

TRACTION FRANCHISES BORN OF FRAUD

READ THE AMAZING EXPOSE IN THIS ISSUE

All the News
All the Time

THE NEW YORK EVENING CALL

Last Edition

Telephone 2271 Worth.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WORKERS

Vol. 2—No. 28

TUESDAY,

NEW YORK

FEBRUARY 2, 1909.

Price One Cent.

ROOSEVELT CUTS NO ICE

Judiciary Committee Favors Anti-Japanese Measure Against President's Wish.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Feb. 2.—The Judiciary committee of the state Legislature has rendered a report favoring the passage, without change, of the Drew measure, which prohibits aliens from holding lands in this state. The bill will come up to-morrow. It will take precedence over the Johnson bill, denying Japanese the right to be members of corporations and segregating them not only in the schools, as attempted by the San Francisco Board of Education two years ago, but also in residential districts at the option of boards of supervisors.

President Roosevelt's letter to Governor Gillett on the Japanese question was eagerly read by members of the Legislature. A. M. Drew said: "After

a cursory reading of the letter I am determined to stand for the bill as it has been amended. As to the President's views in this latest letter I take no exception, but I do believe that Secretary Root in the letter inclosed by the President, takes an unwarranted stand against all legislation proposed against the Japanese.

"My object in introducing the land bill, I may frankly state, was to keep the Japanese from getting a foothold in California. They are not and should not be allowed to become citizens of this country, and they should not have the right of property ownership. We are confronted with a serious situation in this regard, and I shall make every effort to have the measures passed."

MINERS RE-ELECT THOMAS L. LEWIS

John Walker Will Not Contest Election, and Harmony Now Prevails Among Delegates.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 2.—Thomas L. Lewis was re-elected president of the United Mine Workers of America, according to the report of the tellers made at the convention yesterday. John Walker, of Illinois, Lewis' opponent, has announced that he will not contest the election. Mr. Lewis' majority was about 16,000.

There was little of the spirit of hostility in the speeches of President Feehan and other officers of the Pittsburgh district when they took the floor to protest against the action of President Lewis in refusing financial assistance to the striking miners of the Mercer-Butler field, Pennsylvania, on the ground that there was too little chance of success. Rather, President Feehan set forth the present status of the struggle and appealed to the delegates to support him in the application to the national officers for aid.

Just prior to adjournment President Lewis said it was plain that there would be no further quarreling over the personal differences, and that the business of the convention would now be disposed of as quickly as possible. He would give all information asked in regard to his attitude toward Mercer-Butler strike, he said, but he would not engage in bickering with his critics.

The Socialistic Revolution.

The following is a Socialistic resolution in full which was adopted by the convention last week without a dissenting voice:

"Whereas, In the light of the industrial depression that has haunted America for more than a year, millions of willing workers have been forced into involuntary idleness, thereby being denied access to the means of life, and

"Whereas, Many of those who are victims of this industrial depression have, in self-preservation, become instructors of law, and

"Whereas, A class of predatory rich, who scarcely know the limits of their wealth, are co-existent with the countless thousands whose poverty is directly attributable to their failure to find some owner of the means of production to employ them, and

"Whereas, The denial of the opportunity to willing workers to engage in full scale strikes from the fact that the means with which the necessities of life are produced are owned and controlled by private individuals, who are not necessary factors in the field of wealth production, but whose only function is to profit by the activity of the working class so long as a market can be found where the product of the workers can be disposed of, and

"Whereas, The workers receive in the form of wages only a small share of what their labor power with the aid of machinery creates, thus preventing them from buying back out of the market the equivalent of what they have produced, necessarily causing a glutted market, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the United Mine Workers of America, in annual convention assembled, recognize and declare for the necessity of the 'public ownership and operation' of all those means of production and exchange that are collectively used, that every man or woman willing and able to work, can have free access to the value of life and get the full social value of what they produce."

CITY DID NOT PAY SHOVELERS

So All of Them Were Forced to Go to the Bread Line Last Night.

Hundreds of the men employed yesterday by Commissioner Edwards to shovel snow endured much suffering while defying the bitter cold. Most of them were scantily dressed and the frost was too much for the bloodless, starved and famished bodies of those who waited months for the chance to work. Some of them were old and they clung only to the picks with desperate effort. Many had their feet wrapped in sacks, their shoes being torn.

There were 2,000 all told working on the streets. They stood the strain for the greatest part of the day, but when night came they could endure it no longer. They flocked to the Municipal Lodging House, to the Bowery Mission and to the "Reading Rooms," and so they warmed up a bit before they took their places in bread lines, for the men who worked did not get paid. The city does not pay by the day, and there is much red tape to be disposed of before these poor creatures will get their money.

Graft Causes Riot.

The inadequate method of paying the snow shovelers developed a system of graft. Speculators get possession of the checks at a large discount. Yesterday this grafting among the snow contractors and speculation in pay checks of the shovelers, resulted in a riot at Second avenue and 1st street. Several speculators were beaten by hungry men. The reserves were called.

Charles B. Stegman, a contractor, of 85 East 2d street, was arrested on complaint of nineteen men, who said they had given him their tickets, representing \$1.50 each, but that he had refused to return the checks or pay them.

Now that some of the big contractors have heard of the operation of speculators, they have refused to make payments unless the checks are turned in by the man entitled to pay for his work. Hundreds, who gave up their checks, could not even buy bread.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCK IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Feb. 2.—Just before 2 o'clock yesterday morning a second earthquake shock followed the slight one that occurred before midnight, and many persons were badly frightened. In the West End a number of persons got up and prepared to leave their houses, but as the disturbance was not repeated the excitement died away.

TO TEST BELL'S KITE.

OTTAWA, Feb. 2.—Glenn Curtis, the aeronaut of Hammondport, N. Y., has just passed through Montreal on his way to Nova Scotia to assist Professor Bell and others in testing the new flying machines. He says the Silver Dart, the latest aeroplane built at Hammondport, is now at Baddeck and will be tested in a few days.

"Professor Bell is now finishing a new tetrahedral kite," said Curtis. "It is to have the engine used in the Silver Dart installed in it, and it will be Professor Bell's first attempt to fly with his cellular kites by means of motive power. It also is the first kite of this description made to carry two men."

DYNAMITE ON TRACKS

Effort Made to Wreck Lehigh Valley Train.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Feb. 2.—An effort to wreck a Lehigh Valley Railroad train on the Harveys Lake branch by the use of dynamite was made this morning, but was unsuccessful. Dynamite had been used to displace the rails of the main line at a frog, and had a train come along it would have been thrown from the track and down an embankment. A workman discovered the shattered rail at six o'clock this morning, sometime before a train was due, and notified the operator at the nearest station. Traffic on the main track was delayed for several hours before repairs were completed. Detectives are searching for the wreckers.

DIE IN DIRE POVERTY

Pastor and Wife Found Dead in Bed from Escaping Gas.

JERSEY CITY, Feb. 2.—The Rev. and Mrs. Frederick V. G. H. Vahey were found dead in their apartments on the first floor of the rear of 29 Hague street yesterday, both having been asphyxiated by illuminating gas escaping from a radiator. Some of the neighbors incline to the opinion that it was a suicide pact, but the police, who investigated the matter, say the double death was accidental.

They came from somewhere in the neighborhood of Philadelphia about a year ago and Mr. Vahey endeavored to organize a congregation of his own faith, but met with little success. Their principal support seems to have been \$5 a week, which Mrs. Vahey received from a relative. It has not yet been found out who this relative is, as no letters bearing on the subject could be found.

All the money found in the apartments was \$1.35 in an old handbag in a closet and four pennies in the dead man's pocket. The apartments were miserably furnished, even a quilt. A few letters were found showing that Mr. Vahey had made efforts to secure employment outside of his calling as a minister.

MRS. BROKAW SUES

Asks for Separation from Husband on Ground of Cruelty.

MINEOLA, L. I., Feb. 2.—Alleging that her husband was audaciously jealous and had treated her in a cruel and inhuman manner and had abandoned her, Mrs. May Blair Brokaw, wife of W. Gould Brokaw, filed a suit for a separation in the County Clerk's office here yesterday morning. The notice was attached to an order signed by Justice Maddox, of the Supreme Court, allowing service to be made on Mr. Brokaw by publication in two Nassau County papers.

The troubles of the Brokaws have been talked of for some time and it was generally known that there would be a separation sooner or later. The largest country estate of Mr. Brokaw, Nirvana, at Great Neck was closed last December and there were rumors at that time of an impending separation suit.

THE DALYS FOUND GUILTY.

William and Tillie Daly, of 132 West 90th street, who under the names of William and Tillie Barrett were arrested in Bond's drug store at 2635 Broadway on January 26 after a buzzer had announced that they were fooling with a telephone slot machine, were found guilty of unlawful entry in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday.

The prisoners were remanded to the Tombs until February 5 that the case may be further investigated before sentence is pronounced.

U. S. DEFICIT INCREASES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The Treasury deficit was increased during the month of January by nearly \$18,000,000, and the total for the fiscal year to date is \$79,814,442. This is the largest deficit for many years. The Government's receipts from all sources in January were \$47,480,428, of which \$23,818,870 came from customs, \$18,672,084 from internal revenue and \$4,989,474 from miscellaneous sources.

TRACTION FRANCHISES GOT BY BRIBERY AND FRAUD

DOCTOR DIES FOR SCIENCE

He Has Dangerous Operation on Himself to Prove His Theory Which Results in Death.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Feb. 2.—Dr. Herman G. Niermann died yesterday after a vain attempt to improve by surgery the processes of Nature. Desperate suffering followed an operation which he had had performed on himself against the protest of all the local surgeons in an effort to prove a new theory.

Dr. Niermann for a year or more had been studying the digestive tract and conceived the idea that a human being could get along without that part which receives the poisons of the body, and, he believed, becomes the culture beds of syphilitic diseases. He prepared a paper on the subject, which was read at a session of the Tuberculosis Congress at Washington last October.

While in Washington he met Dr. Binney, of the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins, and begged the doctor to perform the operation described on him, but Dr. Binney refused. Fort Wayne surgeons also pronounced it too dangerous. Finally Dr. McOscar agreed to perform the operation along the lines specifically laid down by Dr. Niermann.

Early in the week Dr. Niermann had fallen in a faint, which he himself attributed to the poisons in his abdomen, and another reason for the surgery he wished performed.

The operation took place Thursday morning and seemed to promise good results at first. But the shock was too much for the patient's system and peritonitis developed.

WHERE IS BROUGHTON?

Detectives Searching for the Missing Scribe—No Clue.

Broughton Brandenburg, the writer, whose trial on an indictment charging grand larceny came before Justice Dowling in Supreme Court yesterday, and who failed to appear, is to-day being hunted by detectives. A bench warrant was issued, and the District Attorney's detectives began a search for Brandenburg. He has been living with his wife at No. 9 East 8th street.

Samuel Bell Thomas, counsel for Brandenburg, said he was making busy his client on Sunday night, and was at a loss to account for his failure to appear in court. He expressed the belief that Brandenburg would appear within twenty-four hours and thus save his bail bond.

The indictment of Brandenburg resulted from the sale to the New York "Times" of a letter alleged to have been written by former President Grover Cleveland.

DEATH FOR BURGLARY.

AUSTIN, Tex., Feb. 2.—The bill in the Texas Legislature making burglary a residence a capital offense was passed finally by the House yesterday.

Representative Haxthausen introduced a bill yesterday which fixes the penalty of an automobile driver whose machine kills or injures a person by accident while running more than ten miles an hour in towns or twenty miles in rural districts at two to five years in the penitentiary.

LOAN SHARKS AND THEIR PREY.

By "One on the Inside."

A Striking Series Written Especially for The Evening Call.

"Loan Sharks and Their Prey" is the title of a series of articles which will commence in The Evening Call to-morrow. They have been written especially for The Evening Call by one who prefers to be known at present as "One on the Inside."

These articles contain a startling expose of the methods of the loan sharks, the species of human beings who extort huge sums of money from the poor and unfortunate and who make profits out of the grim necessities and hardships which the existing social system visits upon the working class.

The proposed introduction of a bill during the present session of the state Legislature at Albany having for its avowed object the restriction of the operation of the loan sharks makes this series timely and appropriate. It is reported that the loan sharks are combining and raising a fund of \$50,000 for the purpose of defeating the bill.

MISS MALONEY MARRIED

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2.—HELEN MALONEY, DAUGHTER OF MARTIN MALONEY, WAS MARRIED THIS MORNING TO HERBERT OSBORNE, AT SPRING LAKE, WITH THE FULL CONSENT OF HER FAMILY AND THE CHURCH.

TAXICABS COLLIDE.

Two taxicabs collided on Fifth avenue near 47th street last night, giving a severe shaking up to John M. Shaw, a broker, his wife and two friends. The Night Court decided that the reckless driving of Edward Mear was responsible for the collision, and he was fined \$5. Mr. Shaw is the stock exchange member of the firm of J. B. Russell & Co.

TEDDY JR. ACTUALLY WORKS.

WINSTED, Conn., Feb. 2.—Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who started in Thompsonville a few months ago to learn carpet making, has been advanced to the loom. The Thompsonville Carpet Mills are running until 9.30 at night. Young Roosevelt does not work at night, his hours being from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

MR. METZ SPEAKS FOR HIS BOSS

He Would Convince People No Subways Needed—If He Could.

"Any man who tries to be elected Mayor next fall by promising the voters more subways within the next few years will prove himself either a fool or a faker," said Comptroller Metz yesterday. "It will be a confidence game on the people, and the man who attempts it will be beaten a mile. He might as well promise to build a line of steamships to Mars. It is inherently dishonest for any man or any party to promise impossible things, like the immediate building of subways.

"The proposed Lexington avenue subway could not be operated at a profit until ten years after its construction if built as expensively as the Belmont tunnel. It would be a rival to the present subway, which would not be showing a profit were it not for the existing joint operation with the elevated lines. The elevated lines are really the money makers for the Interborough system.

"As for the proposed Fourth avenue subway for Brooklyn, that is out of the question for the present. It would be operated at a great loss for years. It leads nowhere. The contractors estimate that it would cost \$15,000,000, without equipment or power.

"The proposed Lafayette avenue loop system might pay. It would make numerous connections in a new district, tapping the Brooklyn, Manhattan and Williamsburg bridges. The Elsborg law limits a franchise term to twenty years. That is such a short term that it does not look attractive to private capital. The law should be amended so as to enable the city to grant a franchise for fifty years."

The enormous capitalization of the Traction oligarchy's system is based upon what? Cars? Rails? Power plants? Not at all. If the entire physical equipment were offered at a bargain sale it would bring comparatively little. Most of it would sell as junk, and nearly all of it as second-hand material.

IT IS THE MONOPOLY OF THE CITY'S STREETS WHICH CONSTITUTES THE ONE GREAT VALUABLE ASSET OF THE TRACTION OWNERS. Through their ownership of public franchises this monopoly is assured them.

Capitalizing Paper Titles.

This is the fundamental basis of the vast amounts in bonds and stocks issued by them. These securities are practically all grounded UPON THEIR TITLES TO THE CITY'S STREETS. They have bits of paper showing that at such and such a date the city authorities or the Legislature gave them or their predecessors the right to lay down rails and operate street car systems.

These bits of paper are titles, and hold faster in law than a barnacle does to a ship. Most of these paper titles were obtained before you were born; they are mildewed with age; but so far as the comprehensive powers they grant are concerned, they are just as fresh as on the day they were signed, and will be as active a thousand years from now if the present capitalist system continues.

What Are Flesh and Blood Beside Scraps of Paper?

Of course, you know the principle underlying our whole system of civil jurisprudence since Daniel Webster argued the famous Dartmouth College case. By the decision in that case, a contract once entered into is binding forever. No matter how much conditions may change, or to what extent a contract may become oppressive to future generations, it cannot be annulled. IT TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER THE RIGHTS AND PROGRESSIVE DEMANDS OF HUMANITY.

It was greatly owing to that decision that the power of the capitalist class was confirmed and secured. And every court decision since then has slavishly followed the lines of the Dartmouth College decision.

These paper titles are judicially construed as grants and contracts, and give their owners THE RIGHT TO EXPLOIT THE PEOPLE FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. Generations may come and go, but this power continues without abridgement.

IT IS THIS POWER TO EXPLOIT WHICH THE TRACTION OWNERS HAVE CAPITALIZED AT A COLOSSAL SUM.

Perpetual Power to Exploit.

Nearly all of the franchises are PERPETUAL. The corrupt politicians who, for a mess of pottage, gave them away, presented them as a gift FOREVER. Some of the franchises granted in recent years have time limits, but the greater number of the street railway franchises are absolutely unlimited in point of time.

In fact, so perpetual are they that some of the leases of one line to another are drawn for 999 years. You might profitably ponder over the power of a few men to bond a hundred generations to come. You have not even the right to a job; if you are out of work, the law does not make the slightest provision for the sustenance of yourself and your family; you have no security for old age, sickness or disability; your children might starve for all the recognition the law gives them. But this same law allows these men the unquestioned power of confiscating the earnings not only of the workers of this generation but of one hundred generations to come.

You say that this is grotesque. All capitalism is grotesque, and also horrible tragic, in its results.

Who Decide Our Laws.

Yet it ought not be strange to you. You have had ample opportunities for knowing that the men who hold

Granting to Corporations the Right to Use the Streets of New York for Transportation Purposes Is One Long Story of Municipal Corruption, Says Gustavus Myers.

By GUSTAVUS MYERS.

Author of "The History of Public Franchises in New York City," "The History of Tammany Hall," "The History of the Great American Fortunes, Etc."

The enormous capitalization of the Traction oligarchy's system is based upon what? Cars? Rails? Power plants? Not at all. If the entire physical equipment were offered at a bargain sale it would bring comparatively little. Most of it would sell as junk, and nearly all of it as second-hand material.

IT IS THE MONOPOLY OF THE CITY'S STREETS WHICH CONSTITUTES THE ONE GREAT VALUABLE ASSET OF THE TRACTION OWNERS. Through their ownership of public franchises this monopoly is assured them.

Capitalizing Paper Titles.

This is the fundamental basis of the vast amounts in bonds and stocks issued by them. These securities are practically all grounded UPON THEIR TITLES TO THE CITY'S STREETS. They have bits of paper showing that at such and such a date the city authorities or the Legislature gave them or their predecessors the right to lay down rails and operate street car systems.

These bits of paper are titles, and hold faster in law than a barnacle does to a ship. Most of these paper titles were obtained before you were born; they are mildewed with age; but so far as the comprehensive powers they grant are concerned, they are just as fresh as on the day they were signed, and will be as active a thousand years from now if the present capitalist system continues.

What Are Flesh and Blood Beside Scraps of Paper?

Of course, you know the principle underlying our whole system of civil jurisprudence since Daniel Webster argued the famous Dartmouth College case. By the decision in that case, a contract once entered into is binding forever. No matter how much conditions may change, or to what extent a contract may become oppressive to future generations, it cannot be annulled. IT TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER THE RIGHTS AND PROGRESSIVE DEMANDS OF HUMANITY.

It was greatly owing to that decision that the power of the capitalist class was confirmed and secured. And every court decision since then has slavishly followed the lines of the Dartmouth College decision.

These paper titles are judicially construed as grants and contracts, and give their owners THE RIGHT TO EXPLOIT THE PEOPLE FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. Generations may come and go, but this power continues without abridgement.

IT IS THIS POWER TO EXPLOIT WHICH THE TRACTION OWNERS HAVE CAPITALIZED AT A COLOSSAL SUM.

Perpetual Power to Exploit.

Nearly all of the franchises are PERPETUAL. The corrupt politicians who, for a mess of pottage, gave them away, presented them as a gift FOREVER. Some of the franchises granted in recent years have time limits, but the greater number of the street railway franchises are absolutely unlimited in point of time.

In fact, so perpetual are they that some of the leases of one line to another are drawn for 999 years. You might profitably ponder over the power of a few men to bond a hundred generations to come. You have not even the right to a job; if you are out of work, the law does not make the slightest provision for the sustenance of yourself and your family; you have no security for old age, sickness or disability; your children might starve for all the recognition the law gives them. But this same law allows these men the unquestioned power of confiscating the earnings not only of the workers of this generation but of one hundred generations to come.

You say that this is grotesque. All capitalism is grotesque, and also horrible tragic, in its results.

Who Decide Our Laws.

Yet it ought not be strange to you. You have had ample opportunities for knowing that the men who hold

the paper titles to the resources of a whole nation, are the identical grocers who decide what the law should be, and who shall be our Legislators, Mayors, Governors, Judges, Cabinet Officers and Presidents. John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, is one of the magnates who showed you recently how the trick is done. You vote; they pull the strings.

In Wall Street, where they know how to estimate the power of exploitation at its true value, a limited franchise, say for twenty-five or fifty years, is considered a valuable enough piece of property to capitalize at fifty or a hundred million dollars. But a perpetual franchise! There's no limit to its capitalization.

The question arises: How were these franchises obtained?

The answer is simple: By bribery and fraud.

The receivers of the Third Avenue

(Continued on Page 3.)

THE CALL LIBRARY CONTEST

The Call Library Vote.

I vote for _____
Name _____
Address _____
Address Letter to Librarian Editor, New York Evening Call, P. O. box 4824, N. Y. C. This coupon good for one vote only.

Any Trade Union, Labor Organization, Social Club, Singing Society, Socialist Party Local, Fraternal Organization, Lodge, Athletic Club, etc., etc., can enter this contest. The organizations receiving the largest number of votes will get the following prizes:
First Prize \$300 Library (or a handsome hand-made Emblem Banner.)
Second Prize 200 Library
Third Prize 100 Library

This contest will end Saturday, April 10, at 5 P. M. In case of a tie the prize will be divided between the contestants. Those sending in coupons by mail should see to it that their letters have sufficient postage.

USE THIS COUPON TO HAND IN YOUR VOTE.

Please tie up coupons in bundles of 10.

Here is the way the record stands up to January 23:

Turn Verein Vorwaerts, Bklyn., 10,276	20th A. D. Soc. Party, 10,276	250
22d A. D. Soc. Party, Bklyn., 10,017	Down Town Ethical Society, 220	
Young Men's Prog. Org., 8,475	Young Men's Benevolent Ass'n, 210	
24th A. D. Soc. Party, 8,438	Brooklyn Letter Carriers' Band, 210	
26th A. D. Soc. Party, 8,438	N. Y. Wood Carvers' Ass'n, 200	
Local Newark Soc. Party, 8,474	Walters and Cooks' Alliance No. 1, 200	
Local Astoria, 6,300	575, Hayohne, 200	
Machinists, Dist. 15, 6,260	Cigarmakers' Union No. 90, 180	
Young Friends Soc. Lit. Circle, 5,924	Socialist Party Club, Springfield, 164	
25th A. D. Soc. Party, Bklyn., 5,795	Industrial Union of the World, 150	
Workmen's Educational Club, Brooklyn, 5,613	Music Section W. E. A., 150	
26th A. D. Soc. Party, 6,013	Greater N. Y. Benevolent Ass'n, 150	
N. Y. P. O. Clerks' Union No. 10, 5,955	Local 15, Ind. W. W., 150	
Inter-High School Soc. League, 5,644	Carpenters' Local 95, I. W. W., 150	
Ashester Turnverein der West, 5,240	Century Wheelmen, 140	
Local Astoria, 5,240	Workmen's Circle, 133	
Social A. C. Bronx, 5,174	National Turn Verein, 100	
Murray Hill Soc. Club, 5,082	Carpenters' Union No. 724, 100	
Socialist Fire and Drum Corps, 4,792	Upholsterers' Union No. 39, 100	
Westchester Soc. Club, 4,792	Blk Workers' Union No. 176, 100	
Bakers' Union No. 15, Jersey City, 4,200	Housewives' Union No. 52, 100	
Branch Irvington, N. J., 3,330	Electrical Workers' Union No. 3, 100	
Turn Verein Vorwaerts, N. Y., 3,052	Kegel Club No. 513, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Progress Lodge Machinists' Union No. 325, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Carpenters' Union No. 322, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Carpenters' Union No. 497, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Brewers' Union No. 1, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Carpenters' Union No. 376, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Bricklayers' Union No. 55, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Butchers' Union No. 174, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Painters' Union No. 448, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	German Painters' No. 438, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Plumbers' Union No. 498, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	The House Association, 100	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Workmen's Education Ass'n, 90	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Stevenson Literary Society, 80	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Gottscheer Socialists Club, 30	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Harlem Socialist Club, 30	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	N. Y. Turn Verein, 30	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Wood Sorters' Union, Phila., 30	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Com. Telegraphers of America, 20	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Leontine Union No. 1, 20	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	North Side Rep. Club, 20	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Federal Rep. Club, 20	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Br. 209, Workmen's Circle, 10	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Young Men's Socialist Circle, 10	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	St. Vincent, 10	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Thos. Jefferson Ass'n, Boston, 10	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Hungarian American Athletic Club, 10	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Club, 10	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Labot News Co., 10	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Moscow Prog. Br. 44 W. C., 10	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	2 sent in by G. J. Bohun, 10th Sec. and avenue.	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Lundon City Turn Verein, 250	
Turnverein Union No. 1, 3,010	Letter Carriers' Band of Bklyn., 250	

WALL PAPER TRUST GETS JUICY LEMON

Supreme Court Decides That Combine in Restraint of Trade Can't Collect Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—In a decision rendered yesterday, the Supreme Court in effect held that an illegal combination that restrains interstate trade has no standing in court when it attempts to enforce any contract made in connection with any agreement to that end. While the court was divided 5 to 4, the line was merely drawn upon the question whether or not the merchandise purchased in the case at bar was in connection with the illegal agreement.

The case arose over the refusal of the Louis Voigt & Sons Company, of Cincinnati, to pay the remainder of a bill of some \$144,000 for wall paper purchased from the Continental Wall Paper Company, known as the wall paper trust. The company, according to its articles of incorporation, was formed in 1898 for the purpose of controlling the output and price of that product. It had a capital of \$200,000 and was incorporated under the laws of New York. Thirty factories, in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts, producing 90 per cent of the domestic output, were included in the merger, many of them almost being members of the National Wall Paper Company.

Genuine Trust Methods.

The methods of the trust included the fixing of the prices at which the goods were to be sold to jobbers and dealers through hard and fast agreement for the violation of which no goods were to be sold the offender.

When the Continental company brought suit to compel the Voigt company to pay the remainder of \$56,762 on the bill the latter demurred on the ground that the prices the trust had charged for the goods were excessive and unjust, being at least 50 per cent above their real value, for which the Cincinnati company said it had already paid. It was also alleged that the excessive prices were part of an illegal agreement in restraint of trade and to enforce payment would make the court a party to the illegal transaction. The trial court sustained the demurrer, as did also the Court of Appeals, and it came to the Supreme Court on a writ of certiorari. The Supreme Court now confirms the decision of the trial court.

JOHN D. WANTS PARTNER.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Feb. 2.—Rather than be driven from the state under the order decision of the Supreme Court the Standard Oil Company of Indiana has proposed that the state of Missouri go into partnership with it in the management of its Missouri business.

The proposition for state control will be presented to the Supreme Court. The company did not even ask that its fines of \$150,000 for the three subsidiary companies be remitted.

NOTE TO NEW SOCIALISTS

Read Socialist Books. Every book described in our new book catalog is available at low prices. All pamphlets and booklets at low prices.

WELSH BOOK COMPANY. 20 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CASE PUZZLES POLICE

Man They Arrest Says They Old Him For Another.

The wrong Waldemar H. Bille, as he himself an dthe police, top, believe, is held at Headquarters awaiting advice from Washington on the confession of the other man, with the same name.

When Lieutenant Bedner met the train from Washington the arrived here at 9 o'clock last night he recognized Bille for the description sent by Superintendent Sylvester, of the Washington police; he seemed to resemble the man wanted as curiously in appearance as in name.

Bille made such a good impression at headquarters, however, that the Washington police were called up by telephone and asked for further confirmation of the directions and description sent by telegraph. It was said that no mistake had been made. More indignant men than Bille are seldom arrested. He acknowledged his identity when approached by Lieutenant Bedner at the station, but upon being informed that he was under arrest for passing worthless checks he made things so hot that the policeman apologized for taking him along.

Beside the worthless checks there was an unpaid tailor's bill for \$100 in Washington. Although Bille had cashed a check for three months, and the last one he had used came back paid by the bank, he did agree to having an unpaid tailor's bill.

When anything strange about the man's behavior was noticed, the amount happens to be \$100, but what seems strange to me is that he should be a complainant.

Although Bille protested again and again that the police were making a great mistake in holding him, but without success in winning his release. They locked him up at Headquarters for the night.

Bille was impatiently awaiting the arrival of a detective from Washington this morning.

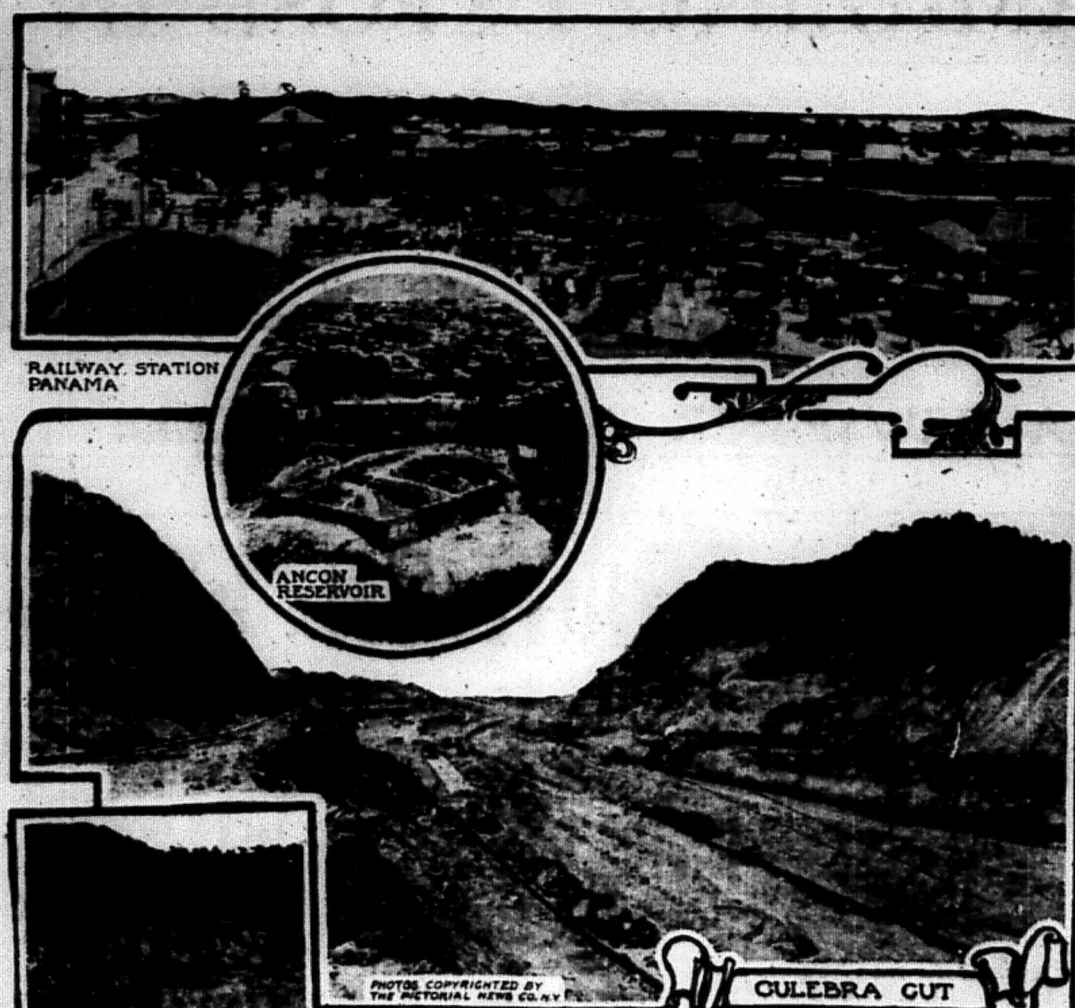
Bille said to-day that he had come here to settle up his father's estate. He added that he was an electrical engineer and is 22 years old. There is just one other man in the country, he said, who has the same name as himself.

TO SUPPORT HATTERS

Cap Cutters' Union, No. 2, Will Aid Strikers in Many Ways.

A resolution which has been adopted by the Cap Cutters' Union, No. 2, last Thursday, shows the spirit of organized labor in the present hat-makers' strike. The resolution reads: "Whereas, We find the action of the Hat Manufacturers' Association against your label is a gross outrage against the protection of honest labor and detrimental to organized labor in general, be it therefore, "Resolved, That we are with you in your just struggle for the protection of the emblem of organized labor, and will assist you morally and, if necessary, financially, to the best of our ability. Be it further, "Resolved, That each and every member of our union pledges himself not to wear any hats unless having the label of your organization attached thereon. Also to use all means and endeavors to persuade our friends to do likewise."

Scenes in Panama Canal Zone Showing Progress of Work Viewed by Taft Party



NOTHING LEFT OVER, SAY RECEIVERS

Deny There Was Any Surplus Over the Metropolitan Operating Expense.

William H. Taft and the expert who went with him to the lathums of Panama began their tour of inspection immediately upon their arrival at Colon. Mr. Taft went to Culebra on a special and was quartered at the home of Lieutenant Colonel Goethals, chairman of the Panama Canal Commission. They inspected the work on the big Culebra cut, a picture of which was taken last week, is reproduced herewith. After a thorough inspection of all the Culebra operations Mr. Taft and his party went to the Gatun dam, which will be the basis of the report of the engineers when they return to Washington. Mr. Taft will sail from Colon on February 5, returning by way of New Orleans.

DENIAL FOR PRESIDENT

But Question Now Is Did Miss Rhodes Ride That Day.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The President caused to be made public at the White House to-day the following letter:

Los Angeles Cal.
The President, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.
Dear Sir—My daughter, Miss May Rhodes, whose horse, it has been widely reported, you struck while riding in the park last Thanksgiving Day, most emphatically denies any knowledge of such an occurrence, and it is deemed of such importance as to be referred to in Congress, may I be permitted to ask you why you do not deny this story.

Very sincerely,
ELIZABETH M. RHODES.

The matter referred to by the writer of this letter was the publication of a story that the President, while riding in Rock Creek Park on Thanksgiving Day had resented the action of a party of young women passing him on the road. The President and the young women were on horseback, and the report was circulated that the President had in anger struck the horse of one of the girls with his riding crop, at the same time rebuking the girl severely for riding by him.

The principal of the Forest Glen Seminary said in reply to a reporter's questions yesterday that Miss May Rhodes was not a member of the riding party in Rock Creek Park last Thanksgiving Day.

FIRST PRETZELS

MADE IN AMERICA.

According to information furnished by an old historian the Rauch family of Lancaster county, Pa., is given the credit for having baked the first pretzels in this country in the year 1810, says the "Bakers Weekly." It is said that the first pretzel baker was established on the banks of the Schuylkill (in Reading) was owned by Liechtenstein, who was born in Lititz March 17, 1817.

It is said that one John William Rauch, by trade a weaver and maker of chip hats and brooms, was asked by the Moravian congregation to take up baking, as the town of Lititz was in need of such help. He consented to do so in connection with his trade. One day an old German happened to call upon John Rauch and in return for material assistance offered to teach him the secret of making what he called "pretzels." They baked in a small way at first for local trade.

Ambrose Rauch, the son of John, was peddling brooms through the country at the time, and prevailed upon his father to allow him to offer pretzels to the trade. The took immediately, and the fame of this particular make soon spread throughout Lancaster county, where to-day it is the custom to serve the salty tidbit with ice cream, with little Dutch lunces, with a tasty cold snack in connection with cheese, frequently with a cup of hot chocolate, often with soup or bouillon, and in that section it may take the place of nuts in chocolate fudge.

NOTHING LEFT OVER, DECIDES NURSE IS NO LABORER

Secretary Straus Upsets All Precedents of the Department in His Ruling.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—In a ruling yesterday Secretary Straus, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, overturned a string of contract labor decisions in the department by declaring that a woman studying to be a trained nurse is not a contract laborer, even though she does receive pay and board from the hospital where she is working.

The case was that of Ethel Wright, a young Canadian woman, who had made arrangements for a course of study at the Nurse's Home in Chicago. Immigration authorities stopped her, and set forth in their report to Secretary Straus that Miss Wright had contracted to "perform certain services in the hospital, beginning with cleaning, general housework, etc., and gradually working up through all the duties pertaining to a course in nursing."

ASK EMPLOYMENT

Out-of-Works Demand That Congress Act in Their Behalf.

A resolution passed by the National Committee for the Unemployed Monday, was mailed to President Roosevelt and Congress, urging that an amendment to the constitution providing for the relief of the unemployed.

The resolution asks that Congress be empowered to provide work for those who are willing but unable to get it, and that, failing in this, adequate provision be made for the distressed by the Government, so that the incentive to crime on the part of desperate persons without means of sustenance may be removed.

BANKER WHO WILL TELL SECRET OF STEEL MERGER



Oakleigh Thorne, president of the Trust Company of America, has been summoned before the Senate Judiciary Committee in Washington to tell his side of the transaction which led to the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Thorne's banking concerns held securities of the Tennessee company at the time of the panic of 1907, and it is understood that he will tell the committee that there was no necessity of the merger. After he testifies E. H. Gary, H. C. Frick and Charles M. Schwab may be subpoenaed.

BUILDING NEWS.

James B. Baker, an architect for Kuhn, Loeb & Co., filed plans with Building Superintendent Murphy yesterday for a roof house on the twenty-story office building at the corner of William and Pine streets, to be built of iron, concrete, terra cotta and stucco and designed for the use of the banking clerks.

Plans have been filed for making over the four-story storehouse, at Nos. 7 and 9 Gansevoort street, owned by Mrs. L. B. Robinson, of Baltimore, into a cracker bakery, the change of occupancy being made, for Herbert Hoffman as lessee.

Plans have been filed for enlarging the three-story, and basement dwelling at the southwest corner of Madison avenue and 130th street and installing stores in the lower stories. The improvements are to be made for Sundel Hyman, as owner. Sommerfeld & Stecker are the architects.

No plans for new buildings were filed in either Manhattan or the Bronx.

A general meeting of the Zion Hospital Association, which took place last night in the Library Hall of the University Settlement, it was decided to affiliate with the People's Hospital, of 203 Second avenue. It is thought that better work could be done through this union. A fair will be held in the near future at the 22d Armory at Broadway and 67th street, for the benefit of these institutions.

Frasa & Miller "The Furniture Store"

Wilton Rugs At An Unprecedented Price.

We have a group of 37 choice Wilton Rugs, 8-3x10-6 size, including genuine Bigelow Bagdads and others equally high grade from the famous Hartford and Karagheusan Mills. These are discontinued patterns that we could not duplicate in our new line, but the rich oriental and two-tone designs are every bit as handsome and desirable as those shown this season. We sold these rugs as a leader all last year at \$37.50 and they were splendid values at that figure. Clearance price \$30.00 while this lot lasts.

Open Saturday and Monday Nights.

"THIS IS MY DAY"

An Extract From the Dairy of M. Groundhog, Esq.

"Feb. 2, 1909.—A fine clear day. Mrs. G. woke me up early and said: 'Hoggy dear, do you know what date this is?' 'Since you ask,' I answered, 'I suppose it is either our wedding anniversary or mother-in-law's birthday.' 'Monster,' she cried, 'how can you forget those dates? But you have been sleeping for at least two months, and I suppose you have lost all track of time. Get up! It's the second of February!'"

"Marvellous!" I cried, there is nothing that can beat the instinct of womankind. The female groundhog, my dear. 'Well, now, get up, do, instead of lying in bed there, show some strength of mind, and get up and go upstairs and take a look out at the weather.'"

"I told her that there was no use, and that I had seen my own shadow every time I looked out of the house on February 2 the last several years, and that we didn't have any more of the good old fashioned winters we used to have when I was a young one, and that besides I was still sleepy and guessed I'd better make a night of it and sleep until Easter."

"But she would have the last word. 'You know you're just talking against time because you hate to get up,' she said, 'but I've got to know the weather to-day so I can tell when to start my spring house cleaning.'"

"So I had to get up, of course. I was disgusted to find that Big Bill Edwards had not removed a great big fall of snow from on top of my front door. It took me half an hour to burrow through it with my forepaws."

OPERATORS HAVE 10,000,000 TONS OF COAL

According to reports the coal operators in Philadelphia have 10,000,000 tons of anthracite coal stored away. The fact is interesting inasmuch as the arbitration agreement between the anthracite miners and the operators, which was signed after the great strike in 1906, expires on March 31. Since this agreement was signed there has been no talk of strike.

CALL LECTURE BUREAU

THE ELOQUENT EXPONENT OF SOCIALISM.
GEO. R. KIRKPATRICK
Has been engaged as speaker for this Bureau. Socialist Party Local and other educational organizations in the Eastern States wishing to hear him should communicate with the Bureau at once for dates. Terms liberal. Send all communications to CALL LECTURE BUREAU, 448 Pearl Street, New York City.

Great Mid-Winter Clearance Sale of

Suits and Overcoatings

Tailored to Your Measure.
We are crowding out all our remnants of our winter stock. Good many spring suits among them.
SUITS NOW \$15 TO ORDER.
Formerly at \$20, \$22, \$25. All our goods warranted pure worsteds. Something worth while to shout about.

Trousers

Tailored to Your Measure. Regular \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00 values, cut in the height of fashion from materials both stylish and serviceable.
\$4.00

SAMPLES ONLY FOR THE ASKING.

I. HAAS & CO., 70-76 Chambers St. One Door West of Broadway 105-107 Nassau St. One Door North of Ann St. N. Y.

MICHIGAN FURNITURE CO.

High Grade Furniture Liberal Credit Terms:
8.75 \$3 Down on \$50
5 Down on \$75
7.50 Down on \$100
An elegant Parsonage apartment 99.00 month. Actual value \$150. On installation of the furniture.
Golden Oak Extension Table, highly polished Value \$15 7.98
2174-3 AVE. BET 118 & 119 ST.

DIES AT FUNERAL

Cigar Manufacturer Stricken with Apoplexy.

Samuel Stricker, a retired cigar manufacturer, of 102A 31st street, Bensonhurst, fell dead while the funeral of his son was being conducted at Robert Howison's undertaking establishment, 260 Lenox avenue, yesterday. The father, who was 72 years old, had just advanced to place a wreath on the coffin during the singing of the final hymn when he was seen to totter. Before any one could reach him he fell to the floor dead. A physician who was called in said the death had probably been due to apoplexy.

It was said at the home of the older Stricker that he had always enjoyed exceptional health, without a day's illness for years previous to the sudden death yesterday. He was the father of a large family, and was forty-three years old, and whose funeral he was attending, was the first to occur in it. The father's body will be interred in Woodlawn Cemetery tomorrow beside that of his son.

Read the Public Education Column tomorrow for the opinion of John Tobin, president of the Boot and Workers' Union of America, subject of "Industrial Education."

Deutsch Bros

OUR LEASE EXPIRES and we are forced to sell our large stock of FURNITURE CARPETS, LINOLEUM, BE IRING, ETC.

1342 3d AVE., cor. 77th ST.

CASH OR CREDIT

At 50 Cents on the Dollar, for \$50 worth of goods, \$1.00 a week
\$75 " \$1.50 "
\$100 " \$2.00 "
\$150 " \$3.00 "
\$200 " \$4.00 "

(OPEN EVERY EVENING).

1342 3d AVE., cor. 77th ST.

The Hold Up Man

By Clarence S. Darrow

Will appear in the International Socialist Review for February. Other noteworthy stories to the same number are:

The Dream of Doh, by J. L. London, concluded from January.

Socialism for Students, by Joseph E. Cohen, fourth lesson.

What the Proletariat Demands? by Karl Kautsky.

New You Saved the Nation, by Mary E. Marcy.

The last named story and The Dream of Doh are illustrated with original drawings by Ralph H. Chaplin.

The Study Committee Joseph E. Cohen stated in an interesting number, which was sold in a few days. We have received the Review from him as a matter of course, and will be mailed free to anyone requesting it. Subscriptions can start with the December number if sent in at once. Fifty large pages monthly.

Ten cents a copy; \$1.00 a year.

Charles H. Kerr & Company

153 Finkle Street, Chicago.

TOURISTS SNOWED IN

Bound the World Pedestrians Up
Against Western Snowstorm.

Adolph Schneider (German) and Prof. Alfredo Battelli (Italian), the two members of the "round the world" party of four representatives of different nationalities that left this city October 7, who are taking the northern route to "Frisco," where they will be joined by Albert Wilcker (American) and Silvio Ortonas (French), who have taken the southern route, are snowed-in at the little town of Belle Plaine, Iowa.

A letter from Mr. Schneider to the "Call" says: "We arrived at Belle Plaine January 27, and we may have to stay here for some time, as the snowstorm is terrific."

"On the 21st of January we arrived at Clinton, Iowa, where we stayed two days. While there we delivered a lecture in the theater, and were warmly greeted by a number of Socialists."

"After leaving Clinton we headed for a star for a fine progressive city inhabited by a very intelligent class of people. Upon arriving there we were received by Mr. John T. Carmody, Mayor of the city who had been expecting us for several days, having learned of our trip through the local papers."

"Mayor Carmody, who is an up-to-date, progressive official, made our stay a pleasant one, showing a great interest in our trip, taking us around the city in his automobile, taking us through a number of factories, and otherwise making our stay agreeable."

"The Cedar Rapids Masons gave a banquet in our honor, and also arranged for us to inspect the library in their temple. This library is extremely valuable and contains many rare works."

"We find in our investigation of economic conditions that times are not as hard out here as they are in the Eastern towns. From this place we shall go to Des Moines, the capital of the state."

KEYSTONE "PROSPERITY"

Tobacco Trust Throws Men Out of Work—Tough Times in York.

(Special to The Call.)

YORK, Pa., Feb. 2.—All the cigar-makers working on five-cent goods (about 150 in number), employed by the York City Cigar Company, a branch factory of the United Cigar Manufacturers, were laid off Saturday for an indefinite period. This is the third manufacturing crisis in the state and most of the factories are operated by foreign capital, due to the fact that wages are lower here than in any other place in the East.

There are a great many of the workers unemployed, and all those employed are working short time, with the exception of a few factories, where an automobile factory and the other plant and organ factory. Work cannot be had. The benevolent associations are increasing at an alarming rate, more people calling for the bare necessities of life than at any time previous in the history of the city. The working class are in a miserable state in general.

SUFFRAGETTE BLUFF COPS.

Brooklyn Open Air Speakers Hold Meeting Where They Pledge.

"If we did not have heartfelt interest in our work and were not imbued with the desire to see our sex raised to the place which it, by right, should occupy, we would not stand on this platform with the wind howling as it is and the thermometer below the freezing point," said one of the speakers, by way of introduction of the suffragette meeting held Monday night in Brooklyn.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the campaigners for votes for women, headed by Mrs. Alma Webster Powell, president of the Women's Progressive Suffrage Union, appeared at the appointed place in Grant square, Bedford avenue. Thinning, cold, and open square was too cold and without sufficient light, they moved to a corner and were erecting their portable stand directly in front of the Union League Club, when a policeman and fifteen policemen told them that their permit was not for that corner.

What was said to the lieutenant in reply was enough, for he threw up his hands and moved away. The speakers were applauded by a fair sized audience.

RADICALS GET BUSY.

Thousands Are Signing Petition for Popular Constitutional Assembly.

ALBANY, Feb. 2.—Mr. Jay W. Forrest, chairman of the National Provisional Committee of "The Radicals," organized at the Radical convention, held at St. Louis the first week of last December, that, on response to a call for action sent out by the committee, thousands of signatures are being obtained to a petition for a popular constitutional assembly to reform the United States Constitution. When a million names have been obtained a national convention will be called.

LOAN SOCIETY HELPS MANY.

The Hebrew Free Loan Association held its annual meeting Sunday afternoon in its offices at 108 Second avenue, near 6th street.

The report read by President Julius J. Dukas showed that at the end of 1908 there were 4,766 members and patrons, as against 4,352 in the previous year. During the year \$438,000 was placed in loans without interest, which is the object of the association.

There were 17,895 individual loans made, and the loan amounted to \$4,277, a little over 1 per cent. of disbursements. The loanable capital on Jan. 1 was \$37,702, together with a building fund of \$22,884, making a total of \$120,586. During the year the association has loaned \$1,667,446.

Following the report of the president short talks were made by Robert W. Hebbard, Commissioner of Public Charities; Jacob Schiff, Otto Levisohn, and Daniel C. Potter.

COLLECTIVIST DINNER.

The next dinner of the Collectivist Society will be held at Kall's Restaurant, 16 Park place, on Friday, February 5, at 6:30 P. M. The general subject for discussion will be "Socialism, Anarchism, Communism: What They Are, and Their Relation to Each Other."

It is announced that this will not be a debate, but an exposition from a Socialist standpoint.

Among the speakers will be Prof. L. A. Hourwich, George R. Kirkpatrick and W. J. Ghent. Tickets, 21 each, can be had at the Rand School, 112 East 19th street, or from the secretary, Miss Kate Holbrook, 133 Roseville avenue, Newark, N. J.

EVENING CALL NEWS BRIEFS

LOCAL.

Aged Woman Killed by Fall.

Mrs. Mary Collins, eighty-six years old, tripped at the head of a flight of stairs at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Carey, No. 2342 Valentine avenue, the Bronx, yesterday afternoon, and plunged headlong to the bottom. When picked up by Mrs. Carey she was unconscious. She died before the arrival of a physician, who was hurriedly summoned.

Found Frozen in Stable.

In a lively stable in Eldert street, Rockaway Beach, yesterday morning, Malcolm Meyer, fifty-four years old, a hack driver, was found dead. The previous night he slept in the place, and there being no fire he was frozen by the extreme cold.

Held for Robbing Policy Man.

William J. Halleahan, Jules Monnelli and "Big Walter" Halleahan were indicted yesterday on a charge of robbing William Kent, the successor of "Al" Adams in the policy business, of \$500, after beating him with blackjacks. Halleahan is in the Tombs, and his alleged associates are fugitives.

Fireman Has Hands Crushed.

Fireman William Lawlor's hands were crushed by an eight-inch hawser last night just as the fireboat New Yorker was about to pull out of her berth at the Battery in answer to an alarm sent out from Greenwich and Cortlandt streets. Lawlor was removed to the Hudson Street Hospital. It is thought that the accident will unfit him for further service as a fireman.

Hearing on New Courthouse.

Applicable hearing will be given on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the City Hall by the Board of Estimate's committee on the courthouse board's report. That board reported in favor of the building of the proposed new courthouse in Washington Square.

Dies from Fall on Ice.

Harry Poltner, No. 317 Seventh avenue, Brooklyn, died yesterday in Eastern District Hospital of injuries he received ten days ago, when he slipped on the ice at Nassau avenue and Monitor street and paralyzed his left side.

Police to Guard Grant's Tomb.

In response to a letter from Gen. Horace Porter, president of the Grant Monument Association, complaining that the tomb on Riverside Drive was being injured by grown-up vandals and boys, Police Commissioner Blinham yesterday re-established a special detail of three policemen to guard the tomb.

St. John's Hearing Postponed.

By consent of attorneys representing St. John's Parish and Trinity Corporation, the injunction hearing which was to have been held on Tuesday before Justice Erianger of the Supreme Court will be postponed until February 9. On Tuesday counsel will file written consent to the postponement.

Deaths in City Last Week.

Deaths last week, according to Department of Health figures, aggregated 1,344 against 1,444 in the corresponding week of 1908. Heart disease led the death causes with 110.

Sunday Law Violators Fined.

A dozen East Side merchants who kept their stores open Sunday were in Essex Market Court yesterday. Magistrate Finn fined three \$1 each and discharged the others.

Woman Dies from Burns.

Mrs. Fred Allen, of No. 167 Academy street, South Orange, died yesterday in the hospital from burns inflicted by her clothes catching fire from an open grate. Her son was in an adjoining room in the hospital with a broken leg.

Murderer Gets Twenty Years.

Francesco Craganzino was yesterday sentenced by Justice Dowling to not less than twenty years on his plea of guilty of the murder of Charles Biunno, a grocer, No. 500 First avenue, whose store had been wrecked by a bomb.

Eskimo Boy Enters College.

Mene Wallace, the full-blooded Eskimo boy brought to the United States twelve years ago by Commander Peary from the far north of Greenland, entered the preparatory class of Manhattan College yesterday morning. Mene got a scholarship at Manhattan through the intercession of Harry V. Radford, the naturalist and explorer.

Homesick Girl Jumps from Window.

Heleen Miller, a Russian servant in the employ of Mrs. Charles Iden, No. 440 West End avenue, jumped from a front window of Mr. Iden's apartment last night and was impaled on an iron fence below. She was taken to the J. Hood Wright Hospital, where it was said that she had but small chance for recovering. Mrs. Iden said that the girl had complained of being homesick.

Defends New Accounting System.

The Bureau of Municipal Research issued a long statement yesterday declaring that many erroneous stories had been printed about the new system of accounting for city departments. It asserts that the system was devised by Controller Metz, and was not by the bureau.

NATIONAL.

Blind Justice in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Feb. 2.—Samuel W. Bell, the first blind justice of the peace in this county, assumed office yesterday. He was elected Saturday at a meeting of the trustees of Mill Creek township.

Nevada Divorce Bill to Stop.

CARSON, Nev., Feb. 2.—The Nevada Assembly yesterday passed a bill making the term of residence of applicants for divorce two years instead of six months as at present. The Senate is pretty sure to pass the bill.

Bill for Long Bed Sheets.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Feb. 2.—No more will Missouri lawmakers get cold feet while asleep if Representative Bratcher's bill becomes a law. It requires all hotel bed sheets to measure not less than nine feet in length. Ever since the present session of the Legislature began Representative Bratcher, a tall man, has complained of short covers on a cold feet.

House Passes Optum Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The House yesterday passed a bill prohibiting the

importation of opium unless in medicinal form. At the same time there was tabled a similar bill which passed the Senate on the ground that the Senate bill was a revenue measure.

Taft Dinner \$25 a Plate.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 2.—It will cost \$25 to attend the Taft banquet here on Saturday night, February 13. It is expected that at least 1,000 persons will attend.

West Virginia for Prohibition.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Feb. 2.—The prohibition amendment to the state constitution, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants within the state, passed the House of Delegates yesterday by a vote of 62 to 12. The measure will go at once to the Senate, where its fate is in doubt.

No More Feet on Desks.

DES MOINES, Feb. 2.—A resolution has been introduced in the Legislature prohibiting legislators from putting their feet on desks while dictating to feminine committee clerks and stenographers.

Miss Keller to Live in Maine.

BOSTON, Feb. 2.—A large farmhouse in Brunswick, Me., is to be the future home of Miss Helen Keller, the famous deaf, dumb and blind young woman. She wishes to be farther away from the city that her work may not be interrupted by so many social engagements.

No Pensions for Federal Judges.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—A bill reported by the Committee on the Judiciary providing retired pay for Federal Judges who have reached the age of 70 years equal to the amount they receive in active service was defeated in the House yesterday.

Billie Burke Cancels Engagements.

BOSTON, Feb. 2.—Owing to the continued indisposition of Miss Billie Burke, who was taken ill at Springfield last week and threatened with blood poisoning, the first week of her engagement here in "Love Watches" was cancelled yesterday. It is asserted that Miss Burke will require several days of complete rest.

Sentence Foreign Miner to Jail.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 2.—A foreign miner was sentenced yesterday to pay a fine of \$25 and serve thirty days in the county jail on a charge of using black powder for blasting purposes in a coal mine. His employers asked for a conviction, but also requested the minimum sentence, which was granted.

Coroner's Jury Acquits Basse.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—George Basse, brother of Mayor Buse, who accidentally shot and killed Mrs. Lurline Tuckerman in the Walton apartment building last night was exonerated by a coroner's jury yesterday.

Aged Negroes Frozen in Georgia.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Feb. 2.—Caroline Davidson, a negro woman, aged 100 years, was frozen to death in her isolated home in this country Sunday. Sarah Reeves, another negro woman, also 100 years old living nearby, was burned to death in her home about the same time.

Missing Passenger Train Found.

LA CROSSE, Feb. 2.—Missing passenger train No. 23 on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road was officially "found" yesterday, when wire communication was established with Jackson, Mich. The train had discharged its passengers and started East. The passengers were sent to their destinations by roundabout routes.

Broken Wheel Derails Car.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Feb. 2.—While an express train on the Ontario and Western was passing through Fair Oaks a wheel broke on the forward truck of the smoking car. The car was derailed, but it was impossible to stop the train until it had gone several hundred yards. No one was injured, although all on board were shaken up.

FOREIGN.

Tidal Wave Near Sicily.

NAPLES, Feb. 2.—The captain of the steamer Galileo, which arrived yesterday from Palermo, reports that his ship was nearly overwhelmed by a tidal wave off Cape Gallo, Sicily, at 11 o'clock last night.

Chinese Boats Burn—200 Dead.

CANTON, China, Feb. 2.—At least two hundred lives were lost in a fire which occurred Sunday in a fleet of flower boats on the Canton river. 170 victims have already been recovered, but many persons are still missing.

Henri Lemoine Gets Ten Years.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—Henri Lemoine, the Frenchman who got large sums of money by asserting that he could manufacture diamonds, has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment for default. Lemoine fled just before the final hearing of the case against him.

Car Pensions Father John's Widow.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 2.—The widow of Father John of Kronstadt, the well known Russian priest who died about a month ago in St. Petersburg, is to receive a yearly pension of \$2,000. Swarms of pilgrims are visiting the monastery where the body of Father John is buried.

France to Install Wireless.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—The French government, as a result of the use made of wireless telegraphy following the Republic's collision off Nantucket on January 23, is studying wireless communication, with the idea of introducing a bill to oblige French navigation companies to install wireless apparatus on all their ships above a certain tonnage.

Zipfel Flies Nearly a Mile.

BERLIN, Feb. 2.—Armand Zipfel, the French aviator, flew in his biplane nearly a mile yesterday at an altitude of sixty feet. His previous experiments at Tempelhof parade grounds were not very successful, owing to defects in the motor and a freezing of the benzine. To-day's flight is the most extended flight ever made by a heavier than air machine at Berlin.

Aged Belgian Critic Dead.

BRUSSELS, Feb. 2.—Edouard Petis, musical and dramatic critic of the "Independence Belge" for more than seventy years, died here Sunday night, aged ninety-eight years. Death was due to the effects of a fall on January 25. He was well known as an author.

SOCIALIST NOTES

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

To-Night's Meetings.

MANHATTAN AND BRONX.

Business.
1st and 25th A. D. (Branch 1).—At residence of L. Coggeshall, 119 Washington place.
13th and 15th A. D.—205 West 54th street.

19th A. D.—250 West 125th street. Important.
34th A. D.—3393 Third avenue. Important.

Lecture.
Harlem Agitation District.—250 West 125th street. William E. Trautman, "Against Unionism and Industrial Unionism."

BROOKLYN.

Business.
11th A. D.—508 Franklin avenue.
17th A. D.—4704 Gates avenue. Vote on by-laws and members of the State Committee will be cast, and H. W. Laidler will lecture on the "Evolution of Industry."

23d A. D. (Branch 2).—Special meeting of the executive committee at the residence of Miss Dickstein, 439 Sutter avenue.
Dutch Branch.—Concordia Hall, Prospect avenue.

RICHMOND COUNTY.

Local Northfield will meet at the home of Oranah Hermann, F. Feuerstein, 3235 Richmond Terrace, Mariner Harbor.

HOBOKEN.

Branch 1.—333 Jefferson street. Business.

UNION COUNTY, N. J.

At the semi-annual meeting of Local Union County held in Elizabeth last Saturday the following officers were elected for the next six months: President, Charles E. Russell; recording secretary, A. Bretschneider; financial secretary, Robert Otto; treasurer, M. Theimer; literature agent, Theodore Bulckeder; auditing committee, F. Decker, Ch. Kaudela, Fr. Bretschneider; delegate to state committee, William Walker.
The financial secretary's report

FAIR PROSPECTS ARE GOOD.

We have been obliged to postpone writing about the big Carnival and Fair at Grand Central Palace, April 3 to 11, and what it will be, because we had to use the space to arouse interest and enthusiasm, and, also, because we needed to say more important things to you.

We feel now that we are on the road to a very successful and enjoyable undertaking, for the Comrades are daily rallying to our assistance and are offering their services to be used where most needed. WE STILL WANT MORE HELP, and if you have not yet offered to do some work for the Fair—do so right now. Send your name and address to W. Butcher, 132 Nassau street, New York City, and tell him in a short, brief note what you are willing to do. If you can speak before Labor organizations, please do not be timid about saying so, for that is one of the very important branches of work which must be done soon and done well. If you can solicit donations from your friends or the shopkeepers you trade with, also please say so.

This work is also very important, for the more goods we have on our booths at the Fair, the more money will be made for The Evening Call.

However, we started out to tell you something about the big show, and unless we do so now our space will be again used up, and we know you are anxious—so here goes.

Our entertainment Manager, Comrade Leighton Baker, who has had many years' practical experience in the show business, promises to have as the main attraction for one evening only the great combined circuses of the "For Whats Turns for Eins," of Manhattan and Brooklyn, with their groups of trained wild animals from all parts of Greater New York, and two hundred of the highest priced and best trained circus performers, both male and female, all of which will positively appear in this most extravagant and stupendous production. The management requests announcement that this will be their only appearance in America.

Each evening will be devoted to special performances. We shall tell you something more about it to-morrow.

CALL WORKERS' COLUMN

ATTENTION, BROOKLYN:

The third and last debate between Prof. George R. Kirkpatrick and Hon. George J. Corey takes place Wednesday night, February 10, at Association Hall, Fulton and Bond streets, Brooklyn. This being the most interesting of the series. In this debate a different phase of the question, "Socialism vs. Capitalism," will be discussed. Prices for Brooklyn debate, 50 and 25 cents. Profits go to The Call. For tickets apply to the Rand School or The Call office, New York, or to John D. Long, 42 Lenox Road, Brooklyn.

SUB PHILOSOPHY.

"The only way to get subs is to go AFTER THEM and hang on. You know the old saying, 'Faint heart n'er won fair lady.' It's equally true of subs. When one wants to do it, he can do it. I do it, and I ain't one of the seven wonders of the world."

So says S. P. Levenberg, of Dorchester, Mass. Of course, it's easy to give advice, but Levenberg does more than advise. He ACTS. He has sold nearly 150 worth of subscription cards for The Call within the last two months or so.

Why don't YOU start in to beat his record?

If you send us five dollars, we shall send by return mail SEVEN DOLLARS WORTH OF SUB CARDS.

These cards you may sell to your friends and thus clear a profit of two dollars. Or if you don't care to take a profit on cards you sell, then use the two dollars worth of free cards to send The Call to some fellow who needs it.

Be sure to send the five dollars by early mail.

Enclosed find subscription to The

showed that during the past six months the receipts for dues stamps amounted to \$438.55, the expenditures to \$420.81. 1,300 stamps were bought during the term, 1,194 of them were sold. A committee to arrange for a May Day festival was then elected. It consists of one delegate from each branch.

The executive committee was instructed to arrange a mass meeting on February 18th to discuss the question of women's suffrage. Also to hold a Marx memorial meeting. All branches were urged to give their moral support to The Call. In the future all mass meetings are to be advertised in The Call and New York "Volkszeitung."

LYNN, MASS.

The first annual ball of the Socialists of Lynn, held in Exchange Hall last Friday evening was a great success in every way. More than 200 persons were present and everyone pronounced it a most enjoyable affair. The membership of the local is growing rapidly, and the movement in general is going forward by leaps and bounds.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Jewish Branch of Local D. C. is growing rapidly and is carrying on an active educational campaign. The members of this branch have arranged a big benefit for the Evening Call to be held in Masonic Temple, 9th and J. St. N. Y., Sunday evening, Feb. 23. A number of handsome prizes, among them a fancy pillow, will be awarded to the merry-makers.

BOSTON, MASS.

On February 5, 6 and 7, a conference is to be held in Chickering Hall on the "Significance of Socialism as a World Movement." This conference, say its organizers, "is to be educational in character. It is planned, not for the purpose of controversial discussion, but essentially as a series of expositions or explanations of different socialist points of view, of different aspects and, as it were, colors of Socialism. Party Socialism, Fabian Socialism, Christian Socialism and other forms of Socialist thought and theory more or less closely allied to these three main divisions of the subject, are to be presented by able and well known exponents."

At each of the four meetings of the conference there are to be two or more speakers, and among those who have already accepted the invitation to speak are: John Spargo, Charles Zuehlke, Alexander Irvine, Morris Hillquit and Charles Edward Russell, Dean George Hodges, of the Cambridge Theological Seminary; Mr. E. H. Clement and Mr. James F. Carey will act as chairmen on Friday and Saturday; and the Sunday meeting is to be conducted by Professor Emily G. Balch, of Wellesley. The program committee is composed of Professor Emily G. Balch, Charles Zuehlke, Alexander Irvine, Morris Hillquit and Charles Edward Russell.

HARD TIMES IN ENGLAND

LONDON, Feb. 2.—The official figures just issued by the British Board of Trade furnish a record of twelve months of almost unrelieved commercial depression. British imports in 1908 amounted to \$2,965,703,615, a decrease of more than \$263,000,000, as compared with 1907, and the exports were \$1,886,096,895, a loss of over \$244,000,000, the heaviest decline ever recorded in any one year of British trade.

The Board of Trade review of the present industrial position of the United Kingdom, as published in its official "Labour Gazette," presents another gloomy retrospect of the year 1908.

"Employment at the end of 1908 was worse than at the end of any year since 1892," it says, "and the net result of the year's industrial operations are summed up as follows:

"Unemployment in trade unions alone has increased from an average of 2.3 in 1898 to 7.5 in 1908. The percentage of unemployed trade unionists at the end of last December was 9.1."

Each evening will be devoted to special performances. We shall tell you something more about it to-morrow.

MEETING HALLS

The Best Paper to Advertise Meeting Halls Is The Call. Call readers will kindly consult this column before selecting a meeting place. They should also show this column to the proprietor of the hall where they meet and recommend that he advertise in this paper.

LABOR TEMPLE 243-341 E. 84th Street, N. Y. Workmen's Educational Association. Halls for Meetings, Entertainments and Balls. Telephone, 1060 79th. Free Library open from 2 to 10 P. M.

LABOR LYCEUM 249 Willoughby Ave., Bklyn. Home for the Brooklyn Labor Organizations. Owned and Controlled by the Labor Lyceum Association. Telephone.

BOHEMIAN NATIONAL HALL 321 East 134 Street. Halls for Meetings, Balls, etc., Restaurant.

STAPLETON LABOR LYCEUM 100 St. Stapleton, Staten Island.

HIMROD HALL AND CAFE 1001 FAIRVIEW AVE., Proprietor, 1001 Fairview avenue, Ridgewood Heights. Headquarters W. S. & D. B. Br. 99

NEW CLINTON HALL 151-153 Clinton St.

Hall for Balls, Weddings, Concerts and Mass Meetings. BANQUET ROOMS, CATERING.

Meeting Rooms, Offices, Bowling Alleys, Pool and Billiard Room.

Metropolitan Seenger Hall, most famous hall in Brownsville for balls, weddings and concerts. Fittin avenue, Watkins st.

Information sent in by..... Join the C. P. L. Carry a membership card every day.

Enclosed find subscription to The

The Arrangements Committee of the Carnival and Fair to be held at Grand Central Palace April 3 to 11, will meet at the office of The Evening Call, on Tuesday evening, February 2, 442 Pearl street. All members of this committee are urged to attend.

SPORTS

WAR BOUT AT NATIONAL A. C.

Members of the National A. C. are looking forward to Friday night in anticipation of seeing the hottest boxing session ever pulled off in New York. Battling Hurley, of Passaic, N. J., will clash with Charley Griffin, of Australia, in a ten round contest. This is the day for the foreign fighter in New York. Jim Driscoll and Owen Moran having already shown their class in international bouts. Little Griffin will prove his caliber when he meets the Battling One from Passaic, while the bout lasts it will be one of the fastest and most thrilling ever fought in New York.

"KNOCKOUT" BROWN VS. HARVEY TO-NIGHT

Knockout Brown, the boy with the wallop, meets Charlie Harvey, who made such a good showing lately with Young O'Leary. In the star bout—ten rounds at the Longacre Athletic Association, to-night, O'Leary was to have met Harvey, but he injured his knee last Tuesday night in his go with Joe Cotter, at Albany, and was unable to fill the date. So Brown takes his place. That the bout will be a hummer goes without saying, for all the fans know the merits of the two fighters. It will be a fight from the start to the finish, and if it runs the full ten rounds it will be a surprise. One of the other, as both boys say, will take the fight, but just as Tommy Langdon was easy for Jim Driscoll, so Brown will be doing between the two boys. There will be the usual four-round preliminaries, and a semi-final of six rounds. All in all, it is a good card, and there is no question about the "bunch" turning out in full force to see the bouts.

LANGDON WAS EASY FOR JEM DRISCOLL

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2.—Tommy Langdon, the local scrapper, was easy for Jem Driscoll, the Cardiff shadow, in their six-round bout at the Washington A. C. here last night. Driscoll had the better of every one of the six rounds, and his exhibition of speed and cleverness brought cheers from the spectators. Langdon fought a desperate fight, but he was unable to locate his slippery opponent, and although he landed several good punches he missed most of his well-meant wallop. The little Welshman changed his tactics in this battle and slugged with his antagonist more than he usually does. Langdon was delighted at this style of fighting, but just as Tommy would begin to let himself out real good and hard, Driscoll would again develop into a shadow, and the local lad's best efforts went for naught. In the last round Driscoll whaled away at Langdon for several seconds without receiving a punch in return, but Langdon was willing and he kept driving his fists in the general direction of Driscoll until the bell finally ended the contest.

LONGBOAT'S STOCK BOOMING.

Indian's Fine Running in Relay Race Makes Shrubbs' Supporters Anxious. The race which Tom Longboat ran Saturday night against the four men of the national guard has sent the Indian's stock booming for his match against Alfred Shrubbs, which takes place Friday night at Madison Square Garden. The Indian won the race, but the four men of the national guard were not champions at the same time they gave a good account of themselves, but were beaten nearly two miles. One thing about Friday night's race is certain, there will be more money bet on the result than on any event which has taken place in New York in a long time. George Condit, after seeing Shrubbs run in the relay event at the Garden, has been an ardent admirer of the little Englishman and wants to wager quite a sum on his chances. There will be no doubt but what he will be accommodated, for the Canadians will come here with full pockets to back their champion. The track for the race of tomorrow is the best that has yet been used at the Garden, as "Sparrow" Robertson will take advantage of the course which is now down for the horse sale, and it will be well packed by Friday night.

ANSWER TO QUERY.

Subscriber—Thanks for your kind wishes for the success of The Evening Call and for your complimentary remarks regarding this column. Now, as regards your query of information concerning Young Otto: As far as I have been able to find out, and this information comes from Otto's manager, his right name is Arthur Bockheim. His parents are natives of Cologne, Germany. He was born in this country and he attends the Presbyterian Church. Some fighters do attend church. He is one of them.

SPORTING NOTES FROM ALL OVER

The Whirlwind Athletic Club has called off the Loughrey-Wilson bout of Friday night and substituted a bout between Joe Stein and Sammy Smith. Young Donohue and Young Wilbert, two promising boys, are also scheduled for a ten-round event. Others who will appear are Lew Myers and Billy Brennan for six rounds, and Tommy Maloney and Johnny Glover

WHY SINGING MUST BE LEARNED ABROAD.

It is absolutely necessary for one to go abroad for the study of singing. But the student should assuredly ask himself or herself a few questions before deciding on so momentous a step. The whole question is a big one. An operatic career does unquestionably make a powerful appeal to a girl gifted with a good voice and encouraged by a little local renown. The trouble is, so many girls have good voices. They sing in church choirs at a party or an amateur concert, and then their voices are heard in well-meant adulation: "Why don't you go to Europe to study? With such a voice as yours you ought to make name and fame." And so on. Now, criticism of this sort won't do; indeed, it may well bring about embitterment and disaster. Little girls of fifteen have written me regretfully, saying they have "not yet begun serious study." Why, it is positively criminal to embark upon a singing career before the age of eighteen, at least. Then, is their health robust? For that is vital. Can they bear up against disappointment after disappointment? Have they a faculty for acquiring languages? Vital again, this. Is their mind cultivated and broadened by reading and knowledge of the world? And are they determined to study on true physiological principles? Lastly, have they sufficient money so as to avoid positive heartache and misery?—Mme. Melba, in Success Magazine.

THEATRICAL TAILOR'S TASK.

At the head of this and all other similar plants there is a man of education, experience and genuine artistic ability whose business is to know what is needed and how to get it. If "The Prince of India," "Ben Hur" or "The Darling of the Gods" is to be produced he must map out the lines on which the costumes are to be done, and those lines must be absolutely accurate. There is a wide difference between the French costumes of Napoleon's time and those worn by Jeanne d'Arc and her friends. The chief designer must know it and act on his knowledge. At the time Custer fought his last fight the United States Army—cavalry and infantry—was outfitted in a peculiar manner that has long since passed away. The play deals with American army life of that period the costumes must show it, for it would never do to have the critics "roast" the piece because the producers were ignorant of the thing produced. The costumes must be conversant with all countries and all periods of history or he must know how to become so with decided alacrity. Hence the costumer's library.—Glenmore Davis, in Success Magazine.

for six rounds. Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch comedian, will be at the ringside and will referee one of the bouts.

From a letter received from Young Corbett's manager, he says that the kid would be only too pleased to meet Johnny Morris at one of the clubs here some time in the latter part of February. It will be at catch weights though. Corbett has made good in his two fights in New Orleans and has been punched by the local boys. Many of the fans of that town seem to think he could turn the tables on "Battling" Nelson if he met again. Would not be too sure about that. "Bat" has put it on him twice, and the kid's fighter has been known to come back and put the two-time conqueror out. Nay, nay, Corbett; let the Dane alone. That is, for the present. Try a couple more good boys and then see how you pan out.

The Leach Cross-Jem Driscoll fight is on. It will take place at the Fairmont Athletic Club next week. Cross is to weigh in at 135 pounds at 5 P. M. That will give him the advantage of ten to twelve pounds when the bell rings for the bout. Driscoll knows his business best, but I hardly think he has any part in this. As he is, to go into the ring with Cross, who has the strength and punch, with a difference of so many pounds in the weight, I am under the impression that he will have a tougher time with the Englishman than he has with any of the other boys. Of course he saw Cross fight Otto, and perhaps got a line on just about what Cross can do and is under the impression he can best him. Well, all we can do is to wait and see. May the best boy win.

Bert Keyes and Kid Sullivan meet for ten rounds Wednesday night at the Loughrey-Wilson bout. That certainly is a strong card. There will be something more than a chin felt going on when these boys meet. Keyes has not been seen in a bout in this city since he met Charlie Griffin at the defunct Hoboken Athletic Association. Sullivan and he are both strong aggressive fighters, and will be on the jump from the tap of the song. Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, will be the third man in the ring; that is, Jim Buckley says so, and James never lies. If the boys should slug up all Lauder will have to do is to start a hornpipe with his bags and the two will do a sword dance with their gloves.

Hans Wagner claims that he has not a two-year contract with the Pittsburgh club, and that his engagement with it expired at the close of last season. He says he is something with baseball, and that no inducements would make him return to the diamond again. What with attending to the Wagner Brothers' circus and the numerous orders he expects to land as an automobile agent, he says he finds it impossible to devote any time to the baseball business. Says he is a has-been, and cannot make good any more. Didn't look like it, but he has been a good player. He would act on him the same as Mrs. Stinson's slothing syrup acts on a baby who has sour milk on its stomach.

NO BLUE LAWS WANTED.

Hoboken Socialists Pass Resolutions Against Restrictive Legislation. HOBOKEN, Feb. 2.—At the first discussion meeting of Branch 3, of the Socialist party, held last week, the question of Prohibition and Sunday laws was debated, and a set of resolutions condemning all such restrictive legislation was adopted. The next discussion meeting of the Branch will be held Tuesday evening, February 23, at 122 Adams street, and Socialism and Sunday laws will be debated. The Hoboken Socialist party branches are arranging for a lecture and entertainment to be held March 6.

The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife is the offering at Blaney's, while "Jim the Penman" is at the Gotham.

Stageland

FOUR CURRENT PLAYS ANALYZED BY MRS. ELY.

Mrs. Rudolphine S. Ely gave an address Monday forenoon on "The Drama." This lecture was one of the Monday morning courses on present events offered by the League for Political Education.

Mrs. Ely discussed four dramas now being played in different theaters of New York. "What Every Woman Knows," "The Battle," "The Eastest Way" and "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

"What Every Woman Knows," Mrs. Ely said, "is a drama of high artistic merit, if not the highest art. The play is truly Barrie; it is a play refined and sweet (although critics seem to see in these qualities only weakness), showing not only reality, but what might be possible if people were only wise. Maude Adams is a woman of essential charm and womanliness, but if she had been a greater actress, she would have made a far greater play. She plays it like an overgrown ingenue, whereby the stupidity of John Shand is made much greater."

"The Battle," Mrs. Ely pronounced essentially unfair, written to show that the poor are weak and the rich strong. What Mr. Haggleton, the millionaire, accomplished, looks well and specious, but to do even that you have to have force, time and money, and that you cannot expect from people who work night and day and get not enough to supply their needs. It is unfair to Socialists, and grossly immoral in its justification of the deeds of capitalists. "Do not all American people do the same as I do?" said Mr. Haggleton.

"The Eastest Way" is a degradation of art. The author of it has sold his birthright for luxury. Mr. Belasco has done well to keep the theater dark all of the evening, for the people in the audience do not wish to see one another's faces. The man who puts such things on the stage panders to the lowest tastes in all humanity. This play, which puts vice in a most attractive form and shows it under the electric light, no one raises his voice to drive from the stage, while "Mrs. Warren's Profession" which brings out into the sunlight the sordid story of the poor girl who walks the streets, was forced out of New York's theaters. Mr. Belasco once meant to give art, but he has sadly fallen.

MR. FAVERSHAM MAKES A WELCOME CHANGE.

The announcement that William Faversham has decided to substitute "The World and His Wife" for "The Barber of New Orleans" on Thursday next, February 4, and continue the former play until the close of his engagement at Daly's Theater on February 13, is one upon which he is to be congratulated. "The World and His Wife" is a powerful modern play, as interesting in its theme as it is admirably constructed, and by comparison with it (and the comparison is unavoidable), "The Barber of New Orleans" is pretty poor stuff. Just why Mr. Faversham should have considered it worth while for him to add Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter's play to his repertoire, after having made such a success with a work like Eche-gary's is something to be wondered at.

At its best "The Barber of New Orleans" is only mildly interesting, and its theme has none of the vitality which throbs all through "The World and His Wife." The plot of the latter play is a masterpiece of the social environment, and it immediately compels interest by reason of its probability and the possibilities which it suggests. The development of the plot is consistent, and at no time does the dramatist fumble with it or play tricks with the audience. On the other hand, the plot of "The Barber of New Orleans" is a mechanical contrivance purely and lacks spontaneity and real human interest. At best it is a superficial, superficial reflection of life in New Orleans at the time of the Louisiana purchase. The barber himself is not convincing, and Mr. Faversham does not show up as well in this character as he does as Don Ernesto in "The World and His Wife." Mr. Faversham's company's good work in Carpenter's play is worthy of better material. Entitled to special mention, even at this late date, are Morton Selton, Cooper Cliffe, Lionel Belmont and Olive Oliver. The members of the company are seen to much better advantage in "The World and His Wife," which is worth seeing for its treatment of a subject of social interest, as well as for its dramatic qualities. W. M.

AT BROOKLYN THEATERS THIS WEEK.

Ethel Barrymore and her company are playing "Lady Frederick" at the Montauk Theater this week. Somerset Maugham's comedy is brilliant and highly entertaining, and it is played to full effect by Miss Barrymore and her fellow actors, of whom Bruce McRea and Jessie Millward are conspicuous and able members.

Henry E. Dixey and a clever company are offering in "Mary Jane's Pa." at the Grand Opera House this week, after which the interrupted run at the Garden Theater, Manhattan, will be resumed. The Hoboken Socialists, written by Edith Ellis, is an enjoyable one, and Dixey has a part which shows his artistic ability to good effect.

"Capt. Clay of Missouri" is a new play which David Higgins and his company are displaying at the Majestic.

"Are You a Mason?" a funny farce comedy by Leo Ditrichstein, is being produced by the Crescent Theater Stock Company this week.

Cole and Johnson, the colored comedians, are displaying themselves in their musical play, "The Red Moon."

Chauncey Olcott and company are playing "Ragged Robin" at the Broadway. Olcott's singing is still the main attraction.

Battleship Delaware, First Dreadnought of United States Navy, and Her Sponsor



The United States battleship Delaware, the first of the so-called Dreadnoughts of the navy, will be launched at Newport News on February 6. Miss Anne Pennwell Cahall, of Bridgeville, Del., will break the bottle

FREE LECTURES TO-NIGHT.

"Composers and Music of Russia," Clarence De Vaux Royer, New York Public Library, No. 103 West 135th street. "The Heroic Period in the History of the Dutch Nation," Dr. William E. Giffis, Public School No. 30, No. 224 East 88th street. "The Yellow Peril," Elwood G. Tewksbury, at Wadleigh High School, 115th street and Seventh avenue.

PROFESSOR ZUEBLIN SPEAKS ON SUFFRAGE

Advocates Equal Rights for Sexes and Flays Opponents with Wit and Satire.

Cooper Union was packed last night men and women who gathered to hear Professor Charles Zueblin lecture before the Equality League of Self-supporting Women. In an address that lasted more than an hour the speaker shot forth biting remarks at the "antia," and with a humor that was as rich as it was full of thought. He showed how the opponents of equal suffrage contradicted one another. The audience kept up a constant laugh in response to the witty and elegant remarks. The professor began by speaking on human nature. "Human nature is changing constantly," he said. "It is our business to see that it is changing. We are not afraid of a transformation. We have attained a state when we make it a point to transform." The speaker mentioned Abraham Lincoln as the man who stood for equal franchise. "Are not we to think as Abraham Lincoln did, who died in 1865? We ought at least to catch up with him. If he stood for equal rights, then how much more would he demand to-day? There was never a great mind who did not grow in forty years."

Evolution of Sex.

Comparing the evolution of sex he pointed out that in the physical state the woman leads. "The old fable that man is superior to woman is fading away," he said. "Women endure pain while the man collapses. One little tooth would cause convulsion with a man, while it would be unnoticed by women. All a man can do is to go to war, and we don't want him to do that." The speaker explained that it was not a question of sex, but of personality. If it is hard for the woman to develop her mind, as it is for the negro, it is because both work under disadvantages. Franchisement, according to Professor Zueblin, is not merely a question of votes, but of the development of personality. There is no intellectual difference between man and woman; there is only intellectual variety.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND STREET THEATER. Cor. Grand and Chrystie Sts. Matinees, Mon., Wed. and Sat. One Week, Starting Monday Matinee, February 1. MISS LOUISE BEATON (Mrs. A. H. Woods). in RACHEL GOLDSTEIN.

SULZER'S WESTCHESTER PARK is situated on the border of the beautiful Bronx Park, and is the largest strictly English Park in New York. To get to the park, take the Subway to West Farms, two blocks from the park, or the Third Avenue "L" to 149th St. and transfer to West Farms train. All Bronx cars go direct to the park. Transfer at 177th St. and Tremont Ave.

RESTAURANTS.

STADLER BROS. DAIRY RESTAURANT. 22 West 17th Street, Bet. 5th and 6th Aves. New York.

VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT. 105-107 W. 11th St. N. Y. NOONDAY LUNCH. PHYSICAL CULTURE FOODS.

GRAY'S LUNCH ROOM. 125 PARK ROW. The Place That Delivers the Goods.

IN ONE GREAT INDUSTRIAL UNION.

"You cannot organize an industry so well that it takes a thousand people to make a watch without, at the same time, teaching them the lesson of organization."

A Biblical Conception.

The speaker called forth many laughs when he read King Solomon's conception of the "famous woman." He pointed out how far we have grown away from that conception. "And this was written by a man who knew, or should have known," he said. "For he had no less than five hundred wives—besides Three Hundred concubines." One of the many well-aimed retorts to the anti-suffragist was delivered at the expense of Queen Victoria. The speaker quoted passages of an appeal she had made to "her faithful subjects to aid her in checking the tide of the maddening demand for woman suffrage."

"It is easy to understand why a queen does not want to vote." This called forth prolonged laughter. Speaking on American politics, he said:

"The man who says that American politics cannot be purified, is guilty of treason. The woman will do it. If she has succeeded in keeping the home pure—under this system of degradation and poverty and social disorder, she will certainly have the same success in influencing politics."

There were many interesting and uninteresting questions asked by the audience, many of which were answered by Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, the president of the organization.

Professor Smith presided. On the platform were John Mitchell, a vice president of the American Federation of Labor; Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Miss Dorothy Payne Whitney, Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Evans, Mrs. William Cummings Story, Miss Anne Morgan, Mrs. Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr., Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cabot, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Erskine Ely, Miss Grace Siragusa, Dr. Thomas Darlington, Health Commissioner; William A. Coakley, president of the Central Federated Union, J. Breer, president of the Brooklyn Labor Union; Mrs. Grymes, of the Woman's Trade Union League; Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll, Dr. Walter Harvey, Dr. Josephine Baker, Commissioner and Mrs. Watchorn, Dr. and Mrs. Simon Flexner, Katherine Kidder, Mrs. Lydia K. Commander, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Mrs. Belle de Rivera and Dr. Anna Mercy.

22d A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, Mrs. Mary S. Oppenheimer, 301 East 85th street.

21st A. D.—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays at 280 West 125th street. Secretary, Arthur E. Marsch, 600 West 135th street.

20th A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, Mrs. Mary S. Oppenheimer, 301 East 85th street.

19th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, Bruno Wagner, 227 East 86th street.

18th A. D.—Meets first and third Saturdays at the Rand School, 112 East 19th street. Secretary, Robert W. Bruere, 127 East 19th street.

17th A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, Charles Grosslinger, 167 East 84th street.

16th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Saturdays at the Rand School, 112 East 19th street. Secretary, Robert W. Bruere, 127 East 19th street.

15th A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.

14th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at 250 West 125th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.

13th A. D.—Meets first and third Saturdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.

12th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.

11th A. D.—Meets first and third Saturdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.

10th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.

SOCIALIST PARTY IN NEW YORK COUNTY

Organizer of Local New York.—U. Solomon, 239 East 84th street, Manhattan. The General Committee meets every second and fourth Saturdays in the month at the Labor Temple, 243 East 84th street. The Executive Committee meets every Monday evening at the headquarters of the party, 239 East 84th street.

List of Sub-Divisions.

- 1st and 25th A. D. (Branch 1)—Meets first and second Tuesdays in the month at residence of L. Coggeshall, 119 Washington Place. Secretary, L. Coggeshall, 119 Washington Place.
- 2nd and 26th (German Branch)—Meets second and fourth Fridays at 242 West 17th street. Secretary, Charles Moltmann, 20 Jane street.
- 3rd A. D. (Italian Branch)—Meets first and fourth Fridays at the Cooperative Store, 76 West 3d street. Secretary, G. Trentini, 76 W. 3d street.
- 4th A. D. (Branch 1)—Meets Fridays at 130 Henry street. Secretary, Louis Sadosky, 152 Madison street.
- 5th A. D. (Italian Branch)—Meets second and fourth Sundays at 150 Henry street. Secretary, Pasquale di Neri, 66 Oliver street.
- 6th and 10th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 234 East 10th street. Secretary, S. Solomon, 337 East 75th street.
- 7th A. D.—Meets Fridays at 108 Delancey street. Secretary, Louis Slotkin, 357 Madison street.
- 8th and 7th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at Spindler's, 355 West 23d street. Secretary, Charles G. Teche, 432 West 25th street.
- 9th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at 293 East 3d street. Secretary, R. Glasner, 643 6th street.
- 10th A. D.—Meets Fridays at 810 Grand street. Secretary, J. Bockwin, 313 Grand street.
- 11th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 555 Eighth avenue. Secretary, E. J. Dutton, 319 West 46th street.
- 12th and 11th A. D. (German Branch)—Meets second Monday at 9 P. M. and third Sunday at 3 P. M. at 342 West 43d street. Secretary, Karl Stark, 610 West 60th street.
- 13th A. D. (German Branch)—Meets second and fourth Mondays at 339 East 12th street. Secretary, Public Massella, 91 Second avenue.
- 14th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at 555 Eighth avenue. Secretary, William Moen, 437 West 50th street.
- 15th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays at the Rand School, 112 East 19th street. Secretary, Bruno Wagner, 227 East 86th street.
- 16th and 15th A. D.—Meets second and third Tuesdays at 265 West 61st street. Secretary, J. J. Flanagan, 163 West 60th street.
- 17th A. D. (Branch 1)—Meets second and fourth Sundays at 407 East 4th street. Secretary, A. Koehlmacher, 37 East 34th street.
- 18th and 18th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Mondays at 1032 First avenue. Secretary, Louis C. Egerton, 115 East 68th street.
- 19th A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 114 West 100th street. Secretary, A. Rodman, 463 Columbus avenue.
- 20th A. D. (Bohemian Branch No. 1)—Meets first and third Saturdays at 1353 1st Avenue. Secretary, Louis Brotanek, 513 East 73d street.
- 21st A. D. (Bohemian Ladies' Branch No. 2)—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Duba's, 244 East 24th street. Secretary, Mary Duba, 551 East 73d street.
- 22nd A. D. (Branch 3, Slovak)—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays at 322 East 73d street. Secretary, Joseph Androvich, 516 East 76th street.
- 23rd A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 250 West 125th street. Secretary, Louis Chaskin, 2051 Eighth avenue.
- 24th A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, Mrs. Mary S. Oppenheimer, 301 East 85th street.
- 25th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays at 280 West 125th street. Secretary, Arthur E. Marsch, 600 West 135th street.
- 26th and 23d A. D. (German Branch)—Meets first and third Fridays at Moser's Hall, 19 Manhattan street. John Biesawenger, 944 Columbus avenue.
- 27th A. D. (Branch 1)—Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 230 East 101st street. Secretary, Charles Grosslinger, 167 East 84th street.
- 28th and 27th A. D.—Meets first and third Saturdays at the Rand School, 112 East 19th street. Secretary, Robert W. Bruere, 127 East 19th street.
- 29th A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.
- 30th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at 250 West 125th street. Secretary, Sidney Vandercar, 250 West 125th street.
- 31st and 28th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 230 East 101st street. Secretary, Charles Grosslinger, 167 East 84th street.
- 32nd and 29th A. D.—Meets first and third Saturdays at the Rand School, 112 East 19th street. Secretary, Robert W. Bruere, 127 East 19th street.
- 33rd A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.
- 34th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at 250 West 125th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.
- 35th A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 240 East 84th street. Secretary, John Wilkins, 2048 Seventh avenue.
- 36th and 33rd A. D.—Meets first and third Saturdays at 223d street and White Plains avenue. Secretary, J. E. Dickert, 184 White Plains avenue.
- 37th A. D. (Branch 3, Van Nest)—Meets first and third Mondays at Lahrman's, Morris Park avenue and Unionport road. Secretary, Philip Hampel, 1720 Grand avenue.
- 38th A. D.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 2309 Third avenue. Secretary, Henry Paley, 790 Prospect avenue.
- 39th A. D.—Meets first and third Thursdays at 2309 Third avenue. Secretary, Anna Rabinowitz, 448 Wadsworth avenue.
- 40th, 41st and 38th A. D. (German Branch)—Meets first and third Fridays at 2309 Third avenue. Secretary, Robert Meusel, 1436 Franklin avenue.



PEG WOFFINGTON

THE ROMANCE OF A FAMOUS ACTRESS

BY CHARLES READE.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Synopsis to Previous Installment.

Peg Woffington is a beautiful actress with whom Ernest Vane, a wealthy gentleman from Shropshire, is fascinated. Through the influence of Sir Charles Pomander he is introduced to her and to Colly Cibber the playwright. Vane finds that Mrs. Woffington had been married four times and is rather mercenary in her dealings with men. He is warned by Sir Charles Pomander, who wanted her for himself, not to fall in love with her. She, however, encourages Vane and the two enjoy several weeks of mutual confessed love. Pomander tries to institute an intrigue and with the help of her little black slave, Pompey, succeeds in persuading Vane to follow her to a place where she is supposed to have kept an appointment with a man. Triplet, a poor playwright whose wife and children are starving, is a comedy writer who has been asked to write a comedy for Mrs. Woffington. He is disturbed from his work by his children, who ask for food.

"And beautiful it was, James. I'm sure it quite cheered me up with thinking that we shall all be dead before so very long."

"Well, the reverend gentleman would not have it. He said it was too hard upon him. 'You run at the devil like a mad bull,' said he. 'Sell it in Lambeth, Mr. here calmness and decency are before everything,' says he. 'My congregation expect to go to heaven down hill. Perhaps the chaplain of Newgate might give you a crown for it,' said he, and Triplet dashed viciously at the paper. 'Ah!' sighed he, 'if my friend Mrs. Woffington would but drop these stupid comedies and take to tragedy, this house would soon be all smiles.'"

"Oh, James," replied Mrs. Triplet, almost peevishly, "how can you expect anything but fine words from that woman? You won't believe what all the world says. You will trust to your own good heart."

"I haven't a good heart," said the poor, honest fellow. "I spoke like a brute to you just now."

"Never mind, James," said the woman. "I wonder how you put up with me at all—a sick, useless creature. I often wish to die for your sake. I know you would do better. I am such a weight round your neck."

The man made no answer, but he put Lucy gently down, and went to the woman, and took her forehead to his bosom and held it there; and after awhile returned with silent energy to his comedy.

"Play us a tune on the fiddle, father."

"Ay, do, husband. That helps you often in your writing."

Lysimachus brought him the fiddle, and Triplet played a merry tune; but it came out so doleful that he shook his head and said the instrument was down. Music must be in the heart, or it will come out of the fingers—notes, not music.

"No," said he; "let us be serious and listen to the comedy. Perhaps it will be because I forgot to invoke the comic muse. She must be a black-hearted jade if she doesn't come with merry notions to a poor starving man, the midst of his hungry little ones."

"We are past help from heaven goddesses," said the woman. "We must pray to Heaven to look down upon us and our children. The man looked up with a very bad expression on his countenance.

"You forget," said he sullenly, "our street is very narrow, and the opposite houses are very high."

"How can Heaven be expected to see what honest folk endure in so dark a hole as this?" cried the man sullenly.

"The man rose and flung his pen upon the floor."

"Have we given honesty a fair trial?" said the woman, without a moment's hesitation; "not till we die as we have lived. Heaven is higher than the sky. Children," said she, "let per chance her husband's words should have harmed me, I am sorry. The sky is above the earth, and heaven is higher than the sky, and heaven is just."

"I suppose it is so," said the man, a little covered by the woman's words. "I think so, at bottom, myself; but I can't see it. I want to see it, but I can't," cried he, fiercely. "Have my children offended Heaven? They will starve where they will die; if I was Heaven, I'd be just as good an angel to take these children's part. They cried to me for bread; I had no bread, so I gave them hard words. The moment I had done that, I knew it was all over. God knows I took a long while to break my heart; but it is broken at last—quite broken; broken! broken!"

And the poor thing laid his head upon the table and sobbed beyond all power of restraint. The children cried round him, scarce knowing why; and Mrs. Triplet could only say, "My poor husband!" and prayed and wept until the ceiling of the room was white with tears.

It was at this juncture that a lady, who had knocked gently and unheeded, opened the door, and with a light step entered the apartment; but no sooner had she caught sight of Triplet than, saying hastily, "Stay, I forgot something," she made as if to go.

This gave Triplet a moment to recover himself, and Mrs. Woffington, whose blue eye had comprehended all at a glance, and who had determined at once what line to take, came flying in again, saying:

"Wasn't somebody inquiring for an angel? Here I am. See, Mr. Triplet, and she showed him a note which said, 'Madame, you are an angel.' From a perfect stranger," explained she, "so it must be true."

"Mrs. Woffington," said Mr. Triplet to his wife.

Mrs. Woffington planted herself in the middle of the floor, and with a comical glance, setting her arms akimbo, uttered a shrill whistle.

"Now you will see another angel—there are two sorts of them."

Pompey came in with a basket; she took it from him.

"Lucifer, avant!" cried she, in a terrible tone, that drove him to the wall; and wait outside the door, added she, conversationally.

"I heard you were ill, ma'am, and I have brought you some physic—blisters brought from Burgundy," and she smiled, and recovered from her first surprise, young and old began to thaw beneath that witching, irresistible smile. "Mrs. Triplet, here come to give your husband a sitting will you allow me to have my little luncheon with you? I am so

hungry." Then she clapped her hands, and in ran Pompey. She sent him for a pie she professed to have fallen in love with at the corner of the street.

"Mother," said Alcibiades, "will the lady give me a bit of her pie?"

"Hush! you rude boy!" cried the mother.

"She is not much of a lady if she does not," cried Mrs. Woffington. "Now, children, first let us look at them—a comedy. Nineteen dramatic persons! What do you children think we cut out even, or nine? That is the question. You can't bring your armies into our drawing-rooms. Mr. Dugger-and-bowl. Are you the Marlborough of comedy? Can you marshal all battalions on a Turkey carpet, and make gentle-folks wince in plateaus? What is this in the first act? A duel, and both wounded! You butcher!"

"They are not to die, ma'am!" cried Triplet, deprecatingly; "upon my honor," said he, solemnly, spreading his hands on his bosom.

"Do you think I'll trust their lives with you? No! Give me a pen; this is the way we run people through the body." Then she wrote: ("Business. Araminta looks out of the garret window. Combatants drop their swords, and stagger off. O. P. and P. S.")

"Now, children, who helps me to lay the cloth?"

"And I!" (The children run to the cupboard.)

Mrs. Triplet (half rising). Madame, I—can't think of allowing you. Mrs. Woffington replied: "Sit down, madame, or I must use brute force. If you are ill, be ill—till I make you well. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

Mr. Triplet. "My coat, madame!"

Mrs. Woffington. "Yes, off with it—there's a hole in it—and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wildfire. The pie came to her eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. "Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet; never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie; Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

THE MEN WHOM DIAZ DREADS.

By JOHN MURRAY.

Continued from Yesterday.

John Murray, editor of "The Evening Call," of Tucson, Ariz., starts for Mexico just before the outbreak of the revolution. He carries a letter of recommendation from Ricardo Flores Magón, leader of the Mexican Liberal Party, to the Mexican government in Mexico City, a Yankee plantation owner who has been in Mexico for many years and who has been helping the workers down by force of arms.

Arriving at the hotel in front of the cathedral, I went immediately to my room, locked the door and got out my addresses in cipher. It was a common task to figure them out, by one, but I dared not run the risk of being taken by the police and having them find names of Mexican revolutionaries given me by the junta in Los Angeles—that would mean prison for all. One person in Mexico, however, was recommended to me by Magón. I would see him first.

On the street corner I caught a man, for "cinco centavos" he would take me to the "Calle Misericordia." (It is to be understood that the real names of people do not appear in these writings, where the life of a member of the Liberal party in Mexico would be jeopardized.) We pushed through the evening crowd of home-going artisans, clerks and laborers. Vendors of cakes and candies, their wares piled perilously high on oblong wooden trays poised on their heads, threaded their way through the throngs without a misstep or collision. Sellers of an endless variety of fried foods fed the passerby, their steaming little stoves sending out a stream of strong odors from many doorways.

The lottery ticket sellers were out, and on every block men, women and boys shook their paper fortunes enthusiastically in my face, crying out the number of thousand "pesos" that might be won from the Loteria Nacional for the quick payment of a few "centavos."

Gambles. Why not? The government licenses it, the "pulque" shops bet it, and the average wage of the city workman being not over sixty "centavos" a day (you must divide this in half to get its value in American money), it must be plain that the only road of escape from gutter poverty is the barest possible, hazy chance of a successful gamble. The city government has suppressed all other gambling with an iron hand. No table in the western hemisphere can hold a candle to the wealth that flows daily into the hands of the government partners—the lottery lords of Mexico.

Wrapped in a raincoat I followed my guide through the crowds that jammed the narrow sidewalks. Beggers there were a plenty, blind beggars, led by boys who grasping the wrists of their sightless charges, forced their upturned palms into the faces of the passerby; old beggars, standing or squatting in front of the churches, begging for alms; and a few, holding out their hands for dole.

At the entrance of a court in the poor quarter of the town my guide stopped. This was the number of the house that I had asked for in the "Calle Misericordia."

I paid him his five coppers and he disappeared into the darkness.

Under the archway, by the light of a small lamp, I could see a family huddled themselves down for the night on the stone floor of the passage, all unconcerned that passers-by to the second story must walk through their midst.

Climbing the stone staircase, I knocked at the door twice, and a man came to the one whom I had come to see stood before me.

If all Mexico loved Ricardo Flores Magón, Magón loved this man beyond all others in Mexico. Broad shouldered, curly haired, and almost catlike in the grace of his firm, agile movements, the grasp of his hand sent confidence and enthusiasm through my veins.

I read my letter slowly to the man. He turned me with a smile almost womanly in its sweetness, and welcomed me to Mexico. "Friend of my friends, how is Ricardo?"

I gave him the latest news from the border and the plumed cavalry immediately into the Mexican situation. "Ricardo, one month from today you must be out of Mexico back into the United States, for the way may be blocked. You know the reason why?"

To four words he replied, by my understanding: "The twenty-sixth of June!"

"Yes," he solemnly asserted, "the anniversary of the massacre of the twelve of Yuma Cruz has been set at the date of the uprising. Before that day you must see all that we can show you. Mexico is a running sore of blood, slavery, and poverty wrought by the hand of Porfirio Díaz."

I told him of the methods of handling poor labor, as related by the American on the train.

He clenched his fists until the nails bit into his palms. "Why did he not let things be? Why did he not let the workers have their rights? Why did he let three-fourths of the city's dead be buried in paupers' graves? Why did he let the workers who have been working in the National, into which forty thousand Mexican working people have disappeared in the last few years, down like cattle into the jungle—men and women—to furnish the tobacco planters with labor for the smoking?"

Walt till you have seen our working prisons, the factories of the Blanco, where nearly a hundred men, women and children were shot down but a few months ago for protesting against a reduction of wages. There, I saw it, and the faces of the dead were in my mind. I had seen a small fraction of all that has been stirring Mexico to a seething mass of hate, fear and desperation, and then, believe me, you will ask me why this country is as ready to overthrow the government of Díaz as water is to run down hill."

"But have you the organization? Have you the guns to grapple with Díaz and his army of sixty thousand men?" That was the question most

difficult of all to answer, and he recognized it as well as I.

"Ricardo," he said, "There was no hesitation in his assertion. 'In many cities, aye, in many villages, also, we have organized branches of the Liberal party and friends waiting for the word to gather and act. Some arms have already been secured, more on the way already abroad and money in quantities has been promised us in the first proof of our ability to capture and hold a town of size. And as for the army, it is a 'poof.' The blues through his fingers significantly: 'They will turn to our side at the first opportunity. Show them but a bare chance of successful revolt and they will run with guns in their hands. A pistol shot at their army? Ah, it will remind you of the chain gangs common in your country. A Mexican soldier is a prisoner, sentenced to serve a term in the ranks, and the barracks of Mexico are penitentiaries. Do you know what a soldier of Díaz is paid? No? I will tell you—seventeen cents a day. And from this he must feed himself and his family. Is it any wonder, Ricardo, that he smokes marijuana, a drug much worse than opium, in order to forget his fate? The only hope of the Mexican soldier is in a revolution which will overthrow the dictator who commands him. At heart the army is with us.'"

He looked at me intently, studying the effect of his arguments, for the possibility of a successful revolt turns upon this question of the army.

"Still I doubted, knowing the machine like effects of drill upon men even though they were at heart rebels. Reading my mind he added one thing more, most startling in its suggestiveness:

"There is also a general. Is that enough?"

I nodded assent, eager to ask him more, but he suddenly held up his hand for silence, and turning toward the door, snapped out a question like a pistol shot at their army.

"Speak! Who is it?"

A woman had come into the room as soundless as a ghost, and was standing waiting for him to notice her. "Ricardo," it is I; they will be waiting. It is time for you to go."

Her voice was like deep water running over stones, a cooling melody.

Grasping my hand, he led me toward the graceful, black-eyed woman. "Ricardo," she said, "Ricardo, my husband and little son were shot in the great strike at Rio Blanco mills. She is one of the best workers in the revolutionary group that meets to-night. Come, you shall go with us and see some patriots."

It was while we were passing the Plaza de la Lagunilla that I first noticed the gendarmes' lantern lit and standing in the middle of the street. The gendarmes' lanterns were lit throughout the night all over Mexico.

The first lantern I barely glanced at—the gendarme, with his revolver standing in the shadow, I did not see. But when another, and another, and another in the center of the street, and street crossings in town flashed their signal lights back and forth, I saw the point. It was the military eye of Díaz burning in the night for fear the revolution might slip up and catch him in the dark.

Nothing shows the cat-watchfulness of Díaz more than this. He is always on his guard, for he knows that the revolutionists are sleepless; that their slitting never sleeps, night or day, and that if, for a time, they are beaten back into the mountains and the jungles it counts as a mere respite from the inevitable bloody death grip of the revolution. The republic is practically under martial law.

"Tell him the story of the mill, Felicitas. It may be hard to touch the wound, but it is for the good cause."

Thus abjured by Ricardo, the woman, walking at my side broke silence.

"Before the gateway of the biggest mill in Mexico is camped to-day a regiment of soldiers.

This is in Orizaba, the Manchester of Mexico, and the mill's name is Rio Blanco, the largest cotton print mill in the whole world.

"Twelve acres are covered with the Rio Blanco's turning wheels, the very wheels which have been the ruin of the mill to the manufacturers of cotton goods.

"All of this machinery comes from England—all except the Mexican military machine furnished by President Porfirio Díaz, and installed in front of the superintendent's office.

"The mill hands stream in and out between the ranks of soldiery, sullen and silent, with their faces turned toward the border and the plumed cavalry. Their only hope of obtaining work is within the mill, where the men are paid 35 cents, the women 27 cents and children 5 and 10 cents for a day of 18 hours.

"The mill is the regiment there?"

"Because the mill hands did not always turn their faces from the guns."

"There was a strike. Troops were sent by President Díaz to drive the workers back to the ground."

"Ricardo, one month from today you must be out of Mexico back into the United States, for the way may be blocked. You know the reason why?"

To four words he replied, by my understanding: "The twenty-sixth of June!"

"Yes," he solemnly asserted, "the anniversary of the massacre of the twelve of Yuma Cruz has been set at the date of the uprising. Before that day you must see all that we can show you. Mexico is a running sore of blood, slavery, and poverty wrought by the hand of Porfirio Díaz."

I told him of the methods of handling poor labor, as related by the American on the train.

He clenched his fists until the nails bit into his palms. "Why did he not let things be? Why did he not let the workers have their rights? Why did he let three-fourths of the city's dead be buried in paupers' graves? Why did he let the workers who have been working in the National, into which forty thousand Mexican working people have disappeared in the last few years, down like cattle into the jungle—men and women—to furnish the tobacco planters with labor for the smoking?"

Walt till you have seen our working prisons, the factories of the Blanco, where nearly a hundred men, women and children were shot down but a few months ago for protesting against a reduction of wages. There, I saw it, and the faces of the dead were in my mind. I had seen a small fraction of all that has been stirring Mexico to a seething mass of hate, fear and desperation, and then, believe me, you will ask me why this country is as ready to overthrow the government of Díaz as water is to run down hill."

"But have you the organization? Have you the guns to grapple with Díaz and his army of sixty thousand men?" That was the question most

POPULAR READINGS

HUMAN JUSTICE.

By Charlotte Brontë.

Human Justice rushed before me in novel guise—a red, random beldame, with arms akimbo. I saw her in her house, a den of confusion: servants called to her for orders or help which she did not give; beggars stood at her door waiting and starving unnoticed; a swarm of children, sick and quarrelsome, crawled round her feet and yelled in her ears appeals for notice, sympathy, care, redress.

The honest woman cared for none of these things. She had a warm seat of her own by the fire, she had her own solace in a short black pipe and a bottle of Mrs. Sweeney's soothing syrup; she smoked and she sipped and she enjoyed her paradise; and whenever a cry of suffering souls about her pierced her ears too keenly, my jolly dame seized the poker or the hearth brush; if the offender was weak, wronged and sickly, she effectively seized him; if he was lively, and violent, she only menaced, then plunged her hand in her deep pouch and flung a liberal shower of sugar plums!

OUR DAILY POEM

MUSIC.

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

I pant for the music which is divine:
My heart in its thirst is a dying
flower.
Pour forth the sound like enchanted
notes,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower.
Like a herbless plain for the gentle
rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that
sweet sound
More, oh more!—I am thirsting yet!
It loosens the serpent which care has
bound
Upon my heart, to stifle it:
The dissolving strain, through every
vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
Which grow by the brink of a silver
water,
When the hot noon has drained its
dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst
to slake—
And the violet lay dead while the odor
few,
On the wings of the wind o'er the
water blue:

As one who drinks from a charmed
cup
Of foaming and sparkling and muf-
fing wine,
Whom a mighty enchantment, filling
up,
Invites to love with her kiss divine.

WHY RUSSIA HATES THE JEW.

The Russian Jew, hampered on every side, restricted in dwelling place and occupation, denied the pursuit of happiness in almost every way, has had developed the idealistic side of his nature. He it is who furnishes a large proportion of the "intellectuals" of his country. He furnishes the teachers, the journalists, the speakers, the martyrs, as well as the terrorists, who are willing to sacrifice their lives if in so doing they can strike a blow for liberty. The Jew is hated in Russia, not by the poor people who are in his clutches, but by the bourgeoisie, the bureaucracy, for his mental and moral qualities. The massacres that take place from time to time are not spontaneous outbursts of the Jewishness, but carefully fostered attacks of the Black Hundred, the roughest of Russia, who would attack any class, could they do so with impunity and with the moral support of the government.

The Russian Jew becomes an intellectual because all other modes of self-expression are denied him. Where the young Englishman indulges in sports, the Russian Jew reads. Where the American goes into all manner of business adventures, the Russian Jew reads. Where the German travels, the Russian Jew reads. Books furnish the Russian Jew not only with his recreation, but with what is greatest of all, his hope. A twenty-year-old Jew, who felt ashamed if he did not know Spinoza, and Huxley, and Darwin, and Spinoza, and all the other "heavy" writers, as an American boy would feel if he did not know who had won the baseball pennant, or what college held the football championship. The thinkers, who are only names to the majority of youth of a happier land, are the dissipation of the young Jews of Russia—Van Norden Magazine.

THE WHITE SLAVE

TRAFFIC IN RUSSIA.

From St. Petersburg come discouraging reports of the women's fight with the white slave traffic. Whilst the import trade in girls appears to be of insignificant extent, particularly as regards Moscow, the export trade is very large. A special report has been received from the North American ports who meet at Odessa, and subjects young girls to the strictest interrogation before permitting them to land. In England, however, the procurers are undertaken of the agents-procurateurs, who, for the most part, ply their nefarious trade at railway stations and around maternity hospitals. Unfortunately, however, these rascals are so cunning that they are seldom caught. It could be wished that statistics were available of the number of persons in Russia who are living in consignment. As regards Poland, it was stated at the recent conference of Polish women that the trade (like all others) is created by the demand, and that in Warsaw alone some \$4 per cent. of the university students keep mistresses. In England, on the contrary, the percentage was said to be much lower, owing to the greater continence of her young men.

From Helsingfors we hear that the council of its university are receiving innumerable applications for admission from female students who are refused admission into Russian universities.—Anglo-Russian.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

That a man is never too old to learn is illustrated by the case of H. G. Whitaker, of Pilot Mountain, N. C., a law student of Lake Forest College. Mr. Whitaker is sixty. In the same class he has a son, P. E. Whitaker, who is twenty. The elder Whitaker is making an excellent record as a student, a report says. He has ten children, twenty-seven grandchildren, two of whom voted in the November election, and two great-grandchildren.

THE SUSTAINING FUND

The Call Sustaining Fund hereby acknowledges receipt of the following contributions for the week ending January 30. Please report errors and omissions to Anna A. Maley, care of The Call, 442 Pearl street:

- \$2.50 reported last week as collected by Emma Engler should have been reported as collected by S. Furman.
- \$2.50 reported as an account of bonds by Local Dover should have been reported as paid by Chas. P. MacFall on account of bond.
- William J. Sheppa, collector of Local Dover, collected \$3, and not \$1, as reported.
- Turtz, Liss & Tropp, weekly pledge, \$1.00
- Joel Moses, Rochester, N. Y., on acct. stock, 1.25
- Otto Altenberg, on acct. bond 1.00
- 14th A. D. Kings, stamps, 2.00
- Miss Ketyevsky, stamps, 1.00
- Dr. Herman, pledge, 2.00
- W. S. & D. B. F. Branch 186, donation, 10.00
- 229, Danbury, Conn., donation, 1.00
- Theo. H. Woehert, Philadelphia, Pa., on acct. bond, 1.00
- Branch 13th Ward, Local, Berks Co., S. P. balance on bond, 4.00
- Collected by Ed. Spaeth as follows:
- Joe. Abrahams, 50c; E. Gutsche, 25c; Tony Stenier, 25c; Walter, 1.00; Rosenfeld, 10c; Carl Lukosch, 10c; G. Schalk, 10c; R. Koch, 10c; G. Turlep, 10c; E. Spaeth, 25c.
- Frank A. Honeck, Wilmington Del., two bonds, 10.00
- Wilmington Local S. P. balance on bond, 4.00
- Collected at meeting addressed by Geo. R. Kirkpatrick
- W. W. Hunter, donation, 1.75
- Robert Hunter, donation, 25.00
- Joe. Gigand, Soldiers' Home, Tennessee, on acct. bond, 1.00
- Chas. Fischer, Syracuse, on acct. bond, 1.00
- 16th A. D. Kings, donation, 10.25
- C. W. Cavender, stamps, 2.00
- Local New Haven, collector John Klinkhamer, stamps 2.00
- Otto Seegart, donation, 2.00
- 17th A. D. Manhattan, collector A. Rodman, stamps 11.00
- Daniel McGivray, 6c acct. bond, 1.00
- W. S. & D. B. F. Branch 95, Frankford, Pa. donation, 2.00
- Fred. B. Chasem Charleston, Mass. bond, 5.00
- Otto Wegener, donation, 5.00
- Balance of Thalia Theatre Benefit arranged by First Agitation District, 40.00
- E. Nestler, donation, .50
- W. S. & D. B. F. Branch 119, Orange, N. J., bond, 5.00
- W. S. & D. B. F. Branch 107, San Francisco, Cal., donation, 5.00
- D. Persky, Jersey City, N. J., on acct. bond, 1.00
- T. N. Fall, collector at large, stamps, 2.00
- H. F. Thacher, stamps, 1.00
- Mrs. Bertha Braune, on acct. stock, 1.00
- Local York, Pa. Hemysers, sold stamps as follows:
- W. C. Denel, 25c; A. Messing, 10c; H. C. Denel, 10c; G. E. Bond, 15.00
- C. E. Harvey, on acct. bond, 1.00
- Luke Burchell, on acct. bond, 1.00
- Bernard Riley, on acct. bond, 1.00
- John Mahoney, on acct. bond, 1.00
- John Maxwell, on acct. bond, 1.00
- Richard P. Deffert, pledge (January and February), 2.00
- A. J. Posen, Washington, D. C., on acct. bond, 1.00
- H. I. Hickock, on acct. bond, 1.00
- Max Eager, pledge, .85
- A. J. Posen, Washington, D. C., on acct. bond, 1.00
- M. A. Posen, Washington, D. C., on acct. bond, 1.00
- Chas. M. Cohen, Washington, D. C., on acct. bond, 1.00
- Workmen's Circle, Branch 119 of Patchogue, L. I., on acct. bond, 1.00
- W. S. & D. B. F. Branch 8, Patchogue, L. I., Collector L. Cantor, stamps, 1.00
- John W. Thompson, Newark, N. J., on acct. bond, 1.00
- W. S. & D. B. F. Branch 8, Patchogue, L. I., Collector L. Cantor, stamps, 1.00
- Harry Oswald, pledge, .40
- Gust. Stiglitz, on acct. bond, 1.00
- W. S. & D. B. F. Branch 162, West New York, N. J., bond, 5.00
- A. J. Posen, Springfield, Ohio, bond, 5.00
- Dan A. White, Brookton, Mass., on acct. bond, 1.00
- Richard E. Stack, Brookton, Mass., on acct. stock, 1.00
- Local Johnston S. P. balance on bond, 1.00
- Herman Lloyd, Newark, N. J., on acct. bond, 1.00
- B. Weinstein, donation, 3.00
- Anna A. Maley, on acct. bond 25th-27th A. D. Manhattan, P. Viag. collector, stamps, 6.00

BALLOON "SEASICKNESS"

Balloon sickness rivals sea sickness in the dawn of epoch. Two French scientists have made a communication to the French biological society on its symptoms and treatment. They made a special ascent, carrying with them reserves of pure oxygen and mixtures of oxygen with carbonic acid gas, in order to ascertain the remedial properties. One of the aeronauts experienced the first feeling of sickness at an altitude of 13,282 feet. At first a slight pain in the back of the head and nape of the neck was experienced, increasing in intensity, followed by venous contraction of the face, drowsiness, a misty vapor before the eyes when looking downward toward the earth, and finally a heavy feeling in the eyelids.

As the altitude increased drowsiness was accentuated and the respiration became panting at 14,764 feet. In trying to sit down the aeronaut fell to the bottom of the car. At 14,990 feet recourse was had to the oxygen carbonic acid mixture, and within ten seconds there was relief in the respiration.

When 16,404 feet had been reached the feeling of fatigue was pronounced, the drowsiness increased, interest in the surroundings was lost, and he did not answer questions. When finally 16,700 feet had been gained continuous inhalations of pure oxygen were needed to secure comfort and to remove depressive feelings, which otherwise manifested themselves in the rarefied atmosphere. At this height only pure oxygen was found to be of any use, though the mixture served up to about 1,500 feet.—Chicago Tribune.

NO PLACE ON THE STAGE FOR INDETERMINATE TYPES

Marion Hall tells a theatrical story in which a young actress tells her troubles in getting a job. This young actress was described by the theatrical agent as being of a very indeterminate type, and therefore of little use on the stage. Here is what the theatrical agent said:

"You are a very indeterminate type. If your nose even turned up a trifle it would be better—much better; look type then. No slant to your eyes either; nothing Oriental about you. I have places for half a dozen Oriental types. Look at Marie Zeno. She's a discovery of mine. I placed her at once. See the success she's been making. She is perfect—as a type. Your hair is neither one thing or another. It is essential to be either one thing or another. See Genevieve Folliot on the street; swarthy skin, mustache of a trooper, eyes of a gypsy, hair of a horse—none would ever think she could pose as a beauty. But she does. Makes up gloriously. She's a perfect type. You're no type."—February American Magazine.

THE CALL PATTERN



GIRLS' APRON. Paris Pattern No. 2750

All Seams Allowed.

Made up in blue and white or red and white dotted linen or in striped, checked or figured gingham, this will prove a very serviceable little school apron, besides being stylish and easily constructed. A unique feature is the side closing, which is held in place by large plain-colored linen buttons, or, if preferred, pearl buttons may be used. The belt which holds the fullness in place is of the material, slipped through narrow straps at the under-arm seams and fastening at the left of the front with a button matching those used on the apron. The lower edge is finished with a narrow hem and the square neck and armholes are scalloped and hand-embroidered with heavy white mercerized cotton. If the model was made a trifle longer and bishop sleeves were added it would make a charming little every-day or plain frock, developed in cotton voile or duck in plain colors, or, if preferred, with white. Or the sleeves might be omitted and the model worn over a simple gimp of Victoria or Persian lawn or thin cambric or linen, the collar and cuffs being trimmed with narrow embroidery. One model made up on this pattern was of dark green linen, with the neck and armholes embroidered with red mercerized cotton, the belt being of plain red linen. It was fastened with red linen buttons. It was a most stylish apron and one that will be copied to a great extent. The pattern is in four sizes—4 to 12 years. For a girl of 8 years the apron requires 1 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide or 1 1/4 yards 36 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

EVENING CALL PATTERN COUPON.

No. 2750 Feb. 2.

Name

Street and No.

City

Line Desired

(This must be put on coupon.)

To obtain the pattern above, fill out this coupon and enclose ten cents in stamps or coin. Address Pattern Department, New York Evening Call, 442 Pearl St., New York City.

PIANOS SCHUMER PIANOS

Intending purchasers of a STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS Piano, or Piano and Self-Player combined, should not fail to examine the make of the world-renowned

SCHUMER PIANOS

and the "SCHUMER-CRELAN" make Player, which surpasses all others. Catalogue mailed on application. Showrooms: 305 Ave. C, 3rd St. SCHUMER & COMPANY, New York.

10c. Carfare Refunded on All Purchase of \$2.50 and Over. 10c. Absolutely Reliable Quality, Price and up-to-date.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
Underwear to fit anybody. Shirts, Collars, Suspenders, Hosiery, Umbrellas, Gloves, Neckwear, Sweaters, Overalls, etc.

Everything for Waiters. Return Anything if Not Right.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.
Corsets: C. B. P. N. and Nemo. Underwear: Mulin, Wool, etc. Shirts, Suspenders, Hosiery, Baby Outfits, Notions, etc.

Skirts Made to Measure, \$2.98 up. 30 & 32 1/2 Ave., nr. 12th St., N. Y. "Ye Olde Reliable Store." Open Evenings Until 10.

SOME RECIPES.

Baked Shad.
Keep on the head and fins. Make a dressing of grated bread crumbs, cold boiled ham or bacon minced fine, sweet marjoram, red pepper and a little powdered mace or clove. Moisten it with beaten yolk of egg. Stuff the inside of the shad with dressing, lay a little rub over the outside, having first rubbed the fish all over with yolk of egg.

Curried Pork Chops.
Fry chops as usual. When cooked cover with hot water, not too much, and simmer until tender, on back of stove. Then make a thick, white sauce of milk, butter and flour, one tablespoon flour, one tablespoon butter, one-half pint milk. Flavor with one-half teaspoon of table sauce, one tablespoon tomato catchup and a pinch of curry powder—more, if you like it—also salt and pepper to taste, then add meat and let simmer a moment and I think you will find this, with minced carrots, very good.

Escalloped Potatoes.
Slice layer of raw potatoes in baking dish, add few slices of onion, little salt, pepper and butter. Have last layer of potato, placing a few slices of salt pork across the top. Fill the dish about one-half full of milk or water and bake one and one-half hours.

Grape Fruit Salad.
Prepare the fruit in the usual way, cutting the firm part into small pieces, scatter these over nicely prepared lettuce, and cover with French dressing.—Belle P. Drury.

THE NONRELIGIOUS LINCOLN.

There has been no little discussion in regard to the religious character of Abraham Lincoln. That he was a man of the most strict and exemplary morality no one has ever disputed. For example, in his early life he made a speech for total abstinence which had a wide circulation. When the notification committee called upon him to inform him of his election to the Presidency, instead of bringing out a declaration of wine, as might have been expected, he brought only a pitcher of cold water and told the committee that he would entertain them with the oldest beverage that had ever passed the lips of man. He was, with all his jesting and fondness for mythical stories, very clean-mouthed, and most reverential in his utterances. As an illustration of this there is the remark he made to a member of his cabinet, a man who was in the habit of indulging freely in Brandy. One day when he went early to a meeting of the cabinet, Mr. Lincoln asked him what church he belonged to, and then added: "I thought probably you went to the same church that Mr. S. attends, for I notice that you were almost as bad as he does in the same way."—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the Homiletic Review (February).

AN ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF SMOKING.

"Smoking has been under discussion in the Anglican Church Synod at Bendigo," says the London "Chronicle." One member wanted the temperance pledge extended so as to ban tobacco as well as alcohol. Canon Brydson warned the proposal that he would have the whole female population up in arms against him. Every wife knew that the pipe was her husband's best friend. It kept him at home and away from the house. Opium smoking was frequently a case of sour grapes. Either the objector had not the physique of a smoker or the necessary genial temperament. He was sometimes a person who had tried to smoke, but with only partial success."

Our Daily Puzzle.



Do you see the Prince? ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. (Beside his right arm looking from upper left corner.)

DENTISTS.

ESTABLISHED 1902.
Dr. JOHN MUTH,
DENTIST,
61 2D AVE., 2ND 3D AND 4TH STS.
Bridge work, Fillings, and all the latest operations satisfactorily performed.

DR. A. CARR,
DENTIST,
Specialist in All the Latest Methods.
123 E. 94th St., Cor. Lexington Ave.

DR. I. J. FOKKER,
DENTIST,
163-5 Norfolk St., Cor. Stanton St.

DR. PH. LEWIN,
DENTIST,
111 E. 14th St., Brooklyn.

DR. S. BERLIN,
DENTIST,
22 East 106th St., Cor. Madison Ave.
Tel. 540-1 Harlem.

Dr. MATILDA SINAI LEE,
SURGEON DENTIST,
1194 Madison Ave.,
Corner 87th St.
Telephone 3936 79th.

DENTISTS—Brooklyn.

DR. A. RITT,
Dentist,
1021 Fifth Ave., corner Eastman,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHARMACISTS.

FINE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.
(This Season's.)
4 pint bot. 1.50 2 quart
1 pint 1.00 1 gallon
Full measure and Quality guaranteed.

George Oberdorfer,
PHARMACEUT,
Prescription Dispensing,
305 5th Ave., 12th St.,
Madison Ave., cor. 12th St.,
Highway Ave., cor. 10th St.

BOOKS FREE

Read Offer on Bottom of Last.

Library of Science for the Workers

Fifty Cents Each.

The Evolution of Man
The End of the World
Science and Revolution
The Triumph of Life
Life and Death
The Making of the World
Human, All too Human

International Library of Social Science

One Dollar Each.

The Changing Order
Better World Philosophy
The Future of the World
Principles of Scientific Socialism
Philosophical Essays
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History
Love's Coming of Age
The Positive Outcome of Philosophy
Socialism and Philosophy
The Physical Basis of Mind and Matter
Revolutionary Essays
Marxian Economics
The Rise of the American Proletarian
The Theoretical System of Karl Marx
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Dühring)
The Republic
God and My Neighbor
The Common Sense of Socialism

Books of Socialist Fiction

Stories of the Struggle. Winchey 50 cents
God's Children. Altman 50 cents
The Sale of an Appetite. 50 cents
The Rebel at Large. Beals 50 cents
When Things Were Doing. 1.00
The Recording Angel. Bernhardt 1.00
Rebels of the New South. Raymond 1.00
Beyond the Black Ocean. McGrady 1.00

The Book Department of The Call will send any of these books postpaid upon receipt of price. Those friends of The Call who return to us a Call Purchasers' League card showing \$15 worth of purchases (or more) from stores advertising in The Call, will receive 50 cents worth of these cloth bound books.

THE CALL
442 Pearl Street, New York

THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

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

TUESDAY,

FEBRUARY 2, 1909.

THE CALL

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WORKERS

This newspaper is owned and published by the Workingmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, a New York corporation. Published daily except Sunday. Office and place of business, 442 Pearl St., New York. W. W. Passag, president; Frank M. Hill, treasurer; Julius Gerber, secretary.

Office of Publication, 442 Pearl St., New York.
Telephone 2271 Worth.

Boston Office: 230 Washington St.

Philadelphia Office: 1205 Arch Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ONE YEAR.....\$3.00 THREE MONTHS.....\$.75
SIX MONTHS.....1.50 ONE MONTH......35
Make all remittances payable to The Evening Call.

Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class mail matter.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN OUTRAGE.

The German labor organizations of Philadelphia have taken up the case of an American citizen of German race, a native of the Baltic Provinces of Russia, a resident for years of the city of Philadelphia, and an enlisted soldier in the United States army, who, it appears, while on furlough and visiting his native place, was arrested, summarily tried as a revolutionist, and put to death by the Russian authorities.

It is hard to see how the authorities at Washington can fail to take up this case and sift it to the bottom. The reports are circumstantial and bear the appearance of truth. There is absolutely no inherent improbability in them. It is well known that the police and military authorities in all parts of the Russian Empire, and especially in the Baltic Provinces and other regions where the protest against despotism has been strongest, are in the habit of acting in the most arbitrary and ruthless fashion in what they call the maintenance of order. Their rule of action is that it is necessary to keep up the tale of executions, week after week and month after month, in order both to terrorize the population and to prove to the higher powers at St. Petersburg their own usefulness and the necessity of appropriating ever more money to pay them for their bloody work. Even the ordinary processes of Russian "justice" are lacking all the guarantees for the protection of the innocent, for the bringing out of the truth, and for the prevention of judicial corruption and oppression which all civilized countries have adopted. Even where the civil law prevails, it is well understood that the accused man is presumed to be guilty, and that nothing but bribery can safely be depended upon to save him from prison, exile, or death. In the more restless provinces, where revolution has been rife and where the civil law is and for years has been superseded by some form of military government, the conditions are still worse. These regions are infested with spies, whose business it is to "discover" plots whether any plots exist or not. They are ruled by army officers of the most corrupt and brutal type, whose standing in the good favor of the Czar and Hangman Stolypin depends on the "energy" they display in the performance of their duties—which is quantitatively measured by the number of persons whom they shoot or hang every month. Trials by drumhead court-martial are the rule, and execution speedily follows the sentence often pronounced by a trio of drunken officers to whom the infliction of the death penalty is so much a matter of routine that it has even ceased to be an exciting pleasure. Under such conditions, it is well known that large numbers of men and women are being executed who have not even committed or thought of committing the "crime" of planning opposition to the Czar's misrule. The methods of these military courts in dealing with persons alleged to be revolutionists are much like those of the Council of Ten in medieval Venice, as described by Mark Twain. When a man was brought before this august court on an anonymous accusation, the Council put him and his friends on the rack in order to elicit evidence. If they got any evidence against him, they said, This man is evidently a dangerous conspirator, and they drowned him in the Grand Canal; if they did not get any evidence against him, they said, This man is evidently a VERY dangerous conspirator, for he has succeeded in concealing all the evidence of his guilt—and they drowned him in the Grand Canal. Funny as it sounds, the description is essentially true. Such are the methods naturally followed in any despotic country, where the spirit of revolt is in the air, and where military force and espionage are constantly used to keep it down. It is emphatically true of Russia to-day.

The case of Fritz Strobach should be thoroughly investigated. And it is to be expected that the investigation, if undertaken with vigor, will make it still more evident than it already is that the government of the United States ought not to treat with the government of Russia as with a civilized power, but as the barbarous despotism that it actually is.

The Supreme Court of the United States has denied the petition of the New York Gas Trust for a rehearing of the appeal against the law fixing eighty cents per thousand feet as the maximum price to be charged for gas in this city. Isn't it about time that the refunding of the nine million dollars unlawfully collected and withheld since the law nominally went into force should begin? Or are there still more twists and turnings of the law to delay that restitution and keep those millions at the disposal of the Gas Trust? We have a suspicion that, if it were a labor organization instead of a great capitalist corporation that had thus defied the law for months and years and had at last been ordered by the highest court in the nation to disgorge, it would not take many days to get the order enforced.

The Supreme Court has issued an injunction forbidding Trinity Corporation to suspend religious services in St. John's Chapel. Just what the court has to do with a question like this, in a country where there is supposed to be no connection between state and church, we cannot exactly say. What we can say with assurance is that if there were a few Socialists on the Supreme Court, there would be summary orders issued to compel Trinity Corporation to put its tenements into a condition suitable for human habitation and complying with the requirements of the law.

"While Mr. Gompers is delighting the Socialists with his bluster about 'a pound of flesh', it is to be noted that he has given up advising his followers in his speeches that 'no law can compel them to buy' a certain product which the courts ordered him not to boycott." So

THE NEW YORK EVENING CALL

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WORKERS

BOTH ENDS OF THAT CRIB DISASTER

AT THE TELEPHONE.



AT THE TICKET.



—From The Chicago Daily Socialist.

A FRIEND OF THE KIDS.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

You have all heard of Ben Lindsey, of Denver. He is the friend of the "kids".

He has fought for years to prove that "kids" are all right. He has shown that they have a sense of honor, and that given a fighting chance, and trusted and loved, they can be depended upon to do the square thing.

He has shown that the kids are not to blame, that Society is to blame. He went among "criminals" and then came back and told us that we are the criminals. That was a great discovery. It is revolutionary, and little by little that up side down thought is making Judge Lindsey a revolutionist.

The Judge is on the dead level. He is willing to go wherever truth leads him. He is five feet six inches—all grit and honor. He does not know the name of fear, and he will fight to the last ditch.

The Judge started by wanting what appeared to be little. He did not ask justice for men and women, nor for the workers, nor for the great body of oppressed people in this country. He asked justice for all the kids, and he couldn't get that.

And so he began to fight. And he fought himself out of the slums into the big offices with mahogany tables and well fed, well dressed respectability.

The kids haven't a fighting chance. Why? Because deacons, clergymen, editors, capitalists, political bosses thrive upon conditions which cause crime.

They are responsible for foul and insanitary homes. They are responsible for houses of vice, for gambling halls, for filthy streets, for legalized injustice, for corrupt courts, for traction monopolies, for ill gotten wealth, for wage slavery, for working mothers, for child slavery, and for all the other conditions which ruin kids.

The Judge was all right until he began to say that. He was a fine institution so long as he left respectable people alone.

But he was a friend of the kids, and finally he saw that he had to fight the enemies of the kids. He began then to defend the wronged children of the poor, and to condemn good church people.

He gathered unto himself the little ones of the slums, and turning upon the rich and powerful, said, YOU are

the criminals, not these little ones about me. And then, as the world has ever done, the rich and powerful set out to crush the Judge, and to hush his voice.

Respectability organized. Wealth stood with Pulpit in the center. Politics was on one side and Press on the other, and they began to lie about the Judge, and to try to make people believe that he was a demagogue and a firebrand.

And they would have crushed the Judge had not the "criminals" begun to organize. Reform School kids, and newsboys, and drunks, and jail birds came out to fight for the Judge, and they went about distributing his pamphlets and tracts and speeches among the women voters, and the women stood by the kids.

That is the whole story. It is dramatic and contains in itself a philosophy, and the philosophy is this:

Let any man fight to right any wrong, let any man anywhere attempt to really befriend any portion of the disinherited and a new vision will be given him.

He will learn to disregard the teachings of the world, as Jesus said. He will put aside worldly wisdom.

Those whom the world calls good he will call bad; those whom the world calls charitable he will call uncharitable—the righteous will become criminals, the criminal righteous.

And the world will say he's crazy, as he stands smiling in the face of TRUTH.

Some men fight their way to Truth by fighting for the kids. Some by fighting for the workers. Some by fighting for the poor, and nearly all by fighting for the bruised and wronged.

For a while they fight forms, then they fight men, and finally, if they reach the essence of all, they fight causes.

Lindsey is on the road. He has heart and mind. He has grit and fire. He will come on and on until he takes his place in the ranks of the international brotherhood of the workers of the world.

IN DIXIE LAND.

With 250,000 white men in Alabama of voting age and not 100,000 participating in our voting is in itself sufficient to show disgust with the machine Democracy on the one hand and this miserable mob of Republican political crooks on the other.—Southern American, Alexander City, Ala.

says the New York "Tribune." The only trouble with this extremely witty paragraph is that it does not contain a word of truth. Not only Mr. Gompers, but the members of the Labor movement generally including the members of the Socialist party, are going to keep on reminding the people that the goods offered for sale by the Butterick Company, the Bucks Stove and Range Company, and various other firms are products of scab labor, that to buy them is to help the organized capitalists in fighting the unions, and that loyal workingmen and all friends of economic liberty and progress can serve the cause by discriminating against such goods in making their purchases.

It occurs to us that, if we want to get up a debate on Socialism that will really be a debate, and not a succession of speeches with all the earnest argument on one side and nothing but evasion and irrelevant talk on the other, we shall have to get a Socialist to assume the task of Devil's Advocate and say what little there is to be said in favor of capitalism. Of all the gentlemen who have recently met Socialists in alleged debate, we are bound to suppose that their credentials are genuine and that they do actually represent the intellectual ability of the dominant class. But if so, it is strikingly demonstrated that the intellectual ability of that class is almost a negligible quantity.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WALLING VS. HUNTER.

The Editor of The Call:

I regret very much that Mr. Hunter has made use of the columns of The Call for the purpose of personal attack. As far as I know, this is the first time that The Call has been used for such a purpose.

I had intended to pay no attention to Hunter's accusations and shall certainly not notice them as far as they are personal. However, in certain points of his criticism of me, he has also criticized the correct view of the British movement for which I have stood.

There are scores of prominent members in the party that have expressed in the party press, and more recently to me personally, their entire approval of my position and radical disagreement with Hunter's. Some of these will doubtless take up the argument and so remove me personally from the discussion altogether.

It is impossible for me to take up all the points in his letter published in The Call of January 28. In a word, I reaffirm all the positions I have taken and deny every statement of Hunter's except the one in which he calls attention to my unfortunate error as to the vote obtained by Burrows—figures which I had obtained through a misreading of a personal letter of a prominent British leader. I do not deny that the blunder was serious and offer my apologies to the readers of The Call.

However Burrows did obtain a creditable vote, and anyway this was a fact among ten thousand. I have not even attempted to state the case of British Socialism against British Laborism, but have referred to the "Clarion," the "New Age," and "Justice," where enough material could be obtained to fill several volumes.

All three of these organs agree with my position and take exactly the opposite view of that assumed by Hunter.

My purpose in writing this letter is not to make a personal defense or a personal attack, but to warn the American movement against the crude misinterpretations of the English and Continental situation made by Hunter in his book and in his article. Hunter modestly refers the readers of The Call to his book, so I may be pardoned for referring to it.

Longest expressed to me personally his thorough disapproval of the chapter on France. I had already objected to Hunter's treatment of the Italian situation in his articles, while in England Hyndman and J. R. MacDonald, leaders of the two factions, equally objected to me personally concerning his inability to grasp the situation.

Such an exploded authority is scarcely one with which one would care to enter into a controversy. I have expressed my views on the British Labor party in its relation to our situation in answer to Hunter, but in a reply to Keir Hardie's speech, to appear in the "International Socialist Review."

But Hunter's ignorance of the British movement is self-evident a dozen times in his letter. He states that a Socialist resolution was passed at Hull. A Socialist resolution was also passed at the British Trade Union Congress many years ago, but nobody called it a Socialist organization on that account. The Labor party absolutely refused to put Socialism in its Constitution.

Worst of all, Hunter mistakes the position of the great Socialist leaders at the International Bureau. If he had taken pains to read the account of this last meeting he would see that the Labor party was proposed to be admitted by Kautsky and was accepted by the others with the explicit statement that they were aware that it was not a Socialist party.

A tradition of the International Congresses, as Hunter well knows, admits labor parties on the supposition that they are on the road to Socialism.

Hunter's distortion or ignorance on this and other vital matters shows him unfit for any prominence in the movement.

I have had the personal assurance of a score of well known party members that they stand with me wholly in this position.

Yours very truly,
WM. ENGLISH WALLING.
P. S.—I suppose the columns of The Call are still open to Socialists and to friends of the party, even if not members of the organization. W. E. W.
New York, Jan. 29, 1909.

THE CALL'S TUBERCULOSIS EXHIBIT.

There are about 65,000 people in the city of Utica. One hundred and twenty-five of them die every year from Tuberculosis.

There has been a comprehensive Tuberculosis Exhibit in Utica, many lectures have been given on the subject, the people know what the trouble is—but the tax-payers have flatly refused to appropriate one cent for the fight against the White Plague.

Utica is a mill town—as such, fairly in league with Tuberculosis. The Health Department is powerless. The mill-owners and tax-payers withhold the funds.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

By BEN BLUMENBERG.

Why does a politician say he's out of politics when out of politics he has made his pile?

Members of the parasite class when tired, count beads. It's a new fad.

Members of the working class when tired, count ties. It's an old habit.

No doubt among the recent readers of The Call are some respected owners of the traction lines, and it is doubtful however whether the heads join either the Strap-hangers or the Boosters League.

Those who are promoting the movement to "Live as Jesus would" say it is growing. The thousands who are carrying the banner, nightly in every large city are eligible, as they "have not where to lay their heads."

The action of the workman who was docked for lost time while in the air, as the result of a dynamite explosion, gives way to the fact that the pay of the Republic's sailors ceased after the collision at sea.

The fact is part of the action of capitalism's "reward for ability."

The Chronology of a Charity Victim: Election Day—Discharged because of too much prosperity. Thanksgiving—One of the worthy poor. Christmas—One of the deserving poor. New Year's Day—One of the needy. Lincoln's Birthday—Hobo. Washington's Birthday—Tramp. Fourth of July—Bum.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A. B. Barzelay—The official vote for Eugene V. Debs was 420,464. The vote in the territories brings the total figure for the Socialist party up to 422,969.

Many Correspondents.—Please do not address business letters to the Editor of The Call nor to any editor by name. Communications referring to subscriptions, advertisements, and other business matters should be addressed, "The Evening Call, 442 Pearl St., New York," and checks and money orders should be made payable to the Evening Call, not to Lindsey or nor any other person connected with the paper. Compliance with these directions will save much delay and confusion.

J. A. B. Beatty.—Your suggestion is received and given consideration. We appreciate your fraternal interest.

readers to judge which has been less culpable in this respect, and which has had the better of the argument. Unfortunately, it has now come to a point where they flatly contradict each other on points of fact, and no further discussion between them on the meaning of the facts would be profitable. The Call has taken steps to ascertain the truth as to the disputed facts and will lay them before its readers as soon as possible. It may make at that time. While the editor cannot fairly deny Mr. Hunter the opportunity to reply through The Call, if he so desires, to Mr. Walling's present criticism of his work and of his competency to speak on the subject, respondents that the purposes of discussion are not best served by just the sort of criticism illustrated above. It may be added that the columns of The Call are not closed against persons who are not members of the Socialist party, though the point seems to be a good one that those who are party members have presumably a better right to be heard on party questions.—Ed.)

UP BROADWAY.

By ROBERT D'HERNI.

"Wasting an employer's time?" heard a gentleman mumble between his teeth, as we rubbed elbows on the street during the noon-hour.

"What is that?" asked his companion.

"Just see—look up to the corner window, third floor."

There she was, left hand resting on her hip and the other fumbling with the window-shade strings, her gaze directed to the window across the narrow street. While we were watching, the girl turned of a sudden, frightened, perhaps by steps announcing the approach of the employer. But soon she reappeared and continued her former observation which enraged the stranger.

"Appling on some attractive young fellow," the gentleman continued, "possibly receiving the same attention from him and wasting the time of both." He ended with a sneer.

"Strange experience I had to-day," the first gentleman suddenly remarked, after a brief silence, and a smile lit up his countenance.

"Pleasant one, I hope."

"Yes, very much so." He paused in contemplation. "I received a letter to-day, delivered to me by messenger."

"Good news in it?"

"Oh an ordinary business proposition, and not very important—I mean the letter—but, him—the messenger—a stunner!—one of the prettiest girls I ever laid my eyes on, and that's saying much."

"I guess so. You are an old fox."

The "fox" smiled again and his eyes glistened feebly.

"I told her distinctly that if even she is ready to leave her position, I'd double her salary in my office."

There was no one near enough to remonstrate him for "wasting time." The young folks, slaves under the commercial spirit that now reigns, whose age and natural inclination urge a little coquetry—they, of course, may not indulge in it, for they dare not waste any time—the time of the employer—the "time that is money"—for the employer. They dare not give way to innocent promptings of the soul.

But the employer—he may follow the dictates of his viciousness even to the point of rascality. And the world condones his every act!

WE CAN TRUST IN FREEDOM.

I do not know what woman will do when she is free. I am willing to trust her. I do not even know what man will do when he is free!

But what I do know is that all worn institutions of human tyranny that fear the free man, are the ones that doubly fear the free woman; and every weapon which revolutionary logic can give me for my salvation, I will glory to place in sister's hand for her salvation too. Franklin H. Wentworth.