

THE CALL

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WORKERS

THE CALLERS SAY MANUFACTURING LAW IS A DEEP TRAGEDY IN CANADA

Long-time Canadian leader Dennis Cox is firmly against the new manufacturing law being put into effect. See Dennis Cox. *Continued*.

COURAGE

With the new manufacturing law, it's time to stand up and be counted.

The new manufacturing law is a deep tragedy.



BUSINESS MADE EASY

Business is business for us. We do business.

Our Daily Puzzle.



Believe it or not, Jake's companion leads him to the next puzzle.
Answer to yesterday's puzzle
will be down under this.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

EVENING CALL PATTERN.



TUCKED BLOUSE FOR BRAIDED MATERIAL OVER.

The blouse that can be made from broidered material is one in great demand just now, for broidered fabrics are many and beautiful, while they are therefore, so reducing the labor of making to the minimum. This one is very charming yet simple in the cut, and can be utilized not only for broidered fabrics alone, but for very sensible waisting material. An illustrated broidered lawn is used, however, and the bodices are joined by means of the tabs at the back to give the required effect. There also are shoulder straps cut from the broidered fabric which add largely to the effect.

The blouse is finished with bows in place of the usual bow plait, and there are spaces between these bows and the bodice which render it

EVENING CALL PATTERN COUPON.

No. 622. June 12, 1908.

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To obtain the pattern above, fill out this coupon and enclose the sum of twenty-five cents. Address Pattern Department, New York Evening Call, 4 Park Place, New York City.

OUR SHORT STORY.

THE GRATITUDE OF JAKE.

BY ERNEST POOLE.

Late one afternoon, in a narrow, crooked street of the New York ghetto, Little Jake, the Russian Jew, stood behind his pushcart, placidly surveying the home-rushing tumultuous crowd. The crowd was pushing and shoving up close to get a good look; for towering high as a back screen to Jake's stock of shirts, China vases, neckties and suspenders, was a huge oil painting with a sign pinned on to announce, both in English and Yiddish letters, "The Kishineff Massacre, six frames and all for thirty-eight cents."

The picture was well, startling—compelling instant attention. All afternoon the crowd had looked close, and Jake's collar buttons, socks at five cents, undershirts at nine cents, and other good things had gone like hot cakes; he had even sold a China vase for twenty-six cents. So now he pushed his grey derby hat back till his long ears stuck out, his black eyes twinkled, lighting up his dark, lean face.

But the Isaac, who sold big pickles in the next pushcart, was furious. The Kishineff Massacre had spurred the public taste for pickles. Isaac had done no business all afternoon. Isaac's fat face grew rigid in a scowled stare.

Down the crowded street banged an empty coal wagon. Isaac's eyes gleamed with a sudden idea.

"High—high!" he called shrilly up at the wagon in well assumed voice. "High! Look out—you will run me over!" He grabbed his cart, as though to escape, jounced it into Jake's, and jolted the big picture right under the incoming horses. In another minute the wagon had crushed Isaac, and the "Kishineff Massacre" lay flat, bedraggled, smashed on the muddy pavement. Its gaudy gilt frame was now seen to be a hollow paper thing. A sharp little bullet from Isaac's pistol hit this few to the crowd who, with a wild yell of rage, saw Jake grab his last China vase and hurried it to Isaac.

Jake fell on the side, with the blood creeping out through his thick black hair and trickling down his fat cheeks.

"A—plach—oys on, feller—d'y a pickele," yelled the delighted Isaac, to his pain. On they came, in through the crowd, in showers two big police. Jake stood silent, white and shaking.

But the coal wagon had stopped. The big, grimy policeman climbed down, swearing and pushing his way in. "Look a here!" he grunted. Jake's groaning arm, wrinkled at his two fellow citizens, and told them the trick horse had played—as he had seen it from his high point of vantage. He told it again the next morning in court. The shaved, white-haired little judge watched the three faces over his spectacles. The minister was talking, earnestly, frantically, profanely, Isaac was scowling all over his fat bunched cheeks. Little Jake was bleeding profusely—his green dress coat down over one eye in miserably assumed indifference. "Discharged," said the Judge, with a smile.

On the broad steps of the jail the women looked down at Jake. "Poor old Isaac," they said. He pointed a finger full into Jake's cold hand.

"Why did?" cried Jake.

"For d—d Art Shamus."

Jake, disconsolate, relived, and tremulously stopped and pour'd out his soul in Yiddish words of anguish and shame from his bright black eyes. The trooper only looked sheepish and said, "Aw, hell!" And so they passed.

After that, whenever he passed Jake's afternoon corner, Gimpie Bill grunted down and shouted.

"Hello, Jake! How's things?"

"Fine—anks."

Soon they began to look for each other.

Late one Saturday night Jake was weakly trudging his cart back to the cellar under his tenement. His hat had slipped down over his dark-bloody nose. With ears jummed inside the hat, his jaw shut tight, and eyes half closed, he crawled slowly on the cart, limping. It was half-past eleven; the long-Saturday-night rush was over. Jake ached and felt blue; he was lonely; he never had any time to make friends or keep them, he thought now of his bare tenement room eight feet square and simple. Once he heard jolly shouts and laughing above him. He stood up and through two windows saw more windows to see a big family of all sizes trying to bed all over the room. Then he looked at Jake, his face tightened and he went pale, finally reading the street signs at each corner.

At last Bill reached a battered freight structure, with Brooklyn Bridge beams huge and black above a near the half moon. In the street few drunken figures lurched about, half-wits. Bill gave them no chance. He grabbed Jake's cloth and all, ran up the rickety steps and plunged into the dark entrance. He laid Jake gently on the stairs, ran back and pushed the cart through the narrow passage into the air shaft. Then he ran up, lifted the unconscious Jake, and carried him up the dark, silent, stone stairs, past the lights and roofs which came through the cracks in doors and handlings. At last he opened one door creaked and then creaked with a deep breath of relief. He left his way to the bed. Bill now was stupor. He laid Jake softly on the tumbled blankets, then scratched a match and lit the gas. The room was bare and squat. A few gay Broadway prints on the walls, a table with one leg gone and leaning against the wall, dirty clothes huddled about. On the table was a bottle.

Bill washed Jake's face. Jake's eyes were open now and consciousness dazed. His teeth chattered violently. Bill took the bottle and held it to Jake's thin lips. Jake struggled hard. "Aw, drink it," said Bill encouragingly. "Hot—good—bully." As he saw Jake's eyes suddenly shine, he grinned. Jake lay back and closed his eyes and took a long, comfortable breath. His clenched hands relaxed. His fatfaced derby slumped down over one ear. He licked his lips, coughed violently, then opened his eyes and smiled.

He looked down with a curious grin. A moment Bill's eyes glinted. "Hello, Jake—how's things?" "Fine—anks—fine—fine." And Jake fell smiling asleep.

A LITTLE KNOWN REMEDY.

Women with sensitive feet who may be on them much frequently suffer greatly from callous spots on the soles.

These can often be relieved by wrapping the feet in adhesive plaster taking care it is put on smoothly and without a wrinkle.

This plaster will cause moisture and perspiration, which will finally remove the callous where to use the feet will happen.

THE WISE OLD OWL.

By JOHN F. KELLY.

"I come," began Mr. Commonpeople, addressing the wise old owl, "to consult with you on a matter of great importance."

"According to?" asked the owl.

"The matter of banks and banking and their relation to the prosperity of the country," answered the man upon whom the burdens of all were laid.

"Hoot, hoot, for that question. It is too much for me," answered the owl, as he walked to a woman who stood in line.

"And you, madam," said the owl, as Mr. Commonpeople stepped aside to permit a lady to consult with the bird of knowledge.

"My husband—" began the lady.

"Yes, yes," quickly answered the owl, "and if you will follow my advice you will let your husband tire of the infinity, or better yet, be patient and the infinity will tire of your husband."

"It's this way, Mr. Owl," said the man who had a system. "You play the favorite in the first race, putting up, say, a hundred."

"And then?" asked the owl.

"And then—but no, I am afraid of my explanation. If the favorite wins—"

"Man," said the owl, interrupting the student of dice. "At one-eighth of one per cent a financier could make a tremendous fortune, making all the money it would take to make yours or any other system beat the men who sit on the high stools between rows, and who stand on them while the race is on."

"You seem worried, man," said the wise old owl, in a kind tone, as a beautiful girl approached him. "Tell me your trouble, dear girl."

"I'm in love, Mr. Owl," only admitted the girl.

"The unrequited kind, of course."

"The same, sir," the maiden replied.

"Tim's the cure, little one," the owl advised.

"If he has no time for you, you have no time for him."

"I understand, sir," the maiden lady said, as she caressingly touched a curl over her shoulder. "That you're a bird of much wisdom."

"Studie is good in my line, my dear lady," the owl answered, in a diplomatic manner.

"Such being the case, referring to your wisdom, I will be brief," continued the owl's visitor. "I understand that you're a bird of much wisdom and want as a husband a model young man with no bad habits."

"One of that kind embossed \$10,000 from his employer a few days ago," remarked the owl.

"I was thinking," the store-broker began, as it came his turn for advice, "that it would be a good idea, Mr. Owl, for a committee to call on the public Foundations Committee, and insist that they at once stop the railroads, Suez, Soh, British and I, provide a sum for each passenger, and that if no sum be provided no fare shall be paid."

"You talk," said the owl, in a sarcastic tone. "Like the chairman of a Brooklyn taxpayer's meeting. Best is quick, old man. In five minutes the six o'clock rush will be on."

"I was thinking, Mr. Owl," said the prudent young man, "of getting a home in Brooklyn Park."

"Buying it outright," asked the owl.

"No sir, so much down and so much per week."

"And your income is?"

"I command a salary of \$15 per week."

"Now and a change of air will cure you," answered the wise old owl.

PUTTING AWAY FOOD.

Every housekeeper should have a goodly stock of ordinary kinds of all sorts. When an ample supply there is no excuse for the servants putting the best china dishes in the refrigerator with inferior foods.

Housewives, moreover, is more cleanly than tin or metal dishes, especially if anything of an acid nature is put into them. A stronger consideration is that they are much more easily cleaned than the copper or aluminum dishes and never rust.

The Changing Style.



Fine wadding combined with checked buttons made of the wadding itself is used if preferred. The coat is checked with a four-inch band of the same color. The buttons are of the same color as the wadding. This panel is a very good one for the blouse. The blouse was of blue cotton, but in virgin this season.

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