

## MCCARREN TURNED DOWN BY BRYAN'S ORDERS

### Democratic Deputer Works Smoothly.

#### Guffey of Pennsylvania Also Comes Under the Ban—Murphy Supreme in New York Delegation—Hot Fight in Committee.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION HALL, DENVER, July 8.—Patrick H. McCarren lost his political life to-day, for the time being anyway, when the committee on credentials threw him out of Mr. Bryan's convention and every other delegation that dared to stick its head up in a place not approved of by Bryan, had it cut neatly off at the shoulders by the alfalfa reaper, which worked as smoothly as did the Republican steam roller.

Guffey Thrown Out, Too.

Colonel Jim Guffey, of Pennsylvania, was also neatly decapitated for having thrown stones at Mr. Bryan's stained glass window. The men who contested the seats which were given to his delegates on the temporary rolls were seated in the place of Guffey's own and the anti-Guffey men were given a majority in the delegation so that Kerr will have a majority in the state delegation and will probably be elected national committeeman from Pennsylvania.

Fight in the Committee.

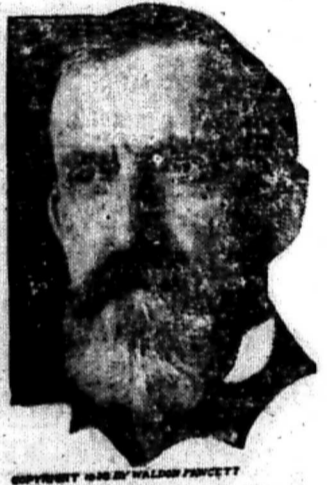
In one of the bitterest arguments that were heard by a national credentials committee, Patrick H. McCarren, of Pennsylvania, fought for his political life last night and Bird S. Coler, his enemy in Pennsylvania, replied in a speech bitter and scathing against the long leader. The issue in a speech in which he presented the loss of New York if he was not seated did McCarren raise his voice. It was after 2 o'clock this morning when the New York contest was called up and McCarren and his benches had been waiting since 5 o'clock to be heard. He was even whiter than usual, and there was not a shadow of expression on his face when he got up to make the fight which he knew would be a losing one, for he was slated as a victim for the alfalfa cutter of the convention. Around the walls of the room were a number of supporters, who occasionally gave him applause and told Dan F. Cohan, who interrupted him, "Shut up!"

Even when he faced most dramatic toward the end of his plea McCarren maintained comparative calm. In a level tone he said, pointing his finger at the committee: "I want to tell you, gentlemen, that you have no more chance to carry the state of New York than I have to be Prime Minister of England, unless you unite the party of the state of New York. The Democracy of Kings, which is a principality, is the most independent party in this country, and if you do it injustice no man in the world can hold it."

beat which is purring in ecstasy. For alone of the bosses, Murphy has escaped the decapitation for being bad for these many years.

It was Murphy and his men who coated and prepared the dope for the platform, "a radical pill, sugar coated with conservatism," which is to be forced down the throat of the Democratic donkey.

Not that Murphy's platform will be adopted as drafted by Lewis Nixon, Judge Parker and others, and which includes the Gompers draft of an anti-injunction plank guaranteeing a trial by jury. But the suggestion that Murphy and others be allowed to draft such a platform for a consideration indicates an honored place for Murphy and the gift of the Vice-Presidential nomination to New York's delegation. The Committee on Resolutions have the platform



JOHN W. KERN.

On the theory that it would be wise to select a candidate from Indiana on the ticket with Bryan, Chairman Taggart has been urging the name of John W. Kern as the best man for the Vice-Presidential nomination. Mr. Kern has been in Indiana politics for many years. He was Democratic candidate for Governor four years ago, and in 1905 received the Democratic endorsement for United States Senator. He was once city attorney for Indianapolis, and before that official reporter for the State Supreme Court. He lives in Indianapolis. The idea of Mr. Taggart is that Indiana will this year be a doubtful State and that it might be swung into the Democratic column by State pride if Kern were on the ticket.

Program for To-day.

At 12 o'clock mountain and 2 o'clock eastern time, the convention will meet. Organization for permanency will begin.

Then comes the fight over credentials and a minority report, with Col. and such recruits as he could gather overnight to assault the sway of the master mind.

The report of the platform committee will come next. And more fighting, according to W. F. Sheehan, who bolted the New York caucus night before last rather than join Bryan's forces.

In the fight against the platform former Senator Smith, of New Jersey, pledged to fight Bryan to the death, will lead.

If the platform is disposed of to-day, the nomination of Bryan will come on Friday; that of his mate on Friday at the latest.

Indications of Tammany Underlordship.

The purr of the tiger was heard early yesterday when, well surrounded by corporation attorneys, Murphy sat in an aisle seat. At the extreme end of the line with him was Judge Parker, ready with his Cleveland enigma.

Temporary Chairman Bell made the first spontaneous hit when he said: "The writ of injunction shall not be converted into an instrument of oppression."

When the call of the States was completed, Ignatio J. Dunn, of Nebraska, rang in the Bryan resolution on President Cleveland which called for adjournment out of respect for Cleveland's memory.

There was no applause during the reading and only perfunctory stirring at its conclusion.

Shouts for Parker brought the Judge to the platform after much pleading. He was given an ovation.

"It was my purpose," he said slowly, taking a couple of sheets of typewriting from his pocket, "had I been so fortunate to catch the eye of the Chairman, to have offered the following resolution for adoption:

No signal to shut him off came from Chairman Bell, no resentment showed in the Dunn quarter. And the tiger purred louder in satisfaction.

But the clause calling for the nomination of a Cleveland Democrat had been "modified" out of the resolution.



## ERIE THREATENS WAR ON RATES

CHICAGO, July 8.—The management of the Erie road has gone on the warpath again and unless its demands are met there will be another rate war between Chicago and New York.

It developed to-day that the Erie has threatened to put in a rate of \$19 from New York to Chicago, second class, and a correspondingly low first class rate, unless the payment of commissions and salaries to agents for westbound domestic business is immediately discontinued. At the recent conference held in New York, at which the presidents agreed to stop the payment of commissions on steamship business east bound, and at which the Erie agreed to take out its \$16 rate to New York, it was developed that all roads, Standard and differential, were paying commissions on domestic business and were also paying salaries to agents. The steamship business westbound is not involved as it is handled by the immigrant pool which the railroads have maintained for years.

NEW MANHATTAN BRIDGE.

Workmen were busily engaged this morning laying the footpaths across the Manhattan Bridge. As soon as that part of the structure is completed the cable makers will be ready to put the giant supports in place.



CHAS. A. TOWNE.

Chas. A. Towne, of New York, is always a possibility for any nomination. As the choice of the allies, Republicans and the Populists eight years ago for Vice-Presidential nominee he has had experience in Vice-Presidential nominations. He declined these and was named by Governor Lind of Minnesota to fill an unexpired term in the United States Senate. Later he was sent to Congress from a New York Tammany district. After a short service in Congress he retired to go into business and promotion enterprises in New York City. Towne is regarded as one of the most brilliant speakers in the party, but his political career has been rather erratic for the more regular members of the party.

In the calmness of expected explosion Judge Parker wound up smoothly by saying:

"I beg, therefore, to second the resolution of the gentleman from Nebraska."

It was the "sign over the door," and it read Bryan and Murphy. The Dunn resolution went through with a standing vote.

Adjournment was put off while they killed twelve of Guffey's delegates.

## HOT WAVE IS BROKEN; COOLING BREEZES ARRIVE

### 24 Dead—100 Prostrated, Yesterday's Record.

#### Two Weeks of Scorching Temperature and Excessive Humidity End With Arrival of Long Promised Relief—Period One of the Worst the City Has Known.

New Yorkers never swallowed a more delicious mouthful than the first chunk of fresh, cool air which was served up to them this morning after a dozen days of scorching heat.

Just how the comparatively cool weather struck the trail for Manhattan nobody knew and nobody cared. The weather man had kept at his old joke of "showers," but, of course, none arrived. Only the regulation fake clouds rolled around town yesterday afternoon threatening all kinds of thunderstorm and cooling nobody.

The night kept up the suffocating work of the day, and folks that awoke through the small hours of the morning felt no promise of better things and could only swear despondently. Right up till dawn the heat kept its hand on the city, and then the change whisked in without warning.

A map uptown was dreaming the same old dream of having descended to a certain spot and being suspended on a red-hot grill. A grinning figure in red was tossing on an extra bucketful of coal and giving the blazing flames an extra poke when, like a flash, the dream switched into another scene.

He dreamed that he was asleep on an iceberg, with polar bears dancing all about, while at his elbow stood a waiter, all in white, with a tray, and on the tray a long, long julep from which a straw lifted its tip invitingly. The man took a long draught at the straw and the cool liquid seemed to seep through his veins deliciously. He awoke to fill his lungs from a real, bona fide sea breeze that swept across his bed.

The temperature through the night showed some queer changes. Beginning at 82 degrees at midnight, there was a sudden drop to 75 at 1, followed by a rise, to 78 at 2 o'clock. After that there was a gradual fall in temperature until 7 degrees was reached at 7 o'clock. The same figure was recorded for 8 o'clock. It was 73 at 9 and 71 at 10 o'clock.

The humidity dropped all the way down to 63 at 8 o'clock, a fact which accounted for the comparative crispness of the atmosphere. A fresh southwesterly breeze set in at about 7 o'clock and completed the good work. There was no sign of the "showers" prophesied by the Weather Bureau, but the "cooler" end of the prediction had come true beyond question. The moderate weather would continue to-day and to-morrow, the forecast declared.

The relief came none too soon for the exhausted city. Already the two weeks of the heat wave had scores of deaths recorded to its account and several hundred prostrations. Leav-

ing aside official figures, the long-continued heat and high humidity made the period one of the worst the city has known.

That the length of the spell was having a cumulative effect and that the sun rose each day on a city more and more exhausted was plain from the devastation wrought yesterday. Twenty-four deaths from heat were recorded in the twenty-four hours up to midnight last night, and nearly a hundred prostrations in the same period.

The suffering last night in the tenement districts was intense. All through the East Side the roofs, sidewalks and fire-escapes were crowded with sleeping families, and the open stretches of the parks and piers were filled as well.



CONGRESSMAN H. D. CLAYTON, Alabamian Who Is Permanent Chairman.

## HOUSE DYNAMITED BY BLACK HAND

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 8.—Because he refused to pay tribute for protection to the Black Hand gang, the house of Frank Cerutti at Browntown, near here, was dynamited this morning and badly damaged.

For some time Cerutti has been receiving letters ordering him to pay tribute to the Black Hand, and declaring that if he did not his house would be dynamited. He paid no attention to the threats. This morning the dynamiting occurred. A large charge was placed on the front porch. It destroyed the porch, broke every window in the house and damaged the front badly.

The occupants were shaken out of their beds, and cut and bruised, but not seriously injured.

The state constabulary is searching for the dynamiters.

GIRLS WIN STRIKE.

SHEROYGAN, Wis., July 8.—The local telephone service was tied up for two hours to-day by a strike of the girl operators, who demanded a week's vacation on pay and got it.

## PLUTES CONTROL AMID HOT AIR AND YELL

### BRYAN LIBERAL NOT RADICAL Conservative Organization Evolved from Party.

By LINCOLN STEFFENS. (Copyright, 1908, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

DENVER, July 8.—It is understood here that Mr. Bryan is to appear in person at the convention and that, once here, he will take all the responsibilities of his leadership. Good; but late. He doesn't propose to arrive until after he has been nominated, and by that time very little will remain to be done. It is said that he will move to abrogate the old two-thirds rule and let the majority nominate candidates in Democratic conventions. But; but unimportant. With one traditional exception, I be-

### DELEGATES ARE NOISY PAWNS Old Guard of Privilege Owns Party.

By BRAND WHITLOCK. (Copyright, 1908, News Enterprise Association.)

DENVER, July 8.—The old guard surrenders, but it never dies. While the hands were playing, and the flags were flying, and the parades were parading, and the Alfalfa Bills were hurraging in the hotel corridors, in the midst of the hubbub and hurrah, the bawling and the blowing about the good old party and how to be a good Democrat, it captured the organization. The delegates gathered in the Auditorium to nominate Bryan; the temporary chairman came through floods, from Lincoln to strike his gavel at high noon over a Democratic convention that turns out to be Democratic with a very big D. Bryan wins—and loses. The old guard was so meek and mild and modest. It was willing to nominate Bryan to make terms, to have peace and harmony, and then to let those who will vote for him. And all the while the old guard, here to represent not the people, but privilege, not men, but money, were scheming, cunning, manoeuvring, and now turn up in control of the machine. Look at the result of the elections in the delegations from Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and Kansas. Here privilege wins; has put its men in control of the party machinery. Privilege can wait; it is only four years more till there will be another election, and in control of the machinery, privilege stands a better show of controlling both parties. Privilege is non-partisan. All the interests ask is to control the organizations of both parties. Then no matter which side wins, the people lose. Privilege is willing to let Bryan have the nomination this time; it will cut him and trade him at the polls, and meanwhile keep control of the organization, which is the main thing, so long as men vote automatically, putting their party above principle, above the nation, above humanity.

See what they did to Governor Folk in Missouri. See what happened in Kansas. Take the typical instance of Tom Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, a real fundamental Democrat, who under-



WOODROW WILSON.

Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton College, was boomed industriously by Eastern Democrats for the Presidential nomination. The boom did not get very far, but its unexpected energy has lately been turned to the promotion of a Vice-Presidential boom. The fact that he hails from New Jersey appeals to such politicians as figure out the same geographically. The fact that Wilson is a college professor and a writer of books on government, and with an avowed conservative, have made the Eastern wing of the party favorable to his nomination. Western Democrats wonder whether he would receive the cordial endorsement of Mr. Bryan.

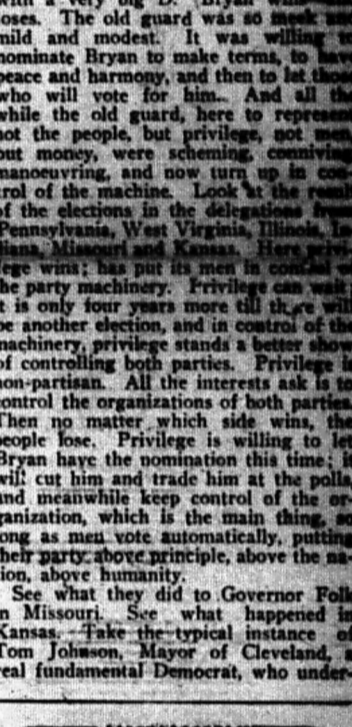
Here, a majority has never failed to see that two-thirds climb into the bandwagon.

Mr. Bryan should have been here from the very start. Roger Sullivan was; Mr. Bryan would have done well to come with Mr. Sullivan. Anyway, it is not in the interest of Democracy and good government to let the bosses come and keep the leaders away. And Mr. Bryan knows how useful to be on the floor ever since 1896.

Mr. Bryan thinks the delegates should choose candidates and draw platforms, and that would all be very Democratic, if the delegates represented the people. But they don't, and what's the use of pretending. We aren't children. The Democratic party, as it is organized, is no more Democratic than the Republican party, as that is organized.

The whole conduct of the convention shows this plainly. After Mr. Bryan's denunciation of him, the Pennsylvania delegation upheld Col. Guffey, the Standard Oil agent, who is the Democratic lieutenant of his Republican boss, Quin. Mr. Bryan's denunciation in Lincoln might have availed in Denver. The "request" from Lincoln to the Illinois Democracy did not hurt; it helped Roger Sullivan. On the other hand, Tom L. Johnson, one of the liberal Democrats among the political leaders of either of the old parties, has been kept off the National Committee by the Ohio delegation. Bryan wanted Johnson to manage his campaign as chairman of the executive committee. Gov. Folk is turned down by the Missouri delegation. And that is the way it has gone in West Virginia, California, Michigan—most of the State organizations, which make the personnel of the national organization, have shown themselves against Bryan and a progressive or liberal policy.

When Mr. Bryan is nominated by the force of public opinion he will go forth as a liberal with a conservative organization behind him. That



GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oregon has a call on the Vice-Presidential nomination in the person of Governor Geo. E. Chamberlain. Governor Chamberlain is the popular choice for United States Senator to succeed Senator Chas. W. Fulton. At the first test of the new popular primary law Chamberlain secured more votes than either of his Republican opponents and in spite of the fact that the Legislature is Republican, it is anticipated that they will be obliged to bow to the primary and elect Chamberlain to the Senate. Oregonians claim that a man with such a record has a strong claim on the national convention of the Democratic party. Geo. E. Chamberlain was born in Mississippi in 1854.

stands economics, probably the ablest man in the Democratic party to-day. He was rich, but chose to follow his ideals to do good for humanity. He is working on the biggest Democratic job in America to-day, one of the most important the most significant, one that has the largest relation to the future of Republican institution. For the city is the hope



PEECH OF BRYANITE

Temporary Chairman's Address at Denver.

Denver, July 8.—The address which was made yesterday at the temporary chairman of the Democratic national convention...

There are three things that this convention should do. It ought to present to a plain and intelligible manner the various industrial conditions that are besetting the peace and happiness of our country.

The Democratic party is not the enemy of property, but to the contrary, it has always stood and will continue to stand firmly against every species of aggression that would destroy or weaken the right of any man to enjoy the results of his industry...

So long as we maintain the present method of electing United States Senators we cannot hope that the upper chamber of Congress will reflect the popular will.

There has been received at the headquarters of the Poster Artists' Association of America, at Erie, Pa., the referendum sent out by the poster artists in favor of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor.

PLUTES CONTROL AMID HOT AIR AND YELL.

is, in part, the people's fault, and they will overlook it, no doubt. Anyhow, they can't resent by going over to the Republican party on that account for something very like it happened in Chicago.

There is one way in which President Bryan might force Democratic legislation through a Democratic Congress. If he had an explicit platform he could use it as a club.

The oldest American national union dates back hardly more than half a century, and many unions much less than that, as shown by the following list:

International Typographical Union of North America, 1850. Tackmakers' Protective Union of the United States and Canada, 1854. Shoe Cutters' Union, 1854.

There has been received at the headquarters of the Poster Artists' Association of America, at Erie, Pa., the referendum sent out by the poster artists in favor of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor.

BAND CONCERTS IN PARKS TO-NIGHT

Again the cheerful, melodious, withal superbly constructed "Poe and Paganini" overture of Franz von Suppe will take its place on a park concert program, when it is played to-night at Mulberry Bend Park by Penroyer's Orchestra and Concert Band.

What makes all this possible? Who is responsible for the act that the old guard of privilege can control both parties? Why you, whoever you are, who cheer every time your party's name is bawled, you who never look below the bird on your ballot, you who are with your party before everything else, you are what makes it possible, you are responsible.

Money talks. When the publishers of The Call claim that the labor organizations of this city recognize and support this paper as their champion, the claim is based upon facts.

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FIGHTS TO-NIGHT

Harry Scroggs, Joe Seiger; Princess Club, 1199 Broadway. FIGHTS SCHEDULED. Mike Donovan, who is to fight Willie Lewis at the Roman A. C. Friday night, will arrive in town to-day and finish his training for the bout at New York.

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INSTRUCTION. PIANO LESSONS TUNING

By Professional Teacher And Expert Tuner. Address: PROF. J. CHANT LINES, 530 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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MAN FELL FROM PIER INTO RIVER

An unidentified man fell into the East River from Pier 30, where he had gone to sleep to escape the heat early this morning.

OLDEST LABOR UNIONS.

The oldest American national union dates back hardly more than half a century, and many unions much less than that, as shown by the following list:

A POSSIBLE CALAMITY.



Calender Jones (stepping out the door after a heavy night shower): "Waal, I declare! Ef dem watahmelungs mus'n' a' bus' in de night an' flood de patch!"

EMPLOYERS USE THE BOYCOTT

Mrs. Emma S. Helms, of Summit, N. J., vows she will bring suit for damages against the Master Plumbers' Association of that city, whose members, she declares, have boycotted her.

NO HEARST SUPPORT FOR PEARLESS ONE.

CHICAGO, July 8.—Charles A. Walsh, of Iowa, secretary of the provisional national committee of the Independence party, denied yesterday stories sent from Denver and Lincoln to the effect that the Hearst organization might endorse Bryan.

PHARMACISTS.

George Oberdorfer PHARMACIST. Prescriptions a Specialty. 2393 8th Ave., near 128th St.

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS.

Top floor, 3 rooms and bathroom; private house; for light house keeping; half block from Prospect Park; nice neighborhood; \$11 per month. Address M. K. The Call.

When Purchasing Tobacco or Cigarettes ALWAYS DEMAND

This Label of the T. W. I. U. The Houston Dentists 240 Eldridge Street, Cor. E. Houston. Painless Extraction Only 25c. FINEST CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK. Partial Payments Taken.

Our Daily Puzzle.



The natives of Lalpuit were very much interested in Gulliver's watch. (Gulliver's Travels, by Swift.) Find another man. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. Right side down, in collar and hat.

WANTED—Man able to collect statistical data; look up literature, and otherwise assist an author of a book on labor; remuneration very moderate. Address with particulars W. & H. care The Call.

WANTED—Musician who can sing and play for entertainment; work in Maine. J. E. H., 26 Duane street. WANTED—Boilermaker, out-of-town work. 20 Duane street.

Wanted—A young farmer. Call between 1 and 3 p. m., 20 Duane. WANTED—Farmer; married man. J. E. H., 26 Duane street.

Bronx Lots near Elevated and Subway \$600 up EASY TERMS. A. SHATZKIN & SONS 149th St. and 3d Ave., N. Y. (Open also Sundays.)

Build Your Home on one of the choice lots we are selling in the most beautiful section of the Bronx, fronting on Boston road, within 1 minute of station of four-track electric subway extension NOW being completed by the New Haven R. R.; prices \$800 up; easy terms call and see.

WEBER & HILL 368 East 149th St., N. Y. (Open also Sundays.) Co-operative Homes. QUIT PAYING RENT. OWN YOUR OWN HOME. The most successful plan ever devised for co-operative home ownership if you are interested send for information to Free Home League, 4 Abingdon Square, New York City.

NEW YORK REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. A RARE BARGAIN. 200 lots, high and dry; street opened. Lots near village. \$100 each is quick buyer. LYNCH, 254 Fulton Street, Jamaica, N. Y.

FLATBUSH SACRIFICE. Eight-room, 2-story, brick house; good condition; all improvements; best transportation; \$2,500. North 84th Street, HAMMOND, 1100 Flatbush Ave.

LONG ISLAND REAL ESTATE. BUSINESS MAN, PRESSED FOR MONEY WILL SACRIFICE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES. ALL LIGHT, ALL IMPROVEMENTS, (2 SETS), INCLUDING BATHS, PUMPS, TOILETS, RANGES, ETC. BEST SECTION CORONA. L. 1. \$4,000. \$1,000 DOWN. BALANCE EASY PAYMENTS. ADDRESS "URGENT," EVENING CALL, 6 PARK PLACE, N. Y.



# GRANDMA'S YARNS.



THE PEDDLER.



THE TINKER.



WHEN THEY AROSE FOR CONGREGATIONAL SINGING THE YOUNG PEOPLE WOULD HAVE TO BREAK BREADS.

## A POOR PEDDLER'S FATE

### Grandma Tells of Grandpa's Courting Days and the Good Times They Had

The old time peddler is almost a thing of the past, though every once in a while he hops up, seemingly just to remind you that once he existed as an institution, and not a relegated, solitary instance.

Elizabeth's mother opened the door. "We don't want anything to-day," she said.

"Oh, let the man come in," said grandma. "It's been so long since I've seen one of his kind he's good for the day."

Grandma bought a comb, a package of needles and a cowbell, and allowed the old fellow to depart.

"What on earth do you want of a cowbell?" asked Elizabeth's mother.

"What on earth do you want of a cowbell?" returned grandma, gaily. "There's more music for me wrapped up in that old cowbell than in all the pianos in town. Oh, no, I'm not going to make a practice of playing on it. I'll promise you that. I'm just going to look at it. And there are some pianos not more than three-whoops-and-a-holler away from this neighborhood which would sound much better if they were looked at more and played upon less."

"But, seriously speaking," she went on, "that bell carries me back to the happy days of my early childhood, when earth seemed new and young, because I was. Many's the time I've hunted up my old Sukey by the sound of her bell, and driven her home, the rest of the cows following the bell. Anyway, every well regulated family ought to have a cowbell, if it's only to show that once upon a time they were not dependent on the municipal regulations for pure milk. The days of peddlers and cowbells have almost gone, but they were both great conveniences in their time."

"In those days the peddler was usually an old German who learned the business in the old country. In his packs he carried almost any and everything. He got around on an average of once a month, and if he didn't have what you wanted with him, you could give him an order and he'd bring it the next trip. My Aunt Charlotte larkin used to buy pretty near all of her quilting pieces from one old fellow that used to come around regularly. He bought all the old wads from the largest dry goods store in Louisville.

"And there's another thing that's done by the way—quilting. Nowadays you go to a department store and buy your quilts ready made. What sentiment is there in connection with such a mechanical affair as a quilt? Why, you just ought to have seen Aunt Charlotte when she was giving a quilt. She'd keep a-trying and a-trying and a-trying, and she just wouldn't let up until she found the piece that blended or harmonized, and the way she told us, was this: she'd hold the piece close to the piece she was going to match it with, and then she'd close her eyes till she just barely could see, and then if it didn't all look like one piece, Aunt Charlotte wouldn't have it for love or money. All her quilts were dreams. I tell you.

"Peddlers were not the only pedestrians in those days. The shoe-

maker and the tinker were regular callers; the tailor, too. All of them brought their tools, and whereas the tinker seldom got more than a day's work, the tailor and cobbler were each usually good for a week or more at one house. But they only came once or twice a year.

"It often came about that as towns grew and their stays grew longer, the shoemaker or tailor would open up a little shop and settle down there for good. Many good businesses throughout the United States which have descended from father to son and expanded, were started just in that manner.

"Would you believe it? They used to put rosin in the soles of children's shoes to make them squeak. It was the fashion, and it drew attention to the fact that you had on new shoes. And, after all, that's about the only excuse for fashions—to draw attention to something new.

"I recollect something strange that happened at our place just shortly before my father moved to town and opened his store. We lived six miles from town, and mother and father had gone to church. It was Sunday morning. I was left at home to take care of the baby. I was eight years of age then.

"A rap came on the kitchen door. I opened it. There stood a strolling tinker. He didn't ask for work. Even the tinkers didn't work on Sundays then. He asked for a drink of water. I got it for him, and he thanked me. "I'll just go into the washhouse," he said, "and wait for your parents to come home. I suppose they are at church, are they not?"

"I told him they were, and he went to the washhouse. Soon he returned, without his pack, but with his tongs in hand and begged a live coal. He said it was somewhat chilly and he laid a fire in the wash-house to keep warm till my parents came, when he would do his mending work for the morning. I let him take the live coal. Soon smoke was issuing from the washhouse chimney.

"It was not long before another knock came at the door. This time it was an old German peddler, who had often been at our house before, and sometimes had slept in the wash-house or the haymow over night. He

too, asked for a drink of water. I gave it to him, and he went in the direction of the washhouse, where, from the indications of the smoke, the tinker's fire must have been burning merrily.

"I don't know what happened when the peddler came in upon the tinker. Something startling must have happened, though, for soon the smoke ceased to pour forth from the chimney, and it wasn't long before the tinker had packed up his kit and departed, evidently with the intention of going on into town.

"When my parents got back from church they brought the old peddler in to dinner, and as there was nothing to do but wait for him that trip he, too, left for town. Shortly after he had gone mother sent me to the washhouse for something, and I noticed that the tinker's fire bore evidence of having been hastily extinguished. The charred sticks and ashes were scattered all around, and mixed up in them were many splashy bits of metal.

"A month and a week passed, and the old peddler did not return. Investigation showed that he had never reached town. A search was instituted, and the ground thoroughly gone over from our place into town. About half-way, and setting back some few hundred yards from the main road, was a deserted log cabin, and beneath its dilapidated floor was found the remains of the old peddler and his rifed packs. His pockets were turned inside out. It was thought the tinker had waylaid and killed him. And some time after the motive was made plain, when, in poking through the ashes of the washhouse, father came upon a crude counterfeit coin. The peddler had surprised the tinker in his nefarious operations, and the tinker had fixed him so he could not tell.

"They never caught the tinker. Means of communication were too meager. There were no railroads or telegraph, and, for that matter, very few regularly established mail routes. The stage only came to our town every

other day. It brought the mail. And after we had moved into town it was among my chiefest pleasures to watch its coming, for it used to swing into the outskirts of the town just down the road from where we lived. As soon as they made that turn, the horn began to blow, and business was suspended for the time being until the mail had been opened and the passengers duly inspected and put up at the tavern.

"When my Uncle Steve, as a young man, left for St. Louis, he took the stage out of town. He said long years afterwards that he only did that for looks. At the first stop he alighted, and from there footed it overland to the first landing place on the river. From there he worked his way up on the boat to St. Louis, saving the few dollars he possessed to tide him over till he should have made his start in the city.

"When he reached St. Louis, the first work he got was laying wooden blocks for pavements. He did his work well, and the contractor offered him a position as overseer. From that he went into the office, and eventually into partnership.

"After Uncle Steve had been in St. Louis two years, he wrote us that he was coming home for a visit, and for Uncle Nathan, his next younger brother, to have his things ready to come back with him. And I never will forget the morning he came. We were expecting him right along, and watched eagerly for each stage as it should come. This particular morning we had, as usual, gone to watch the passengers alight. But no Uncle Steve. Two more days, at least, we would have to wait.

"But, two more days? Shucks! The folks around there didn't know my Uncle Steve! Because, just as the crowd was largest, who should come riding into town but Uncle Steve, mounted on a pure white palfrey. And maybe you think his folks weren't proud of him. But the proudest of all was his mother, my grandma.

"After that Uncle Steve came back

each year or so, and took another brother back with him; until all told there were four of the boys in St. Louis. And they all did well. My father was the youngest, and he elected to stay at home. He had already engaged in business in a modest way.

"On his first visit back home Uncle Steve had made my mother a present of his white palfrey, and I was frequently allowed to ride the animal. I never saw a prettier piece of horse-flesh in my life, and never hope to.

"I will never forget how proud I was when the first circus we had ever seen came to our town, and there wasn't a horse in the lot that compared to my mount. The man that owned the circus tried to buy me, but my mother only laughed at him.

"That circus was the first time I ever went alone any place with your grandpa. He asked me in the morning while the parade was going on, I was only 14, but I had on by mother's riding-skirt, and my hair caught up to keep it in from flying, and, maybe, I did look old enough for him to presume. I wanted to tell him 'yes,' right away, but I knew I would have to ask mother first. So I told him I would see. Mother said I could go, and while we laughed at the clown and marveled at the gymnasts and the lady on the tight rope, munching 'roobers' and popcorn throughout the performance, and while I thoroughly enjoyed the circus in itself, yet the greatest delight was that I felt to think I had started to be a young lady.

"We only courted a little over two years. And courtships then were far different from now. About the only place there was to go to a party or to church. Of course, in the mornings I sat in the family pew, but in the evenings we young people were allowed the back seats. And many a hand was held many a Sunday night throughout the whole service in those back seats. It is true, when they arose for congregational singing, the young people would have to break hands, but that was good for them. It

gave the young ladies' fingers a chance to unfasten.

"And the parties, the candy-pullings, the corn-huskings, the house-raising, the picnics, the camp-meetings, the revivals, and all the other old-fashioned sources of innocent amusement—how obsolete they are now! They served their time and they served their place. They would be considered tame nowadays. They may have been tame, but they were not harmful; people didn't live so fast then. They lived within their income. Everybody had enough good, wholesome food to eat. Everybody had

plenty of clothing—and much of it they made themselves. There was very little want or woe. What there was in that line was due to laziness and not to lack of opportunity to provide against such.

"I may be considered old-fashioned and old-foggy," continued grandma, "but I am greatly of the opinion that folks were, if anything, better off in those days than now. You sometimes hear some old croaker say to his son or grandson, 'Ah, my boy, you don't know what hard knocks are! You just ought to go through with what I did!' He is a prevaricator, and he knows it. If he went through any hard knocks in those days, it was his own fault, and not the fault of the times or people.

"And if he were here I would tell it to him to his own face!" concluded grandma.

**Benevolent Microbes.**

It seems unjust that virulent micro-organisms alone should attract the attention of the populace, and that the countless millions of really useful bacteria should labor for the benefit of mankind in undeserved obscurity. The most useful of bacterial allies are indeed those which act as universal scavengers. As for the lactis acid bacillus, which Dr. Tyzer mentioned in connection with Metchnikoff's advocacy of sour milk as a beverage, it is hard to believe that many people will be found to prefer longevity fostered to a diet of curdled milk to the useful life-span maintained by the usual methods.

## EVENING CALL PATTERN.



6005—Misses' Blouse, 14 and 16 years. MISSES' BLOUSE 6005.

Every style of blouse that gives the continuous line over the shoulders is in vogue, and a great many charming effects are the result. This one, designed for young girls is exceedingly attractive and becoming, while the result is obtained by very simple means, as the trimming portion, which gives the continuous line, is cut all in one and arranged over the blouse after it is made. In this instance sheer white batiste is combined with embroidery, but all-over lace, or the material embroidered by hand, or almost anything of the sort would be appropriate for the garniture, and white lawn or batiste with some simple design embroidered on it in Copenhagen blue or rose color is one of the smartest possible things this season.

The blouse is made with the tucked fronts and backs, which are joined to the yoke portions and is trimmed between the groups of tucks. The sleeves are inserted in the armholes, after which the garniture is arranged over the whole. The lower edge is joined to a belt and in this instance the belt is of lace insertion.

The quantity of material required for the 16 year size is 2 1/4 yards 24, 3 yard 32 or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards 18 inches wide for the garniture, 3/4 yards of banding.

The pattern 6005 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper 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. 6005. July 8.

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## The Changing Style.



PRACTICAL THREE-PIECE VISITING COSTUMES.

A type of costume which appeals to the practical woman may be developed in rough pongee, English mohair or taffeta. For visiting, formal luncheons and afternoon receptions such a costume may be of taupe, chandron, old rose or medium blue. The grace-

ful gored skirt, with its V-tucked front panel, is quite as generally becoming as is the half-fitting and hip cutaway. This is practically sleeveless, but elaborately soutache trimmed and has an ornate waistcoat. The third piece is a soutache-embroidered jumper worn over a tucked white net blouse.

## MASCULINE MODES.

To describe the correct way of tying a bow tie is rather dangerous to do in print, because some men will not take the trouble to read the directions properly, and so they will get their ties into knots and themselves into fearful tempers. However, here goes: Put the tie around your neck and let the left hand end be about an inch and a half longer than the other end. The exact length depends on the size of the neck and the length of the tie. Then put the left hand end over the right and tie a single knot. Manipulate the tie in such a way that the left hand end now hangs down, covering the other end. This left hand, or top, end should still be about an inch longer than the other, because that is the end with which the knot is made. Make a loop in the underneath end and bring it out to the left. The left hand end still hangs down over this. Pull it tightly over the loop already made, make a loop in it and push the loop through to the right.

This last operation ties the knot, and all you have to do is adjust the bow by pulling lightly on the loops and ends till you have got them level. Then take hold of the underneath parts of the loops and pull gently; this tightens the knot, and the bow will then not come undone until the wearer wishes to undo it.

Recently a new silk hand-knitted waistcoat which is making a hit this summer among the swell dresses was described. But it is being worn practically with sack and lounge suits only, and for very dressy affairs with the frock coat, for weddings and such, the white waistcoat still holds its own, and it certainly cannot be beaten for smart looks.

The nicest summer waistcoat, suitable for wearing either with a morning coat or a lounge coat, is one of cream flannel or cloth, of very fine texture, with a simple pattern formed by thin stripes set rather far apart. To get the best effect the stripes should be of the same color as the tie. The waistcoat should be made single-breasted and without a collar. One could not very well have a "quieter" waistcoat than this, and yet it is a distinctly smart waistcoat. The stripes make one look a little bit slimmer in the waist than one would look if one wore a waistcoat with a large check pattern. A waistcoat with a large check pattern makes one look a little broader than one really is, and therefore both waistcoats are equally desirable and advantageous in different ways, and a man can take his choice as to which particular effect he thinks his figure requires.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1908.

MR. TOBIN MAY HELP IN EXPOSING THE SPIES.

Our exposure of the activity of employers' spies within the ranks of the labor unions has, as we expected, roused intense and widespread interest in labor circles—and in capitalist circles, too, we might add, though the employers have so far been discreet enough not to say much on the subject.

There are a few exceptions to this general rule of approval, however, and that does not surprise us. We did not expect the thanks of President Tobin of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, nor of Mr. Edward F. Donovan of Brockton.

But these two critics ought to have got together and compared notes before talking or writing for publication. The effectiveness of their criticism is weakened by the fact that they contradict each other.

Mr. Donovan denounces the whole thing as a "fake" which, he professes to think, was manufactured in this office for purposes of Socialist propaganda. Mr. Tobin, on the other hand, tacitly admits the genuineness of the documents by intimating a connection between their publication and the alleged disappearance of the minutes of a local lasters' union in Brockton.

JUST A SUGGESTION FOR THE EIGHT-HOUR LEAGUE.

The Eight-Hour League of America, composed of union sympathizers, is endeavoring to force the eight-hour question to the front as one of the principal issues in the Presidential campaign this year.

What will you do, if elected President, toward establishing eight hours as the maximum labor day for the overworked toilers in the factories, mines, and railways of this country?

Let them insist on a direct answer. They won't need to insist with Mr. Debs. He will have his answer ready for them. But let them insist with the other two.

As yet there is no injunction forbidding readers of The Call to explain to their wives why they should not buy any patterns or magazines published by the Butterick Company.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE IS ALWAYS A WISE MAN'S RULE.

It ought not to be necessary, but apparently it is, for us to state in so many words that the publication in The Call of a signed article does not necessarily commit The Call to all nor to any of the opinions expressed therein.

We are very glad of the opportunity to present to our readers Brand Whitlock's and Lincoln Steffens' impressions of the Republican and Democratic conventions. In what they write there is much which we heartily approve.

A WISE MAN IS ALWAYS GLAD WHEN HE CAN GET AN INTELLIGENT STATEMENT OF THE OPINIONS OF ANY THOUGHTFUL AND SINCERE PERSON WHOSE POINT OF VIEW IS DIFFERENT FROM HIS OWN.

As you sweater in your sweat-box tenements, just read how Attorney General Jackson is again "trying" to oust the ice monopoly.

JACOB RIIS ON SOCIALISM

By VIDA D. SCUDDER.

"I am not a Socialist," writes that great good friend of children and of all friendless folk, Jacob Riis, in The Call of June 2.

We have heard it so often! And it keeps so many people who have real socialist morals out of the movement and in the opposite camp!

For it sounds very well, you know. It gathers up into plausible, illogical unity the two eternal objections to our faith: Socialism can never be realized, for it could only be established and carried out by a perfect humanity; and Christianity is so entirely adequate to make humanity perfect that there's no need of socialism anyway.

A good many people appear to reason, or we should rather say, to feel, in a hesitating fashion, something like this: Christian ethics are probably impracticable. Obviously, all civilization as we know it gives them the lie; and civilization is a mighty convenient thing in some ways.

Christians Take Time in Trying Christianity.

Well, the scoffer has an easy retort at hand. Christianity has had nearly two thousand years at the job, and it hasn't made much of a success, so far.

Now what if we are getting ready to try it? That Christians should be the ones, of all people, to stigmatize Socialism as an impracticable dream, seems to some of us the queerest and cruelest of paradoxes.

"Girs, what if I turned Christian?" Browning's hero of "The Ring and the Book," the priestling Caponsacchi, awakened by the noble love of a pure woman, says to the shocked fathers of the Church.

Suppose Christianity really did get itself tried. Suppose—won't Mr. Riis and all other good un-socialist Christians think with us now for a minute?—suppose the world got converted overnight.

Everybody Turned Christian—a Dream.

As I was saying, I fell a-dreaming, and in my dream everybody was converted to Christianity overnight.

And the next (dream) morning, I took the trolley as usual, to go to my place of business. All the people in the car looked amazingly happy; we seemed to share a sense of something infinitely near, infinitely far, infinitely sweet.

"We've done this thing stupidly," said a fat man beside me. "We people must take hold of these cars, and see that everyone has enough room in them. We must manage them."

"I'm a salaried person in a department store, myself," said I. "Perhaps the corporation will distribute the goods free—"



Our factory owner's daughter Is as haughty as can be, She wouldn't even look at us, And just to think that we Pay for the gown she wears, Her auto, and her yacht, Her college education, And most everything she's got: It's hard indeed to be content, And harder when you know That you produce all the rich silk, And yet must wear the calico.

"It will be pretty hard on their competitors if they do," I reflected. "We slackened our pace a bit; we were both puzzled."

"There'll have to be a good bit of talking before we begin to make changes, I guess," said my companion. "Come into my place a while—here it is—and let's think things over."

So we sat down at a little table, and the waiter brought us coffee. He did it as if he loved to.

Just as we began to talk, another man walked in. He looked like a Presbyterian deacon. "I own some property down this way," he said. "I thought it was all right. I told my agent to keep the tenements in decent repair. I didn't think it much. But this morning I thought I'd come down—and I saw it, they tell me it's not as bad as most, but the first thing I've got to do is to pull the covers down. Can I have a cup of coffee? I feel rather faint."

Christianity Without Socialism Impossible.

Pretty much everyone had the same idea at first. He was going to carry out the Law of Christ on his own hook, in a hurry, without paying any attention to what other people were doing. But as the morning wore on we saw that if we did that things would get into a pretty good deal of a mess.

"Private benevolence, loosely coordinated at best, was well enough in the old days," said a secretary of the organized charities. "For the intelligent organization of society was mostly in the interests of selfishness. Charity was simply an incident, a kind of parenthesis. But now that the whole story from beginning to end is going to express good-will—"

Christianity Includes Socialism.

"See here," said he, "do you know what's happened?" "We're finding out what it means to create a Christian society," said I. "That's all right; but we're doing something else, too. We've drawn up the full Socialist programme."

"Eh?" said the fat man. "The young fellow nodded. 'The Christian community,'" said he, with emphasis. "has created the Socialist state."

But the Deacon had turned purple; he was as nearly angry as a converted man could be. "Socialism!" he exclaimed. "Socialism is the most pernicious enemy of society. It is the most goddess of theories; it disregards the most sacred rights—"

"Oh, quit that, brother," said the professor, affectionately. "But the Deacon was not to be silenced. 'I a Socialist!' he exclaimed. 'Never! I like all we've been doing. The old age pensions, and the protection of childhood; we shan't offend one of these little ones any more, not to speak of the thousands. I like the equal rights for women; how could the religion of the Madonna have denied the franchise to women? I like our restrictions on private property; no man will ever be rich enough again to need to creep through the eye of that needle; that's a thoroughly Christian plan on the face of it. But as for Socialism—it's a mere dream and a dangerous one. It will never be realized till all men are Christians, and then—'he stumbled a little over his words—'when they are Christians it won't be needed.'"

"Oh, quit that," said the Professor again, still more affectionately. "And I waked up—but rather slowly—out of my dream. Sometimes, when I read a Socialist platform, I think that I am still dreaming it; I think that the world is turning Christian after all."

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

National Secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, 180 Washington Street, Chicago. OUR CANDIDATES: For President EUGENE V. DEBS For Vice-President BENJAMIN HANFORD For Governor of New York, JOSHUA WANHOPF

Table showing GROWTH OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE with years 1888, 1892, 1896, 1900, 1904 and corresponding vote counts.

OUR COUNTRY. MR. TAFT.

What is perhaps one of the most glaring examples of unconscious satire is given voice to when wage-earners refer in patriotically moulded terms to "our country."

When Mr. Taft spoke of Grant's throwing off the yoke of strong drink he believed he was referring to a victory—not a thing of shame. He was referring to a victory; probably the greatest victory of Grant's career.

If you believe this is your country then take steps to reclaim it from the hands of that class which possesses it and support the political expression of your interests. Vote and work, not for "dividing-up" with the capitalist-class but for retaining the wealth you produce; not for "confiscation" of the property of others, but for recovery of your own.

I don't think that I should like to be married at all. As a philosophic bachelor relative of mine, whom ye ken well, once accounted for his single blessedness: "I don't think I could stand seeing a strange woman about the house."

EPIGRAMS.

Some mental specialists hold that we are all insane upon one point. I would invert that view, and maintain that some small proportion of us are sane upon some point.

"Well" is about as irritating a word as you can shove out to anyone who wants you to open a conversation. A man ought never to show that I is sorry for himself, but when he loses his capacity for so doing—well, he is done.

Once, when I was a little boy, I would not pick up a quarter I saw in the street car because my nobility of character whispered to my conscience. "No, Johnny, it is not yours—you will go to hell and be burned up forever if you take that quarter."

"Pa, what is a political leader?" "A man who is able to see which way the crowd is going, and follow with loud whoops in that direction." —Home Herald.

TO THE READERS OF THE CALL.

One of the most effective ways to help The Call is to patronize the advertisers. When making your purchases tell them you saw the ad in The Call.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.



She: "There are men who see their fortune before them and yet fear to grasp it." He: "That's my case at this moment."