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EDITORIALS — FEATURES



On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

History of Bombs

In 1886 the eight-hour day seemed within the grasp of labor. The Knights of Labor, the "one big union" of its time, and the only union of that type that ever touched the edge of success, was so powerful that its possibilities seemed unlimited. Its officers had become alarmed at its amazing growth and temporarily closed the doors to new members.

Newly formed labor parties were gaining local members. Public attention was focussed upon labor problems. All things pointed to the dawning of a new era.

Then came the riots of May 1, the Chicago police outrages, and then the bomb on Haymarket Square. Thirty years have not sufficiently cleared away the confusion to permit any accurate apportionment of the blame for the events that led to that act, nor for the guilt of its perpetration, nor of justice to those who suffered for it.

The things do clearly emerge from that welter of dissension and contradictory evidence. The eight-hour agitation almost disappeared. The Knights of Labor dropped into a vegetative existence, without membership, power or influence.

A great wave of reaction swept over the country, during which the trust movement developed and private interests gained an almost unbreakable grip upon all resources. It was more than 20 years before labor was as well organized, powerful and progressive as it was before its hopes were dynamited by the Haymarket bomb.

This has been the story of every similar act in this or any other democratic country. Bombs bar progress for labor. The victory of the workers depends upon intelligent growth in democratic power. They cannot organize nor maintain a violently captured position.

Nor is the situation in an autocracy so different as might be thought. Assassination and violence were long accepted as the inevitable tactics for use against czarism in Russia. So the revolutionists organized individual warfare. They went cheerfully to their deaths, or to worse torture and imprisonment, if they could but rid the world of a tyrant.

When all this had been done it was discovered that the director and manager of the terrorist movement, the organizer of violence, the leader of the "propaganda of the deed," was Azev, who was also the head of the imperial secret service.

Moreover, in sociology as in biology, like produces like. Albert Sorel, the great historian of the French revolution, has shown that the terror but reproduced in remarkable detail the methods of the Old Regime.

Today Czar Trotsky differs but little in methods from Czar Nicholas. Violence requires secrecy, encourages autocracy and maintains ignorance in the masses and arrogance in the leaders. It paves the way to a "dictatorship of the proletariat" and brutal terrorism against those who question the right of a few individuals to exercise that dictatorship.

Violence is the reaction to violence. Suppression of democratic methods of discussion and action leads to foolish outbreaks that breed more violent suppression until the mania runs its course and both sides return to intelligence, or the whole society plunges into a murderous struggle.

But whatever the outcome, labor is always the greatest loser by social violence.

The Rhenish people wish peace "based on a reconciliation of all peoples." Peoples may eventually be reconciled to the inevitable. They will never be reconciled to one another.

To Fit the Individuals

Senator Fall, of New Mexico, charges the state department flatly with suppression of news of Mexican affairs in favor of the Carranza government.

Certainly from this distance the recent Juarez affair looked mighty like unauthorized intervention by American troops in behalf of Mexico's bewhiskered potentate, Carranza. The average reader of press dispatches, censorship to the contrary notwithstanding, will conclude the outcome of the Juarez fracas strengthens Fall's position.

As to the state department itself, and the truth or untruth of the suppression charge, that is a matter which awaits investigation. But it is a fact that news suppression, under some such title as "diplomacy," God save the mark! is just such another bright idea as could be counted on to appeal to the imagination of the glorified office boys who have been left in charge of the department during the absence of the big bosses, Wilson and Lansing.

If it should turn out that these young gentlemen really have been playing fast and loose with that most essential property of the American people, viz., the news, we suggest a public spanking. If the punishment cannot be made to fit the crime, it should at least be made to fit the individuals.

It is worthy of note that Orlando hasn't had a thing to say since the premiers turned him over to Colonel House.

Gettin' Beat

We were passing a vacant lot the other evening, just about dark, when a bunch of 10 or 12-year-old kids were assembled in conference.

One of them delivered this to the rest, "Gee, it ain't no disgrace to get beat up. Some kids think it is. It's a disgrace to run!"

Right boy. Stick to that bit of philosophy thru life and you'll never be worried with the crowd at the foot of the ladder of success.

We all get "beat up" physically or mentally many times as we go along our various pathways.

It is no disgrace. Each beating only makes us stronger men and women for the next "set to." We gain experience from each fray.

No siree, it is no "sin to get beat up, but it is a sin to run."

Dr. Dernburg declares that it is the primary moral duty of the German people to preserve the honor of the nation. One man should be able to preserve what is left of it. Why bother the whole people about it?

The refusal of Switzerland and Norway to join in the blockade in case Germany refuses to sign the treaty will merely extend the scope of the blockade.

Private Felix Bird of Chicago has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for capturing 49 Huns. This Bird must be closely related to the American eagle.

If you haven't yet arrived, take heart of the fact that for years T N T was a useless byproduct. You may make a big noise yet.

It's a Comfort to Know the Worst Has Happened. —By McKee



AFTER "REDUCING" FOR TWO MONTHS BY DIET AND EXERCISE, YOU FIND YOU HAVE GAINED 16 POUNDS

"WELL SAY SO"

IF THE JUNE BRIDE FAILS TO COME TO HER WEDDING, WHY THERE ARE OTHER FISH IN THE SEA, AS THEY SAY IN PENN.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—Joseph Solar arrived at the church with his best man, and the wedding guests were all there. So was the parson. But the bride, Mary Tolloc, changed her mind at the last minute and said she wouldn't marry Joe after all. Did Joe's heart break? Did he weep and shoot himself? No, sir; he was all dressed up with no place to go but his wedding. Speedily he transferred his warm affections to Miss Teresa Chasa, and she accepted the transfer. And the wedding proceeded. That's how it comes Miss Tolloc is still Miss Tolloc, and Miss Chasa is Mrs. Solar.

The newest circus stunt is the noiseless clown. He never says a word as he cuts capers. And soon—maybe—there'll be a barber who says never a word as he cuts hair.

THE LAWN BUG

Rearing a lawn is quite a habit. Every neighborhood has its lawn sharks. They know every sprout of grass by its first blade, and keep an agile eye set for any that get out of step. If anyone dares to shuffle a careless brogan on the turf's emerald complexion he steps into a snappy shower of words from the lawn shark. The only way to get under his hide, is to get on his lawn, or have another neighbor step ahead of him on his grass exhibit. Then he thinks Paris green about the other's green display. The lawn mechanic finally gets an idea that grass is related to seaweed. He steers a hose on it for a couple of hours every night, then sets the spray on for an all night spree. Some of 'em even have the sprinkler going when it's raining.

AFTER THE END

"Were you very sick with the flu, Raastus?" "Sick! Sick! Man, Ah was so sick mos' ebery night Ah look in dat er casualty list for mah name." —Judge.

Little Rafael—Say, pa, won't you buy me a fiddle? Pa—No, Rafael, I'm afraid you will disturb me with the noise.

Little Rafael—No, I won't, pa. I'll only play while you are asleep.

Two sons of Erin were talking together. "And so yer name is O'Hare," said one. "Are yez related to Patrick O'Hare?" "Very distantly," said the other. "I was my mother's first child and Patrick was the 13th." —Everybody's Magazine.

CHARACTER IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN CLOTHES

Some very worldly-wise people accuse religious people of spending a great deal of time with "detractments"—those who are supposed to be down and out—trying to change their HEARTS instead of improving their CLOTHES.

They argue that when you give a man better clothes to wear his heart will naturally grow better. If this were true then all the capitalists would be saints.

Religious people pay a great deal of attention to relief work, furnishing food and clothes and shelter to those who need them—and nobody is doing more than the church in this respect—but it has been clearly proven that the "inside" of a man is of more importance than the "outside."

Clothes aren't nearly so important as character. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," said the sage of Scripture.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," he said.

When religious people give so much attention to a man's "soul" they are dealing with a fundamental thing.

If this can be settled right, the other always takes care of itself, but the fact that a man wears a good coat doesn't necessarily mean he's got a clean heart.

Wise the girl who can tell whether a young man is in love or is merely breaking in a new pair of shoes.

Religion that costs nothing is probably worth about that much.

Tomorrow

ON the 24th of June in the year 64, the first Christian persecution took place in Rome under the Emperor Nero.

In 1314, on the 24th of June, the famous battle of Bannockburn was fought. Led by Robert Bruce, the Scottish army, altho outnumbered three times, defeated the English troops under Edward III.

On the 24th of June, in 1497, John Cabot and his son, Sebastian, Venetian navigators, in the service of England, discovered the North American continent at a point in Labrador, on St. John's Day. No one had as yet reached the continent and Sabot called the site he had discovered Prima Vista.

In 1534, on the 24th of June, John Beccold, a journeyman tailor of Leyden, was crowned King of Munster in Germany, by the Anabaptists. On the same day, the 24th of June, in the following year, the German princes took the city by surprise, deposed the tailor king, and afterward put him to death.

In 1675, on the 24th of June, King Philip's war began. This war between the English and the Indians that devastated the New England colonies for a year, was commenced by the Wampanoags in the Plymouth Colony, not far from Mount Hope.

In 1736, on the 24th of June, the English act of parliament against witchcraft, which was passed during the reign of James I., was repealed.

On the 24th of June, in 1894, M. Sadi Carnot, fourth president of the French republic, was assassinated at Marseilles.

WHEN GOD CALLS A MAN TO BE A PROPHET

BY THE REV. CHARLES STELZLE, Staff Writer on Religious Topics for The Star

How are prophets made? Are they SUDDENLY inspired to proclaim a startling message which thrills the world because of its depth and power, without ever having given previous thought to the content of that message?

No; prophets aren't produced that way, any more than doctors, or lawyers, or engineers, or carpenters are made at a moment's notice.

There never was a prophet who did not struggle painfully thru experiences which gripped his soul—until he cried out in despair: "Wee is me if I preach this gospel!—whether that gospel had to do with politics or economics or religion."

Men often become prophets in spite of themselves, but they never become prophets unless they wholly surrender themselves to the cause which they proclaim.

And they must actually have felt the burden of their own message before they can make others see its significance.

This was decidedly true of the prophets of the old testament.

For example: Amos was a shepherd, who, as he tended his flock, thought deeply and seriously of the sad moral condition of his people. And he became so burdened with the sense of their sin that he was compelled to leave his sheep in the wilderness—called by God—and made his way to the great city, where, in plain and simple but picturesque language, he denounced the oppressors of the poor and those who had despised God.

When God finds a man who has so agonized that he has gone down to the depths of hell as well as ascended to the heights of heaven, He calls that man and "inspires" him to become a prophet—provided that he has some other qualities that equip him to be the bearer of a great message.

The call to be a prophet doesn't sound like the roar of thunder—it is rather like "a still, small voice," which can be heard only in the watches of the night.

THE OLD GARDENER SAYS:

This is the month to put in beets and carrots to be raised for winter use. Rutabaga turnips should also go in this month, altho July will be early enough for the common turnips. There is no better beet for home use than Detroit Dark Red and no better carrot than Chantenay. Many gardeners are now raising fewer beets to store for winter. They are turning them over when young to the housewife to be canned. This is really a better plan, for the tender young beets are much better when they come to the table in mid-winter than those which have been stored in the cellar.

OUT OF MOUTHS OF BABES

Dorothy—Eddy, your mamma's calling you, and I'll bet she's mad.

Little Edward—No her ain't; 'cause if she wuz she'd be calling "Edward."

At dinner small Elizabeth asked for sugar for her berries, and was given a spoonful.

"Is that enough?" asked her mother.

"Yes, that's little enough, mamma," replied Elizabeth.

AMERICA AND ARMENIA

BY DR. FRANK CRANE (Copyright, 1919, by Frank Crane)

Maximilian Harden, who seems to be about the only person within the confines of Germany that talks sense, says that Turkey has always been a robbers' nest. "Never," he asserts, "a nation in the modern sense of the word, a usurper even in Islam, never achieving anything of permanent value in any realm of human endeavor, in natural or cultural sciences, in arts, technology, agriculture, industry or trade, Turkey spread her red half-moon over the most splendid of lands and bled to death the most industrious of the Rajah states!"

"No stranger need tell the compatriots of Ambassador Morgenthau of the number of millions and of the crimes whose victims were the Christian people of Armenia. Under the mandatory of the United States, Armenia, land and people, would quickly bloom and flourish, and Constantinople, physically and morally cleansed, would become a most beautiful city, the wonder at least of our old continent if, instead of the bloody sickle, the mild light of the Stars and Stripes shone over it."

The suggestion has been made that the United States of America be made the mandatory, which I presume is a new word for guardian, of certain territories which the war has liberated from the tyranny of the Central Powers. Among these, Armenia.

There is a great deal to say in favor of this. Of course, there are some Americans that will oppose it. Particularly the Little Americans. It is always popular to object to one's doing anything for another nation except fight it.

We could easily get up an expedition to conquer Mexico—that is, go down and kill the inhabitants and burn their fields—but it would be very difficult to arouse any enthusiasm to spend a million dollars in building school houses in Mexico, altho the latter course would be infinitely more profitable for us in the long run.

Every privilege is accompanied by a responsibility. The fact that we are the wealthiest nation in the world and enjoy free institutions, lays upon us the burden of helping our backward sister nations.

And no land offers a more promising field than Armenia. We could go in there with

hands clean of any selfish interest, and come out of there with hands just as clean.

We have an enviable record as a nation that gives territory back to its people for self-government when we have cleaned it up. So we did with Cuba. So we shall do with the Philippines.

What a marvelous opportunity Armenia opens for the adventurous youth of our land who want to go out as Apostles of education or of business, and help put an oppressed people upon their feet!

We sent two million soldiers and many billion dollars across the sea to defeat an enemy of Democracy. And if we really care for Democracy in the world, we shall have to send men and money abroad to build up the weak as well as to break down the strong.

IN THE MORNING

BOYHOOD

What are the gifts he asks of Fate? Plenty of play, A job with pay, Permission to sit up late, late, late— And another hour's nap in the morning.

YOUNG MANHOOD

What does he ask of the gods of Chance? His tailor-bill paid, The lips of a maid, A long walk home from a long, long dance— And another hour's nap in the morning.

MIDDLE LIFE

What does he ask at the founts of Fame? The bicker and strife, The buffets of life, A few fond friends in a quiet game— And another hour's nap in the morning.

OLD AGE

What shall he ask at the founts of Fate? One touch of love, One look above, One painless stroke at the hands of death— And the hope of a waking in the morning. —EDMUND VANCE COOKE. (Copyright, 1919, N. E. A.)

Wealth and religion have practically nothing in common. Compiling family trees is an industry subject to more or less graft.

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