TEN YEARS OF SERVICE

The New York Call

1908-1918
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A History of

The New York Call

To Commemorate the Tenth Anniversary of its Establishment

May 30th, 1918

Published by
THE NEW YORK CALL

Fifteen Cents
Dedication

TO THE WORKING CLASS—

In whose interest The Call was founded;  
For whom it has always fought;  
Without whose aid it would die tomorrow; and  
With which it is invincible!

Written by
WILLIAM MORRIS FEIGENBAUM
The Call is ten years old!

A whole decade of glorious service to the people who toil and the people who think, has been put behind us, and the path of future service and accomplishment gleams ahead.

Ten years of sacrifice! Ten years of service! Ten years of accomplishment! That is the history of The Call. And back of that period there are years of agonizing toil on the part of thousands of devoted men and women, yes, and of boys and girls, to launch a Socialist daily newspaper.

The Call is here, and it will stay here. It cannot die. It has been built up, not alone with dollars; not alone with the physical things that go in to make a newspaper; but with the flesh and blood; with the heart and soul of devoted comrades.

The Call is a living, throbbing, growing thing, and while devotion to the great Cause that gave it birth still animates the hearts and souls of people with the impulse to work for humanity, The Call will fight on.

Ten years old! It seems but the other day that the Socialists of New York were working in various fairs and bazaars and picnics to raise money to launch the Daily. It seems but yesterday that the newsboys at the Brooklyn bridge were crying, “Buy The Call! Buy the new paper! Wuxtry—new pa-a-a-aper! Buy The Call!”

It seems but the other day that a vast gathering of Comrades packed the old Grand Central Palace to greet the first issue of the Daily, and cheered themselves hoarse when Chairman Morris Hillquit held up a copy of the first number, and shouted “Here it is!” And when good old ‘Gene Debs, who had come to New York especially to welcome the infant, held up the paper, and cried “Here it is, every line throbbing with the life of the working class!”

But sometimes it seems as if it has been an age. Sometimes it seems as if the ten years that have passed since The Call was born have been forever; as if the struggles to keep the ship afloat have been going on forever, that the heartache and the agony of the people who have had their hearts in the existence of The Call have always been with us.

And on this, the occasion of the completion of the first decade of the work of the fighting organ of the working class, it is well to glance over the struggles and the triumphs, the failures and the successes, that have resulted in The Call as it is today, down to fighting weight, and spoiling for the fight for the masses of the people.
II.

THE PROJECT OF A DAILY

The Call was formally launched on May 30, 1908, and has appeared every week day since; in addition, it has had a Sunday edition most of that time. But its history dates back further than ten years. It dates back further than the organization of the great Globe Fair (of which more later); it dates back further than the present Socialist Party, or its predecessor, the Social Democratic Party. Its history has been bound up with the fortunes of the Socialist movement; it has thriven with the party, and it has suffered when the party has suffered. And in order properly to understand the meaning of The Call on this, its tenth birthday, we must go back to the days when the project to launch a daily paper of the working class in the Metropolis was first broached.

It was more than twenty-four years ago that Socialists of New York first began to consider the advisability of getting out a daily newspaper in the English language to carry the message of the workers. In 1894, the first appeal was printed for the raising of funds to publish a daily, and from that time, the drive was well under way.

The Jewish Socialists had their daily Abend Blatt, edited by Philip Krantz, Abraham Cahan and Benjamin Feigenbaum; there was the excellent weekly connected with this newspaper, known as the Arbeiter Zeitung, edited by Cahan, and the monthly Zukunft. These papers throve, because the proportion of Socialists and radicals among the Jewish workers, mostly revolutionary refugees from Russia, was necessarily much greater than the proportion of radicals in the general population.

The Germans had their great fighting organ, the Volkszeitung, edited by Herman Schlueter and the late beloved Alexander Jonas. This paper was founded in 1878, and was kept up by the heroic efforts of some of the radical German unions, and the revolutionaries who had fled here from the tyranny of the Hohenzollerns.

But the English speaking workers did not have any daily paper. And so, in 1894, Leon A. Malkiel, then a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party, and now treasurer of the association that publishes The Call, sent a check for $10 to the People, with an appeal for more money to publish a Daily People.

That appeal met with a ready response. For a number of years, work went on quietly, the People regularly carrying a column with the names of those who had contributed during the past week. In several years, the fund mounted upwards, until, in 1899, it was about $13,000.

In that year, it unfortunately happened that the Socialist ranks split; the majority of the members of the party leaving, and joining hands with the Social Democracy of America, organized what was known as the Social Democratic Party, and ran a brilliant campaign in 1900 for a presidential ticket of Eugene V. Debs and Job Harriman. This party was reorganized in 1901 as the Socialist Party, the party that we have today.
Both factions, however, in 1899, claimed the right to be known as the Socialist Labor Party. The emblem of the arm and the hammer, the name of the party, and the excellently edited People had come to mean something in the state and nation, and both sides sought to be the “regular” party. The matter was submitted to the courts, and they awarded the party name, the emblem, and the People to the De Leon faction. The dissenters, then, were compelled to adopt the new name.

The funds that had been collected from 1894 to 1899 for the Daily People had been entrusted to the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party, instead of to some publishing association. Both sides claimed that money, also. But the courts decided that the money went with the party, and then the S. L. P. felt free to launch their paper.

Meanwhile, the members of the then Socialist Democratic Party, including the great majority of those who had built up the Daily People fund, were without an organ. They published a Weekly People for a while, first under the editorship of N. I. Stone, and later, of Algernon Lee. But the courts awarded the paper to the other faction, as well as the party name and emblem, and with that legal decision, came the publication of the great little Worker, the paper that for eight years, until The Call was started, kept the flag flying. This paper was edited by Lee, assisted by Horace Traubel and Courtenay Lemon, and at one time, by Joshua Wanhope.

The Socialists rallied around the Worker, and with it, the great campaigns for Debs, in 1900, and for Ben Hanford for Mayor, in 1901, were fought. But the Comrades saw the need of a daily. The Forward was forging onward as the organ of the Jewish workers. The Volkszeitung was doing its customary excellent work with the Germans who had fought Junkerthum in Germany and who were fighting the same fight here. But the main bulk of the Socialists had nothing but their weekly.

III.

THE W. C. P. A. GETS TO WORK

It was in November, 1900, that a number of devoted Socialists met in old Clarendon Hall, on East Thirteenth Street—now long since demolished—and there and then decided that the Socialist daily would have to be published, regardless of cost. The great vote that had just been polled, 100,000 for Debs and Harriman, and the fact that for the first time, a large part of the native American population had listened to the Socialist message, convinced the Socialists that the time was ripe for a real Socialist daily, speaking the language of the mass of the people.

At that meeting, attended by some of the men who are today still active in the movement, as well as several who have died, or have since dropped out, the project was revived. And the funds were started by the passing around of the hat.

It was at that meeting that the Workingmen’s Co-Operative Publishing Association was entrusted with the task of publishing the paper, when the $50,000 fund was complete. That W. C. P. A., the organization that today publishes The Call, and
to which hundreds of Socialist party members belong, was not, however, organized in 1900 for the purpose of publishing the Socialist daily. It was a revival of an older organization. And the story of that revival is interesting.

The tale dates back to 1886; in that year, the Socialists of New York entered into a political alliance with the labor, radical and liberal elements, and fought for the capture of the city government, with Henry George as their candidate for Mayor. The Socialist Labor Party, not yet having developed the principle of independent political action, entered into that alliance; many of the old campaigners of the Socialist party of today had their baptism in that year.

The Workingmen's Co-Operative Publishing Association had been organized by the Socialists in 1882, then known as the Socialistic Labor Party, to publish "The Daily Voice." By 1886, practically nothing had been done, and the W. C. P. A. was available to do business for the United Labor Party as the alliance of the Socialists, the radicals and the unions was known. They therefore raised funds and published a daily called the "Leader," a paper that attained considerable success. This paper was edited by Louis F. Post, then counsel to the unions, now assistant secretary of Labor, and Dr. Sergius Schewitch, the brilliant editor of the Volkszeitung. Indeed, Schewitch was the intellectual backbone of the George movement, and much of its success was due to him.

When the Comrades met in 1900 to devise ways and means of building up the English organ, the old "Leader" had been totally forgotten. Its part had been played, and the editors were no longer here; Schewitch was in Munich and Post was in Chicago. But, curiously enough, the association had never been legally dissolved, and its charter had still seven years to run. And one of the Socialist lawyers present at that time, Morris Hillquit, suggested that it would be far better to revive the old association than to organize a new one. For one thing, the laws of New York had been changed, and it was more difficult to organize a membership co-operative organization, one not based upon the profit idea, than it had been in the past.

And so the Socialists of 1900 set to work to galvanize the W. C. P. A. back into life. It was a difficult task. The records had been badly kept, and most of the membership had dispersed. But after infinite pain, digging through old records, and much backbreaking research, the names of ten men were found, the surviving members of the Association.

The Socialists then get to work upon the ten; not all of them were Socialists. Some of them were old, and not all of them would be interested in the project in hand.

But Julius Gerber managed to get six of them together, and the papers were drawn up, and the defunct and moribund W. C. P. A. was again alive!

IV.

RAISING MONEY FOR THE GLOBE

The work of getting funds, however, was not gotten seriously under way for a year. Job Harriman, Debs' running mate in the great campaign of 1900, had left
Los Angeles, and was living in New York; he had taken over the legal work of the Labor Secretariat. The campaign of 1901 had been fought, and good old Ben Hanford had received a fair vote for Mayor. But not good enough. The Worker was a rousing good weekly, but a weekly was not good enough to carry on the fight. The Comrades needed a daily, and they were bound to have it.

Directly after election, then, in November, 1901, there was a great meeting in Turn Hall, now Manhattan Lyceum, at 66 East Fourth Street, at which Harriman made a powerful and moving plea for the establishment of the Daily. And as the result of that plea, $2,300 was raised, and turned into the treasury of the galvanized W. C. P. A.

The words, the Socialist Daily, were now heard on the lips of every Socialist. The one thought of the Comrades was to get the Daily launched. And in December, 1901, a meeting of the W. C. P. A. was held, and after a long discussion a name was selected for the paper.

The Comrades were going to work for THE DAILY GLOBE!

Old time Socialists will remember with reminiscent smiles the ways that money was gathered. No three Comrades could ever come together anywhere, under any circumstances, without taking up a collection for the Globe. No Party meeting was complete without a collection for the Globe. No mass meeting without its appeal for the Globe.

And so, for several years, it went, while the need of a daily organ of working class opinion grew. The successive elections brought greater and ever greater success to the Socialist Party, but misrepresentation on the part of the enemies of the working class grew apace. The Intercollegiate Socialist Society was founded in 1905, giving a great impetus to the study of Socialism, and also, to the organized misrepresentation of the Movement on the part of the Capitalist press. In 1906, the Rand School was opened, and still the enemies of the Movement railed and lied.

And so, after a while, the demand for the Daily became an obsession with the Socialists. The day that the Daily would appear was the point towards which everybody was working. Blandly oblivious of the fact that the appearance of the paper would, like marriage, be but the beginning of the real troubles and the real triumphs, the Comrades looked for the launching of the paper as The Day.

V.

THE FAIR

In the fall of 1902, it was decided to give a great fair. There had been a fair in the Grand Central Palace in November, 1901, for the benefit of the Volkszeitung, and it had been a striking success. Several thousand dollars had been raised in the course of four days, and it was thought that the same thing might be a good thing for the Daily.

Committees were elected; William Butscher, who had been the National Secretary of what is now the Socialist Party, was placed in charge. The whole machinery
of the Movement was set in motion. Young people and old people organized into
groups, and from November, 1902, to March, 1903, no one was safe from the wiles
of charming girls with little brown books, soliciting gifts for the fair.

And at that fair, there was published the Daily Globe. That is, for the period of
the fair, a linotype machine was operated, running off a little daily paper, under
the name of the Daily, containing the daily program of events, news of the fair,
and comment. One day, for instance, Ben Hanford, up to that time, inveterate and
incurable bachelor, was caught taking chances on the sewing machine and other
household goods. At which the Globe had a little inward chuckle at Ben's expense.
"Ah, there Ben. Who is she?" "She" was his sister, but that did not make the
joke any worse.

And so for sixteen days the fair ran full blast. Comrades worked until they
dropped—but their faces were always cheerful. They were working for the Daily!
Comrades came there and spent every cent they had, and walked home. It was for
the Daily. Comrades shouted their wares at booth after booth; they sold soda water
and groceries; they sold slats in "wheels of fortune," raffles upon books and bottles of
wine and articles of clothing. And through all the din and clatter, in spite of the
difficulties of dancing under such conditions, in spite of the concert that was going
on upon the stage and upon various little platforms, there was the great idealism
that shot through the entire affair. It was for the Daily, and there was something
akin to a holy joy in working for the Daily that made limbs less tired, that soothed
aching heads, that eased burning feet, that made up for the great expenditures of
money of the thousands of Comrades who attended.

And when the fair was over, several thousand dollars had been earned for the
Daily. And the usual work went on apace.

VI.
THE CALL

In February or March, 1904, the Commercial Advertiser, hitherto a paper that
did not appeal to the masses, selling at three cents, changed its name to the Globe,
and reduced its price to one cent.

The Socialists who had been working to establish the Globe were nonplussed
for a while. But only for a while. Some time in February, 1904, the Association met,
and a number of new names suggested. Many of the Comrades objected to what
they would have termed the camouflage—if that word had been invented—of having
a name that did not tell the mission of the paper. The feeling was strong to adopt
the name, Daily Socialist, or Daily Worker. Other names were suggested; but the
name, THE DAILY CALL, was finally adopted.

On April 10th, 1904, the Worker carried a head, "Definite date for Daily;
September 1st is fixed as the date of issue."

But meanwhile, the Socialist Party—still known in New York as the Social
Democratic Party—had nominated a presidential ticket in Chicago of Eugene V.
Debs and Ben Hanford. A campaign was started that soon generated such speed,
such enthusiasm, such vast proportions that every Comrade was taken up by it; everything was forgotten except the campaign. Debs and Hanford spoke to colossal meetings everywhere—and The Call was forgotten in the heat of the fight.

On June 26th, 1904, therefore, the Worker announced that because of the slow response to the demand for the necessary $35,000, the date for the publication of The Call had been indefinitely postponed.

VII.
THE LAST THREE YEARS

In the Spring of 1905, the campaign was under full swing again, but soon the political campaign for Algernon Lee for Mayor again took up the time of the Socialists. And very soon, the very best argument for a Socialist daily paper was brought home to the radicals and workers of the city.

William Randolph Hearst nominated himself for Mayor. He at once began a campaign that gathered to himself all the radicalism, all the near-Socialism, all the unharnessed discontent, that there was in the city. Day by day, his newspapers hammered away at reasons for his election, and day by day, the Socialist speakers replied, getting the ear of hundreds, where Hearst's papers got the eye of hundreds of thousands. Each day, arguments that were ridiculous in the extreme, claims that were silly in the extreme, were eagerly read by great masses of people. The replies of the Tory press were worse than the arguments themselves, and when the Worker came out at the end of a week with crushing replies, they were already stale.

On every hand, in that fight, was heard the heart-felt prayer, "Oh, if we only had our Daily!" And if the Comrades had had their Daily, the Socialist party would more than have held its own in November, 1905, instead of losing half its strength!

In the latter part of 1905, then, committees were again appointed for another fair. This time it was to be in the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum. This time, again, the devoted and efficient William Butscher was chairman of the committees in charge.

When the Fair closed down it was found that another considerable sum had been added to the amount needed to launch The Daily. There was an East Side Fair too, in Clinton Hall.

By the fall of 1907, however, interest in the paper had nearly flickered out. The elections that year were disappointing in their results to the Socialists, although there had been no great fight for a Mayor or a Governor. The repeated disappointments and postponements had taken the heart out of the most gallant of the Comrades; while the Rand School, founded the year before, the Intercollegiate, the Christian Socialist Fellowship, the Collectivists, and many other activities, took up much of the Socialist enthusiasm. The date for the appearance of the paper was set for May 1, 1908, at a meeting of the Board on February 13, 1907.
In November, 1907, there were about five or six Comrades left who were still plugging away, fired and animated by the great dream of The Daily that was some time to come to fruition. These men are the real Fathers of The Call, for they kept the spark going when all others seemed to have lost heart. These Comrades had infinite faith, and they became almost fanatical in that faith. The Worker had changed its name to The Socialist, and financial reverses had taken much of the ground from under it. The Socialists were threatened with the loss of their weekly, and they had no heart to fight for the Daily.

But Leon A. Malkiel never lost heart, nor Nathan S. Reichenthal, Alexander Fraser, Julius Gerber, Josephus Chant Lipes and William Butscher. They, and a few others, are responsible for the fact that today, we are celebrating the glorious completion of the first decade of The Call.

If it had not been for them, the paper would have come, of course; it could not have been delayed forever. But its advent at that time was due to those men, and those men alone. Their unflagging courage, their unconquerable faith; their invincible devotion, these brought out The Call when there was only about $20,000 in the bank. They set the date at May 1, 1908, and they nearly made good.

VIII.

THE LAST FAIR

In November, 1907, when Socialist enthusiasm had ebbed low, when the project of the Daily had been all but forgotten, the Board of Managers, upon the urging of N. S. Reichenthal, again set as a definite date for the appearance of the paper. May 1st, 1908, was to be final. Upon that day, The Call would appear.

And properly to celebrate the event, there was to be another Fair. This time, it was to be at the Labor Temple, on 84th Street. Reichenthal was elected manager, and for six months, his sole job, (at a very slender salary) was to get the Fair under way. And he did it. He made The Call come out!

He held out for the launching of the paper in May, 1908, regardless of the sum in hand, while others counseled waiting for the $50,000. He held that the fact of the appearance of the paper would generate the necessary enthusiasm to raise the funds that what was wanted was the actual appearance of the paper, rather than vague talk that sometime, somehow, it would appear.

He made the Board agree with him; and then he fought to have the Fair to greet the first number. They gave him $25 and told him to go ahead. The hall cost $600, and he gave that $25 as a deposit. Then he went after the Comrades and made them make good. And they made good.

Again the same machinery was oiled. Wearily at first, and then with gathering alacrity and enthusiasm, the Comrades brought out the little brown books and the collectors went after donations. Committees were organized, booths arranged for,
talent engaged and gradually, the Daily became again the great topic of interest among the Comrades in and around New York.

A staff was organized. The city editor was George Gordon of the City News Association. He was assisted by William Mailly, as managing editor, W. J. Ghent, Courtenay Lemon, a little later by Algernon Lee, who was given the title of Editor-in-Chief, and several others. Fred H. Merrick was on the staff, as was Louis Kopelin, now editor of the Appeal. Harry T. Smith was editor of Socialist news, and the entire Socialist movement was a committee on promotion.

The business office was headed by W. J. Menz, as manager; Ernest Lilienthal was cashier, and Anna A. Maley was hard at work from the beginning raising funds outside of the office.

A loft was selected as the business and editorial offices of the paper at 6 Park Place; it has been humorously suggested that the site of the first office of The Call has been marked by the tallest monument in the world, for the Woolworth building is there now.

WELCOME TO THE CALL

On Memorial Day, 1908, the paper finally came out. It was "put to bed" at 11:02 a.m., and within a short time, it was on the streets. An article in the first anniversary number of The Call, by Louis Kopelin, called "Our Kid," telling how the paper was made up, is worth recalling.

OUR KID

The kid's first birthday is tomorrow!

Why, it seems only yesterday when Lee, Gordon, Mailly, Ghent, Merrick and myself were up day and night, plugging along, getting out the first issue of The Call. What a job it was. Why, we worked a week on that vast Volume 1, No. 1, and then it came out two hours late.

The paper appeared Saturday. Hardly any of us slept Friday night. We just stuck to our posts until that little red headed printer's devil brought up the first papers, hot off the press.

Then we all sat down leisurely and looked the kid over. We read everything in sight—advertisements as well as the regular stuff.

My, the "bulls" we found! Even more than you'll find in The Call today. But we were proud of that kid. Just as we are today, when it's beginning to walk and making a big fuss about it, too.
Our kid is a year old tomorrow, and that means a lot to us of the editorial staff.

We are now spared the "humiliation" of explaining to the puzzling ones, "Why, The Call, that's a daily paper." No more! The Call is a year old, and that's a great deal in newspaperdom.

Although in poor circumstances, we dressed the kid up a bit for his first birthday. Oh, how we would have liked to celebrate the occasion by getting out a big illustrated paper, one that might startle the natives. But—we're poor.

Let us hope that the kid's second birthday will mark a happier period than the present one and that it will be more joyously and fittingly celebrated.

SO, HERE'S TO OUR KID!

And there is was! That Memorial Day it rained; nay, more, there was a tropical downpour. But nevertheless, Grand Central Palace was jammed with joyous men and women who saw their dream of years finally realized.

The newsboys at the Bridge were yelling the name of our paper. Each one in the audience had a copy in his hand. Hardly one in the audience had not been in the seven years' struggle to launch the paper. The place of the meeting was the scene of the great Globe Fair. It was the coronation of the great work of the unnumbered and unnamed workers whose self-forgetting toil had wrought the marvel of the appearance of the paper.
It was not alone a newspaper. It was not made merely of print paper and ink. It was written on human flesh with the heart’s blood of the Comrades who were there gathered.

Morris Hillquit was chairman. When that lion of American Socialism mounted the platform, waved a copy of the first number of The Call over his head, and triumphantly cried, “Here it is!” the great audience went wild with enthusiasm. Hillquit continued, “The Call is not an experiment. It is a fact. It is here to stay. The workers need such a paper, it was born of that need, and IT WILL LIVE!”

John Spargo also spoke. Mrs. Gates sang several songs, and Captain W. E. P. French read a poem that had been written for the occasion by Edwin Markham, called “A Free Press.” It ran:

Hail Titan, with the hair upon your breast!
Be terrible in battle to throw down
The stronghold of the traitors and their crew.
Flash down the sky-born lightnings of the Pen;
Let loose the cramped-up thunders of the Types.
Hurl on the Jupiter of Greed enthroned
Defiance, endless challenge, fire or scorn.
Stand out upon the walls of darkness—stand
A young god with a bugle at his lips
To rouse the watchmen sleeping on their towers.
Fling out the banner of the People’s Right—
A flag in love with all the winds of heaven:
Plunge your dread sword into the Spoiler’s den;
Hurl down into the faces of the thieves
The blaze of its intolerable light . . . .
Fail not, for in your failure Freedom fails!

Debs was the last speaker. He made his “keynote” campaign speech, and in the end, he made an eloquent plea for The Call: “This paper is not an experiment,” he exclaimed, “it is a success from the initial issue. I have just looked over its columns and find that it is filled with matter that thrills and throbs, the matter that appeals to the heart and the soul and the very conscience of the working class, and all the sympathizers of the working class. This paper, THE CALL, this voice of the Revolution, ought to have a hundred thousand subscribers from the day of its first issue.” At this there was tremendous applause and cheering, and then Debs continued, “I appreciate your applause of this proposition, but let me appeal to you to come to its support by all the means within your power. It is the one thing needed here in New York and the East. You will soon begin to feel its power; and to the extent that you add to it, the extent that you give it your support, this paper will champion your cause, and this paper will hasten the coming of your emancipation.”

And so The Call was at last a reality!
THE NEW YORK CALL

X.

THE FIRST MONTHS

It is of interest to look over the contents of the paper. The first page carried, in addition to general news, a story of a car strike in Chester, Pennsylvania. There was a story headed, "'Better Morals for Coney' Demand of Reformers." There were several political stories, and two party notes. In addition, there was the great cartoon, with Marx's battle cry across the top, which was reprinted on cardboard and sold by the thousands to the Comrades. Many homes today have framed copies on their walls.

On the first page, also, there was a boxed note that is interesting reading today. It is an explanation of the fact that The Call was so much smaller than the usual sixteen to twenty-four page one cent paper. It reads in part as follows:

". . . . . . The epileptic editions of Park Row's jaundiced journals are nothing less than a criminal imposition on the reader, robbing him of valuable time which he is forced to squander in searching through a wilderness of words for actual news. . . . . . No consideration related to the proper presentation of the news can account for the dilution and diffusion of Capitalism's saffron sheets. . . . . . 'Nothing but news' in its news columns will be the policy of The Call. This news will be attractively presented in a form most convenient for the busy reader. The Call will be a REAL newspaper."

There was an excellent woman's department, conducted by Rose Pastor Stokes. There was a blistering review of Eugene Walter's play, the "Easiest Way," by William Mailly, headed, "A Vicious Play." There was an article by Abraham Cahan, and a story on a trolley strike in Cleveland. On another page, there was a summary of the news of the past week that was to be a weekly feature; there was more industrial news there, too. There was an excellent half page department, "Our Boys and Girls," conducted by Bertha H. Mailly. There was a column and a half article on the recent national convention of the Party by W. J. Ghent, entitled "Big Advance in Socialism Seen." And on the editorial page, there were editorials on the mission of The Call, on economic subjects, and two articles, one by Debs and the other by Ghent.

This was the first number. And with a satisfaction that was almost smug, the Socialists bought and read the paper, and licked their chops over it and called it good. A project that had taken so much energy, so much terrific labor to launch meant more to the workers in the cause than outsiders imagine, or than they ever can learn. And that is one of the reasons that The Call has never died. It cost too much to launch it to be lightly lost.

It was the year of the panic, and right valiantly did The Call fight for the workers. The paper was brilliantly edited. It was written, not only with the pens of the editors and writers, but with their hearts and their souls. There was a staff of cartoonists who gave piquancy to the pages. Will H. Call, a Kansas farmer, contributed for a while; Louis Gardy, Ryan Walker, J. Ruger, J. F. Hart, Mitchell Loeb, and others. There were articles grave and gay. There was party news, and
for the first time, the Socialists knew what it was to have correct information of each others’ doings day by day, without being compelled to wait until the Worker came out on Tuesdays, or getting it garbled in the Capitalist press.

The campaign of 1908 was a wonderful success, even if the vote increased too little. At every one of the inspiring meetings during that fight, there was the admission fee, the collection for the Party, and the collection for The Call. Alexander Irvine was a marvel at taking the collections. He could extract the last penny out of a crowd; and then they would come back the next meeting, knowing perfectly well that they were going to be held up again.

Corps of speakers were organized, to visit organizations, and beg money. No one was exempt. No organization could escape. Some unions made large donations; some passed the hat. Some smiled and said that they could not help. Others kicked the collector out. It was all in the day’s work.

There was the great Hippodrome meeting one Sunday afternoon in October. It was the greatest Socialist meeting ever held in this country up to that time. Debs, Hillquit, Spargo, Upton Sinclair, Joshua Wanhope and Stanley J. Clark were the speakers. Enthusiasm was at fever heat. The usual Call collection was taken up. And Debs was at his best, inspired by the gathering.

That night, there was a banquet given Debs in a downtown restaurant. The place was jammed to suffocation. Debs was fagged out—dog-tired. And he was sound asleep. Hillquit reported to the diners, who had come especially to greet Debs, that he did not have the heart to wake him up. So the natural thing was done. The chairman, John Spargo, took up a collection for The Call.

And what a collection it was!

Rose Pastor Stokes took off a pearl pin and cast it into the hat. Edna Porter took a gold necklace and threw it after the pin. Many people walked home that night. But several hundred dollars were raised for The Call.

That is what our organ fed upon—the devotion of devoted men and women. The money came into the office, to Anna Maley. She got pennies and watches and dollars and pins and insurance policies and nickels. Shop girls took up little collections, and one of them would tramp downtown to 6 Park Place, with the handful of coins.

It was a terrible struggle to keep the paper afloat. But to those who were in it, to those who knew what golden characters it revealed, it was worth it.

XI.

THE FIRST VICTORY

The terrible depression that followed the election of 1908 affected the Socialist movement. The paper plugged along. Enthusiasm did not exactly flag; but it sagged. The paper was here. The Comrades had done their best to start it. It was up to the editors and the business staff. They bought the paper, and they boosted it. But it did not crowd the Hearst papers out of the field. Not just yet.
TEN YEARS OF SERVICE

It was in the Summer of 1909, that The Call won its first victory. It was a little thing, but it showed that there was power to the press.

The Manhattan Bridge had been built, and the city had acquired a lot of land to make the beautiful approaches that have since been built. The land on the Bowery, however, between Canal and Bayard, was occupied by the Kenwood House, and others of like scarlet ilk. The city owned the land, then, and received rents from brothels. It was The Call that discovered this fact and began to fight the shame of it.

At first it was laughed at. Then, the Aldermen discovered that the city was making money out of prostitution, and the other newspapers took it up. Little Tim Sullivan was boss of the Aldermen at that time, and he is said to have said to the Bridge Commissioner, who protested at that fact, “What are you kicking about? If it were not for these houses, where would you be?” What this cryptic remark meant is this: that the last municipal election, that of 1905, had been won by Tammany over Hearst by such a narrow margin that every vote gathered through such houses, that were “lodging” houses at election time, was significant.

Whether Tim actually said this or not, it was true, and there was opposition to changing the use of the houses in question. But The Call had aroused public opinion, the nuisance was abated, and the Socialist organ had won its first real victory.

XII.

EDITORIAL MATTERS

On October 29th, 1908, while the campaign was raging, The Call carried two sensational stories on the first page; one was to the effect that Lincoln Steffens had announced that he was going to vote for the entire Socialist ticket; “When in doubt,” he said, “vote Socialist.” The other was an announcement that Charles Edward Russell had joined the Socialist Party.

Russell came in with the greatest enthusiasm, determined to do his best, to make up for the many years that he had lived not connected with the Party. And one of the first pieces of work that he did was in connection with The Call. Turning his searching mind upon the traction companies, writing in his always brilliant style, he freely gave The Call a series of articles in the spring of 1909 called “Traction loot and lost transfers.”

It was the time that the Metropolitan Street Railway had discontinued issuing transfers at about 125 transfer points, and Russell’s articles were the only sane and intelligent explanations of the causes that led up to the collapse of the system of street car lines.

The interest created by these articles was so intense that the Board secured Russell’s consent to act as associate editor of The Call, giving his time freely to the paper, and, incidentally, without compensation. At the same time, Robert Hunter also consented to act as associate editor. Hunter’s articles appeared almost daily in a number of Socialist organs, articles that were so clearly and excellently written that they were a real feature of Socialist journalism of the time.
At this time, Algernon Lee was editor-in-chief, a post that he held until the Fall of 1909, when he was succeeded by Herman Simpson. Simpson was a scholar, a teacher in the City College; he had done a good deal of encyclopedia work, and had been one of the editors of the Abend Blatt when it went over to the DeLeon faction. He was assisted in his editorship by Robert Rives LaMonte, who took charge of the Sunday magazine when it was established on October 10th, 1910. This task, however, was shortly after taken over by Frank MacDonald.

It was on June 28th, 1909, also, that difficulties in delivering the paper, and other considerations, were responsible for the change from an evening to a morning paper; while at the same time, very obvious reasons led to the increase in the price from one to two cents.

The Call fought, as usual, valiantly and consistently for the city ticket in the campaign of 1909, headed by Edward F. Cassidy, candidate for Mayor. But there was a general decline in Socialist sentiment, and the vote was disappointing; indeed, the low water mark of 1905 was again reached. And with the vote, as always, came a slump in The Call. For there never has been a time that the Party and the Socialist press have not paralleled each other in their success. When the party goes down, the press goes with it; and when the press is prosperous, the Party is on the increase. This has never failed.

In the Fall, then, after election, The Call threw its columns open to the Comrades for criticism. And there was a flood of letters, discussing the various reasons that the Party had declined. Some contended that the party was a complete failure, that the system of 1886 was the correct one, the system of fusion and compromise. Some said that the method of organization, of propaganda, of campaigning, was all wrong or all right.

But directly as a result of the discussion that The Call had encouraged, a spirit was generated that resulted in the reorganization of the Party in the city. A convention was held, and new spirit injected that has been of permanent value to the Movement here. Too much credit cannot be given to The Call for this thrashing out of ideas.

XIII.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

On November 9th, 1909, the Socialist world was thrilled to read that the Social Democratic Party of Germany, hearing of the financial troubles of The Call, had cabled a donation of 10,000 marks to the New York organ of internationalism, with the following message: "We hope that our contribution, together with the
sacrifices which the workers of America will bring, will be the means of giving The Call clear sailing. It should give us joy if our contribution would enable you to reach this aim in the near future, in the interest of the class conscious labor movement of America, and thereby also in the interest of the whole international labor movement."

This contribution, and the inspiring message that came with it, filled the Comrades with joy. Instantly, a campaign was commenced to "cover every German Mark with an American dollar"—and the "hit the mark" campaign was under way.

XIV.

BEN HANFORD

At the same time, there were other funds under way. The usual sustaining funds and pledge funds and punch cards and collections were going merrily on, to show the Comrades that the Socialist movement was the same as it always had been.

But there was another, and a more important fund. And in that fund Ben Hanford's great services appear.

In 1909, he was very ill, and he knew it. He was a young man, only 51. But his body was slender and frail. He had worked to establish The Call with all the burning passion and enthusiasm that he threw into all his work. The Call was here. He knew that it was imperfect. He knew that there were many needed improvements. But it was here, and it had come to stay.

Knowing that his days were numbered—for Alexander Irvine said that Ben knew how to die!—he put in his last work on The Call. For several months he had a daily appeal for the Comrades to put every ounce of their energy into The Call. His letters were written in the very blood of his heart. Every letter meant a day less of life. Every ounce of energy that he put into the work meant so much more agony; for he was suffering of gastritis.

It was in this series of articles that he wrote his ever famous "Jimmie Higgins" article, an article that has become a Socialist classic, and that will live while the Cause lives.

JIMMIE HIGGINS

By Ben Hanford

First printed in The Call

A comrade who shall be called Jimmie Higgins, because that is not his name, and who shall be styled a painter, for the very good reason that he is not a painter, has perhaps had a greater influence in keeping me keyed up to my work in the labor movement than any other person.

Jimmie Higgins is neither broad-shouldered nor big-chested. He is neither pretty nor strong. A little, thin, weak, pale-faced chap. But he is strong enough to support a mother with equal disability. Strong enough to put in ten years of unrecognized and unexcelled service to the cause of Socialism.

What did he do? Everything.
He has made more Socialist speeches than any man in America. Not that he did the talking; but he carried the platform on his bent shoulders when the platform committee failed to be on hand. Then he hustled around to another branch and got their platform out. Then he got a glass of water for "the speaker." That same evening or the day before he had distributed handbills advertising the meeting.

Previously he had informed his branch as to the "best corner" in the district for drawing a crowd. Then he distributed leaflets at the meeting and helped to take the platform down and carry it back to headquarters and got subscribers for Socialist papers.

The next day the same, and so on all through the campaign, and one campaign after another.

When he had a job, which was none too often, for Jimmie was not an extra good workman and was always one of the first to be laid off, he would distribute Socialist papers among his fellows during the noon hour, or take a run down to the gate of some factory and give out Socialist leaflets to the employees who came out to lunch.

What did he do? Jimmie Higgins did everything, anything. Whatever was to be done, THAT was Jimmie's job.

First to do his own work; then the work of those who had become wearied or negligent. Jimmie Higgins couldn't sing, nor dance, nor tell a story—but he could DO the thing to be done.

Be you, reader, ever so great, you nor any other shall ever do more than that. Jimmie Higgins had no riches, but out of his poverty he always gave something, his all; be you, reader, ever so wealthy and likewise generous, you shall never give more than that.

Jimmie Higgins never had a front seat on the platform; never knew the tonic of applause nor the inspiration of opposition; never was seen in the foreground of a picture.

But he had erected the platform and painted the picture; through his hard, disagreeable and thankless toil it had come to pass that liberty was brewing and things were doing.

Jimmie Higgins. How shall we pay, how reward this man? What gold, what laurels shall be his?

There is just one way, reader, and you and I can "make good" with Jimmie Higgins and the likes of him. And that way is to be like him.

Take a fresh start and never let go.

Think how great his work, and he has so little to do with. How little ours in proportion to our strength! I know some grand men and women in the Socialist movement but in high self-sacrifice, in matchless fidelity to truth, I shall never meet a greater man than Jimmie Higgins.

And many a branch has one of him. And may they have more of him.

And then Hanford determined to place The Call upon its feet. He called upon every worker to give up one day's pay to The Call. His letters were agonizing—but the Comrades loved their Ben; they knew, as he knew, that he was dying, and that his message to them to give up one day's pay, was his last message. "Do you love your dollar better than your Call?" he asked. And from poor, dying Fred Long, in Philadelphia, to the youngest recruit in the ranks, the response came.

He raised something less than $6,000; but that was not all. He gave his life for The Call. He died for The Call. His last message was this, "We Socialists are always asking you to give. Do we never give anything?"
And he fought on! He died in harness. In January, he knew his end was near, and he joked about his end. He had been fleeced so much, living, that he did not want his family to be fleeced in his death, so he begged Julius Gerber, his close friend, to inquire after estimates among the undertakers.

It was on January 24th that he died. He was delirious; he thought that he was on a great platform, swaying vast multitudes with the glorious eloquence born of a magnificent soul and a simple heart; he made his speech over again. And his wife, who had married him in the very shadow of death, was at his bedside when he signalled for an envelope, one of the yellow envelopes in which he used to send his contributions to The Call, and on it he wrote with his dying fingers, "I WOULD THAT MY EVERY HEART'S BEAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN FOR THE WORKING CLASS, AND THROUGH THEM FOR ALL MANKIND. BEN HANFORD." And then he died!

Could any death upon the battlefield have been more glorious!

(Reproduced from the Call. January 25th, 1910)

BEN HANFORD'S LAST WORDS:

I vowed that my every heart's beat should have been for the working class, and through them for all mankind.

Ben Hanford

When he knew that the hand of death was upon him, Ben Hanford gathered his remaining strength together and wrote his last message on one of the large envelopes which he used to send manuscripts to The Call. On the back of the envelope he started another message, beginning: "Beloved ones, Sister, Wife, Friends, Com—" and running off incoherently into illegible words as his mind a gain lapsed into delirium.

XV.

THE SHIRT WAIST GIRLS

In December, 1909, the first of the great garment strikes broke out that convulsed the industrial life of the city for a number of years. It was the great shirt-
waist strike, and for weeks, it kept the city in a turmoil. Of course, the "sympathies" of the city were with the masters—that is, for a while. The Capitalist press said so. The brutal treatment of the girls, the clubbing of pickets, the open partiality of the police and the courts for the bosses, soon was too much for the people, however.

The Call espoused the cause of the strikers at once; that goes without saying. But The Call went into it to the limit. On December 29th, a great special number of The Call was printed, the first of the memorable special numbers that have made history in New York. Shirt waist girls, starved and pinched, but defiant in spirit; "society" women, and suffrage workers, united to make this issue a success. Over 50,000 copies of the special issue were sold on the streets on a cold and gusty day. The "respectables" railed at the "impropriety" of the girls; they blushed at the open espousal of the cause of the workers by such rare women as Inez Milholland and Carola Woerischoffer, who threw themselves into the cause of the shop girls with all their hearts.

But that stroke on the part of The Call did much to crystallize sentiment in favor of the strikers; it called attention to the unbearable conditions in the shops, and the brutality of the police and the courts. And from that time, the strike was won.

Later, the Journal issued a "special" edition in favor of the strikers, and attempted to duplicate the work of the organ of the workers. But the girls knew, and all the workers knew, that the fight was fought by The Call, and not by "respectable" eleventh hour conversions to the cause of the strikers.

That victory was the beginning of the series of victories on the part of the needle workers that have built up the radical labor movement to its present efficiency.

XVI.

THE TRIANGLE SLAUGHTER

On March 25th, 1911, the great Triangle fire occurred. It was the most spectacular industrial accident in the history of the city. The Triangle shop, Harris and Blanck, proprietors, was an open shop, and many stories were told of the unusually bad treatment of the girls employed there.

On the day after the fire, The Call came out in mourning; there were reversed rules between the columns, and a heavy black band around the reading matter on the first page. It was a memorable issue, and the grim and gruesome aspect of the paper itself struck one with the horror of the catastrophe. This issue was produced by Phillips Russell, then city editor.

It was The Call alone of all the English newspapers of the city that had the courage to fight the fight that naturally arose out of the fire. The capitalist press wept bitter tears, and consoled the families of those who had been lost. Capitalist newspapers supported a demand for better fire laws.

But The Call alone called the spade a spade. The day after the news of the holocaust had frozen the city with its horror, The Call carried an editorial entitled, "Murder and nothing else but murder." The first page that day had the striking
TEN YEARS OF SERVICE

cartoon by John Sloan that became famous, called The Triangle. It was a great triangle, with its sides labeled “Rent; Profit; Interest.” On one side leaned a grinning skeleton; on the other, a fat profiteer, and in the center lay the body of a dead girl, with smoking ruins about her. That cartoon did more to enact fairly good fire protection laws (the laws, by the way, that have just been repealed by the Bewley

IN MEMORIAM.
HERE IS THE REAL TRIANGLE.

law over the violent protest of the Socialists in the Assembly) than any other agency.

At the top of the page that day was the great black legend: “How long will the workers permit themselves to be burned as well as enslaved in their shops?”
The next day, there was another Triangle cartoon, the triangle this time being formed of a pile of human skulls. There were stories of how the waist shop officials fought to place the blame for their remissness upon the city officials. The next day, there was a cartoon, "The mark on the pay envelope," a skeleton surrounded by smoke, making a dollar mark, and on the top of the page, "What are the workers going to do about it?" And so, day after day, The Call hammered away at the waist bosses and their responsibility for the fire.

The result was not the legal action, nor the reprisals that were expected. On April 8th, the officers of the Triangle Waist Co., tried to buy The Call!

A contract for an advertisement was offered, and a check for $250; nothing was to be printed in the "ad" except the fact that there was such a firm as Harris and Blanck. The Call printed a picture of the contract and the check, and contemptuously sent them back.

Offered by Harris & Blanck, proprietors of the Triangle Waist Company, for a half-page advertisement in The Call.

And at that time, as at all other times, a sum like $250 was not to be despised in the always pinched office of The Call.

XVII.

THE MEXICAN VOLCANO

In November, 1910, Victor L. Berger had been elected to Congress. Ordinarily he would not have taken his seat until December, 1911, but President Taft called a special session to meet early in April.
In the Fall of 1910, the Mexicans, unable longer to bear the burden of slavery, revolted, and soon had the Diaz throne tottering.

It was known that the great financial interests of America were vitally interested in maintaining "law and order" of the Diaz variety in that country, and that President Taft's family was among those who had heavy investments in the southern nation, together with the Hearst, the Morgan, the Guggenheim and other interests.

Immediately upon the adjournment of Congress on March 4th, 1911, the President sent the whole standing army to the Mexican border.

That was a challenge to the American people, and the people took it as such. It meant war, and war in the interest of American capitalism. It was a grave moment, and the Socialists rose to the occasion as they have risen to every crisis that has presented itself to them since the birth of the movement.

Protests were sent and petitions were made up.

When Congress met, the first action of that new animal, the Socialist Congressman, was the subject of all kinds of speculation. And Berger's first act was the introduction of a resolution, demanding that all papers that caused the sending of the troops be sent to the House. Shortly after, a giant petition with 100,000 names, to call the troops off the border, was presented to Congress by Berger.

The Socialists thus had made the Mexican situation the big issue of the day. And the next move, by The Call, was one of the most sensational things ever done by any newspaper.

On Friday, May 5th, there was a great seven-column two-line head across the top of the paper, "Taft plans invasion of Mexico in next few days; Call for 200,000 volunteers ready to be issued."

The story was told in circumstantial detail. The President had been saying all along that his motives were pacific in the extreme. He was saying that the army was on the Mexican border merely to engage in "manoeuvres." The public was beginning to be lulled to sleep by the belief that there was to be no war after all. And now The Call got this "scoop."

The invasion never took place under Taft. It rested with President Wilson to have the border crossed by American soldiers. But there are many people who are of the opinion that this story that The Call alone printed had a great deal to do with the fact that the troops were gradually withdrawn.

There was the most intense excitement. Despatches from Mexico City to the Capitalist press said that there was a great sensation in that Capital when the entire front page of The Call was telegraphed there, and printed in the papers of that city.

It was a real "beat" and the fact that the invasion was postponed three years was very largely due to The Call in the opinion of many competent observers.
AFTER FOUR YEARS

It was about this time that Joshua Wanhope came to the staff of The Call. Herman Simpson had been succeeded by Frank MacDonald as editor, and the desk was under the efficient management of Phillips Russell, who, after nearly two years was succeeded by Harry T. Smith.

It was shortly after the launching of the paper that Anita C. Block took over the work of the woman’s page. At first a daily feature, but later, a feature of the Sunday magazine, Comrade Block has been at work on the paper, with never failing efficiency and good nature. Her “Woman’s Sphere” is something that any paper would be proud to feature, and The Call is proud of having had it all these years.

There was a dramatic department on Sundays, written by the late beloved William Mailly, a brilliant review of the week’s dramatic offerings. There was an editorial page—rather heavy, but brilliantly written. Wanhope’s work at that time, though seldom signed, was considered by many people to be by far the best Socialist writing of the time. And it has never deteriorated.

The magazine was a bit too heavy in those days. There were translations of foreign material, mostly by Richard Perin (Richard P. Appleton), who seemed to have all the languages of Europe at his tongue’s end. There were book reviews by George Willis Cooke, although no book review department, such as the present excellent one presided over by Max Schonberg. There were stories and long theoretical articles. And there was, in serial form, that monumental and superbly written work, Gustavus Meyers’ History of the Supreme Court of the United States, which first appeared in this paper. The installments, however, were so long, and they were printed so solidly that some of its value was lost.

All in all, the paper was distinctly creditable to the movement, and although it has improved immensely in every way since then, no one who looks over the back files will be ashamed of it as it was then.

The Call took a special joy at that time, as always, in fighting for woman suffrage. The movement was no longer the “freak” that it had been a few years before, but it was far from being so “respectable” that one could espouse the cause without being attacked on all sides. But the suffragists knew that they had one sincere friend in the newspaper world, and several times The Call printed special suffrage editions that were widely sold.

STRIKES

In the Spring of 1913, the great general strike of the garment industries broke out, the strike that built up the garment industry as one of the best organized trades in the country. Again, there was the orgy of abuse and the lack of sympathy on the part of the “respectables”; again the Socialists threw every ounce of their energy into the fight to help the workers.
The Call was the daily organ of the hundreds of thousands of strikers. They had the Jewish Forward, of course, but without The Call to tell their story to the mass of the people, and especially to the capitalist editors, they would have had hard sledding. And they won glorious victories.

At the same time, the Paterson silk weavers' strike broke out; this was an I. W. W. strike, and the feeling between that organization and the Socialists was rather bitter. But that fact did not deter the Party and The Call from throwing their whole strength into that battle, also. Funds were raised through The Call; sympathy was generated, and when the questions of constitutional rights of American citizens came up, endangered by the brutal officials in the course of that battle, The Call fought valiantly for the workers, and against the Cossacks of Paterson.

As a result of that struggle, Pat Quinlan went to jail; Frederick Sumner Boyd, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and many others got into trouble; and The Call asked neither their politics nor their attitude towards the Party nor towards itself; the Socialists were with them to the end.

XX.

WAR CLOUDS GATHER

At this time, the manager of the paper was U. Solomon, State Secretary of the Party for New York. Solomon served as State Secretary without pay, the room that is now used as the editorial offices being the office of the State Committee. Solomon had succeeded Otto Wegener, who in turn had followed W. J. Ghent's brief incumbency as manager.

In the middle of March, 1914, there were "unemployed" demonstrations that were used by certain elements to try to put the Socialist party and The Call in the wrong. The great unemployed problem of the hard winter of 1913-14 had been taken up by the Socialist elements; plans had been worked out for unemployment insurance, the situation was in a fair way to be ameliorated, when the anarchist elements of the city took a hand.

Socialist meetings were broken up by the people who would rather have seen suffering than a system of unemployment insurance. Unemployed demonstrations were held by people who were ceaselessly employed in trying to show the "futility" of Socialist party work, rather than doing something. And The Call came in for this agitation, too.

In the midst of the controversies, when things were in a rather ticklish position, The Call lost the services of Frank MacDonald as editor. The Board of Management had the difficult task of getting an editor and keeping the paper going at once. A board of three men took up the task of running the paper, with the efficient cooperation of Harry T. Smith, the city editor. Charles W. Wood of the Sunday World, Richard Perin Appleton and William M. Feigenbaum wrote editorials, answered letters, made up the editorial page, edited the Sunday magazine, and did all the manifold things that an editor should do.
In the Winter of 1911, The Call suffered a severe loss in the illness of Joshua Wanhope. Wanhope had been everything to the paper. Editorial writer, editor of the Sunday magazine, writer of special articles, and book reviewer were some of the functions that this great writer assumed. He took care of the correspondence, he answered letters, and he gave the paper a tone that only a man of his genius could impart. But that was not enough for him. In addition, he was constantly on the road speaking and lecturing for the party, engaging in debates, and in general, acting as one of the most important workers in the Socialist movement in any capacity.

In February, 1914, he went to Rochester to debate Pete Collins, professional Socialist killer. The enemy had packed the great hall, and very few Socialists had been allowed in. The opponent, secure in the support of the house, took it upon himself to insult, to revile, to lie, and to take every advantage of the Socialist. The house was with him in these tactics, and when Wanhope attempted to hold up his end of the debate, he was all but shouted down.

It was a disgraceful scene, and to a man as high strung as Wanhope had become with all the work he had been doing, it was a severe shock. He held up his end more than creditably, as he always does in whatever he sets out to do; but when he came home, he attempted to write the story of the "debate," and then he fell; stricken with apoplexy.

Those who loved him; those who admired his great work, those who realized what he had meant to the paper, united to make things easy for him. Loving care and consideration saw to it that while his pay went on undisturbed, his work was done for him, and it was in July, just at the outbreak of the Great War that he came back to his desk.
In May, 1914, the Board secured the services of Chester M. Wright as managing editor. Wright had been on the Chicago World (the Daily Socialist) and the Milwaukee Leader. Later, he was editor of several Socialist papers in Los Angeles. He was a talented writer, and brought Western ideas of "punch" to The Call.

It was a few weeks before, while the triumvirate of Wood, Appleton and Feigenbaum were handling the editorial policy of the paper that two things occurred. The Ludlow massacre and the Vera Cruz incident had occurred. The Socialists felt that war with Mexico was inevitable, and in the interests of the American capitalists. Excitement was intense. The Call took the lead in a vigorous denunciation of the policy that led to butchery in both countries, and much of the moral indignation that swept the American people at that time was due to the steadfast work of The Call.

In July, 1914, the war clouds began to gather. Joshua Wanhope had returned to his desk, cured of his malady, but unable to do the volume of work that he had been doing before he had been stricken. It was fortunate that the Socialist organ had such a clear brain, such a great vision as that of Wanhope when the shock of war came and unseated so many intellects.

On August 2, 1914, The Call printed an editorial from the pen of Wanhope, entitled "Capitalism, a Warning and a Farewell," that set the minds of thousands of people straight upon the beginning of the war. It was a solemn warning, and many people read it again, in 1917, when it was reprinted upon the third anniversary of its first appearance, with the feeling that it was the most rational and sane thinking that appeared in that moment of dreadful shock.

It was at this time, the beginning of the war, that Wanhope wrote his great Sunday article, "Was the Kaiser 'Framed Up?'" It was a remarkable piece of reasoning, and today, after nearly four years of the battle, many people look back and assert that that alone, of all the torrents of words that poured out of countless brains, was the true explanation of the outbreak.

In the Spring of 1916, the Mexican situation became acute again. Troops were massed upon the border. Villa, in the pay, it was widely believed, of Standard Oil, crossed the border and murdered Americans in Columbus, New Mexico. The great Revolution that had overthrown the Diaz tyranny and the domination of American capitalism, was in danger. Jingoism of the Hearst variety and of the Roosevelt variety, thirsted for gore. It was a dangerous moment.

But the Socialists did not flinch. Led by The Call, inspired by the great special anti-war edition of June 24th, 1916, the Socialists unitedly cried, "KEEP OUT OF MEXICO!"

Girls, with arm bands bearing those words, "KEEP OUT OF MEXICO!" sold the special edition of The Call in the streets, braving frenzied mobs of vicarious patriots.

In all the recent election campaigns, there have been numbers of "special editions." In 1915, there was a great East Side edition, that was circulated by tens of thousands in the fight that pushed the Socialist vote up near the victory that was
actually accomplished in 1917. In 1916, there were numbers of special editions, and in 1917, the Bronx, the East Side, Brownsville, and East New York, had special editions; there was a special city campaign edition, and a special suffrage edition. These, circulated altogether by hundreds of thousands, aided materially in the great election victories of 1917.

There were two great industrial struggles in the summer of 1916. The cloak-makers struck again, and won a brilliant victory. The Call, of course, was with them with all its might. But they had their powerful organization back of them. The Call's aid was most welcome, both from the moral standpoint, and in other ways.

But there was another strike, a strike that will be-long remembered as historic. The street car workers went out to fight for humanity. And what a battle it was!

Opposed by the united Tory press; fought by every "respectable" element in the city, the carmen fought as gallant a fight as has ever been seen.

The Call was with them to the end. The Call published an evening edition, solely to fight their fight. Day and night the workers on The Call worked to get out first the regular paper, and then the Evening Call. The entire staff, with the aid of the volunteers who always worked with the paper, got out the paper for several weeks, and for a while it looked as if the strike would be won. It is all recent history, of course. But it is typical of the work that The Call has always done, and always will do. The workers were beaten, but there was no shame in the defeat. And The Call is proud of the part that it took in the fight.

Since the Summer of 1916, many things have happened. The United States has entered the war, and several of the old Socialists have left the Party. There is a conscription law, and because of war time conditions, other laws have been enacted that seemed impossible a year before we went in.

The Call opposed the entry of the country into the war. The Call opposed the passage of the conscription law. The Call opposed the passage of other laws that it believed were not democratic, and not in the best interests of the country. But with the laws passed, The Call always obeyed the law. The Call is proud of the fact that although it opposed many proposed laws, it never sanctioned disobedience to them when they were passed. The Call has always sought to have bad laws defeated; and when passed, to have them repealed.

More than this, no good citizen can do. Less than this, no democratic citizen will do and remain a good democrat.

Editor Wright had been succeeded by Charles W. Ervin. The Call has progressed in every way. Brilliantly edited by Ervin, it has fought its fight fairly, and cleanly.

With Ervin are David Karsner, editing the Saturday magazine, and adding to it the touches that make it an excellent literary offering. Louis Gardy is the talented dramatic editor, and Max Schonberg has put the book department in a class with the best in any paper in any city.

Solomon was succeeded as manager by Gustave Theimer in 1914, who in turn, was succeeded by Raymond Wilcox, the present business manager. The Board is
fighting along, with such gallant and devoted souls on it, as W. W. Passage, L. A. Malkiel, Julius Gerber, S. John Block, and others, who have been with us from the very beginning.

Charles W. Ervin has tackled the task before him with vigor and with enthusiasm. He fought manfully, with the cooperation of a tireless staff, for the workers and for the workers' side. It was the unpopular side, but believing in democracy, believing in Socialism, believing in free speech, The Call became a mighty organ of the protest that grew up in the past year against the many things that had happened within the year.

The great Hillquit campaign began. The campaign and the progress of The Call were exactly parallel. The city became afire with the fight. The Socialists fought a fight such as has never been seen before, and The Call was at the head of the column.

Madison Square Garden was jammed time and time again in that fight. When the postmaster general called upon The Call to show cause why it should not be denied second class mailing privileges, The Call called upon its friends to meet and talk it over.

The result was the greatest political meeting ever held in the hemisphere. Madison Square Garden was jammed; the streets around were black with countless thousands of people who vainly strove to get in.

It was a glorious tribute to the great paper that had fought as these people wanted it to fight; it was a tribute from fighters for democracy to a fighter for democracy. The glorious ovations given to Candidate Hillquit and Editor Ervin will never be forgotten. The address of Chairman S. John Block was a masterpiece.

The rest is known to all. The Call has fought and has never struck its colors. It never will strike its colors. It never can.

It had to change again to an evening paper. It had to raise its price. But it never misses an opportunity to fight on. When the newsboys and the newsdealers struck, The Call sprang into the breach and fought for them. It could do nothing else.

And now it is ten years old! What a decade it has passed! It has seen war and peace; pestilence and earthquake and revolution. It has seen good times and bad. It has fought for the workers in small fights and in great fights. BUT IT HAS NEVER FAILED THE WORKERS!

It has developed some notable writers. It has developed many fighters. Much material that is well known literature today first saw the light in these columns. Books that are of vital importance, such as the work of Gustavus Meyers', were first published here. Working class literature of real importance, such as the work of Theresa Malkiel, first saw the light here. Newspaper men of real significance first did their work here.

And while Capitalism lasts, The Call will fight on. It is as strong as the working class. And as weak. It cannot fail. For in its failure, Freedom fails!