

B. R. T. KILLS ONE, INJURES SEVERAL

Company Keeps Up Record of Mismanagement.

THREE BAD ACCIDENTS SUNDAY.

Passengers Herded in Like Cattle in a Stock Car Have Choice of Being Burned or Jumping At Risk of Their Lives.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company upheld its ugly record yesterday by three serious accidents, in which one woman was killed and two dangerously injured. Several other persons were badly burned, bruised and otherwise hurt.

It was a young woman about 28 years of age, not yet identified, who lost her life. Her skull was fractured and she received internal injuries, from which she died within a short time after being removed to the Eastern District Hospital. Miss Elizabeth Reed, 23 years old, of 26 Powers street, Brooklyn, and Miss Elizabeth Hamm, 19 years old, of 25 Stanhope street, both had their skulls fractured, while the latter had also an arm and a leg broken. They were taken to the Bushwick Hospital.

The first accident resulted from the blowing out of a fuse on the forward car of a Rockaway excursion train. As it was crossing a trestle spanning Jamaica Bay, about 4 in the afternoon, the people in the forward car were alarmed by a loud explosion and a burst of flame. In an instant the car was filled with smoke. Similar explosions followed on the other cars. In a few seconds the first car was burning briskly.

The train was packed to the limit, many passengers being unable to find even a strap to hang to. Of course, a lot of the fuses, men and boys began to jump to the trestle and the women soon took the chance to escape from the greater danger in the cars. At imminent danger of falling between the wide spaces between the ties into the bay below, they picked their way to the end of the trestle. By extraordinary good fortune no one was seriously injured. Two women fainted and another was thrown into a fit of apoplexy by the shock. Her friends got her away and declined to give her name.

The second disaster was caused by the blowing up of a manhole at Fifth avenue and Ninth street, just as an open Smith street car was passing. An explosion of gas threw the manhole cover high in the air, narrowly missing several passengers at the side of the car, and was followed by a sheet of flame, which burned a dozen persons more or less seriously. Miss May Brennan, of 22 Clifton place, and her escort, John Flynn, of 59 Union Hill avenue, Jamaica, were the worst sufferers. Flynn's clothing was nearly burned off, and Miss Brennan would probably have lost her life but for the presence of mind of Conductor Atkins, who promptly seized her and wrapped his coat about her so as to smother the flame. Both she and Flynn were taken to the office of Dr. H. C. Frye, at 319 Ninth street, to have their wounds dressed.

The worst accident occurred late in the evening on a Myrtle avenue car, near Lewis avenue. The car was crowded and was going rapidly down grade when the controller blew out with a sharp report. The front of the car was instantly enveloped in a brilliant blaze. Terrified by the fire, the passengers began to jump to the ground and the car was empty before Motorman Quick was able to bring it to a stop. Besides the woman who was killed, and the two others now lying in the hospital, a dozen persons got bad bruises and cuts.

The day's record is an excellent illustration of the price the people of Brooklyn pay for allowing the Brooklyn Rapid Transit to run its lines in the cheapest manner, with too few cars, and those in bad repair, with overworked men, and with passengers jammed in worse than steers in a cattle car. It is good business for the company, and the officers and directors show no disposition to improve the service, no matter how many lives it costs.

VADERLAND IS SAFE.

LONDON, June 1.—There is no truth in a rumor prevalent last night to the effect that the Red Star Line steamship Vaderland, from Antwerp for New York, had met with disaster in the North Sea. News was received in Dover that she had broken down and a tug was sent out to her assistance.

Later, word was received in London from Lloyd's agent at Dover, that the Vaderland was anchored in the harbor of Antwerp, repairing her machinery.

MILLIONAIRE SCHIFF IGNORES THE COURT

Pays No Attention to Subpoena Calling Him As a Witness to Explain Queer Metropolitan Reports.

Jacob H. Schiff, the star witness in the suit instituted by Minnie Weill and Emanuel Weiller to recover \$800 from the Metropolitan Street Railway Company on the ground of alleged falsifying of one of the company's annual reports, did not appear at the Municipal Court, where the case was to have come up before Judge Young this morning. The plaintiffs declare that they retained possession of some of the stock because of one of the company's reports, and that later the stock depreciated, with financial loss to the plaintiffs, and that this report was untrue.

Mr. Schiff had been subpoenaed to appear at 9:30 o'clock this morning. After waiting for an hour and a half, Eugene Kromer, counsel for the plaintiffs, called up Mr. Schiff's office on the telephone and learned that he had not appeared for the reason that neither his own counsel, Dolanicy Nicol, the company's attorney, Paul Cravath, nor Mr. Stanchfield, associate counsel, could be present and that he, the witness, did not care to take the stand unless one of them was present. The captain of industry evidently didn't trust himself to color the death skillfully enough in the interest of his company without expert advice.

Mr. Kromer talked of getting a body attachment to insure Mr. Schiff's appearance.

A DENSE FOG HOVERS OVER ENGLISH CHANNEL

British Steamship Queenswood Collides with Spanish Ship Bermeo—Landa from Hamburg for West Africa in Similar Disaster—No Lives Lost.

LONDON, June 1.—The British steamship Queenswood, after being in collision with the Spanish steamship Bermeo in the Channel, was towed into Dover harbor last night and sank. So also did the steamship Landa from Hamburg for West Africa, after having been in collision with an unknown steamship. No lives were lost in either disaster. A dense fog prevails in the Channel.

In a brief address George J. Smith deprecated what he said was the lack of appreciation for Whitman in this country, declaring that it was abroad that his genius was appreciated most. He said he had once read one of Whitman's poem to a lawyer, a man of education and culture, but that the lawyer had not only been utterly unable to comprehend the poem's meaning but had denounced it as blasphemous. Markham read an unpublished poem written in memory of Whitman. J. G. Phelps Stokes and Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes were present. Others at the table were Ryan Walker, the cartoonist; Horace Traubel, Leonard Abbott, J. B. Leeds, of Morristown, N. J.; Richard Hovey, of Sagoy, Georgia; J. Smith, of the Board of Education; John Spargo and Courtenay Lemon.

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John Spargo told Mr. Smith that if he and the others in the Whitman Fellowship labored under the delusion that they were a select and superior few who alone comprehended Whitman's genius and labored under the impression that Whitman's messages were over the heads of the plain people, that they were indulging in something perilously near the border line of snobbery. Mr. Spargo declared there are ten times as many men in the sweltering tenements who read Walt Whitman as in the homes of the more favored classes.

"Whitman, his every word troubling with that virile life which they recognize as their own life," said Mr. Spargo, "meant more to them than to any other class."

Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes made a plea for "comradship," saying it was not enough to talk about it, that one must live it. She told of a woman whom she knew, a woman of leviable disposition, the owner of a great estate, one who is deeply religious and as standard as a good, honest, well-meaning woman.

This woman had been asked by a friend why she had not given more consideration to the working-class from whose labors her income was derived, and was even urged to return to this exploited class as much as she could afford as possible. The suggestion Mrs. Stokes said had been received as too utterly preposterous for consideration and the woman exclaimed: "My duty is not to the workers! I owe my duty to God!" "And she meant it," said Mrs. Stokes, who concluded with a plea for a better and happier society in which such unequal conditions and such sentiments would find no expression and all would be "real comrades."

Mr. Spargo explained that Eugene V. Debs was unable to appear, as the great audience which Mr. Debs had addressed in Carnegie Hall during the afternoon in its excessive enthusiasm and insistence on shaking his hand and otherwise demonstrating their affection, had completely exhausted him. It was nearly 8 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Spargo said, before the crowd would let Debs escape from what had been an afternoon meeting.

HANG THEM, SAYS COP

Schumacher Brands Strikers as Anarchists.

KOSHER BUTCHERS BETRAYED

They Trusted the Middlemen in Fight With Meat Trust Over Exorbitant Prices, and Got the Worst Of the Deal.

Another kosher meat strike has broken out on the East Side. This time it is the retail butchers against the packing houses and their middlemen. It is claimed on the strikers' side that a thousand shops are involved, while the other side claims only 150.

The strike commenced Friday when the packers raised the price of beef three cents, making the price practically prohibitive for the East Side population. The retailers were indignant, saying it would kill the trade. They called a joint meeting of their body, the New York Beef Dealers' Association, and the Hebrew Butchers' Protective Association. They met in the hall at 344 East 46th street at five o'clock Friday. Both sides pledged themselves to strike and stick.

On Saturday night the middlemen had a change of mind. They secretly went to the slaughter houses and bought all the beef on hand. On Sunday they did a land-office business, selling the meat at cut prices, much to the chagrin of the retailers who were still striking.

Those that were left in the cold then started to make things warm for their faithless friends. The retailers went to the police stations and reported violations of the Sunday law in non-uniform butcher shops. Magistrate House first fined a half dozen of the violators \$5 apiece, and then discharged the rest.

When seen by a representative of The Call, Elias Fleischer, president and leader of the strikers, said: "I was opposed to having our body meet with the treacherous speculators but the majority vote was against me. So we met them and found them anxious to strike. Charles Schumacher, their vice-president, was particularly

so. But they played us dirty, as I expected.

"The Beef Trust must have helped them for they sold meat at cut prices on Sunday. Schumacher lied when he told the morning newspaper that Texas chuck meat played out last week and that therefore he had to use Chicago prime beef at a larger price. Chuck meat played out nine months ago as it only lasts two months in the year."

Charles Schumacher, in an interview at the wholesale store of Schumacher & Biehl, 214-16 Broome street, said:

"The rise in the price of beef is on account of the increased cost of other products. These strikers try to force us to close our shops. We can sell meat at the increased price and they have no business to interfere with our business. These fellows are a bad lot. They are the worst kind in Russia. They are anarchists."

"When they had our men arrested yesterday, I went to the judge and told him all about it, and the thing stopped."

In the middle of the interview Police-man No. 905 stuck his head in the doorway and said hurriedly:

"Have any trouble? Remember, I am on the corner."

When informed that none occurred that morning, the policeman smilingly said: "We will hang those strikers if we can; if not, we will kill them." He then proudly walked off.

At five o'clock this afternoon a mass meeting of the striking retailers will be held at 66-68 Sheriff street. President Fleischer predicts a spreading of the strike to all quarters of Greater New York.

TWO DEAD IN AUTO SMASH

Detective Lanyon Wanted to Show His Friends He Was a Real Sport, So He Put on All the Power With the Usual Result.

Pinned under an over-turned automobile, two men were crushed to death on the Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, this morning as a sequel to an evening spent at Coney Island. Three others were injured. The only one to escape harm was Capt. John Lanyon, the owner of the car, who has a detective agency at 303 Broadway and an office at 371 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

The dead are: William Goubaud, 42 years old, of 1477 Pacific street, Brooklyn, and Thomas Nolan, 45 years old, of 242 New York avenue, Brooklyn.

The injured are: Victor Brandes, 45 years old, of 1742 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, fractured right arm and

GREAT IS SOCIALISM AND DEBS ITS PROPHET

So Acclaimed by Christian Socialists.

REMARKABLE OVATION TO LEADER

Cheering Lasted More Than Twenty Minutes—Edmond Kelly Hails Debs As Preacher Of A New Order of Society Destined to be Attained Within Century.

Acclaimed as the greatest preacher of the greatest crusade in history—International Socialism—Eugene V. Debs stood on the platform of Carnegie Hall last night and received such a greeting as has fallen to few men in any place at any time. With not an inch of room, the thousands packed into the great auditorium at the conclusion of the Christian Socialist convention, paid a tribute to Debs the embodiment of the cause which they support. It was twenty minutes before he could get quiet to begin his speech. One woman mounted a chair and cried out that Debs was "not a missing link—but a true embodiment of the God consciousness." She referred to a passage in an earlier speaker's address in which he declared that the scientists of the centuries to come when examining the skulls of the race of our day would classify them as the "missing links." Debs, the woman cried, "was surely an exception."

After his speech Mr. Debs received another impressive welcome. For more than an hour men and women, clergy and lay, rich and poor, educated and illiterates alike fought to get to the platform to shake his hand. It was almost impossible to escape, and when he got back to the Grand Union Hotel he was completely exhausted by his trying, but flattering ordeal.

Mr. Debs was in magnificent form and voice. Sentence by sentence he had to give pause as the thunderous acceptance of his revolutionary doctrine rolled back as the response to a great utterance for the salvation of men came from the great audience. The effect was electrical. Ministers of the Christian Church, some gray with the weight of many years, some young and risking careers by their adherence to the doctrine of Marx, were in the front ranks. Even the policemen (many of them there by the superior genius of General Bingham to watch President Roosevelt's undesirable citizen) forgot for the nonce their mission and, grabbing helmets, were in the ranks in enthusiasm.

In part Mr. Debs said: "A few years ago a fellowship such as this, based on such principles and with such a mission before it, would have been an impossibility. I applaud your proclamation and I need not say that it has my enthusiastic support. I am glad to take these ministers by the hand—for I admit that a few years ago I had a deep-seated prejudice against them—and call the comrades and work side by side with them in the greatest cause that ever confronted mankind."

"But these good men need not think they can escape the criticism that will be leveled at them on account of the honesty and manhood. They will soon know what it is to be branded an 'undesirable citizen.' I know that I can enjoy the respect of the majority only at the price of my own self-respect, and I prefer to keep my eyes until I can enjoy both. I stood in Fifth avenue a little while ago and faced the tide as it swept by, and I said to myself, 'The capitalists have no beneficiaries even among themselves.' I looked at their fine raiment and into their empty faces, and I thought of another street where conditions are just as abhorrent to me. In one they have everything and have produced nothing; in the other they have produced everything and have nothing. This is what they call civilization. I deny that there can be civilization worthy of the name in the capitalist system. I know that the great class to which I belong, the lower class, if you prefer, clothes, feeds and shelters this world, and I know that in this system as it exists you are reduced to slavery, and that you are but merchandise to be bought and sold not to the highest, but to the lowest bidder."

Mr. Debs then paid his respects to the Republican and Democratic parties, and said that the Socialist party was the only one that recognized a woman as a human being. The sweat shop, he added, ought to be the emblem of both of the old parties.

"Never mind what 'Big' or 'Little' Tim Sullivan or a labor boss who betrays you for the benefit of the exploiter says. I want you to do your own thinking. I want you to be your own leaders. I cannot do a thing for you, but there is nothing that you cannot do for yourself. If you want a picture of how degraded this State is in the eyes of the Union, contemplate how our representatives in the Senate of the United States. You should



WONDER IF I CAN LAND HIM!

ORGANIZED LABOR AT PARTING OF WAYS

Continued Hostility of Congress and Courts Leave No Recourse but "The" Radical "Box" Will Labor Move?

CHAPTER I. In the case of Loewe & Company vs. the United Hatters of America, the United States Supreme Court found the Hatters Union guilty of restraint of trade. According to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, that decision means that the Hatters' Union is to pay Loewe & Company three times the damage claimed and its legal costs. Loewe & Company claimed \$80,000 damages done to them by the boycott inaugurated by the Hatters' Union. The fine alone, therefore, amounted to \$240,000.

CHAPTER II. Following this attack of the courts on Union labor, Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, called for a national conference of all the heads of the international unions to meet with the executive committee of the A. F. L. in Washington. On March 19th, the conference presented to Congress a petition for labor legislation. The petition or memorial was signed by President Gompers, the executive board and representatives of eighty-six international unions. Their demands consisted of a bill to regulate and limit the issuance of injunctions; an "employers' liability bill"; an eight-hour law for all Government work; and an amendment to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which would exclude labor unions from its domain.

CHAPTER III. Although unusually very sanguine about labor legislation in a Republican-Democratic Congress—just why only the gods know—President Gompers after a month's inaction became anxious. Clamorous for action were his followers. About that time he inquired of Congressman Brumm, "a friend of labor," as to the status of the proposed labor legislation. Speaker Cannon, Congressman Brumm wrote, was hostilely determined that there was a plot to refer labor legislation to the Judiciary Committee, otherwise known as the "Congressional Cemetery."

CHAPTER IV. Meanwhile the National Association of Manufacturers kept bombarding Washington. Van Cleave, the president, was there to protect the "rights of capital." Van Cleave characterized Gompers as "a prairie wolf by hydrophobia," and the labor legislation as "the cheapest kind of doggy." He also instituted a campaign of telegrams from influential men to President Roosevelt, protesting against the labor bills. The White House was inundated with these messages. A copy was sent to the newspapers by Van Cleave's high-pressure agents. He ridiculed Gompers' talk about his "two million" Federationalists, his threat of "labor vote," etc.

CHAPTER V. The climax is well exemplified by the following editorial from the New York Evening Post: "The decision of the Administration to abandon its proposed labor legislation is wise. The measures under consideration, an anti-injunction bill and an amendment to exempt labor unions from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, would not have satisfied the labor leaders unless the provisions had been entirely in favor of the workman and against the employer. It is representative Townsend explains that Mr. Gompers and his followers have been so interested on this point that all possibility of harmony among these most kindly disposed toward labor was destroyed. If Congress had passed the bills which Mr. Gompers wanted, the courts would almost certainly have declared them unconstitutional as class legislation. The fact is that the chief reason for urging these measures was that the Republicans must 'do something for labor' before election."

CHAPTER VI. Congress adjourned Saturday. Number of Mr. Gompers' petitions enacted into law—O, O, O, O, O, O, O.

LABOR OFFICIALS AROUSED BY PERILOUS SITUATION

Court Rulings Are Condemned—Radical Action Must Be Taken If Unions Are to Be Effective.

Several officers of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor have expressed themselves on the situation growing out of the refusal of Congress to pay any attention to the demands made by President Samuel Gompers for labor legislation, chiefly an anti-injunction law and an amendment to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law exempting the unions from its effect.

Some of these expressions follow: "It appears to me that the labor forces must use politics as a matter of self-protection. The Federal judiciary, as it stands to-day, is a menace to the advancement of the working people of this country. It stands between the people and their oppressors. It seems absolutely important to me that something must be done to place the Federal judiciary in a position where it will be in a measure answerable to the people."

"The thing for organized labor to do now is to push the union label and also use its political power. If every union man and woman would demand the union label on everything they consume, and refuse to take the goods unless there would be no necessity for boycotts or unfair lists. In my opinion, the union label is the sign by which union labor must conquer."

DOUBT WRIGHT BROTHERS' CLAIMS ABOUT AIRSHIPS. Local Aeronauts Sceptical as to Specifications Filed for Patent, Insisting Vital Information Lacking.

Local aeronauts are sceptical as to the alleged revelations said to have been made by the Wright Brothers touching their flying machine. A French magazine, devoted to the sport, has been received in the city, while it pretends to inform the public as to the most essential points which make the Wright ship do what it is claimed to do, local experts deny the statements as being the actual facts.

RIP VAN WINKLE. Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?" "Yep," replied the tonsorialist. "Have I missed much?" "None we ain't standin' pat."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—Ellis O. Jones, in "Success."

MILHOLLAND SCORES RACE PREJUDICE

Leading Republican Condemns Agitation that Would Divide People on Ancient Issue and Perpetuate Evil Strife.

Mr. John E. Milholland, capitalist, and one of the best known Republicans in New York, in an interview with a Call representative, voiced his sentiments freely on race hatred. He had in mind the atrocious exaggerations and editorial treatment by the capitalistic newspapers of the recent dinner of the Cosmopolitan Club.

"Our table was centrally located. The dining room was crowded, mostly with bank presidents, railroad managers, merchants, all leaders in the industrial world, with their wives. Just after my arrival I was assembled when our table became the centre of attraction. To it came, from time to time, almost every guest, as Dr. Washington's presence became known. This continued almost until five o'clock, when our party adjourned."

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PUBLIC NOTICE. To all Labor and Progressive Organizations: You are requested to take notice that the Union Label has been withdrawn from the printing office of John H. Lenz, of 1274 Second Avenue, for repeated violations of the rules governing the use of same.

TO THE ENROLLED SOCIALIST AND SYMPATHIZER. A large meeting is to be held at the Labor Temple Hall on Thursday, from 2 until 8 P. M. English and German speakers will preside. All are welcomed by the Arrangement Committee of the 22d A. D., S. P.

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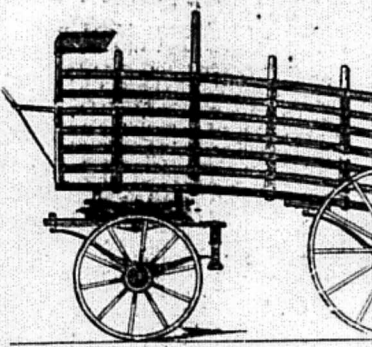
he is cordially welcomed to the tables of our best citizens. Nevertheless, Dr. Washington, a graduate of Harvard and Heidelberg, a scholar, thinker and prose poet, a leading sociological authority of the age, is compelled to ride in a "Jim Crow" passenger coach whenever he comes here from Atlanta, or pay for a drawing room in a Pullman car.

The State Board of Arbitration made an effort to settle the strike of the ice cream sandwich makers against the Consolidated Wafer Company, but it proved futile. The employers refuse to deal whatever with the strikers.

Several collisions have occurred between the men on strike and the strike-breakers the company has secured.



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NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1908.

It is greatly distressing but not largely interesting to observe the efforts, futile as they are frantic, of the Times to discover discord in the Socialist ranks.

The Times' editorial hired man is greatly disturbed in what he is pleased to call his mind because he fails to see how the Christian Socialists can consistently support the candidacy of Debs, "the revolutionist."

This point of ignorance is based solely upon a phraseological distinction. Those who comprehend the genius of the Socialist movement understand that all Socialists are essentially alike in their philosophy, and that all admit the inevitability of the Social Revolution.

For Debs it may be said that he himself is a Christian Socialist of the loftiest type, regarding with tenderest reverence the character and teachings of Jesus, who proclaimed Socialism and was crucified.

Instead of mythical difference and dissension, it really is the solidarity of Socialism that causes all this concern on the part of the Times. With all its mass of misinformation, it probably recalls that the nomination of Debs at Chicago was unanimous.

The Times attempts to ridicule Debs because he has presumed to predict victory for the Socialist movement, "which is drawing it pretty strong," is the comment, "on the part of a man who has twice been defeated."

The deluded workers found it a short march from the "full dinner pail" to the empty stomach.

Commenting upon the coming of Debs to this city, the Socialist-hating and Socialist-baiting Sun says: "According to Debs and the other Socialist leaders this will be a good year for the spread of Socialist propaganda on account of the number of men who are unemployed."

and then, to prove itself quite as thoroughly misinformed as the Times, it adds, "It is admitted by some of the Socialists that men sometimes are Socialists when they are hard up and out of work and cease to be Socialists when they become prosperous."

Sure this is "a good year for the spread of Socialist propaganda." Every year is a good year for the spread of Socialism. A more precise writer would have said that, for the reason assigned, this is an "exceptionally" good year for the desired results.

But the statement that "men sometimes are Socialists," etc., is what makes a hit with "some of the Socialists." It demonstrates anew the fact that "prosperity" is purely a comparative term. The man whose normal economic status is such that he reaches a condition of hard-uppishness the week following the loss of his job falls, of course, into a state of oriental opulence the minute he finds another master who is good enough to give him in return for his labor a sum sufficient to provide him with the oats necessary to keep up the requisite steam to do his work.

The workingman couldn't stand so much prosperity, so he dropped the "full dinner pail" and started to hustling for "hand-outs."

Philanthropy is sometimes a fad; more often it is a matter of business policy. Most charity is arrant hypocrisy; always it is a hollow mockery. In this connection a certain established charity in New York, one that has attained to institutional permanency and acquired a comprehensive fame, calls for some attention. This is the "Bread Line," established some years ago by one Fleischmann, baker, and since his death perpetuated by his son. The elder Fleischmann died a multi-millionaire. The present proprietor of the bakery and the "Bread Line" must be commended as a gentleman of considerable frankness. His place of business is to be moved one block from its present location, which gave the occasion or at least afforded an excuse for an inquiry by the World as to whether this change would affect the long-established "Bread Line."

"I would be a poor son of my father if I discontinued 'The Bread Line.' He always felt that his business prosperity was largely due to the good will of the public for his free hand in feeding the poor. When we move from our present location to the location one block north 'The Bread Line' moves with us. We shall continue to feed the hungry poor—well, as long as I live, and I sincerely hope that the practice will continue after."

Without question Mr. Fleischmann is right about the "Bread Line" being a good investment. The cost of maintaining it is infinitely less than the average advertising appropriation for a prosperous business of large proportions. Not only is it a living object lesson in effective publicity, but it is sure of being accorded liberal space in the newspapers—advertising of a quality superior to that which can be contracted for with the business office. Moreover, it makes a most favorable impression on the public mind, which of itself is always profitable in any business.

In moving his establishment Mr. Fleischmann, of course, moves the bread line. It is a commercial asset, and as necessary to his business as are the ovens, the wall-cases, the sales-counters and the cash register.

The active manager of the "Bread Line," Robert L. Prange, also had his say about the matter. "The old gentleman would be very angry," he indignantly protested, "were he alive to see all that has been printed about his PRIVATE charity." Then Mr. Prange adds: "A large sign notifying the poor of our new location will be strung across the building next week." This sign, of course, will be quite as informing also to the purchasing public. Which seems rather a protrusive form of publicity to inflict upon a "private" charity.

There is no intention in any of this to reflect upon Mr. Fleischmann because he has chosen the most ostentatious possible form of advertising for his business. Under a system that makes charity necessary or even possible, such methods doubtless are legitimate. So long as charity must be dispensed, there perhaps is no reason why it should not be made to yield a return to the dispenser. While private fortunes are built of human flesh and blood, starvation also can consistently be coined into profit. There are countless other things quite as cruel as trading upon human helplessness and humiliation, upon the wants of destitute women and despairing men and the pitiful wails of famished children. Possibly the relief thus afforded justifies a method of distribution which compels the weak and hungry to stand in line for hours while the bitter wind of winter bites through their threadbare clothing, that at the end of their slow journey they may be rewarded with a loaf of stale bread for which there is no market. It is the just law of compensation that none shall receive something for nothing, and so maybe it is meet that, in return for their dole and to prevent their being pauperized, these shivering wretches should place themselves upon public exhibition, flaunting their abject misery before the mob of morbid sightseers, in order to advertise their benefactor's business.

There is no spirit of criticism in this, it should be repeated. But in this commercialized charity the social philosopher can read a lasting lesson in the curriculum of the Coming Revolution.

So long as you ask for soup you'll never get Socialism.

NO. 1. "WEARY WILLIES"



WOULDN'T AUGUST BELMONT MAKE A SWEET-LOOKING PAN-HANDLER!

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

BY M. R. KERRA "Say there," and again, "Say there," attracted my attention to what I supposed was a "drunk" not far enough gone to take it easy. I turned in toward the rag-shed back of the paper mill where he lay propping himself on one hand and waving the other about. I saw at a glance by burning eye, drawn lips and pallor that he was sick and probably delirious.

"What's the matter, my friend?" I said when I stood over him. "I've got it somewhere," as he fumbled from one ragged pocket to another, "by God, I'm not so old. Got a damned—got a damned—say, how, any chop house, you know, here—about?" he mumbled.

"Why, man, you're sick! Come along with me," I said putting a hand under his arm. "No, you can't do the handout on me," and he pushed my hand away. I stepped into the paper mill office and Mr. M., the superintendent, phoned the hospital for an ambulance. At the hospital the stranger could give no account of himself and two days later he died. "Unknown young man. Deficient nutrition," were terms on the hospital records.

His number is 778 in the pauper row, for I noted 778 on the one before and the next. "You'll have to take charge of his effects," said the attendant at the hospital, when I made my usual Friday call. The "effects" came up. A bundle of old clothes and a small red tin box. Three diaries for the years 1887, 1888, and 1894, a lead pencil, paper knife, a pocket-knife, an old wallet with three clippings from what were evidently English newspapers, and a New Zealand emigrant's guide were the contents.

On the handle of the paper knife were rudely cut K. T. and that was absolutely the only intimation of a name.

Altogether, the diaries had about twenty entries. For the most part without any special significance as to whereabouts or occupation. Either the weather or some indefinite remark as "I think I will go over to Norwicht next week and see what I can find" or "I will leave here as soon as I hear from Cal."

June 1st, 1894—"I see I ain't write but twice in this one, but there is not much to write. It don't matter much now, anyway."

THE CHARGE OF BINGHAM'S POLICE.

(Union Square, March 28.)

By JOHN J. LONG.

Half a block, half a block, Half a block onward, Into dread Union Square, Rode the five hundred.

"Forward the mounted men!" Break up that mob!" he cried. Into that human tide, While their brave clubs they plied, Rode the five hundred.

"Forward the mounted men!" Did a cop falter then? Not though the bluecoats knew Bingham had blundered. Theirs not to make reply; Bluecoats never reason why, Theirs but to club or spy, Noble five hundred.

Starved men to right of them, Gaunt men to left of them, Weak men in front of them, Fearful, marched onward, Bravely, with clubs of oak, Right through the columns broke Bingham's five hundred. Then they rode back again, Scatheden and safe again, ALL the five hundred!

When will their glory fade? O! the bold charge they made! Wondrous five hundred! Ever, with voices and pen, Honored be Bingham's men! Noble five hundred!

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

This year marks a new era in American politics, an era in which it has been decreed that no real money shall be given for campaign contributions. The immense services of the republican party, however, which, as far back as our memory goes, has been engaged in the loyal and self-sacrificing labor of saving the country (with results yet in doubt), seem to demand that there be some recognition on the part of our prominent interests.

Mr. Morgan will send an imported emerald-encrusted robe for the platform. Mr. Ryan will send a Metropolitan street car that has been in continuous service for the past thirty years. Mr. Harring will send a pass-key to Sing Sing, for which at present he has no use.

Mr. Jerome will send his record. Nothing has been of more value to our financiers. Mr. Depew will send— Later: No, he won't. Mr. Rockefeller will send his regrets. Life.

UNION MEN AND THE CALL.

By JAMES P. BOYLE, Secretary of Brooklyn Central Labor Union.

Will the union men of this city give The Evening Call their patronage and support? Will they welcome it as their newspaper—the medium through which correct information may be disseminated to the working-class?

Unfortunately the people of this city are given to reading the trashy evening papers, because there are no other kind.

The new evening paper, if it gives the news truthfully, briefly and accurately, covering consecutively the important happenings and omitting the demoralizing details of scandal and crime, should for these reasons alone attract the vast majority of the working people. We are morally and mentally sick from the sewer-gas that flows from the daily press. We are in crying need of a fresh atmosphere exhaled from our evening paper.

The Evening Call has everything to gain by being a real newspaper. On this ground alone, it should successfully appeal to the workers, as they will get more for their money than they do now. All union men know the need for a paper to fairly present our cause. The newspapers with very few exceptions lie about our strikes, distort and suppress news of our movement and bitterly assail us editorially.

The Evening Call must give decent treatment to the labor movement, and adequate space to the news of labor, because its existence depends upon its ability to please the working people.

Our own members fail to get light on union matters because the press does not report accurately or adequately our important events. When President Gompers speaks in protest against recent court decisions in behalf of three millions of organized men, most of the papers give his utterances less prominence and space than they give to a Sunday school picnic.

With daily information about trade union matters, the rank and file will intelligently follow and actively support the officers of the unions. Once most of the union men read a working-class paper there will be less complaint of the indifference of the rank and file, and their failure to attend labor mass meetings and make effective protest against their wrongs.

To-day labor is dumb because it is deaf. It is deaf because there is no voice to speak to it, and blind because there is no light to guide it. An evening paper of our own will be a voice to lead and a light to guide.

There is then every reason why the working class should support The Evening Call.

ANARCHISM AND SOCIALISM

From the New York Evening World.

Few people know what anarchism and socialism really are. This ignorance applies both to the general public and to many so-called "anarchists and socialists" themselves. Selig Silverstein thought he was an anarchist. In fact he was as crazy as Guiteau, Czolgosz and every other assassin whose distorted brain dwells on the delusion that the course of human nature can be changed by a bomb, a knife, or a revolver.

To harbor a belief that killing a policeman will reform society is in itself an insane delusion. A man who has the hallucination that he is Julius Caesar is no more insane than a man of the Silverstein type. Anybody else who has such delusions as Silverstein should be promptly locked up in an insane asylum before he can do any harm.

Anarchism and socialism, instead of being alike, are opposites. Each sets up to be a correct philosophy, but they are as far apart as the north and south poles. To believe in either in itself no more warrants assassination than a belief in free trade, or the government ownership of railroads, or the Aldrich currency bill.

Anarchy is a Greek word, meaning "without government." Theoretic anarchism is the belief that men should and will become intelligent, so self-contained and so wise that they will voluntarily do what they should do. There would then be no police necessary, because everybody would be good; no armies, because there would be no possibility of war; no courts, because everybody would be just. Such governmental functions as supplying water, furnishing schools, distributing franchises and the like would be done by wise and voluntary co-operation.

Socialism is the opposite of anarchy in that under socialism everybody would form part of the government and committees would apportion labor and its results, both production and consumption. No means of production would be individually owned. There would be no private capitalists and no private wealth except in such personal property as clothing, food and individual luxuries.

The socialist state would see that everybody was fed, clothed and sheltered. How the products of labor would be apportioned, the hours of work and what everybody should receive, the committees on behalf of the community would determine.

The old Jeffersonian doctrine that "that government is best which governs least" is the nearest practical expression to theoretic anarchism. All governments operate in the great middle ground between socialism and anarchism. The modern tendency is toward more socialism rather than less. Every assumption of functions by the Government is a step toward socialism. Every law regulating the hours of labor or the rate of wages or the methods of employment tends toward socialism.

The Union Square gathering was not a meeting of anarchists, but of socialists. Its promoters were advocating that the city or the State should furnish work and wages to all the unemployed. This is one of the fundamental planks of socialism.

SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY.

