

...and liberty is at least the liberty to choose and change their masters, and their political sovereignty is but a shadow of the more real right to vote according to the dictates of their conscience.

criticism of the present capitalist system and its results, which tendency has found expression in repeated suppression of Socialist public meetings, and the arrest and imprisonment of Socialist speakers under state laws and municipal ordinances, as well as in a federal law designed to exclude the sending of Socialist newspapers through the mails whenever the executive powers deem such exclusion necessary or expedient for the purposes of the capitalist class; therefore, he it

CONFERENCE OF WOMEN Plans for Socialist Work Among Women of N. Y. At the same time that the State convention of the Socialist party was holding its meeting in one hall of the Labor Temple on Saturday and Sunday, July 4 and 5, a delegated conference of Socialist women, the first ever held in this country, so far as known, was holding its sessions in a hall one floor below.

the emancipation of the working class, and especially the working woman. Following were the delegates in the convention: MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENT ON L. At about 3 o'clock this morning when a down town elevated railroad train pulled into the station at Twenty-third street and Third avenue, the guards noticed that a man with his face covered with blood was on one of the car platforms, and he was at once taken from the train and an ambulance was called.

HEALEY IS EXONERATED C. F. U. Finds Several Delegates Implicated in Graft. For over three solid hours yesterday afternoon the Central Federated Union meeting was the scene of graft charges, mutual recriminations, bitter aspersions, etc., as a result of the report brought in by the committee which had been elected several weeks ago to investigate the charges of graft against James McCabe, of the Gold Beaters' Union; James H. Hatch, of the Upholsters' Union; Terry De Voe, of the Actors Protective Association; Quinn, of the Coppermiths' Union, and McConville, of Engineers' Union No. 20.

been laid off at the navy yards this year. The matter of the unfairness of the "Shoot the Chutes" people was put over for meeting of July 16, as was also the question of the unloading of Sulzer's Park. In connection with this a delegate of the Walters' Union asked that the Iron Workers' Union be suspended for having used said park for a picnic, but the matter was referred to the Executive Committee. In response to a statement by a delegate of Big Six, delegate Meisel, of the Bartenders' and Walters' Union, said that all members of his union were required to wear the union button prominently displayed.

ELBERFELD SEES MINORS Views 19 Inning No Run Game at Newark. NEWARK, July 6.—Outside of the great work of both the Skeeters and the Indians here yesterday, the most interesting things here were the changing expressions on the faces of Kid Elberfeld and several of his Highlanders as they watched inning after inning pitch into the past and without a run to note where it had been; all due to the efforts of King Brockett, formerly of the Highlanders, now of the Skeeters, and of Laftte, late of Georgia Tech, a novice in the professional game. It was certainly rubbing it into the manager of the Poor Highlanders to give him a pass to that show. With either of the two minor league pitchers the Highlanders could be happy and prosperous.

RESOLUTIONS.

No. I. Whereas the committee on resolutions reported a number of resolutions, favorably or unfavorably, the consideration of which took up nearly the whole afternoon session. The following are the resolutions which were favorably reported and adopted:

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BARGAINS IN DRAINS

Buy Men While Price is Low, Hapgood's Advice.

Robert J. Hapgood, who has been known as a peculiar sort of "employment office"...

Everybody has been curtailing expenses and cutting down wherever possible...

What is the outcome? Employment has been one of the errors of progress...

Send Men to the Scrap Pile. There are a number of men working for you...

Mr. Employer, it is time that you were cutting out the dead-wood. Dead-wood is ever followed by reorganization...

Mr. Employer, it is time that you were cutting out the dead-wood.

Low Wages, More Dividends. Salesmen who understand their goods and know the trade...

A Few Samples. Superintendent, Works closed; Worker's salary, \$1,500...

More than 2,000 passengers were unable to get aboard the steamers of the Central Railroad of New Jersey...

2,000 PASSENGERS OVERLOAD BOATS

More than 2,000 passengers were unable to get aboard the steamers of the Central Railroad of New Jersey...

THE NEW YORK EVENING CALL

Blows Up Brooklyn Bank. Early to-day a bomb exploded in the cellar of No. 454 Marcy avenue...

Blows Up Brooklyn Bank

Early to-day a bomb exploded in the cellar of No. 454 Marcy avenue, blowing up the bank of Dupont and Caboni...

A TEXAN OPINION OF CLEVELAND

Grover Cleveland is dead; and, with the single exception of the present occupant of the White House...

For present day use, however, these all pale beside the one other exploit which the plutocracy appreciates...

What is the outcome? Employment has been one of the errors of progress—high salaries and a cumbersome surplus of men...

Send Men to the Scrap Pile. There are a number of men working for you...

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TURNERS' PROGRESS

Gymnastic Union Becomes More Revolutionary.

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WEAVERS ATTENTION. It is in the power of the label weavers to head the weaving craft...

George Oberdorfer PHARMACIST. Prescriptions a Specialty.

FRED BENNETTS. PRACTICAL PAINTER AND PAPER-HANGER.

WEBER & HILL. 368 East 149th St., N. Y.

O. W. WUERTZ PIANOS. 1518 Third Ave., near 86th St.

PIANO TUNING. By Professional Teacher and Expert Tuner.

PROF. J. CHANT LIPES. 880 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LESSONS IN elementary and advanced mathematics by a specialist...

FURNISHED ROOMS WANTED. Young foreign artist wants furnished room with private family...

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS. Top floor, 3 rooms and bath; private house...

HELP WANTED. WANTED—Man able to collect statistical data...

Strong, willing man wants work to do of any kind.

WANTED—Musician who can sing and play for entertainment.

WANTED—Boilermaker, out-of-town work.

Forty blacksmiths on ornamental iron work...

Wanted men to devote part or all of their time to real estate business...

Wanted—A young farmer. Call between 1 and 3 p. m.

Wanted—Farmer; married man. J. E. H., 20 Duane street.

MEETING. WANTED—Members to attend the meeting of the unemployed...

BISHOP CREEK. GOLD MINE'S STOCK IS BOUGHT SOLD AND TRADED...

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING. Wanted a few families to develop a large tract of land...

FOR SALE. Furniture for a working family, for sale cheap...

APARTMENTS TO LET. Finest Apartments in Bronx. Five and six extra large rooms...

WANTED CAUTION. Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?

SHOE REPAIRING. Frank Di Giorgio, repairing on boots and shoes neatly done...

REAL ESTATE. Bronx Lots near Elevated and Subway \$600 up EASY TERMS.

A. SHATZKIN & SONS. 149th St. and 3d Ave., N. Y.

Build Your Home on one of the choice lots we are selling in the most beautiful section...

WEBER & HILL. 368 East 149th St., N. Y.

Co-operative Homes. QUIT PAYING RENT. OWN YOUR OWN HOME.

A RARE BARGAIN. 300 lots, high and dry; streets opened. Lots staked near Village \$3.00 each...

FLATBUSH SACRIFICE. Eight-room, 3-story, brick house; good condition...

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Summers Board. KIAMESHA OVERLOOK HOUSE. Kiamesha Lake, Sullivan County, N. Y.

MT. AIRY HOUSE. Excellent home cooking; elevation 1,500 feet; three hours from New York.

MILLER'S FARM HOUSE. Hungarian-German cuisine; high elevation; airy rooms; shady lawn...

CONTRACTORS. PHILIP BAUER. Mason and Builder and General Contractor.

368 EAST 149th STREET. West of Third Ave. NEW YORK.

Estimates for all kinds of work furnished. First-class work guaranteed.

SALVATORE ZIMBARDI. GENERAL CONTRACTOR MASON AND BUILDER.

345 East 149th St., New York Borough of The Bronx.

Stationers. THE PROGRESSIVE BOOK STORE. 233 East 84th St., New York.

SITUATION WANTED. Wanted a position as day or night watchman...

DR. A. RITT, Dentist. 1621 Pitkin Ave., corner Hopkinson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. JOHN MUTH, DENTIST. 61 2D AVE., bet. 3D AND 4TH STS.

DR. A. CARR, Dentist. 123 E. 84th St., near Lexington Ave.

DR. S. BERLIN, DENTIST. 23 East 100th St., New York.

\$10.00 PANAMAS \$4.00 HAT MAKING SHOP. Panama Hat Bleachery.

NAT R. WALKER, 406 8th Avenue.

FREE EXAMINATION DOCTOR IN ATTENDANCE DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT

Dr. H. Marmelstein. 392 Grand Street, New York

BEST \$3.00 GLASSES INCLUDING FRAME \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS. STEEPLE CHASE CONEY ISLAND'S FUNNY PLACE

PRINTING. S. SCHREIBER. Union Power Printer.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET. Large, elegant front room; suitable for two...

LONG ISLAND REAL ESTATE. BUSINESS MAN PRESSED FOR MONEY WILL SACRIFICE TWO FAMILY HOUSE...

CONONA, N. Y. Two lots, 25x100; heart of Conona; \$1,200, worth \$2,000.

BAByLON, N. Y. Write for tickets to-day if you want to secure one or more of our Bargain Lots...

HENRY FRAHME TRUSSMAKER. 1499 3d Ave., bet. 4th & 5th Sts.

CALIFORNIA BRANDY RYE WHISKY. I. GOLDBERG'S

LAUNDRIES. COMMONWEALTH HAND LAUNDRY. 140 Nassau Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TEAS AND COFFEES. LOUIS FACKERT, THE Socialist Coffee Man.

FRED'K T. JACKSON. Importers and Jobbers in COFFEES AND TEAS.

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ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND SOCIALISM. An appreciation and a plea by Patrick J. Cooney.

RESTAURANT. S. GOLDMAN'S HUNGARIAN DAIRY RESTAURANT

ATTENTION! Have you ever visited Sehal's famous dairy restaurant?

LOST AND FOUND. LOST—On Second Ave. L. the S. L. E. and a document entitled "The Other Side"...

BARBERS. COMRADES! PATRONIZE S. SONNENSCHEIN'S

COMRADES! PATRONIZE S. SONNENSCHEIN'S

IMPORTANT NEWS OF THE WEEK IN BRIEF.

REPUBLICAN

Some of the largest corporations in the Middle West joined in the movement to set the wheels of industry going on the first of July...

ARCHITECTS

Several of the officers and members of New York Typographical Union No. 6 have been summoned into court to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt...

COMMERCIAL

Commercial failures in the United States during the first half of 1908, says Dun's Review, were \$,709 in number...

FOREIGN

What the Mexican government minimized as a bandit raid along the northern frontier turned out to be a revolt of considerable size...

EXECUTIVE

The end of the fiscal year found the United States treasury approximately \$20,000,000 behind the total expenditures...

INDUSTRIAL

A Detroit marine authority estimates that there are now 1,750 vessels idle on the Great Lakes...

LEGAL AND CRIMINAL

Under instruction from the judge the jury which has been conducting the recount of the New York mayoralty vote in 1905...

MISCELLANEOUS

The annual convention of the National Educational Association at Cleveland, was attended by thousands of teachers from all parts of the country...

THE THEATRES

In view of the many conflicting reports that have come to the surface regarding "Merry Widow" royalties...

THE TOLEDO ICE & COAL COMPANY

The Toledo Ice & Coal Company has pleaded guilty to the charge of accepting rebates from the Ann Arbor Railroad and has paid a fine of \$3,750.

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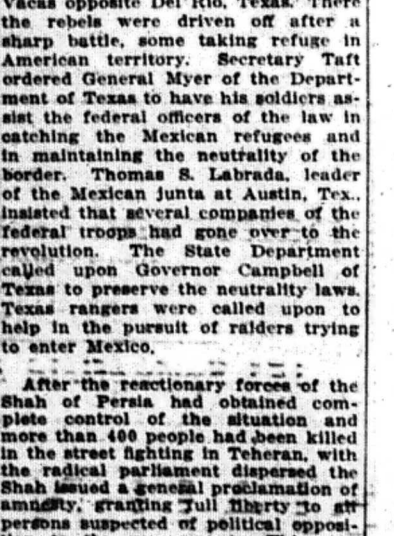
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Clarke, Arthur Hoyt, Dorothy Dand, Julia Dean, Marion Lorne, Ida Lewis, Jessie Bradford, Ione Everett and Mildred Anstey.

"Girls" continues as the attraction at Daly's, and unless all signs fail will continue there till the opening of next season.

WHAT WEAKENS A UNION.

Send you dues in by a brother. Speak evil of your union whenever there is an opportunity. Threaten to leave your union or disobey its laws if it doesn't do just as you would have it.

Be sure to tell everyone you meet that you oppose the action of your union. When you have a personal spite at a brother, save up your wrath till meeting day and then tell him what you think of him.—Exchange.

THE PUBLIC BANK OF NEW YORK, JOSEPH S. MARCUS, President, Cor. Delancey and Orchard Sts.

The Ideal Bank for the Workingman. For your convenience the Bank is open from 8 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the evening, and Saturdays until 10 o'clock in the evening.

UNION LABEL DIRECTORY

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Young King Henry was lost in the forest while hunting and stopped at an old miller's to ask for lodging for the night. (From an Old English Tale.) Find the miller's wife.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Down, in foliage.

WHAT IT MEANS.
A system that says to labor: "You shall take what I offer, without any consideration as to its justice; you shall work for me, or move your family 200 miles from me, or earn a dollar," is as much a system of slavery as anything that has ever endured in the South. For the man is utterly un-

OUR SHORT STORY.

DAVID AND ESTHER.

By GRACE POTTER.

(A story from life told me by a working woman on the East Side, who was a friend of the young people.)

They didn't know very much about life. But they were in love and young, and both of them had hope and health and jobs. So they married. They took a little flat down on First avenue and planned to do their housekeeping nights and mornings.

I saw them one night at dinner just about a year after their marriage. Esther's cheeks were thinner than they used to be and much of her pretty girlish color was gone. Her work in the shirtwaist factory was hard and the added burden of housework before and after she went out every day, was telling on her. They sat in their little kitchen close enough so that she could rest her head now and then on David's shoulder. "She is often very tired," said David, anxiously. "She ought not to work another day at the factory." And he reached to smooth her hair tenderly. "Yes," she said smiling, "I am tired, but I can afford to be. I shall have a long rest soon." And then they told me about the baby.

I knew well enough what the baby's coming might mean both to it and to them. But when David and Esther talked about their baby, I would forget just for a while. For love and youth and hope and ignorance—make happy dreams of a coming baby.

When the baby was three months old she took cold. David did everything he could for her when he was home, but he didn't dare give up his work even for a day. He might lose his job. They soon spent all they had saved.

When the baby was three months old Esther went back to the shirtwaist factory. "Just for a little time, you know," she said to me. "We need the money so badly. And our baby's worth working for." He was a fine baby even to eyes not blinded with parental love. He was rosy and cooing and sweet-natured. David drew his wife close with a fierceness that was new to him. "O, I wish you didn't have to go, Esther dear," he said. "I know you're not strong enough!" But Esther looked up lovingly, smiling and hopeful. "We'll get caught up soon, David," she said.

So Esther went to work again, but she had to go to the doctor all the time, and she didn't seem to get strong as she used to be. They would leave the baby with a neighbor in the day time and pay her for the care she took of him. Six months later Esther was so weak that she had to give up work and stay home. "I'll give me some time to be with the baby, anyway," she said. "I'm fairly hungry for him."

"She ought to go to the country," said David, when Esther had gone into the next room to put the boy in bed. "But she can't because we're poor—God!" And he gripped the sides of the little table at which he sat. "God!" he said again.

A few weeks later while Esther was busy in her little kitchen, she suddenly felt faint. The baby was just learning to walk, and while she was trying to bathe her head in a desperate effort not to lose consciousness, he toddled to the stove and pulled a dish of hot water on himself. He was badly burned and was placed in a hospital several weeks. David and Esther moved out of the flat into one small, dark room. They sold all their household goods except the barest necessities. Every cent they could scrape together went in bribes to the nurses who cared for the baby. As soon as they were allowed they took him home. He was weak and thin and fretful and had to have constant attention. It seemed hard to believe he was the same baby. "The doctors say," Esther told me the night they brought him home, "that he must have sunshine and fresh air or he will not get well. Sunshine and fresh air—here!" And she turned and buried her head in her hands. "God!" she said that with the same fierceness I had heard David say it. Then she pushed out before her with her two weak little hands as if to stay fate. "Soon David came into the room and she seemed transformed. But I knew that the hopeful eyes which she lifted to David's face were shaming and that fear and despair were what she felt.

David lost his job soon after that. And every morning when he went to hunt for work Esther forced hope into her eyes and cheer into her voice. "I'm sure you'll find something to-day, dear," she would say when David would stoop to kiss the baby. And David would take her into his arms, the arms that used to be strong, now grown weak with scanty food and poor living, and would hold her close a minute and then dash down stairs. He told me once that his footsteps on the pavement began accompany to an ominous thought: "She'll die and the baby'll die if I don't get work." And he didn't get it. You know how hard it is to get anything now.

One day when they hadn't a thing to eat in the house, not even a bit of milk for the sick baby, Esther begged to try if she could get something herself. "It may be easier for a woman," she said. So David stayed home with the poor baby and she went out. She got a day's work cleaning in an office building. But she fainted away as she stood waiting for her money at night, and they told her they wouldn't need her any more. When she reached home David told her that the landlord had been there and said they would have to get out the next day. They owed five weeks rent.

Esther had brought home food, and the baby, soothed with its fresh milk, was soon asleep. Then David and Esther had a long talk together and they made a plan—

When I came in for a minute late in the evening to inquire how they were, I found them cheerful, happy and quite like their old selves. They insisted on my coming in for a little chat. "We've good news," said Esther with her old girlish gaiety, "we're going to leave this old dark room and never live in such a place again!" I thought that must surely mean that David had a very good job, and asked eagerly about it. "No," said David, "we can't tell you

now. You'll be told soon, though. We want to have it a little secret." Esther was at David's side every minute while I stayed, and when she moved away for a second he seemed uneasy. He wanted to have his arm about her all the time. They looked into each other's eyes with all the love they had for each other, and with a queer, glad light that I took to be the same cheerful hope of their new plan. I was glad to see them so. Just as I was about to go the baby stirred in his crib and opened his eyes. David took him up in his right arm. The other he put around Esther and they stood smiling. "Wish us joy!" he said. I wished them joy, and on a sudden impulse kissed them all. I was a little puzzled at the door, because when I said good-night as usual, they said goodbye, but it was too little a thing to notice and I did not give it a second thought.

The next night as I was coming home from work I saw big headlines in an evening paper, "Double Suicide and Murder!" It was, David, Esther and the baby. They had died by gas. They had stuffed the cracks carefully and then laid down on their bed. Esther had one arm about the baby, it's head on her breast. David had thrown one arm over them both and the other was slipped under Esther's head.

"They were smiling and didn't look sick and hungry at all," the woman at the next door told me. "They just looked happy."

David left a note which told me about their last day and how they had decided to die. "It's been awful to see Esther and the baby suffer so. Things just kept getting worse all the time. There isn't and way out of it but this," his note read.

Esther added a sentence: "We're together anyway," she wrote, "and that makes even dying easier."

"Crazy," said the coroner when he read it, "just crazy!"

When the woman next door told me about it, her husband was sitting at his miserable supper, two ragged dirty children near him. "Ain't there any more bread, mother?" asked one of the children. "Drink your beer and shut up," growled the father. And the woman looked from them to the pinched face of the uncanny little baby in her arms, and at the dark, evil-smelling rooms she called home, and said, "I dunno that they was so crazy."

A Misunderstanding.



Mr. Hippo—How dare you insult me? Captain Leo—Insult you? Mr. Hippo—Yes; I heard you tell the porter to give me a wide berth.—Harper's Weekly.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

Hygiene of the Nails.
A moderately stiff brush and the use of warm water and soap will keep the nails in good condition. They may be polished occasionally with precipitated chalk, to which a very little carmine has been added. For removing dirt underneath the fingernails, a dull knife, blade should be used. Ingrowing toenails may be avoided by trimming the nails squarely across at right angles, leaving the corners untrimmed and long enough to reach well beyond the folds of the skin on each side, so that the latter cannot be injured by them.

Reading in Bed.
Reading in bed, like most luxuries can be overdone; in fact, there seems to be only one excuse for this fascinating way of ending the day. Certain people find that their worries accumulate in their brain after bedtime; their nerves are at high tension, and their minds are actively at work trying to solve problems that should have been left behind in the city. Going to bed with the brain in such a state means that, with nothing to distract the thoughts, hearing nothing and seeing nothing in the darkness, imagination has full sway and hours of wakefulness may be the result. Such a man will find a half-hour's reading in bed a great help. With careful attention paid to the quality and position of the light, so that without flickering it shines over the shoulder and directly on the page, the much maligned habit of reading in bed has sometimes a very beneficial effect on a tired and over-wakeful brain.

Common Causes of Insomnia.
Insomnia is not a disease itself, says Dr. William Stevens, but the effect of an unhealthy condition of body or mind. When the cause is removed the insomnia may be expected to disappear. Every physician has had stubborn cases of it which would not yield to any treatment, and for which a change of air or of scene became necessary. But such cases as these should not occur, and do occur only when the sufferer has neglected precautions that should have been taken when the first trouble made itself manifest.

Insomnia results from causes which can be removed if attended to in season. The most common cause is found in the digestive organs. Either unsuitable food causing indigestion, or a feature of indigestion, or insufficient food, causing the patient to be kept awake by hunger. There are few things that can be universally recommended as diet for sleeplessness, since what will agree with one man will disagree with another. But two things that may almost always be recommended are lettuce and celery.

DELICIOUS PINEAPPLE RECIPES.

SLICED PINEAPPLE.—Cut the inch thick, after the rind has been removed, into slices a quarter of an inch thick, then cut the slices in halves. The half slices are stood on edge in a circle with a mound of powdered sugar for the centre of the circle. The flavor of pineapple is much better when it is cut in thick slices. The less taste of the knife the better.

PINEAPPLE WITH RICE.—Remove the rind from the pineapple and cut across in slices a quarter of an inch thick, then cut the slices into even quarters. Arrange the quarters, standing on edge, diagonally around a mound of boiled rice. Place the spout of the pine in the centre of the mound of rice. Have the rice sweetened and flavored. Sherry or maraschino are excellent for this purpose. Cornstarch pudding, blanc-mange or any simple jelly may be used instead of the rice.

CORED PINEAPPLE CIRCLES.—Cut the rind from a pineapple and cut into slices a quarter of an inch thick. With a small biscuit cutter stamp out the hard centres, leaving the pineapple cut into rings. Arrange the rings, overlapping, in a circle. Sprinkle them with granulated sugar and garnish with a small leaf of the pine sprout laid in each hole.

PULLED PINEAPPLE.—This is a delicious way of serving a pineapple when it is very ripe. Cut off the rind and with a small, pointed knife take out the eyes. Put a fork in the top of the hard core to hold it, and with a second fork tear off the soft pulp. Pile the pieces in a glass dish and sprinkle them plentifully with sugar. Let it stand a few minutes before serving to extract the juice.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Grate a pineapple fine. Mix well together a cupful of sugar and four eggs, then mix them with the pineapple pulp. Turn the mixture into a mold, set the mold in a pan of water and bake slowly until it is stiffened like a baked custard. When cold remove the mold and decorate with whipped cream.

THE COMING RACE.

Teddy has an El-e-phant. Fat, juicy, tame and slow. And everything that Teddy thinks. The "Phant" is sure to know. He shipped it to a puppet meet. By Teddy designated. The Phant flocked there on hands and feet. The "Phant" was nominated. Teddy knows a "Bronco" young. Named "Socialistic Mule." Its heels have many a thick hide stung. It's raising hell at school. So Teddy fears the coming race. (These broncos can't be trusted). For when the hoofs begin to pace, The Fat Beast may get busted. JOS. FITZPATRICK.

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LITTLE MILADY LINGERIE.

This summer little girls are literally to be garbed in lingerie from head to foot. Not only are white frocks trimmed elaborately with flouncings, beadings and edgings of finest uelie embroidery, but the big white hats, which are set well back from the brows, are formed entirely of fine needlework trimmings. The crowns of such hats may be of the square Corday order, or rmb shape, or have flat-topped, puffy-sided Tams. The brims are invariably frilly, for several rows of accordion, knife or box plaited lace and embroidery ruffles are employed in their making. These crown hats is outlined with a fower wreath or with twisted satin ribbon, which falls in loops and ends over the back. This may be drawn forward and tied beneath the chin, thus transforming the headgear into a bonnet.



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United States History

Fond Mother to Artist Visitor—Being an artist yourself, I'm sure you'll appreciate these drawings of Willie's. He is only seven, and he never had a lesson in his life.—Woman's Home Companion.

Wealthy Japanese usually have in their houses one room called the chamber of the inspiring view. Its essential is a beautiful view, but taste is catholic in Japan, and the delightful view may be a blossoming cherry tree, a glimpse of a river, a miniature Mushroom hunts are a fashionable diversion, and verse writing and harp playing are indoor pastimes indulged in by the women.

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THE NEW YORK EVENING CALL

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NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 6, 1908.

MEN ARE REFLECTED IN WHAT THEY ADMIRE

A few letters, foully abusive, such as could emanate only from a festering mind, written by pretended Socialists in condemnation of The Call's criticisms of Grover Cleveland, have been received along with a vast number commending this paper's course in the matter.

It is only natural that Cleveland's personal friends should object to any severe strictures upon his character, and to this evidence of personal loyalty none can reasonably take exception.

It is urged that many good men have been drunk. So they have. But they have not, so far as we know, been drunk while occupying the exalted and responsible office of President of the United States.

It is significant that no woman has protested against this criticism.

When some poor, ignorant, sodden creature of the slums, who never has had a chance and from whom nothing better could be expected, is exploited in the police court reports for beating his wife, we hear no protest from these sensitive souls; but when the same offense by Grover Cleveland, who had every chance and from whom very much more should have been expected, is given publicity they are immeasurably shocked that the truth should be told.

Wrong should be rebuked wherever found. And when hidden in high places it should be uncovered and denounced in words that would startle and blast like the Seven-fold Curse.

By some strange process of human reasoning, the offense in this case is made not the act of wife-beating by Cleveland but the testimony concerning it by another.

Where this rule adopted by courts of law, the culprit for punishment would be not the criminal but the prosecuting witness.

The contention that only good should be said of Cleveland, simply because he is dead, is nothing but hypocritical cant. It might with equal consistency be maintained that, out of consideration for his sorrowing friends, since he is dead, Jesse James should not be referred to as a bandit.

The capitalist press never has spared the eminent ones of our own class, in life or in death. Remember Martin Irons. And what venom would be vomited on the grave of Debs were he dead to-day?

Grover Cleveland and his relentless associates have outraged our own people in every conceivable way—driven them like dogs before the bayonet, shot them down like sheep when they protested, kidnapped them and endeavored to hang them for no crime other than class-loyalty.

Why should we be asked to show mercy to one who was merciless?

To turn the other cheek has been always the gospel of capitalism—preached only to the poor. Let the proletariat now stand erect and do some of the smiting.

Socialism is a militant movement, made what it is by the real fighters in its ranks; and it is not called upon to place any flowers upon the grave of an unworthy foe.

No man's influence dies with him. Particularly is this true if he be exalted as a great example. Not to tell the truth about Grover Cleveland would be to permit the distortion of history and the perversion of our national ideals.

We can form no symmetrical conception of the character of the man who with bayonets beat the victorious Pullman strikers back to work, unless we are informed of the further brutal fact that it was his custom to beat his wife.

This man, comrades, is the idol of capitalism—its ideal of lofty manhood and eminent worth; and there can be no impropriety in using his character as an object-lesson in capitalistic standards.

We should be glad and proud that one paper has been honest enough and courageous enough to stand steadfastly by the truth, undeterred by the hypocritical howlings of those who wear the capitalist collar and whose minds stoop with their cringing bodies beneath the swing of the money-master's lash.

The historian of the future will be compelled to turn to the files of The Call for a true description of the character of Grover Cleveland.

The agitation for a monument for Cleveland gains aggressiveness as the need for its vindicating effect becomes more glaringly apparent. And this when no national memorial to Lincoln has been erected!

With eminent fitness this demand for a monument comes from Cleveland's former law partner, from men who were members of his cabinet, and from his Wall Street friends and beneficiaries—who insist that it shall be paid for with 25-cent subscriptions from the common people!

Without dwelling upon the incongruity of squandering thousands of dollars on such a useless purpose at a time when thousands of families are starving, it might be suggested that if the monument is built it should be surmounted by the fat figure of a male creature with club-uplifted to strike a prostrate woman.

In this connection, it should be understood, once for all, by those who are in doubt, that SOCIALISM IN ITS INTEGRITY IS PURELY A CLASS-CONSCIOUS, UNCOMPROMISING, REVOLUTIONARY PROLETARIAN MOVEMENT in which there is no proper place for the defenders of capitalism or the apologists for the objectionable characters which a capitalistic environment produces.

By Our Amateurs.



HAS AMERICA SUNK SO LOW?

By ROBERT HUNTER.

A Jewish gentleman named Strauss is at present engaged in the despicable occupation of gathering together a few penniless creatures of his race for the purpose of sending them back to the land of the Czar. They are political offenders, who fled from Russia to escape imprisonment and death. In fighting for a republic they were attempting to do for Russia what our forefathers did for America. They were trying to establish in Russia such freedom as exists here, which probably is the reason the parents of Mr. Strauss came to this country.

AMERICA'S IDEALS.

By MICHAEL M. DAVIS, Jr.

Her strength is not in looms nor lands; Nor pride, in that she banished kings; Her life is in the dream she dreamed, To bring all men to higher things. Her spirit needs we give her faith, The heart to will, the hand to do;

Advertisement for 'A KID'S NATURAL HISTORY'. Includes text: 'THIS IS A SNAKE, AND SNAKES IS PESTS. SNAKES WAS DRIVEN OUT OF IRELAND SOME YEARS AGO AND EMIGRATED TO OTHER COUNTRIES. A SNAKE TEMPTED ANOTHER EYE TO EAT A GREEN APPLE, CAUSING MUCH SUFFERING EVER SINCE. WHENEVER I AM TEMPTED TO EAT A GREEN APPLE, IT CAUSES ME MUCH SUFFERING TOO. A SNAKE'S TRAIL STAYS ALIVE TILL SUNDOWN NO MATTER WHEN ITS OWNER GETS KILLED. THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF SNAKES—THOSE YOU CAN SEE AND THOSE YOU THINK YOU CAN SEE. ONCE PR SAW SNAKES THAT THE REST OF US COULDN'T AND HE SAID THEY WERE SUCH LOVELY COLORS. PR HASN'T BEEN FOND OF SNAKES SINCE. RATTLE SNAKES IS SO NAMED BECAUSE YOU GET RATTLED IF YOU SEE ONE. WHEN YOU TRY TO DO A FILLER, BUT HE DOES YOU—YOU CALL HIM A SNAKE. SNAKES WIGGLE INSTEAD OF WALK. GIRLS WIGGLE WHEN THEY WALK NOW DAYS. EDDIE'.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor The Call.

I wish to make a suggestion regarding the coming presidential campaign. I think it would be a good idea for each local to print circulars containing the general demands, industrial demands and political demands, of the Socialist party platform. These circulars would be distributed at each street corner meeting, thereby giving a chance to a large number of people to read our platform. As none of the capitalist papers printed our platform for fear that it may enlighten the ignorant workman to what is best for him, therefore I believe it is our duty to inform all those that do not read our Socialist papers what the Socialist platform contains. By passing these circulars out at our street corner meetings our platform will thereby reach a great many of those that are ignorant of what the Socialists would do if elected to office for the people. I feel sure that most of those receiving this circular would take it home and read it carefully, which I think you'll agree with me, would set him thinking.

I congratulate you heartily on the way you conduct the Evening Call. I enjoy it very much, and I can't buy it fast enough from the newsdealer. Wish it an enormous success. Yours for Socialism. J. FRIEDMAN. NEW YORK.

Editor The Call. While it is impossible for imperfect man to establish a perfect state of society, it seems to me a great improvement could be made in our present social system. That there is something radically wrong with a system that produces such an unequal and unjust distribution of the nation's wealth is a fact that every honest and intelligent person will admit.

Whether Socialism is the only cure for the terrible condition which at present afflicts society, I am not yet prepared to say. As a seer after truth, I would like to know if it would not be possible to readjust our individualistic social system in such a way that better results could be obtained for humanity than by attempting a social revolution? Might not the remedy of Socialism prove worse than the disease which afflicts individualism?

In the cities there are thousands of enforced idlers. In the country there are thousands of abandoned farms. Would it not relieve conditions if the State would adopt means to distribute the surplus population of the cities on the abandoned farms? Let us reason together. Yours truly. E. J. WALDRON.

Editor The Call. The following is an article I saw in the New York World June 25: TO TEACH CHILDREN THE CARE OF BABIES.

Upon the suggestion of Archbishop Farley, all the children in the parochial schools of this city will be told by their teachers this morning how to care for their little brothers and sisters during the summer. The Conference on the Hot Weather Care of Babies, which represent the Board of Health and over fifty private charitable agencies, are making a determined effort to check the great infant death rate during the months of intense heat.

All the children will be told that many babies who die in the summer could be saved if properly cared for. They will also be instructed how to keep the babies well through proper feeding, clothing, bathing and fresh air. But most forcibly of all, it will be impressed on them that the family doctor must be called if the baby is ill, and that if there is no such doctor the Department of Health should be informed.

The conference has provided seventy-five nurses, scattered through the poor sections of the city, who will visit a mother immediately upon the birth of a child and tell her where she may find medical assistance in caring for the little one.

It's high time every one in the world was beginning to see things. I think this charity business has gone the limit and that we are just about at the end of the limit. Anyone with just half an eye ought to be able to see that all the Archbishops and Boards of Health and the many different charitable agencies can do comparatively nothing to aid the suffering. What good does it do to help just a few when there are thousands in want for just the barest necessities of life, and these few who are being helped have to be helped right along; it isn't one once and done. And the number of the suffering is increasing instead of decreasing. This fact alone ought to set the gentlemen at the head of these institutions to thinking, and every one else, too. Unless we dig right down to the bottom and find out the cause of all this suffering we may as well be away. So we dabble dabbling. Wake up, everybody!

"To teach children the care of babies." One baby to take care of another. What can the little ones do? Don't ask any of the big hot air boys who represent our nation, for they already have said they don't know, but in junction Bill said: "God knows." Wonder how he found that out, and why God don't tell us. If the people wait long enough they'll finally tumble to the fact that they must find the remedy themselves.

You workmen and women produce all the wealth of this country. You knead all the American dough. Why are you content to accept the few crumbs that this capitalistic system throws you? Why?

Come, Mr. Workingman, here's your chance. Vote the Socialist ticket from now on. Kick! and get everybody else to kick! Don't be content with the crumbs all your life.

ALICE NITSCHKE.

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For President EUGENE V. DEBS For Vice-President BENJAMIN HANFORD

GROWTH OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE.

Table with 4 columns: Year, Votes, Year, Votes. 1888 2,068 1896 28,584; 1892 21,157 1900 96,961; 1904 408,330

THE WELCOME.

By THOMAS O. DAVIS.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning. Come when you're looked for, or come without warning. Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you. And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you. Light is my heart since the day we were plighted. Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted. The green of the trees looks far greener than ever. And the linnets are singing. "True lovers, don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear, if you choose them; Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom. I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you; I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you. Oh, your step's like the rain to the summer-veged farmer. Or saber and shield to a knight without armor; I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me. Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eery; We'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy; We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river. Till you'll ask of your darling what gift can you give her. Oh, she'll whisper you. "Love as unchangeably beaming. And trunch, when in secret, most tunelessly streaming. Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver. As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning. Come when you're looked for, or come without warning. Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you. And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you. Light is my heart, since the day we were plighted. Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted. The green of the trees far greener than ever. And the linnets are singing. "True lovers, don't sever!"

Question of Capacity.



Harry Hyghfyer—Bring me dem! Water—Tasse or John?—Leslie's Weekly.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

The Republican platform boasts that the wealth of the United States is \$110,000,000,000, but it is discreetly silent about the distribution of that wealth. The matter is only one of simple arithmetic, however. If there is indeed as much wealth as that—

one hundred and ten thousand millions—there is an average of \$1,300 or more for every man, woman and child in the country, which makes an average of over \$6,000 for every family. Now we may ignore the families that are thrifless and idle and poor, and those that are thrifless and idle and rich, and consider only those that are thrifty and industrious whether rich or poor. Some of these can doubtless show their \$6,000. But how many? Ask your industrious and thrifty neighbor whether he has his share of this wealth—whether he can put his hands upon \$6,000 of which he can say, "This is the share of my family."

In considering the question of the accumulated wealth of a country with reference to the boasts of a political party long in power, it is much more important to know how the accumulated wealth is divided than how much it foots up to. A political party long in power may be entitled to little or no credit for the amount of wealth accumulated; for accumulation depends upon the work and thrift of the people of a country in far greater degree than upon its politics. But a party long in power is responsible in large measure for the distribution of accumulated wealth; for its distribution may depend upon the laws of the country in far greater degree than upon the work and thrift of the people. Under unfair laws the accumulated wealth of a country may be taken from the industrious and thrifty who create and conserve it, and be given to the idle and cunning who influence law-making. It is of utmost importance to know, therefore, how this \$110,000,000,000 of accumulated wealth of a country may be taken from the industrious and thrifty family of five got its share of \$6,000? If not, why not? What account have the boasters of the Republican party to give of this phase of the stewardship?—Louis F. Post, in The Public.

A FAMILY I KNEW.

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEBO.

She had been monotonously complaining of their poverty. They had so little; she could seldom have any of the joys of life; the children's clothes were shabby, her own were few and old-fashioned; the four rooms they lived in were stuffy and meanly furnished. All the women in the neighborhood were better off than she. She was weary and miserable with it all—and so her plaint ran on.

Harassed with troubles of his own, her husband grew nervous under her monotonous whine, and raising his voice to a high pitch, began to quarrel with her. Then he struck her in the face with his hand.

She was the mother of four little children—his children. They, too, seemed unhappy; they quarreled a great deal, and at times the whole family hated each other fiercely.

At last they thought they did. The fact is, that they had natural affection for each other; that the husband had loved his wife as ardently as lovers could when they were married; that the wife had loved the husband, and that she had a mother's affection for the children.

But the narrowness of their lives, the everlasting want for things that never could be filled, the burden on the man, and the continual drag on the woman—these were the source of the misery in which they lived. That they blamed each other for their misery was because they were ignorant. Knowing that his wife had too little, the husband yet would shout to her, "What is it you are nagging about now? You want too much, that's the trouble with you." "I wish I had married D. He appreciated me, at least. You never appreciate me," she would scream back at him.

When he had gone to his work she scolded the children, and they quarreled among themselves. Day after day, month after month, year after year—they lived like this. And not only they, but thousands of families like them.

Any social system that makes it possible for a man to brutally strike the mother of his children; any social order that makes it possible for a woman to nag at her husband and beat her children from morning till night; any condition that makes a man work long hours with returns so small that he must suffer the degradation of an impoverished, miserable, complaining family is fundamentally and everlastingly wrong.

Capitalism makes men economically dependent upon an employer who cuts their wages to a mere subsistence point; it makes women dependent upon a man for their support, instead of giving them economic freedom, thus rendering them subject to all kinds of abuses; it robs little children of their normal heritage—the love of parents and the joys of childhood. It breaks up homes, destroys the morals of the people, and breeds criminals, degenerates and paupers on every hand.

Every man who casts a vote for either the Democratic or Republican party; every man who helps support the capitalist press as against that of the workmen; every man who talks against Socialism and upholds the present system simply aids the fangs of capitalism in taking a firmer grip upon his body and soul; and upon those whom he should love, cherish and protect even as his own life. The responsibilities of the average man are great, for it is he who has made the kind of family that I knew, and it is he who can make better families.

EPIGRAMS.

An Irishman once said: "I think the happiest period of married life is the time just before you are married." "I don't know who invented tabloid honeymoons. They seem to have crept in with automobiles—if automobiles ever do creep—and excursion trains. All the world may love a lover, but I am sure all the world hates a newly-married couple that conducts its post-nuptial courtship so that all may see and snigger. I heard a man once say: "There are two sorts of society—genuine aristocracy and the society that pays its way." Few men that are not hopelessly old-fashioned nowadays think any worse of a woman because she smokes; but I don't think any man thinks more of a woman because she does smoke. If I were told that for my sins I must marry one of six women who had nothing but their good looks to recommend them, or a woman with only a keen sense of humor to recommend her, I should choose the woman with the sense of humor. Some men think no more of getting married than they do of going into their club and ordering a bottle of wine. Probably some think less about it, for they will examine the cork of the bottle, whereas they won't even trouble to ascertain the brand of the girl they are going to marry.—From "The Irony of Marriage," by Basil Tozer. "Socialism is not a doctrine—it is a destiny."—Walter Hurt, in "The Scarlet Shadow."