Boys' Serge Trousers, pair, 49c
Also a full line of Men's Un-
derwear and Overalls.
- Men's 59c Fleece Lined Under-
wear for.....39c
- Men's "Roots Tivoli Mills"
Underwear,
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.25

Also a full line of Blue Flannel
Shirts, from...\$1.00 to \$3.50

Amaters No. 653, Express Drivers
No. 654, Dry Goods Teamsters No.
655, West Side Commission Drivers
No. 449, Chauffeurs No. 267, Coal and
Spalt Teamsters No. 553.

STRIKE OF TELEPHONE GIRLS UPSET BIG HOTEL

The Knickerbocker Hotel, the fashion-
able hostelry for the rich, the near-
ly, and those who would like to appear
rich, at 42d street and Broadway, was
filling in an unsettled state yesterday, fol-
lowing the strike of its telephone oper-
ators Saturday night.

There was lots of confusion when six
girls went out. For three-quarters of an
hour at dinner time, and when many
guests were in a hurry to get to the
theaters, there was not much telephone
service in the hotel. Guests fumed in
vain, as they tried to call theaters and
railroad stations. Indignant patrons
thronged about Manager Stack's desk.

AT
ARNOLD'S
Shop of Fashion
600 BROADWAY
cor. Whipple St.
BROOKLYN.

REGENTS STUDENTS!
THE REGENTS
BOOK STORE
carries in stock ALL
the text books required
for the REGENTS
EXAMINATIONS,
new and second hand,
at reduced price.
REGENTS BOOK STORE.
4 RUTGERS SQUARE, near Canal St.
NEW YORK CITY.

DEBATE

SUBJECT:
"Socialism vs. Single Tax"

Speakers for Socialism,
EDWIN JAMES ROSS
BERTRAND WELLS

Speakers for Single Tax,
WM. JAMES BLECH
I. E. SOLOW

CHAIRMAN, HON. JOHN J. MURPHY
Tenement House Commissioner.

Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 7:45 P.M.
TERRACE LYCEUM HALL, 206 East Broadway
Tickets, 10 Cents

PROFIT TO BE DIVIDED BETWEEN
N. Y. CALL AND SINGLE TAX REVIEW.

wanting to know why they could not get
connections.
James B. Regan, who had refused the
strikers' demands, was much annoyed.
He asked one of the clerks to get the
main office of the telephone company, but
there was no one in the hotel who could
run the deserted switchboard. Finally,
after some delay, he dispatched a mes-
senger to the Bryant Telephone Ex-
change to get six emergency operators to
run his switchboard.

The strike came suddenly. For a long
time the telephone operators in the hotel
have objected to working in two shifts of
twelve hours each, and have wanted their
pay increased. Some of them have been
working at the hotel since it was
opened, and have had no increases. A
short time ago the girls objected that the
location of the switchboard deprived
them of light and air. They say they were
promised that the board would be
moved upstairs, and this promise was
not kept.

Just before dinner time last night,
Miss May Fagan, the veteran operator of
the board, who had been chosen as
spokesman, went to Regan and presented
the complaint of her associates.

"You get just as good treatment and
just as much pay as any other hotel
operator," he is said to have replied. "I
can't give you any more."
"Then we'll quit," Miss Fagan said.
"Quit, then," Regan is said to have re-
plied.

Miss Fagan went back to the switch-
board and told her associates. They put
on their hats and walked out. They were
Miss Isabel Hart, Miss Maud Robinson,
Miss Grace Fitzgerald, Miss Margaret
Kugler, and Miss Florence Burns. Man-
ager Regan is said to have asked the girls
to stay then. They replied, it is declared:
"You know where we live. When you
get ready to give us our terms let us
know."

The news of the strike spread quickly
to every switchboard in the hotel and
theater district.

Several others will be idle until
next Wednesday. The renewed cur-
tailment here will keep 3,500,000 spin-
dles idle next week and shut off 175,-
000 pieces of print cloth. The follow-
ing corporations ceased work in Fall
River:

Fall River Iron Works (seven
mills), Anaconda, Border City, Clay,
Flint, Granite, Laurel Lake, Mechan-
ics, King Philip, Narragansett, Po-
casset, Richard Borden, Seacoast,
Stafford Weaving Department, Tecum-
seh, Troy, Wampanoag, and Merchant
No. 2.

The Lancaster Gingham Mills of
Clinton Saturday closed until Septem-
ber 12. Two thousand employees are
affected, and until the same date the
1,400 employees of the Lyman Cotton
Mills of Holyoke will be idle, the en-
tire plant having closed Friday night.

**RAILWAY SIGNALMEN
GIVE CO. A WEEK**

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Sept. 4.—
A number of detectives, together with
a number of railroad employees, were
stationed along the Harlem and New York
Central railroads, that night, "for the
purpose of stopping any riot" of the signal
repair men, who had threatened to strike
at midnight.

There are 200 signal repair men on
the Harlem and New York Central lines.
They asked the railroad company for an

increase of wages, but as yet their re-
quest has not been granted. It was ar-
ranged that they would strike on both
lines last evening, and the railroad au-
thorities, hearing of their plans, had de-
tectives stationed along both lines, and
men ready to take the places of the
strikers, particularly at North White
Plains, which is the terminal of the Har-
lem electric division.

VORWAERTS GIVES TIP ON NEW BATTLESHIP

BERLIN, Sept. 4.—The announce-
ment in the Portsmouth (England) Even-
ing News that Great Britain is con-
structing a new type of warship, to be
driven by gas engines, has not long re-
mained without an answer from Ger-
many.

The Vorwaerts, in which Socialist pa-
per appears an account of the new Ger-
man warship, has frequently given offi-
cial secrets to the world, for it has far-
reaching connections with many Socialist
sympathizers in government employ. So
far as can be judged from the Portsm-
outh paper's story and that printed by
the Vorwaerts, if credence is to be
placed in them, it seems that Great Brit-
ain and Germany are constructing simul-
taneously an entirely new but almost
identical type of warship, and this either
by coincidence or on account of the plans
of one country becoming known pre-
maturely to the admiralty of the other.

The Vorwaerts gives a much more de-
tailed account of Germany's new warship
than the suggestions of the Portsmouth
Evening News in regard to the British
ship. The German vessel, according to
the Vorwaerts, will be 284 feet long, 45
feet beam, and 22 feet draught. The
deck will project only five feet above the
surface of the water. The ship will be
protected by armor of such thickness
and so arranged as to defy any existing
projectile.

The Vorwaerts also says that the new
ship will be able not only to outfight the
largest existing battleships, but will be
invulnerable to attack by aeroplane or
balloon, owing to the construction and
armoring of the deck.

BOSTON UNION IN BITTER FIGHT

(Continued from Page 1.)
legal. If we let the bosses get away with
this injunction business, they will get an
injunction restraining us from getting
our wages," said Gibson, with a smile,
in conclusion.

The photo engraving concerns involved
in this controversy violated the recently
enacted law, prohibiting firms in whose
shops a strike is on from advertising for
help without specifying that a strike is
on. This law was forced through the
last session of the Massachusetts legisla-
ture by Charles H. Morrill, Socialist rep-
resentative from the Haverhill shoe dis-
trict, and attorneys for the union will
take these cases into court and try to
force the punishment of the bosses for
the violation of this law.

The injunction case will come up for
discussion at the national convention of
the photo engravers, which opens at
Louisville, Ky., tomorrow. The follow-
ing delegates will attend the convention
from this city: James H. Gibson, Otto
Bartels, William Doerr and George
Schroeder.

LAST TOLL GATE GOES.
MONTICELLO, N. Y., Sept. 4.—The
last toll gate in Sullivan county was
removed on Saturday by order of the
courts, and today, for the first time in
a century, people are traveling all the
Sullivan county highways without be-
ing held up every three or four miles
and compelled to pay from \$ 1 to \$ 3
tribute to turnpike companies. The
last Sullivan county toll gate to be
thrown open was near White Lake,
on the Monticello and White Lake
turnpike. This road was chartered in
1801 as a turnpike, and some years
later rechartered as a toll road, which
it has continued since this time.

The F. & S. New Store

S. E. COR. 84TH ST. and 3RD AVE., MANHATTAN

AND

Guarantee Clothing Co.

BROADWAY, COR. MYRTLE AVE., BROOKLYN

THE POPULAR PRICED UNION LABEL CLOTHIERS,
TAILORS, HATTERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS

The following REASONS should induce The Call readers to patronize our Establishments:

ONE REASON—You are sure to get Union Made Clothes, Hats and Gents' Furnishings.

ANOTHER REASON—To get a well made suit of Clothes to order or ready made at popular prices.

We are able to guarantee the best fit, not only on clothes made to order, but also on all our ready made clothes. The goods in our order department are of the best quality, and so in all our ready made clothes. Latest styles at the most reasonable prices.

GARMENTS BOUGHT IN OUR STORES BEAR THIS UNION LABEL:

We also carry a full line of the famous Sweet, Orr & Co. Pants and Overalls; also a full line of Waiters' Goods.



Clothing bought in our Stores kept in repair and pressed for one year free.

A complete line of Children's Clothing.

We solicit your patronage, assuring you to give you not only your money's worth, but to treat you in such a manner that you will come back whenever you will be in need of Clothes, Hats or Gents' Furnishings.

Surety Stamps given with each purchase. This coupon entitles the purchaser to an extra 10% cash discount of his purchase if presented at the time when the purchase is made.

BRITAIN'S SHIPPING TRADES PERTURBED

Employers, Frightened by Revolutionary
Spirit of Workers, Locks Them
Out—Seamen Restive.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—British capital-
ists are thoroughly alarmed over the
growing disposition of trade union
members to take matters into their
own hands and disregard their self-
seeking and so-called conservative
leaders when they have an urgent
grievance they want remedied. With
the announced intention of crushing
this "anarchism," as they call it, the
Shipbuilding Employers' Federation
yesterday locked out at the boiler
makers in the federated shipyards,
numbering 54,000 men.

All the allied trades are affected,
and suffering, as a result of this be-
ing forced out of their jobs, is bound
to follow among many workers. The
men of all shipbuilding our just de-
mands a strike is inevitable.

While the date and specific plans for
the strike are kept secret the general
program is that at given notice the
men are to leave their ships at every
port.

In America the first steps would be
toward dislocating the passenger and
mail traffic between New York and
Europe.

BASEBALL SCORES.
National League.
At Cincinnati—First game—
Pittsburg... 000000000—11 4 3
Cincinnati... 02301000x—6 11 3
Batteries—Cammits, Ferry and Si-
mon; Suggs, Gaspar and McLean.

Second game—
Pittsburg... 123001—8 8 1
Cincinnati... 1010001—3 12 3
Batteries—Phillippe and Gibson;
Beebe and Clark.

KEYS IN HIS POCKET.
They Cause Zimble to Be Held for
Burglar, Too.
Magistrate Herbert in Essex Market
Police Court yesterday was just about
to put Samuel Zimble, of 1018 40th
street, Brooklyn, on six months proba-
tion for peering through the transom
into the room of Fannie Kats-
lansky, at 58 Norfolk street, when
the detective explained that some
skeleton keys had been found in Sam's
pocket.

"And he burglarized the apartment
of Morris Schankman in the same
house a week ago," said the detec-
tive.

Schankman was in court with his
neighbor Hyman Needle, eleven years
old. Hyman positively identified
Zimble as one of two men who caught
him alone in the apartment, wrapped
him in a sheet and locked him in a
closet while they went through the
place. Schankman said the thieves
took \$50 worth of knickknacks and
overlooked a \$400 pair of diamond
studs.

Zimble was held in \$1,000 bail on
the burglary charge and \$200 addi-
tional for peeping.

SPORTS

TYROS PLEASE CROWD.
Twelve Good Conflicts Appear
Titles of Fans at Long Acre Club.

A dozen bouts were the card that
attracted many members to the Long
Acre Athletic Club's stag Saturday
night. Of course no stag embel-
lized the long bill, for it was in
the main, a pure amateur meet for
the contestants. The beginners, how-
ever, entertained the crowd by their
willingness to fight and their game-
ness, in numerous torrid battles.

Young Keller bested Young Joe
Grimm in the star attraction in a
six-round affair. Grimm possessed a
good right hand "kick," which if he
had used more often, might have
changed things radically. Instead he
always allowed Keller to lead the lead-
ing and outbox him, seemingly content
with covering up, and dropping a
swing occasionally. Young Jeanette,
a colored welterweight, whipped a
game white unknown in a bruising
skirmish in the semi-final. Among
others who distinguished themselves
during the evening's entertainment
were Red O'Neil, Al White, Mattie
Geoghan, Young Cully, and Jimmy
Howe.

TO PHILADELPHIA TONIGHT.
Fight Fans to Run Over to See Kauf-
man-Lang Mill.

More than 500 New Yorkers will go
to Philadelphia to see the six-round
glove contest between the heavy-
weights, A. Kaufman, of California,
and Bill Lang, champion of Australia,
tonight. Promoter Seaman will run
a special train from this city over the
New Jersey Central, leaving West 23d
street and Liberty street at 5:50
o'clock. A special ticket will be sold
for \$6, including transportation round
trip and a seat at the ringside.

Kaufman is a slight favorite in the
betting, but it is possible that when
the men climb through the ropes it
will be a case of even money and take
your pick. Kaufman and Lang wound
up their training last Saturday and
reports from their quarters indicate
that both are in splendid trim.

BIG 6 GETS TRIMMED.
At McNulty Field, 149th street and
Eighty-ninth avenue, yesterday, Big Six
baseball team fell before the McNulty
Bros. bunch, which has one of the
fastest aggregations, outside of pro-
fessional ranks, in this territory. Both
Wolf and Gallagher pitched well, but
the McNulty's got their hits in timely
fashion, and these, coupled with the
typos' errors, won the game. The
score:

R. H. E.
McNulty Bros. 30200110—7 6 3
Big Six (I. T. U.) 11000000—3 5 4
Batteries—Wolf and Seaman; Gal-
lagher and Homan.

A FROG HUNTER.
Interferes in Domestic Affair and Gets
Arrested.
George W. Collins, who lives at 209
East 19th street, heard a man and his

BRITAIN TO TAKE OVER ITS TELEPHONE SERVICE

LONDON, Aug. 27.—Americans
who have occasion to use the tele-
phone in London or any other part
of this country are loud in their criti-
cism of the service, comparing it
most unfavorably with the system in
the large cities of the United States.
There is no doubt that it is deplora-
ble, so deplorable that many busi-
ness men prefer to employ messen-
gers rather than suffer the wear and
tear of temper that the use of the
telephone ordinarily involves.

One reason for this state of affairs
is found in the circumstance that the
National Telephone Company is, at
the end of next year, to turn its en-
tire property over to the British gov-
ernment. The telephone service will
then be run as a public institution
under the postoffice department. It
is hardly in human nature, it is ob-
served, to pay particular attention to
the details of the working of a busi-
ness that one is soon to lose. In other
words, the management of the tele-
phone company at present has little
reason to bestir itself.

It is asserted that the tragedy of the
entire service of the National Tele-
phone Company to the state will be
one of the most gigantic operations
that the country has ever known.
Preparations for it have already been
begun. It will, among other things,
involve the addition of more than
15,000 persons to the list of civil
servants.

Within less than seventeen months,
says the Daily Express, the govern-
ment will take over locs, stock, and
barrel a company whose business is
indicated by the following: Messages
handled last year, 1,362,000,000; cap-
ital expenditure, \$75,000,000; author-
ized capital, \$112,250,000; annual re-
venue, \$5,500,000 to \$4,000,000; ser-
vice subscribers or stations, 516,888; ser-
vants, 18,200; exchanges, 1,500.

Within the next few weeks the com-
pany will begin its great task of enu-
merating its plant all over the country
and also trying to determine the
age of the plant.

A staff of about 300, divided into
groups, will be occupied for more than
fifteen months in making this inven-
tory. Every pole, wire, switchboard,
instrument, spare transmitter, and
receiver will be carefully scheduled
and valued.

The inventory, when completed,
will form the basis of the claim which
the company will make to the state
for its assets, such value having to be
determined by arbitration.

wife squabbling on Second
Saturday night, and became
rested.
The woman whacked the man
her umbrella. Collins cried out:
"him again!"
The husband came over and
him what he was butting in for
threatened to send him to the hospital.
The two were preparing to fight when
Policeman Keegan came up and dis-
covered that Collins had a long-bar-
reled caliber revolver in a belt about
his waist. It was not loaded.
The policeman arrested him for car-
rying concealed weapons and ar-
raigned him in the Yorkville Police
Court yesterday. He told Magistrate
Murphy that he had intended to
frog hunt with the revolver.
He was held in \$200 bail for
and got a bondsman.

**FALL STYLES
ON SALE**

**REISER'S
HATTER TO MEN**

**ONE PRICE
122 DELANCEY ST.**
Near Essex, opp. Subway station

BOOK BARGAINS

- O. Wilde, The Soul of Man Under Socialism, boards, Publ. at 50c. My price 10c.
- E. Markham, The Man with the Hoe, with beautiful reproduction of the painting by Mollat, Publ. at 50c. My price 10c.
- G. Brandes, On Reading, bound, Publ. at 75c. My price 25c.
- Sadakichi Hartmann, Schopenhauer in the Air, Paper, Publ. at 25c. My price 10c.
- P. Kropotkin, An Appeal to the Young, Paper, 00
- J. Eshagary, Mariana, a Drama in 8 acts, paper, Publ. at 35c. My price 20c.
- L. Andrejyeff, Silence, boards, Publ. at 25c. My price 10c.
- A. Tchekhoff, A Bear, a Comedy in one Act, Paper, Publ. at 20c. My price 10c.

All these eight sent to one address
POST PAID FOR \$1.00
Thousands of other good Books at
Lowest prices

MAISEL'S BOOK STORE
422 GRAND STREET NEW YORK

The Firm of Marcus Bros.

Clothiers and Tailors

121-123 CANAL STREET, Corner Chrystie Street

We invite you to inspect our carefully selected line of Ready-to-Wear Garments for the

Fall and Winter

WE LEAD IN ALL BRANCHES OF "BUILDING" GARMENTS

NEAT PATTERNS WELL FITTING WELL TAILORED SNAPPY STYLES

Prices Very Low

MARCUS BROS.

121-123 Canal Street.

Blyn Shoe

Fall Styles Are Ready

Your shoe wants are anticipated in Blyn Stores. For nearly half a century we have studied the problem of Popular Footwear at Popular Prices to such good purpose that Blyn Quality, Blyn Style and Blyn Value are household standards throughout the Greater City.

"A FIT FOR ALL THE FAMILY"

Is no empty boast with us. We provide almost countless styles for Men, Women and Children, and we have won public confidence by keeping our promise the fullest possible value for every dollar spent.

There's a Blyn Store near you—learn to look to it for your footwear and you will have no regrets.

TEN BEST STORES—SHOES IN EVERY GRADE

EAST SIDE: 24 Ave. & 129th St.	WEST SIDE: 6th Ave. and 57th St.	BROOKLYN STORES: Broadway, bet. Park & Henry Streets
24 Ave. 20th & 27th Streets	24 Ave. 20th & 27th Streets	225-226 West 125th St.
24 Ave. 180th & 181st Streets		

FACTORY:
211 to 215 East 1st St.

Fraas & Miller

"THE FURNITURE CENTER"

Broadway, Linden & Quincy Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wage Earners! We Greet You! Long Life and Prosperity!

We would not be true, appreciative American citizens if today we did not join you in your day's rest from labor! This is LABOR'S DAY, and not a day of labor, and we trust you all will enjoy the biggest and best returns a prosperous country can give. We greet you all and wish you long life and an abundance of the good things the world has to give.

We are PROUD of the fact that in Our great Home-Furnishing Business we have constantly enjoyed, in a very large measure, the confidence of the working people and their liberal patronage. In the future, as in the past, we shall strive to merit every worker's good will and patronage.

And right here, let us say, IF YOU HAVE THE NEED OF FURNITURE, CARPETS, RUGS, CURTAINS, PICTURES OR HOME FURNISHINGS OF ANY KIND, WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO HAVE OUR EXPRESSED INTEREST IN YOU PUT TO THE TEST.

We know we can save you money and give you a better grade of goods.

NEWS AND NOTES OF THE THEATERS

In spite of the fact that the New Theater is backed by men whose opinion on theatrical matters is valueless, it managed to get through last season with a fair degree of credit. William K. Vanderbilt, as reiterated in the opening press agent story of the season, is president. Other men of equal plethora of cash and lack of intelligence are also connected with the theater. But in spite of its financial profligacy, the development of production goes on, and the New Theater is, in a measure, the most hopeful of all because it can experiment. Last season the results of its experiments were best shown in The Call. There was nothing attempted with any degree of success that was not in the line of modern drama. The outlook of audiences changes, and plays when once produced do not. The artistic equipment of players changes, and it is hard for a modern player to step into the character of an old play and make it real to a new audience. "Traditions" may be handed on from generation to generation of players, but traditions must be rehearsed to be made real. Modern players have not had the opportunity. So when they step into parts inherited, or burdened with traditions, they fail. That is what they did last year in The New Theater. But when they assumed new roles, roles which the audience understood, they won a fair measure of success. Such was the case, in a small degree, with "The Nigger," and in a greater degree with "Strife." They almost won. But "Antony and Cleopatra," in spite of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Southern, both capable players—to whom may the gods grant increased intelligence—and "Twelfth Night" and the "School for Scandal" did not win. Because of Miss Marlowe, "Sister Bertrude" was a fine and sympathetic performance, and it almost made worthy the New Theater's season.

thrustingly offered their support and co-operation. While the method to be employed in disposing of the tickets is still under discussion, one thing is certain—the seats will not be sold at the New Theater box office. Instead, they will be placed on sale in the districts in which the subscribers live. This will serve a double purpose. The residents will be able to obtain their tickets, especially designed and printed, without making a trip of some miles to the theater, and the seats will be much more certain to reach those for whom they are intended and for whom the performances are to be given. On East Side Subscription Nights no tickets at all will be sold at the New Theater box office for the performances.

It has been suggested that a subscribers' association be formed on the East Side, and that a committee familiar with conditions there distribute to applicants for membership cards entitling the holder to subscription seats. If this plan is adopted a member, on presenting his card at a place to be decided upon, may buy seats for the series. He may pay 10 cents a seat, or 40 cents for four plays; or he may pay 50 cents a seat, or 22 for the series thus far announced. There will also be intermediate prices. No matter how the seats are sold, an earnest effort will be made to reach men and women who take delight in good drama, but who cannot afford to pay the prevailing prices charged for it. And the theater will be equally diligent in seeing to it that the tickets are kept out of the hands of those who can afford to pay regular rates.

The directors of the New Theater are thirty in number. Besides Mr. Vanderbilt they include J. Pierpont Morgan, Otto H. Kahn, William B. Osgood, Clarence Mackay, Henry Rogers, Winthrop, John Jacob Astor, George J. Gould, Elbert H. Gary, James Stillman, Henry C. Frick and August Belmont.

It is an imposing looking list, and East Siders would doubtless flock to see a play written by one of them. But the fact that they are directors of the theater does not necessarily mean that the plays they would like best will be the only ones given. Really good ones may be presented. So this season is not wholly without hope and East Siders have the opportunity to show Fifth avenue what really is appreciated as good plays by intelligent men and women.

Director Ames has enlisted the services of Julius Hopp in devising a method for distributing tickets. A conference with heads of organizations will be held in the library of the New Theater on Wednesday evening.

THE SUCCESS OF W. C. REEVES & CO.

By Henry Schultz. Transforming a wheat field into building and bungalow sites in seven days is the achievement of W. C. Reeves & Co. at Lake View Heights, N. J. They have sold forty-one plots in the past four weeks, and the place is rapidly becoming a charming bungalow colony. Several bungalows have been built, and six more are in the course of construction. Lake View Heights is in Nepton, Sussex county, N. J., an hour and a half from Jersey City on the D. L. & W. railroad, and only three-fourths of a mile from the railroad station. The property comprises about forty acres of fine, high land. It is on the banks of a lake, nine miles in circumference. The land rises 300 feet from the lake, the water of which is 900 feet above sea level. The land comprises both open and wooded sections. It is five degrees cooler there than in the city, and rowing is a pleasure. Adjoining the property about ten minutes' walk from the lake is a large brick school, where the children of the town are educated. Reeves & Co. are greatly encouraged by the demand which they have found to exist for low priced country places within commuting distance of New York.

The company's excursions to the property each Sunday carry such large crowds as to make it clear that there has been no decrease in the number of people eager to own a small place in the country. The difficulty of such ownership heretofore has been that the market afforded little or nothing within the means of the small buyer. The prices of smaller properties in popular colonies usually are equally prohibitive. The company maintains that it has removed this difficulty by offering attractive properties in the country, in plots of sufficient size for bungalow building or camp sites. The lake gives ample opportunities for boating, bathing and fishing.

Work has been started on the building of a large pier on the lake front. There are several springs on the property and the work of a sixty-foot street has already begun. The estate was formerly owned by John B. Courson, who lived on it for more than thirty years, and who owns about 300 acres adjoining. Reeves & Co. are conceded to be the largest real estate concern in the country, and have made millions of dollars for their clients, the majority of whom are working people. They have handled, with unequalled success, fifty subdivisions on Long Island, Staten Island and New Jersey.

Those desiring to visit the property without any expense should write to the main office of the company, 124 East 23d street, reserving tickets.

CO-OPERATIVE NOTES

With about forty-five members present, the German Socialist of Brownsville decided last evening to organize the American Co-operative of Brownsville. It was decided to hold the first general meeting of the organization on Friday, September 30, 8 p.m., at 675 Glenmore avenue. A systematic plan of securing sub-

NOTICE! The Only Strictly One Price Store on Canal Street. NOTICE!

Mayer, Jacobs & Co.

135 CANAL STREET

Three Doors East of Canal Street Station, Third Avenue "L."

Have opened a high grade clothing store at the above address.

We are in a position to offer you the latest ready-to-wear Fall Suits and Overcoats, made of the best material and latest styles, at the most moderate prices.

All our clothing is made in our own shop, under the supervision of the well known tailors.

MARKS & STEIBEL

We invite the public to call and inspect our clothing and convince themselves that our goods are in every respect what we represent them to be.

We guarantee good service on all our clothing.

Mayer, Jacobs & Co.

135 CANAL STREET
Three Doors East of Canal Street Station, Third Avenue "L."

The acknowledged great need of the hour is intelligent Co-operation. The difficulties to overcome are of such a nature that the only way to overcome them is by the co-operation of all those who are interested in the success of the enterprise. The principle of Co-operation has been vindicated by unprecedented success.

Co-operation in Life Insurance

It may be that so far you have seen regular Life Insurance in an unfavorable light only.

And this may have prevented you from observing how quietly and unobtrusively the beneficent provisions of Life Insurance through evolution have reached the height of perfection.

Low Cost, Unexcelled Liberality and Absolute Non-Forfeiture

HAVE AT LAST BEEN ATTAINED.

You cannot afford to take life insurance without investigating the Best which the market affords. If you do not investigate (investigation costs nothing), you have only yourself to blame if your life insurance policy is not guaranteeing all to which all fairness you are entitled. Cut out the below coupon, fill out and send to the address below. It may help you getting into the Best of Companies (and people are judged by the company they are keeping).

It helps The Call, demonstrating its value as a publicity medium.

COUPON—

My age, nearest birthday, is _____ years. I would be interested to know the cost and guaranteed Privileges of a policy for \$.....

Name

Occupation

Address

Address H. W. WESSLING, P. O. Box 1634, New York City.

TRUSSMAKER HENRY FRAHME TRUSSMAKER

1489 2d Ave. Bet. 84th & 85th Sts.



Trusses, Braces, Bandages, Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Suspensories. All stocks guaranteed. Tel. 3533 79th St.

FRANK'S DEPARTMENT STORE

1489 2d Ave. Cor. 84th St. & Ave. A, N. Y.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW
We handle all union made merchandise.

FURNITURE FOR SALE SALE OF FACTORY SAMPLES FURNITURE FROM MAKER TO USER.

This Extra Heavy 5-in. Post Brass Bed \$10
SPECIAL THIS WEEK
Value \$27.50
Now from Maker, Save Dealer's Profit!

REMOVAL NOTICE.

Dr. S. Ingerman and Dr. Anna Ingerman have moved to 1843 Madison Avenue, between 120th and 121st streets. Telephone call, 4282 Harlem.

MEETING HALLS

Astoria Schuetzen Park, Astoria, L. I. Largest and most beautiful Park in Greater N. Y. Astoria. J. LINK, Prop.

labor Temple 242-247 E. 84th St., Brooklyn. Workers' Educational Association. Hall for meetings, entertainments and balls. Free Library open from 2 to 10 P.M.

labor Lyceum 242 Wiloughby Ave., Brooklyn. Home for the Brooklyn Labor Organization. Used and Controlled by the Labor Lyceum Association. Telephone 3561 Williamsburg.

CLINTON HALL

151-153 CLINTON ST.
Large and small meeting rooms from May 1st, for unions, lodges and societies at reasonable terms.

Opening Sale!

To usher in the new season effectively we offer on sale for the next ten days only the following unprecedented values:

Suit or Overcoat In the leading and latest creations in browns and blues, all wool fabrics, fully guaranteed. \$15.00

It will pay you to call and look these over. Sale going on in our four stores.

I. HAAS & CO.,

105-107 Nassau St. 305 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
70-76 Chambers St. 1211 Pennsylvania Ave., Wash., D. C.

SOCIALIST NEWS OF THE DAY

Notice of meetings must be in this office by noon of the day previous to publication. All meetings begin at 8 p.m. unless otherwise ordered.

OPEN AIR MEETINGS

MANHATTAN AND BRONX.

TONIGHT.

Branch 2—Northwest corner of 7th street and Avenue C. Gerald M. P. Fitzgibbon.

Branch 4—Northwest corner of 15th street and Eighth avenue. Harry H. Layburn and J. C. Frost.

Branch 6—Northeast corner of 79th street and First avenue. Thomas Wright and Fred Paulitsch.

Branch German Branch—Northwest corner of 138th street and Willis avenue. E. Liffman, Bert Kirkman and Chris Kerker.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

Branch 1—Noon meeting, bandstand in Battery Park. Jessie Ashley and Arthur D. Chapman.

Branch 3—Northeast corner of 40th street and Second avenue. Gerald M. P. Fitzgibbon.

Branch 5—Southeast corner of 98th street and Amsterdam avenue. John Flanagan and William McKenzie.

Branch 8—Southeast corner of Longwood and Prospect avenues. Phil Epstein, chairman; Chas. F. Merkel and Bert Kirkman.

Branch 7—Northwest corner of 90th street and Second avenue. Wm. Diedrich, Mark Roth and Chas. Ireland.

BROOKLYN.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

12th A. D.—Seventh avenue and 4th street. H. D. Smith and J. C. Frost.

20th A. D. Br. 1—Kleckerbocker avenue and Harman street. Jean Jacques Coronel.

20th A. D. Br. 2—Central avenue and Madison street. W. W. Passare and S. M. White.

21st A. D. (Italian)—Johnson avenue and Humboldt street. Sam Ferro and H. Montabio.

Bakers' Meeting—Hamburg avenue and Linden street. J. A. Weil and B. C. Hammond.

OPEN-AIR MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Lawrence and Norris streets—A. Oibrich and Charles Sehl.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

(Hall Meeting.)
Labor Lyceum, 6th and Brown

streets—Fred D. Warren, editor Appeal to Reason.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Lawrence and Dauphin streets—M. Wait and Horace Reis.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Frankford avenue and Tioga street—E. H. Davies and Charles W. Ervin.

East Girard street and Columbia avenue—Charles Orle and Ed Moore.

5th street and Lehigh avenue—Frank Pnel and Harry C. Parker.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

8th and Spring Garden streets—Joseph Shaplen and M. Wait.

42d street and Lancaster avenue—Edward Kingston and Horace Reis.

Main and Manheim streets—A. Muldowney and Hugh Kenney.

2d, Pike and Benner streets—H. Doerfel and J. P. Clark.

Germantown and Lehigh avenues—James McDermott and C. W. Ervin.

Front and Dauphin streets—Joseph Barnes and Harry Gantz.

BUINESS MEETINGS

MANHATTAN AND BRONX.

Tonight.

City executive committee meets tonight at 339 East 84th street.

The regular meeting of Branch 5 will be held tonight (Labor Day).

All members are urged to be present. The following Comrades have been nominated to fill the vacancies in the various legislative and administrative bodies:

For representative in the 17th congressional district, George Oberdorfer.

For senator in the 15th senatorial district, Louis Chaskin.

For senator in the 19th senatorial district, Edward A. Ury.

For assemblyman in the 17th A. D., Albert Abrahams.

For assemblyman in the 9th A. D., Samuel Etlar.

For assemblyman in the 21st A. D., M. M. Bartholomew.

For assemblyman in the 33d A. D., Ambrose D. Albertson.

For assemblyman in the 31st A. D., John Wilkins.

Although the nominations have been made, it does not follow that our work for Socialism must come to a standstill. How near to electing these Comrades should be the earnest task of all of us now? There is literature to be distributed in the district. How much have you distributed, Comrade? There is literature to be sold. How much have you sold, Comrade? There are committees for all kinds of work. Which committee are you on, Comrade? Don't you realize that if you are not doing any work for the cause, others also are not doing any. Why wait to see if the other fellow is going to do it? Why not come right up to the front and do your share of your own work?

ORGANIZER.

Executive committee of the Bronx Fulton meets at the club house, 1563 Fulton avenue.

BRANCH 5 EXECUTIVE.

The executive committee of Branch 5 of Local New York will meet at 372 East 10th street at 8 o'clock this evening. Matters of grave importance to the organization are to be taken up.

Debate in Yorkville.

The Progress Literary and Debating Society has arranged a debate between Messrs. Louis A. Baum and William Sackheim entitled: "Resolved, That Socialism is a Menace to Civilization." All those wishing to hear arguments advanced for and against the proposition should be present this evening at the Yorkville clubrooms, 1461 3d avenue. Free admission and free forum for all.

BROOKLYN.

21st A. D. Branch 2—Meets at 181 McKibben street.

23d A. D. Branch 2—Meets at 294 Sackman street.

NEWARK, N. J.

The 8th Ward will hold a ward convention September 6, at 636 Sumner avenue, to nominate candidates for alderman, freholder, justice of peace and constable.

DENTISTS—Manhattan and Bronx.

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THE DAY AND NIGHT DENTIST

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85 Second Ave., Cor. 5th St.

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High Class Dentistry at the lowest prices

Sets of Teeth \$5 up.

25 Av. Office Open Day and Night

10 per cent discount to readers of The Call

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THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE SHOE STORE IN EAST NEW YORK

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R. Sonnenschein

2689 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bet. New Jersey Ave. and Vermont St.

Full assortment of W. L. Douglas \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 Shoes

Levy Bros.

Union Clothes and Gents' Furnishings

2196 Third Ave., Near 120th St., N. Y.

We beg to announce the opening of our Fall and Winter season of

UNION MADE CLOTHING

Never before have we showed such a complete line of up-to-date merchandise as we are now displaying.

All our clothing, as you are aware, bear the UNION LABEL and at prices much lower than other makers' without the label.

2196 Third Ave., Near 120th St., New York.

LEVY BROS.



An Easy Way to Get Good Union Made Shoes

Go to any shoe dealer and ask to see the Bates Book. Every reputable—shoe dealer within fifty miles of New York city has received one of these books within the last few days. The Bates Book is a Style Book and contains illustrations of Union Made Shoes suitable for up-to-date men.

If your dealer does not carry The Bates Shoe or does not have the particular style you wish, it is very easy for him to get it. Tell him to call up 5153 Worth and he will have the shoes quickly; in some instances—while you wait. In case you cannot readily find a dealer willing to accommodate you we can give you the name of one who will.

The Bates Shoe is stamped with Union Stamp No. 5. None others are genuine.

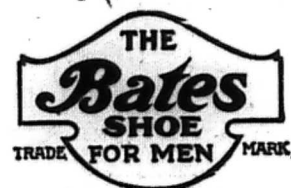
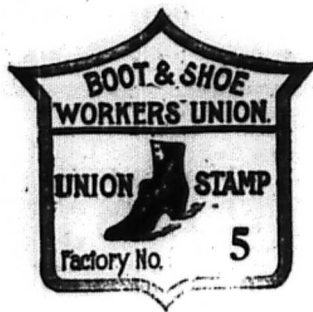
We have been making and selling shoes to New Yorkers for nearly fifty years and know we can just suit men who must have Value. By Value we mean long wear—Easy fit—and neat appearance, at a moderate price.

Eight hundred Shoe Dealers within fifty miles of New York think well enough of The Bates Shoe to carry it. The Bates Shoe is good enough for eight hundred dealers who have made a life study of shoe values—isn't it good enough for you?

Look for Union Stamp No. 5.

A. J. Bates & Co., Inc.

176-178 Duane St., New York City.



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TO ALL MEN suffering from STRUCTURE, BLOOD POISON, LOST VITALITY, VARICOSE VEINS, PROSTATITIS, BLADDER & SPECIAL DISEASES. If you have been treated elsewhere without being benefited or cured, call on me, as HUNDREDS of others have done, and were QUICKLY and permanently CURED. CONSULTATION and ADVICE cost nothing, and may result in restoring you to normal health and vigor.

DR. CANNON
Specialist on Diseases of Men
121 E. 23d St.
Between Lexington and Fourth Avenues.
Office Hours: 9 to 9; Sundays & Holidays, 10 to 2.

THE WEEKLY PLEDGE FUND

Remember that the weekly amount pledged should be mailed to The Weekly Pledge Committee, P. O. Box 1664, New York City, or paid to the cashier in the Call office. In both cases payments or remittances should reach us on Fridays. Acknowledgments will be made on Mondays. When sending remittances by mail use the following blank:

The Weekly Pledge Committee,
New York Call,
P. O. Box 1664,
New York City.
Dear Comrades: Inclosed herewith you will please find \$..... in payment of my weekly pledge for..... weeks.
Fraternally yours,
.....
Address.....

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When you are troubled with your eyes, have your eyes examined, and if glasses are necessary, have them made at
DR. B. L. BECKER'S OPTICAL PLACE
205 East Broadway, Tel. 2365 Orchard.
No other Branches.
I am with The Call since The Call started.
I. M. Kurtis, Glasses, \$1 & up.
Export Optician.
1028 Broadway, Brooklyn.

\$1 GLASSES FOR
Your Eyes Examined and treated by
DR. L. H. KRAMER,
From The Peerless Opt. Co., 570 Grand St.
Opp. State Bank.

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Successor to M. SHAPIRO,
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SPECIAL:
Roasting Beef.....9 1/2c
Roasting Lamb.....4 1/2c
Fresh Killed Chickens...11 1/2c
Small Sugar Cured Hams.10 1/2c

For one man who is ambitious to leave footprints in the sands of time there are a dozen who want to cover up their tracks.—Philadelphia Record.

The Will of the People

By W. E. P. FRENCH,

Out of the mills and workshops, out of the fields and mines, At the close of day come trooping the toil-worn wearied lines Of millions and millions of workers, and each in his horny hand Holds a power he doesn't dream of or doesn't understand. What is it? Why, the Ballot! O Fools! will you never see That the rich are but the apples and you the leaves of the tree? Aye, and its trunk and its branches and its rugged strength profound, Its mighty roots, far-reaching, thrust deep in the fertile ground. You are the teeming millions, they but a paltry few, And whatever wealth or power they hold was given them by you. Just ask yourself these questions, they are as simple as A, B, C: Does the tree produce the apples, or the apples make the tree? Is Capital Labor's father, or is it the other way? Is it right or wrong that the parent his own child should obey? Which is it depends on the other? If Labor's hands were still, Would the dollar still buy bread and the wheels revolve in the mill? You can rewrite the Constitution, change every law in the land; You can make every man and woman share the work of brain and hand.

But you must be up and doing! Why do you lie so still? Are you asleep and dreaming? You can own the earth if you will. You have the secret ballot in every state but ten. Amend the Constitution, bring them in line, and then, United, with purpose solemn, steadfast and brave and strong, Crush, in the might of your manhood, each law that upholds a wrong; Break every chain and shackle, and, with Labor's master key, Unlock each door that shuts in a right, and be truly, grandly free. Together, your might's as the ocean's, as sure, as resistless as death. The nations, expectant, are watching, the world, looking on, holds its breath

To see what you'll do with your treasure, this glorious, priceless thing That can end forever the rule of might, of plutocrat, priest and king. It is written, "The voice of the people is the voice of God;" but wait: Let us coin a new proverb for Labor—THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS FATE!

Timely Hints For the Early Fall.

Hours of daylight are growing shorter, and soon will come the chill in the evening air. Why not give a thought now to the latest **Gas Lighting fixtures and the Gas Heater?** Inquire at any gas office.

Consolidated Gas Co. of New York
GEO. B. CORTELYOU, President

Labor's Awakening

By LOUIS DUCHEZ.

"Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!" Never were these words more applicable than at the present time. Never was the revolutionary feeling which they convey more broadcast among the workers of this country than at present. The working class of the United States, especially during the last year, have felt this mighty spirit in the clarion call of Marx and Engels. They have listened and learned and are about ready to act. The facts of industry and psychology and of current events convince the close student of the American working class that something big is getting ready to happen in this country.

The slaves of McKees Rocks and Bethlehem and Philadelphia and New Castle and New York and the West have all received a vision of the mighty mission of the working class. This vision has been the result of the everyday struggles of their lives. They have learned; indeed, that solidarity is the revolutionary watchword of the hour. That the struggle between them and their economic masters is becoming more and more intense, that exploitation is increasing, and that the great wealth which their labor has produced has gone to the few who sow not but reap and enjoy. The lessons of history and the long, desperate struggles of the workers in the past are sinking deeper and deeper into their consciousness. They are realizing that these trials and defeats have been mighty lessons bearing the message of solidarity and organization as the road to freedom and happiness.

Only he who sees to what extent the development of capitalism is bounding forward; only he who sees the brutality and economic and political oppression in all its reality administered to the producers of wealth, is able to understand the tremendousness of modern events.

The wheels of social progress ceaselessly revolve. We cannot go backward; we must move on. "Benevolent feudalism" will never overtake the workers. There is too much of the mass spirit. Too much of that intelligence and solidarity that goes hand in hand with the training in the great modern socialized industries.

But the intelligence and action of our most militant Comrades is necessary. These are, indeed, times of tremendous things. Only strong organization, great discipline and passionate purpose will meet the mighty problems that we are sooner than most of us think going to be confronted with. What has taken place during the last year in America has been but a rehearsal of the Social Revolution. Whether the final play will be a successful one depends upon fearlessness in meeting the coming issues, great organization to direct the mighty

energy that is gathering like the storm clouds in the distance or the molten mass in the belly of a mountain ready to burst forth. There are those who will say that the Social Revolution is a long way off. They are either so far away from the real significant events, or they are so close to them and so much the victims of them that they hear not the rumblings. Or they are so wrapped up in the things of their own individual struggles that the great world events and the mass movements about them are not being realized. I feel as sure of victory as I do that the sun will rise tomorrow. And I feel that this victory will be realized "in my time"; and that "time" is nearer—mighty nearer—than most Socialists think. From every quarter, among all

classes of people, we hear words of warning and of horror.

The slaves of capitalism are taking on new courage, the middle class is lost and walling in the dark and the monarchs of industry are trembling with the horror of their fate. The supreme question of the hour is: Educate! Organize! Get ready for the Social Revolution!

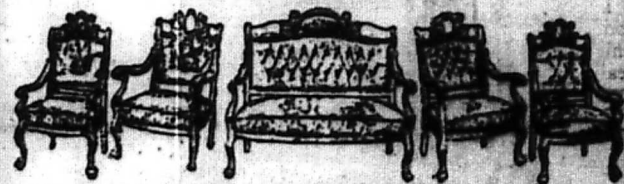
The clothing business is growing larger every day; this we all know, but to make clothing that will give satisfaction is a matter that very few manufacturers take any pains about. The most successful houses are those that give all their attention to making garments to please their customers.

We know that Marcus Bron, of 121-123 Canal street, for twenty-five years the leading clothing manufacturer, have built up a large business, giving satisfaction in every detail.

George J. Schwarz Largest Furniture and Carpet House in Ridgewood

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Reliable Furniture at Money Saving Prices



Five Piece Parlor Set—Mahogany frame, highly polished. Carefully upholstered and covered with panne plush, tufted back, spring edge, as shown in the above cut. Offered to Call readers at..... **\$48.50**

Beautiful China Closet—

Swell front door, bent glass sides, three wide shelves. Handsomely finished in golden oak. Special at **\$16.98**

Brass Bed—with two-inch continuous posts and seven half-inch slats at each end. Finished in pale or white. Together with patent spring and also felt mattress and a round bolster. Complete at only **\$37.50**

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ACTS LIKE MAGIC
40 Years. the Standard of Efficiency
Instantly Stops that everlasting Smarting, Aching and Foot Weariness. Dissolves Corns and Callouses. Soothes and Removes Bunions and all Inflammations. Relieves and Prevents Excessive Perspiration. A triumph of medical skill. Worked out by William Johnson, graduate of the London Chemical Laboratory. One cake will demonstrate it. Buy a cake today and know what Foot Comfort means.
Large cake 25c. All druggists.
WILBUR A. WELCH, Sole Distributor, 905 Flatiron Building, New York

BUY DIRECT FROM MFR.

Complete 3.25 Complete 3.25

Spread 22 In., Length to Measure. This mission square wrought iron Light Gas Dome, with green, red, amber glass and beaded fringe, genuine Welsbach light or Argand burner and two candles to match. Complete. \$3.25

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FREE an artistic candle holder with each purchase of above or any other Dome with this coupon.

CIVIC FEDERATION TO "GUM SHOE" NOW?

No More Publicity in Settling Labor Disputes—Will Adopt Soft Pedal Tactics, 'Tis Said.

(From the Toledo Union Leader.) Has the National Civic Federation quietly abandoned its original purpose of uniting Brothers Capital and Labor, and is it now traveling on past promises and future pledges to "get the money" for Ralph Montgomery Easley, its secretary and acknowledged head?

In a copyrighted article, running in Eastern papers, John B. Mow gives fulsome praise to the federation, and it looks as though Easley is about ready to "touch" the various influences for healthy contributions to aid the state branches now being formed. The writer announces that the Civic Federation is the most powerful unofficial body in America, and that it is Easley's personal creation, which may surprise those acquainted with the formation of the Civics. We are also told that the federation "blocks strikes secretly and settles strikes judiciously."

Easley is quoted as saying: "We have had considerable notoriety with respect to what we have done in strikes and lockouts, but we want no more of it in the future. Disputes between capital and labor must be settled by the most delicate arts of diplomacy, and away from the eye and ear of the public."

This means that gum-shoe and Sherlock Holmes tactics are to be used by those who formerly told us that the widest publicity would settle the strike question.

The article is a blunt announcement that the National Civic Federation will stoop to questionable methods. It is also a bold bid for financial support. And to show that Easley is qualified for this kind of work, the writer relates, with due regard for detail, how Easley, in early '99, secretly placed three confederates in various sections of the Kansas Populist movement to spy on the members of that organization and report to him. The men became prominent, and after Easley became acquainted with the plans of the agriculturists, he journeyed to Washington and

Brotherhood of Machinists

LABOR DAY PICNIC

BROOKLYN LABOR LYCEUM

Myrtle and Willoughby Avenues, Brooklyn

Dancing Concert Prize Bowling

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showed the powers that be at the time the necessity for action, or, to use Easley's words, to "kindle a fire in the brush and get the farmer back to our party." My plan," continued this worthy, "was to lure the agricultural thought away from cheap pork and money to alcohol. Easley then tells how he used the information so treacherously secured, and succeeded, with the aid of politicians, to interest churches, Sunday schools and temperance societies in the prohibition question. A monster mass meeting was held and the farmers were shifted from all thoughts of economic ills to that of John Barleycorn. In other words, Easley tells the big interests that he smashed the Populist movement in Kansas, and can, therefore, handle the unions.

Easley is shown as a high flyer, promoter in real estate, newspaper, and salt wells. At present his outfit headed by Seth Low, announces that it will interest itself in securing uniform laws for taxation, insurance, good roads, conservation (not of men's public accounting and other questions that can be discussed with safety). The labor question is getting too hot to openly handle, so the Civics, according to the writer, will block strikes secretly and settle them secretly away from the public eye. The Kansas incident is proof that Easley is competent for this kind of work, and should be supported by every "open shopper" in the land.

Oh, Woman With the Painted Face

By SARDONICUS.

Oh, woman with the painted face,
Poor outcast of the human race,
We, too, must share in thy disgrace—
We, too, are guilty.

Oh, specter of the Great White Way,
Oh, Magdalen for whom we pray
Our saintly prayers, day by day,
Hear our confession.

Who tore thy crown of glory down,
And gave thee Infamy's renown,
While those untempted stare and frown,
Like icy statues?

Who forced thee to this vile estate—
To lead a life which devils hate?
Thy birthright, was it? Was it fate?
Who can answer?

White figure, writing in the sand,
While all around abashed we stand,
What saith thine all-accusing hand?
"Robbed and exploited!"

Thine not the lustful harlot's fall,
Who finds the simple life a pall
And, risking, ends by losing all
In hell's own kitchen.

Thine just the story of the poor,
Who live in want until the lure
Of easy money, quick and sure,
Is their undoing.

Half-orphaned, on life's dreary wave,
Dear little mother, thou wert brave,
Until we garnered thee, a slave,
Our incomes spinning.

Not every woman who goes wrong
Is beautiful in yellow song,
Or envied by the thoughtless throng
Of body-sellers.

And what though these the purple wear,
With clustered diamonds in their hair—
Plattered the fairest of the fair—
They, too, are victims.

Where should thy Tree of Knowledge grow?
Or what of economics know
These playthings of the passing show,
In paint and tinsel?

Weary thy wayward feet tonight,
Conquered in thine unequal fight,
Woman, the world shall set thee right—
Look up, take courage!

In many sickening hours of shame
To thee, no doubt, the horror game,
That life is scarcely worth the flame
Of yonder candle.

And yet there's nothing can displace
The true Madonna in thy face,
Poor outcast of the human race,
"Robbed and exploited."

For when the spoilers cease to spoil,
And cease to live upon the toil
Of all who spin or till the soil,
Then comes redemption.

Then thou, and all thy sisters, too,
Shalt enjoy holy vow renew,
And live new lives, both pure and true,
Aye, and forever!

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One-quarter Acre 100x100

This beautiful Park is located within easy walking distance of Railroad station at Brunswick, N. J.

New Brunswick is a large, fast growing city; located on main line of Penna. R. R.; it is the fifth healthiest city in the U. S., and one of the largest commercial and industrial centers in New Jersey.

We Are Selling at Bargain Prices. Write for Free Tickets

THE BACHE REALTY COMPANY

220 Broadway, New York.

Why Pay Rent When You Can Get a Homesite Free

5 FREE LOTS 5

AT BOYNTON BEACH HEIGHTS

If You Solve This Puzzle

Why pay rent when you can use the same money for paying off and owning your own home at Boynton Beach, Fla. Place any amount from \$1 to \$5 in the nine empty squares of that when they are all added together in one grand total the sum will be \$45, what Mr. Trent says Mr. Laidford for two months' rent of his home in the city. Do not use the same number twice. An excellent chance to win a free lot, with merely the expense of the solving puzzle. All the prizes of content: The five persons sending the nearest correct answers will receive \$100 each. To the next 100 next correct answer \$100 will be awarded in the form of a Credit Certificate, time to be applied at cash on the purchase of any lot at our property at Boynton Beach Heights.

Certificate and lot winners may accept or reject same upon presentation. No answers received from outside. Quarter of \$100. The property is centrally located, within 17 miles of New York City, on the main line of the Pennsylvania and Central railroads of N. J., and is but 7 minutes' walk from the station. Time from New York to the beach and back by train, 1 hour and 15 minutes. The property is a high class of union work, with a high class of union work, with a high class of union work, with a high class of union work.

Write for rules to the property daily at 1 P. M. Sundays at 10 P. M. leaving from our office. Contest closes Sept. 15.

METUCHEN REALTY IMPROVEMENT CO.
26 Cortlandt St., New York
Telephone 1877 Cortlandt.

UNION AND SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

The regular meetings of your Union and Society should be announced here. It will assist you in winning new members. Bring this matter up at your next meeting.

Special rates upon application to The New York Call, 409 Pearl St., New York.

Kindly send us corrections and additions for this directory.

UNITED JOURNEMEN TAILORS LOCAL No. 590.

Headquarters, 100 and Reading Room, 100 W. 42d St. Free country dues, 10c. per month to 12 a. m. Delegate body meets every Monday, 8 p. m.

United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, Local Union No. 407, meets every Monday, 8 p. m., at 201-203 East 124th Street. K. A. P. meets every Monday, 8 p. m., at 201-203 East 124th Street. K. A. P. meets every Monday, 8 p. m., at 201-203 East 124th Street.

International Union of Bricklayers, Local No. 11, meets every Monday, 8 p. m., at 201-203 East 124th Street. K. A. P. meets every Monday, 8 p. m., at 201-203 East 124th Street.

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HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.
UNION MADE LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS—Boston.
SHOE REPAIRING—Boston.
SURGEON DENTIST—Boston.
SOCIALIST BOOKS, PERIODICALS.
UNION MADE BADGES—MONTHLY UNION BUTTONS—CELLULOID NOVELTIES.
UNION MADE CIGARETTES, BOX TRADE MAIL ORDERS—BOSTON.
BOSTON SMOKER.
PHOTOGRAPH STUDIOS—Boston.
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A HACKENSACK FLYER.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Sept. 4.—Frederick Kuhnert, of Pink street, this city, a practical machiner, is attempting tomorrow afternoon make an attempt to soar aloft in an aeroplane of his own invention. He has been working on it for nearly two years.

LEVY BROTHERS' MESSAGE TO CALL READERS.

Readers of The Call and Union Men, we deliver this message to you: If there is a clothing firm in Greater New York more credited to their credit than the UNION LABEL then Levy Brothers, of 31 Canal street, have not yet made their acquaintance. Almost all the union men of the East Side know that for the last three years Levy Brothers have been using and boosting the garment workers' Union Label.

In visiting a restaurant, a union office, a meeting hall, and a picnic ground you cannot fail to notice that the billboards or cards given out by Levy Brothers are adorned with the union label, and requesting all who see any label other than the union label to be in general, and in the garment workers' label especially. Almost every labor paper published in New York and vicinity contains the advertisement of Levy Brothers, 31 Canal street, which tells the readers of their faith in the UNION LABEL.

Instead of being called the Great Street Clothing, they should be named the UNION LABEL TAILORS. They employ skilled workmen, who receive the highest union scale of wages paid, and who work exclusively for the Union Label in the most sanitary conditions in the Greater City.

Whenever bought clothes for men, women, boys, or children, be sure to get the Union Label, and examine our stock of goods. After visiting our store you will be convinced that the Union Label is the highest quality in the garment city. Hoping to see all our Call readers at our store, we are yours for the success of the union label.

George Oberdorfer, PHARMACEUT.

2902 Eighth Ave., Near 123rd St.

Key West Co-operative Cigars

Union Made By Comrades.

5c each. \$2.25 per box of 50

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"The Workmen's Circle" (Austrian) meets every Friday evening at 205-207 Burtlett street, or Barclay St. N. Y. City. Tel. 200-207.

Workmen's Circle Branch 12th, meets at 125 Broadway, every week on 12th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

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115TH ST., 110 W.—Special concessions to reliable people; 6 light rooms; steam; \$24.

67TH ST., 305 W.—Elegant 4 large, light, airy rooms; improvements; half month; \$12.

63D ST., 170 W. (bet. Columbus and Amsterdam ave.)—Five rooms and bath; \$20.

48TH ST., 514 W.—Five large, light rooms; hot water; range; \$18.

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WEST END AVE., 150 W.—6 large, light rooms; hot water; \$18.

COLUMBUS AVE., 401 (near 64th st.)—4 rooms; bath; improvements; \$22. Inquire Janitor.

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12TH ST., 315 E.—3-4 rooms, bath, hot water supply; \$8-14.

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FROM A MEDIAEVAL CHRONICLE By D. S. Webster

In the ancient, mediaeval days, before we were troubled with newspapers, the only way of recording events and ideas was to write them out in a tedious and painful manner upon parchment. Our present newspaper method of hasty exaggeration would probably have been frowned upon by the ancient scribes. They preferred the more deliberate and ornate method of lying.

These parchments were made from the skins of sheep, and when King Arthur, who was the invincible heavy-weight of the time and chief source of news, fared forth looking for fight, and met a bunch of animated junk for the same thing, great was the slaughter—of sheep.

The monks monopolized most of the writing in those days. Roosevelt not having yet arrived, they kept records of the scraps and scrapes of the nightly scrapper. They laid down whatever new idea or noble thought occurred to them. I have often wondered why there was such a dearth of ideas and noble thoughts during the dark ages, and I believe it was due simply to the disadvantages of parchment writing. Just imagine a monk getting an idea about the year 1010. He would sit down in the cloister, or whatever the editorial department was called, pick out a piece of sheep leather and start to write out that precious thought, slowly and fully constructing the black letter from the scraps and scrapes of the night's pieces here and there, taking a day off now and then to kill a few heretics or collect the taxes.

About 1030 he would be appointed his climax, accompanied by a few illuminated initials and fill-in work. Finally, in 1030 it would be finished, its news slightly stale, the ink faded, and time to grow old, but still a thing of beauty and a work of art.

When the scribe would take it to the bishop. If the idea was worthy for 1030 the editor would simply tear up the parchment and give the poor monk to some seven years' penance for writing such an article of the devil, "or, in modern editorial phraseology, "a devil of an idea."

It is easily seen that if a monk had more than two ideas in a lifetime he got away with them, he was a genius. As for the common person, he harbored an idea and made any amount of it, he died in a painful and agonizing manner shortly afterward.

Therefore, a palimpsest that survives the vicissitudes of time and the ravages of men is a valuable document when I came across one of the parchments in one of the bookshelves, I deemed myself fortunate and prepared for some brave lying about these ancient and gallant wash-

ings. A palimpsest is not easy read. You cannot pick it up like the "New York Journal" or Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" and simply at back and forth on and on, while your

brain takes a rest. It's got to be studied over, and sworn at. After studying a little and swearing a lot you finally cook up a story that passes muster, and you take your place along with Dr. Cook and Baron Munchausen and Teddy and the other great discoverers. All of which is perfectly legitimate. Take, for instance, those two ancient and obsolete parchments called the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. No one knows exactly what they mean except a few corporation lawyers and the members of the Supreme Court, and at times they themselves are forced to put an arbitrary construction upon them.

The parchment I received was, of course, written by a monk. He seemed in a sort of peevish and rebellious mood when he wrote it. It seems that in those days everything was done for the glory of God. Parchment writing, killing heretics, hoeing the garden, beating your wife, and all the other common activities of life, were done for God's glory.

But our contumacious monk said he was sick and tired of writing about the mortality in iron-mongery, and keeping statistics of heretics burned, boiled and skinned—all for the glory of God. He intimated in a somewhat forcible and archaic manner that he was becoming rather fatigued with the celestial advertising stunt. Naturally a monk in that frame of mind goes to the opposite extreme and seeks inspiration from the devil, and that is probably why he chose to write about the most forgotten people of ancient times, heading his parchment, "Antique Antics in Ancient Amerique."

Ancient Amerique, wrote the monk, was a country situated between two large bodies of water. It was a land flowing with milk and honey, but through the machinations of certain necromancers, called financiers, the milk and honey, became so diluted with water that it might be said that Amerique was a large body of water situated between two other large bodies of water. Colloquially speaking, its name was Muc.

Water, in those days, seems to have been a rather insipid diet, so the Ameriques formed the peculiar habit of eating bread, forming themselves in long processions for the purpose. These processions were called bread lines. The monk believes this was some kind of a minor religious festival, for, while it received the sanction and approval of the church, none of the hierarchy was ever known to take part in it.

The ancient Ameriques had many other peculiar habits. One was that of working. They got the habit early, some acquiring this vicious habit at the tender age of three years. This habit secured such a firm hold of this ancient people that they could think of nothing else. There was only one sure way to escape this habit, and that was to die, and after these infants had suffered from this habit for four or five years they were glad to accept this heroic method of ridding themselves of the habit. A great many,

however, persisted in this evil practice until old age. This, said the monk, is plainly sacrilegious, as God himself only labored one week, then quitting the job forever. The truly religious people seemed to have been tramps and millionaires, who never worked, thus improving upon the divine example. The former the monk believes to have been saints whom the people afflicted, and the latter saints who afflicted the people.

But the most peculiar practice of the people was saving money. Money is such a rarity these days that I am somewhat at a loss to explain what the word means. Now and then one comes across a man who has had money, or who knows of some one who had money once upon a time, or has heard in a vague, indefinite way that there is money. When you ask him what it looks like, he explains that he had it such a short time he couldn't get thoroughly acquainted with it. Having no samples of money myself, nor personal knowledge thereof, I shall have to depend upon the description the monk gives.

Money, says the monk, is a medium of exchange. You had to get money first before you could get anything else. You had to exchange money

for food or clothing, or franchises, or senatorial seats; if you had money you could exchange it for a new wife or a new hat, one as readily as the other; you even could exchange it for justice, the rarest thing in that rare old time.

Now, most of the people, instead of using money for its legitimate purpose of buying aldermen and square meals and new wives and other things, used to store it away. When a man found 50 cents or so at the end of the fiscal year that the beef trust or the foreign missions or some other trust had overlooked, he promptly—that is, more or less promptly—stowed it away in an old sock or a bank or some other porous receptacle. Now he didn't do this because he liked to do it. A 50 cent piece stored away in a porous place cannot buy a divorce or swing an election.

The reason why he ached his money was because of a certain theory extant in those ancient days. This theory was a beautiful thing; so clear and simple and lucid, and bound to bring results. It went like this: Save a million dollars for a thousand years and at the end of that time you will be a billionaire.

Any one can see how mathematically plausible and certain and sure it was; just a trifle more difficult than the classical two and two problem, to be sure, but only because there were more figures in it. Even a child could do it—in paper.

And the theory wasn't a dogmatic or constricted affair. If you didn't like to save \$1,000,000 for a thousand years, you could save a thousand dollars for a million years. The result was always the same—you became a billionaire, which was the American conception of heaven. This theory was assiduously promulgated by certain men who had reached this ancient, heavenly state or were rapidly approaching it. These saintly creatures were known as Knights of the Holy Grail, or Grift—these ancient parchments are difficult in spots—and every \$10 per week piker thoroughly believed this ancient legend and hurled huge gobs of nickels and dimes and quarters into the bank in the mad desire for billions. Sometimes he would hurl as much as a 50-cent piece into the bank, and that institution would sag and rock to its very foundations from the impact, and the officers would add another million to the assets upon the strength of it.

But, alas! there was a flaw somewhere. In spite of all their terrific thrift and strenuous savings, that billion seemed still to be a thousand years away. Still, they had the living, breathing, pecculating billions right before their eyes serenely adding their yearly millions according to schedule. They could see them, hear them, touch them and be touched. It was strange.

The theory was perfect; by mental arithmetic, long hand or upon the adding machine it always came out right. Again it was strange.

And the people began to think. It was a weird and terrible thing, writes the monk, to see these people in the throes of mental labor—it not being one of their regular habits. But, nevertheless, they arrived at the vague conclusion that the reason why they couldn't save a billion dollars was because of the banks.

Now, this was terrible—not the thinking, but the thought. Banks belonged to the great trinity of divinely appointed saving institutions that afflicted the people at that time—the church which saves men's souls, the Republican party which saved the country, and banks which saved the most important thing of all, money, and to have suspicions concerning divinely appointed things was the direct road to perdition or the Socialist party.

There were only four or five means of depositing savings in those days—banks, race tracks, Wall street, booze joints and bunco steers. They all had their failings. And the people grew suspicious of banks, not merely because of its falling habits, but because it was so irregular in its failings. The other institutions were decidedly more uniform in this respect. If you saved up 50 cents and put it into Wall street or a booze joint, that was the end of it. But if you put it in a bank it might be one year or five years before the bank president ran off with it. It was the uncertainty of the thing that scared men's souls. It must have been slightly annoying, after five years of thrift and meanness, and after you had saved as much as \$2.25 and were upon the highroad toward that billion, to find some morning that the bank officials had taken a bank holiday along with your money. This happened so frequently that it was almost an unsurmountable difficulty to the saving of a billion dollars in a thousand years.

Something had to be done, so the people complained to their rulers—representatives and senators, and other scallawags who did things for and to the people. These representatives met yearly in Congress, when they ratified the various laws which the Holy Grifters presented to them. This Congress passed some 200 or 400 of these laws. Out of this number there was always one or two passed for the benefit of the people, that is, nominally. They were generally so unconstitutional that they didn't count.

Nobody knew exactly why these laws should be passed; some foolish ancient custom perhaps. So it was decided to pass a postal banking law

in response to the people's demand and to assist them in becoming billions.

This law was a fairly good law. It was commended faintly by the Socialists, who never commended anything. The Socialists were some kind of progressive people. The monk says that progressive people were generally sinners, so they didn't count for much anyway. The law was also commended by the bankers themselves, after they had tinkered with it a little, and it also served to fool the people a little longer, which was its main purpose.

The people now had their nice little law, a safe and secure place to put money, and the guarantee of the government, at least to the amount of \$500, that it would assist them in becoming billions.

Where there was still a hiatus somewhere. There were just as few billions as ever, that is, those who had saved a billion. Even with all the advantages of a safe and sound bank they found it almost impossible to save even \$500. Some couldn't save 50 cents.

Then the people started again upon the evil practice of thinking. Having a little more practice by this time they did some tall odd ornamental thinking. They concluded, in the first place, that it was somehow impossible to save a billion dollars in a thousand years. They concluded that the reason for this was the peculiar fact that they didn't have any money to save, money had become almost as scarce then as it is now. Then, as a final conclusion, they said that if they didn't have any money to save, what was the use of saving?

Then they took that postal banking law and tinkered with it a little—not much—just a clause or two. They left it substantially the same, adding a clause, making it a criminal offense to save more than \$500 in a lifetime.

This had various effects. Banks and billionaires went out of fashion. Saving and saving, and scraping and saving men also became unfashionable. No one gained by cheating his fellow man, because he had nowhere to put his gains. No one took a profit because he had no place to put it. People began to practice the discarded art of saving square meals because there was no use of practicing the art of saving perishable goods. In fact, they almost lost the art of saving, except their health and accumulating their souls, and they waxed fat and happy, even in the end and the end.

Unfortunately this is the end of the manuscript. The monk who wrote it was probably drawn, quartered, boiled and skinned for writing such blasphemous stuff, but we can see that even if God had forgotten these ancient Ameriques and they were a lost nation, still they managed to save themselves by losing the art of saving.

"I think I will get a talking match." "Oh, Mr. Matt, this is so sudden."

—Ez.

LABOR'S DAY :- By Joseph E. Cohen

From year to year the proof grows that the labor question is at the heart of the social question.

Not that this is generally recognized today. So far as the politicians are concerned it is not recognized at all.

Political parties of whatever nature and shade of opinion have, as far back as the early decades of the last century, made their appeal to labor at election times.

But their interest in labor went no further. It never kept pace with the awakening consciousness of labor the year round. The politician reasoned that labor was defenseless except at the election booth. And while this thought carries some measure of truth, it also demonstrates how short-sighted the politician is.

For, while labor organized political parties from the first, it fought more tenaciously on the economic field. This was entirely natural. Labor has always hit from the shoulder and at close range.

Only as labor profited by experience did it add weapons that were as steel against the bare fist. The trades unions went through one change after another. Solidarity, carrying the idea of organization of national and international scope, sprouted from the little craft union scorn.

Labor was no longer a plaything,

tamed and domesticated by the rulers of industry. It became a menace and a thing to fear. Strikes, no longer the aimless blow of a hot-spur mind, became gigantic in nature and shook the whole country.

And for itself labor was inspired by the feel of its own bounding youth and health and virility.

Labor Day was won. It seems such an insignificant item to us. It was only one holiday a year. It means so little in terms of dollars and cents. Nothing more than the loss of a day's pay.

But the things that appear to mean least often turn out to be most. History is replete with the instances when a spark started a social conflagration that turned midnight into day.

Labor Day is only a holiday. But it is a reminder. It tells the story of how hard the first fruits were won from the niggardly master class. It tells how steep and stubborn was the beginning of labor's climb up the hill of emancipation.

And it tells us that a new day has begun.

It is a far cry from a sixteen-hour day to the ten-hour day. And it is a still farther cry from the ten-hour day to the eight-hour day. For an hour of leisure and study now brings so much fuller recompense to labor than it did three or four centuries back.

So much more does it accomplish in a year now than heretofore. So much

firmer does it intrench itself for the hereafter.

Just one day for labor in a whole year of misery and slavery. Just a breathing spell in a lifetime of mephitic air.

But enough to mark a new tendency, a breaking away from the fetters that grip the pulse and shackle the feet. Enough to mean the stir of a fresh breeze through the lungs, a new throbbing through the heart and a cause to fight for.

Enough to prophesy a new birth of class consciousness. It is a solvent for all the alloy in the make-up of labor that it has inherited down the ages. It is the power that has dwarfed the claw and the fang of the fight and expanded the skull.

It is the great ocean into which empty the best and the truest in that which men call religion. Only upon its fair bosom will the ship of state now building be launched.

What Moses did for a wandering tribe, what Christ did for one roving band, and Confucius for a lost civilization, that Karl Marx and the great cause that bears his name have done for the whole world.

Labor Day is only a touch of the new spirit and an index to the new reclamation. But it is that much. And maybe the small beginnings count for more than we know.

But even for itself Labor Day is enough.

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High Grade Line of Shirts, fast colors, guaranteed; prices ranging from \$2.50 down to 47c. Silk Underwear, Raguettes Underwear, White Lisle and Balbriggans, Porosknit and B. V. D., at popular prices.

Lisle Sox, imported Silk Sox. Pajamas in all shades and qualities, Night Shirts, Vests.

Neckwear of the kind that slips easy, from \$1 down to 19c. And many other things that an up-to-date Gents' Furnisher has to carry and are too numerous to mention. Come and convince yourselves. My prices are reasonable, the goods are of the latest styles and pattern.

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By WARD SAVAGE

Dear Comrade: Do you feel blue and discouraged with the prospects of the working class in America?

Does your enthusiasm ever lag, your energy seem gone; has your youthful ambition for social justice diminished? Do you ever see spots of defeat for Socialism before your eyes? In fact, do you ever feel frazzled, run down, worn out at the feet, sore and disgusted with the whole evolutionary process? If you do, better communicate with us at once, stating your symptoms. You are in bad need of a good tonic for your tired nerves. If you allow this to continue, you will soon develop a case of pessimistic—or grumpy—which is highly detrimental to socialistic growth. Better cheer up and get a good tonic, today. Have cheerfulness and good humor, with a liberal dash of Socialist logic to give it a pleasant taste. It is put up in monthly packages of sixteen large illustrated pages, and sells for ten cents a package, or one year's treatment for one dollar. One dose is guaranteed to remove the worst case of blues and pessimism that ever found root in the mind of a down-trodden wage slave. A trial treatment will arouse a new interest in life that will make the most delinquent party member jump up and crack his heels at the prospect of attending the regular meeting of the local.

WARNING TO CAPITALISTS! DON'T TAKE HOPE—It's Dangerous!

We cannot furnish HOPE to Capitalists. If you are a Capitalist don't send for it. It won't agree with you and might have fatal results. HOPE is for WORKERS ONLY.

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HOPE is composed only of the best jokes, hopeful pictures and cartoons that are to be found in the world. No pampering-of-the-rich, poking-fun-at-the-poor rotgut is allowed in this stimulating tonic.

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The Life of a Longshoreman

BY C. A. DONOVAN.

My father wanted me to be a schoolmaster and kept me at school until I was nineteen years of age. I had now served five years as junior teacher and passed my first examination successfully, but two years had to be spent in college before I could get my life certificate. However, my father's finances failing at the time, and I not feeling strongly inclined to embrace the teaching profession, because of pipe dreams concerning the Great Western Republic, decided to leave the old homestead and emigrate from Ireland in the spring of 1902.

I came to Fall River and for two years traveled from one port of Massachusetts to another, finally drifting to Boston. There long weary months I searched in vain for employment. At length, almost crushed with despair, I saw in a soiled and torn piece of one of the city papers an advertisement for longshoremen. The advertisement said "able-bodied men," but the continual monotony of beans and coffee at the 3-penny lunch had reduced my weight considerably and I was anything but an able-bodied man. However, as I was on the point of starvation and must have work, I decided to apply for the job. Immediately I repaired to the Leyland dock in East Boston, where the men were wanted, and as soon as I was inside the gate, was asked to go to work. Did I feel glad? Well, rather! Physically I was incapable, but as I never before had turned my back on anything, I was not going to do it now, so with grim determination I tackled the job.

There are two classes of longshoremen: those who work on ocean liners, known as deep-water men, and those who labor on local boats—ships that sail along the eastern coast of the United States.

A longshoreman does not work steadily and is therefore paid by the hour. The deep-water men are thoroughly organized, and consequently get better wages than the others. The former receive 30 cents an hour during the day; 40 cents an hour from 6 o'clock till 12; 50 cents an hour from 12:30 to 5 in the morning, and 60 cents an hour for Sundays and holidays.

For trimming grain the pay is 50 cents an hour. The grain is put into the lowest hold of the vessel. At the speed of lightning and with the noise of a cataract it descends from an elevator through a chute into the ship. The grain rises like a pyramid and the men with shovels are sent down to evul it off. If the grain continues to descend while the men are trimming it, their position for the time being is horrible. The dust goes up their nostrils, down their throats and clings even to their eyelashes; from head to foot they are white with dust, and the men come up from that hold scarcely recognizable. An hour is generally the limit for trimming grain, but one memorable day I put in four. It was the hardest four hours I ever experienced, and my vital organs were in such a state at the end of this time that I would not do such work again for even \$2 an hour. I came up from that hold more dead than alive. My throat was parched, my head dizzy, and like a half-strangled wolf I staggered to the nearest barroom and sought to cool my burning thirst with something stronger than water.

To work on a deep water boat one must be a member of the longshoremen's union. I was not a member when I started in the business, but I soon had to become one or I could get no work. When I first sought employment as a longshoreman men were scarce and any one could get a job, but on the next ship the union men were given the preference and I was left out in the cold. It costs \$5 to join the union and the dues are 25 cents a month. On becoming a member a card is given, which must always be shown when he is hired on a ship. These cards are changed four times a year and members are always supplied with new ones.

A crowd of men continually await the arrival of a vessel. Invariably the supply exceeds the demand. The ship is divided into eight sections or hatches, with a boss and a hatchman for each; also a head or walking boss and a timekeeper.

The ship has docked. The walking boss stands on a stage of merchandise and the men flock around him. He casts his eyes over the crowd and calls the hatchman of number one; next he calls the watchman, who runs the watch driven by steam, the machine that hoists the freight out of the ship; then the men that work in the ship; and finally the truckers. There are sixteen men to each hatch, and the timekeeper writes down every man's name.

The hatches are now "filled" and the men start to work. The watchman oils his machinery, gets it ready for action, and the truckers look for trucks. This latter is a serious matter, for a good truck is half the battle. Shall I ever forget the first time I handled a poor truck? I shudder even now when I think of it. To pull the truck empty was hard work enough, but with a load it required the strength of a Hercules. The axles from want of oil looked like burnished silver and the wheels ran any way but in parallel lines. Every hour seemed a week, and why I did not

drop dead from exhaustion still remains a mystery to me. In my innocence I told the hatch boss of my trouble, but was laughed to scorn. He pointed to a crowd of gaunt and hungry-looking creatures at the gate and brutally informed me to go home if unable to do the job. Pie alley and the three-penny lunch had fed me long enough and I wanted to change to a good boarding house, consequently I swallowed the lump of indignation that rose in my throat and with a meek and cowed spirit shuffled along. About two hours after I managed to get a good truck. God! what a relief. In my lifetime I have often felt happy when relieved from pain, but I think the greatest happiness I have ever enjoyed has been the change from a bad truck to a good one.

The men have started to work. From the hold the freight comes up tied in slings and is carried by the truckers to various places along the wharf. There are three trucks to every hatch and two men to each truck. Trucking is not enjoyable work, but without a hook to handle the freight, as deep-water men must load their own trucks, it is worse than the treadmill. This hook is made of steel, pointed like a needle; it has a wooden handle and is shaped like the letter J. For handling cotton or cases of merchandise a hook is almost indispensable.

How is a boat loaded? Much the same as she is discharged of her cargo. A stage, which is a long, thick plank about six feet wide, is placed against the side of the ship, and the truckers bring the freight tied in slings to it; a long rope called a fall is attached to the load and the watchman hoists it up and lowers it into the vessel. The man below take the freight apart and spread it evenly on the bottom of the ship.

The first time I worked as a longshoreman a vessel was being loaded, and I, with another man, was sent trucking apples. Six barrels constitute a load, and we handled them without stopping from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 5 next morning. Often through the night that "tired feeling" overcame me, and I felt like sitting down to rest, but the boss was ever in our rear urging us along, so that "tired feeling" soon spread itself in work. Thus I realized what it was to work hard in a living, and many were the vain regrets for the once despaired position of schoolmaster. The worst, however, was yet to come. I was child's play to trucking bacon.

Inclosed in wooden boxes or cases, each weighing from 500 to 800 pounds, and every man trucks a case alone. If the bacon is near the hatch, the work is easy enough; but if any distance away it is wretched slavery. The men in the ship must of course be kept busy. If taking the freight from No. 1 hatch to No. 8, as is sure to be the case, the poor wretch on a truck must go like a race horse. After two or three hours forced marching of this kind, it can be readily imagined how the poor longshoreman feels. He would not care to tackle the Marathon, I assure you. One cold, wintry day I put in eight solid hours at such work. I felt like an iceberg when I began, but soon the blood began to circulate. In a short time my sheepskin coat was discarded; next from my back came my vest, and when my Irish hood began to boll there was nothing left but the trousers and undershirt. Once in sheer exhaustion I stood panting on the wharf. The vapor that escaped from my body made me invisible six feet away. At length some one called me, and I went, or rather stumbled, home. The landlady put a large dish of spareribs and cabbage in front of me. I felt like a famished wolf, and when I got up from that table I surely must have weighed ten pounds more than when I sat down. There was a look of horrible surprise on the landlady's face; doubtless she was thinking my \$5 per week totally insufficient for room and board. I did not blame her. Those who advocate the strenuous life should spend a few hours trucking bacon; when they get through I guarantee they will want exercise of a milder kind.

Having worked on every deep-water boat in Boston, I next turned my attention to the local boats. Although I found the work the same, the methods employed were somewhat different. In the deep-water boats the trucker never enters the ship; in the others he must always go into the boat to get his load. As the vessel rises and falls with the fluctuation of the tide the plank or stage connecting the ship with the wharf is seldom level. Sometimes it is almost perpendicular.

While discharging a cargo winches are used to pull up the trucks, but when loading another man puts a stick behind a truck and keeps it from going too quickly into the ship. Sometimes the side of the stage acts as a "brake" and by pressing the wheel of the truck against it you go down easily enough. My first experience entering a local boat was rather exciting. Foolishly I ignored the brake and went to the center of the plank. I shot down the stage like an avalanche, struck against another truck coming out and fell headlong across the deck. I never again despised the "brake." On the contrary, I fixed an immovable eye on it twenty yards away and deliberated with myself how best to "catch it." Having succeeded a sigh of relief would escape me and with a chuckle I went slowly down.

and going out of the ship. He made no reply, but gave me a terrible look, and when next I got back to the ship a load of pig iron containing about a thirty pieces and weighing almost a ton hung over the hatch awaiting me, the boss angrily pointing toward it. With a fearful shudder I backed under the load and dragged it around to the other side of the wharf. When I reached the place where the iron should be piled I almost collapsed. After this experience I killed time just the same, but my periods of rest were of shorter duration.

A longshoreman's life is fraught with danger; he is liable to get killed or meet with a serious accident any time. Here is one instance. A certain night three of us were "breaking out" cotton in the Savannah boat. While trying to move a bale, the hook of one of the men slipped and he plunged headlong down below. The man was brought up unconscious, and whether he survived the accident or not I never learned. Another night while working on the Clyde Line, a big stick of lumber fell off a man's truck, struck him in the leg and broke it in two places. Such accidents are almost of daily occurrence.

Some of the stevedores, head bosses on the local boats, are brutes of the first water. There is one in particular who is a typical example. He might be all right out in the western prairies driving cattle, but is unfit to control men. No matter how hard a person works he is not only abused, but insulted for the slightest fault. When this gentleman gets angry, which happens very often, I can, in imagination, behold an eruption of Vesuvius. The blood rushes in a torrent to his face; the hair over his lip stands out straight like the bristles on a porcupine; his body sways to and fro with rare; and sometimes when he tries to speak the words stick in his throat, losing themselves in growls. There is so much to be said at once that the words kill one another, and nothing is heard but the growling of a gorilla.

I never liked longshorework, though I worked at it for almost five years. Several times I made an effort to get out of the business, but I suppose the discouraged and hopeless look on my countenance repelled rather than attracted business men. I tried so often and failed that I felt I was doomed to end my days along the water front of Boston. But now a gleam of hope appears on the horizon, and in years to come I hope to look back with pleasure on my exploits as a longshoreman.

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The Big Vision By CARRIE W. ALLEN. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Never were true words penned. The people are perishing; because they have no vision. The country is teeming with social unrest. Strikes and lockouts confront us on every hand. We have a chaotic system of production with recurring periods of unemployment. Great wealth is produced by the working people who receive a very small part of that wealth in wages. When the workers revolt against long hours and low wages and go on strike, policemen's clubs and troops are used to drive them back to work. At the top of society we have a small class of people who are gluttons with food, saturated with pleasure and made stupid by greed. They are spiritually dead because they have no vision. Underneath, and supporting this sodden class, are the workers. Producing all wealth, but owning nothing. Not even granted security of life. No man sure of his job. Masses of human beings live in cellars and dark places. Children are denied sunshine and the right to play. Thousands of little ones are sent each day to toil in glass factories, mines and mills. Delicate young girls are sent out into dangerous places to look for work at an age when they should be under the protection of a sheltering home. Other girls just as precious are thrown by necessity upon the streets. Our insane asylums, prisons, hospitals and brothels are full and overflowing. Thousands of men and women walk the streets of every city hungry and shelterless, many of them rendered unemployable by our inhuman industrial system. On every hand we find apologists for the system, seeking to explain these ugly conditions. "The workmen spend their money for drink instead of providing for their families. The women are thriftless and extravagant," they say. The apologists see only effects. They have no vision. The preachers with their comfortable salaries urge the people to be sober and industrious, and to be contented with their lot. They tell them that if they will be good, faithful, dumb servants to their masters down here they will be given wings over there. They are blind leaders of the blind because they have no vision. The reformers, full of zeal, work overtime devising one plan and another to better conditions, which most people are frank enough to admit disgrace our civilization.

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Voice, For Labor Shall Have Its Own

By LEONORA O'REILLY.

When we are to parade, to feast, to carry in Labor's honor. The sons and daughters of toil take to the streets and march as they never before. The old world has gone far along to a better day for all, since last Labor Day. The time during the past year has laid down her tools to protest against injustice. The past year women arose in numbers, and even the Slavic people have always been used as underlings and strikebreakers joined the ranks of organized labor, made their demand for a living wage and to be treated as men and women instead of driven like beasts. Labor learns how to use the ballot, organizes industry rationally, scientifically and harmoniously, then, and not then, will strikes end. Every strike in the past has been a disgraceful injustice. Every strike in the future will have to be the pursuit of justice. Every strike has entailed privation, suffering and death. All honor to those strikers in the past who have sacrificed and suffered in order to better our present conditions. All honor to those who strike in the present to secure conditions of greater happiness for the future. All honor to those who will be forced to strike in the years to come—and there will be many—for Labor dare not throw its strongest armor of protection and defense until the whole field is won. In the meantime it behooves us to see all Labor's struggles for emancipation, in all lands. Every protest is a sign of the unrest of our times—a sign also of the life and animation which is within us, in spite of the most sordid surroundings.

The working people begin to know and know that they know. The year just past should be recorded in Labor's yearbook as the year of great strikes—strikes in which the voice of woman has been heard to strike a dominant note. These much maligned strikes—what are they but the workers' feeble effort to establish a higher industrial order? Nerves may be shattered, flesh torn, bones broken, women may die and children perish to increase output before Labor sets herself to work to limit the hours of labor and save humanity. She has at last set herself this task. These strikers, men and women, say: "Let us be fooled no longer by schoolmen, economists and politicians who call themselves statesmen; let us do our own thinking. Life is a wonderful teacher. We have learned in that school, in the department of weary flesh and worn spirits. We know human beings perish while output grows. "We see we must do our own thinking. "We know we must first limit the hours of labor. We know, further, that the output will be sufficient for all the necessities of life. We know, too, that only so will men, women and children get their chance to grow in body, mind and soul." This is our work, our duty, to teach what we know to those who do not know. Today, then, let us give foremost place to the brave strikers of 1906 and 1910. These men and women who for a principle suffered indignity, imprisonment and hunger while fighting life's hard battle for bread, they risked their lives as surely as any soldier ever did going into battle. Surely these strikers are the vanguard of the intelligent revolt against our present irrational, barbaric, soulless industrial system. It needs now but the discipline of associated action to lead to industrial organization; then the logic of events will surely bring about the overthrow of the brutal industrialism of today and the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth of tomorrow.

OBVERSE—REVERSE

By GERALD O'DONOHUE.

"All this talk of an impending panic is mere balderdash," said a Pompous Parasite, addressing some members of the tribe, who sat around him. "There is absolutely no warrant for such talk. The country was never in a more prosperous condition than it is at the present time. Banks and life insurance companies are doing a tremendous volume of business. Railroads, mines and factories are working to their full capacity. It is a great year for capital." "It is," chorused his fellow parasites. "An air of tranquility has settled over the land," went on the P. P. "The people of the cities are away in cooler and more comfortable parts of the world; and, excepting a few disgruntled agitators, who would have the working class own everything—what a devilish doctrine!—with the exception of these disturbers, everybody is contented and happy. Are not these ideal conditions?" "They are," argued his cronies. "My friends, we will always have foolish alienists; we will occasionally hear rumors of panics, but all we have to do is to keep up appearances in order to hold the confidence of the public. We know that government and commerce are run on a large bluff, oiled with lots of brag and bluster, and both work in perfect harmony. It is well for us, of course, that the common people are ignorant of these facts." "It is well," responded the cronies. "In my young days I foolishly believed in a certain statement attributed to Lincoln, but I'm now convinced that the people can be fooled all of the time." "Of course, they can," assented the cronies. "We are living in a wonderful age," continued the P. P. "Poets may sing of the glories and splendors of other ages, but our generation outshines them all. When I travel over the country and see how enchanting this ideal system appears, viewed from every angle, I am fascinated. I fairly bubble over with joy and gratitude. Behold the beautiful public parks, the magnificent mansions, with their charming lawns and orchards, dotting our glorious country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the St. Lawrence river to the Gulf of Mexico! On our bays and rivers can be seen the finest yachts, on our public highways the fastest automobiles—all for our amusement and pleasure. Nearing perfection is the aeroplane, which eventually will be the universal form of diversion. "Is there anything more to be desired for our comfort and happiness?" "Nothing, nothing!" asserted the cronies. "That's true," echoed a voice a little way off. The parasites looked around and beheld a man upon whose noble brow appeared the stamp of labor. Around him stood a group of his fellow workers. They called him "Bill." "Come hither, my good man," said the Pompous Parasite. Bill obeyed the call. "I'm delighted to know that you share our sentiments," smiled the P.

"You are evidently an honest, contented workman, one of those sensible fellows, who, when labor disputes arise, help to keep the agitators and turbulent element in check. I'm proud to meet such a man. There are so many of the other kind, blast them, we are not sure on retiring at night that we will awake in the morning to find everything as it should be, you know. Were it not for the fact that there are still millions of loyal, contented workers like yourself, for instance, we might awake some morning to receive the startling intelligence that the working class is in complete control of all the industries." "Horrible!" cried a parasite. "I fain would hear this honest man's views," intimated the P. P., pointing a finger at Bill. "My masters," began Bill, "I am not in the habit of mingling much in the society which you represent. My associates belong to a humbler sphere. Perhaps it is owing to this cause that my speech is not what you would consider polished. I admit it is grating at times. I give you fair warning, therefore, that it will likely sound disagreeable to your sensitive organs of hearing." "Not at all. Your enunciation is perfect," his audience assured him. "Speaking of the present age," resumed Bill, "I would not exchange it for any epoch of the past, were such a feat possible. By no stretch of the imagination can we compare conditions of the past with those of today. I am highly pleased with them. They satisfy you, I believe. "Every man has his motive. Look at me! I am a workman. I work at my trade when the chance comes, but outside of my working hours I am a teacher. I am the first from sheer necessity, the second from pure choice. The conditions with which you and I are so well pleased suit my purpose immensely. Without their presence I could not teach. My class—a large one I am proud to say—would be denied the benefit of many useful lessons. Now I can draw upon a vast fund of information, fresh from each day's cold, black type, to illumine my lectures. And the variety of news is greater than it was fifteen, or even ten years ago. Conditions change rapidly. "My masters, in vain do we search the pages of history for conditions equal to those of the present time—with which you and I are so well pleased." "Bravo!" generously shouted the audience. "A cursory survey of the columns of one of today's newspapers, for instance, reveals several remarkable things," went on Bill. "In the column headed 'Society Notes' we find the names of persons reported to be enjoying the cool breezes of the mountains, fishing, shooting, or motoring; while others, with different tastes and inclinations, are cruising the high seas in palatial yachts." "That's correct," nodded the P. P. "In another column," pursued Bill, "we notice a glaring contrast in the report that in various parts of the country the slaves of these persons, thus enjoying themselves, are out on strike fighting for a few cents to add to the starvation wages which they had been receiving. We notice in each instance the powers of govern-

ment arrayed against the strikers to intimidate and to crush them." "You are misinformed," snapped the P. P. "The people of the cities, you say, are away in cooler and more comfortable parts of the world. The capitalist sheet, which I quote, says the same. Oh, yes! What of those striking slaves, and millions of others who are operating the machinery of production and distribution? No vacation for them; no enjoyment." "You're drifting from the subject," objected the P. P. "In the same paper," continued Bill, "a little further on, we read this item: "Four men committed suicide yesterday in New York. From notes found on the bodies it appears that hunger and the inability to obtain employment drove the unfortunates to self-destruction." "In another column we read that, 'Two men were found in a hallway, yesterday, in an unconscious condition. They were removed to the hospital, where they died later.' 'Died of hunger,' commented the doctors. "My masters, where one class possesses a superfluity of wealth, and members of another class daily die of hunger, is what you are pleased to call an ideal state." "Your views are erroneous," protested the P. P. "This is how such things happen—" "They happen," answered Bill, "because a few individuals own the implements of production and distribution. Were these tools owned collectively, for use and not for profit, idleness, hunger and want would be unknown." "That's true," responded his fellow-workers who had drawn near. "According to the same paper," pursued Bill, "the railroads are raking in greater profits than ever before, but at an enormous sacrifice in blood. In the short space of three months, it is reported, they slaughtered 1,100 persons and injured 21,232." "The railroads couldn't help that," objected the P. P. "Those people were careless." "It is more likely the railroads were and are negligent in safeguarding the lives of their employees and of the traveling public," replied Bill. "It has been shown that this is generally the case. "Let them continue the gruesome work, and at the end of the year the figures, provided every case is reported, will read: Killed, 4,400; injured, 84,928. "The railroad employes constantly complain of inhumanly long hours and low wages. "So, by saving the cost of properly safeguarding life, and by getting all the labor possible out of their slaves for as little as they can, the railroads succeed in raking in greater profits than ever before. "We find two more interesting items which show what your 'ideal system' is doing further for the working class. "An alarming increase in the ranks of women who lead an immoral life is noticeable in all the large cities." "Reports from many industrial centers show that hundreds of men are being thrown out of employment in these places. In the city of Boston more than half the men are idle, there being nothing for them to do."

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"Your talk is inflammatory," scowled the P. P.

"First we find that a number of trusts, I have not the time to specify them, are on trial for criminal acts; others are being daily accused of one offense or another," continued Bill. "The trials will probably end in fiascos, as previous ones have done, but I don't wish them to terminate otherwise. In this way they serve my purpose better. They prove that a close relationship between trust magnates and government officials exists—the relationship of red blood and greenbacks. I say to my class, 'The ax that will sever that tie must be wielded in the hands of more determined men.' "It will be done, my masters, and when the tie is severed the parts will fall and perish together. "Again, without turning the page, we have the pleasing spectacle of the lawmakers of the land—senators, representatives, assemblymen, judges—accusing one another of bribery, fraud and other crimes. And it hasn't been proved yet that any of the

charges were unjustly made. So much the better—for my purpose. "A fine set of men to be entrusted with important offices, indeed! And what wonderful wisdom was exhibited in selecting them! "Among the strutting peacocks in army and police circles the merry was is echoed. "My masters, how do you like this side of the picture? These are the conditions from which I draw my lessons to educate my class. They serve my purpose well. Soon you will see a sign spelled REVOLUTION in large letters, and my class, educated and banded together in one gigantic organization, will quickly come into its own." "Consternation among the parasites. Exit.

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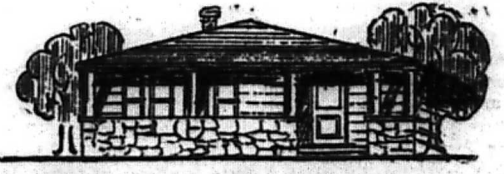


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Published daily and Sunday by the Workingmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, 409 Pearl Street, New York. Warren Atkinson, president; H. S. Karp, treasurer, and Julius Gerber, secretary. Telephone No. 3303-3304 Beekman.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES		Week-Day	Sun. and Week-
		Issues Only.	Day Issues.
For One Year.....	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00
For Six Months.....	1.00	.75	.50
For Three Months.....	.50	.35	.25
For One Month.....	.15	.10	.05

In addition to the above rates small subscribers in New York City and the Bronx must pay a cent a day additional to cover postage. Entered at the New York Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

VOL. 3 MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, NO. 248.

TODAY.

Outside religious bodies, whose hope is all in a future beyond this life, the largest single body of men and women with a well defined aim and with one object is that which is included under the name of organized labor. In Europe the representatives of this idea parade on May 1. In this country they parade on Labor Day. On this Labor Day there will be many thousands in line. But they will represent only a small proportion of those who believe in organized labor and who are actively working for it.

If they were really in line with old political ideas, if they stood for the same things society stands for, if they were merely so many Democrats and Republicans, there would be no need of a separate parade. They would wait until the result of the voting is announced in November.

But it is a significant fact that just in proportion to the decay of the November political parades there has been an increase in the strength and power of the Labor Day parades. No conservative labor leader can deny it or dodge it. Let him, if he thinks he possesses power, get out and try to block the Labor Day parade in favor of the November political parade.

Labor has awakened, though the effects of slumber are still on it. Labor is aroused, though it does not yet see plainly the direction it should pursue or the actions that will bring results.

Only a few years ago Labor Day was looked upon with derision. Today its significance is thoroughly understood by the capitalists, although, in a measure, it is not understood by those who take active part in it.

There has never yet been a parade which was not significant of one of two things—victory, or the ability to win a victory. Which does organized labor show today? Not a victory, surely. No, it simply shows that it has the power to win a victory. That is within its grasp whenever it sees fit to take it. The power that is represented today by the marching men is irresistible, if it is rightly directed. But it can be rightly directed only if it is used wholly for the benefit of the working class.

There are over two millions of men represented in the American Federation of Labor alone. What have they done for their class?

Beyond this is an equal body of men, sympathizers or men thrown out of the union temporarily by the defeat of a strike, or through the weakness of a local union. What are they doing for their class?

Organized labor in all its branches and through all its connections cannot be withstood when it stands for a definite working class object. An Eliot may arise and tell the scab he is the greatest hero of modern times. The scab himself believes it least of all. He knows he is simply a pirate who works against his own people. Members of unions know it is not so. They see that all they have has been won through concerted action. But that action must go farther. It must go from the industrial to the political field. They must vote as they strike. Their welfare is more bound up in their political representatives than in their conditions of employment.

When they have arrived at the stage of development where they will understand this they will be able to parade to show what they have done, not what they can do.

A SOCIALIST AND LABOR VICTORY.

One English paper, and only one, stood by the cloak and suit makers from the beginning of their strike to the end, and that was The Call.

This was not a matter of temporary expediency. It was because The Call was founded to fight the battles of labor.

One significant fact stands out during the strike: the manufacturers used the English press as never before to discourage and malign the strikers. There is the glaring case of the Globe. It attacked the strikers, and attacked The Call. It was rewarded by many columns of advertising. It had, in other words, sold itself for a price.

While it may have done the Globe some good, it did the manufacturers no good. The Globe got the money for its brazen shamelessness, it prostituted itself. The manufacturers, however, had merely the satisfaction of throwing money away. The Globe had no influence with the strikers, and could gain no influence. It won its advertising on false pretenses. So aside from the money it got it has only a disgraceful, dirty act to its credit, or discredit.

But The Call, which is the organ of the Socialists of this city, fought the battle of the strikers.

It helped as no other weapon helped to win the strike.

It presented to the majority of the people of this city the real facts in the case. It demonstrated to the English readers, for the first time, that strikes and strikers could not be misrepresented. It set before the public the facts in the case.

Such a victory, therefore, can be accredited to two sources: the strikers and The Call. It is a big victory, and it was won with difficulty. But it points the way to bigger victories, and in them The Call will be a big factor.

Wouldn't it be a good idea during the present cholera scare to quarantine political suspects also—such things as Republicans and Democrats, for example?

Mr. Roosevelt still refuses to have anything to do with the flying machine men, or to do any soaring on biplanes or monoplane. He prefers vocal methods. But, then, he always was our leading hot aeronaut.

It is rumored that the Park Row collapse was caused by Arthur Brisbane, who stopped in that section to think an especially heavy thought.

It is gratifying to notice that, on the opening of the Socialist Congress at Copenhagen, the capitalist papers agree that the results of the congress are valueless. There must be things doing.

The cloak makers at least have had impressed on them the fact that they cannot win a victory without the Socialist press. Victory and Socialism are interchangeable terms.

Any day you have a little extra money go out and buy the opinion of the Sun. It is the most-on-sale paper in New York at present.

Tom Watson's sins have found him out. He is the most sold man in the South, but he always got the price of the selling. Recently he appeared and began to speak against Hoke Smith, but was howled down. He was so surprised that he fainted. But the faint did not save him from having driven home to him a realization of the contempt in which his fellow Southerners hold him.

One of the factors in the settlement of the cloak makers' strike must not be overlooked. It was that of the money lenders. Daily they were dropping thousands on thousands of dollars through the continuance of the strike. So they, told the manufacturers either to pay what was owed or settle. The manufacturers could not pay, so they settled. It is a small thing, but it shows that the banking interests are aroused to the part labor plays in industry. Let labor awaken to a similar understanding and there will be things doing.

WORKINGMEN AND THE GOVERNMENT.

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

Socialist Candidate for Governor of New York.

This is called "Labor Day," because a reluctant legislature set apart this one day out of 365 in recognition of the men and women that create the world's wealth and get very little of it.

The time will come when the whole structure of government and society will be constructed on the basis of the idea contained in this one microscopic recognition.

At present the opposite idea rules both government and society.

At present, by reason of a very strange survival of the feudal conception of life, we proceed upon the idea that because a man works with his hands he is of less worth than the men that doesn't and we have, therefore, government by idlers and parasites.

This idea is industriously furthered in every possible way, but chiefly by being treated as a universally accepted fact not to be disputed. Now and then some one sees how perfectly absurd and baseless it is. Such a man is usually covered with ridicule, and called a favorite, or a demagogue, or a dangerous person.

Yet the fact remains, nevertheless, that the idea is without the highest foundation in reason, and cannot be supported by anything except prejudice or ignorance, or the cunning of men that desire to rule.

Because of this medieval superstition, workmen in the United States are in practice commonly deemed less fit for office than lawyers, merchants, capitalists, trust magnates and professional politicians. In practice, although the idea is not often publicly enunciated, almost no workmen gain offices of importance. Important places are reserved exclusively for lawyers or others of the non-producing classes.

In a way that seems very strange to any one that reflects upon it, the notion is tacitly accepted everywhere among us that a man that works with his hands could not possibly make a good President, a good governor, a good senator, or good representative, or good cabinet officer.

If a man that ever worked with his hands is held to be available for a seat in Congress, many years must have passed since he worked with his hands and he must have far emerged from the working class so that he may be cleansed from any stain of his early employment.

That a man should work with his hands and have at the same time mental capacity and ability to share in the government seems to be regarded as an incongruous idea. Nobody knows why it should be incongruous. Nobody knows why produc-

ing wealth should mean a lower order of intellect than consuming it. Nobody can give one reason why a carpenter should not make as good an executive as a lawyer. Here in the gated all the carpenters and other workmen to the rear.

Our attitude seems to be that the function of the producers of wealth is to produce wealth, give up four-fifths of what they produce, vote as they are told for one parasite or another, and keep still.

Yet any man that will take the pains to look about him and talk with his fellows will discover that the mind of the man that works with his hands is at least as good as the mind of the man that doesn't, and that at the present time in this country about all the thinking that amounts to anything is being done by the working class.

It seems to be a fact in nature that a wholly healthy mind cannot exist in the body of an idler.

It is very curious that the false idea that work with the hands unfits a man for anything else should persist in the United States more than in any other country.

Elsewhere it is rapidly becoming extinct.

In Australia, for instance, the federal (or national) government is administered entirely by workmen. The prime minister, whose position is similar to that of our President, is a locomotive engineer. Of the cabinet members one is a carpenter, another is a miner, another is an engine-fitter and another was formerly a farmer. The head of the legal department is, of course, a lawyer, but the heads of the other departments are men from the trades unions.

This administration has only lately taken charge of the government, but even the hostile London Times moved to say of it: "If the testimony of departmental officials, added to that of the soberer metropolitan press, carries weight with us, ministries so composed are capable of administration as careful and impartial as Australia has yet known."

Most of these men have shared in previous labor governments of Australia that have been conspicuous for ability and success.

In the state of South Australia the man that for many years was prime minister was a stone mason, and the government recently installed is composed throughout of workmen. In New Zealand the present prime minister is a telegraph operator, and his predecessor was a miner. The stone mason, the miner, and the telegraph operator made almost incomparable records for efficiency and success.

In England cloth weavers, miners, coopers, and iron workers sit in parliament. In France they go to the chamber of deputies, and in Germany to the reichstag. In all these countries

the idea seems to be generally recognized that we have merely assumed that he would not and realized that these instances are only the beginning of a widespread practice.

We alone seem to insist upon a government by parasites and idlers, and the vast army of wage-workers that constitute the overwhelming majority of our population, the most important part of it, numerically, and every other way, the part that creates all the wealth, and supports all the others, is unrepresented in our government.

For this condition there is no good reason. Beyond doubt it produces endless evil, and only evil. The class that constitutes the majority of the population should form the majority of the government. From that simple proposition I can see no possible escape. Its adoption would be the best thing that could happen to us. Besides the obvious, that only this would be fair or just or right or safe, anything else works us an injury. It deprives us of the best ability and the best minds, as well as the best remedies, for our social and political trouble. Every idea or invention or advance that has been of use to mankind has come straight from the body of the people. Parasites and idlers have never contributed anything to the world, save their gracious but useless presence. We have been governed largely by parasites and idlers for about 120 years. Viewing the existing and terrible contrasts between poverty and wealth, they seem to have made a hash of it. Now let us try government by the majority, which is the working class.

That is the grand thing about the Socialist party. It stands squarely out first of all on the proposition of practical working class rule. All of the other parties use the working class as tools. The Socialist party believes unreservedly in the creed that the creators of wealth should have the wealth they create and should have control of the state, of which they are the only important part. It is the only party with an economic program and the only party that recognizes conditions as they are or proposes to institute conditions as they ought to be.

It is the only working class party and the only party that stands for a genuine democracy.

Therefore I am absolutely convinced that it is impossible for any person that really resents the terrible injustice and monstrous rapacity of modern conditions to give to his fellows any advice so good as this:

Join the Socialist party. Enroll yourselves with the men that are fighting your cause. Stand out with them for working class government. Do something with your vote to protest against the huge economic fraud that costs you the best there is in life.

THE SOCIAL UNREST.

By MAX S. HAYS.

Editor Cleveland Citizen.

In taking a general survey of the industrial and political conditions on labor's natal day, the view that meets the gaze of any careful student of economic and social problems cannot help but inspire him with unbounded enthusiasm.

Industrially, the workers have demonstrated their class spirit and solidarity this year more than ever before. Organization as the watchword throughout the ramifications of the whole industrial system. Every strike or lockout, boycott or blacklist, every battle won or lost, every comfort gained, and every hardship endured, seem to have increased the determination of the workers and moved them to aspire to struggle forward to gain still greater advantage ground and prepare for grander victories to be achieved.

Never have the workers done so much reading and thinking, and as freely discussed the problems of the hour as right now. The brutal war made upon labor by the trusts, and combines; the merciless and often cowardly attacks made by the middle class capitalists arrayed under the black banner of the open shop; the sneaking, skulking methods practiced by the myriads of spying, and strikebreaking agencies; the helpless and supine condition of the National Civic Federation, which started out a decade ago "to solve the labor problem"; the utter indifference, or open hostility of the two old political parties to grant the small, pitiful concessions demanded by the so-called leaders of labor; the increased cost of living and indirect reduction of wages by lessening the purchasing power of the dollar; the strikes that have been and are being fought in every section of the country—all these and many more object lessons have created a tremendous agitation all over this broad land.

The ruling class is again being thrown into panicky condition. It is betrayed in the editorials and market reports of the subsidized capitalist press; it is revealed in the quiet seclusion of the clubs and counting (money) rooms; it is whispered among the politicians. "Insurgency," which is a polite term for rebellion, is rampant in the dominant parties. The West is aflame with dissatisfaction, where distinguished Republicans are outpopulating the despised Populists, and there are signs that even the effete old East is becoming infected by the spirit of revolt, while the feudal Democracy appears to have shaved its "Only Fearless One," and is bankrupt in leadership.

Why are the captains of industry rubbing hither and thither in alarm, and why are the editors and politicians and buglemen of capitalism beating their breasts and uttering cries of distress? What Nemesis has made its appearance, and is causing apprehension among the elect at Plutocracy's banquet table?

Is it the "Red Specter?" Well, pick up the average daily paper, open the weekly press, turn to your magazine, listen to the statesmen and politicians from Taft and Roosevelt to the most obscure constable in a backwoods county, and you will find that the subject of Socialism has become a national issue, is discussed and inquired about everywhere. Ah, say the capitalists and their politicians and editor men, to keep up their courage, the Socialist party is composed of an insignificant percentage of the voters and need not be feared—not yet.

But they grow morose and glum when they think of the "Socialistic tendencies" that are manifested among their heretofore loyal and docile followers, and so they strike out blindly, not knowing what new promises to make to retain secure seats on the backs of the working class.

They shout "conservation of natural resources" and agree to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen. They cry for "regulation of the trusts"

after a generation of fruitless effort that causes even the most dull witted to smile derisively. They announce a "revision of the tariff upwards-downwards" and add to the gayety of the season more real hilarity than three rings full of circus clowns. All the old "issues" are being converted into junk and the erstwhile "leaders of the people" are themselves manipulating the automatic converters.

This is surely an interesting, a highly edifying period of our economic evolution. Not only is the average Socialist who watches the performance highly enthusiastic, but he is likewise taking a hand in the game. Literature by the ton is being circulated, speakers are everywhere to explain in detail the phenomena that causes capitalism to tremble at the height of its power, the daily, weekly and monthly press of the Socialist movement is in better fighting shape than ever before, organization is being pushed with vigor, determination and success in every state in the union.

This is a Socialist year! Let every man and woman plunge into the fight harder than ever before, for results are more easy of accomplishment, and let's give the plutes and their politicians, editors, preachers and other camp followers something more to talk about after next November. Up and at them!

EXPROPRIATION—A TALMUD STORY

By MOSES OPPENHEIMER.

It came to pass when Alexander the Great of Macedonia had made himself master of the whole world that a delegation of Egyptians appeared before him to enter formal complaint against the Jews. They stated that the Jews, before leaving Egypt in a hurry, had borrowed a great quantity of valuables, both of silver and of gold, from the trustful Egyptians. The evidence is clearly set forth in Exodus, xxii: 35, 36:

"And the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses; and they borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required, and they spoiled the Egyptians."

The spokesman for Egypt went on to say that the Jews had never returned the articles thus taken. They appealed to the great ruler for justice against the despisers.

Against the Jews of the complaint lodged, against them, summoning them to appear before him with such defense as they might have to offer, and to hear him pronounce judgment in the case.

The king's message caused consternation in the camps of the Jews. The case against them seemed clear and unanswerable. What were they to do?

Then stepped forth a certain Galbha, a hunchback of scarcely any standing among the wise and learned community, saying: "I am willing to appear before the king, defending this suit on my own responsibility. If I succeed, there is an end to the whole matter. If I should fail, you are still free to discuss me as a meddling and to send over more competent and more representative counsel to argue your case."

In the emergency, that proposition was accepted. In due time Galbha appeared before Alexander, facing the Egyptian claimant.

NEW YORK SOCIALIST TICKET.

For Governor—CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, of New York.
For Lieutenant-Governor—GUSTAV A. STREBEL, of Syracuse.
For Secretary of State—BERTHA M. FRASER, of Brooklyn.
For Attorney General—HENRY L. SLOBODIN, of New York.
For State Treasurer—SYLVESTER BUTLER, of Schenectady.
For State Controller—O. A. CURTISS, of Buffalo.
For State Engineer—WILLIAM LIPPELT, of Rochester.
For Associate Justice, Court of Appeals—MORRIS HILL, of New York.

PENNSYLVANIA SOCIALIST TICKET.

For Governor—John W. Slayton, of McKeesport.
For Lieutenant Governor—Louis Cohen, of Meyersdale.
For State Treasurer—Charles McKeever, of New Castle.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs—Beaumont Sykes, of Philadelphia.

NEW JERSEY SOCIALIST TICKET.

For Governor—Wilson B. Killingbeck, of Orange.

CONNECTICUT SOCIALIST TICKET.

For Governor—Robert Hunter, of Noroton.
For Lieutenant Governor—William Applegate, of New Haven.
For Secretary of State—Ella Reeve Bloor, of Waterbury.
For State Treasurer—James J. McIntyre, of Hartford.
For State Controller—Emil Goris, of New Haven.
For Congressman-at-Large—S. E. Beardsley, of Shelton.

VERMONT SOCIALIST TICKET.

For Governor—Chester E. Ordway, of Proctorsville.
For Lieutenant Governor—J. Frank Bradbury, of Bennington.
For Attorney General—Joseph H. Dunbar, of Hartland.
For State Treasurer—John McMillan, of Burlington.
For State Auditor—Sydney Walker, of Bellows Falls.

NEW HAMPSHIRE SOCIALIST TICKET.

For Governor—Assa Warren Drew, of Ashland.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

By W. E. P. FRENCH.

"Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
Nor whine out woe; thine own right hand can heal."

Hail! mighty thing of brain and brawn,
Whose head and hands uphold the world,
Hail, conqueror! Awake! the dawn
Of thy day comes apace, and hurled
Into the limbo of the past
Will be thy wrongs, if thy strong hands
But pull together and hold fast
Each right when gained. But thy demands
Backed by thy manhood's might must be:
Thou canst not win with half thy power.
Waken! Unite! Then, like the sea,
Thou art resistless. Lo! the hour
Is ripe. The hands of Time and Fate
Point to the dawn; and from its sleep
Of ages, heavy-eyed and late—
But not too late its tryst to keep—
Great Labor wakes, and with wide eyes
Of wonder, sees his giant form,
Begins his force to realize;
And, looking on the pygmy swarm,
Which fattens on him and with chain
Of golden tissue binds his brawn
And its colossal strength restrains,
Laughs, half in rage and half in scorn,
And, breaking, one by one, the bands
Of minted gold his own hand wrought,
Rises, triumphant, proudly stands
Upon the world his toil hath bought
And paid for many times in coin
Of human flesh and bloods and tears,
And dripping sweat and straining loin,
Through helpless, hopeless, countless years.

Potpourri

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

ALMOST "DROWNED."

"Yes," said a traveling man last night. "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic ocean twenty-one days."

There was a small-sized crowd sitting around. Another man spoke up. "On the Pacific ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-nine days," he said.

A little bald-headed man knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I started across the Kaw river at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"Aw, come off," said the man who had told the first tale. "The Kaw isn't more than 300 feet wide at Topeka."

"I didn't say it was," said the little bald-headed man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."—Denver Post.

"Flag of truce, Excellency."
"What do the revolutionists want?"
"They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk."—St. Louis Star.

THE IMPROVED CATECHISM.

To be read inwardly and often repeated by all foolish little Americans. Question—Who made the world? Answer—Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the first man?
A.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the wisest man?
A.—Governor Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the strongest man?
A.—Elephant-killer Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the meekest man?
A.—Vice President Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the champion boxer at Harvard?
A.—Student Roosevelt.

Q.—What President couldn't tell the lie?
A.—President Roosevelt.

Q.—Who lived three days in the belly of a whale?
A.—Roosevelt, the faunal naturalist.

Q.—Who won the Spanish-American war?
A.—Rough Rider Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the talkiest man?
A.—Dr. Roosevelt.

Q.—Who wrote the letters Junius?
A.—Editor Roosevelt.

Q.—Who killed Cock Robin?
A.—Teddy.

Q.—Who struck Billy Patterson?
A.—The Colonel.

Q.—Who was it, and always be the most modest man?—Ed.

School Visitor—I hear, my woman, you have a case of somnambulism in your family.

Perturbed Mother—Tain't no thing, ma'am. We ain't never had no them ketching things here. The trouble is that Mamie walks in her sleep.

—Baltimore American.

Redd—Is he college bred?
Greene—Oh, no; he picked up knowledge of rowing and baseball in home town!—Yonkers Statesman.

Maud—Tom had me talk into a trap so he can hear my voice when I'm away.

Clara—How lovely! And he can't see the machine?—Peck.

riedly left the court without further proceedings.

Does not Galbha's clever argument with but slight variation, complete answer to those who talk the exaggeration of the suit case when the time is