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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF NATURAL MONOPOLIES

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HOW TO TAME THE TRUSTS.

Judge Grosscup's Plan.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup, United States district judge, has given a plan for taming the trusts, which, while not new to the advocates of socialism, has created no little comment. He says, in brief, that "peopleizing" these vast aggregations of capital and rendering them harmless by turning them over to the people is the only practical plan. "Peopleize the trusts, and you will render them innocuous," says he, "for thereby you deprive them of the very principle that makes them obnoxious to the general run of mankind."

"Peopleizing" the trusts would be merely combining all the trusts for the benefit of the world at large, and introducing the humanizing influence of pro bono publico.

Throw open the trusts to an increasing number of people, and eventually include all the voters of the country, and the trust evil will abate as rapidly as a rough sea at ebb tide.

This plan is endorsed by every Socialist and every person who believes in government ownership. For this reason, we believe that the more rapidly the trusts multiply, and the more they bear down on the people, the sooner public ownership will come. Therefore, we are not so fiercely opposed to trusts as some.

Indeed, we heartily concur in Judge Grosscup's plan for taming the trusts.

A Word With You, Mr. Workingman.

From the Coming Nation.

You are very angry with Judge Adams on account of his infamous order enjoining the Wabash employes from striking? When you read of the shooting of those miners in West Virginia BY ORDER OF JUDGE KELLAR, your blood boiled and your heart swelled with righteous indignation. But did it ever occur to you, my good man, that seventy-five per cent of the voters of this country are wage-earners?

Who appoints these judges? The men elected by your votes. And yet, you tell me, "Keep politics out of the unions." You strike against the capitalist class and vote against your own class. Keep it up if you like it, but take your medicine, and don't muke such a face over it.

Will Allen White's Estimate of Congress.

In an editorial on the nomination of Victor Murdock for congress, Will Allen White says in his paper, the Emporia Gazette:

"Murdock will make a queer figure in congress for a time, till congress gets some sort of sense o' him. For he is a hater of shans and make-believes and pretenses, and congress is filthy with them. The lower house of congress is a pack of lies. It pretends to be what it is not—a resort of statesmen. It is really a gang of clerks who work for senators or constituents, or both. There is no important legislative work done in the house."

MISS HELEN GOULD is going to hire experts to study out plans for the betterment of the condition of the poor. The first thing for her to do is to find a way to keep her brothers and other millionaires from gobbling the whole earth, and taking wealth from the people who earn it.—Charley Finch.

ANOTHER Chicago million heiress is about to marry a scrofulous European prince. And yet, America shudders whenever the Sultan of Turkey buys a pretty slave girl. The Sultan's method is better than the one in vogue between Europe and America.—Charley Finch.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, IN HEARST'S CHICAGO AMERICAN.



YOU never can tell when you send a word,
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it may chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm,
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart,
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be:
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though the harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil.
You may not know, but the tree shall grow,
With shelter for those who toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love:
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
WHATEVER WENT OUT FROM YOUR MIND.

JO McDILL'S SERMON

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Jesus said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The disciples inquired: "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus illustrated with the parable of the Good Samaritan, which is:

A certain man went down to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who wounded him, robbed him and left him to die upon the highway. A priest came that way, looked upon the wounded traveler, and passed on; likewise, a Levite. A Samaritan, journeying upon the same road, came to the traveler, had compassion upon him, dressed his wounds, bore him to an inn, hired the landlady to nurse the traveler, advanced some pay, and promised to pay the whole bill till the traveler had fully recovered.

The Samaritan alone was a neighbor.

The priest and Levite both belonged to the sacerdotal class, but were as lacking in neighborly qualities as a Texas steer. Teachers of religion, they had not the first principle of religious existence. The Samaritan belonged to a despised tribe of people—a people of no distinct nationality, and un-orthodox in religious belief, and yet, had more religion than priest or Levite, and the one only of the three that "loved his neighbor as himself."

Supreme love of the Author of all men's existence, and loving all men as well as we love ourselves, are corner-stones of Christianity.

A man may be immersed in water, or sprinkled, abstain from work on Sunday and go to church, be prompt in payment of church dues; may be a thorough Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or Catholic, and yet, failing to love his neighbor as himself, is not a Christian but in name. To "love thy neighbor as thyself" is the supreme test.

Christianity is more than a sentiment—an emotion—more than an observance of forms. It is an active, vital principle, and its energy is expended in relieving the miseries of our fellow beings who have fallen among thieves.

In this parable, Jesus laid down a great principle to be followed by all His true disciples. The parable is only a figure. Millions of men

have fallen among thieves in the figurative sense who are just as much entitled to the compassion and aid of Christians as if fallen in the literal sense.

A child is born in a basement. Rags are its swaddling-clothes. Hunger gnaws at its vitals and cold saps its energy. It lives with filth for its garments, and every form of vice for its moral and mental atmosphere.

From the day of its birth, that child fell among thieves who robbed it of every good thing this earth affords, and who wounded it in its moral, mental and physical being in great bruises of large extent and almost incurable existence.

That child was, and is, our neighbor. Society is the robber band that robbed the child of happy manhood or womanhood, and that wounded him or her, in all their vital parts, of tolerable human existence.

A well-formed man, physically, with a good mind, and a man capable of good deeds and generous actions, went into a saloon, fell under the influence of strong drink, descended through a gutter to a pauper's grave. No Samaritan reached out a hand; or, if a hand, a feeble hand. The man perished; but there were thousands of priests and Levites looking on who never shed a tear or tendered a copper's worth of aid.

Society not only robbed the man of manhood, but it murdered him. Society started the saloon, installed the saloon-keeper and took part of the money in licenses for its share of the loot.

A school boy grew to manhood. He had a good mind, well-cultured, was ambitious, but he had no money. He went into market with just brain and muscle. He offered his wares to the highest bidder. There was lots of competition—many sellers and few buyers. His wares barely brought him enough to keep body and soul together. He lived, but his life was dwarfed, and he wearied of his existence long years before the allotted time that men should die. Society robbed that boy of a well-rounded life, and, in robbing the boy, it robbed human-

ity, and lost sight of the principle of "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A farmer bought a farm. He paid two-thirds of the purchase money, and mortgaged the farm for the balance. The money lords precipitated a panic. Manufactories shut down, mines closed, building ceased, the country was full of tramps, and farm produce sold for a song. The mortgage took the farm and the farmer became a despairing tenant. Society robbed the farmer of two-thirds of a farm and slew his energy. He fell among the worst class of literal thieves, in that the thieves created a financial system that afforded a panic at least every quarter of a century.

Let this suffice. There are hundreds of other forms of robbery. The robbers always go in bands, and are well armed. Each band has its territory. They lie in wait or concealment until ready to spring upon their prey. The travelers are unsuspecting. Honest, they believe other men to be honest. The travelers do not band together, though nothing would be easier. The traveler is unarmed or ignorant of the use of arms.

The babe in the basement or the boy with brains is utterly helpless. The man who loads up with debt is ignorant of our financial system, and the strong man who falls under the influence of the saloon is not as wise as rats.

The great fact that we have to deal with is that people fall—fall in childhood, in mature years and in old age. Not only is there the weakness of human nature and ignorance, but a small part of the human family have deliberately banded together to rob and mutilate their brothers. And all such are not Christians—no matter what their titles or possessions; no matter how strict their observance of forms, or how loud their professions. The priest and the Levite were guilty of not loving their neighbor.

The despised Samaritan loved his brother. The priest and the Levite did not. The traveler was not an acquaintance of any. Only the Samaritan perceived the great truth of universal brotherhood. The Samaritan's love found vent not alone in compassion, but in dressing the wounds and providing for the traveler's care till recovery was accomplished. Not only was there work, but the work reached out to recovery of strength of which the traveler had been deprived by the robbers.

It is a poor religion that does not contain the philosophy of preventives. The application of Christian principles would largely do away with all the deep miseries of the human race. If all men were Christians, there would be no robbers. If all men were Christians in that they loved their neighbor as themselves, no babies would be born in basements or brought up in the haunts of criminals. If all men were Christians, there would be no strong drink or saloons to lure men to destruction through their weakness.

The great truth that Jesus taught is that, to be His disciple, it was necessary to love all men, and, in so loving, it followed that all men should enjoy the same benefits bestowed by a common Father, who is God.

When the robber loved his neighbor, he ceased to rob. When the saloon-keeper loved, he ceased to tempt and take gain from others who were too weak to resist temptation.

Jesus said nothing about hunting down the thieves. He was not teaching the disciples the duties or prerogatives of government. Apply the doctrine of Jesus, and there would be no need for civil government. But the doctrine is not applied. After two thousand years of the life of Christianity, the great question is as to what shall be done with the men who will not love their neighbor. And the common-sense answer is: Hunt them down. Destroy the places of ambush. Educate the ignorant to the point of self-protection. Stand guard over the helpless. Let all good Samaritans

[CONCLUDED ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]

R. L. ADAMS,

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