THE REBEL

THIS IS NO. 6

Anarchy in Production and Distribution

"Get the Man" Story

FIVE MINUTE SERMON.

AN ANDREWS SOUVENIR.

Our Jobs.

The Comrade, Ft. Worth.

Our county seat is causing us much anxiety. Already a number of men have agreed to contest the suit and as soon as we get a subpoena we are "The Rebel." It takes not more than 50c subs to win the suit and as long as the list in your county remains above 400 we shall keep plenty busy. If you intend to be counted in, it is the greatest propaganda idea ever put forward and at least fifty comrades should be represented in these contests in this way by January 1. Beginning next week we shall start the active standing of all counties on our sub list that have more than 50 Rebel readers. In many of them it would take not more than $75 to purchase the sub cards necessary to land the column.

Four hundred and more copies of The Rebel with its twenty-three columns of livewire general matter and one column of local party matter going into your county every week for forty weeks will do more to aid your comrades and to convert the unconverted than four hundred speeches. Literature and especially literature suited to local conditions is what it takes to wake them up.

• • •

From "Daddy" Hicks.

Abilene, Tex., Aug. 5 1911.

To the Chief Rebs Down at the Works:

Comrades—It was through tears of enjoyment that I looked down the column headed "Our Rebs," in No. 5. Ed Green's 63, Noble's 30, and lots more besides, with those figures at the end of the page like a T. & P. boxcar number—"3,056"—oh, I could hardly keep from hollerin'.

At first was afraid the name you gave the paper would drag like an anchor, and when you referred to prohibition like very first rattle as a "fake movement" I said, "Gosh all hemlock! Ain't he got no sense at all?" But it sure turn out to be the very name that was needed, and time will show that prohibition is a lesser incident, comparatively speaking, in the the mighty epochal world-wide movement for economic justice. So, altogether, the indications in No. 5 that the Rebel, successor to my little old Farmers Journal, is destined to soon reach a circulation so telling how great, stirred within me such feelings of anticipation that my eyes for a while just wouldn't stay dry.

Oh, if the farm renters can be class-consciously organized, and then induced to read The Rebel and get wise to their God-given rights and present opportunities, and turned en masse toward the ballot box to vote for Rebels and the babies—well, what was it old Simeon or somebody said about letting "thy servant depart in peace?"

Yours for the Restoration,

J. L. HICKS.

• • •

Bob Dutton, a good worker from Ellis county, woke up with 5 subs.

R. McAlilon sends four scalps from Clay county.

Another club from Nat. L. Hardy Mitchell county—five.

Four more from Brownwood, captured by J. J. Pitman.

R. O. Hart sends 8 war-horse from Caldwell swats us with four

Jesse Parker comes across with four from Fayette county.

Another club from El Paso—five by J. W. Thompson.

W. O. Morgan hands in four Tarrant county.

J. H. Smith, a Cherokee county brave, steers five stragglers into the Rebel camp.

G. A. Spencer is another live Montague county Reb. who rounds up four.

Six from Callahan county. The name of the Reb who fired them in is S. A. Biard.

J. W. Dennis, remits one plunk for four prisoners from the Panhandle.

J. W. Gladson, chairman of Scurry county, remits for three cards and three subs.

M. R. Sparks shoots in four more from Erath county and loads up to shoot again.

W. T. Alexander blows in with four from Bell county and will continue to hammer away.

Another Arkansas Reb.—G W. Argenbright —sends five from Cove, Ark.

J. M. Thompson emits a rebel yell for 30,000 and clubs us with six, all from El Paso.

W. S. Noble landed quite a lot of subs at Glenrose and O'Brien his encampments. One of these is the venerable comrade G B. Nethercton, aged 86.

The Jesuit's Oath.

[The Price-Campbell Debate. Picking Ch. of Dallas as champion. "The adoption of the Jesuit oath will wave the party lady free from all the ties that bind her own servant in that it will make available for domestic service, the negro woman the new are drawn into the field in search of the cotton crop. Since even now a large proportion of the women servants in Texas are negroes it is plain that white men are also meant by the foregoing.]

Your silks are spotched with blood, fair lady

Your garments are wet with tear-drops, my dear;

The blood is from your sisters' veins;

From their eyes flow the blinding tear

They have chopped the cotton, the plow and hoe

Have callonsed their pretty hands I fear.

But now, all is well, in your kitchen they'll dwell,

And domestics they'll make for you, my dears.

Domestics they'll make, my dears. They came of as good stock as yours, fair ladies,

Their blood is as pure and their skin as fair, my sweet,

They but lacked the desire to coax and swindle;

They played life's game without thought of cheat

And thus they are down in the kitchen below

While you upstairs with the robbers dwell;

But they won't be content until the veil is rent,

And you work side by side for your share my belle.

Each for all is the game, my belle.

To the landlord who owns the soil, fair lady

Carry a message,that restitution is near, my dear,

That those who are toiling are thinking of changing

The methods of playing the game, ma chere.

From the mine and the kitchen, the shop and the farm

In armies they are forming in battle array,

As sure as you sin, these Rebels will win,

Then we will all do our share on that day, my dear,

As peers we will share, my dear,

T. A.

• • •

To Col. Ball: Now, honest, Tom: Did you really and truly want statewide to win?

• • •

H. L. Cook captures four in Montague county and shouts: "Ah for the Rebel!"

J. D. B. Evans sculps four Comanche braves, and is still thirsting for gore.

Frank Turner, Normangee, wants a bundle of 100 and says The Rebel reaches 'em where other papers fail.

E. A. Green, who is bent on landing a county column for Milam county sends in another big bunch—this time 42.

J. B. Gantt, captured 20 at Athens on anti-pro day and says: "More subs coming." He is the right stuff.

Shouting for 100,000 J. M. Tyson an Rastland county Reb, explodes a shell containing eight, and says he will do it again.

Jas. S. Lewis, a nervy Reb, from the piney woods, subbers four, also sends a large list of names for samples and promises more.

Another club from Arkansas. Wm. W. Brentwood is the Reb that did it. He writes: "Hickey and Hicks make a dandy team and believe your list will grow rapidly."

John A. Currie helps organize a branch in San Antonio and then makes sixteen members of the same walk the Rebel plank. These Scotchmen are tenacious and seldom fail to "deliver the goods."

T. J. Estes, the gritty old rebel scout that has been distributing Appeals in Post City and while thus engaged was slugged by one of "Gripe-nuts'" thugs, comes to the bat with a club of four. Hear his battle cry: "Come on boys, 50,000 strong and give the rebel yell and storm the forts of capitalism."

State Movements.

I want to stop a war, a dirty war because it is a religious war and I want your help to spot it. This is the reason why.

We are a secret order and right in the middle of the present campaign in the Democratic party we find all and every Democratic candidate for office bound by an oath to support the Roman Catholic Church in its every demand, right or wrong.

Now you know where I stand. Out in the sunlight looking at you, telling you my reasons, my reservation, so help me God.

Now then, in this terrific battle its men and no made clear and plain. "Middle of the roadies and so on. And every man who seeks to drag in any side issues is going to get jumped on by The Rebel and everyone of the 100,000 does paying Socialists of America.

To-night it is with this policy we poured Do only intellectual victory in the late primary but we got the full value of the worker's product to be his to use as he sees fit without injury to his neighbor.

In a like way are engaged in a fight to expropriate the capitalist class.

Now you know where I stand. Out in the sunlight looking at you, telling you my reservation, so help me God.

Now then, in this terrific battle its issue must be

TO THE NEWSPAPER MEN OF TEXAS.

Gentlemen: The Rebel has run a couple of live stories in our last two issues on the newspaper situation. We dealt with the question from the standpoint of papers controlled by the interests. As you all work on such sheets whether they are the Post, Chronicle, News, Record, Express, Statesman or the Times-Herald, we thought that a kindly word and tip to the man behind the typewriter would be in order. The Rebel knows that this tip will be taken in the same good spirit that it is given for the altogether sufficient reason that the record shows there are more red card socialists among the newspaper men of America than there are red card men in any other profession, proportionate to numbers engaged therein.

Now the kindly word I would give you, please take as a matter of course. The tip may be given you by telling you a story: Here it is: In 1903 the battle between Heinze and the Amalgamated reached its most savage stage in July. I need not tell you about the clanging of the ambulance bell, the men dying under ground fighting for possession of the stopes their master owned; Berton Braley may put you next. In the heat of the fight the man who observed things noticed that every daily paper, morning and evening, in Butte, Anaconda, Helena, Great Falls, and Missoula, in short in all the big cities of the state was owned by the great capitalists. In other words the newspapers were controlled in 1903 in Montana in the same manner that they are owned in Texas now.

In the general situation there was a difference. It was this: Montana was well organized in a trades union sense; Texas is not at present. But, as Woodyard would say—that's another story and I am telling you about what the newspaper men did—**They organized a newspaper writers union.** And they did more than that. They affiliated with the Allied Printing Trades and then for the first time in the American labor movement the man behind the Remington was linked in industrial brotherhood with the man behind the Mergenthaler. And then they boosted salaries all round until the "cub" received the stipend of a Judd Lewis or a Frank Putnam. Going some eh, but wait a minute. Then these embryonine Pulitzers insisted that they would not have a scab in their ranks. So every body that pushed a pencil or pounded a Remington was taken in save one This lost sheep from the union fold had the same name as the owner of the largest daily in the state, the Butte miner, W. A. Clark, and he held down the city editors desk on Clark's Butte Miner. Having imbibed at an early age the sacred principles of Little Rollor the Pilgrim's Progress, Louise M Alcott, the Pirrtes of Penzance and the Heroes of the Sawdust King from Butte Creek he arose in his glorious u..amelled $30.00-a-week manhood and told the union men that he was a freeborn, etc., etc., and would not come across. To add to the discomfiture of the union writers he said that the newspaper writer was a professional man and hence should not think of belonging to a vulgar union, don't you see? Whereat the irreverent high brows feeling the extra crinkly paper with X marked on them, that they got in their Saturday envelope, because they were organized, said mean things to Mr. Clark; they told him to go to and so forth. The Clark matter was discussed at the next regular union meeting and the newspaper writers unanimously decided that he had to come across. Accordingly a committee waited on the "old man," A. B. Keith, twenty-four hours later. The brilliant George O'Malley was the spokesman. The committee gave Keith twenty-four hours to make Clark come across. A hurried meeting between W. A. Clark, the miner, Clark the city editor, A. B. Keith and Bechford, the papers' attorney was called. They decided to save the situation by making City Editor Clark a member of the board of directors of the Miner Publishing Co. When the committee called at 6 p. m. the next day they were informed by the managing edior about the city editor's future status on the paper. This was received cold and courteously by the committee. The mechanical end then spoke. Mr. Hogren of the linotype—then softly declared that this was a cheap subterfuge and Mr. Clark would either join the union in 120 minutes or the label would come off the paper at 8 p. m.

Then there was another hurried run around from the managing end. The committee arrived promptly on time while the linotypes ceased clicking in the basement and were informed that Mr. Clark, city editor of the Miner had resigned and a union writer engaged in his stead. Mr. Clark left for Salt Lake City on the midnight train.

Now gentlemen there is the story. How about it? Tyranny? eh. Maybe. But to a man that knows the newspaper business it was clear cold sense and money work. This is a fight and the newspaper man can't keep out of it. Every day he is unorganized he is losing his self respect. He has to suppress the big stories that hurt the "interests" and to that extent he miserably stultifies himself. He would like to tell the inside story of the McNamara kidnapping as the newspaper man from San Antonio, Geo. Shoaf, tells it for the Appeal but he can't. Muzzled? Sure—and we know, you and I and all of us know why. On the scrap heap at 45—sure. Nothing to say about salary—no, nothing. The mechanical department getting the money and the flower of the writing department taking theirs out like feudal court jesters; that's the game—well what to do? Why, just this—cut out your pink tea press clubs and organize a **man's** union, a writers' union, and then from printer's devil and copy boy to special writer and stenographer with the men on the press and the model 5 you will be all living a broader life because of your newspaper band of solidarity.

When you organize this union you may hasten the situation that W. J. Sampson speaks of when he says in a syndicate article: If the newpsaper men of America could have the pressure removed from them for three days and allow them to write what they know them to write what they know we would have a revolution in this country greater than the French revolution.

And that is the tip, gentlemen.

A HOUSTON LABOR LEADER.

A union man in Houston thinks that a labor leader who gets a $5,0000.00 job from the interests, via Colquitt, ought to do something for the working class. Believing this way he wrote the Rebel:

"Why don't you, Max Andrews, take up the defense of the street car employes, who are treated worse in Houston than negro slaves were ever treated?

"Why don't you take up the defense of the men employed in the shops of the Southern Pacific in their fight against the robbery committed against them in the new Southern Pacific hospital?

"Why don't you show up the rottenness of the Rice administration, the facts of which are in your possession and have been for years?

"Why don't you ask organized labor of Houston to subsidize your rotten sheet and then betray them into the hands of the capitalists not by what you publish but by what YOU DO NOT PUBLISH?"

And the answer is: The $5,000 a year job.

ANARCHY IN PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION.

(Continued from Page 1)

States Senate. Allowing for one-fourth of the three million to be able bodied people who produce on an average $2500.00 gives us $1,875,000,000,000. The 72 per cent of all national taxation is taken from the government report at the close of fiscal year June 30, 1910. The 3,000,000 unemployed from the New Board of Charities Annual Report, Dec. 15, 1910. The 2,500,000 store keepers can be verified by Bradstreets or Dun. The $1,347,000,000 for the prevention, detection and prosecution of crime is culled from the Literary Digest of Feb. 1911. The $1,000,000,000 lost through drouth because we fail to build reservoirs and dams is shown by the tremendous loss in Texas alone for the past three years; if the drouth figures were doubled it would still be within the mark.

And so on through this list that illuminates as with a million canlde power search light the frightful desolating waste of competition on which this insane, soul-killing, woman murdering, Christ-destroying, cradle-robbing system is based.

The working man who reads the above must now plainly see why it is that children are taken from the school room and girls and boys from playgrounds to work in cotton patches, cotton mills, mines, stores and factories to do the work of the world to supply the wherewithal that enables these millions of loafers to riot in luxury.

Read these figures again. Verify them. Understand them. Know and then if you have as much sense as a mule and as much blood as a mosquito get busy—get out of your apathy—strike a blow for order and against anarchy. Vote this murderous system out. Establish cooperation for cooperation is order and order is heaven's first law; while adversely competition is war and war is hell.

Up with the Socialist Republic!

THE THIRD REVOLUTION.

In my mail a few days ago came the following:

Houston, Texas, July 20, 1911.

Dear Hickey: Herewith 50 cents, for which please put my name on your mailing list for a year. Sample copy received a day or two ago. I think you'll make a winner of the Rebel.

FRANK PUTNAM.

And then my thoughts went trooping back to a chain of events that whirled around a May day five years ago in which I quoted a poem by the man who signed the above. It was at the time when we were in the heat of the battle to save Haywood's life. So I dug up my old scrap book and now, with a great deal of pleasure I reproduce this little gem for the benefit of the rebels in this the third revolution:

Ballade of The Third Revolution.

I.

Thinly sown by the eastern sea
 Our forbears, challenging England's lord,
Declared that God made all men free
 And backed their creed with fire and sword.
 The tax of a tyrant they abhorred,
However, he fixed it, low or high;
 For the Great Ideal their blood they poured;
The Third Revolution now draws nigh.

II.

Three million black folk toiled in chains,
 Bred like brutes, like brutes opprest
By many who throve on their vast gains
 Attaint with hideous crimes half-guessed;
 Their yoke was bitter at the very best.
Our sires in pity of their sad cry
 Struck off their irons in war's grim test;
The Third Revolution now draws nigh.

III.

Today we stand like him of old
 Aghast at the Genii he had fred;
Our Slaves of the Bottle, swollen with gold,
 Sieze on City or State at need;
 Our children perish to glut their greed
In mine and factory; their long iagh
 Has nerved our hearts for a new great deed;
The Third Revolution now draws nigh.

L'ENVOY.

Prince, we mean to redeem our own;
 And even as leaves in a whirlwind fly,
So shall our despots be o'erthrown;
The Third Revolution now draws nigh.

—FRANK PUTNAM.

THE RAILROAD EMPLOYEES AND INVESTORS ASS'N FAKE.

Representatives of the organization named above blew into the lovely little city of Yoakum on the 18th of last month and proceeded to do things, particularly, the workers in the Sap shops.

Ye editor decided to take in the big free show for be it known we live but 18 miles away. The first performance of the travelers was pulled off in the shops where the kindly company at a cost of several hundred dollars gave their slaves an hour off to hear the orators blow their big bazoo. Then it was announced that on the following Friday night, July 21, the citizens, merchants and all were invited to the opera house where a big free show would be pulled off. We went thither and sat in the last row of the big theatre in the noise of an immense out-pouring of 69 people; we know because we counted them. We used both hands 7 times and omitted the right thumb in the final count. To get the record straight I should say there were no ladies present hence a slight burst of profanity that was indulged in later on may be forgiven. The 68 outside myself and two friends were made up of bosses and would be bosses—mostly would be. The first sufferer that was introduced was a patriot from Missouri—that dark and bloody ground. He was a stumpy 240 ex-engineer who had passed the age limit and was beating the poor farm game by beating his fellows into this investor's organization. The next speaker was a sad looking youth of 23 with a tired look and a canary voice He looked as if he had just escaped from the Y. M. C. A. He was introduced as the general attorney for the S. A. P. As he said nothing very agreeably for at least 45 minutes we will pass him up. Then came the event of the evening, the name of the event was Murphy, it always is or something that sounds like it. Murphy gave us the whole story like this: In America there are two million railroad workers. These workers want big wages. The railroad managers want to pay them. They can't pay them unless they get the laws that will allow them to increase freight rates. They must also have all laws that are detrimental to R. R. capital killed. The legislature must keep their hands off or else the rail roads will suffer and so will their employees. The rail road capitailst and the railroad workers are brothers. An injury to one hurts both Therefore this great association is organized to weld the two million R. R. workers into a great organization that will secure legislation favorable to R. R's. and thus benefit themselves. And that was the sum and substance of the big show except that Mr. Murphy invited the solid 69 to come forward and become part of the oncoming two million, the dues to be 25c a year for those getting less than one hundred a month and $1.00 for those getting over a hundred a month and—with a suggestive wink—all names of those who join will be kept on record in the national office. Then came the call for nominations and the big time of the night. Ye editor arose from his seat and said: "The public has been invited to come here and discuss this question. Can I have the floor?" Yes, "All right; my question is: Is it not a fact that the Erie R. R. has issued an executive order within the past six weeks that reduces the age limit to 35 years thus throwing in the scrap heap all men who have the first touch of gray in their hair. How do you account for such an inhuman order if capital and labor are brothers.

Murphy was stunned for a moment and then said "That question wil be settled by the R. R. brotherhoods."

"Another question," said the editor. "Not now," howled Murphy,wait until we are organized. After a half dozen had been installed as officers the fun began again. once more ye editor took the floor and fired this shot into the camp and burst it up: Is it not a fact that there is no such thing as rail road investors today apart from investors in other industries for instance the biggest railway preferred, debenture and common stock owner is Morgan and he also has a controlling interest in steel, coal, lumber, ond other industries; Rockefeller, the next biggest R. R. man is in oil, copper, banks, coal and so on; Ryan is next and he is in tobacco, and sugar and so on along the line. Now then how are you going to separate the plutocracy's railroad holdings from their other holdings and if you can't is not your whole movement a fraud on its faced a delusion and a bait to trap workers?

Murpry stood aghast on the platform when he heard the question. After a moment's hesitation he hesitatingly muttered something about widows and orphans when ye editor shouted the widows and orphans gag was killed 15 years ago in the 1896 campaign

Murphy now recovered himself enough to say that the plutocracy only owned 15 per cent of the rail roads.

Nobody else wanting the floor ye editor fired another one into the badly battered camp of the R. E. and I. Ass'n. This was the mauser that broke 'em up and sent them flying: "Is it not a fact that Pacific Reporter II 75, the book that contains the reports of the decisions of the California Supreme court, contains a decision on page three hundred ten in the case of Ames v. S. P. Railroad in which decision Justice Shaw uses this language: "This is the first time to my knowledge that it has been held that the rules and regulations of a rail road company are of greater potency than the organic laws of the land?" Now sir, if a supreme court of a sovereign state trails the flag in the mire and holds that a railroad manaegr's rules and regulations are of greater potency than the organic laws of the land with what face can you come around here and show crocodile tears for a poor oppressed railroad?"

This question paralysed Murphy. He tried to answer it, broke down, told the story of his sweet young life, adjourned the meeting, put out the lights and the crowd waiked out in the darkness—Thinking.

Customer—What's the price of beef, tenderloin?

Butcher—Thirty-two cents.

Customer—Aw, cut it!

Rebelettes.

By Gosh.

The Morganheim outfit sought to grab a vast quantity of coal-lands in Alaska. The claims were dissallowed. Hooray! The robber barons were thwarted. Hist! What is that making a noise like a second story man at Controller Bay? What is Controller Bay? It is the only outlet to the Alaskian coal lands. Shshsh! Who owns it? Easy, now: morganheim. But we will use flying machines for transportation purposes. Ha ha! these capitalists are so soft! Swish! zip! chugrgrg! What's that? That is a Wright biplane. Who owns the patent rights? Say it right slow and easylike: morganheim.

• • •

The average capitalist newspaper is a member of the Associated Press news service. The average capitalist newspaper screams blue murder when you mention co-operation in its presence. The A. P. is conducted as a purely co-operative institution; no profits possible. All papers using combine or pool the cost of maintenance. The United Press is a rival run as a privately owned shebang. Write to the editor of the capitalist newspaper to which you subscribe and ask him which service he prefers. If he replies United Press—but we're not looking for cinches.

• • •

Colquitt voted in the recent statewide election at his home in Terrell without having paid his city poll tax as required by the law, and which the other voters of the state obeyed. Now what do you suppose would have happened to one of you hired hands if you had told the election judge that you did not know it was necessary to have a city poll tax in order to vote? There you have it like a smash in the face. The law is made for enforcement against the slave and not the master!

• • •

Suppose you are a worker. Suppose you draw $15 per week. Suppose the paymaster would place in your hand on Saturday night an envelope containing $100.00. Suppose he would then take the envelope out of your hand, break it open, and extract $85, returning you the $15. Do you think you could see the robbery then? Well, that is about what happens to you every week of your life if you are a wage worker.

• • •

An automobile cotton-picking machine with a capacity of 7000 pounds a day has been perfected. Of course, Mr. Renter, you have the money ready to buy one of these? No! Well, if you haven't you had best prepare yourself for the junk pile along with the nigger cotton picker.

• • •

With the advent of the cotton picker will come the 20,000,000 bale crop, 5c cotton, improved machinery in the mills, more production of cotton goods, the failure of the workers to consume this "overproduction" and then panic.

• • •

From the sun-kissed hills of the Rio Grande to the soughing pines of the blue Sabine;from where the plains of the north slope gently to the waters of the turgid Red to the storm-scarred coast of the mighty Gulf there comes the call of the disinherited! and, mark it well, ye masters! That call is heard!

• • •

Do you notice how the capitalist papers of your section are putting the soft pedal on the McNamara outrage? They want you to forget it, my friends. Beasts of prey fear the sunlight.

• • •

Dr. Woods Hutchison says the chief cause of old age is poverty. Yet the older wine gets the richer it becomes.

HICKS' PAGE

Edited by J. L. HICKS,
ABILENE, TEXAS.

OTHER PAPERS.

Lovelicks and Lectures, Candy and Caustic, Roses and Rawhide.

The Huntington (Ark.) Herald says: "Stay out of the Democratic primary. Do not hold your own goose while the office seekers pluck the feathers."

• • •

Farm and Ranch (Dallas): "Every farmer that keeps animals needs a permanent pasture." Permanent? Did you say "permanent?" You surely didn't aim to say "permanent," did you?

• • •

The Avalanche man must be an old batch. Gee! how he does lecture the Lubbock parents for not knowing how to raise kids. But, then, sometimes, somebody ought to say something.

• • •

The Emancipator, of Detroit, Mich., has a cartoon picturing a big fat capitalist with his enormous big stick labelled "Strike-breaker," saying to the little old Common People: "You must not go on strike; you must be satisfied with what you've got, or I'll use my club. By the way, here's a nickel."

• • •

The Socialist, of Columbus, Ohio, says: "Capitalism is the system under which the ruling or owning class are allowed to rob and plunder the working class through their rents, interests and profits." That's capitalism in a sentence.

• • •

"There are thirty-eight Socialist mayors in the United States. Milwaukee made the beginning," says the Social-Democartic Herald. Pass your plate, Milwaukee, and have some more. You also introduced the habit of sending Socialists to congress.

• • •

Concerning the Socialist picnic at Comanche the Pioneer Exponent of that town says: 'Extraordinary behavior on the grounds prevailed during the entire three days." In all likelihood the behavior was nice. Still, to a stranger that word "Extraordinary" might look a little dubious.

• • •

Hope Magazine (Socialist), of Chicago, called its July issue the "Hot Number." Here is a sample blast: "Some preachers have drawn such vivid ictures of hell that we are about led to believe that there is really some place worse than here."

• • •

Baird Star: "We expected the anti majority to be over 100,000, and possibly 150,000; in fact, that was our guess." Well, Be'er Gilliland, if you won't swear off from anything else, you certainly ought to swear off from guessing any more.

• • •

The Haskell Free Press says that "the Terrell election law has certainly killed the unnecessary turmoil and strife on election days." Yes, some features of the Terrell law are most admirable, as compared with the election law that preceded it. But there are other features, particularly some of those relating to nominations, that seem to have been suggested by Old Nick himself.

The Commerce Journal says "the United States senate is kept so busy trying the title to the seats of its members who are alleged to have bought their way in, and investigating corruption in other departments of the government and grafters in general, that it has little time for any thing else." Maybe this keeps them out of worse devilment, Brother Hart, and is in that way a blessing in disguise.

• • •

Brann's Iconoclast, Chicago, fighting Socialism, says: "Men are dangerous when they have nothing to lose but their chains." Yes, indeed; and when they are the men who have made the world's wealth, and have nothing to show for it but their chains, why shouldn't they be dangerous? In God's name, how could you expect them to be otherwise than dangerous?

• • •

The California Social Democrat, Los Angeles, says: "Nothing but a party of, by and for the workers can be depended upon to strike at the root of existing evils. Only a political party representing the exploited class will bring about a collective ownership in which there will be left no margin of profit whatever for the exploiter."

• • •

Max Andrews, editor of the Houston Labor Journal says that Senator Culberson told him recently that "what the country needs more than anything else is protection against the inventor and his Washington attorney." If you are against the inventor, Mr. Culberson, what's the matter with Socialism as a remedy? Haven't you been hearing as how there won't be any inventions under Socialism?

• • •

The Farmers Union News, Union City, Ga., says that there will be an effort made to "force the price of cotton down, down, down." Of course, brother; such effort is necessary to the capitalist system of marketing. But say! if cotton were raised on big government farms belonging to all the people, and hauled on railroads and worked up in factories and that belonged to all the people, could you or any other man think of such a thing as an effort to "force the price of cotton down, down, down?"

• • •

The National Rip-Saw truly says that "the bitterest enemies to Socialism are those who now enjoy special privileges; that this of itself ought to recommend Socialism to the people." Yes, indeed; and when lawyers and other professionals who live always in the shadow of "Big Bizness," and who always make the platforms, select the issues and nominate the candidates, tell the farmers and wage workers the way they ought not to go, the said farmers and wage workers are sillier than geese for not going that very way. The useful workers can never be of much use to one another until they get together in one political party.

The Zanesville (Ohio) Socialist very aptly remarks: "Charles M. Schwab is struck with the beauty and goodness of Judge Gary's steel-ribbed Golden Rule. He says the scheme of world-wide co-operation among the steel interests 'may be even Utopian in its conception.' But a private Utopia, surrounded by steel bars with 'Keep Out' on the gate posts, does not look good to the outside world."

If the total amount paid annually in Texas to landlords as ground rent were turned in to the state instead, how many solid rock dams would it build across streams and how much water—badly needed water—would it impound? Try your pencil on that. And then ask yourself this: "Where did these private lords of the earth get the right to exact such tribute?"

THE [illegible] PLATFORM MAKING IN TEXAS.

Did you ever look into the [illegible] way platforms are made by the [illegible] of Texas and the way state platforms are made by the Democrats of Texas? Come along and let me show you how the Socialists make state platforms, and then I'll turn you over to somebody who is authority to show you how the Democrats do the stunt.

In the first place, three Socialists meet and draw up a state platform. No, I'm too fast. That's not the first thing. These three Socialists must first be chosen as a platform committee. Does the party chairman choose them? Not much! Every member of the Socialist party in Texas has a [illegible] vote in choosing the platform committee. Then the draft of the platform as prepared by the committee of three is submitted to the locals, and each member of the party has a vote in accepting, rejecting, altering or amending it. And when it is finally adopted it represents the principles and program of the Socialist party of Texas, as voiced by a majority of the members themselves. That is the Socialist way of making a party platform in Texas. Now I'll let Governor Colquitt tell you how the Democrats of Texas make state platforms. The following is taken from a speech he made during his campaign for the office of governor:

"Usually platforms are made by a committee composed of one member from each senatorial district. This committee elects a chairman, and a sub-committee is appointed to get up a draft of the platform to be submitted to the full committee, and if it is agreed on, after a good deal of delay, and the convention is tired out and worried, the platform committee reports. The previous question is moved on a motion to adopt it, and it is shot through without debate and not one delegate out of ten knows what it contains. It develops later that some member of the committee has secured a demand for something in which he has a personal interest, or that some small section of the state or some coterie of voters may be interested in, that may be disapproved by and against the interest of a large portion of the state and its people. I have known just such to be the case. And the method of making the platforms and adopting them, as stated, is the rule and not the exception."

Now, kind reader, if you are not a Socialist, wouldn't you be proud to be identified with a party whose members can hold their heads high, look the world squarely in the eye and truthfully say, "We are 99 per cent more democratic than the Democrats!"?

On assuming the chair when he was elected president of the National Association of Manufacturers, John Kirby, Jr., made a speech in which he said: "It is better to bring the whole labor question to a pointed issue instead of temporizing and fooling with it. The only way to deal with this animal is to take it by the horns until it is made obedient." Now, would you suppose that any man in the working class would vote the same way Kirby votes when it comes to electing a president of the United States who has power to appoint supreme court judges for life?

A writer in the Technical World Magazine presents figures showing that from 10 per cent to 75 per cent of the farms in the several states are operated by tenants. In the black land belt of grandold-texas the figure is 80 per cent. First thing we know some Mexican will be writing a series of magazine articles on "Barbarous United States."

The following from H. N. Kel[illegible] of [illegible], this has been [illegible] the [illegible] but the kind that doesn't spoil:

"An enterprising land company in West Texas is advertising unimproved sage grass land (12,000 acres) at $24 to $27 per acre, as a Texas farmers' friend [illegible] per [illegible]. First year only the interest is to be paid, and the principal runs for ten annual equal payments, 6 per cent interest, sold in 160-acre tracts.

"I figure on a basis of $24 per acre and find the following: Principal, $3,800; principal and interest by maturity, if every note is promptly met, $6,000 and a little over. This is an average of $550 a year for eleven years. Suppose the family purchasing 160 acres be allowed $250 for all living expenses per year, and it makes $786 net (not gross) to be raised yearly. Allowing 25 acres for pasture and 35 acres to grow feed for stock leaves 85 acres on which to raise a net revenue of $786 per year. Approximately, this is $9.25 per acre. Add $2.25 for seed and heading, and we have $11.50 to be produced on each acre, counting nothing for other labor. Now, suppose he grows wheat and makes a good crop every year for eleven years (which he could not count on), wheat being 75c per bushel, and it would require 15 1-3 bushels per acre to yield this sum—1 1-3 bushels more than the average of the rich state of Illinois.

"Consequences of biting at this bait: You improve the place with your little funds previously earned, you fail to promptly meet the principal or interest on note ANY year in the eleven, and you are evicted, your porperty confiscated by the land company, and another sucker is put on the place, the price of the land being raised to imburse the land company for improvements they have confiscated.

"Moral: Socialism will give you access to this unused land free of principal, interest or rent, in a quantity measured by the amount you can use. Study Socialism and learn HOW and WHY such a plan is compatible with your God-given right. Or, if you prefer, you may believe the lies promulgated against Socialism by its enemies, and you and your posterity remain slaves to the autocratic owners of the earth for all time."

If the Co-operative Commonwealth should come in my day, I hope to see the word "Government" as applied to human society expunged from our vocabulary. It is a hard word. There is not one atom of the milk of human kindness nor the blood of human brotherhood in it. It stands for guillotines and guns on one side; submission and subjugation on the other. In lieu of the word "Government," I would have the word "Agreement." No big "I" and little "u" in the word "Agreement." There is equality in it; there is co-operation in it; there is brotherhood in it. The word "Government" wears a frown, the word "Agreement," a smile. Government says, "You shall do this," or "You shall not do that," and points to a penalty. Agreement says, "We will do this or that," and points to a reward. Indeed, a government of the people, by the people and for the people would not be a government. It would be an Agreement.

They tell you that human nature is imperfect, and therefore, Socialism is impracticable—too good to be realized in this sinful world. They also tell you that Socialism would usher in a reign of infidelity and free love, and all manner of vice and brutishness. The fact is, bud, they'll tell you any old thing in order to stay on your back. Looks like you'd notice it.

[illegible] TEXAS [illegible] buys a tract of land as a speculative investment. He doesn't improve it nor use it improved, but just holds it until improvements on adjacent land double its value many times over. He sells it and invests the money in a saloon—a perfectly lawful and legitimate investment, according to the votes of a majority of the people. But a majority of the people change their minds and adopt prohibition, and thus destroy his investment—confiscate his property. Now, could not that same majority, with equal justice, have confiscated his surplus land before he converted it into a saloon? Don't go to talking about the rivers of blood and tears shed by the saloons. That sort of talk is all right in its place, but we're talking in this paragraph about confiscating lawfully acquired property.

Comrade Geo. E. Mitchel of Fannin, Goliad county, Texas, sends me a clipping from the Karnes County News, from which it appears that there is trouble down there over the question of raising land rents. The old custom is one-fourth of the cotton and one-third of the grain, but some landlords are now exacting one-third all around, while other landlords are getting up petitions protesting against it. Now, then, see here: How can the landlord get even on the increased cost of living unless he increases rents? On the other hand, how can the renter get even on the increased cost of living unless rents are reduced? A nice chromo to the person who can show that the interests of the owner and of the user in this case—or in any other case—are identical. Socialism is the only solution.

Why is an individual not allowed to take up more than a certain amount of government land? Because there are other individuals who may need land for homes. This principle is right, universally and eternally right. Why is an individual allowed to get possession in other ways of more than a certain amount of land? Because society yields to the principle that an individual has a right to cut off the opportunities of other individuals and compel them to work for him. This principle is wrong. Socialism stands for equality of opportunity, everywhere and always.

Socialism is perfectly in line with Bible morals. So was the Good Samaritan. But some church people today look upon Socialism just as the church two thousand years ago loked upon that Samaritan. He was a foreign product. He was an alien from the Commonwealth of Israel. He was not of the chosen ones. He was clear outside the pale of God's recognition—so the leading church people thought. Jesus did not think so. But what did they do to Jesus?

"He casteth out devils through the prince of the devils." When the Pharisees said that of Jesus they meant pretty much the same that some Pharisees now mean when they point to some Socialist who is an infidel and say, "Socialism would flood the world with infidelity."

Do you want your child to be content with his lot when his lot is that of a poor industrial slave, ridden by a fat capitalist master? If you are reconciled to that sort of contentment, you had better seek religion.

Socialism is capable of universal application, but the communism of the early Christians was not. It required that possessions be sold, but took no note of the fact that people able to buy those possessions evidently did not need them. That's not Socialism.

[illegible] a house of eight [illegible] millionaires and one hundred men worth a quarter of a million each. There is a large number of mighty poor men around Victoria. These millionaires and quarter-millionaires will bequeath their millions and quarter-millions to their heirs and assigns forever, and the next generation will begin life with absolute equality of opportunity—won't they? I fain would weep, but what of tears? Tears like mine can ne'er recall them. Nor would I wish that groveling cares—cares like mine, should e'er befall them.

The tendency is very rapid these days toward the absolute monopoly and control of all wealth in the hands of a comparatively few men. Only through government action can the people arrest and reverse this tendency and save themselves. And yet when the lawyers, editors, doctors, merchants, insurance agents, land agents, loan agents and other agents of capitalism give the word, the working people line up and vote for government to be administered in the future by the same parties that have administered it in the past and gotten things in this fix. Would not mules and oxen gently vote as intelligently.

"Why not fix by law a maximum of wealth that the individual may acquire?" asks the State Democrat, of Austin, Texas. That's all right if you'll fix it so the maximum will be determined by his social earnings. Suppose the law should fix the maximum at less than he might earn, that wouldn't be just to him. Supose the maximum is fixed at MORE than he earns, that wouldn't be just toward other people. What's the matter with the Socialist plan of collective ownership of the industries, so that every one may get just what his efforts entitle him to, no more and no less?

"If the producers will quit listening to demagogues and organize, they can put the trusts out of business or make them behave decently at least," says Farm and Ranch. All hunky; we will suppose that all the producers have organized, not in the capacity of voters, as the person whom you call a demagogue may have advised them, but simply as producers. Now tell them, please, just what step they may take, outside the affairs of government, that can put the trusts out of business or even make them behave decently. Listen!

Please remember that The Rebel is being sent to my former subscribers in lieu of the Farmers Journal, and that everything of a business nature should be sent to The Rebel at Hallettsville, Texas, and not to me at Abilene, Texas. Also, I am not doing job printing any more, having sold my type and material to Comrade W. W. Slater of Clyde, Texas, who will soon launch a local newspaper at that place. And it will be a good one, too.

"Why do some of you Socialists not honor the church and the ministry more highly?" The church and the ministry put it up to Jesus this way: "Why do thy disciples wash not their hands when they eat bread?" But Jesus was more concerned about bread for people to eat than about the washing of hands. And Socialism is pre-eminently a bread question.

Attorney General Wickersham says that the trust magnates, in recommending a federal corporation commission, are acting on the principle of "any port in time of storm." He might as well have blurted it right out and said, "Socialism is coming, and they are trying to get to cover."