









THE MUSCLE MARKET.

By ALEXANDER IRVINE.

The Muscular Dormitory.

Those who are waiting for something to happen... I asked Joe where the guests washed and he laughed. "Gee!" he said, "I wash me two times in one week."

again with gestures and fearful descriptions in broken English tried to dissuade me from going to Alabama. When we returned Franz came downstairs dressed in a light-tinting white duck tunic...

As Castle on the Princess Anne. It was at least a picturesque group that Charlie led to the Old Dominion Steamship Company's dock, where we embarked with between sixty and seventy others on the Princess Anne.

There were seventy-eight steerage or third-class passengers, three of whom were dogs. Those of us who could not be accommodated in the steerage proper were stowed amidships, just about the hold.

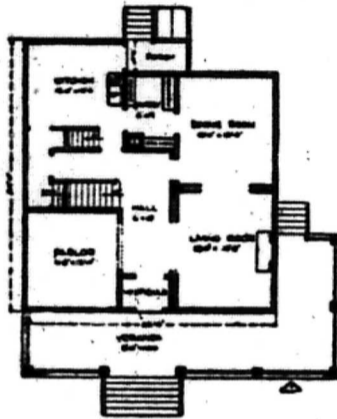
Two Story Frame House.

Large Square Rooms, Well Arranged and Lighted. Estimated Cost, \$4,000.

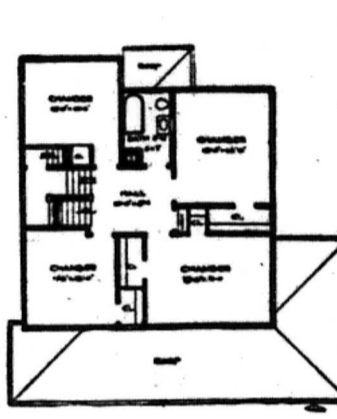
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PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

This handsome frame residence has many attractive features. The rooms are large, nearly square and well arranged. The parlor and dining room are connected by sliding doors that they can be thrown into one big apartment on occasions of social festivity.

HENRY WITTEKIND.

BOOK REVIEW.

"Russia's Message."

William English Walling delivers Russia's message to the world. Reviewed by Hyman Strunsky.

dressed young lady as she pointed at me, "that he's a Russian!" "Ah! he's a Russian!" said her companion, a young man, who stood beside her on the bridge.

Sunday evening we crossed from Norfolk to Portsmouth and boarded a Southern Railway train for the South. I was on the lookout for the Jim Crow car, but was not quite prepared to be forcibly jammed into one.

At Atlanta, Georgia, where they are more than particular, we had to change cars. We were marched into a car half filled with negroes. In the corner was a big yellow card, which read, "Colored."

LEARNING EARLY.

Teacher—If you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result? Scholar—They'll think they can lick me!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TO READERS OF THE CALL.

To tell a merchant that you patronize him BECAUSE HE ADVERTISES IN THE CALL does the latter more good than the effort of a salaried advertisement solicitor. By doing it you are HANDLING US MONEY. Keep this in mind.

gians." He finds him surrounded by his allies. With him there are the Black Hundred, the sum of all Russia; the Cossacks, a foreign tribe, for ages trained in the art of torture and bloodshed; the landlords, who keep the peasant down to a level of serfdom; and the Capitalists, those who lend the Czar money to carry on the war against his people.

But isn't Russia large, and cannot a hundred and forty million do away with a government that is obnoxious? Mr. Walling answers this question. He tells that "the government is not only highly organized, but that it is organized to fight the revolution. By the side of the first government a second has grown up—machine guns are within a few minutes of every public place, spies infest every restaurant and railway station, Cossacks are on the alert.

"The people must be ready to die," he says. "When they are ready to make the necessary sacrifice of life and everything that life contains, then only can they hope for freedom."

The author does not believe that Russia will have to follow the trend of Western countries and that it will have to undergo a period of Capitalism before they reach Socialism. The peasants realize that they are having capitalism now. Unlike the American workmen they know the difference between state Socialism and state capitalism, and they know that there is NO difference, as far as they are concerned, between state and private capitalism.

The author defines the significance of Russia's battle for freedom in its relation to the world. "The Russian right is in this sense a world fight indeed; \* \* \* Russia is, therefore, the only country where, under the guidance of the best knowledge and the highest ideals of our period, a new foundation is being laid for the democracy of the future."

"Russia's Message" is by far the most exhaustive work on the Russian revolution. And, though it is evidently written for those who have given the subject much time and great study, the remarkable way in which the author presents his material, coupled with the admirable simplicity of his style, makes the book interesting and the subject clear even to the uninitiated. Besides being a comprehensive study of the situation in Russia the book has all the elements of a human document.

THE SCARLET SHADOW.

Reviewed by JOHN R. McMAHON.

Walter Hurt is the Dumas of the social revolution in America. He can take a mine owners' sordid and business-like conspiracy to hang innocent labor leaders and weave it into an iridescent romance where dashing newspaper correspondents, pickpockets, courtesans and anarchists play a lively part.

To those not intimately acquainted with the Moyer-Haywood affair, many of the incidents in "The Scarlet Shadow" that are sober truth seem to be fantastic inventions. It is interesting to disentangle the actual cases of poetic fancy from the harsh facts, and it is a safe guess for the unwitting reader to assume that the license covers unimportant details while there is historical warrant for the most diabolical crimes charged to the mine owners and their tools.

gained by thinly veiled pseudonyms. Even the minor figures are recognizable to those who were on the ground or who closely followed the events. Eugene V. Debs of the great heart makes his journey to Washington to save the lives of his three prisoned comrades and he weeps over a child betrayed and mourns over a city degraded. He rises to a heroic height when he challenges capitalistic tyrants that they must hang him before they hang the men in Idaho. Fred D. Warren, as a newspaper editor, is shown uncovering the great conspiracy by direction of alert correspondents in the field and leading radical journalism to turn back the tide of an almost universally hostile public opinion.

Denver newspaper men figure largely in the narrative for purposes of comedy and otherwise. Witty brain prostitutes, always occupied in reciting verses or "tanking up" or both, they are mostly a Rabelaisian lot whose acts are scarcely of vital significance. "Honest Bill" the pocket, who argues that his trade is as respectable as that of the capitalist, is an engaging person, and there is more truth than fiction in the lecture of Marguerite Howard, the crib inmate, to a party of clerical slummers. It pleases the reader and is not hopelessly improbable that the daughter of the criminal mine owner Melnotte turns Socialist and falls in love with the redoubtable correspondent, Shoforth. The redoubtable correspondent had his faults, it is pointed out, he couldn't even resist a millionaire's daughter. McFarlane, the great detective, misses a little too vigorously to be the exact counterpart of the decrepit cobra some of us had the pleasure of meeting at Boise. The anarchist bunch, who drill troops and build airships in a deserted Colorado valley, are happily exploded by a charge of "Shoforth" before they can come to the misguided rescue of the Idaho prisoners. It is interesting to know that "Shoforth" is really deadly explosive, surpassing previous kinds, invented by a Kansas Socialist who uses it indirectly and lawfully for revolutionary purposes—he sells it for use in mines and turns some of the proceeds into anti-capitalistic literature.

The atrocities of the Colorado war leading up to the kidnapping and attempted judicial murder of Haywood and his companions are briefly though powerfully described. The story opens just before the Independence depot explosion. It ends with the triumphant acquittal of Haywood, with a few romantic accessories. The lovers love and the real murderer of Steunenberg—a cruel thing to take away the credit from Harry Orchard—blows his brains out.

Walter Hurt is a follower of Dumas, if anyone, and not of the Russian realists. He seeks the poetic and the magnificent. He loves to weave words in rich and colorful effects, sparkling like the minerals of his own Rocky Mountains under a cloudless sky. He makes gorgeous phrases and diamond-flashing sentences, not with the empty

purpose of the stylist but to arouse manhood and stir valiant hearts to beating in unison for a sacred cause. The "meter" of his language cuts convention to the bone. He is passionate, eloquent, audacious. A quantity rich scholarship mingles with modernity up to the minute. The object of very numerous chapter-headings quotations from Christian Fathers, Greek dramatists and Elizabethan poets seems obscure until we notice that all bear on the just for gold and we realize that the stake of the mine owners in their monstrous attack on labor's representatives is this same stuff quarried from the giant bowels of the Rockies.

Here are some gems, better than gold, from the author's pages: "The people are told they have popular government in order to silence their demand for it." "We'll have to emigrate to Russia in order to get a breath of freedom." "The ballot is the remedy all right, but those who grope for it in the dark are liable to get hold of the wrong bottle." "Economic inequity is the source of all iniquity." "Socialism is not a doctrine—it is a destiny." "There is no such thing as reform; revolution is the only remedy."

And the Clock Struck 1.



"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the clergyman on his first round of parish visits. "Well, I don't," replied the woman. "But my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign

EVENING CALL PATTERN.



6044 Five Good Under Petticoat, 23 to 34 Waist. FIVE GOOD UNDER PETTICOAT 6044. Close fitting underwear is absolutely essential to the smart, fitting gown at the present time and the five good under petticoat makes a desirable feature of the wardrobe. This one can be laid in inverted plaits at the back or gathered as liked, although the former method is to be preferred unless the figure is exceptionally slight. It can be made from lingerie materials and trimmed with embroidery or lace and it is also suited to flannel skirts. Also it can be finished at the upper edge with a belt or underfaced as liked.

EVENING CALL PATTERN COUPON.

Form for requesting the pattern coupon, including fields for Name, Street and Number, City, State, and Size Desired.

The Changing Style.



SATIN SEPARATE COATS SMART AND SERVICEABLE.

When long-felt want a separate coat order. Sleeves are wrist and three-quarter length and moderately full, and soutache, chenille and cabochon trimmings are most popular. Moderately sized picture hats of the "Daphne" accompany the satin coats. They are usually of a matching tone in chip or net, trimmed with coque or strich clusters.

THE NEW YORK EVENING CALL

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Andrew S. Draper, State Commissioner of Education, praises the European conditions under which "boys are expected to stay in the class where they begin" and finds fault with American educational methods because they encourage the children of the poor to "move out of their class and do a more intellectual kind of work than their fathers."

TEACH THEM TO RISE WITH, NOT ABOVE, THEIR OWN CLASS.

Teachers, librarians, and settlement workers have sharply taken issue with him, and they are quite right in so doing.

Dr. Draper says the American system leads children into mischief and encourages people to undertake things for which they are not fitted. He would like a hereditary aristocracy of culture, with a few trained for intellectual work and intellectual pleasures and the masses taught to be content as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Granted that there is more crime in this country than in almost any other. Granted that crime and vice and suicide and insanity are on the increase. Granted that our political and industrial life is marked by anarchic inefficiency worse, perhaps, than that of any country of Western Europe.

Change is the law of life. Contentment means inertia, paralysis, death. Whatever discontent prevails, wherever masses of people are striving for change, it is a sign that the community is alive and growing.

Some of Dr. Draper's critics, however, are only a little nearer the right view than he. They are conservative, while he is reactionary. They see only the good in the present system, while he sees only the evil.

Suppose you take a growing boy and rivet iron bands tight around his head and body and limbs. Pain and sickness will result.

Dr. Draper would say: "The boy's growth is the cause of the trouble. Put him on short rations and give him some deadening drugs to stunt his growth, and then he will be all right."

The critic whom we have quoted would say: "There is really nothing the matter. Stimulate the boy's growth all you can. If he is robust enough, the expansion of his frame will burst the iron bands in time. If not, that proves that he was not fit to grow."

We Socialists say: "Strengthen the boy and promote his growth, by all means. But above all, teach and help him to tear off the iron bands so that he may have room to grow in comfort and in health."

Which, being interpreted, means: Stop telling the child to "rise as far ABOVE his father's class as he can." Instead, tell him to strive with all his might to rise WITH his father's class. Teach him and help him, not to rise ALONE by CLIMBING ON OTHER MEN'S SHOULDERS, but to give and take a helping hand in the upward march of his class, so that ALL may rise in manly comradeship.

New York clergymen resent Registrar Guilfoyle's intimation that they neglect to file reports of marriages, as required by law. They say that fewer marriages are taking place, and attribute the falling off to the industrial depression.

NO GRAFT TOO SMALL FOR TAMMANY TO COVET.

"Great is Tammany," as Mr. Bryan says, but its greatness does not prevent it from stooping to the pettiest meanness as well as rising to the most gigantic forms of graft. A Public Administrator—an official whom (and well paid) to look after the interests of the widow and the fatherless—co-operating with the officials of a rich insurance company to divert a dead woman's poor little savings into the pockets of a favored undertaker—is it not a spectacle to make New Yorkers hang their heads with shame?

And perhaps the most shameful feature of the whole affair is the fact that the undertaker's man could confidently defy anyone to try to make the facts public, with his "The Associated Press is our friend, see?" and that three big daily newspapers could tell Mr. Joseph Fitzpatrick, the investigator of the affair, that they would not publish the story "because it would not interest their readers."

By Our Amateurs.



THE PROBLEMS OF SUICIDE.

George Kennan writes, in an article on "The Problems of Suicide," in McClure's recently: "In the suicidal tendencies of the sexes there is, as might be expected, a very great difference. In all countries and in all parts of the world, suicides among women are far less frequent than among men. The ratio varies from one to two to two to five. This difference is generally attributed to the supposed fact that women are sheltered and protected by men, as well as by their domestic environment, and that, consequently, they suffer less from the wear and tear of life; but I doubt very much the adequacy of this explanation. The life of women, in the world at large, is quite as hard as that of men, and often harder. In the higher and wealthier classes of society women may be, and doubtless are, sheltered and protected; but in the poorer classes they take their full share of the suffering, even if they do not bear the brunt of the struggle."

THE BETTER WAY.

Workingmen are advised to "vote for capable and honest men who no amount of money can corrupt." But how are they to know who is incorruptible? Can you pick out an absolutely honest and incorruptible one among the politicians you know? Is your judgment infallible in estimating the moral qualities of men? Why not use your best common sense and establish a system of government and industry that would reward honest industry and make corruption impossible?—Nome Industrial Worker.

If Adam set up a job on me. Six thousand years afore I was born. The sensible course, it seems to me. (When Gabriel plays his E-flat horn) Is to let Did Adam stan' up an' take whatever judgment his deeds require. An' if ether's to fry in a burnin' lake The Boss on the Job shud stan' the fire! —All Baba.

A DOUBLE NEGATIVE.

By J. T. SCULL. You lowered your eyes and whispered "No." When first I came to woo— You fain would jest with me, and so You lowered your eyes and whispered, "No." But 'twas so soft and sweet and low I dared to say, "Dost mean it, true?" You lowered your eyes and whispered, "No." When first I came to woo. —Nassau Literary Magazine.

DETAILS OF RUSSIAN PRISON BUTCHERY.

From our European exchange we learn the horrible details of a butchery of Russian political prisoners which took place on May 11, in the prison of Yekaterinoburg. It appears that the revolutionaries confined in department No. 10 of the prison conceived the idea of making their escape by blowing up the wall on the western side of the jail enclosure with some sticks of dynamite, which had been smuggled in despite the watchfulness of the turnkeys. In pursuance of this plan the dynamite was exploded alongside the wall, but without the result desired by the prisoners, as the wall was not destroyed, and the only result of the explosion was to attract the attention of the guards, who at once opened fire upon not only the inmates of department No. 10, but also upon those confined in department No. 12, which was located on the eastern side of the prison and whose inmates knew nothing about the plot to escape. The prisoners tried to take shelter along the walls and near some of the jail outbuildings, but all attempts to save themselves were in vain and the soldiers of the "Little Father" continued to pour volley after volley into the masses of helpless human beings, who were shot down like so many sheep. The firing lasted during half an hour and when the butchery ceased forty dead bodies and thirty-five severely wounded victims bore testimony to the prowess of the Czar's "guardians of the peace."

REMARKABLE, INDEED.

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation. "Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?" "Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "E was a 'Merican gen'ral." "Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?" "Iss, surr. 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth." The rest was silence.—Cassell's Journal.

THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER.

By W. L. D. THE PURR OF THE TAMMANY TIGER. This is a fable, nothing else: The tale of a Tiger prim, And it doth occur, that his smiling purr Was born in the hide of him. A little Convention came out to 'play On a pleasant afternoon, And it said: "Oh, my, we can surely try The strains of a passing tune." (For an innocent Tiger with such soft fur Could never play false to its harmless purr.)

So they romped awhile in the sun and shade And they flirted a bit, I ween; And the Tiger cat, he never said "Scat." As he rolled on the Denver green. The Little Convention was quite well pleased. As it joined in the festive sport, For it knew full well, you can always tell The tame, from the other sort. (And the sun went down and the sun came up And it found them slipping the self-same cup.)

As the Time sped on, as 'tis sure to do, The Tiger, he showed his 'claws, And he said, said he: "Now it seems to me That I'm painfully slow with my paws." So he whetted them up on some cold champagne, And he smacked him his lips, did he. Then he gobbled his chum, which was going some, With a: "Tastes mighty good," says he. (And the Little Convention disappeared so quick That it made all the others of Denver sick.)

Moral. You can never trust a Tiger, tho' soft its paws, For beneath the plush and velvet you will find his claws.

John D. Rockefeller announces his 69th birthday. (The good die young.)

Denver News Note—"Some of that champagne has begun to work."

WHY NOT? Ordinary Citizen—To Ice Trust magnate—"I have been appointed as a committee of one to ask you if you will not keep the price of ice within reach of the poor." Magnate—"To h—l with the poor. Don't the doctors tell us that ice water is bad for the health?"

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.

The ordinary garden-variety of homeward-bound working man had been run over by an automobile. He was lifted in the arms of several sympathetic strangers, who mopped away the dirt and threw water on his head. The policeman, who had stopped the owner of the machine, pointed to the limp victim and said, "You've run over this man's leg."

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

National Secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, 160 Washington Street, Chicago.

OUR CANDIDATES:

For President EUGENE V. DEBS For Vice-President BENJAMIN HANFORD For Governor of New York, JOSHUA WANKHOPE

GROWTH OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE.

Table with 4 columns: Year, 1888, 1902, 1904, 1906, 1908. Row 1: 2,005, 21,157, 400,520. Row 2: 28,364, 96,981.

THE DELUDED MASSES.

The masses are poor, ignorant, disorganized, not knowing the right of mankind upon earth, and never knowing that the world belongs to its population; because a small class in every country has taken possession of property and government and makes laws for its own safety and the security of its plunder, educating the masses, generation after generation, into the belief that this condition is the natural order and the "law of God." By long training and submission the people everywhere have come to regard the assumption of their rulers and owners as the law of right and common sense, and their own blind instincts, which tell them all men ought to have a plenteous living on this rich planet, as the promptings of evil and disorder.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



"Well," was the crisp retort. "You couldn't expect me to run over ALL of him with the street as crowded as it is to-day."

AFTER A MOMENT'S REFLECTION.

Money counts—only when there is enough of it. Wages—Defined politically as something a man gets to help support his family with. Labor—Something that is purchased at a bargain.

CANDIDATES OF A CERTAIN PARTY.

For President, HEARST. For Vice-President, W. R. HEARST. For Governor of New York, WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. Official Organ, The New York Evening Brisbane.



HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT.

A DISASTROUS TERMINATION.



Wearry William: "That's jist the app' I want." II. "Jumpin', Switzerland, it's a bull jump!" III. I I I I I