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ALIEN AGITATORS ARE REAL MENACE

**Preach Pernicious Doctrines
for Their Individual
Advantage.**

It is not organized labor which threatens the future of this country. Neither is it the insatiable greed of capitalism.

Without organization labor would be underpaid and underfed.

Without the capitalist there would be no adequate avenues for the employment of labor.

Both must survive.

But the menace with which we must cope is the alien parasite who has fastened himself on organized labor and is daily eating out the heart of the great American republic.

These radicals from other lands are a majority of cases not even citizens of our country. They are not loyal to our institutions nor to the true interests of the republic in which they have attacked themselves.

They are alien agitators and destroyers—nothing more. They preach their pernicious doctrines and prey upon the credulity of others with the sole idea in view of creating discord and disruption for their own individual advantage. They would displace the intelligent leadership of labor organizations and usurp the seat of authority for themselves. And they are succeeding in these nefarious undertakings to an alarmingly wonderful degree.

Violence is their only effective weapon, and this they employ to the limit of their possibilities in their campaign of treachery and intimidation.

They are shrewd enough, however, to see that the responsibility for their devilishness is laid at the door of organized labor, and by this means escape the individual punishment which is their just due.

The American people have been badly ragged by these aliens until patience is no longer a virtue.

The time is at hand for the government, the law abiding element of organized labor and the public to kick these malcontents out of the country or place them where they can no longer agitate and destroy.

The poisonous snake is a source of constant danger and is promptly crushed.

The alien parasite who is sucking the blood of honest labor and preaching sedition among our citizens is a national peril and should be exterminated.

Sermonette for Today

SEEING THE GREAT LIGHT

A rich man sat in his gilded home and thought of the years that had flown. Memory went back to the time when he was poor, and struggling, and when each day was an agony of toil. He remembered the bitterness with which he had viewed the complacency of those upon whom fortune had smiled. He recalled the ruthlessness with which in his days of poverty the more fortunate had brushed him aside in their pursuit of gold. He shuddered at the agony of soul when the shackles held him enthralled in the meshes of toil.

Opportunity had come his way. He beckoned, he grasped, and he hung on with the grimness of death. He commenced to climb. Kept on climbing, reached the top, became a man of many millions, a power in the world of affairs.

True, in his ascent he had trodden upon many victims, had left misery and sorrow in his wake, had destroyed others that he and his might revel in the glories of wealth.

The sad eyes of the mothers, the pinched faces of the children, the hollow cheeks of the fathers whom he had crushed arose before him in all of their woes.

It was not pleasant, it was appalling. It was a torment to his soul. He bowed his head in shame at the deeds which had made him rich and envied among men—for with all of his millions he had yet a little conscience left.

He had climbed to greatness over the ruins of other men, and the bleached and withered forms of these derelicts became spectres which troubled him by day and haunted him by night.

The milk of human kindness was again warming the seared and stony heart of this man.

He was seeing the great light.

Another picture.

A bright fire burned in a cozy home. Before it sat a man—his eyes closed, his thoughts in the realm of the past, recalling the incidents of his career. He was a chief in the army of toil.

He, too, had struggled through the years of adversity, had fought his way by sheer strength to a dominating position in the ranks of his co-workers. Opposition had been silenced, opposing forces had been crushed.

Now he was at the pinnacle of fame—his power so great that even cabinet ministers and senators trembled at his displeasure. Men laid down their tools at his command, the wheels of commerce ceased to move at his will. Myriads of men might desire to earn bread for their wives and children, but feared to incur the penalties of his wrath. He

was in truth a czar.
But was he just in his exordium? Was it right that men not affiliated with his organization should be denied their constitutional right to earn a livelihood—should be prevented from working by the violence of his professional sluggers?
He had done well to conserve and foster the interests of his own men, but was it right to punish all others that they might enjoy additional de-

lights? In tying up the wheels of industry, in denying others the right to work, in keeping food from the mouths of hungry babes, was he doing unto others as he would have them do unto him?
God made all men—gave them the right to earn an honest livelihood unimpeded by other men. Was he greater than God, that he should deny them this right?
The strong head sank upon his

breast—nursing even gazed into nothingness. Conscience at last was at work.
Was this man, too, seeing the great light?
Above all there is a God—a just God—who sees all men as they are and not as they would be seen—a God who rewards and punishes in the next world without prejudice, without fear, and without favor.
God, at least, is just!

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