

NEWSIES STOP THE WORLD

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After a hike in the price of newspapers, Jack Kelly and his band of Newsies decided they would not be pushed around and refused to pay the new price. "If we don't sell papes, then no one sells papes, Nobody gets to that window till they put the price back where it belongs," said Kelly.



When you got a hundred voices singin'
Who can hear a lousy whistle blow?

And the world will know
That this ain't no game
That we got a ton of rotten fruit and perfect aim

So they gave their word?
But it ain't worth beans!
Now they're gonna see what
"Stop the presses" really means
And the old will weep
And go back to sleep

And we got no choice but to see it through
And we found our voice

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LIGHTNING AND HEAT KILL AND DO INJURY.

Patrick Haley Struck Dead at his Work During the Fierce Thunderstorm

DAMAGE AT VARIOUS POINTS

Large Tree Blown Against a New York Central Train, Which Narrowly Escapes Derailment.

ONE DEATH, MANY PROSTRATIONS

Storm Cooled the Atmosphere, Causing a Sudden Drop from 90 to 78 Degrees.

The thunderstorm, which was the climax of a hot day yesterday, killed at least one person and did much damage. There was a deal of suffering from the heat and one death and several prostrations in New York before the storm cooled the air, causing a drop of seventeen degrees in the temperature. The storm came from the northwest.

Patrick Haley, thirty-five years old, employed in Nathaniel Coverts brick-yard
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RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE

One Man Dead and

and One Nearly Killed

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Frederick Kelsler, of No. 103 Niagara street, almost lost his life in a heroic effort to save his shopmate from suffocation; he failed, and barely got out alive. Deadly gases from the vat killed Schablowsky.

Skins are cleaned and dyed in the big vat. It is in a room where the temperature is always high, thus pervading it at all times with foul and nauseous gases. Yesterday the vat was drained and Schabowksy sent down to clean it out.

"It's bad down there," cried Kelsler, who stood at the mouth of the vat. "I'd come out if I were you and wait a bit till it clears out."

"I'm all right!"

The next moment he fell to the bottom of the vat without a word, sinking slowly in the thick liquid in which he was standing knee deep. Without a moment's hesitation though he knew it might be his death, too, Kelsler, plunged down into the nauseating hole where Schlbowsky lay.

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But the fumes mounted swiftly to his brain, too, struggle as he might for a breath of air. He seized his friend with one last despairing clutch, but he sank, too.

Then Kelsler cried out wildly, but the echo rank down the sides of the big tank mockingly. Again and again he cried out, and just as he was sinking down to death, too. Workmen heard and came running to his aid. Kelsler was lying under the liquid at the bottom clasping Schabowsky in a death grip. Both were lifted out and carried to the open air.

Schabowsky was still breathing buit he died in a moment. Kelsler slowly came to and will recover. The dead man left a wife, and several small children. Kelsler's heroism was the talk of the neighborhood last night.

WEDDING GUEST ON BATTLE-SHIP

BAR HARBOR, Me., July 27. Miss Susann' Train, daughter of capt. ship Massachusetts, and Augustus Noble Hand, son of Richard L. Hand, of Elizabethan, N. J., will be married here Aug.5, and as the North Atlantic Squadron will be in the harbor at the time it has been arranged to give the wedding reception on board the Massachusetts.

A large number of invitations will be issued for the church.

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POETRY INSPIRED BY TEA

Invited in Verse, Actresses Rhymed in Response and Anticipation.

FLORIDA KINGSLEY'S HARD LUCK

Her Conditional Acceptance Covered the Ground, but She Was Short an Umbrella.

"On Thursday next
At four o'clock
Don your best smile
And summer frock
And to the Lougue House ramble.
No swell affair;
A cup of tea
Mixed up with real
True jollity
And other kinds of gambol,
Keep up the fun;
Write us you'll come
In rhyme of any metre.
The Muse may ache--
We'll compensate
Next Thursday for we'll feed her!"

Mrs. Gertrude Andrews and Dr. Kath

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The World

TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1899

NEW NEWSIE PRICE - 60 cents per 100

The price per 100 newspapers raises to 60 cents from the previous price of 50 cents. While this price may not seem significant being a mere 10th of a penny per paper, it poses a significant problem for the newboys of New York City.

"They'll be learning a real life lesson in economics. I couldn't offer them a better education if they were my own," says newspaper owner, Joseph Pulitzer.



Your abject surrender
Was always the bottom line

Too bad you've no job, Jack
But you did resign
Too bad you've no family
But you can't have mine
Be glad you're alive, boy
I'd say that's the bottom line

Like the pied piper
you knew what to play

'Till those kids all
believed you were right

Lucky for them all
but one got away

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Give me a week and I'll
train them to be
Like an army that's
marching to war
Proud of themselves and so
Grateful to me
They'll be begging to
pay even more

When there's dirt o
our shoes, boys
For God's sake, relax
Why throw them out?
All we need is some wax
Listen well to these
barbershop lessons
For they'll see you through

When you're stuck in the muck
you'll be fine
You'll erase any trace of decline
With a trim
And a snip
And a shine

And the power of the press
Yes, once again is mine

Just a few common cents
Gents, that's the bottom line

Every new outcome
It's income for you
Thanks to that bottom line

WATCH WHAT HAPPENS

So here's how it goes once we win
And we will be winning
Make no mistake

We'll be what?
We're already winning

Right

And we'll tell them straight out
They let Crutchie go or they keep
getting pounded

Dave, what the hell? Did they
bust up your brains or somethin'?
As I recall Dave we all got our
asses kicked. They won

Won the battle

Oh come on

Jack-y think about it,
we got them surrounded

Here's where I think Joe's a jerk
He's a rattle snake

You're right, and you know
why a snake starts to rattle?

No, why?

'Cause he's scared

Sure

Go and look it up. The poor guys
head is spinning. Why would he
send for the goons, an entire army?
Dozens of goons and the cops,
and--

You know you may be right

Thank you, God!

If he wasn't afraid

Exactly

He knows we're winning

Get those kids to see
we're circling victory
And watch what happens
We're doing something
no one's even tried
And, yes, we're terrified
But watch what happens

You can't undo the past

So just move on and stay on track

NEWSIES CARRY THE BANNER

It's a crooked game we're playin'
One we'll never lose
Long as suckers don't mind payin'
Just to get bad news

Ain't it a fine life
Carrying the banner through it all
A mighty fine life
Carrying the banner tough and tall
When the bell rings
We goes where we wishes
We's as free as fishes
Sure beats washing dishes
What a fine life
Carrying the banner home-free all

Summer stinks and
winters freezing
When you works outdoors
Start out sweatin'
End up sneezin'
In between it pours
Still it's a fine life
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