

Thomas & WilliamsFor Sulkey Plows and
Stalk Cutters.

JUSTICE

"A Paper Without a Muzzle."**Thomas & Williams**For Walking Plows, Cul-
tivators and Harrows.

VOLUME 1

DUNCAN, INDIAN TERRITORY, APRIL 26, 1907.

NUMBER 16

A FEW COLD FACTS.

We attended services last Sunday at the Methodist church. The parson (we have forgotten his name) preached a very happy sermon on "the joys and remote advantages of the Christ life." We believe that the parson was intensely sincere in what he said, for he seems to have actually fattened on the life. He didn't say whether he was ever hungry and happy at the same time or not, probably he never was hungry. We have seen some devout Christians in our time that were extremely disgusted and melancholly over the crime and degradation, want and misery, open saloons and licensed bawdy houses in a land where the Christian voters hold the balance of power, but perhaps they never received the witness of the Spirit while in the same position as the parson, which, to use his own words, was on the piazza at 10 o'clock at night with his feet above his head. The parson said he had preached several years before he ever received the Holy Ghost—possibly he never had got his feet high enough. If that method gets very popular it will cause a revolution in the making of church seats. Imagine an evangelist sowing his well written eloquence into a sea of up-turned shoe soles.

We fail to see any excuse for merriment on the part of the followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth, in a land where 10 per cent of the infants born, die and sink into a relentless hell before they are 10 days old (according to their teachings) on account of conditions that the church voters have the undisputed power to abolish. We affirm, that when a prospective mother is forced by competition in labor to work at hard labor to help support a family, when by all the laws of nature she should be enjoying healthful atmosphere, beautiful scenery and rest, and by so working the life of the baby is sacrificed and the voters of this land have the blood of that baby on their hands.

Now, don't understand us to say that the Methodists are trying to preach the babies into hell, for we were sprinkled ourselves before we got our eyes open good, but we do think that a Chinaman is just as much excusable on account of ignorance as the Stephens county baby, and we can see no excuse for the Methodists sending millions of dollars out of this country, where hundreds of thousands of Christian girls are forced to sell their virtue to buy bread, this money to be spent in showing the Chinaman the light, that 90 per cent of them may have the glorious privilege of taking a never-ending bath in a lake of pure and unadulterated fire and brimstone—U. S. inspected by act of congress adfinitum.

What has the poor Chinaman ever done to us that we should send our hired hands over there to show him the road to hell? We have enough aristocratic hypocrites over here to fill hell so full that there won't be room for a Chinaman there in a couple of billion years, anyhow, so let the yaller devil smoke his hop in peace.

We are heartily in sympathy with any move for the uplifting and betterment of the

human family, but we positively refuse to get hilariously jubilant and sober at the same time as long as 90 per cent of the people are writhing under the tyrant heel of the other 10 per cent, all account of the stupid ignorance and stubborn prejudice and unparalleled hypocrisy of the church voter. We are not trying to "bawl" out all the church members, but we do know that 90 per cent of the sanctimonious Christians, for a one-man pass to heaven only, will support the rottenest thug that can be brought out, if he can be made to believe that it will further his financial interests, and when we hear one of these counterfeit-nothings, who would foreclose a mortgage on a blind woman, get up in meeting and whimper about being a child of God it gives us an appetite for bromo-seltzer.

We know some noble people who are preaching the gospel, but they are not preaching that-be-content rot that has been the direct cause of all the oppression of the ages. Discontent among the masses has been the nightmare of tyrants throughout the history of the human family. Show us a despotism that was ever over-thrown by people who were happy and contented.

One parting shot before we close: We heard one Duncan preacher who, by the way, was a holiness preacher, say that he knew his mother was suffering the tortures of an unquenchable hell, yet, thank God, he rejoiced in the happy knowledge that he was going to dwell with Jesus forevermore. We don't care about dwelling with anyone who would be instrumental in the administering of unthinkable torture to our mother throughout the endless ages of eternity, simply because she had not seen fit to ask an orthodox God for forgiveness for doing what she thought to be right. We don't believe that, if Geronimo were placed on the throne of God he would be a thousandth part the fiend that the majority of the preachers represent God to be. We have simply made these remarks that a few people may be set to thinking and not through any ill will to anyone. Our space is always open to anyone who is endeavoring to uplift down-trodden humanity.

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BARTLEY vs. DAMMON.

The case of Dr. Bartley vs. Mrs. Dammon was tried last Wednesday in the U. S. court at Duncan. Mrs. Dammon sued Dr. Bartley for fifteen thousand dollars damages for having patted her on both cheeks with both hands after having made other unprofessional advances previous to this cheek-patting episode, the latter part of which was witnessed by Mrs. Dammon's husband, who took the baby and vamoosed the ranch, declaring that his home was ruined. Mrs. Dammon decided that her character was torn asunder about fifteen thousand dollars worth, and forthwith entered suit for same, but the jury on hearing the evidence decided that her character lacked about half the costs of the trial of being damaged at all, and so their verdict read something like this: "We, the jury, on hearing the evidence in this case, do hereby find that it is impossible to tell who is damaged worst, and therefore, to keep down all future hard feelings, we recommend that the outraged but ambitious woman pay half the costs and the humiliated but neighborly doctor pay the other half, and both of them be restored to their standing in society; that there be no extra charge for advertising. The poor husband who was so unfortunate as to walk up at an inopportune moment can only be pitied in his desperate struggle to accumulate more scads to launch a more successful damage suit with, when evidence is more favorable. When it comes to pass that the honor of American women can be measured with dollars and cents it is time to pull the glistening tail-feathers from that grand old bird of freedom and turn him out with the buzzards. There is not a man worthy the title of American who wouldn't blow the blooming cocoanut off a slimy-tongued libertine that would have the licentious audacity to make an indecent proposal to the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children, his helpmeet and life-long companion whom he knows to be as pure and virtuous as an angel in heaven. We don't say that a man is backed up by law in the annihilation of one of these forked-tongued copper-heads in human form, but we do say that every true American citizen who rejoices in the knowledge that American womanhood is not a thing of market value would commend it. Woman in America is on such a lofty pedestal of purity and honor that when she falls she is going at such momentum that when she gets on a level with man she is carried on to depths that are wholly unattainable by man. It is a heart-breaking sight to gaze on a woman who has fallen into the very gutter of degradation which is a thousand times worse than death, even to her, and more so to society.

Have you seen Progress, the new Socialist quarterly? It only costs ten cents a year and every Socialist should be a subscriber. The paper is edited by Gaylord Wilshire. Send today for ten subscription cards on credit to be paid for when sold.

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Why Fools Oppose Socialism.

By "fools" I mean the millions of workers whom Socialism would benefit, but oppose it because "parasites" do. A large majority of wealth producers depend upon others to do their thinking. To illustrate: A establishes a store at a cross roads. B erects a blacksmith shop. C starts the publication of a paper and secures a postoffice. At this time the economic condition of the villagers doesn't differ very much from the economic condition of the farmers and wage workers of the community. The speculators of small towns do not fleece wealth producers as much as the speculators of cities do. Or, if they skin as deep, they haven't as much "skin," not having been in the skinning business as long. Consequently, A, B and C do not "blow up" the town very much. Laborers get as much, or more, net, for the products of their toil now than they do after the village becomes a city. But they do not consider their country town of very much importance—because A, B and C hasn't said so. But as time rolls on the fleecing knives of the town are sharpened, lengthened and set to go deeper into the flesh of toilers. Now it is getting good to A, B and C. They all begin to say "This is getting to be a good town." Workers say, "you bet yer socks." When the mortgage notes are collected the next fall the village paper, backed by all the other parasites of the town, explains in box-car letters, "This is the best town in the country!" A, B and C now inhabit \$50,000 mansions, they ride in costly automobiles, their children dress in silk and play the piano for pastime. As the laborers walk the streets dressed in patched cotton overalls and their daughters' hair "bejeweled with cuckleburs," they exclaim, "This is shore er good town!"

Now, those are what I call "fools." They are "fools" by nature and practice. Socialism would give every mother's son of these workers the full product of their toil, thereby enabling them to live in luxury and ease. But no! they oppose Socialism. All because A, B and C oppose it. Who blames speculators, big ones at least, for opposing Socialism? I feel like smothering them with kisses because they have some sense. Workers, tell me this: Is the economic, social, moral, mental, political or spiritual condition of the toilers in or near a city any better than in or near a village? Answer me "zackly" what's true. If not, why is the city a better town for you than the village? When speculators say "this is a good town," they tell the truth. They mean it is "good" to them. This old game has been successfully played for hundreds of years.

When Demetrius, a silversmith, who made silver shrines for Diana, saw that his craft was "in danger to be set at naught," he called together the workmen of like occupation and said, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath and cried out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

So today. When parasites see that their "craft is in danger of being brought to naught," they call the workers together and say: "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." And the fool workers are filled with wrath and say: "Great is capitalism!" When speculators say "by this craft

we have our wealth," laborers can as truthfully say "by this craft we LOSE our wealth."

When I hear workers opposing Socialism I always exclaim, as Jesus did on the cross, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The biggest and most to be pitied fools on earth are those who endorse the principles of Socialism until you say "Socialism," and then balk. These idiots are more numerous than hen's teeth. I've lectured many times at non-Socialist meetings and advocated the principles of Socialism as strongly as any class-conscious, revolutionary Socialist ever did. Many times the audience would applaud until I said "Socialism," then the same men (?) would hiss. Because of this fact some have suggested that we teach the principles of Socialism without naming them. I contend that no worker will vote the Socialist ticket until he has some sense, and that as long as one allows names to scare him from principles, he hasn't a cultivated brain. Those who clearly understand and thoroughly endorse the principles of scientific, industrial and ethical Socialism, consider the word "Socialism" as sweet as has ever been lispied by men or angels. All because the principles expressed by this word are the life of the church, the pride of the just, the hope of the oppressed, the salvation of the world from religious superstition, economic discontent, poverty and crime.

But some things, called men, are so everlastingly non-progressive that they will not drink sweet milk only as they drank it the first year of their lives.

By "parasites" is meant proud preachers, lying lawyers, satanic speculators, bung-hole bankers, pilfering politicians, greedy gamblers, weak women and all others who live upon the lives of toilers. Before I'd be numbered with these reveling rakes I'd be a swamp angel if I wouldn't sweat—or starve.

Many people look upon Socialism as they do the different reform movements. When asked why the attitude of parasites toward Socialists differs from their attitude toward populists, for instance, they are as silent as the grave. No, Socialists are not reformers, they are revolutionists. Socialism is not a reform, it is the throwing of the present in-

dustrial system into the melting pot and recasting it. Where is the populist or prohibitionist, or any other "ist," except a SOCIALIST, that has been ostracised, exiled, imprisoned, whipped and murdered for their political views?

Who but Socialists, like Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, have been shamefully kidnapped by state and national officers, contrary to the national constitution and condemned to death before trial, by a demagogue president? "The powers that be" pay but little attention to reformers. They help more than hinder them. Parasites know that attempts at reform are as futile as the attempt to purify a muddy stream by pouring clear water into it while the muddy water continues to flow from its head. Hundreds of would-be reformers preceded Christ. No particular attention was paid to them. But when Jesus came and said, "The ax is laid unto the root of the trees; therefore, every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," the rulers were filled with wrath and nailed Him to the cross. The Apostles were persecuted for identical reasons. "And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas and drew them into the market place unto the rulers." Acts 16:19:

So with the workers' "masters" today. A reformer may froth and foam and fuss until he faints and falls and freezes, parasites pay precious little attention to him. But when they see "that the hope of their gains" is gone or going, as they never "see" in any "ism" except Socialism, they catch us and draw us "into the market place" (courts) "unto the rulers." In making this argument a man asked, "Do you mean to say that Jesus and the Apostles were Socialists?" I said: "No! A Socialist is one who believes in the Socialist philosophy, which is, as an industrial program, the collective ownership of all collectively used utilities. This could not have been advocated in the days of Jesus, because there were no collectively used utilities. But I do mean to say that Jesus advocated the same PRINCIPLES that Socialists teach, i. e., everyone should be rewarded according

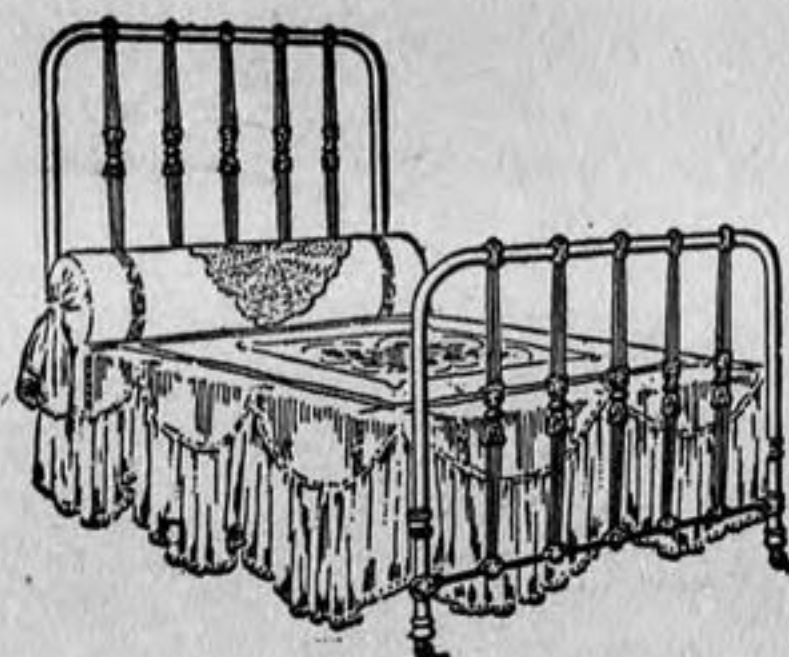
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to his work, or receive the full products of his toil. This cannot be done under competition. Nothing short of the national co-operation of all workers can secure it."

The Socialist motto is, "Everyone according to his deeds." In speaking of God, Paul says: "Who will render to every man according to his deeds." The Apostle continues: "Now, he that planteth and he that watereth are one; and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." So say Socialists. The man who makes the plow and the man who tills the soil with the plow "are one." They both should be rewarded according to their labor. If they were rewarded according to their labor we would not have any idle rich men. James says it is "FRAUD" for one man to get rich upon another man's labor. This "fraud" is going to cease one of these days.

All theologians agree that inspiration prophesies the rise and fall of many governments. The death of capitalism and the birth of Socialism has not been overlooked. Isaiah speaks of a time when people "shall beat their swords into plow shares, and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Preachers make thoughtless people believe that this means "after the judgment or the judgment day." That interpretation is false for at least two reasons. First: This will happen in the last "days." In the plural, mark you. The judgment is always spoken of as a "day." In the singular, if you please. Second: Heaven will be a place of rest. During these last "days" people will use pruning hooks and plows. Pruning hooks are used for the purpose of clearing up land and plows to till the soil. Heaven has already been cleared and cultivated. If laborers are going to be compelled to clear land and plow in heaven forevermore, we might as well have capitalism continue. The "last days" spoken of by the prophet means the last days of capitalism. It cannot mean during the flourishing days of capitalism, because our government is not advocating the beating of swords into plow shares and spears into pruning hooks. On the contrary she is building war vessels and teaching men to fight. But when Socialism prevails every war vessel and army sword will be converted into something honorable and useful.

The expression "and all nations shall flow unto it," means all nations shall join the coming co-operative commonwealth. The Socialist party is the only organization on the face of the earth that has officially declared against war and that all nations are joining. Within the last two years our party in Europe has prevented two wars. Capitalism spends many times more money in learning how to shoot brains out than it does to shoot them in. The only "Peace Society" on earth today is the Socialist party.

Brother James, what do you say about rich men and laborers? "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." Jas. 5:1-4.

Now, in analyzing these passages, several things need consideration. First, attention is called to the expression, "the last days." Preachers have almost entirely quit commenting upon this part of the "Council of God." Those who mention it at all say the misery spoken of shall come upon rich men at the judgment day. If that is true, "the hire of the laborers who have reaped down" their fields is the condemning sin, and not unbelief. The "miseries" that should make rich men "weep and howl" are produced by their fraudulent conduct toward laborers in keeping back their hire, and has no reference, whatever, to their conduct toward Jesus. The prophecy could not have been fulfilled prior to the establishment of capitalism, because no one got rich upon another's labor before the advent of modern machinery. But how applicable now! Rich men the world over are weeping and howling because they know that under Socialism their ill-gotten riches will become corrupt, their blood stained garments will be moth-eaten, their tear-washed gold and silver dollars will canker and the rust of them shall be a witness against the ungodly rich. It is hurting them

as if fire was eating their flesh. Weep and howl, gentlemen(?)! Every time you weep, properly informed workers laugh. Every one of your howls produces a song. Your loss is our gain. Note, again. Never before in the history of the world was there such a bitter and universal cry going up to God from laborers. Wherever the wage system prevails, laborers are united in their pitiful cries against its hellish cruelty. And God Almighty has assured us that our cries have entered into His ears and shall be answered. Comrades, take courage!

By faith I see the early dawn
Of freedom's glorious reign;
The flag of truth o'er earth shall wave,
And free the world from pain;
The parasites, who naught produce,
Who live by robbing men,
Will bow before the laborer's God,
Confess their every sin.

The wily statesmen, who, for gold,
Betray their sacred trust,
Will cease their base, unrighteous way,
Prove noble, true and just;
The gambling thieves, the worthless rakes,
Who pilfer honest toil,
Will then no longer wreck our homes,
Nor virtuous lives despoil.

And labor, now by men despised,
And shunned as some vile thing,
Will then be duly crowned by all
As earth's most noble king;
And laborers, who for others toil
And bow to them the while,
Will stand erect, demand their own,
And daily sing and smile.

Then, helpless children, now compelled
To toil for daily bread,
Will all be educated well,
Well housed, and clothed, and fed;
The millions, who are driven now,
By poverty, to roam,
Will find a safe abiding place,
Their own dear "Home, Sweet Home."

Then woman shall her heights attain,
Man's "helpmeet" true indeed,
And from her cruel servitude
She'll be forever freed;
Class hatred, malice, strife shall cease,
The weary find repose;
The earth shall ring with melody,
And blossom as the rose.

The church will then be free to preach
The gospel of her Lord,
And men will have full confidence
In her unbiased word;
Then wrong shall cease and right prevail,
All joyful, prosperous be,
For righteousness shall fill the earth,
As the waters fill the sea.

God speed the bright and glorious day,
When love shall rule the world,
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Entered at the postoffice in Duncan, I. T., as second class mail matter.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1907.

County Announcements.

For District Clerk.

Chas. S. Albright is announced as a candidate for Clerk of the District court, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

For Sheriff.

H. L. Deaton of Comanche is announced as a candidate for Sheriff of Stephens county, subject to the action of the democratic primaries.

For Treasurer.

Clyde C. Coleman is announced as a candidate for County Treasurer of Stephens county, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

For County Surveyor.

W. B. Dyer is announced as a candidate for County Surveyor of Stephens county, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

M. M. Hightower of Loco is announced as a candidate for County Surveyor, subject to action of the democratic primaries.

For County Commissioner.

Mr. J. B. Mason is announced as a candidate for County Commissioner of Stephens county, subject to action of Democratic primaries.

For County Clerk.

Burton Barnes, of Arthur, is announced as a candidate for County Clerk of Stephens County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

For Register of Deeds.

W. A. (Uncle Billie) Williams is announced as a candidate for Register of Deeds of Stephens County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

AN INQUISITIVE DEMOCRAT.

A man approached us last Sunday morning in a kind of hesitating manner and asked us where we were from to this country. We gently informed him that we were born in Hoolier valley, Falls county, Texas, and that we had eaten the historic corn-pone in the most democratic quarters the world affords, where ventilation seems to be the all-pervading aim of the landlord; where the sweet-scented breezes and the fresh spring cow are at leisure to waft ever and anon through the numerous vertical transoms in the walls and eat up your knee-pads. We have been accused of breaking the cotton-pickers shooting craps and then aiding and abetting a vamoose call on the niggers that we might raise the price of cotton-picking to 45 cents. But we plead not guilty and defy the world to do its worst. The only thing we ever did in that land of the pumpkin and home of the tamale was to eat all the farmers so far into debt that the air was murky with gloom, so much so that you could knock a hole into it with your fist and use the hole for a blowing horn. (This is a new joke and should be handled with

care.) But, back to the subject. Our inquisitor next wanted to know how politics stood in our town, and we very painfully brought forth the information that it was unanimously democratic. "Well," said he, "I am at home then; I have a democratic pedigree that dates clear back to the holly-hawk. I have just been up to Kansas City taking treatment for morphine, and I have a kind of a morbid craving, as it were, for some stimulant, but I didn't know but what it was like it is in Kansas, where you have to black your face to keep from getting hung when you get into the courts." We told him not to put too much confidence in the Duncan democrats; that they were very cold and distant to strangers, and that he might work on the streets till next election before anyone would find out he was a democrat.

A CRIME TO SLEEP.

The following telegraphic news item appeared in a daily paper, dated Denver, Colo., April 20:

"Rather sad for Marcus Hawkins, but there was nothing to it but to confess his crime. He was sleeping in the Colorado & Southern yards and he was a trespasser. There was no getting around that fact. The young man was weak and ematiated—a 'lunger' in fact. That was easy to see, and also to hear, when his hollow cough made protest to all men. But they gave him 90 days, though Hawkins pleaded that 30 days would do, representing also that he thought that serving that term would be ample penance for having stolen a few moments' sleep in a perfectly idle and very dusty day coach."

Here you have the awful effects of competition portrayed in all its dastardly hideousness, and a judge, who, by all the laws of this sin-cursed land, is forced to murder an innocent workingman by slow degrees, simply because he is unable to hold his own in this age-long struggle for existence. We want to burn it into your brain, if you have one, that this consumptive in Colorado is a part of society, and so long as he is willing to work when he is able, he is entitled to part of the products of society and the very best medical attention that the world affords. We want to ask you if you know of one millionaire railroad thief in this reign of "Teddy the Terrible" who ever spent one night in a dingy prison cell. The Standard Oil Company has been indicted 50,000 times for stealing multiplied millions of dollars in rebates, yet there is not a case on record where one judge ever had the nerve to ask one of the officials how long it would take him to get out of town, and then give him 90 days in jail because he didn't know. The average voter will swell up and let out the fact that we have the best government on earth, when he wouldn't know a code of laws from a deck of monte cards. He will boast of our great liberty and equality before the law, which shows his hopeless ignorance so plain as to make it noticeable to an intelligent monkey. Say, for instance, you get crippled by a train and it is the fault of the company. You deserve \$10,000 dollars damage; the railroad company takes it into their head to make an example out of you, to scare off all future aspirants for justice. What happens to you? The case will be carried to the highest courts in the land, reversed and remanded, taken up again, kept in court for years, while lawyers who ought to be on the rock-pile are pointing to your case as their only visible means of support, while you die of old age with nothing in

your pocket but vacuum and the blessed assurance that you will get your damage OVER THERE.

Our Combination Offers.

All parties who want to avail themselves of a combination offer they'll never regret, come in at once and subscribe for JUSTICE and the We're Here, a monthly magazine published at Monett, Missouri. The We're Here is an advocate of Socialism and everything else that is right. No student of everything modern can afford to go without it. JUSTICE and We're Here can both be had for \$1.00 a year cash. Come early and avoid the rush.

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JUSTICE one year and Palaces of Sin can be had for \$1.50. The retail price of Palaces of Sin is \$1.50, and it is well worth \$1.00. If there is a man or woman in Duncan who can read the book through without shedding a shed full of tears we would like to have a chip off their heart to cut the necks off of bottles with when we haven't any corkscrew. Palaces of Sin is a 300 page illustrated cloth bound book on the damnable effects of unearned incomes. A pyramid of vice, purple with virtue's blood, leveled to the earth by a master stroke of righteous and terrible facts, by Col. Dick Maple, who is known to more people who speak the English language than any king, monarch or potentate that ever ruled or reigned.

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For Walking Plows, Cul-
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VOLUME 1

DUNCAN, INDIAN TERRITORY, APRIL 26, 1907.

NUMBER 16

Order of Eagles Entertain.

The Fraternal Order of Eagles, Aerie No. 1561 of Duncan, had a "blow-out" last Tuesday night at Eagle hall. Everybody had a monstrous time and went home proud of the fact that he was either an Eagle or was going to become one. There was some excellent speaking by Mr. Ledbetter of Ardmore, Dr. Frost, W. O. Williams, Bob March, and others, of Duncan, all of which was highly appreciated. After the beauteous duties and benefits of Eagleism were discussed, and various other things attended to which you will find out about when you join, refreshments were served consisting of soda-pop and boneless ham. Over a dozen applications were received from men who are not afraid to belong to a lodge where an aristocrat is no better than a section hand, and brotherhood is the slogan. You take all the degrees there is to Eagleism before you join, and then you are on a par, if not a little more so, with anything that walks, crawls or hops. There are still some tolerable good citizens in Duncan who are not Eagles, but is to be hoped that they will join before the cock croweth many more times.

John Deere Cultivators always do the work, see the latest at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

The person who has our hog-wire stretchers will please return them, as we need them.—Thomas & Williams.

Wilshire's Magazine at ten cents a year is the best and cheapest propaganda to be had in the country. Write for free sample copies and get ten subscription cards on credit to be paid for when sold.

Wilshire's Magazine,
200 William St., New York.

The Insurance Gasoline Stove is the safest stove on the market. Has self-acting valve. See them at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

It has been said by one of my competitors, because I am in the hardware business, that he is going to make it hard for me. Come on, my narrow-contracted brother. I'm with you. I am in the hardware business.

T. J. STARR.

Homestead.

Persons wanting homesteads in New Mexico, call on me.—W. F. McIntyre, Duncan.

Notice!

Anyone caught pulling up posts, cutting wire, or in any way damaging my fences or other property, six miles east of Duncan, will be prosecuted to the limit. Look out, I mean it!

JNO. A. WEAVER.

14-3-t

We buy good leather and employ good workmen to make our harness—Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

Mr. Henry informs us that the lot sale was a huge success, having sold 93 lots at an average of \$69 per lot, totaling about \$6,500. That certainly speaks well for Duncan, and also Conway-Henry Company, a very reliable firm. There is no better sign of prosperity than for such men to get interested in a town. They are good advertisers, which is the best evidence of their business ability.

Cotton Choppers, Hoes, Cultivator Sweeps, Trace Chains and all kinds of Farm Implement Supplies at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

BUSINESS INFORMATION.

See Williams the grocer for all kinds of fresh groceries.

It is my pleasure to please my customers.—Cline, the photographer.

Look into one of Overton's mirrors and see what the fool killer missed.

For all kinds of Hardware and Implements see Thomas and Williams.

Nice office room for rent in the Howell building. See Dr. W. T. Howell.

Go down to Loyd's and look at that swell underwear or you may never see it at all.

Our Lawn Mowers are ball-bearing and our prices are right. Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

WANTED.—To buy corn and exchange nursery stock for same. See H. M. Wolverton.

Nothing is pleasanter on a rainy night than sleeping under one of Overton's comforts that is nice and dry and paid for.

Go to the Arcade Restaurant for all kinds of short orders. Fish and game in their season.—Doc Nicholson, proprietor.

Locks, butts, hinges, granite ware, hoes, rakes, shovels, hames, traces and poultry wire sold by T. J. Starr at the very lowest prices.

Go to the Palace of Sweets for lemonade and light-bread, coca-cola and chocolate cake, kind treatment and 45 cents in change. Ice-cream smeared or un-smeared, fruit or preserves.—J. B. Ballard, proprietor.

The officers burned up some Hamburger tables the other day down at the joint, but fortunately the hamburger had all been secreted. These Indian police do put on some "show" around about court time.

For all kinds of Hardware and Implements see Thomas & Williams.

Your money back at Cline's if your photos are not as good as you can get anywhere.

When you buy a Sled Cultivator, don't fail to examine the John Deere. Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

What is the use of starving your children so long as you have money and Williams has groceries.

Duncan has set her high-water mark at 50,000 population, subject to a raise. Duncan certainly is going some.

We have a complete stock of Galvanized and Painted Corrugated Iron. Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

See Williams the grocer for all kinds of fresh groceries.

Car of Corrugated Iron just received at Thomas & Williams.

Let me make your photos and show you that Duncan is equal to the best.—Cline, the photographer.

A young, would-be masher of Duncan wants to know how to hold a sweetheart. The best method we know of is to "hold 'em by their job."

Do you know how to make your old furniture look new? Call on Thomas & Williams and they will tell you free.

Speaks Kind Words for Justice.

EL RENO, OKLA., April 17, 1907.

ED CHEVES, Duncan, I. T.

Dear Sir and Comrade: Please find enclosed one dollar in payment for a year's subscription to JUSTICE, which please send to Comrade John W. Church, Yukon, Canadian Co., Oklahoma.

I say to the comrades that JUSTICE is second to none in the world.

Whoop 'em up, Ed!

Fraternally,

A. L. LAUDERMILK.

What is the use of starving your children so long as you have money and Williams has groceries.

My motto is: "The best of work, please my patrons, and your money back if you are not satisfied.—Cline, the photographer.

Screen Doors and Fixtures, Painted and Galvanized Screen Wire at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

Just received, a shipment of wood box sled cultivators. Get one before they are gone.—Thomas & Williams.

Six-room house for sale. Good storm house, good barn, electric light and water connections. Price \$1900. Four blocks from post-office, two blocks from Methodist church. Three lots. Inquire at JUSTICE office.

Fine Chickens.

I have the thorough-bred white Wyandotte chicken eggs, \$1 per setting. \$5 per hundred; 5½ miles southwest of Duncan, I. T.

S. T. SMITH.

Go to the Arcade Restaurant

FOR ALL KINDS OF

Short Orders. Fish and game in their season. One of the real up-to-date restaurants of the Territory. North side of East Main. Duncan.

DOC NICHOLSON, Prop'r.

R. L. March,

Attorney at Law.

Real Estate, Abstract and Insurance
Agency in Office.

DUNCAN DRUG COMPANY

Leading Druggists.

In business for your health.

Forum of the People.

... This Page is Public Property ...

THE OKLAHOMA CONSTITUTION.

ETOWAH, OKLA., APRIL 16, 1907.

COMRADE CHEVES:

Since reading some of the Oklahoma Constitution as published I reasoned with myself, and I thought out a theory, but Comrade E. F. Stanton has knocked me overboard, but I will swim to your sanctum with my theory. Of course, you will realize that it is the theory of a damned Socialist crank. Now, my theory is this: I want every legitimate worker to have a square deal, one of those regular "Teddy square deals"—not a round deal because a round deal is a grafter's deal. Now, come swimming with me in the pool of the Oklahoma Constitution and see into the qualifications of a wholesale lot of official swimmers, as you will see that a great many American citizens cannot swim in those official pools, as they are not lawyers. Then again, there are a lot who are not qualified electors to initiate a municipal measure as they are not freeholders. My theory for a square deal, one of "Teddy's square deals," is this: Let every mother's son of us read up on law and become lawyers, and when all of us become lawyers we will be qualified as electors and can hold office from scavenger to supreme judge. Having brains enough to understand justice and equity between man and man is no qualification.

Now, it is not that we want the office so bad, but we want the qualification so we, as American citizens, can get one of "Teddy's square deals." Of course, this lawyer qualification will not be compulsory on the worker and that will enable Comrade Stanton to stand on the outside and watch all us qualified lawyers.

I am perfectly willing to submit to Brother Stanton, that the lawyer's interest under this system is not the interest of the legitimate worker. I sometimes wonder why our intelligent people never think. While they are qualified to sit on a jury and here the evidence in a court of equity, or court of arbitration, and competent to bring in a verdict for or against, they are not capable of being one of the officials, as the laws of Oklahoma and the constitutional delegates have debarred them. It only shows that the lawyers have a cinch on every other citizen, which also proves that the interest of the lawyer and the workingman are not identical.

Now, another theory for the workingman: If he becomes a lawyer and owns no land, which might disqualify him as a municipal qualified elector, he would only have to save up the dirt he gathers under his finger nails, then as a lawyer he could file a locative interest on said soil so gathered and force Uncle Sam to issue him a patent. By so doing he would be a qualified elector, i. e., a freeholder. Then he could sign a petition to the legislature in a municipal measure. You see, when one lawyer has accomplished this then all the workingmen lawyers who have been deprived of homes, not by their fault, could be freeholders, then as lawyers and freeholders they would be qualified for any

office, so the next stage in evolution would be like the lady-bug devouring the green-bug, all parasites, so I cannot blame Brother Stanton for not wanting to be a lawyer.

What puzzles me is this: How can any man who knew his mother, and has got sense enough to be accepted as a juror by these judges and lawyers in any kind of court, look one of these men in the face and acknowledge that he has not got sense enough to sit in their places. It is enough to tickle a dead lawyer or judge, much less a live one, to see how easy they have duped the most intelligent brains of America.

You may cuss and discuss the lawyer proposition as much as you want to, it does not produce the qualification, and without that qualification in Oklahoma you will lack a great deal of being an American citizen. So, Brother Stanton, fight the constitution down instead of the lawyers, as it is the present law of Oklahoma and the constitution that robs you of the principles of a true democracy.

Come again, Comrade Stanton, for such as you, Leahy and Crow will make the welkin ring with a rebounding echo. The whole terminal is for the emancipation of the legitimate worker, and make him the real owner in the necessities of this life and the pursuit of his luxuries and happiness, of which he is now deprived.

For fear that I may forget, I will ask you all: How many of you are building a yacht to compete with Sir Lipton to hold that American cup? I am not, as it keeps me rustling for "tators" and "pigbosome" and "dodger." Yours for the Revolution,

W. R. ROSELIUS.

Have you seen Progress, the new Socialist quarterly? It only costs ten cents a year and every Socialist should be a subscriber. The paper is edited by Gaylord Wilshire. Send today for ten subscription cards on credit to be paid for when sold.

Progress Publication Company,
200 William St., New York.

If you need anything in Tin or Galvanized Iron Work, go to Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

Try outspringing one of Overton's spring cots. They have got the record beat just two to one.

Say, young fellow, are you looking for a first-class barber shop? Go to Ewald & McCarty.

For Rent—100 acres of land in fine state of cultivation, one mile east of Perry school-house. See Jesse Duncan. 10tf

Gasoline Stoves of all kinds at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again." It has become the fashion to abuse and vilify the ministers of the gospel. I do not mean the gospel grafter or the hypocritical wolf with the wool on, but he that has taken as a sacred trust the high office of guide and instructor to his fellowmen. When you are ill

you call for the preacher. Yes, you live for years a rebel against God's law and trample his mercies under your feet; you heap contempt and contumely upon his ministers, but when the tide of life begins to run low, then you want the preacher to come and pray to an outraged God to forgive. Shame! Then when you die he stands by your open grave and speaks kind words about you, words of hope and consolation to your loved ones, and people will come away and say, "That preacher is a hypocrite, why didn't he preach him in hell where he belongs."

Then, sister, your daughter wants to cut a wide swath when she marries. You want to decorate the house dedicated to the meek and lowly Nazarene with the vain pomp and glory of the world. You want the preacher to gush over all this frippery and foolishness until he feels that all he lacks in being a donkey is in the length of his ears. Now, when the preacher comes around we become unnatural. Some of us try to be on our best behavior. How would you like for people to be stiff and unnatural to you?

Then, brother, you come and want the preacher to talk to and pray for your boys and you go to the polls and vote temptation into their paths. Then the young preacher is exposed to temptation against his virtue that few can withstand.

Now, let us go with him into his study. Let us drop tears of sympathy as his disappointments sweep over his soul as he thinks of those who promised him they would do better, but did worse. How they would come up to him and say, "Oh, that was a grand sermon," but made no effort to incorporate it in their life. Then he thinks of how they have maligned him and impugned his motives. Then let us reverently kneel with him as he bows unto Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and implores the Great I am for strength to say the difficult word and to do the difficult deed, for guidance to tell the great truths learned by struggling with his own sins and temptations. Then let us get off our stilts and step down in the dust beside him and stay with him. GEO. L. CROW.

"The Industrial Republic" by Upton Sinclair is now running serially in Wilshire's Magazine. It ought to be circulated very widely. Better send today for free sample copies and ten subscription cards on credit. The price of the magazine is only ten cents per year. Wilshire's Magazine,
200 William St., New York.

Now is the time to get Cotton Choppers' Hoes, Cultivator Sweeps, Cotton Scrappers, while our stock is good. Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

Croquet Sets and Hammocks at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

A SERMON.

Ye shall know them by their fruits—every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth corrupt fruit; every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Math. Ch. 7, V. 16th to 19th.

Christ had a manner all his own of stating a subject and making it so self-evident that, like the Modern Scientific Socialist, the lawyers, scribes and pharisees could not open their mouth in reply, and the truths he stated were always of a nature to stand as axioms

as eternal as the the rugged hills of Gallilee, from which he uttered the words of life that is yet to seal the brotherhood of man.

Today his words here quoted are just as applicable to our present system and rulers as when he hurled them at the false prophets, pharisees and hypocrites, who then, as now, went about in sheep's clothes, but are in reality most vicious wolves.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Look into the jails, asylums and penitentiaries, and see the men who, to save the life of a starving child, stole a loaf of bread (and remember that Christ and his disciples plucked and ate the ears of corn when hungry), then look at the men who stole the birth-right of a nation, its transportation system, as they flaunt their ill-gotten gains in the face of a Jim-jack President and taunt him with the fact that they bought him his position and dare him to do his worst. This is corrupt fruit if we are any judge of a wormy apple.

When the Lord had completed creation he said unto man, of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat.—Gen. 2-16th. Here, we see, the Lord certainly gave the earth and the fullness thereof as a heritage to mankind and expected him to till it freely and supply his needs without let or hindrance from anyone. This same law was thundered out from Mount Sinai and echoed all down through the prophets. "Thou shalt not sell the land forever." "Thou shalt not lay house to house and field to field until there be no place for my people." But the tree of rent, interest, and profit was planted and it has grown and spread until there are sixty million (over two-thirds of our population) of this newest of all countries who, like Christ, "have not where to lay their heads" and are working from one-half to one-third of their time for the privilege of staying on top of the earth. Go through the Ghetto districts of New York and Chicago and decide for yourself what kind of a citizenship (fruits) the landlord system is producing. There are over five million women and some two million children torn from home and playgrounds and forced to become wage earners. Mothers with suckling babes torn from their breasts and placed in a public nursery over day while they stand for eleven hours by a machine in order that a bloated, debauched plutocracy may reap larger dividends to squander in riotous debauchery. We know of no fruit to compare with such conditions unless it be over-ripe hen-fruit.

Man is a social being and will find some common ground upon which to form social circles. The "submerged tenth" (better say nine-tenths) are not provided in our system of society with any proper facilities for social contact. The man in his ragged overalls finds no congenial atmosphere in the church. It's true he is not shut out, but after an honest week's work he feels no fellowship with the man who toils not, neither does he spin, yet he revels in the fat of the land, and the man in overalls cannot understand the decrees of the home-made God of plutocracy whom they tell us is "no respecter of persons," yet he pours out his millions on one and poverty, cold and hunger on another. The man of toil is not even at home in the parks. The only place prepared for the man with the brogan shoes is the saloon and tenderloin music and dance halls. These places are run for profit and there is no depth to which this class of business men will not go to increase

their business. This being the only place of social contact for millions of people, it's a piece of monumental folly to try to legislate them out of business in the great industrial centers. They can be closed out in rural communities where men can have a game of baseball or go fishing for recreation, but they are a part of the system and wherever the system is fully developed, society of the "submerged nine-tenths" will form their social circles around these places and this is a crab apple in the mouth of the professional reformer who is careful to never reform himself out of a job.

Ring up the curtains on the last scene and look upon the stage of our competitive industry at the scenes of carnage carried on in the mad rush to grind out larger profits, or better still, look at the exit where the victims are thrown aside, and remember it's not cattle in the Chicago packing houses, but it's human beings. Each minute a victim is cast aside. Every minute an arm, a leg, a foot, a mangled mass that was once a human being, the bleeding scalp from a woman's head, her hair having caught in the flying machinery, old men, young men, women and children drop, drop, drop, one every minute, a bleeding, groaning, shrieking mass of human sacrifice offered up to the God of profit. A yearly sacrifice of 533,165 human beings killed and crippled in the mad rush for industrial supremacy, a record that brands competition as more deadly than the fabled Upas tree and a record that calls on American manhood to rise up and seize the ax of co-operation and hew it down and cast it into the fire.

G. F. BENTLEY.

If you will send for ten subscription cards to Wilshire's Magazine on credit, to be paid for when sold, you will be able to put ten more Socialist votes in your neighborhood next election without fail. The price of the magazine is only ten cents a year and every Socialist should push it. Write today for free sample copies. Wilshire's Magazine, 200 William St., New York.

If you are going to buy a Buggy or Surrey see our new patterns before you buy. They will arrive this week. Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

We would rather live a thousand years than to be buried in a coffin that didn't suit us. Overton guarantees satisfaction.

In justice to yourself, you should go to Davenport & Bentley's blacksmith shop for good work in their line.

Williams the grocer sells better groceries and sells them cheaper than any house in town.

Loyd has a new line of ladies' muslin underwear. Call and get his prices.

See Starr for granite ware. His prices are the lowest in the city. Can sell for less money than any house in Duncan.

TO THE FARMER.

Brother Farmer, I see you with your ragged clothes on dragging your feet wearily, coming in at night from your work. I see you as you go about the place, an hour or two, to do the chores. I see you at last as you sit at the table or box, as the case may be, to eat your supper of cornbread and molasses, and milk and butter, maybe. I see you when you

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.

The Wilder Berry

King of Berries The Best Berry on Earth

It is bird and insect proof, hardy and will thrive during dry and hot weather, is a wonderful producer and yields continually from the time of the first bloom until the ground freezes, bearing fresh berries for six or seven months. The berry does not wither and fall from the vines when it ripens, but remains plump and solid for weeks and does not mould or rot. They make fine pies, jams, jellies and are the best berries known today. The plant is grown from the seed, same as tomato and cabbage plants, and transplanted in rows two by four feet. You can eat berries in 80 days. You can have \$100 worth of berries this year for 50 cts. The Wilder berry is a native of the West Indies, imported into this country three years ago.

Price 50 cents per packet sent by mail. Money will be cheerfully refunded if not as represented. Remit by registered letter, or postoffice money order. For sale by

T. B. ROBERTS

624 W. Frisco Ave. Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Editor of Justice recommends the berries.

J. L. C. GUEST,

**Attorney at Law and
Notary Public**

Upstairs, Frensey Bld'g.

W. I. GILBERT.

E. H. BOND

GILBERT & BOND,

Attorneys At Law.

All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention. Offices in the O'Neill building, cor. 8th street and Main, Duncan, I. T.

C. RILEY

Attorney at Law,

ROOM 3, HOWELL BUILDING.

DAVENPORT & BENTLEY

Have the Best

Equipped Blacksmith Shop

And Wagon Shop between Fort Worth and Chickasha. They are also putting in a heavy iron planer, and will be fully equipped for all kinds of

Machine Work.

Rebuilding engines, pumps threshers and gin machinery. New well machinery built to order and repairing a specialty. Call and see them.

Shop Faces the Railroad Track, Duncan.

Seed Oats.

Extra fine Seed Oats from the North for sale. For sample and price call at Thomas & Williams.

go to town to buy something to keep soul and body together. I see you going into the store and begging the merchant for credit. I don't blame you for it, that seems to be the only chance to keep the wife and babies from starving, and the merchant was so good to you that he only made you pay one dollar on each four dollars' worth he let you have, of course he had to charge you a profit before he put the 25 per cent on, for merchants have to live you know. Then I see you and your whole family out in dew, sunshine and rain, from daybreak until dark, fighting a battle to the death with old general crabgrass, who is trying to take the cotton patch. The garden and nearly everything else is neglected. What for? Because you hope to get money out of the cotton to pay off that mortgage you gave to make the merchant safe.

Now, we have had five good crop years in succession, the last three years cotton has been at a fair price, and hogs and horses have gone out of sight. Each farmer ought to have saved enough money in the last three years to buy a well improved farm. Have you done it? Now then, Mr. Farmer, I want to say a few plain words to you. I will state first, however, that I was raised on a farm, and if I ever attain my highest ambition I will die on a farm. Don't you know, that some men pay more for a pet poodle dog out of the wealth you created, than you could get for your whole outfit? Don't you know, that some men have millions of dollars worth of wealth hoarded up that you created? Don't you know, that those fellows that you are making rich run this government, and you have nothing to do with it except to vote for the men they tell you to? Do you think it right for those people who live off your labor, and who never did a useful day's work in their lives, to dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, while you and your family who produced it all have to live on hard tack, dress in rags and give a mortgage to get that?

My good farmer, it don't seem to me that you need any appeal to get you to act. The Farmers' Union is organized all over the country. If you are not a member you should become one and then push it along. Why? Because it is the grandest and noblest non-political organization under the sun. The farmer who does not attend the meetings of his union is either a fool or he don't love his wife and children. Now, Mr. Farmer, I will appeal to you in behalf of the women and children to do something for them which they are unable to do for themselves. Simply this, use that ballot you have been wasting all these years, to break the shackles of slavery off of them and set them free. How? you say. By voting with and for the working class. There is no other way. You say the working class cannot get together. They cannot as long as you hold back. So get in line, brother, don't wait for a Moses to come along and lead us out of the wilderness, for you may be the leader we need. You say there are things in the Socialist party you don't like. It has a claim on you, however, that ought to redeem all the things you object to. It is your party, organized especially for your benefit. Now, if you are too ignorant to believe this statement, God help you.

GEO. L. CROW.

The Snow Lawn Swing has roller bearings, is made of galvanized steel and has an awning. See them at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

REPUBLICAN IN CLOTHES ONLY.

Governor Berkley once said "he thanked God there were no newspapers in his colony," for the reason, he asserted, the papers would educate his subjects and he could not control them. Ignorance and prejudice go hand in hand today. These old-party fools are so steeped and dyed-in-the wool of their old carcasses that they refuse to read anything but old-party rot, and thus go on from year to year voting with the capitalist crowd without thought that their own children when grown to manhood and womanhood will be trampled under the feet of this same old capitalist crowd until they will crawl on their bellies for food, and like the serpent, their heads will be bruised by the heel of every man who has a dollar and thirty cents worth of this world's goods. Oh, ye rank-and-file fools of the earth, as the Lord intended you should be, you are only damning your own souls and that of your children! You ought to be classed as a member of the damphool family and crawl on your bellies the rest of your lives and be made to eat dirt.—Socialist in Republican Clothes.

All kinds of dress shirts at Loyd's.

If you will send for ten subscription cards to Wilshire's Magazine on credit, to be paid for when sold, you will be able to put ten more Socialist votes in your neighborhood next election without fail. The price of the magazine is only ten cents a year and every Socialist should push it. Write today for free sample copies. Wilshire's Magazine, 200 William St., New York.

Land For Sale.

240 acres of the best land in Oklahoma for sale, 2½ miles from Duncan; 160 acres in cultivation, balance tillable. Price \$40.00 per acre, part on time. Inquire at JUSTICE office.

The Wilshire Book Company is able to supply you with any Socialist book that has ever been published. Write to them today.

Wilshire Book Co.,
200 William St., New York.

Our assortment of Fishing Tackle is complete. Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

Pete Derrickson says that "woman has one more rib than man; if you don't believe it count them." Well, if she has she must have one more joint in her backbone; and that accounts for having so much shorter legs to her height than man. No wonder man's ways are so crooked, when he has a raw heart and a rib more in his left side than he has in his right.

Wilshire's Magazine at ten cents a year is the best and cheapest propaganda to be had in the country. Write for free sample copies and get ten sub cards on credit to be paid for when sold. Wilshire's Magazine, 200 William St., New York.

Have you seen that new Washing Machine at Thomas & Williams?

New lines of hosiery at Loyd's that a two pound trout can't get through.

We are closing out some of our Queensware, and will have some bargains. Come and see them at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

Williams the grocer sells better groceries and sells them cheaper than any house in Duncan.

One of the Most Potent Reminders of Neglect

of duty is an aching tooth. Whenever a defective tooth is discovered, a dentist should be consulted at once. Dr. Gray, of the Howell building, is thoroughly equipped to do your dental work, and will appreciate your patronage.

Where Do You Eat,

And what do you eat? It may seem a matter of no importance to the casual thinker, but really it is of grave import. If you want a nice meal go to

Lum's Restaurant

Age Improves Many Things

But this cannot be said of Groceries. They don't stay in our house long enough to get old. Our customers know a good thing.

Barkley Mercantile Co.

Duncan, Indian Ter.

GRAND JURY IN SESSION.

The editor of JUSTICE was subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, and was present at the appointed place long before the grand jury had even convened. He explained to the grand jury attorney, in a very gentlemanly manner, that he was publishing a newspaper in which the public was concerned, and being rushed with work and already behind with it, that he would like to be called in as soon as possible and have his services dispensed with so he could get back to his post. He got about as much satisfaction out of the guy with eyes like a foundling calf and a stomach like a sausage factory, as man could expect out of a pie-gobbling hanger-on who owes his official position to the good will of one-eighty-millionth of the people. There were at least thirty people who came after he did, everyone of whom were called in before he was, while he was held away from his work under penalty of arrest till late in the afternoon.

God speed the day when this fair territory of ours shall come forth from beneath the arrogant heel of the carpet-bagger, when brains shall rank above tripe, and an impudent official who treats the people with contempt will be relegated to the garbage heap of political oblivion. The editor of JUSTICE claims to be a free-born white American citizen, and when he is held away from work that thousands of people are depending upon to get their information against the most soulless and murderous aggregation of financial cannibals the world ever knew, who are fostered and abetted by republican officials, he feels a little sore and wants the hazel-eyed

attorney with the cheap glass-front and the long circingle to know it. He would say a lot more but he is afraid he couldn't remember it all.

Builders' Hardware was never cheaper than it is now, go to Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co. for latest prices.

The Wilshire Book Company is able to supply you with any Socialist book that has ever been published. Write to them today.
Wilshire Book Co.,
200 William St., New York.

Everything in the hardware line for less money than any house in Duncan at T. J. Starr's.

Go to Ewald & McCarty for a first-class 10 cent shave.

Car of Corrugated Iron just received at Thomas & Williams.

"U. S." flour, 90 cents a sack, every sack guaranteed, at Riviere's.

Tom Lilly Out for Sheriff.

Tom Lilley came in the other day and ordered 2,000 candidate cards. Tom says he is in the race for sheriff to the finish. Go it, Tom, the people of this county are not so hopelessly infested with so-called democracy that they don't know ability when they see it. If we are ever forced to murder a delinquent subscriber as an example we will be glad to have you around to keep off the other delinquents.

Frigid Ice Cream Freezers and Alaska Refrigerators go hand-in-hand at Gilkey-Jarboe Hdw. Co.

Williams the grocer gives full weights and measures.

**EGGS!**

Eggs, Eggs! We guarantee the highest cash price for eggs and all kinds of produce

LAWLESS PRODUCE CO.

LONG FORM ABSTRACTS.

H. A. FURST

Stephens County Abstract Co.,

Office in new Gilbert Building.

You don't have to apologize for the job printing that JUSTICE does.

The Cash System

..Means the Lowest of Prices..

With No House Rent and No Clerk Hire

To pay, enables me to lead in Duncan for Low Prices. Before you buy anything in my line of Summer Goods of all kinds—Laces and Embroideries, see me. Here is where you get real values. In overalls, I can fit any size from a 4-year-old child to a fat Dutchman.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN SAID THAT C. H. RIVIERE sold the best shoe for the money. But under the cash system I will give you better prices than ever. Call and see me.

Hats!

Let us show you the best line of Hats ever sold in Duncan for these prices: **\$1.25 and \$1.50**

I have searched all Oklahoma and Kansas for a good flour and have found it in the U. S. Flour, the best flour ever brought to Duncan, regardless of price. Your money refunded if the U. S. Flour don't give perfect satisfaction. Get my prices on Meat, Lard, Sugar, and all Staple Groceries, if you want to get more for your money. I sell Crockery and Cutlery, so when you want anything in Plates, Cups and Saucers, Syrup Pitchers, Water Pitchers, Etc., come to see me. I have placed a large order with one of the New York factories for a splendid assortment of Enameled Ware at prices which allow me to sell you Enameled Ware at figures that will pay you to come and see me.

C. H. RIVIERE

Leader in Low Prices

Duncan, Ind. Ter.