









# A STRIP OF BABIES. WHAT THEY LIKE MOST



- (1.) TO PATTIE-CAKE FOR COMPANY. (2.) TO PULL THE TABLECLOTH. (3.) TO BLOW OUT THE MATCH. (4.) TO ROCK. (5.) TO RIDE ON BROTHER'S BACK. (6.) TO HAVE A DOLL PARTY. (7.) TO RIDE-A-COOK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS ON UNCLE BILL'S FOOT. (8.) TO BE "WALKED" AT 2 A. M. (9.) TO LOOK INTO THE MIRROR. (10.) TO PLAY IN WATER. (11.) TO LOOK AT THE "FUNNY PART." (12.) TO PLAY "MAMA." (13.) TO SAY A PIECE. (14.) TO PLAY WITH ITS BIG TOE. (15.) TO WEAR PAPA'S HAT. (16.) TO GET THE PRIZE AT THE BABY SHOW. (17.) TO PUT THE PENNY IN THE BANK. (18.) TO "SCARE" MAMA. (19.) TO PULL GRANDPA'S WHISKERS.

## OUR SHORT STORY.

### NOT IN THE CATALOGUE

By HARRIS BALDWIN.

The reading room was as quiet as a tomb. Now and then some student turned a page impatiently and the paper gave forth a sharp rustle as though aggrieved at such irreverent treatment, but visitors and attendants alike moved about with silent tread, rubber caps rendered chair legs noiseless when they were moved and the very card catalogue drawers moved on silent ways.

Linda loved this quiet. After the clatter and clutter of a busy office, which she had been compelled to escape because nerves threatened to grow unruly, the bookish silence of the reading room was more than grateful. She was sorry when the closing hour came and, after a brief interval spent in checking up the slips and seeing that the books were replaced in their proper stacks, she had to go out into the turmoil of the busy street.

The quiet place was never lonesome. Linda had many friends among those quiet, studious men and women who spent their days poring over old reference books. There was the little old woman from the costumers who spent days over old books in a search for correct pictures of the dresses of by-gone days; there was the little old German who was reading everything he could find upon chemistry, and there was the tall, quiet man who displayed a singular catholicity of taste. One day it would be books on astronomy that he wanted and again he would be interested in geography or chemistry.

It had puzzled her until one day he had volunteered the explanation that he had found it profitable to look up material for men too busy to wade through a mass of words for the few essential facts they needed.

Of them all this man Ballington was the most regular in his attendance and seemed the most like an old friend. It was he who had quietly aided Linda with suggestions when she had first come to the room. He had been a boarding man here before the days of the routine than she did. But it was often that Linda was able to help him with a suggestion as to some new book, for her heart was in her work and she was something more than an automaton, dealing out the books called for with mechanical indifference.

Ballington, Richard Ballington—she knew the name from his slips—seemed almost a part of the reading room itself, so regular was he in attendance and his good morning smile was a pleasant opening of the day's routine. Last Christmas he had brought a little gift the day before the holiday and sometimes, when luck was particularly good, a box of candy would come back with a book. It was seldom a pound, more often it was a half-pound or even a quarter, but these days were bright ones in Linda's life. Just as his boarding hours were free to her days, the summer before their vacations had overlapped and for an entire month she had not seen him. She was glad when the vacation was over and she could come back to her place at the desk with the beloved books around her and with Ballington sitting in a chair in a far corner where he was least likely to be disturbed.

To-day Linda felt an odd sense of miscontent. She had a touch of the grip and her head ached, while her breakfast had been spoiled through the clumsiness of a new cook at the boarding house before the day of the visitors to the reading room had been unusually exacting in their demands for books.

For once Linda was glad to see the hands of the clock creep around to closing time and she knew that in an hour more she would be free to hurry home and creep into bed. Just before the hands reached the closing hour Ballington rose from his place and brought a book to the desk. Then, instead of leaving, he went over to the

catalogue and began to scan the cards in one of the drawers. For a few moments Linda watched him, then he looked up with the familiar glance of appeal and she came over to the catalogue drawer.

"Stuck for a title?" she asked in a voice so low that it scarcely seemed to be a whisper. "What's the letter?"

"L," said Ballington. "Lo," to be exact.

"Logging?" she asked. "That's under lumber."

"Not logging," he denied. "It's a shorter word. L-o-g-e."

"I don't think that's catalogued," she said in dismay. "It's a funny subject. Suppose we look for Romance?"

"Just what I was going to suggest," agreed Ballington promptly, but as the girl reached for the drawer his hand closed over hers as it rested on the knob.

"Let's look for romance, but not in books," he pleaded. "I know that this is a silly sort of proposal, but I love you, little girl, I've been sure of it ever since last summer when I missed you for a whole month. These two weeks when you were away I simply could not do any reading. I've been trying ever since to tell you, but I didn't see how. I don't want to hang around outside of the library until you come out and I do want you to know that I love you. Will you help me look for romance, Linda, even though it is not in the titles?"

"I think it is in the catalogue," she said softly, "but if you'd rather, I'll help you after hours."

"There may be a romance in the catalogue," said Ballington, "but not as good a romance as there is in this moment just outside the drawers. You do care a little bit, Linda?"

"Since last vacation," she admitted. "You may come this evening if you like—to begin the study."

Ballington made a note of her address and left the place with elastic step and beating heart while Linda, with headache and grip forgotten, went back to the desk to receive the books the readers were returning. As she gave a final look around, as the last book was stacked and the day's work done, she patted the catalogue cabinet as she passed it.

"You're awfully wise," she whispered, "with your thousands of titles, but you haven't a 'Love' and I'm sorry for you." Then Linda walked out to enter a new world.

### A VINDICTIVE REPTILE.

The fer-de-lance is found on the island of Martinique and Santa Lucia, where the natives counteract its virus with a decoction of jungle hemlock, and the basis of its grewsome reputation seems to be the fact that it does not warn the intruders of its haunts after the manner of the cobra or the rattlesnake, but flattens its coils, and, with slightly vibrating tail, awaits events.

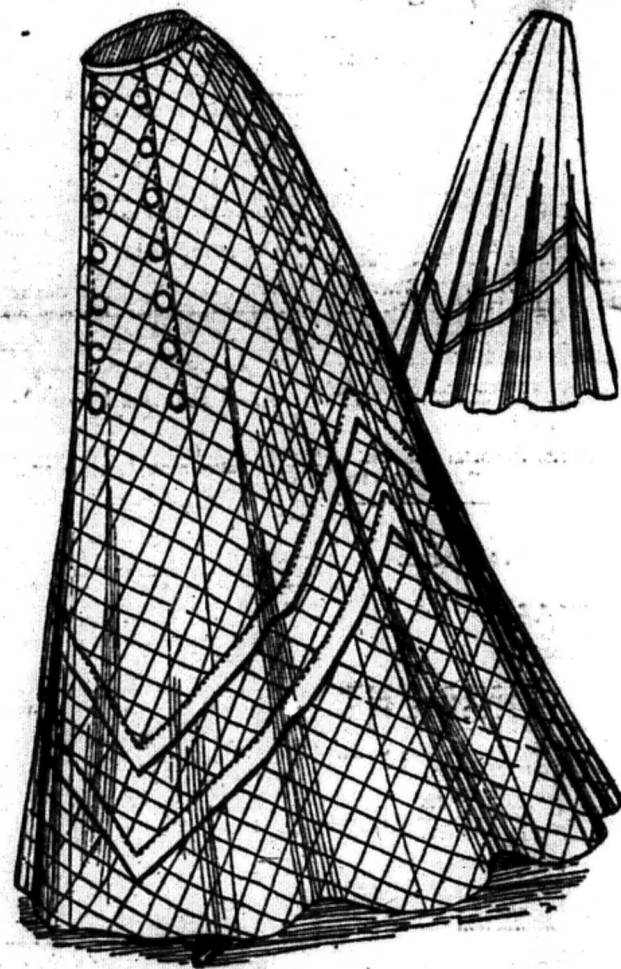
If the unsuspecting traveller should show no sign of hostile intent he may be allowed to pass unharmed within two yards of the coiled matadore, but a closer approach is apt to be construed as a challenge, and the viverron, suddenly rearing its ugly head, may scare the trespasser into some motion of self-defense. He may lift his foot or brandish his stick in a menacing manner. If he does, he is lost. The lower coils will expand, bringing the business end, neck and all a few feet nearer; the head points like a leveled rifle, then darts forward with electric swiftness, guided by an unerring instinct for the selection of the least protected parts of the body.

And the vindictive brute is ready to repeat its bite. For a moment it rears back, trembling with excitement, and if felled by a blow of its victim's stick will snap away savagely at stumps and stones or even, like a wounded panther, at its own body.

So—"Pa, why does Mr. Ring say his head is as clear as a bell?"

"Pa—'Cause there is nothing in it but his tongue."—New York Tribune.

## EVENING CALL PATTERN.



6032—Nine Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist.

### NINE GORED SKIRT, OUTLINED FOR TUNIC TRIMMING 6032.

Perforated for Walking Length. The plain gored skirt is an unquestioned favorite of the moment, but it is varied in a great many ways so that the fact means nothing like monotony. Illustrated is a model trimmed to give the tunic effect and with ornamental buttons on the front gore. As illustrated it is made of lustrous mohair with bands of taffeta attached with beading silk, but it is adapted to linen and to other washable fabrics as well as to wool, indeed, to all skirting materials this can be made in the plain gored style with success.

It would be charming made of linen with either heavy lace or braiding in soutache between the bands, it would be exceedingly handsome made of pongee and it is appropriate for all the wool suitings. Again, it can be made in round or in walking length so that it suits both the simple costume and the more elaborate one.

The skirt is cut in nine gores and is laid in inverted plaits at the back. The bands are arranged over it on indicated lines and are stitched to position at the upper edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 10 1/4 yards 24, 6 3/4 yards 32 or 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide if material has neither figure nor nap; 7 1/4 yards 24, 5 1/4 yards 32 or 4 1/4 yards 44 inch wide if material has neither figure nor nap; 1 yard 34, 3/4 yard 32 or 1/2 yard 44 inches wide for folds. The pattern 6032 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of The Call on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

### EVENING CALL PATTERN COUPON.

No. 6032. June 24.

Name.....  
Street and Number.....  
City..... State.....

Size Desired.....  
(Size must be put on coupon.)

To obtain the pattern above, fill out this coupon and enclose ten cents in stamps or coin. Address Fashion Department, New York Evening Call, 6 Park Place, New York City.

"Have you some short-cake?"  
"We have; and each piece contains six gorgeous unrivaled berries. Six—count them—six."  
"My man, you were not always a watter?"  
"No, sir; I used to be press-agent for a circus."—Kansas City Journal.

City Nephew—"Well, uncle, did you have a good year?"  
Farmer—"Did I? Gosh, yes. I had four cows and three hogs killed by railroad trains and two hogs and nine chickens killed by automobiles. I cleared near a thousand dollars." The Bohemian.

## A TRYING LANGUAGE.

Japanese is not an easy language even for the native born subject of the Mikado, but it is very difficult of acquisition by the Westerner. Clive Holland, in his book "Old and New Japan," does not give foreigners any encouragement that they will ever be able really to learn the language. It takes a Japanese child seven years, it is said, to learn the essential parts of the Japanese alphabet. To use a Japanese dictionary, Mr. Holland says, one must be familiar with no fewer than 214 signs, which may be said to serve the same purpose as initial letters in American dictionaries. Then after one has tracked down in one of these 214 signs some part of the character for which he is about to undertake an exploration he still has a veritable north pole hunt ahead of him.

The pompous first personal pronoun is avoided whenever it is possible in speaking Japanese. If it must be used it is introduced casually, but generally the abstract noun "selfishness" serves in its stead. For example, a Japanese would not say "I don't drink wine," but "Wine don't drink," or, if this is not clear enough, "Selfishness wine don't drink." Reference to one's own possessions must be depreciatory. Thus if a man wishes to point out his own residence he says, "That miserable house," which, of course, could refer to no other than his own. On the other hand, "That beautiful house" would easily identify the house as belonging to some one else.

Moreover, any one who wishes to learn Japanese must be prepared to learn two languages, the written and the spoken. The one differs so materially from the other that if a Japanese is reading a book or newspaper and wishes to do so aloud, it becomes necessary for him to translate the written words into the colloquial. To be able to read any of the higher class Japanese newspapers, Mr. Holland says, it is necessary to master at least from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.

## CHINESE PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

A remarkable event occurred at Tsingkiangpu. A man by the name of King had a son who made his father and mother "lose face" because of the wild, rakish life he led. He gambled, loafed, smoked opium, etc. If he stole, his father would be taken to the yamen, and the whole family would suffer for the son's villainy, and the vital question was, How could the family be protected? At last they arrived at the conclusion that the only way to protect the father and mother was to take extreme measures with the son, which they did with a vengeance. The father and uncle look him out among the graves, followed by a crowd of curious neighbors and friends, and, putting a rope around his neck, each relative pulled on an end, and the son was put beyond ruining the family in this world.—North China Herald.

## TIP TO VOTERS.

The man who works for a living should vote for Taft or Bryan if he wants  
To be robbed of three-fourths of his product.  
To get a dinner pail half full or quite empty.  
To see his family go down hill.  
To be cussed for not working harder.  
To be blacklisted by the bosses.  
To be injunctured by the judges.  
To be clubbed by the police.  
To be intimidated by the militia.  
Otherwise, he should vote for Eugene V. Debs and Ben Hanford.

A first-grade boy brought perfect spelling papers home for several weeks, and then suddenly began to miss five and six out of ten.  
"How's this, son?" asked his father.  
"Teacher's fault," replied the boy.  
"How is it the teacher's fault?"  
"She moved the little boy that sat next to me."—Christian Leader.

## The Changing Style.



### THE NEWEST MODE FROM OVER THE SEAS.

In sharp contrast to the modes of the past two or three seasons are the new costume models which the great French couturiers are exploiting as the latest dictates of Dame Fashion. In these beautiful creations of such soft clinging fabrics as crepe de chine, mousseline and similar slinky weaves the sleeves are small, quite tight fitting in many cases, and often of the mousquetaire type, and bodice and

skirt swathe and drape the figure revealing its very line and curve. The tunic is featured strongly in these new ideas, as is also the long train and the scarf or sash of soft diaphanous materials beautifully embroidered, draping the shoulders and swathing the bust and waistline, the long ends depending gracefully to the hem of the garment. Great picture hats of quaint shaping are worn with such costume.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE, PASSION, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

Love.  
The universal insanity!—Life and ruin, the maltreatment and decadence of the soul. Psychologically, love is the heart's attraction to what reason cannot explain; it is the eyes' attraction, the blood's "the" smile's, the grace's, the voice's.  
The philosophers call love "the affinity of fluid"; the intellectual and physical atoms of two beings who attracted through their eyes and their words must have been once part of one body.  
Talking after the natural laws, the homogeneous elements attract, and dissolve themselves, making a formidable single organism.  
Some physicians tell us that love is a malady, and passes through three periods—desire, possession and satiety.

Passion.  
Passion is variable, but the sincere love is the true love; passion is a positive sentiment and very vain; the real love is a divine sentiment and produces the immobility of a being; passion drives noise and fanfarade; but love likes solitude and mystery. But where can one find such love? Under the present system? Nobody.

Marriage.  
The lie and market of conscience. In this place the woman is the merchandise for which the man is doing the bargaining, and so on. Therefore, the curious thing is that she is doing the buying, because she supplies the money.

Divorce.  
A comedy with a series of uninitiated tableaux.—From the Roumanian by Louis Reiss.

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HER MEMORY NEEDS NO MONUMENT OF MARBLE.

Sermons not always are taken from texts nor conveyed by words. That one is the best teacher who lives best the lessons his teachings proclaim.

Speech alone is as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Lavish language usually is used to fill a void.

In the rebuke of her presence the Pharisee stood abashed. She went among the suffering poor and saw no sin except the wrongs that were wrought against them.

Her life was rich in results, and her death is deplored by a world made poorer by her loss. Her bier was festooned with the fadeless flowers of a sincere sorrow and begemmed with the costliest crystals ever compounded in the laboratory of love.

She needs no monument to perpetuate her memory, for the hearts she has helped can never forget. No felicitous phrasing nor all the resources of rhetoric can add aught of merit to the record of good deeds well done.

"The Republican party has nominated its strongest man," declares the Washington Post. The rest of the bunch must be suffering from nervous prostration.

VICTIMS OF ROBBERY ARE OBJECTS OF CHARITY.

fathers of the starving school children that the city refuses to relieve and who are in consequence being fed by private charity. The peddlers declare that they could support their families in comfort ere they not persistently persecuted and systematically robbed by the police.

It is this continual harassment and pillage, it is asserted, that is largely responsible for the distress on the East Side. Whatever may be thought of the desirability of the push-cart man, there can be no two opinions about the outrages to which he is subjected by the police.

These men are robbed to destitution by public servants, and then are criticised because their children are objects of private charity. Isn't there great danger that the body civic will suffer from ptomaine poisoning in the process of reabsorbing Roosevelt into private life?

Men have so long been taught that it is the proper caper to die for their country that it isn't so hard to convince 'em that it's just as nice to starve to death for capitalism.

It is said that on the lordly Twombly estate near Madison, N. J., the stalls of the blooded cows are equipped with shower baths. And the millionaire masters, when speaking of the toilers whose deprivation of the decencies of life made possible this bovine luxury, sneeringly refer to them as "the great unwashed!"

Hetty Green, reputedly the richest and stingiest woman in America, gave a dinner at the Plaza Hotel which cost \$20 a plate, preparatory to her proposed invasion of Newport society, and the panic-stricken monkeys of that renowned resort of moneymaniacs are hiking back to the jungles

By Our Amateurs.



ONE OF HIS BREAKS.



BILL SIMPKINS—WELL, AIN'T I A FOOL.

JUST STICK FAST!

All desperandum! is the cheerful cry of John Kimberly Mumford in the last number of Harper's Weekly. America is still the "land of opportunity."

GRAFTING UNDER SOCIALISM.

The college-bred kiddies and the hacks are slaughtering Socialism, entirely to their own satisfaction, by exposing graft, and the temptation to graft, in the present stages of municipal ownership.

ANOTHER APPRECIATION.

The New York Evening Call, the new Socialist daily, does credit to the Socialist party and to the entire labor movement.

PHILANTHROPY.

In a New York street a wagon loaded with lamp globes collided with a truck and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver as he gazed ruefully at the shattered fragments.

THE BOWERY.

By P. A. LEVENE.

In her interesting article "On Fifth Avenue," Miss Charlotte Teller relates of a friend who had chosen for his promenade Sixth Avenue, while the author herself preferred Fifth Avenue.

CAPITALISM'S CONFESSION.

By BEN HANFORD.

The strong man fights fair. He relies on his strength to win. The man with a righteous cause fights fair. He relies on his Cause to win.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Editor of The Call. As recently reported in The Call, the Rev. T. B. Slicer says that his "most serious objection to Socialism is that it is a religion which would largely disappear if society were organized on the basis which Socialism advocates."

RHYMES AND JINGLES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

