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A Sermon on Socialism.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—Matthew, 7: 12.

The Golden Rule is the very soul of Socialism. The rule is recorded in Matthew, but the means of its realization are stated in Marx. The command was given because it is to be obeyed; but we are not yet ready to live the perfect life, conforming to all the law and prophets. Obedience must ever be preceded by preparation. The history of mankind is a long and painful preparation for obedience to the Golden Rule. When economic evolution has prepared the way for justice, the Golden Rule will be honored in observance as it is now dishonored in the breach.

The essential difference between Socialists and non Socialists is, that the Socialist knows what to do and how to do it to make the observance of this law possible, while his opponents are involved in hopeless confusion born of futile efforts to live an ideal life under impossible conditions. Imitations of the Golden Rule, made of inferior metal, have been and are yet current among the devotees of heathen capitalism. Those who have read that remarkable story entitled "David Harum" will remember that astute horse-trader's conception of the rule to be something like the following: "Do unto your neighbor as he would do unto you—but do it first." Do people, but do nothing for them; do nothing for others but make them do for you, is the rule of capitalist ethics—the rule that obtains in the present world of horse-trading, money-making and gold-grabbing commerce. Success in business requires that the successful few succeed in getting more from others than they give in return. The big man in finance, like the big fish in the brook, is big because he has made the smaller fry his meat.

Farther back in history the feudal baron, or big man of the time, practised another variation of the rule, peculiar to his day and circumstances. From his lofty perch on some almost inaccessible rock he would swoop down with his retainers upon his weaker neighbor, from time to time, and seize the tribute with broadsword and battle-axe that his latter-day antitype collects through interest, rent and profit. But, as feudalism has passed away, so must capitalism pass; and the time is at hand when the majority will see their interests best served by an incorporation of the Golden Rule into their every-day dealings with one another. The hope of this better day is not based upon mere sentiment. It is not expected that those who got more than justice from capitalism will suddenly become good and take part in the overthrow of a system of which they are the chief beneficiaries. It is those who get less than justice who are, or should be, interested in the new system. It is the working class that needs conditions under which the Golden Rule can be incorporated into municipal law. For this reason Socialism is a working-class movement.

Socialists do not expect people to become good because someone tells them to. The world has been waiting for centuries—waiting for the preaching of the Golden Rule to take effect. It is now proposed to replace the preaching with practice. But neither the preaching nor the waiting has been in vain, for, during that time, the evolution of industry has progressed until what was once a desirable ideal has become a positive necessity. As in the ancient world all roads led to Rome, so in the modern world all roads lead to Socialism. Thoughts that could never gain entrance through the thick skull of the proletariat have a remarkable way of getting next to the empty stomach, and readily filter through the threadbare garments of the penniless workingman. The workingmen are now ready to accept the oft-told truth that they have nothing to lose, and that through unity of effort they can gain a whole world for justice to all mankind. They have no desire to continue the class struggle that has robbed them of all their labor's product, with the exception of a mere subsistence.

Socialism is a final preparation for compliance with the command of the text. Those who recline in ease in the enjoyment of capitalistic perquisites, and scoff at the inevitable coming of material justice, are only part and parcel of those to whom it is said: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." But the great army of progress, baptised in the sweat of their faces, will move forward and upward to a realiza-

tion of that of which the poets have sung, for which the prophets have prayed, and by which comes the new earth "in which dwelleth righteousness."—F. M. E.

Working Girls and Pet Dogs.

It was bargain day, and the great store was crowded from basement to roof with women shopping. A young girl, selling lace, had her skirt torn from the belt by the pressing throng. All the shop girls were worn and tired, and it was yet early in the day.

"I would not be one of them," I heard a young woman say. "They are worked to death, and their wages are small." "How much?" asked her companion. "Oh, not enough to pay for our fare, board and good clothes." How, then, do they live? "Oh!" and the first speaker raised her eyebrows, "they have someone to help them out." "I have often heard of such things, but do you know of any real cases?" "Oh, my, yes; but they are so common that no one pays any attention to them now. I suppose that nine-tenths of the girls in all of these great stores have a 'gentleman friend.' I am quite sure they do." She was a trimmer, she said, and sometimes made as much as twenty dollars a week; but hers was an exceptional case, and she told of a friend who had turned on the gas one night because her wages were inadequate to meet expenses, and because she "was a nice girl and didn't want to go wrong. But," she added, "these cases are common, too."

The same evening a private secretary to a rich man on the Lake Shore Drive called on a friend at my boarding place. He had with him a small dog, and he showed its teeth, filled with gold; told how, when it was sick, its mistress—the wife of his employer—sends it to a hospital for the best of treatment. It has meals prepared for it, too, from the best of foods, and, now that she is away from the city, she sends telegrams every day to her pet, whose name is "Lady."

I thought of the department store girls, and of the crushed little soul who had turned on the gas because of her poverty, and because she was "a nice girl and didn't want to go wrong." And I wondered how long, O Lord, until the breast of womankind shall be filled with Christlike sympathy for her sex—for the human family. To the dog family she is already foolishly gracious.—J. C.

Great is Prosperity.

John Bierman, Newcastle, Pa., aged 67, cut his throat because he could not find steady employment to enable him to provide for his family. It is so much better for the working class to have to commit suicide, because denied the opportunity to work, than to vote for Socialism, that will not only guarantee them employment, but will give them four times as much as they get to-day. Great is prosperity—of the parasites.

Mrs. Geo. Carter, Evansville, Ind., unable to support her children, took poison. Near here Mrs. Walcom has been arrested for abandoning her month-old baby, because she could not keep it and make a living. She offered to sell it for \$10. At Laporte, Ind., Mrs. Hattie Smith testified in a divorce case that she had to drag agricultural implements and do the work of beasts. This is prosperity in republican Indiana. This is the way capitalism protects the family! This is the system of home-building you uphold with your stupid votes. But you love it so you would n't think of having it changed. Not you.

A San Francisco jeweller, O. Z. Mitchell, out of work, with a sick wife and a sick baby, starving for several days, found a revolver and tried the hold-up business, made a dismal failure, and is now in jail. S. Schwartz, aged 77, stole a revolver and tried to commit suicide on the same day in the same city. These men were not criminals. Society, that refuses to provide employment for its members, is the real criminal. Society is ruled by the well-fed plunderers. No man is safe under this system. You may have plenty to-day, but tomorrow you may be ruined. You may leave your children a fortune, but who can tell how quickly they may become paupers and criminals? And just to think that one successful Socialist election would end all this misery, uncertainty and anarchy, and the poor who suffer refuse to do it! Poor, deluded fools!—Appeal to Reason.