

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

The Call

The Weather.
CLOUDY AND COOLER.

400 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

Devoted to the Interests of the Working People.

TELEPHONE 3303 BEEKMAN.

Vol. 4.—No. 121.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, MAY 1, 1911.

Price, Two Cents.

MAY DAY IS HERE WITH TOILING HOSTS READY

Labor Has Much to Remember and to Look Forward To as Streets Echo to Sound of Marching Today.

Remember McNamara! Remember Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone! Remember the Triangle murder! Remember the capitalist courts, judges, soldiers, police, detectives, spies, informers and pimps, who, at the behest of capitalist overlords, have hounded organized labor for years!

There are a host of things for the workers to remember today, for it is May 1—the day of the working class of the world.

There will be parades in Manhattan, in Brooklyn, in Queens, Brownsville and Hoboken.

Rain or shine, there will be an outpouring of the toilers today that should rival that march of mourning for the Triangle victims which filled New York with awe.

It will not be a funeral march today, but a demonstration of joy—of joy for victories won and victories that are coming.

Today's Call that the third division of the uptown section will assemble in 83d street, between Second and Third avenues, middle of block. "United Engravers No. 1" of fifth division should have been printed United Engravers.

BROOKLYN PARADE.

Organizations participating in the Brooklyn May Day parade are to start from Myrtle and Wiloughby avenues not later than 7:30 a.m. to Bushwick avenue, to Montrose avenue, to Union avenue, to Broadway, to Ralph avenue, to Fulton street, to Bedford street, to Greene avenue, to Fulton street, to Myrtle avenue, to Fort Green Park plaza where an open air meeting will be held.

Second division to form on Berry street and Grand street, Grand street to Union avenue, Union avenue to Montrose avenue and there join the first division.

All members of the Socialist party and sympathizers whose organizations are not participating in the parade are requested to fall in with their Assembly District organizations.

BROWNSVILLE PARADE.

The first division of the Brownsville parade will start about 12:30 from Socialist headquarters, 1776 Pitkin avenue. The following organizations will participate in this division: Socialist party organizations, Baker's Local (will start from 184 Pitkin avenue), Paper Box Makers.

Second Division—Brotherhood of Painters (will march from 432 Hopkinson avenue). Painters' Educational Club, Trade Building League, Arbeiter Ring, Branches 172, 285 and 139.

Third Division—Ladies' Tailors (will march from 1727 Pitkin avenue, also the Dressmakers' Local), Ladies' Waist Makers (will march from 432 Hopkinson avenue), Shirt Makers' Union.

Fourth Division—Cloakmakers' Union, Locals 11, 79 and 88 (all locals will march from Roosevelt Palace Hall, 474 Rockaway avenue).

Fifth Division—Children's Jacket Makers (will march from Washington Hall, 92 Thurfur avenue).

At the close of the parade, mass meetings will be held at Metropolitan Saenger Hall and Independence Hall.

There will be eight bands and a number of automobiles carrying banners and signs.

All individuals who wish to take part are requested to assemble at Socialist headquarters, 1776 Pitkin avenue.

QUEENS PARADE.

The marchers in today's Queens County May Day parade will gather at the Queens County Labor Lyceum, 1647 Hancock street, Evergreen, and at Kreischer's Hall, Myrtle, corner of Cypress avenue. Schneider's brass band will entertain at the Lyceum and the life and drum corps of Crewe will make things lively at Kreischer's Hall.

At 7:45 o'clock sharp tonight the marchers will move in a body to the start.

(Continued on Page 2.)

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SOCIALIST LEGISLATOR

By JAMES H. MAURER.

I do not believe that I could write anything at this time that would interest your readers as much as the following simple statement:

What are the duties of a Socialist Representative? What does the public expect of him, and what work must he perform to meet the requirements of these duties, and expectations?

In the first place, I am the only Socialist Representative in Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania is the greatest industrial State. It is probably the most corrupt State politically. Graft in Pennsylvania is a science, and the politicians, masters of that science.

The men who guide the destiny of our State receive their instructions from the masters of finance in Wall Street, Standard Oil, Steel Trust, Pennsylvania Railroad and the Reading Railroad. Therefore, it can be seen that to put my little head against all these forces is going some.

The Comrades in Wisconsin have sent a group to fight their battle; State Representatives and Senators make evenings to read bills, discuss them, plan to fight them, assign certain men to special work; they have many heads to think, and mouths to talk.

My position is exactly similar to Victor L. Berger's at Washington. He will appreciate my position, when he reads this. The "public" expects much of me. It does not expect a lone, single, good thing from any of my colleagues. And I am free in saying that it will not be disappointed very much.

I dare not vote wrong on a single bill. To do this, I must read every one. There are over 1,500 of them. My averages twenty-five letters per week about half of them require an

avens. This I do personally, with pen. I am serving on eight committees, six of them are important.

I presented ten bills, all of them labor bills.

All of these are still in committee, but have hopes of getting some of them out.

I have assisted in defeating some very obnoxious labor measures, and led in the defeat of the "Increased Constabulary Bill." I also led in defeating a Senate bill, which aimed at creating a county constabulary, on a small scale. This bill was introduced by Senator Jamerson, of Westmoreland County, a mine worker.

No Senate bill was ever defeated before in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, by as large a vote as this one. The vote was 26 for and 105 against.

I have had a number of bills changes in committees, so that they favored labor. Remember, I dare not vote wrong on a single bill. If I did, the whole State would howl about it. Up to date I have voted right on every measure. I have been attacked on all sides; misquoted by the press, and lied about by crooked labor leaders. Every inch of my way had to be fought desperately, from the day that I was nominated to the present minute. When I worked at my trade, plumbers, I worked eight hours a day, since I am serving the State, I am working sixteen hours per day.

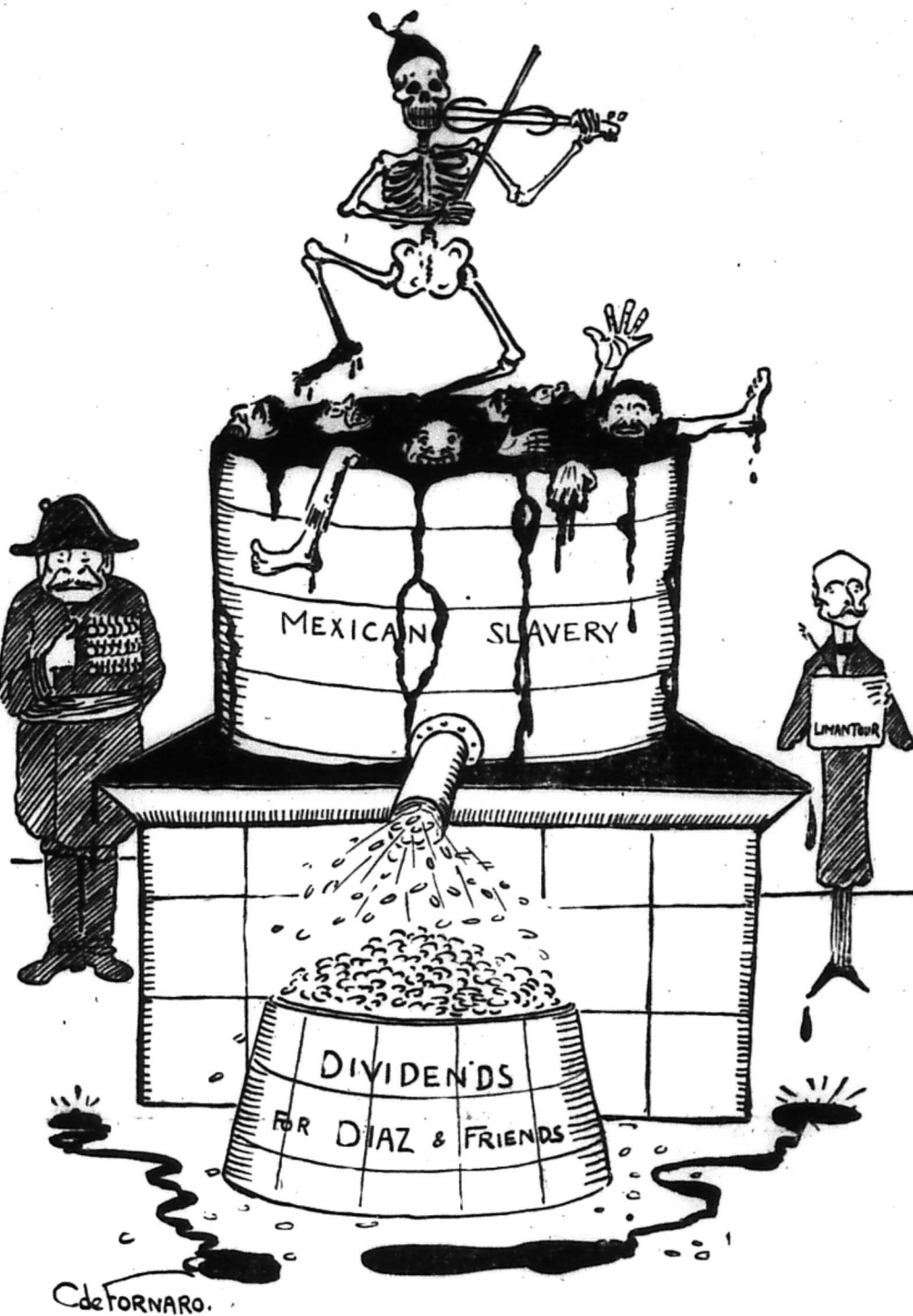
This is about all I might add in addition to my legislative labors. I took two flying trips to Chicago, when I served on the National Investigating Committee, and spoke in many places throughout the State.

There are many phases of this work that are disagreeable, and test one's nerves, but I must admit that I enjoy it.

There is a comforting thought that often occurs to me during stress and worry: "Well, it will go better with the Socialist representatives next term, there will be more of them."

Harrisburg, Pa.

THE FINANCIAL WINE PRESS



KEEPING TALLY ON THE OUTPUT.

SOCIALIST SPEAKS ON McNAMARA CASE

Ephrata, Pa., Stirred by Stinging Indictment to Capitalist Rule.

(Special Correspondence.)
EPHRATA, Pa., April 28.—Two rousing Socialist meetings were held here today with J. C. Hogan of Spring City, as the speaker. This afternoon he referred to the latest labor kidnapping case (McNamara) and said:

"All history shows that the capitalist class are habitual liars, thieves and murderers. They respect neither God nor man. What they are now saying about the McNamaras they said about Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone a few years ago, and we proved them liars in their own courts. What reason have we to believe them now any more than we had in the case of the Western Federation of Miners?"

"The capitalist press is filled with falsehoods. What these papers and their capitalist masters think of the workers and their efforts to make a living may be judged by the following statements, which are only samples of what the hiring press said some time ago."

"The Philadelphia Times said: 'It would be a great relief if a few calamity howlers were quietly but firmly shot.'"

"The Chicago Tribune said: 'The simplest plan, probably, when one is not a member of a humane society, is to put a little strychnine or arsenic in the meat or other supplies furnished tramps to eat.'"

"The Chicago Times said: 'Hand grenades should be thrown among those who are clamoring for higher wages. By this means they would be taught a valuable lesson, and other strikers would take warning from their fate.'"

TROOPS TO RAID FRENCH MAY DAY

PARIS, April 30.—There is much talk of labor manifestations here on May Day.

The General Labor Confederation organized forty meetings, from which it was proposed to have processions to the Place de la Concorde and the Esplanade des Invalides.

The confederation is determined to carry out the program and the government has moved two cavalry regiments and eight infantry regiments from the provinces to reinforce the garrison, which in itself is composed of about 12,000 men.

HAYWOOD FOR A GENERAL STRIKE

ST. LOUIS, April 30.—A general strike of every worker in the United States, to be called on the day J. J. McNamara comes to trial, is the measure advocated here today by William D. Haywood, of the famous labor trio once kidnapped in Colorado, in a speech to hear which Ashenbroad Hall was packed to the doors.

It is announced that a circular to this effect is to be distributed throughout the country by the Industrial Workers of the World.

A committee of 112 was appointed to further the movement.

NEW LAW DEPRIVES 1,200 OF THEIR JOBS

BOSTON, April 30.—The Bar and Bottle bill, which only passed the Legislature after a stiff two-year fight, goes into effect tomorrow, and the liquor dealers have been hard hit, as many places will not open their doors tomorrow morning.

Under the provisions of this act, bottled booze cannot be sold in bulk in the ordinary saloon or any place where the goods are dispensed by the glass or stein.

The liquor trade claims that the new law is nothing more than a measure in the interests of the bottlers and wholesalers.

It is estimated that more than 1,000 employes will lose their jobs in the other licensed towns and cities of the State.

GREETING FROM CONGRESSMAN BERGER.

Greeting to the New York Comrades and to their organ, The Call. No May Day in the history of the American working class has ever been so joyous or so auspicious as the future May Day. The remarkable victories in so many cities and towns in the recent elections assure us an effective fighting group of representatives in the next Congress, and they further assure us that the day is not now so far remote when the exploiters of the race shall be overthrown and the Socialist republic inaugurated. Fraternally,
VICTOR L. BERGER

SOCIALISTS CALL POLITICAL BLUFF

Capitalist Alderman Who Charged 'Steal' Damaged Only Himself.

By E. H. THOMAS.
(Special Correspondence.)
MILWAUKEE, April 28.—The Milwaukee Socialists have called the bluff of the enemy.

For months the anti-Socialist minority in the Milwaukee City Council has been making all sorts of charges against the Socialists, except the charge of graft. Even the capitalist press, while abusing them in every conceivable fashion, has always been loath to admit that they are strictly honest—or, as one newspaper man put it, "all the graft of the Milwaukee administration would not fill your hollow tooth."

But now one of the anti-Socialist Aldermen has made charges of dishonesty against the Socialist Democrats. He called their purchase of the Milwaukee River Park "the biggest steal ever perpetrated in the history of the city."

Right away, the Socialist Alderman in the Council demanded an investigation of the entire transaction. He called upon the Alderman making the accusation to present his proofs to the City Attorney at the earliest possible moment. In order that the matter be cleared up, the Socialist Alderman, who had been called to the limit, and impeached in office, that the reputation of the city which these allegations have brought upon it.

This resolution, introduced by a Socialist Alderman, was passed by an almost strictly party vote, only two non-Socialist Aldermen voting for it.

Moreover, a resolution, introduced by another anti-Socialist Alderman, and calling for a Grand Jury investigation, was promptly put through by the Socialists without discussion.

The District Attorney, as accordingly, began proceedings. He has subpoenaed this Alderman to appear before him and tell him all he knows.

Thus the bluff of the enemy has been called most completely.

This puts the anti-Socialists in an especially awkward plight, because the anti-Socialist Alderman making the charge of a "steal" was the very man whom they want to run for Mayor next spring on the anti-Socialist ticket. This foolish move on his part has considerably damaged his prospects by putting him in a very ridiculous light.

The capitalist press accordingly show their chagrin by complaining of the extravagance of the Socialists in

ERECTORS' ASSO. KEPT SPIES AMONG UNIONS

Agent Walter Drew's Letters Show Widespread System of Sneakery and Corruption Has Been Sustained by Employers' Money.

A series of letters and reports covering a period of one and a half years and showing how for years the National Erectors' Association, through its chief agent, Walter Drew, has been on the trail of the Structural Iron Workers' Union in an effort to destroy that organization will be laid before the General Executive Board of the Central Federated Union tonight by J. Snyder, business agent of Local No. 49 of the Structural Iron Workers.

The letters and reports, all signed by "Walter Drew, Commissioner," and addressed from the "Secretary's office, National Erectors' Association, New York," are in the nature of "reports from the field." They are addressed to members of the National Erectors' Association and show that Walter Drew has for years been hounding the Structural Iron Workers.

Drew's reports, exact reproductions of which have been secured by the union, show that he has built up a most elaborate system of espionage to trail the iron workers.

He constantly speaks of the various Structural Iron Workers' locals by noting their strength and weakness, and states that he got the information from the workers in the trade.

The letters and reports cover the period between May 17, 1906, to the middle of December, 1907. In one of his first letters he tells of having formed an agreement with one local of the Structural Iron Workers' Union in Chicago. He says this agreement is advantageous because the local promised to stick to the agreement, disregarding all orders from the international body. This, Drew points out to his employers, is an opening wedge and will tend to disrupt the international union.

Spy Informed Drew.

In another letter, written in the summer of 1906, he tells of a new local of Structural Iron Workers which had just been formed, and gives arguments for the formation of the new union as they were thrashed out at the beginning. This, of course, shows that Drew had a spy in that organization at its very inception.

One of the arguments advanced as showing the need of unions, Drew said, was that the bosses have no regard for a non-union worker. They themselves do not love a traitor to his class and discharge the non-union man as soon as the "trouble" between employer and the union is over. Drew then warns the employers to take this line of reasoning of the union into consideration, and to therefore be "loyal" to strike-breakers and retain them after the strike is over.

Another thing Drew warns the employers against is the "beating down of wages" of unorganized workers. Many employers, he writes, are apt to yield to the temptation to beat down the wages of their non-union employees, knowing that the non-union men are not in a position to resist. This, he says, should be avoided, as in the end it leads to unionism.

In another letter, Drew informs his employers that District Council of the Structural Iron Workers in New York is disrupted. The Housewives and Bridgemen's Union, he says, is "without money and strength." Here again information comes from the "inside."

In his letters Drew tells of conditions all over the country. Drew, as

indicated from his writing, is constantly on the road and going wherever "trouble" between the unions and the employers exists. His reports of having taken "drastic measures" in one place, and of having assured the defeat of the union by fostering "internal strife" in another.

Discourages Unionism.

Drew also acts in his reports and letters as an industrial barometer. He tells his employers frequently just what the condition of the building industry is in every part of the country and advises them to take action against the union accordingly.

"Thus the men who run that building industry is slow all over the country and that this is a good time to put the open shop on a permanent basis. He advises the members of the National Erectors' Association to give preference only to such men that don't care for their craft organization. Then he advises them to get rid of those men who believe in unionism. He tells them that there are plenty of good foreign jobs and that, therefore, it is a good time to get the foreigners to commit themselves for the open shop, or if they are determined unionists, to fill their places with men who will pick tools in the hands of the bosses."

"The dullness in the building operations continues in the large cities, and all indications are that there will be little change for some time. This means that men will be plentiful and jobs few in the building industry and incidentally it means that it is a most auspicious time for the inauguration of the open shop movement."

A letter written by Drew in 1909 to his constituents in the ranks of the National Erectors' Association has for years surrounded the Structural Iron Workers' organizations throughout the country with a network of spies and informers, as well as agents provocateurs who have been trying in every way to get members of that organization into trouble.

Numerous members of the Structural Iron Workers have been approached by men who have been trying to get members of that organization into trouble.

Only two years ago two men were expelled from the Structural Iron Workers' Association after they had been given a trial and were proven to have been in the employ of the International Auxiliary Corporation, an organization which claims for its objective the annihilation of the Industrial Defense and of its representative in Washington—James A. Emery.

The letters in possession of Business Agent Snyder are only a small part of the evidence showing that the National Erectors' Association has for years surrounded the Structural Iron Workers' organizations throughout the country with a network of spies and informers, as well as agents provocateurs who have been trying in every way to get members of that organization into trouble.

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The information which will be laid before the General Executive Board of the Central Federated Union will be in one form or another in places before the working class of the United States to show the people of the nation just who are the men behind the McNamara frameup and the kidnapping of the labor leader for Industrial Defense and of its representative in Washington—James A. Emery.

While it has not been definitely determined, it is likely that a special pamphlet will be issued telling of the way in which the National Erectors' Association has been waiting against the iron workers' union, and showing that the conspiracy against McNamara is only part of the great general conspiracy of the gigantic financial interests of the country to crush the Structural Iron Workers' Union and strangle the labor movement.

WILL BERGER'S MEASURES BE PIGEONHOLED ALWAYS?

(By National Socialist Press.)
WASHINGTON, April 30.—"Solons to Ignore Berger's Plan to Purge Congress—Socialist's Program Doomed to Meet Rusty End in Pigeonhole."
This headline in the Washington Times tells in brief just what the only representative of the American working class has to face. It shows that Berger has an uphill fight. It reveals the character of our "statesmen" who would sidetrack all efforts to purge and cleanse Congress.

The "Times" story is what newspaper men call "inside dope." The reporter who wrote this story has had many years of experience in the Capitol, and he doubt speaks with authority. His story is probably the first account of what our old party politicians think of Berger's work here.

Representative Berger's "Socialist" program will not "go a mile" out of the present Congress. Berger has introduced a number of resolutions which, conservatives believe, are calculated to do violence to our institutions. One of these was his joint resolution calling for the abolition of the Senate.

"Strictly interpreted, this particular resolution is believed to be in violation of the rules of the House. In the presence of the resolution Mr. Berger used some slightly harsh terms in describing the membership of the upper branch of Congress, and in his allusions regarding the

corrupt methods which placed some of the members in their seats.

"Rule 22 of the House prohibits the introduction of bills or resolutions which, in the judgment of the Speaker, are of an obscene or insulting character. Members of the House who saw the Berger Senate abolition resolution before its introduction were emphatic in their declaration that it was insulting in its reference to the Senate. The proposition was withdrawn by Speaker Clark with the recommendation that it be shelved. It is thought to be probable that the Berger resolution was unsuccessful, and the Berger resolution went through the ordinary channels."

It now develops that the Berger resolution was permitted to go through the House in a regular way to meet a quiet resting place in a committee pigeonhole rather than to give widespread advertisement to the nature of the resolution, by publicly announcing its rejection and possibly starting a row on the floor of the House.

"It is not improbable that most, if not all, of the Berger Socialist program will meet the same fate. The bills and resolutions will be received, referred to a committee, and there rest in peace forevermore."

Should the powers that be allow the course outlined in the Times would some slightly harsh terms in describing the membership of the upper branch of Congress, and in his allusions regarding the

DRAKE'S

225-227 8th Ave., N. Y. Between 21st and 22d Streets

MAY SALE



Lingerie Waists

These waists are lustrous, handsomely trimmed; the tuck, lace, insertings, and medallions of embroidery are in four different styles...

FANCY BLOUSES IN COTTON VOILE

Hand embroidered in Bulgarian style; very artistic, exquisite and refined; a good bargain at \$5, but reduced to \$2.98

MEN'S BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR

A garment, 39 cents. Three pieces, \$1.00. FROSKINIT Shirts and Drawers, Each 39 cents. Three pieces for \$1.00.

The full line of "SWEET-ORR'S" UNION OVERALLS a specialty. Mail Orders Filled.

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Dining Room Furniture



China Closet Fine Golden Oak, highly Polished; bent glass on sides. Special \$10-75 at...

Thousands of homes have been made brighter, handsomer and more comfortable by the economies our store has always afforded...

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FOR Honest Dealings, Great Values, the Largest Selections, the Latest Designs and Best Fitting Clothing for Men, Boys and Children. Pursch & Greenthal 102 CANAL STREET Uptown Branch, 2292 3d Ave., near 125th St.

VICTOR L. BERGER First Socialist Congressman, will speak in German Wednesday, May 3, at 8 P. M. HARLEM RIVER PARK CASINO, 127th Street and Second Avenue UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE German Agitation Committee, Socialist Party Admission, 15 Cents

SOCIALISTS CALL POLITICAL BLUFF

(Continued from Page 1.) voting for a Grand Jury probe for the sake of establishing something about which there is no question. For, says one of the papers most bitter against us, the Socialist administration may lack sound judgment, and it may dream idle dreams, but beyond doubt it is honest in money matters. This prompt action of the Socialists has thus taken the wind out of the enemy's sails.

CHICAGO WORKERS SCABBED ON IN N. Y.

(Special to The Call.) CHICAGO, April 30.—The 700 workers of the American-Havana Cigar Company, who have been out for three weeks for better conditions and a \$2 increase, have discovered that the reason they are not winning faster is that their work is being done in the factory at 80th street and Avenue A, New York.

DEATH NUMBER IN WRECK MAY GROW

EASTON, Pa., April 30.—Thousands of people today visited the scene of the horrible railroad accident, attended by loss of life and the injury of a number of persons on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Martin's Creek Saturday afternoon. Thus far it is learned that ten people are dead, but that list may grow.

BREWERY STRIKERS ARRESTED IN CINN.

CINCINNATI, O., April 30.—A new turn was taken in the strike of the Heitavi brewery workers yesterday when Attorney Amos Foster, representing the brewery company, caused the arrest of six labor unions' representatives charged with conspiracy under the Valentine Anti-Trust Law. The brewery workers deny there is any conspiracy in their strike.

QUIZZED CONCERNING LAKEWOOD MURDER

LAKEWOOD, N. J., April 30.—For almost three hours today Prosecutor Theodore K. R. Brown quizzed Henry Graham, the negro captured about thirty miles northwest of here yesterday and locked up "as a material witness" at Tom's River in connection with the murder of Mrs. Charles N. Turner in the Lakewood pine woods last Wednesday afternoon.

SOCIALIST NEWS OF THE DAY

MEETINGS TODAY MANHATTAN AND BRONX. Local Woman's Committee, Special Meeting—At 51 East 91st street, 2 o'clock sharp. All members are urged to be on time as the committee wishes to join in the parade this evening.

Look for the LONG Electric Sign Above My Door. Spring Styles Now on Exhibition. The lasting satisfaction of a Bernhard Garment consists in being well dressed at moderate cost. Our stock comprises thousands of yards of the newest 'all wool fabrics. Beautiful and exclusive weaves from the most reputable mills of this country and abroad.

BERNHARD

Suits or Overcoats \$15 To Measure. Made by Union Tailors. BERNHARD Merchant Tailor. 148 East 125th St. Two Doors from Lexington Ave.

JERSEY MACHINISTS BACK N. Y. STRIKE

In a mass meeting of machinists under the auspices of District 47, held in Newark yesterday afternoon, the eight-hour strike of the machinists of District 47, New York City, was endorsed. The meeting was well attended by delegates and machinists from several New Jersey locals.

BOUNTS AT LONG ACRE A. A.

The sudden warm spell that crept over the city Saturday night was the cause of only a small fraction of the members turning out at the Long Acre's boxing festival. The management was therefore compelled to cut down the usual large number of events.

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YOUNG SOCIALISTS ENTHUSE GROWNUPS

Children of Manhattan and Bronx Have Gala May Day Festival.

The monster gathering of children and grownups that filled the new Star Casino, 115 East 107th street, yesterday afternoon to participate in the annual May Day celebration of Socialist children of Manhattan and the Bronx proved to what extent the Socialist spirit has taken hold of the Socialist school children in New York. The songs, dances, sketches, recitations and games of the youngsters kept the large audience continually interested.

HURLS INJUNCTION AGAINST MARBLE MEN

WASHINGTON, April 30.—A copy of a restraining order recently issued by the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill., against the International Association of Marble Workers has just been received. It bears the ordinary labor injunction by a mile or two, and deprives the union from inducing or soliciting persons to leave the service of the complainants.

STOCK REDUCTION SALE

Stock Reduction Sale SUITS \$25 Satin Duchess Suits, \$15 Beautifully trimmed with wide from Hercules braid, Pseudo Cigars lined, also French Serges and Novelty Stripes, in all new colors. For quick action, prices have been cut from 1-3 to 4. \$15 & \$20 Suits Just the kind you have been looking for. Sea-son's smartest models in Garfield serges, manila suitings and hairline stripes. Tailor-made and sailor collar effects. \$15 Coats at \$7.50 Latest dash in sail-or collar effects, and tailor-made—sat-ins, serges, tweeds, poncees. \$10 Dresses at \$5.98 Marquissette, mo-sallines, French serges, Chiffon Pan-amas, cotton voile. A style, model and shade with every fancy touch to meet the exacting demands of the careful dresser. Alterations Free. Open Evenings. NEAR LEXINGTON AVE.

FLEISCHMANN'S COMPRESSED YEAST HAS NO EQUAL

MAY DAY IS HERE WITH TOILING HOSTS READY (Continued from Page 1.) ing point, Myrtle avenue, at the intersection of Forest avenue, George and Stephen streets. The parade will touch every street on the Heights. Individuals and affiliated with the May Day Conference may join in the parade by being on time.

PAINTERS, NOTICE!

The members of the Brotherhood of Painters, Local No. 492, are hereby requested to participate in the May Day parade and assemble today at 6:30 p.m. at 54th street, between Second and Third avenues. ROBERT WALLSTROM, Secretary.

HOBOKEN PARADE.

The May Day parade in Hoboken will form at 7 p.m. today at the corner of 4th and Jefferson streets. F. Schwartz will act as marshal, and E. Fischer as assistant marshal.

BIRTH RATE AFFECTS SIZE OF FRENCH ARMY

PARIS, April 30.—Deputy Clementel has made the statement in the French Chamber of Deputies that, owing to the diminishing birth rate, there will be in 1930 58,000 less men under the French colors in the army than at present. In 1817, he cited, when Paris had a population of but 714,000, the annual births were 27,000. In 1901, with a population four times as great as in 1817, the number of births has only doubled.

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Are You Satisfied With Your HAT?

IF SAME IS AS GOOD AS McCANN'S IT COSTS MORE. McCANN'S HATS 210 Bowery, nr. Spring St.

BOILER MAKERS OUT FOR WAGE INCREASE

One thousand boiler makers in New York, Brooklyn and Hoboken will down their tools this morning and go on strike for an all round increase of 50 cents a day. This was the decision of a mass meeting held yesterday afternoon at 60 St. Marks place, New York City. About two weeks ago the men made their demands, but all firms but one refused to make any reply. The men are all organized and members of the International Association of Boiler Makers, Shipbuilders and Helpers.

THE FIRST SOCIALIST IN CONGRESS. VICTOR L. BERGER TO SPEAK ON "The Prospects of a Socialist Congressman" Thursday, May 4, '11 8 O'CLOCK CARNegie HALL UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCIALIST SOCIETY Franklin H. Wentworth on "Signs of Land" J. G. PHELPS STOKES, Chairman. Seats should be reserved at once at the I. S. S. Office, Room 902, 105 W. 40th Street; Telephone Bryant 4696. Rand School, 112 East 19th Street; Telephone Gramercy 778.

Items From a Notebook on Labor Conditions

By ELIOT WHITE.

A. Huddell, a former president of the Boston Central Labor Union, was once trying to secure an eight-hour day and a slight increase in wages for a body of workers. He sent courteous notices to all the employers concerned, to which some refused any answer whatever. Meeting one of the latter some time afterward, Huddell asked him if he would mind telling him what he intended to do at the expiration of the time limit. "No," replied the employer. "I don't mind telling you, but the trouble with you workmen is, you want too much—you want something more than a calico dress for your wives." Huddell says he had seen this same employer a week before, going into a theater with his wife, and that she was certainly dressed in something besides calico.

Miss Gertrude Barnum, secretary of the Massachusetts Woman's Trade Union League, telling her audience at a Boston exhibit of industrial conditions of her personal investigations of the Fall River cotton mills, said the roar in the loom rooms is so great that the girls have to communicate with one another by means of the deaf-and-dumb finger alphabet, and they can be seen still using this from habit on the city street cars and in places where there is not too much noise for talking. At noon the work-

ers' children come to eat with their mothers, and she has seen them sitting on the floor, tearing meat to fragments with their fingers and drinking stale tea from cans. If a loom breaks down the girl tending it has to wait for a repairer to come, and she is "docked" in her pay envelope for the time thus lost.

The National Civic Federation Review (March, 1907), reporting a conference on child labor, quoted Dr. R. P. Falkner, "a well known statistician," as asking his audience these aggrieved questions: "How can it be claimed that child labor is a menace to our civilization? We should save as many children as we can from the harm which may arise from their employment at an early age, but why should we malign our democracy with exaggerated pictures of the devil? Why should we grow pessimistic over our whole industrial outlook, and looking in the face see beams in its eyes, where there is only a tiny mote?"

In Chicago railroad yards representatives called "dollar men" are employed by the companies, who come at once to brakemen or engineers who have received minor bruises, burns and the like, and try to persuade them with the offer of an immediate dollar, to "sign off" from further claims for compensation, although sometimes blood poisoning or other serious complications later set in.

The city treasurer of Worcester, Mass., received an envelope by mail, containing \$4.75 and a slip bearing these words scrawled on it: "I send

\$4.75. I received too much. 'It troubles me. Laborer.'"

An electrician was killed in a Worcester foundry by a current from an arc lamp he was cleaning. He had neglected to use his rubber gloves, and the floor on which he stood was wet, so that a free circuit was made through his body. Those coming to his rescue reported that electric sparks were darting from the nails in his boot heels.

A young man who had newly gone to work at a cutting machine in a Worcester factory had a finger completely severed by a stroke of the knife. He was so dazed by the accident that he mechanically picked up his finger, tucked it in his pocket, and went on working. It was only when his companions saw his blood flowing, and took him from his machine that he would go to a surgeon.

Worcester may once have had the reputation of a "slow town," but that the coming to it of the Steel Trust has exerted a decided "speeding up" is suggested by the following incident: A Swede one morning told the gate-man at the trust's wire mill that he had a message for a certain worker inside. The gate-man said: "You can't see him; the company has given strict orders that nobody is to be called out except for something very important." The messenger turned away with a sad consolation a face that the gate-man called after him: "Here, was it anything important you wanted to see him about?" "No," answered the visitor. "I just wanted to tell him that his wife was dead."

The Grist of the Gods

By PAUL HANNA.

These lines are not addressed to the working class, nor to the middle class, nor to the capitalist class. They are not addressed to any class.

I find it easier to discuss matters with men than with a class of men. I can't classify human beings when addressing human intelligence. For me there is only one kind of men in the world. By that I mean that all the men I have known were engaged in the same pursuit from birth until death. They were searching for happiness.

Socialism does not promise happiness for all men. It promises them only an equal opportunity to find happiness. Comfort and leisure form the only basis on which happiness can be founded. That is, physical comfort and leisure to be busy at a proper occupation.

All men who enjoy physical comfort, health, desire to busy themselves in some way. All such men do busy themselves. The great pity and evil is, that given a social chaos such as exists at present, healthy persons with leisure are much more likely to busy themselves in some mischievous or positively dangerous pursuit than in one that is useful either to themselves or to the community at large.

It appears to me to remind you that nothing can be of real value to one that is not of value to his fellow men. This shows how wrong it is to charge the individualist with being selfish and how stupidly wrong it is for a selfish person to call himself an individualist. Individualism is a social instinct.

Selfish persons are merely selfish, and the sin of selfishness is as harmful to individuality as is extreme poverty, long hours of burdensome labor, or insufficient food. Socialism will remove the cause of material poverty and enlighten those ignorant, well-to-

do persons who imagine selfishness to be an instinct of self-preservation. Selfishness is an instinct of self-preservation corrupted by ignorance. But since every evil thing bears the germ of its own destruction, so is selfishness today eating out the heart of a social system supremely stupid and selfish.

The selfish working people of the world, led I am firmly convinced, by the American legion, are going to abolish the rent, interest and profit in which they do not share. They are going to destroy private ownership of the machinery of production and the means of transportation.

The working people will do this because a material influence called economic determinism is driving them on to take the full product of their labor. The working people want, must have, the physical comfort and leisure to develop their souls which is bound up in the rent, interest and profit which is stolen from them now.

The working people are going to act as the new-born bourgeoisie of Europe did when it substituted constitutional government for absolute monarchy, as American merchants did in 1776 when they created a government better designed to increase their profits.

I have said that the working people are going to destroy private ownership of the earth or of any essential part thereof. For this they will substitute collective ownership. Whether this revolution is effected peacefully or in violence must be left for time to decide. The matter is largely in the hands of the capitalists. Twentieth century man is a lover of peace and nothing short of mad resistance by the men who own the earth in private will precipitate civil war in America.

It must be borne in mind by them who charge us with fomenting revolu-

tion that Socialists have little to do with causing discontent in the world. Dispar is the mother of violence; Socialism is a gospel of hope.

The private owners of the earth; they who pay wages to such of the disinherited as they find it profitable to employ while leaving the others to starve, are breeding the discontent, fomenting the revolution.

Socialism is the philosophy which organizes the discontent and spirit of revolution which capitalism inevitably creates. This task of Socialism is all but overwhelming. The really great peril threatening it that Socialism will not be able to harness the revolution it seeks to convert into a blessing for all men.

Great and world-wide as is our movement, the truths of Socialism have been imparted to but a small fraction of the "working class." Slightly better educated and materially more favored elements of society are turning thousands of recruits into the avowed Socialist army. These are vastly less patient under the heel of persecution. They have eaten of the apple and will not be denied. To these Socialism has not been addressed particularly. They will come of their own accord. Morgan is driving them to us in tens of thousands, while Debs is busy with the "working class."

The distressing truth is that mankind appears unable to obey the injunctions uttered by conscience. Christ hoped it would when he said: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Men have always secretly wanted to do that, but they were too weak. Weak and blind. But when men fail to do wilfully what their hearts counsel, destiny compels them.

Hence the misery and terrors of today.

Hence the social revolution.

A DAY OF GLADNESS

By THOMAS G. CONNOLLY.

Surely he is a pessimistic Socialist who cannot find cause to rejoice on this May Day; for now, for the first time in the history of the United States, both "news" papers and pseudo-statesmen are waking up to the fact that Socialism is no longer an objective symptom of an addled brain, but is the platform of a great and growing party, before whose fire the very fabric of capitalism seems to be crumbling. And today that element in the other two political parties which is in the lead is led by politicians engaged in the eager pursuit of those hitherto un-Democratic and un-Republican principles of initiative and referendum, recall, popular election of United States Senators and hedging the power of the judiciary. Ten or fifteen years ago our judges were semi-sacred; today they are beginning to take the place of footballs with every Tom, Dick and Roosevelt in the other two parties with an itch to hold public office.

Roosevelt, still perhaps the most dangerous man in the United States, his ear stuck to the ground to sense the rumbling of every approaching popular disturbance—even this most unscrupulous politician, limelighter and wrecker has found it well to advocate woman suffrage. And an impartial committee in Chicago, whose duty it is to find out the cause of crime and vice, reports that in its opinion that cause is mainly poverty. Miss Smith, matron of the "All-Night" Court in New York's Tenderloin, says that girls go wrong mainly because their "Christian" employers do not pay them a living wage. District Attorney Pelletier, of Boston (the nominee of both the leading parties), reports his inability to blot out vice. He says the cause is economic. Catholic priests, combating Socialism, hasten to quote the words of Pope Leo's encyclical to the effect that laborers must be paid such wages as will support themselves and their dependent in comfort and dignity (even though they fail to point out a single Catholic

employer who has been influenced thereby to the extent of a single dollar).

The other two parties are on the run, and in their fright they try to find salvation in adopting measures that until lately belonged solely to the Socialist party which they once pretended to despise. So we have good cause to rejoice, and were it not that human misery, caused by the present rotten economic system, is too potent, some of us might be tempted to sit back, laugh softly and say, "I told you so." But a better thing to do this May Day is for us Socialists to spit in the palm of our hands, get a better grip of the oars and pull away against the current harder than ever before.

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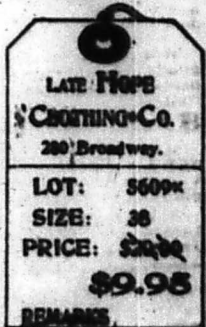
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For the benefit of those who may not have seen our opening announcement, we would say that THE EASTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION is a co-operative organization, formed to serve the readers of leading newspapers in Eastern cities and towns. Through its agency, readers of these papers will be able to obtain good books on a co-operative basis. By its direct and economical methods, the ASSOCIATION will save thousands of dollars for newspaper readers during the coming months.

We Save YOU Money

One of the most necessary of all books is a good encyclopedia, which places at your elbow the world's knowledge in clear, classified form. "A library, large or small, ought to have as its foundation stones a dictionary, an encyclopedia, and an atlas," says Hamilton Wright Mabie. Unfortunately, however, in the encyclopedia field it has too long been true that what was cheap was not good and what was good was not cheap. Many desired to own a good encyclopedia, but felt they could not afford to purchase it. Hence, sensible, ambitious people who desire the best for themselves and their families will everywhere regard as a boon the organization of THE EASTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION for the extensive wholesale distribution of THE NEW STANDARD ENCYCLOPEDIA (with an ATLAS OF THE WORLD). The ASSOCIATION, by contracting for large editions of THE NEW STANDARD ENCYCLOPEDIA, can reduce the cost of manufacture to the lowest possible minimum. Readers of the present announcement are hereby notified that they are entitled and urged to share in the great price-saving effected by the ASSOCIATION and to participate in all the benefits and privileges.

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Those who desire information in regard to it should fill out and mail the coupon below.

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DON'T LIKE HIS MORALS.

N. J. life saver, with whom she eloped August 24, 1910, while spending the summer on the seashore. She denied her affections were alienated by her relative and alleged her husband's bad morals caused her great humiliation.

LOUIS, April 29.—Helen Rowland, actress, filed suit Saturday, to divorce John Rowland, the Spring Lake, Wis.

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ALL MEMBERS OF THE Ladies' Tailors and Dress Makers' Union, Local 38

Are requested to stop working May 1 and join in the May Day Parade. All members will meet Monday Morning, 11 o'clock, in front of Manhattan Lyceum, 66 East 4th Street, and from there join the general parade.

BY ORDER OF The Ladies' Tailors and Dress Makers' Union, Local 38

NOTICE! ALL IRISH SOCIALISTS are requested to meet Monday Night, at 7 o'clock sharp, at 56th Street and Eighth Avenue, to join in the May Day Parade. P. L. Quinlan, Organizer.

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Getting Labor Laws Enforced

By ALGERNON LEE.

Americans generally pride themselves on their respect for law. In fact, they have an almost childish reverence for law in the abstract, and an equally naive confidence in the power of laws alone to solve their problems for them. But on the contrary side, Americans are probably the least law-abiding people in the world.

In no department is this more evident than in that of labor legislation.

It is true that the labor laws of this country, taken all together, make up a very faulty and inadequate code when compared with those of many European countries. It is also true that many of the most useful laws put on the statute books have been wiped off again by court decisions.

Even after the courts have got in their work, however, there remains a body of labor legislation which, if it could be taken at face value, would be very considerable. This includes especially the laws restricting the employment of children and regulating the hours of labor for women; laws against peonage, blacklisting, truck payment, and like abuses; and laws regulating the construction and equipment of places of employment with reference to sanitation and the prevention of accidents.

In fact, these laws are worth much less than their face value.

Why? Because the workers have guilelessly supposed that laws would enforce themselves or that employers would practice that respect for law which they so glibly preach; while, in practice, the capitalists are ever on the alert to obstruct the enforcement of every law which threatens to cut down their profits.

Even in those States which have relatively the best labor laws, the provision for their enforcement are ridiculously inadequate. New York has some 80,000 manufacturing establishments, employing nearly a million wage-workers; and the law provides a force of sixty inspectors to watch over this immense field, detect violations, and initiate action to stop or punish them.

No matter though every inspector should be a paragon of honesty and energy, it would be impossible for such a force to do one-tenth of the work expected of it. Furthermore, inspectors are not always models of efficiency, nor are all of them above suspicion of shutting their eyes to capitalist law-breaking when the capitalists make it worth their while.

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that the laws for the protection of labor, grossly inadequate even in theory, are in practice little more than a bad joke.

What is to be done?

It is easy to put off the question to the future. When we have a Socialist Governor and a Socialist majority in the Legislature, the labor laws will be vastly improved; and they will be enforced at least as stringently as laws against burglary and arson are enforced today.

That is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We are working for it. We see it coming. But it is presumably still some years in the future. Meanwhile, are thousands of children still to be sent into the factory year by year, thousands of men and women maimed or killed at their

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For a People's City Charter

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN.

Trice have legislative commissions labored hard and labored long; thrice was a different revised charter of the City of New York submitted to the Legislature, and still the charter of the City of New York remains unrevived. Two proposed charters never saw the light of legislative enactment. The third is now gestating in the womb of the Committee on Affairs of Cities. Whether this proposed charter will ever become a law is problematic, with chances in its favor.

The remarkable thing about this revision of the New York City charter is the seeming absence of any popular interest in how New York City will fare in the revision of its charter. Will the revised charter make for more progress, for a more comprehensive democracy, for an extension of municipal activities? Or will the revision curtail still more the rights of the people to administer the affairs of their city; will it open new fields wherein the powers that prey may find new opportunities to loot the city? The chances are all in favor of the "interests." The agents of the "interests" are in command of the work of revision. They do as they list, and there is no one to say nay. If they are unable to agree, it is not because of fear of opposition to their schemes of further spoliation of the city, but because so little of opposition have they met, that they could afford the luxury of a disagreement.

An event which, in other cities, particularly of the West, serves to call into mobility all the radical and reform elements; at the civic organizations with progressive programs; all the latent theories and ideas of municipal administration; leaves our citizens indifferent, cold and strange.

Not a body so humble as to do honor to charter revision by so much as noticing it.

Where are they all, the knights of the steel point and the exhorters on the street corners?

Where are your expounders of the single tax?

Why not urge now the adoption of your theory as part of the city's fiscal system? Speak now or be forever silent.

Where are you, the direct legislation leaguers; the municipal ownership leaguers; the warring and otherwise ubiquitous suffragettes? When, if not now, should you make your influence felt in shaping the laws of this city?

And the trade unionists? The only time they seem to be aware that they have an interest in the city affairs is when they have to send a begging committee to some official under-strapper to beg for favors. By an intelligent, systematic and strong agitation they could get now into the city charter more of what is good for workingmen than they could beg in a thousand years.

And even the Socialist party offers no exception to this rule of universal apathy. In vain have I endeavored to engage the interest of the Socialists and trade unionists in the work of charter revision. It is amazing, nevertheless it is true, that even the Socialists viewed the subject as something that does not concern the Socialist party. And particularly our opportunists, who view every rent strike, every meat riot as offering great opportunities for work of constructive statesmanship, could see nothing worth noticing in the revision of the city charter.

Still, we shall talk on until some one takes notice.

The Socialists and other citizens with ideals of political democracy need have no hesitancy in taking a stand for a truly self-governing and self-determining municipality.

A proposition that a municipality should be self-governing even more than a State would have a basis, both in reason and fact. For the boundary lines dividing American States are purely artificial and imaginary. Whereas the lines dividing municipalities are the result of natural growth. A municipality presents a group of human beings with many interests, differing from, though not opposed to, the interests of any other group. The problem of New York City water supply is different from the problem of Newark, N. J. water supply. What could be the equally important problem that would involve all the citizens of the State of New York in distinction from the citizens of any adjacent State is difficult to imagine. As a matter of fact, the New York City municipality has infinitely more identity of interests with Jersey City municipality than with Watertown, N.

J. and Jersey City's interests are far more closely identified with New York City than with Camden, N. J. Suffice it to mention the problem of the pollution of Hudson River and of the New York Harbor. We cannot perceive that it would affect materially the well being of the American people, if the States should be abolished. The same cannot be said of municipalities. Notwithstanding this living fact, the theory of the law is exactly to the contrary. Theories differ as to whether the American States are creatures of the will of the American people as a whole, as manifested through the Federal Convention and Constitution; or whether their existence antedates the national and political birth of the American people, i. e., whether they are direct successors of the respective American colonies. But there can be no dispute that the existence of municipalities antedates the existence of both the States and the Federal government. And yet the prevailing legal theory is that the municipalities are the creatures of the State. And they are treated accordingly. Such rights as the municipalities possess, they enjoy by the grace of the State government. The State grants to or withholds from or withdraws the municipalities, rights and privileges at its pleasure. The very existence of municipal corporations is always at the mercy of the State. Municipal corporations are not even hedged about by the principles of "vested interests" or "obligation of contracts" as private or quasi-public corporations are. In the struggles of the municipalities with the States for self-government the Socialists are always found on the side of the municipalities. Not alone because the interests of political democracy demand it, but also because the first political successes of the Socialist party are as a rule in municipal elections. The position of the Socialist party briefly stated is this:

The functions of a municipality should not be limited. It should concern itself with the welfare of its citizens in every pursuit in which they may engage. It should care for their health and comfort, and provide them means for earning a livelihood. But under the present conditions there are great problems which cannot be dealt with by the municipality. Problems concerning manufacture, commerce and transportation may be dealt with successfully only nationally, by the entire people.

Political.

1. The powers of the New York City government for the city shall be the same as the powers of the State government are for the State, subject to the limitations specifically set forth herein.
2. Every citizen of the age of twenty-one years and upwards shall be entitled to vote at all municipal elections of the City of New York.
3. Any act or decision of the council or of any official or employee of the city may be revised by means of a referendum, which may confirm or reverse the same; 25,000 electors or more may initiate such referendum.
4. Fifty thousand electors or more may initiate a referendum on any proposed act, decision or measure.
5. The holder of any elective public office or employment may be removed at any time by the voters qualified to vote for the successor of such incumbent.
6. The mayor shall appoint at least one person to the boards of election, education and public works, labor and supplies from each of the political parties for Governor received at the last general election at least 3 per cent of the total vote. Such person to be designated by the State Executive Committee of the respective party.
7. This charter shall take effect only after its approval by the referendum of the voters of New York City.
8. The charter may be amended by the Legislature, subject to the referendum of the voters of the city.

Economic.

9. The city shall grant no franchises. Industries requiring a franchise shall be owned and operated by the city.
10. There shall be established a department of public works, labor and supplies. It shall be the duty of this department: (a) To have charge of the erection and repair of public buildings and works and the establishing and maintaining of such industries and plants as the city may decide upon, excepting the cases where other departments are specifically charged with that duty; (b) To increase the scope and number of public undertakings in the event when a great number of people suffer from want of employment, so as to give a greater number of people an opportunity to work; (c) To purchase and furnish

Hail, Brothers! Hail, Sisters!

Life's Constructive Army

By LEONORA O'REILLY.

We have our own Labor Day in this country. The day Uncle Sam's children consider their own particular Labor Day. But this May Labor Day—the universal Labor Day—is the day in which the children of labor of all nations may stretch their hands over and beyond artificial boundaries and frontiers, and grasp the hands of their fellow laborers of all other nations in fraternal grip, saying: Hail, Brother! Hail, Sister! There shall henceforth be peace between us; the constructive army, not the destructive army of the world.

We are all sisters and brothers in the universal army of labor. We will work for each other. We will no longer be driven to war against each other.

War is the perdition of nations—work is the salvation. "Labor is noble and holy" and we on this May Day will sanctify it. Ominous are the sentences to be read everywhere today:

"The Passing of the Idle Rich."
"The Passing of the Plutocrat."
To these, let us add:
"The Passing of the Laker."
"The Passing of the Parasite."
And let us never forget, but mark inwardly and digest those words of St. Paul:

"He who does not labor, neither shall he eat."

The world has at last risen to the perception that labor is the fundamental and important fact in the conservation of society.

It also perceives that labor has not yet had a square deal. It sees that much injustice is suffered by the worker and its sympathies are aroused.

It sees that relations exist in the world of labor which make for the continuance of discord and inharmonious conditions.

Sympathy is arousing thought and prompting thought to search earnestly to establish better, more just, humane and harmonious conditions. Earnest search will surely lead to successful discovery.

The all-important necessity is that the world should perceive and recognize that injustice exists. If this be recognized, then a means to its elimination must and will be discovered.

The heart of mankind is fundamentally good. The mind of mankind fundamentally just. The head and

heart if given free opportunity to work together will establish Truth and Justice, and that signifies Progress.

There can be no reason for despair while the human heart can be awakened to sympathy.

The unmistakable misfortune and horrors which the workers have to suffer may be converted into opportunities for progress if conscientiousness is aroused.

"Thou shalt do no murder," is the true commandment today as the day it was given.

The murders committed by Hunger and Blotch in the Triangle workhouse, prison, death trap, may become the means of arousing the public mind to the horrible death dealing conditions workers are subjected to all over the world. Confined in fire barred in, in inflammable factories smothered by phosphorus and lead, till their bones decay, in order to earn a scanty living. Who, seeing and knowing all these facts, will dare deny that the workers today are in a condition of wage slavery?

Chattel slavery was doomed. Wage slavery is also doomed. "The best question of time and intelligence."

Oh, workers, learn and inventively digest that ignorance is the source of evil.

The poet has told us that:
"Godness is alone immortal; evil was not made to last."
Let us "get on the job;" if we do but remove ignorance we shall certainly overcome evil.

The removing of evil has always been considered a religious question. IT IS A LABOR QUESTION. Get to work, my sisters and brothers; all the world over, our fate is in our own hands.

We in our millions will be done with internal strife; we shall work in peace; we shall play together; we shall parade together; yes, in May time and in September, in the season when Mother Earth responds to a new birth; and in the season when the fruits of the field pay tribute to honest toil—two Labor Days are more than many for the constructive army of labor.

The workers have established man's right to labor. Now they must establish his right to leisure.

Customs and Festivals

By PATRICK L. QUINLAN.

Customs, like bigotry, die hard. Some customs seem destined to live for ever. Like May Day, they come down the ages in almost their original garb. Centuries of change, revolutions, religions, civilizations have not been able to efface the international feast day of the proletariat as May Day is. Other feast days have assumed different shapes and forms and are entirely divorced from their original meaning. Were it not for the religious or governmental association the holidays that have survived would have died of "innocuous desuetude" long ago. As it is they bear no meaning or relation to their name or origin. If the ghosts of the famous warriors and mighty gods were to return to the scenes of their former revelries they would, after a brief glance at the mimickers, run a Marathon back to their graves. Easter, though supported by governments in some countries and by the churches in most, has lost the gaudy dress and mirth of bygone times. It is now a solemn and pompous ceremony, followed by a parade of duds and duds, finery and shoddy. Our autumnal festival is nothing but a ludicrous attempt at paganism, with its hideous uniforms, ugly tinsel and horrible fireworks.

Customs analogous to May Day are widespread. In ancient Rome the people had their Flora and Goddesses. In Russia the Feast of Korovod had lost all its ancient significance. It is now purely and simply a religious affair.

The origin of Roman, German and Russian feast days are easily traced and explained. But the international holiday that we celebrate, and call May Day cannot be easily accounted for. Its origin is lost in antiquity. It began at the dawn of the human race and is today, after centuries of change, celebrated in many lands, and there is no doubt but that May Day will continue to be one of feasting and rejoicing long after the sun of capitalism has set. Going back to ancient times, we find May Day a pagan holiday, independent of the Roman and Near East feast days. We only find May Day observed where Keltic settlements were made.

Then let us to the people! For an "upward revision!" For a People's City Charter!

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Origin of the May Day Demonstration

By B. LOW.

The 14th day of July of 1889, the bourgeoisie, the ruling class of the world, celebrated the hundredth anniversary of what is commonly recognized as the birthday of the great French Revolution, the day on which the guillotine, the prison of many of the victims of the feudal system, was destroyed.

The bourgeoisie was well justified in commemorating the event; for the Revolution, of which the great philosophers of the eighteenth century had hoped that it would bring the kingdom of reason, resulted in the triumph of the bourgeoisie. While the dreams of liberty, equality and fraternity were not materialized, while the contrary exploitation and oppression grew worse and worse, the bourgeoisie solely was benefited by the destruction of the feudal system and the consequent marvellous development of industry.

On this same 14th of July of 1889 a great event took place at least as important for the nineteenth, as was the beginning of the French Revolution for the eighteenth century. The workingmen, who had come to understand that the possession of political rights, which the Revolution had given them, was insufficient and that their emancipation could be effected only by abolishing the capitalist system, gave evidence of their solidarity in meeting at an International Work-

men's Congress at Paris and forming there a new indestructible International Association.

It was at this congress that, upon motion of Levigne made in behalf of the National Federation of the French labor unions, it was resolved to organize at a certain period an international demonstration for the purpose of demanding from the ruling classes an eight-hour workday and legislation for the protection of the working class.

The idea of such a manifestation was not original. At the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor called to order on December 11, 1888, in St. Louis, Samuel Gompers advocated that a certain day should be selected on which the workmen of the whole country should fight for an eight-hour day, and it was resolved that May 1, of 1890, should be this day. In consideration of this resolution the French Congress decided to select the 1st of May of 1890 as the date for the national demonstration.

But while the resolution of the St. Louis Convention unfortunately proved of no consequence for the workingmen of America, the resolution of the Paris Congress turned out to be of such overwhelming importance and revolutionary character, as perhaps no other single decision of any other workingmen's assembly. Since then the fighting revolutionary portion of the working class has had year for year an opportunity to review the

strength of its troops and to forcibly demonstrate the power of its international solidarity to the ruling classes of their countries.

At the International Congress at Brussels in 1891, the impressiveness of this demonstration was increased by the resolution, that the most dignified form of the May Day celebration consisted in ceasing to work for that day, and that all countries were called upon to celebrate the day in that manner where it is possible without injuring the interests of the workers.

At the International Workingmen's Congress at Zurich in 1893, the purpose of the May Day celebration was extended, as a means of demonstrating the brotherhood of all workmen regardless of nationality, creed or race, and their earnest request for peace and protest against the frequent criminal acts of the capitalist class in bringing about war.

The first of May is an old festival of the Latin and Teutonic nations at which occasion the cold and gloomy winter was symbolically driven away and spring with its flowers and sun and joy initiated. In devoting the same date to the demands of the working class, the demonstration of solidarity of the workers and their request for eternal peace, the modern proletariat celebrates annually the passing away of a system under which the majority of mankind suffers, and the coming inauguration of a form of society which means culture and happiness for all.

THE FIRST OF MAY IS INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY



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MAY DAY

By JOSEPH E. COHEN.

It is in no wise strange that May 1 should be labor's holiday.

For May is the flowering month; the laborer, the universal worker, is celebrating a day to plan for the era when he will also be the universal ruler.

It is when the barren weather breaks that the forces beneath the soil gather for a new lease of life. The moisture in which the fertile soil has been dissolved oozes up and away, and the ground is more yielding to the impact of the heel. The birds have stirred North, and the woodland chorus announces the break of day, while the Western horizon is garbed by a more lingering sun.

The earth is rolling green; the fragrance of flower and blossom peels the nostril; the sap is coursing up the tree; there is a tang of expectancy in the wind, and the air is militant; in the marching sky is the sign of inspiration; the muscles tense and the blood pulses to the very finger tips. It is though the earth were quivering with the travail of bringing forth a new order.

Nor is it reason to wonder that April is down in history as the war month.

Less wonder still that at such a time the laborer would not straighten his stooped form and fill his lungs with the stimulating air.

May 1 was set aside as a festival of workingmen many decades ago.

And, very properly, from the outset it was made the occasion for demanding some concession that would make the conditions of toll lighter.

May 1 and the fight for the eight-hour day became identical. And leisure is a need, the importance of which cannot be overestimated.

Only as labor finds time to relax from the strain of work, to delve into the books that record the achievements that place civilized man above the barbarian and savage, to study his own position in human society, to find the trend of the changes that are rushing him on to untraced relations with his fellow men the world over—only as labor the deer becomes labor the thinker will labor really fulfill his duty to himself and come into his own.

For us in America the eight-hour movement that seemed to be sweeping all before it in the eighties had a very tragic pause. It was only a pause, to be sure. Just long enough to learn that labor must part company with the anarchist of every stamp, in planning his tactics in battle.

A pause long enough, too, to sharpen a weapon that had already done good service in days past—the ballot.

It is just that weapon that has come to be relied upon more and more as strikers doing picket service have been thrust into jail, as injunctions have dispersed the workers on the firing line, and as judges, who

severed their apprenticeship as corporation lawyers, loot trades union treasuries.

With it all, labor by no means despairs of struggling through the union, but resolves to build firmer and more compact the organization which has given priceless experience.

For it was by that, very experience, bitter as often as sweet, that scattering elements of fruitless protest and blind passion and shortsightedness were welded into a movement differing from the elements that went to make it—a disciplined army, aware of its obligations to itself and to the armies of labor in this country and in every country—the class-conscious cohorts of labor.

An army that bides no war except upon human wrong, that has no battle cry but universal peace.

It is this, the greatest and grandest army the world has ever known, that will thrill with fraternal greetings on May 1.

They will be greetings ringing with hope, and with faith in the cause that binds them together, ringing with cheers for the recent political victories in this country, and for the message that the army is marching swifter and stronger in every land and clime.

For May Day is but the rekindling of the camp fire, about which gather the grizzled old veteran and the eager recruit, to record the fact that labor has passed through the winter of his discontent and is entering upon the springtime of flourishing promise.

DE-E-TECTED

By D. S. WEBSTER.

"Halt! Halt! Halt!"

This is not a cat fight. This is a detective story.

Detective Burns has discovered something.

Ah! but has he? Wait. There is more to follow.

The trail grows warmer—why shouldn't it, Burns is on it.

For a moment Burns steps off the trail and plants something—it's springtime, and Burns has been commissioned by the Pinkerton Detective Agency to plant something.

What can it be? In a breathless moment, because Burns doesn't know but what it might go off in his hands.

What can it be? Another moment from which the atmosphere has been extracted.

What the h— Now, now, don't get excited. It may be violets, or beans, or a lemon.

Burns carefully marks the spot and marches on the trail like a faithful dog closely following at his heels. The acute reader, who thinks he knows it all, will immediately conclude that we have given it all away now. But wait, and while waiting say "Halt!"

We have said in a hasty moment that the trail still follows. It doesn't matter what we say, because Burns knows. Whether the trail follows or whether it leads, Burns knows—because—because—why simply because he's been over it before.

But "Halt! Who goes there?"

"A barn goes there!"

The eagle-eyed sleuth has discovered something else. Isn't he the Dr. Cook, though?

Ho! you say, anybody can discover a barn.

Now say, who's telling this pack of lies—you, or I, or Burns? Don't butt in, or I'll put Detective Burns on your trail, and he'll discover a yard of persuasion caps sticking out of your ear.

Yes, Watson, it may seem an easy matter to your crude imagination to discover a barn, but it takes years of analytical deduction to discover the particular barn the detective agency wants. And even then you have to examine cigar ashes and finger marks for about six months while you're waiting an opportunity to slip inside the barn when the owner isn't around. And when you get inside the barn you might simply discover a jackass there. Even I, myself, have been in the same predicament when inside barns.

But not this trip, Watson. Not by a jugful. I'm getting too well paid. I know what I'm going to discover right now.

It is well to pause here while we dilate upon the wonderful subtlety, acumen, penetration, uperspicuity, discernment and general cussedness of our hero, Burns. It must truly have been a weird sight to see this human ferret standing around outside a barn, and knowing—absolutely confident—of what was inside.

How did he know?

That is the question that will come up before the Grand Jury.

Did he smell it?

That is the way we would discover what was inside the barn. But not Burns—he knew what was inside the barn because he had it with him.

Isn't it simple? It's awfully simple, and simply awful, when you know how.

"Te-hee!" you say. "Why I could be a Pinkerton myself."

Well, you might think so, but you may be careless or nervous and drop one of your discoveries and blow yourself sky-high, and then you would be sorry you ever bothered with the detective business.

And now that we've got you guessing we will change the scene.

The plot thickens!

The plot is rather thick. I must confess, but don't blame me, blame Burns. The plot is so full of clocks, and dynamite and fuses and lies and other fabrications that one can hardly turn round.

"Halt!" Something else goes. An automobile goes! The auto still goes—on and on. Very mysterious this—an auto going on and on forever.

Suddenly the auto stops. That's more natural—the mystery lightens somewhat.

But, horrors! the auto is still stopping and the chauffeur is saying cruel words to it.

Out of the auto jumps our hero—I knew he was around somewhere. With the trained "teenth sense of the detective" he immediately deduces that the auto has stopped. Wonderful.

And then he starts up his old tricks again—he discovers something! He finds a stick of dynamite!

And he finds that stick of dynamite all wound around the machinery of the auto! Devilish work here!

No wonder the auto stopped. It's a wonder it didn't blow up.

Ho! you say again, you don't believe it. Well, ask Burns.

Burns extricates the dynamite carefully out of the machine. He examines it closely for clear ashes, finger prints and foot prints. He hits it with a rock to make sure that it is dynamite.

The sleuth isn't satisfied yet; there is still a missing factor somewhere—that Pink will be blown up some day, yet, if he isn't careful.

Gathering the pieces together, he concentrates the full force of his wonderful mind upon the problem. Hear it go—tick-tick-tick.

At! At last he has it. All the details lay plain and clear before that cool, synthetic, logical mind.

"Gentlemen," he says to Governor Marshall, Judge Collins and President Drew. "Gentlemen, I have found the guy who pulled off that Los Angeles job."

I don't know exactly how these gentlemen got into this story; probably out of joy-riding with Burns. But there they are, calmly and serenely sitting within three feet of eternity.

"His name," continues Burns, "is John J. McNamara."

"You are certainly a wonder, Burns," says Drew, "but are you certain that's the fellow we picked out?"

"Yes," says Burns, "here's his name stamped on the stick of dynamite, with the seal of the union attached. I put it there myself, so I ought to know."

"How fortunate," breaks in the judge, "I believe I have the requisition papers right here with me now. Yes, sure enough. Just sign them, Gov."

"With pleasure," remarks the Governor.

And the auto again goes on and on, through the night, no longer a thing of mystery, for we know where it's bound for.

I almost forgot something. A short time after the events above recorded, Detective Burns makes the discovery of his life.

Burns started out with a preconceived assumption. He started out with the notion that the American people are a lot of blithering idiots.

But, Halt! Burns has discovered something.

He has discovered that they are NOT durned fools.

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In pursuance of a judgment of foreclosure and sale, duly made and entered in the above-entitled action and bearing date the 20th day of April, 1911, I, the undersigned, the Referee in said judgment, will sell at public auction, at the Exchange Sale Room, Nos. 14-16 Broadway, in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on the 16th day of May, 1911, at 12 o'clock noon on that day, by JOSEPH P. D'AY, Auctioneer, the premises described as follows: ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of land known as Block 3, Lots 1 and 2, in the City of New York, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at the easterly side of Outside Avenue, running easterly side of Two Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence southerly parallel with the said easterly side of Outside Avenue, one hundred (100) feet; thence westerly along the said easterly side of Outside Avenue, one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

DANIEL DALY, Attorney for Plaintiff, Number 40 Pine Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City.

The following is a diagram of the property to be sold:

The approximate amount of the tax or charge to satisfy which the above-described property is to be sold, is Five thousand two hundred and twenty-two (5,222) dollars with interest thereon from the 15th day of April, 1911, together with the expenses of the sale. The approximate amount of the purchase money, or paid by the Referee in satisfaction of the mortgage, is Twenty-seven thousand dollars and interest.

Dated, New York, April 27, 1911.

EDWARD J. NATHAN, Referee.

May Day, Sweet Heyday of Democracy

By SARDONICUS.

Down to the tread of weary feet today,
Down no longer on this glad some May,
Down are erect and eyes are glistening bright—
Down the vanguard of the people's might.
Down with the so-called Aristocracy!

Down with the music of the marching host,
Down with the Brotherhood from coast to coast—
Down, and beyond the seas, from land to land,
Down red blood courses through each chapped hand.
Down with the idle Aristocracy!

Down is the workers' day, the workers' hour,
Down labor shakes its chains and feels its power,
Down labor's petty masters see it loom
Down get an inkling of their coming doom.
Down with the idle Aristocracy!

Down to the tread of weary feet today,
Down no longer on this glad some May,
Down are erect and eyes are glistening bright—
Down the vanguard of the people's might.
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Down is the workers' day, the workers' hour,
Down labor shakes its chains and feels its power,
Down labor's petty masters see it loom
Down get an inkling of their coming doom.
Down with the idle Aristocracy!

And help him his red list of victims swell.

May Day, sweet heyday of Democracy!
Such are the deeds of black Plutocracy!

Oh, marchers, toiling marchers, can you say
Who marches with us on this holy day?
Cities are marching with us—mayors a score,
And in the distance gather many more.

May Day, sweet heyday of Democracy!
These are the terror of Plutocracy!

Decked with your May Day flowers, oh, move along,
Ye marchers, singing your victorious song,
But ne'er forget the army of the slain,
The bruised and wounded and their cries of pain.

May Day, sweet heyday of Democracy!
Down with the deeds of foul Plutocracy!

With cheers upon the lips of hope newborn,
Up, Comrades, let us greet the coming morn—
The red dawn of the newborn Marxian day,
When idle parasites shall pass away.

May Day, sweet heyday of Democracy!
Good-by forever to Plutocracy!

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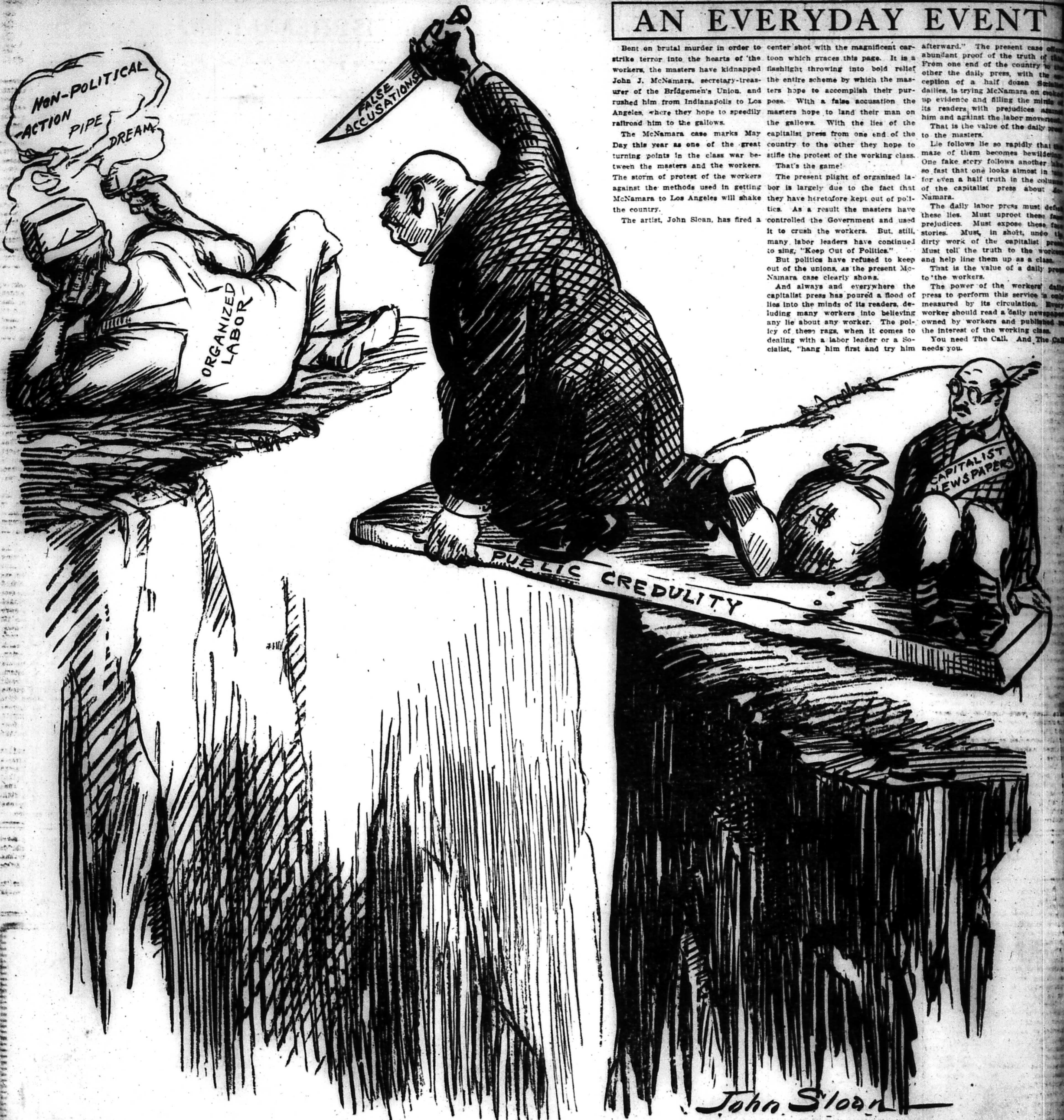
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Bent on brutal murder in order to strike terror into the hearts of the workers, the masters have kidnapped John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the Bridgemen's Union, and rushed him from Indianapolis to Los Angeles, where they hope to speedily railroad him to the gallows.

The McNamara case marks May Day this year as one of the great turning points in the class war between the masters and the workers. The storm of protest of the workers against the methods used in getting McNamara to Los Angeles will shake the country.

The artist, John Sloan, has fired a center shot with the magnificent cartoon which graces this page. It is a flashlight throwing into bold relief the entire scheme by which the masters hope to accomplish their purpose. With a false accusation the masters hope to land their man on the gallows. With the lies of the capitalist press from one end of the country to the other they hope to stifle the protest of the working class.

That's the game!

The present plight of organized labor is largely due to the fact that they have heretofore kept out of politics. As a result the masters have controlled the Government and used it to crush the workers. But, still, many labor leaders have continued to sing, "Keep Out of Politics."

But politics have refused to keep out of the unions, as the present McNamara case clearly shows.

And always and everywhere the capitalist press has poured a flood of lies into the minds of its readers, deluding many workers into believing any lie about any worker. The policy of these rags, when it comes to dealing with a labor leader or a Socialist, "hang him first and try him afterward." The present case offers abundant proof of the truth of this. From one end of the country to the other the daily press, with the exception of a half dozen Socialist dailies, is trying McNamara on evidence and filling the minds of its readers with prejudices against him and against the labor movement.

That is the value of the daily press to the masters.

Lie follows lie so rapidly that the maze of them becomes bewildering. One fake story follows another so fast that one looks almost in vain for even a half truth in the columns of the capitalist press about McNamara.

The daily labor press must defeat these lies. Must uproot these false prejudices. Must expose these fake stories. Must, in short, undo the dirty work of the capitalist press. Must tell the truth to the workers and help line them up as a class.

That is the value of a daily press to the workers.

The power of the workers' daily press to perform this service is only measured by its circulation. Every worker should read a daily newspaper owned by workers and published in the interest of the working class.

You need The Call. And The Call needs you.

WHILE THE WORKER DREAMS

John Sloan

JUSTICE?

By JACOB PANKEN

A tradition which looms up to the average American as an actual existing fact, is "that all are equal before the law," yet even a superficial study will show this idea is a myth. Justice, as it is administered (doled out), is based on prejudice. Judges, especially of the lower courts, make no secret of it. The average American will not understand. He cannot. Are not judges sworn to administer the law impartially?

It has hardly been known for a judge to refuse to pass on cases in which he is biased because of prejudice.

Under any system of jurisprudence judges are not permitted to sit in cases when they evince the slightest degree of prejudice, and rightly so. Judges, though known to be extreme-

ly prejudiced, sit and decide cases in accordance and in line with their prejudices.

In the higher courts the judges will attempt, by sophistical reasoning or logic, to explain away that which to the ordinary man is beyond question nothing but prejudice. And in case after case the Courts of Appeal will stretch the elastic laws (purposely made elastic by capitalist Legislatures) to suit their biased minds. So, that laws affecting the rights of the working class are almost uniformly declared unconstitutional—bad laws, even though industrial progress and resulting public policy demand their enactment.

In the lower courts no attempt is even made to excuse biased judgment. Injustice is practiced flagrantly.

Magistrates deprive men of liberty without any justification, just because the judges are prejudiced. Judges of the lower civil courts will decide against workers for no other reason than that on the other side there is a capitalist. So a case will often be decided contrary, even to law, the established law, just because one of the parties to the cause is a worker. For instance, the law is well settled that an employe is entitled to be paid for the entire time he has contracted to work, minus any amount he may earn after discharge, and up to the expiration of the period contracted for. If a contract be for a week, no matter how long one works he must be paid for the entire week. That is settled law, which the judges must follow. But they do not. Of course,

an appeal will lie; but that costs money and time, and the judges know it, and they know that the worker cannot afford it, and they decide against him.

If a question of fact arises, that is, the veracity of the parties is the question, the worker is usually the one that lies, capitalists, employers, do not lie, the workers always lie; that's a prejudice that works havoc among working class litigants.

As to magistrates' courts, conditions are even worse there. For here the liberties of man are affected, in the other courts only questions of money are largely litigated.

A partial judge is here in a position to do irreparable injury, deprive liberty and destroy reputations. These courts are larded over by ap-

pointees responsible to no one, not even to those that appoint them. Secure in their positions, common decency, justice, reason and logic is cast aside by a great many of them, and prejudice and injustice are paraded.

For instance, a striker is brought before the bar, his conviction before certain judges is a foregone conclusion, no matter what the evidence may be. With a few judges no evidence is necessary at all. It is enough to bring only such evidence that shows that the defendant is a striker to assure a conviction.

It is commonly known that in cases of fights the magistrate will punish by a reprimand, or, at most, by a fine of \$1 to \$2. Not so in cases of strikers. One judge has sent a worker

to the workhouse for a period of six months for an alleged fight. In that case the evidence given in behalf of the people was absolutely worthless and contradictory, while in behalf of the defendant an alibi was proved; uncontradicted proof that he was at some place other than the place where the supposed fight occurred was given. Yet the judge, though usually such cases are sent to a jury, disregarded the alibi and sentenced him to six months in prison. The judge is known to be prejudiced in strike cases, makes no secret of it, but that did not and does not deter him from sitting in judgment in such cases. Another magistrate openly says that if strikers are brought before him he will send them to prison. Such a statement makes him un-

fit by all that is fair to sit in strike cases, and is a violation of his oath to sit in strike cases, for the good judges. Yet does he refuse to do so? Oh, no. As a matter of fact, he is rather pleased to try strike cases and give rein to his bias.

Equality before law is a myth, no matter what capitalist court of law the poor man goes to. There is no justice for the poor man in capitalist society.

I cannot forget that the laboring man, so-called, must, like any other, stand up for his own rights, or he cannot get them tramped under foot; and that the strength given it by organization, induced upon members, is its only factual defense against the one-sided checked tyranny of capital, eager for profit and reckless of others' rights. The power developed by combination may be abused like any other power, but labor is helpless and a prey without it.—Morris Greely.

THE DAY OF EMANCIPATION

BY GORDON NYE

Another year has come and gone. Another May Day is here. This first day of May we review the history of labor, and recount the story of vanished years; the toil and the sweat, the defeats and victories of the men—of men who made labor respectable and made it respectable.

Today the workers of the entire world celebrate their emancipation and liberty from former conditions. From the sickly conditions of the first day to the white shirt of the present time, the serf, the peasant and the slave—men whose flesh had known the chill of the night—have slowly, painfully crawled toward the light of economic freedom.

The conditions and hours under which labor works today are more satisfactory than they were centuries ago, but they are by no means what they should be or what we are going to make them.

The road which the average mill worker travels is the scorched, blistered and thorny path of poverty.

Six days in the week (sometimes seven) the mill used to swallow you in the early morning and vomit you up again at night. Six days in the week you came out in the night black and grimy. You seldom had an opportunity to look upon the sun that it was not blurred by clouds of black smoke. For a man must sleep on a Sunday.

When a river of sweat is taken from the body in the week the damnable alarm clock is thrown in the cellar on Saturday night. When the clamor and roar of a thousand battles is dimmed in one's ears for six days the quiet of one's room, no matter how small and dingy, is good on Sunday.

But you were thinking: some inner power forced you to drag your self stained body to the library on Sunday afternoons.

There you would read the story of the world from Adam to Karl Marx. There you read the story of the world's progress from the Egyptian hieroglyphs with his rude implements to the man-bird in his heavier-than-air flying machine. There you reviewed the processions of the dim past. You were with the Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae. You followed the Crusaders marching to death under the feudal leadership of John the Hermit. You watched Joan of Arc denouncing her people from the oppressor's whip. As a workman you understood that story. They who

slaved under the lash in Pharaoh's time were builders like yourself. You have watched generations of builders—building, building, building down through the centuries—building Troy, Palestine, Rome, London and New York. And behind them always, from the early Greek to the twentieth century American, from the first Caesar to William Howard Taft, was the snarl of the hungry wolf. Today you know not the lash of past ages, but the bony cadaverous figure

of WANT is always behind you and drives you into the factory each day. The one, fact that impressed you more than any other is that the builders of the world were always slaves. You ask why they erected Rome and lived in filth. Why they constructed Buckingham palaces, but lived in the dirty hovels of the East End. Why they build Fifth Avenue mansions and lived in dark, gloomy tenements on the East Side.

You notice that throughout history the workers built Bastilles and occupied them. Erected gibbets and swung from them. Made Black Holes and rotted in them.

There were many wars, many plagues, many famines. It seemed to you that either one or the other—plague, famine or war—was forever at the heels of the workers. And always the workers were first to fall in war. The stains of their bloody feet were upon the winter snow from age to age. Few were the kingdoms and

much wine on Broadway and not enough bread on the Bowery. You began muttering about the wrongs that had been inflicted upon you and your class. From Carlyle you caught the spirit of the French Revolution. At times you lived in that story. You roared in the streets of Paris with that mob. You roared before the Tuilleries. You helped to break down the Bastille. Your blood raced through your veins boiling like an angry torrent.

Your arrows of truth are piercing the heart of the capitalist system. The workers are listening. The tramp, tramp of labor is conquering city after city. Already fifteen cities have united under the international banner of Socialism. "Workmen of all countries, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."

This May Day, in the year 1911, is a promising one for Labor. After so long a time of darkness the skies are tinged with the golden promise that Socialism is at the threshold. That the old false order of things is dying. Truth will prevail, and liberty shall reign upon the earth forevermore.

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But I must reserve for a future issue of The Call what I have to say upon this momentous subject.



With a persistency that disturbed the owning class you cried out against the burdens under which you and your fellow workers were crushed. You said that under capitalism each man's life is one long sweating, smothering, suffocating workday. You said in positive tones that the souls of many died in the mills and factories for the want of air and sunshine. You demanded the co-operative ownership of the industries by the workers. You demanded better clothing, better shelter, and more rest.

Then one day came a strike. For a month the Sabbath's silence hung over the mill. The strike was lost, and for the part you played in it you were blacklisted. To every beam to the office of every mill was sent a written notice to the effect that you were an agitator and were not to be given employment.

In vain you walked from mill to mill in search of work, and hunger was the force that taught you that the "open shop" was a closed shop to you. Many nights while hunger gnawed at your vitals, while your feet ached from the day's tramping, you found solace in your books.

On this May Day you are manfully emancipated. You see a vast army of men marching toward Industrial Freedom. They march because you spoke the truth.

In the day time and in the night you now demand the abolition of wage slavery. You point out the fact that ours is a crumbling civilization. That the new forces have outgrown the old forms. That the vast mountain of private wealth is tottering at its base. That something has got to give way, and that soon.

You point out the fact that the Capitalist system of production is choking to death its system of distribution. That the working class must consume what they produce, and all will be well.

You point out the fact that the American mechanic and farmer bring forth every year the prodigious sum of \$20,000,000,000. Yet when you examine the official reports, published by the Government, the terrible fact appears that the specially privileged capitalist class have taken the entire amount. A bare living has been left to the workmen of town and country, while to the beneficiaries of our wage slave system has been awarded wealth that staggers human comprehension.

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DECIMATED BUT INVINCIBLE

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

Back, far back in the days of Julius Caesar, and the all-conquering might of Rome, a savage yet astonishingly effective method of discipline existed among the Roman legions. In theory, no legion ever was permitted to acknowledge defeat. Whatever the odds, that legion must fight on and on and on till exterminated or victorious. Such a dishonor as flight was unthinkable. Such a degradation as surrender, not even to be conceived of.

Now, should it by any possibility happen that a legion, forgetting Roman traditions and outmassed by hordes of barbarians, chanced to turn and flee, what resulted? Was the legion unpunished? Did it go unpunished? By no means. Its punishment was staggering; it was such as almost effectively to discourage any further flight.

For when the legion—one quarter destroyed, perhaps, or even one-half more—finally reached reinforcements, and came again under command, this tactic was immediately put into effect: The legion was lined up, tired and blood-stained and surrounded and afraid; then every tenth man was counted off. These men were made to advance. And captains and centurions with double-edged swords cut them down.

In other words, the remnants of the legion were decimated. Then, resulting from a hundred sapping assaults, the exhausted and still further weakened troop was turned about and once more hurled against the foe, this time, to victory!

Workers, the thought has come to you that Labor, today, faces some such discipline, some such savage, brutal yet perhaps necessary scourge, to lash it into the irrepressible, the long, hard, bitter yet occasionally successful battle against Capitalism and its powers that prey.

You cannot escape it. You must stand up to it! Either you win, or you are cut down. There is no turning back to this enemy. The forces themselves will cut you down, every tenth man and woman, and maybe more, if you do not stand up to them. The Legion of Labor have

even partly won this battle against the Hordes of Capitalism, there and to that extent is some degree of safety won. But it is won, and held, only by keeping your faces to the enemy! Turn your back, retreat, flee, and you not only have just so much more ground to regain, but in the flight and in the later battle you will be mercilessly cut down!

Workers, today, because you HAVE fled, you are being decimated! In the mines, in the mills and shops, in Triangle fires and Newark holocausts on steamships and railroads, all over the world, everywhere that Capitalism prevails, you are daily, hourly, momentarily being slashed down with the two-edged sword of exploitation!

Every disaster, every "unavoidable" accident, every "act of God" like all those which, for profit, slaughter you wholesale, is part of this decimating process, this scourging with the scorpion whips of discipline, so needful till you learn the lesson: NO COMPROMISE. NO YIELDING!

Those who suffer, those who die, do not agonize in vain. They, the slaughtered "tenth," they the object lessons of the still remaining, future victims, perish that you may learn, that you may FIGHT, that you may CONQUER!

Turn not back, therefore. Face to the foe! This is no time for dalliance, parley, armistice, specious words or lying treaties. Under the white truce-flag of profit-sharing, under the deceptions and wiles of a hundred compromises, the enemy will creep upon you, lull you, quiet you; then, near you, cut you down! And, if you flee, we unto you!

Face to the enemy! Though decimated, yet like the Roman legions of old, you, too, the Legions of Labor, are in the end INVINCIBLE!

Face to the enemy! Face to the foe!

THE CLASS STRUGGLE -- By Lucien Sanial

The Call states it well: Of all the facts within the range of human perception the most obvious is the class struggle; a terrible struggle, irrepressible, irreducible, bound to grow in bitterness until Capitalism, sapped at its rotten root by Socialism, falls under the weight of its own oppression. Of it may be said, as of the sun that glaringly exposes it to view, "Blind are those who cannot see it."

Not, indeed, with blindness merely, but with paralysis of all his physical and mental senses must that workman be afflicted who still denies the class struggle. Were he blind only, he would yet feel it in his exhausted frame and mutilated flesh. The disgusting taste of it is in his daily fare, and the foul smell of it in the air he must breathe while sweating in a capitalist inferno or sleeping in a squalid tenement or malarious hotel. Nor could he be deaf to the cries of his fellow victims.

Arouse, ye laggards! The battle is on, and has to be fought out to a finish.

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by Socialists in providing for a wide extension of their propaganda. Their most effective weapon is unquestionably the Socialist press, and this should be the immediate object of their solicitude. With such organizations as the Socialist party now possesses in New York, New Jersey, Con-

necticut and neighboring States, the circulation of The Call might be vastly increased. Its efficiency as a purveyor of educational news would, of course, increase, in a much higher ratio than its circulation. The capitalist field, in particular, would be regularly explored with a view to the

presentation of object lessons which would be of immense value to our agitators. No event in that field should be allowed to pass without a Socialist demonstration of its causes and effects.

From such researches as I have lately been able to make into the pres-

UNBOUNDED FAITH

One of the most practical reasons why so many of the men and young men of this City and vicinity are so regular in buying their suits at this store is owing to the fact that they have unbounded faith in the clothing that we sell them.

Our lines are clothing of CLASS as well as classified. Being made by only the most skilled tailors, employed in the largest shops and under the most sanitary conditions. Such clothing has never failed to surpass "tailor made junk" that comes from some small, stuffy back room.

Then the materials. The large manufacturers get the first choice of domestic and foreign looms, leaving the culls to your little tailor.

Then the unlimited satisfaction of buying a suit at our store is worth much for your self-complacency. You are never ashamed to turn your coat with the wrong side out if the occasion calls, for you know our label in a suit is a credential to your good judgment.

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THE HOPE OF PROFITS URGES CAPITALISM ON

At last capitalism has found a place for our children. Fellow workingmen, they have been driven from the country fields, from the city parks, from the back yards, out of our way, into the streets, and even there they are in our way. But capitalism has found a place—into the hellish sweatshops of our cities and into the mills and factories they must go under the lash of HUNGER and give their blood drop by drop, their lives and childhood to capitalism; here their hopes, joys and aspirations are crushed by the weight of this brutal monster, here they line up before daylight, half awake, pale and thinly clad, to march into this inferno of industrial slavery; there to remain from ten, twelve, yes, even sixteen hours to keep pace with that lifeless, tireless machinery until nightfall. But this is not enough, the day is not sufficient for this monster, and on into the night these little ones are found, amid the ceaseless roar of the machinery and under the most insanitary conditions.

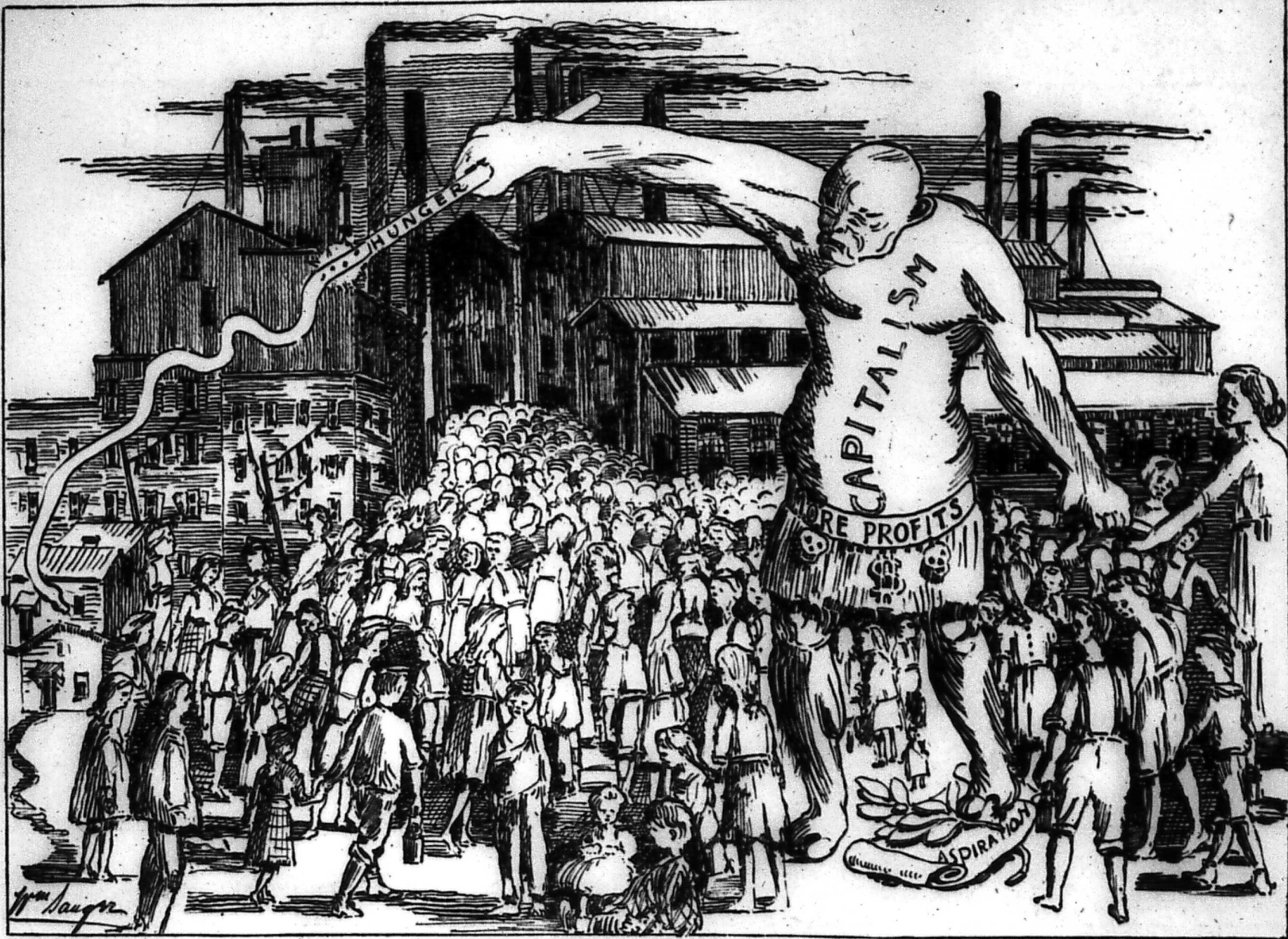
Capitalism is not content that it has destroyed the home of the workman, it is now bent on destroying the child. No nation can sink lower morally than it does when it allows its children to be exploited in order to provide cheap labor for capitalism. To what unutterably low depths our boasted Land of the Free and Brave has sunk to allow three millions of its children to be driven into mills and factories.

Let us look at them in their homes and see if they derive benefit by this heinous crime against nature. They live in tenements, surrounded by filth of every description, where they return at night, tired, hungry and lifeless after they have earned their miserable pittance of 10, 15 or 20 cents, which is the amount they receive in the cotton mills. Here in these hovels, called homes, they struggle to exist in an atmosphere of disease, hunger and vice.

Child labor is the waste of our nations most valuable asset—its manhood, and unless it is abolished it will inevitably make impotent the strength of the workers and thus prevent them from rising to emancipate themselves from wage slavery.

The beginning of the abolition of wage slavery must be right now by taking from the clutches of capitalism these children, and put them forever out of reach of these industrial murderers.

Capitalism has reduced this nation's physical, mental and moral standard. It has kept man so within its blood-stained leash that he is soon considered an industrial outcast; then with its cry, its barbarous cry of more profits, its leash becomes entwined about the women, our working women, and they, too their young lives blasted, are thrown upon the heap of worn out humanity for society to support.



Then like the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg, capitalism takes the child, takes it into these vile and unnatural hellholes to feed upon its virtue and childhood. Consider the spectacle, fellow workman, amidst the vast wealth of this home of the brave, this land of

the free, the little doffer boys climb up in the cotton mills of the South in order that they can man the machines. Why do we have this spectacle? So that capitalism can reach out for the world markets. Yet it must have its markets, even if from one million men whose hours of labor have been reduced to eight, but un-

der cover of State laws capitalism has been allowed to work these children twelve and even sixteen hours a day. Capitalist society has exploited these little ones to their last drop. It has coined their vitality into cash for themselves—until, finding no profits in their ebbing lives, it turns them adrift into the cities. Society

now lends a hand by supporting hospitals, reformatories and even insane asylums, which are filled with the victims of capitalism. The fiendish monster is not only depriving this nation of the value of its men and women, but it is rapidly breaking down our public school system which is so elaborately con-

structed by society for the purpose of benefiting future generations. Society spends millions for this purpose and capitalism nullifies it by the economic toll, the physical strain which not only retards their natural development, but puts a check upon their mental capacity for all time. Watch the child at 8 or 10 years enter the work shop or factory, his big bright eyes with awakened intelligence; watch him at 14, his eyes begin to deaden, his face heavy; at 16, almost all the light of intelligence has left his face, he gazes on the world in a dulle, open-eyed manner, the powers of rejuvenation forever vanished. Age on the verge of starvation, as a nation that we want the health, vitality and childhood of these children?

What kind of an adult population will we soon have if we allow these children, the nation's dearest possessions, to be deprived of their mental and physical capacities in the interest of capital?

What have these little ones done that Society should make them suffer thus. They have violated no social laws, they have committed no unpardonable act. These little ones work the longest day known to civilized man while a vast army of able-bodied men are looking for work. Where do these children come from? Whose children are these? You know, fellow workingman, that they come from the tenements and that they belong to you and me, they are Ours, and it is for us to tear down this black mantle of child slavery which is hanging over our country like a pall; it is not alone in the South, not alone in the mines of Pennsylvania, but like the monster capitalism, it is international. Capitalism has never yet or never will help society to protect the interests of the children of the working class; it remains for the working class to abolish this ever increasing evil which is increasing so fast that capitalism has not allowed the statistics of last year to be published.

If you, fellow workingman, could see these little child slaves passing in review with their hungry, pale and weary faces, with all the squalor and poverty, their clothing in rags, their feet partly if not wholly on the ground, their pinched and worn-out look, their little bodies tending toward deformity, you would rise in mass as one man and wipe it forever off this earth.

Can you imagine a more cruel picture than this Monster of Greed and Gain who blights the physical and mental development of these children for the few insignificant pennies of their feeble efforts.

Child slavery can never be abolished by these self-appointed committees who intend to regulate and mitigate this heinous crime.

We Socialists have no intention to regulate or temporize this evil, but we are consecrating our best efforts to wipe it out throughout the nation.

We Want Every Man in New York to Know CHARACTER CLOTHES

\$13.50 The Best \$13.50 Suits Made in America

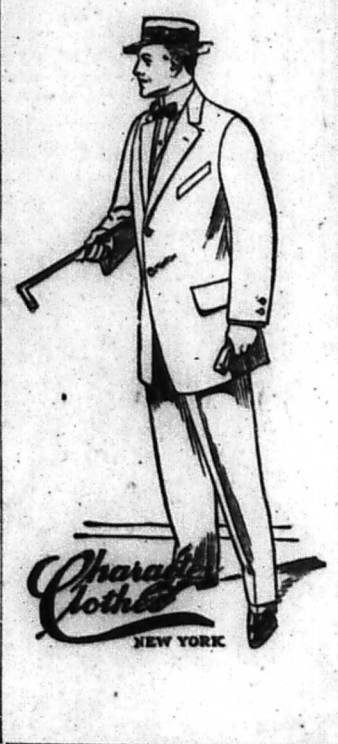
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SOFT TANS
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OUR HOLIDAY

Two years have passed since the International Congress of Paris has inaugurated a new holiday in the calendar of the Socialist and labor movement...

SOCIAL SPRING HOUSECLEANING



WHAT SHE WILL DO WITH THAT NEW BROOM

Socialism and Its Ethical Basis

By GEORGE FRAZIER MILLER. Injustice and brutality rage everywhere. Men, in different walks of life, show little or no regard for the sacred and inalienable rights of their fellow men...

THE SOCIALIST EASTER DAY

Well, it looks as if it were coming—I was near adding "at last," but I didn't have the nerve. There are limits to even my impudence. If I had come into the movement, say, twenty years ago, when Socialism looked to have as little show of climbing to the tree-top as cat without claws, I might say "at last," and get away with it...

LIBERTY FOR A DAY

By JOSHUA WANHOPE. May Day is rightly regarded as the special and distinctive holiday of labor. For the reason that unlike other holidays, it was not secured by permission of the owning and ruling classes, but taken in their despite by the workers themselves...

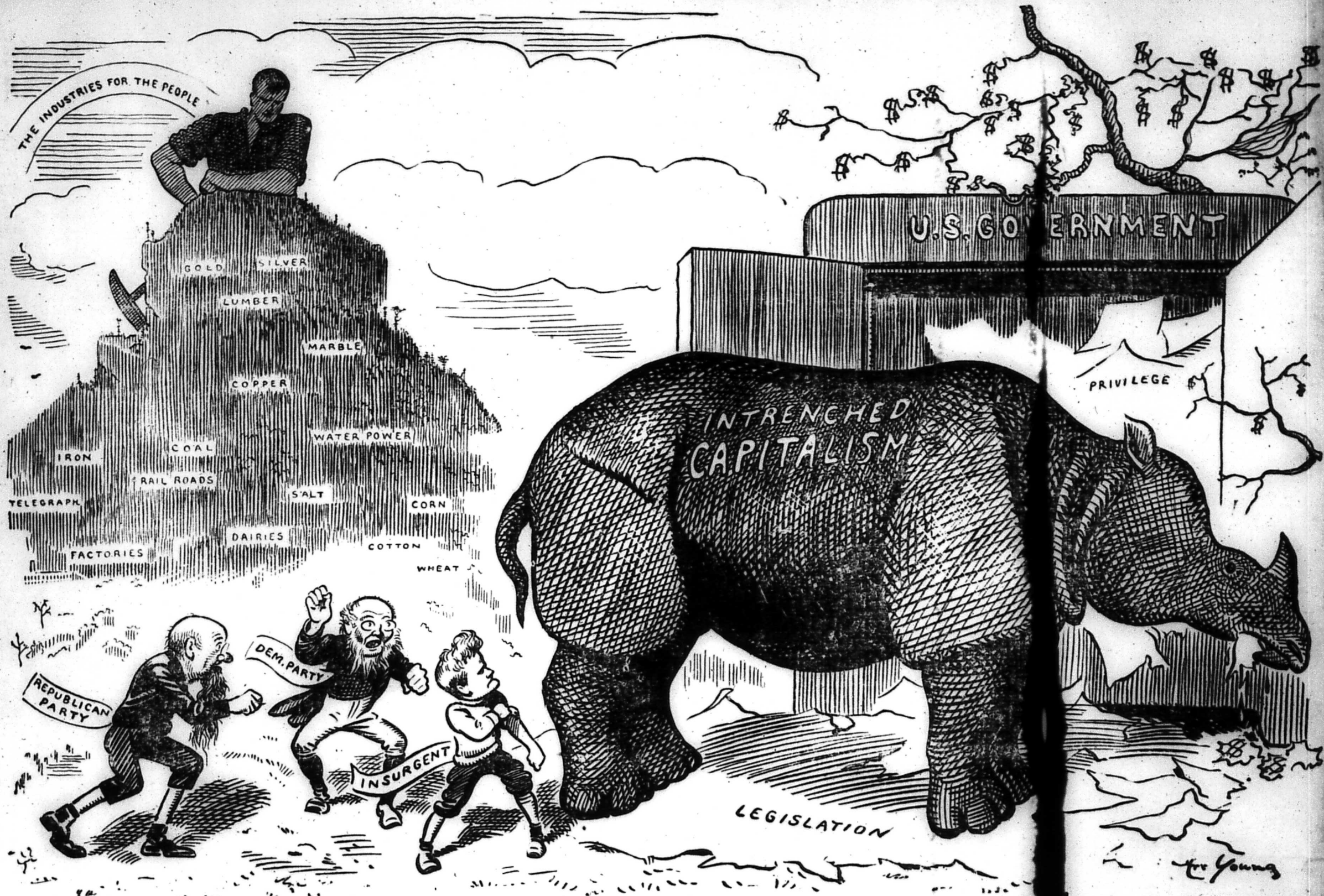
By EUGENE WOOD

Just now the plant is going about it to change muddy water into color and fragrance and flavor; how it will build cell upon cell into definite structure and working efficiency without one scratch on paper, no blue-print, hardly a program, I couldn't begin to tell you...

Today Socialism is a dominant factor in the national life of most of the advanced countries of Europe, and the movement has invaded Asia, Africa and Australia. Its adherents count by tens of millions. It shapes the policies of nations. It holds the future of the world.

While he undersells all competitors, the needy consumer goes to him and buys of him, because, our means being small and our needs many, we do not feel that we can afford, for the exemplification of the abstract principle, to pay a higher price than that for which we can get what is wanted...

IN THEIR SECOND CHILDHOOD



G. O. P.—I will stick him with a pin. Democracy—I'll throw a ton at him. Insurgent—I'll punch him in the ribs and twist his tail. Socialist—A... they call themselves "practical men!"

THE NEW YORK CALL

Devoted to the Interests of the Working People
 Published daily and Sunday by the Workmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, 409 Pearl Street, New York. Warren Atkinson, President; H. S. Karp, Treasurer, and Julius Gerber, Secretary. Telephone Nos. 3303-3304 Beekman.

| Subscription Rates | Sunday Issue Only | Week-Day Issue Only | Sun. and Week Issue |
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VOL. 4. MONDAY, MAY 1. No. 121.

While there is always something amusing in watching the well meant efforts of people engaged in attempting the clearly impossible, it does not follow that Mr. Young's clever drawing was meant solely for entertainment.

At the same time, we think that nobody will imagine that the subject calls for any interference on the part of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

That double-riveted, boiler-plated beast depicted as "Intrenched Capitalism" isn't in the least disturbed by the threats of the political manikins, and is apparently indifferent as to anything they may actually try upon him. And thereby hangs a tale, with which the lone spectator of the performance is well acquainted—we mean the athletic person in shirtsleeves—the Socialist workingman who watches the portentous assault from the elevated position on the left. To him it is evidently not an amusing spectacle—and he knows why.

He understands that what the beast is so calmly devouring is the product of the labor of his class—a product wrung from the sweat and blood and lives of millions of his fellows. And he knows also that it is not for this reason the attack is being made. None of the

valiant assailants of the monster would ever think of even questioning his right to devour the products of labor. Their objections to his actions are based upon an entirely different reasoning.

Many years ago, when the beast was a cub, when his hide was much less impenetrable, and he was less securely "intrenched" in the Government den, these parties, or people like them, were his keepers, and guided his youthful footsteps in the way they thought he should go. But now that he has attained his full growth, and armored and intrenched himself, these senile old dotards, all unconscious of the change, still imagine themselves his keepers, when the real fact is that he keeps them instead.

They never stinted him in his rations; on the contrary, they stimulated his appetite for the product of labor in every possible way. The trouble with them is that he didn't confine himself alone to that diet. As his strength grew, he felt the need of some variety in his sustenance, and took to devouring small capitalists as well—figuring correctly enough that this predigested food would increase both his appetite and his digestive powers, and at the same time thicken his hide sufficiently to render him impervious to any threats or attacks from these resentful pygmies.

And that is exactly what has happened. That beast will go on devouring the product of labor, and the small capitalists who have gathered the product of labor, until the giant behind the mountain of labor products comes down and busts him with that big hammer which appears in his right hand.

While this view of the matter may be instructive, it is not in the least entertaining. Millions of people who are not Socialists are

still able to understand the destructive character of the Beast of Capitalism.

They see how vain and useless are the efforts of their politicians, and view with contempt or suspicion their promises and attempts to check the devouring process which increases in extent and rapidity from year to year, but they still cling unconsciously to some vague hope or belief, that somehow, some time, a political leader may arise to achieve what all the others have failed to do—to turn back the economic evolution and restore the good old days of competition, when all capitalists and would-be capitalists can have the opportunity of devouring the product of the workers.

Fifteen years ago they pinned their faith to Bryan as the Messiah who was to restore the old regime by busting the trusts.

It required years of experience to convince them that there was no help in W. J. B., that the capitalist beast wasn't to be disturbed by silver-tongued oratory, or in the least affected by crosses of gold and crowns of thorns.

Reluctantly the idea of Bryan as a possible savior was abandoned.

Then another hero pushed himself into the limelight, and Theodore Roosevelt was announced as the coming Superman who would call a halt on the devastating career of the beast. He was to be "regulated," not destroyed.

The good trusts were to be spared and the bad ones were to feel the wrath and displeasure of the great and strenuous champion of Americanism.

And Roosevelt like Bryan went down and out in turn, and the beast went on feeding as before just as if nothing had happened.

And now a host of petty politicians bearing the old labels Republican and Demo-

cratic are essaying the same task. Their noise and clamor resounds to the high heavens, but the Capitalist Beast ignores them as he did their predecessors.

Year after year his hide grows thicker; year after year he more firmly intrenches himself in control of the government, and year after year the politicians more and more become harmless automatons monotonously chanting their ineffective threats against the very power through which they live and move and have their being. This constitutes the comedy part of the situation.

On the other hand is the tragedy as it is manifested in the fierce struggle for existence on the part of the workers—the miserable wage, the high cost of living, the periods of unemployment and semi-starvation, the biased decisions of the courts regarding labor legislation, the infamous conspiracies to destroy the unions of organized labor and batter down the last defenses of the working class, the thousand and one results of a social and industrial system whose existence is based upon the robbery of the product of those whose toil makes all wealth possible.

Never for one moment have these politicians considered this side of the situation. Even the most extreme among them never contemplated the abolition of Capitalism as the devourer of humanity. Millions of workers have been killed and maimed in the factory hells, in the mines and mills and on the railroads, but these tragedies never occupied their attention. On the contrary, they have always sided with the beast as against the workers. Their newspapers rejoice in the smashing of labor unions, advocate the destruction of labor leaders and in every way thwart the aspirations of labor to better its condition.

Five years ago they exerted every effort to bring Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone to

the gallows, just as today they are doing everything in their power to further the infamous conspiracy against the Union of Structural Iron Workers and convict its leaders before trial of murder.

And this is what might be expected. They would not effectively attack Capitalism if they could and could not if they would, for, after all, they represent a decaying and dying class, a class that is doomed by the very process it has set in motion. That is why their attacks are stupid and impossible of any effect.

The work of eliminating the Capitalist Beast has been assigned by evolution to stronger hands than theirs. It is the mission of the working class, the only class that today has any economic justification for its existence, the only class that has any social value and any future before it.

The one cheering note in the situation lies in the fact that Labor is slowly awakening to a realization both of its power and its purpose to a sense that the future lies in its hands, and that it alone is capable of finally dealing effectively with the social and industrial curse of humanity—INTRENCHED CAPITALISM, the exploiter and devourer of mankind.

All over the world this awakening is taking place, and at present in no country is it more marked than with us in America. A Socialist vote of approximately a million is one of the measures of this awakening. The capture of political power by Socialists in a score of cities is another, and still another is to be found in the fact that the membership of the Socialist party has increased by more than twenty thousand in the last three months.

These considerations make Mr. Young's cartoon very appropriate for a May Day issue of a Socialist paper. It is an inspiring and encouraging thought to know that the man with the hammer will not much longer remain merely a spectator of the political farce that the artist has depicted—to know that he will soon get on the job, and that when he does the beast will go down and out for good.