

## BILLY SUNDAY'S FIRST REVIVAL SERMON — SUBJECT—"IF CHRIST CAME TO THIS CITY"

(This is opening sermon of the Holy Week Revival, which Rev. Billy Sunday, the greatest evangelist in the world, will conduct in Chicago this week through the columns of The Day Book.—Editor.)

Text: Luke 19:1—"Jesus entered and passed through Jericho."

BY THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY  
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Enterprise Association.)

The announcement of the coming of any historic character to Chicago would arouse deep interest. If I could announce that Shakespeare, under the alchemy of whose brain all classes and races and all institutions gave up their secrets, were to speak



The Rev. Billy Sunday and Mrs. Sunday, Popularly known at Sunday Revivals as "Ma."

in this tabernacle; if I could announce that George Washington, the father of his country was to honor this city with his presence—excursions would run from every section, and no building has been erected by the hands of men that would hold the crowds.

But I need not argue that the announcement of the coming of Jesus to Chicago would awaken an interest and send a thrill of expectancy beyond that of any other character of history.

We instinctively feel the difference and account for it. This is true because His name is inseparably associated with religion, and after all has been said, religion is the measure of concern of men—it's the real base line of character.

Many types of men challenge our interest, but it is the apostle of religion and the herald of Christianity that has the superlative influence.

For Jesus actually lives the moral law and serves His generation, forgetting Himself in the immortality and we turn to Him for spiritual authority as naturally as a flower turns toward the sun or a lily lifts its immaculate lips to be kissed by the sunshine and the dew.

Beauty may please us, truth may strengthen us, but goodness commands us. A genius charms us, a philosopher instructs us, but a saint feeds us.

But the fact that Jesus was a spiritual genius is not an adequate explanation of the unique interest His coming to this city would arouse.

There have been other spiritual geniuses who incarnated the good and the great, but the grip which Jesus has upon the heart and consciences of men is different from all these.

Let me try to describe the unique appeal of Jesus. Whenever men look at Christ they feel themselves under obligation to have reproduced in themselves the character He expresses. This moral compulsion is in-

decomposable. Men may deny the historical Christ or the metaphysical Christ and leave only the ideal and they have still to reckon with a power of the first magnitude, the Christ of human experience survives men's doubts of the Christ of history and still under the name of Jesus something calls out to our spiritual capacities to awaken. The very name makes us dissatisfied with evil in spite of our love for it. It shames us out of pettiness into largeness. Out of sin into salvation, out of vice into purity. No man can read the fragmentary description of Jesus in the New Testament without feeling laid upon him an obligation of surrendering his little and ignoble life to Him for a life that is lived more abundantly.

When royalty enters the city, the city puts on its holiday attire, but the most momentous day in the history of any city is the day when Jesus Christ gives it a special visitation of His power and presence.

If Christ came to this city, would I be glad to see Him? Not appear to be glad, but really be glad to welcome Him? Whether or not you would be glad to welcome Him is an invariable index to your character. He is always where all is well. There is a line of scripture which reads as follows:

"And when Herod, the king, heard it, he was troubled."

Men who have been living like Herod are always trouble when they hear that Jesus is in the neighborhood. Jesus is in the way of the Herods. Jesus is in the way of the adulterer, the thief, the libertine and the oppressor.

Would the presence of Jesus give you peace and strength or would it worry you? If it would worry you, you may know that you are living in sin. By this you may know all that eternity can ever reveal. If His presence would trouble you it is a bad sign.

If Christ came to this city where would I want Him to find me? Would I want Him to find me in the saloon,

in a house of shame, plotting to ruin some confiding girl, or with some crowd of scoffers?

If Christ came to this city, what would I want Him to find me doing? Would I want Him to find me shirking my duty, doing a questionable thing or attempting to win men to Him?

If Christ came to this city, with whom would He spend most of His time? I know that He would go wherever there was a sinner and not be afraid of soiling His fine linen by going, either. I know that He would go regardless of class. He would go as freely and as frankly to the poorest man in the poorest tenement as He would go to the comfortable home of one of your millionaires, and vice versa. I think he would go wherever there was anybody who needed help on the deeper things of life.

If Christ came to this city, what practices and neglect would he condemn? What changes would I make if I had 24 hours' notice?

Would you change any dates? Would you go and apotogize for anything you have said? Would you pay some debt you have refused to settle for years? Would you deed back property that you have swindled some poor fellow out of? Would you go to the bank and draw money and pay back something that you have have cheated in order to obtain?

Would you go to men and tell them you had lied about them? Would you tell the brewery wagon not to call at your house in the future? Are there any books on your library shelf you would throw out? Are there any pictures on the wall you would tear down? Are you planning to go anywhere you would not go if Christ were coming to this city? Would you take anything out of the icebox? Would you have to dust the bible? Would you make any changes in your prayer schedule?

I said, "If" Christ came to this city, but there is no "if."

Christ IS in this city. Every now

and then some one writes a book like W. T. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," but there is a sort of faithlessness in every such book, for Christ has never been out of Chicago.

Christ has seen every stone laid in Chicago, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, London, Paris, Berlin. He has heard every lie, seen every false vote, has known every vicious thought, every sneer at high and holy things, every yielding to low ideals, every corrupt practice and every injustice, every oath, every theft. His judgment of you is not based upon the morning newspaper or by a rating in Bradstreet's or R. G. Dun, but by what He sees and knows of you every day.

In Trafalgar Square, lifting itself above the fog, stands the statue of Lord Nelson, around whose feet the crowds break like waves. It stands there a sort of silent exhortation to every young Englishman to give the loyalty of his life to old England. In a manner finer and more intimate we have Jesus, who, not carved in stone, but alive, stand above and in all of life, of mankind, calling it to better things. He is the unavoidable Christ.

There is a story in the new testament of how Jesus, after His resurrection, appeared in a room where some of His disciples were gathered. His appearance was a mystery, for all the doors were closed. He had apparently walked through the locked door. Critics have sneered at that as impossible, but you business men know different, for He has walked through locked doors into your thoughts many times since that.

Men of Chicago, the eyes of Christ are upon you. I plead with you to act so that those eyes can smile upon you. It is a practical impossibility for a man to put himself face to face with Jesus Christ and unblushingly lead a bad life.

A certain wealthy family returning home late one night discovered that a burglar had rifled their silver-chest of all its contents. The drawers were

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## SUNDAY'S SECOND REVIVAL WEEK SERMON

Subject—"Positive and Negative Religion"

I am an old-fashioned preacher of the old-time religion that has warmed this cold world's heart for 2,000 years.—Billy Sunday.



(Editor's Note.—Here follows the second sermon written by Billy Sunday for readers of this newspaper as part of a holy week revival, which the world-famous evangelist has consented to conduct through the columns of this newspaper. The remainder will follow through the week, one each evening. These sermons were prepared and signed by Mr. Sunday himself and represent the very flower of his evangelism.)

BY THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY  
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There have been throughout all the centuries two ideas of goodness—the positive and the negative. The negative idea has been that in order to be good a man must run away from the world. The positive idea has been that in order to be not only good, but good for something, a man must get INTO the world.

I want to write an indictment against the idea of running away from the world in order to be good.

In this indictment there shall be four counts.

The first is that running away from the world in order to be good makes religion a matter of place and observance.

There is in America a type of man who seems to think that his religion is summed up in the doing of a lot of special things, such as attending church, singing psalms, saying prayers, etc., and who seems to think that religion is confined to one day in the week and that the other six are the legitimate field of the secular.

But as I have said so many times before, religion does NOT consist in doing a lot of special things, even though those special things be good things, but religion consists in doing ALL things in a special way.

Secondly, running away from the

world in order to be good makes religion selfish.

If a man runs away from the world in order to be good, by his very act he says that religion is simply and only a private affair with him, a something labeled for-external use and home consumption only. This idea of religion has produced men whose private lives are good, but whose public lives are very bad.

Men in whose hands the virtue of your wife or daughter would be as safe as in your own, but who will every year drive hundreds of cases of virtue over the line into vice by the pressure of starvation wages which they pay.

Thirdly, running away from the world in order to be good makes morality negative.

You have seen men whose whole religion was summed up in a catalogue of don'ts and whose whole effect seemed to be to curb the life of the world.

It is significant, however, that Jesus said "thou shalt" oftener than He said "thou shalt not." I think He did that because He knew that the best way to avoid doing bad things was to be everlastingly busy doing good things.

Lastly, running away from the world in order to be good is not Christian.

Jesus mingled freely and frankly with the rough and tumble of everyday life. He rubbed elbows with all sorts and conditions of men.

But when He left them they were not quite so common as they were before He met them, and that is the acid test of your own religion when you follow it directly into the heart of the world.

Your sole thought should be not to keep the man by your side from dragging you to hell, but your sole thought should be to lead that man to heaven.

For those four reasons I am convinced that to be a Christian does not demand running away from the world in order to save one's SELF half so much as it does getting into the world in order to save IT.

The sentence has been ringing down the centuries, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul?" But when once a man's soul has been saved, it is a good thing for him to say, "What shall it profit a man if he save his own soul, but the whole world be lost?"



A very strong sermon tomorrow exclusively in this newspaper. Subject: "THE INNER WALL."

#### QUITE ORTHODOX

"I understand the Blanks are strict vegetarians."

"Strict! I should say they are. Why, they won't even let their children eat animal crackers."—New Haven Register.

#### A SURE REMEDY

Doctor—You must go away for a long rest.

Overworked merchant—But, doctor, I'm too busy to go away.

Doctor—Well, then, you must stop advertising.

## BILLY SUNDAY'S THIRD REVIVAL SERMON— SUBJECT, "THE INNER WALL"

BY THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY  
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"For this cause I bow my knee  
unto the Father of the Lord Jesus  
Christ, that He would grant you to  
be strengthened with might by His

rams in persistent assault. Finally,  
to the consternation of the Dutch,  
the wall showed signs of breaking.  
The Dutch decided to erect another  
wall inside of the one which was  
weakening. They laid the founda-  
tion deeper, built it wider than the  
outer wall and just as the last brick  
was laid upon it the outer wall gave  
way. Through a breach in this outer  
wall the swarthy Spaniards rushed,  
but they were stopped by the inner  
wall; their battering rams fell to no  
avail; the inner wall was impreg-  
nable.



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warmed this cold world's heart for two thousand years.—BILLY SUNDAY.

spirit in the inner man." Ephesians  
iii; 14-16.

The pages of ancient history tell  
of a certain Dutch city bombarded by  
the Spaniards. The city was sur-  
rounded by a great wall which gave  
the Dutch inhabitants a sense of se-  
curity; and against this wall the  
Spaniards hurled their battering

Now it is the business of Christian-  
ity to erect in the inner life of the in-  
dividual a wall which will render that  
individual safe from the assaults of  
the enemies of the soul.

We live our life in the enemy's  
country—we are constantly sur-  
rounded by enemies to our well being.  
Organized society has seen that the

individual is surrounded by these enemies and has built around the individual certain outer walls to protect him from them.

Some of these walls are: 1. The wall of legislation which has great protective power and is one of the things which distinguishes civilization from savagery.

2. Education—Organized society has seen that ignorance is soil in which seeds of badness grow with alarming rapidity, so it has set about the erection of a wall of education around the individual.

All things being equal the educated man should be better able to protect himself against the enemies of the body, the mind and the soul and the individual is much safer when surrounded by the outer wall of education.

3. The Home. Organized society has seen that the influence of wife and children is one of the most wholesome influences of life. The stability of society, virtue of womanhood and honor of manhood depends upon the development of a good home life.

Now I feel like taking off my hat to organized society for the real service it has rendered the cause of religion by erecting these outer walls of legislation, education and home; but there is no one who does not know that there are exigencies in life when no one nor all of these walls can render the individual safe.

And I want now to pay a tribute to that one inner wall of genuine Christian character which will stand when all these outer walls have crumbled into dust.

If every man in America was a genuine Christian we could beat our swords into pruning hoods, our bayonets into ploughshares, sink our battleships, spike our guns and hang a "For Rent" sign over every brewery, over every saloon, and houses of shame would become houses of virtue.

No one of these walls, nor all, with-

out the inner wall of Christianity, can render the nation, or the individual, safe from the enemies which attack us on all sides, but the inner wall of the religion of Jesus Christ can protect him even though every other wall be torn down.

On the Rock of Ages founded,

What can shake my sure repose?

By Salvation's walls surrounded,

I can laugh at all my foes!



Billy Sunday's sermon Thursday will be "Who Was Jesus?"

#### SAYINGS OF MR. MOUSE



#### BITS OF SPORT

William Huey and George Moore will play tonight for the international three-cushion billiard championship. Huey beat Daly last night, 50 to 46, and won the right to meet Moore. In the regular schedule of the recent tournament Moore was a victor over Huey.

Bill Sweeney, former second baseman for the Boston and Chicago Nationals, has been unconditionally released by the Boston Red Sox.



# BILLY SUNDAY'S FOURTH REVIVAL SERMON!— SUBJECT, "WHO WAS JESUS?"

BY THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY  
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Some time ago I was startled by having this question flame out upon me from the headlines of a daily newspaper: "WHO WAS JESUS?"

Well, let us try to find out who he was from some of the people who

to our wedding, though we were only poor and unknown peasants, and turned the water into wine for us, so that we had as much good cheer as if we had been rich.

And from countless other homes has come similar testimony that Jesus was a guest at the wedding and a friend ever afterward, who repeated time and again the miracle of turning water into wine for them.

Next I see a father, a lordly man, and with him there walks a noble youth of frank, open face.

"Who was Jesus?" I say to this father and his eyes kindle with a great joy, as he makes quick reply:

"Why, sir, it was Jesus who gave me back this boy when all the doctors said he must die. It was Jesus who turned sorrow into joy for me and



I am an old-fashioned preacher of the old-time religion that has warmed this cold world's heart for two thousand years.—BILLY SUNDAY.

lived when he was here in the flesh, and who met him face to face.

The first I will question are a strong man and his wife, and so to them I will say: "Who was Jesus?"

Both their faces brighten, and they both eagerly exclaim, "Why, He came

mine. That is who Jesus was; the light and comfort of my home."

The next witness I would summon is a man so strong and robust that he seems never to have had an ill day in his life.

Let me ask him "Who was Jesus?"

Instantly his face is so radiant it is evident that he had just heard the name of his best friend.

"Who was Jesus? Why, sir, it was Jesus who made life all that it is to me today.

"I had long been a leper, but one day I saw Jesus coming down a mountain, followed by a great multitude, and without stopping to think what I was doing, I ran and fell on my face before Him, and cried out, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!'

"Instead of rebuking me, as I deserved for my insane presumption, He laid his hand upon me and said, 'I will. Be thou clean,' and instantly, I was sound and well again, for my flesh had become like that of a little child."

The next witness I would like to call is a woman; a matron who has silver in her hair, but her face is peaceful, and has a look of happy content.

Let me ask her the great question "Who was Jesus?" and at the name a great light transfigures her as she says with tears of joy in her eyes:

"Why, sir, it was Jesus who brought my son again to life when he was dead, and all was so dark and desolate in my poor heart. The boy was all I had, but one day he was brought home very ill and in three days he was dead.

"The time came for his burial and we were taking his poor body out to the place of the dead and when we had almost come to the grave we met a large company, and a man came forward who looked upon me with great compassion and said, 'Weep not.'

"Then he came and touched the bier and said: 'Young man, I say unto thee, arise!' Then he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and then he was restored to me and we returned to our home with great joy.

"And sir, that was Jesus who gave me back my boy, and my son who was dead is alive again, become one

of His most earnest disciples from that hour."

#### WHO THEN WAS JESUS?

It was Jesus who wrought all the great and mighty works we have been considering. It was Jesus who had compassion on the multitude, who wept over Jerusalem and at the grave of Lazarus. It was Jesus who never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the needy who sought His help.

It was Jesus who never lifted His hand except in blessing and what He did while here in the flesh He is still doing spiritually in a thousandfold greater sense all over the world, for He is the changeless Christ, who is the same yesterday, today and forever more.

That is who He was and is, and always will be.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall.

Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Billv Sunday's sermon for Friday  
will be "Barabbas."

#### HER PREFERENCE



"What do you like most about my famous painting of this sunset, Miss Yelverton?"

"The frame, Mr. Dauberly."

## BILLY SUNDAY'S FIFTH REVIVAL SERMON— SUBJECT, "BARABBAS"



.....  
• I am an old-fashioned preacher •  
• of the old-time religion that has •  
• warmed this cold world's heart •  
• for 2,000 years.—Billy Sunday. •  
.....

BY THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY  
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Text: Matt. 27:26 — Then released he Barabbas unto them; and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.

In the castle of Antonio, at Jerusalem, is Barabbas, bound with heavy fetters, for he is a dangerous man, and it would mean death to more than one Roman soldier if he should make his escape.

He was the captain of an insurgent

robbed band and had caused the government much trouble, for he had long resisted and defied its authority.

He was tried and found guilty of both murder and treason, and sentence of death had been pronounced upon him. In the dark solitude of his dungeon Barabbas has been compelled to think — and think — the weary hours away. There is nothing to break the crazing monotony of those closing days except when once in 24 hours his brutal jailer brings his allowance of bread and water. In those silent hours memory unrolls the scroll of life. Time after time

comes before him, like the scenes of a panorama.

He is back again in his happy boyhood, in a home of love, with father and mother and brothers and sisters. He remembers his boyish ambitions and thinks of how sadly he has missed them all. He recalls his first wrong step and thinks of how different life might have been but for that. Then his heart-beat quickens as he thinks of Rachel, the sweetheart of his bosom and the mother of his children.

And so Barabbas sits and thinks, as scene after scene from the olden time comes into his mind, of when child after child came into his home, until at last he awakes from his reverie with a start. A cold damp gathers on his brow, and there is a pang in his heart as he thinks of the sorrow his misconduct has brought upon his home. No chance to warn his boy and girls against the snares into which his own feet fell. No chance to say a word of encouragement to Rachel or to Stephen—who had grown up to be such a brave lad—and who had been like a right arm to his mother, for so it was whispered to him in his prison.

No, there is no hope for any of this, and realizing it in all its bitterness, the doomed man almost longs for the summons—the summons that will send him to the cross! But suddenly, as he sits there in his dungeon, with the weight of his fetters and his troubles so heavy upon him, he hears the great shout of a multitude crying out his own name—"Barabbas! Barabbas! Barabbas!" What can it mean? What new thing has happened? He can think of but one possible explanation—the people are clamoring for his death.

He shambles out with the bitterness of death upon him and the centurion says: "Barabbas, you are now free! Another has taken your place and will die in your stead." He is thrust out into the great court. And so the bewildered man, with a heart

wild with joy, presses on toward his home, and, as he turns the last corner, he hears glad shouts and there are the wife and children all running toward him, for they have but just heard that he is free. A moment later the heart of Barabbas almost stops beating as he sees the man who has taken his place led out into the upper portico where Pilate stands, and there is Jesus, with His hands bound, the blood streaming down His pale face, from the crown of thorns on His brow, and His flesh clotted from the awful scourging he has just received! And Pilate, pointing to Him, say: "Behold the man!"

At that sight the heart of Barabbas becomes like that of a little child and his eyes are a fountain of tears. The wickedness and bitterness that filled him so long are gone and he loves the Man who stands before him more than he ever loved his own soul. Stretching out his hands toward Him he cries: "Master! Master! I love you! I love you for taking my place!" And I can see the face of Jesus brighten with a look of ineffable peace as He lifts His eyes and seems to look into the very soul of the robber captain, whose gratitude cheers Him as He goes to the cross.

Then they led Jesus away to crucify Him, and you know the awful story of how nobody had any mercy on Him! Of how He fell under the weight of the heavy cross He was compelled to bear, until at last they came to Calvary, where, without a thought of mercy, they drove the cruel spikes through his quivering flesh, and as Barabbas, with Stephen, stood and watched it all from the nearest point they could gain, you can imagine what must have been the state of his heart as he kept saying over and over: "Stephen. He is dying for me! He is dying for me! He has taken my place and I am free. I want you to remember Him, boy. He gave your father back to you. You must love His name and honor His memory."

And now I want to ask you what you would think of Barabbas today had he done any less than I have imagined for him? Through what Jesus did in taking his place, all that the law had against him was wiped out. Not one of you but will say that he ought to have used the life that was given back to him in doing all the good he could. That's what you say, every one of you, I know it, but listen to me—what Jesus did for Barabbas He has done for you and me.

He took our place under the law and died in our stead. "He was wounded for our transgressions and was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Nothing could save us from the wrath of God and eternal death but the sacrifice of Jesus, and knowing this He freely poured out His blood for us, and now what kind of men are we if we will not undertake to live for Him? I want you to see in Him today your substitute—your sacrifice—your fulfillment of God's law. I want you to see in Him everything in the way of righteousness that God expects of you. Are you willing to accept Him today for all that God wants Him to be for you?



Tomorrow's sermon, the REV. BILLY SUNDAY'S EASTER SERMON, will be the sixth and last. The subject is: "HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL."

—o—o—o—  
**ALWAYS GOOD**

When humorists get up a tree  
With thoughts all in a jam,  
They promptly write a parody  
On Mary's little lamb.

Too often when the brain won't go,  
For gags they sadly scheme,  
And then Maud Muller, as you know  
Provides a goodly theme.

## MORTON L. JOHNSON FOR ALDERMAN

No man in Chicago has worked harder or done more to prevent the telephone deal being put over on the people than Morton L. Johnson, president and organizer of the Penny Phone league. He has explained to the people in every part of the city what it meant to them if the phone trust was permitted to absorb the automatic plant and prevent municipal ownership of the telephone system.

He has attended council committee meetings, has met the representatives of the phone trust and night and day, whenever he was needed, was on the job fighting for the phone users of Chicago and the many thousands who would be phone users if President Johnson's plans were to be put through.

Mr. Johnson is now running for alderman on the Socialist ticket in the 33rd ward, and his public spirit and knowledge of public affairs from the standpoint of the people would make him a most valuable member of the city council. As a member of that body he would be in much better position to fight the people's battles and save the telephone system than he is now.

Readers of The Day Book are familiar with the history of the attempt of the phone trust to get council's consent to buy the Automatic, junk that plant and add over \$6,000,000 to the valuation of the Chicago Telephone Co., on which valuation phone users would have to pay rates high enough to take care of the interest.

Johnson has earned the confidence of the people by his efforts in their behalf, and without regard to party. He was born in Chicago in 1874, educated in the public day and night schools and Lewis institute. He has worked in the telephone industry since 1893, and is a member of Local No. 134, I. B. E. W.

The Day Book commends Mr. Johnson to the people of his ward because