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THE REBEL

The great appear great to us only because we are on our knees—LET US ARISE.

T. A. HICKEY, Editor and Owner

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THE DYNAMITERS.

A collossal crime was condoned in California last week.

* * *

Two sets of dynamiters fell into one another's arms for their mutual benefit and protection.

* * *

One set had callousses on their hands and hailed from Indianapolis, Ind., the other set were kid gloved and hailed from Southern California and Wall street, New York.

* * *

The horny handed ones made the deal for their lives; the others for their own safety and for multiplied millions of loot to come in the event of political success.

* * *

The deal of the dynamiters was immensely successful; the McNamaras saved their skins and the big biz banditti has a new lease of political power that promises them protection for past crimes and certainty of enormous graft in the immediate future.

* * *

It seemed at the first moment when the news of the McNamaras' confession was flashed through the nation that the labor movement both economic and political had received a staggering blow.

* * *

Now that the results are known we can say with certainty of absolute knowledge that nothing better could have happened for the labor movement as represented by the Socialist party and the union movement; than the alliance of the McNamaras and the big plunderbund.

* * *

I challenge successful contradiction of this statement: that when all the facts of this infamous deal become known there will be such an awakening of the people that capitalism will be balloted to pieces by an enraged working class who will strip the banditti of their ill gotten wealth and jail them for their monstrous crimes.

* * *

With this end in view I propose to turn on the light so that the blindest can see why the deal was made that saved one set of criminals in the interest of the other.

* * *

Whereupon we shall get down to the admitted facts in the case:

* * *

For years there has been a bitter and relentless war on between the workers and employers in the structural iron business. The workers organised a union—the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers Union; the employers headed by Morgan, Carnegie and Frick organized the National Erectors Association.

* * *

These workers are engaged in the most dangerous occupation known to mankind. They walk on steel beams at 10, 20 and even 40 stories high where a false step or a puff of wind dashes them to a frightful death.

* * *

The charters on the walls of their local unions are always draped in black for a brother who has just passed out in the discharge of his duty. Daily they brush the sleeve of death and no man knows but that the whistle that calls him to work is his death requiem. Every sky scraper in all the big cities where countless grafters spread their webs to catch the glittering gold is literally splashed with the blood of the toilers; every big bridge that spans the nation's rivers has its steel beams sprinkled by the blood of these gallant men.

* * *

And ever and always when their task is done these 'cowboys of the air' who have escaped death take a last look at the work of their heads and hands and walk on to the next job, propertlyless .. despised and while the idler sits in his easy chair in possession of the title deeds.

* * *

That these men should organize a union for self protection to reduce the hours when they faced death and receive better compengation for their toil was, of course, inevitable. That the philanthropic Carnegie and Morgan with ghoulish greed for gold should seek to smash the union was likewise inevitable—hence the irrepressible class war was on—the war that the Socialists point out is a part and parcel of the present system of society.

* * *

With tremendous zeal the officers of the union, both local and national, worked, and a goodly measure of success resulted from their labors.

Just as the carpenters in New York drove their hours down from 12 per day to 7½ hours; so did the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers drive their hours down from 12 to 8 and forced up their wages from two to five dollars a day.

* * *

As this cut into the precious dividends of the steel trust the masters of steel started reprizals; they sent spies into the unions; they hired thugs to beat up union men, always taking care that their own sleek bodies were in safety. They instituted lock outs, hired scabs and as Judge Rappaport of Indianapolis has pointed out they had dynamite explosions pulled off from time to time to help along in their nefarious scheme of smashing the structural iron workers' union.

* * *

Right here was the place where McNamara made his tremendous mistake. He thought he could combat the masters with their own weapons. He believed HE COULD fight terrorism with terrorism, violence with violence and destruction with destruction. He overlooked this vital fact; THAT NONE CAN SAFELY USE OR ORDER, THE USE OF DYNAMITE UNLESS HE IS IN CONTROL OF THE POLITICAL POWER. POSESSING THAT POWER HE CAN TOSS DYNAMITE DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE CITY'S STREETS UNDER THE SHINING SUN OF NOON DAY AND THE PRISON GATES WILL NEVER CLOSE OR CLANG ON HIS FEARSOME FORM.

* * *

Let him who thinks that statement is extravagant take heed of this recorded fact that proves its truth without the shadow of a doubt:

* * *

Three years ago two sets of gamblers fought for control of the gambling privileges in the city of Chicago. Those in control of politics in Chicago turned the privilege over to a gang known as the Mont Tenness gamblers for an enormous sum. The other crowd fought back and fought with more dynamite than the McNamaras ever saw. Building after building, 43 in number were blown up at all hours of the day and night and the policemen on their beats were literally covered with the dust and falling plaster. In spite of the fact that every reporter on every daily paper in Chicago knew the men who did the dynamiting, knew who hired them and every police officer could arrest the crowd at any moment there was not one arrest made. Why? because the Democratic leader, Hinkey Dink, and the Republican mayor, Fred Busse were in on the play and divided the gambler-dynamiter's money. Thus was political power used to shelter the dynamiters.

* * *

To show that this is not an isolated case I will quote a more heinous crime with even bigger men acting as the criminals.

* * *

When the Colorado labor war was at its height the independence depot at Cripple Creek was blown up and 19 lives lost with six private detectives guarding it. Blood hounds placed on the trail three separate times went to the door of the chief of detectives. Shortly after a rail was thrown on a high trestle entering Cripple Creek. The engineer stopped the train within twenty feet of the spot that would have meant the death of three hundred people had the train gone on.

* * *

Three union men were arrested. At the trial the chief witness, a detective, broke down on cross examination. He then swore that he was hired by the Mine Owners' Association to commit the crime. His price he testified was $1,000 and a ticket to any part of the world he wished to go to. His employers were the Mine Owners Association that had on their books such names as Jno. D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Senator Simon Guggenheim of Colorado. This detective, McKinney by name, is now walking the streets of Cripple Creek with a gun on him and neither himself, Guggenheim or Rockefeller, has ever been indicted for the crime. One is in the senate and the other is singing: "Lead Kindly Light" in the Fifth Avenue Baptist church.

* * *

To all who doubt the above I would merely say:. Write to the congressman from your district and ask for Senate Document 122, 58 Congress, 3rd Session. You will read what I have just written in Chapter 20 of this book. It has the government seal on it; it was written by Carrol D. Wright and submitted to the congress of the United States, signed by Attorney General Bonaparte ad President THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

* * *

With such conclusive evidence at hand who will question the accuracy of my statement that when the dynamiter goes to dynamiting he must be armed with the political power or a sleuth like Burns will get him as sure as the day is long. Hence the mistake McNamara made of playing the capitalist's game without his political power.

* * *

The second mistake McNamara made grew naturally out of the first. He could see no other work in the labor movement than increasing wages and reducing hours. That the union should be merely an ambulance on the economic battlefield was his idea; he could not conceive of it as an army with banners demanding entire economic freedom. The pages of history were closed to him; he did not realize that the struggle he was engaged in was a struggle that in varying forms had lasted through the centuries ever since the dissolution of primitive tribal society holding land in common ownership.

* * *

He foolishly believed with Gompers that the capitalist was entitled to his share of the wealth alone produced by labor; that the capitalist had some rights that a white man was bound to respect. Believing this way McNamara joined the Democratic party, voted the jack ticket straight; fought the Socialists unmercifully and even joined a Catholic anti-Socialist organization! And this is the main reason why the capitalist press has made no attack on the Socialists since the confession of McNamara.

* * *

With such muddle-headed views of history, politics and economics nothing but disaster could come to J. J. McNamara. His fate will be a warning to other craft union labor leaders. They must learn that they must vote as they strike and picket and march. Further they must learn that of all the scabs this side of hades the political scab is the meanest, the one most to be avoided and that through political action on Socialist lines backing up their economic organization, the workers can alone achieve their emancipation from wage slavery.

* * *

Let us turn now to the silk hatted kid gloved banditti who came to the McNamaras' rescue when the trap door of the gallows yawned for them. Who are they and what was their object in flying to the assistance of the other set of dynamiters whom they hated so bitterly? Why did Otis whose building was blown up by the McNamaras, agree to have their lives saved after he had sworn to be avenged.

Before answering this question let me ask one.

Who is this plunderbund, this big biz, that framed up the alliance with the dynamiters to beat Harriman? They are the crowd that has been allied with the Southern Pacific Railroad for years and ably assisted that corporation to debauch the politics of California to such an extent that popular government seemd to have entirely broken from the continued assaults of the corporationists. Their political idol was the convict, Abe Ruef, of San Francisco. They corrupted the legislature at Sacramento; made the governors their puppets and besmirched the ermine of the judiciary.

* * *

In Pacific Reporter No. 75, there is recorded the case of Ames vs. S. P. Railway. In this case the majority of the Supreme court actually held that the rules and regulations of the S. P. Railway were of greater potency than the laws of the land! Could infamy further go?

* * *

Chas Ed. Russel, America's greatest magazine writer visited Los Angeles recently. After sizing them up he thus describes them:

"'On the side of the opposition are all the banks, all the trust companies, all the breweries, all the reactionaries, all the smug respectable people that believe in a strong, autocratic government by their own class, all the influence of 'society' and the 'upper classes,' all the aristocracy, all the 'better element,' all the gamblers, all the 'good government' gang, all the people that are piously afraid of 'mobrocracy,' all the good, respectable people that sit about their drawing rooms lamenting the prevalence of the lower orders, all the subtle, far-reaching influence of the interests, all the thugs and second-story men that divide their plunder with the police, all the club members, most of the clergymen, all the men that make profit from child labor, most of the college graduate, all of the eminent business men, all the big advertisers, all the factory owners, all the smug hypocrites that prate in public about the sanctity of elections, most of the newspapers, the Southern Pacific Railroad, the public service corporations and General Otis.'"

* * *

As to the question I promised to answer above as to why Otis went to McNamara's help:

The answer can be found on the next page of this paper. We publish there an article from an old resident of Los Angeles; one who is a Democrat and is alive to the situation existing there. He shows that the loot in sight for the Wall St. Huntington-Harriman estate—Otis—Earl-Hearst plunderbund is from $500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000. "Among the richest riflings in the world today" he says.

* * *

Read of this gigantic steal and then you will know why Otis saved McNamara so as to save the oncoming graft that the election of Harriman would immediately destroy.

Harriman was attorney for the McNamaras. In common with thousands of other Socialists he believed them innocent. In the primary on October 31st he won hands down over all opposition.

* * *

A week before election day the plunderbund saw that Harriman was bound to win unless something desperate was done. The grafters knew that 50,000 women would vote for the first time. They knew the sex was naturally timid; that they abhor violence in every form. If then the plunderbund could, on the eve of election, spring a tremendous sensation that would cause the women, who were mostly ignorant of political affairs, to believe that Harriman was an attorney for dynamiters they would turn from him and elect the candidate of the goody goody grafters.

* * *

Hence the plot was laid to allow J. B. McNamara to be saved from the gallows and his brother J. J., to receive a reduced sentence in consideration of them pleading guilty.

The dynamiters agreed to the plan of the plunderbund, they confessed, the judge set election day as the time for sentence. The women were stampeded, Harriman beaten, and the plunderbund lies back in hungry anticipation of the fields of graft that lie green before them.

* * *

And yet in spite of all their schemes I have the belief within me that the grafters in spite of their seeming victory will lose in the long run. Too much agitation and education has taken place for their good. Fifty-three thousand determined intelligent men and women voted the Socialist ticket on Dec. 5, and within their ranks are the educators of the people who will leaven the mass and expose the grafters and their nefarious deeds.

To sum it all up the Socialist party will gain through this whole affair. It will drive organized workers closer together; it will show them that they can not fight the capitalist class with the strike and boycott alone; that they need the shield and buckler of the class conscious ballot to the end that they may conduct their battles under the protecting guns of a Socialist legislature.

* * *

On then to the conquest of the political power. Down with all dynamiters whether of the kid gloved or callous hand type. Up with the taxes on land speculators to the limit until use and occupancy alone gives title. On with the battle for the collective ownership of all things collectively used and the private ownership of all things privately used. For this alone is the way of safety. By this means alone can peace be declared; it is this—Socialism—or the destruction of civilization.

* * *

Gentlemen—choose the way.

THE LOS ANGELES ELECTION.

The scheme of the Los Angeles big biz dynamiters to stampede the innocent women voters who voted for the first time in their lives last Tuesday was successful. They believed the lie the plunderbund told that Harriman was in with the dynamiters because he was on their legal staff. Every daily paper in Los Angeles save one lied to the women and caused them to vote against the Socialist candidate In spite of this terrific handicap, Harriman received 53,000 votes the campaign of education for 1912 is now on. An idea of how great was the campaign run by the Socialist can be gathered from this write up in the Chicago Public:

"The moral and religious enthusiasm of the Socialist movement is the most remarkable phenomenon here.. 'Not in thirty years,' said a prominent district attorney from an adjoining city, 'have I witnessed such truly religious fervor in a political campaign as is here.' I can repeat his statement for myself. At the Fiesta Park mass meeting, Sunday before the primary election, there were massed around the square platform in the center of the field some 8,000 to 10,000 people. On this platform came nine ex-ministers of the Gospel. 'Down from God, through the church, out to the people—as Jesus of Nazareth came from the synagogues of the Jews to the multitudes on the shores of the sea of Galilee, said my companion. Then we listened to an outpouring of Christian ethics, moral and social philosophy, such as I had not heard on the Pacific in 30 years. It was a great religious revival, comparable to nothing that I can think of but the early meetings of the Anti-poverty Society when Henry George and Doctor McGlynn electrified New York. There was Duncan, Mayor of Butte; and Wilson, Mayor of Berkeley; and Harriman, hoping to be Mayor of Los Angeles; and Cantrell, Irvine, Williams and others."

It is such "moral and religious enthusiasm" that makes our movement invincible and it is speedy victory inevetable.

GET THE MUN.

The wise one walked out of the postoffice into a crowd of old party politicians mostly members of the court house ring who could not tell a democratic principle from a tumble bug. They noticed that he was deeply perturbed about something and guessed that the news that had just arrived about the McNamaras was the cause.

"Well, Wise One," said the county attorney, "what do you think of your friend McNamara now? guilty of a heinous crime; I always thought that the Socialist business would lead the country into trouble and now I see I am right."

The Wise One flushed with anger and made a determined attempt to control himself before answering. Succeding after a moment he looked the pompous official square in the eye and in a quiet tone said:

"Is it not surprising that an official of the county who has had a college training and some experience in public office should be so poorly informed of a case of nation wide interest. Such as this MNamara case has been? Don't you know that the McNamaras are not Socialists now, have never been Socialists, but on the contrary they fought the Socialists in the union, on the stump and even went so far that they joined on anti-Socialist Catholic Society in their hatred of the truths that Socialism told? No sir the McNamaras belong by birth and training to you and yours and the record shows that fact."

"Why did you support them then?" asked the district attorney angrily.

"Because they were kidnapped, because the affidavit on which they were extradited was a perjured one; because we hated such dirty work; and finally because we were broadminded enough to forgive their dirty politics and their attacks on us as long as they were Union men."

"Why did Otis go to their assistance?"

"Oh it was simply a case of getting the mun," chuckled the wise one. "Listen: Otis of the Los Angeles Times and Earl of the Los Angeles Tribune, with some other millionaires own tens of thousands of acres of desert land that they secured years ago for from 10 cents to $10 an acre. Without water the land would be pretty nearly worthless. With water it would be worth from $300 to $1000 an acre. In their papers they raised a howl for bonds to bring the Owens river to Los Angeles. They proposed that the city of Los Angeles should vote $23,000,000 of bonds for this purpose, claiming that the city had a water famine. When the water famine came Los Angeles had only 160,000 population and now she has 320,000 population and no added water supply, still the city has plenty of water. The aqueduct is even now twenty-three miles away.

"The year of the scant water, 1904, the lakes in the parks went nearly dry, the fish died and the air was polluted by the stench. The death rate in the city went to an abnormal figure. No streets were sprinkled except around the fashionable residence districts, while half the water pumped by the Los Angeles water plant was run off through the offal sewer to the sea.

"E. H. Harriman, president of the Southern Pacific company, H. G. Otis, the infamous editor of the Times, and about a dozen planned and executed all this.

How do the Socialists know this is true? Because the same engineers who predicted famine now announce that the whole Owens river water supply is practically surplus water and should be sold to irrigate agricultural land. They have stopped the aqueduct twenty-three miles from Los Angeles, at the head of San Fernando valley. All of the land in this valley has been bought up by this gang and an enormous dam built to hold the lake of water, with five ditch and safety sluices to care for the Owens river when it is turned over to them after the people of Los Angeles have been fooled into voting twenty-three millions of bonds to bring the river to their land.

"Now then," concluded the wise one, "these grafters knew that if Harriman was elected mayor their fat was in the fire and they would lose their millions of graft, they would not get the mun. So they went to the McNamaras, had them confess and scared the women into voting their ticket. Now it looks as if the big grafters are going to get the mun."

"Good God," said an old farmer, "what is the world coming to?"

"Why to Socialism, of course" said the wise one, "then we will all get the mun."

Land Edition.

The land edition of The Rebel will be mailed on January 4. It will be the greatest issue of a Socialist paper that ever appeared in the South. Today we received a letter from Theodore Debs, our 'Gene's devoted brother and private secretary, in which he informs us that Comrade Debs will contribute one of his great articles. Frank Putnam, who is generally recognized as one of the greatest authorities on the land question in America and is a most fascinating writer, will also contribute. The office of the Renters Union will contribute stories of the prospects of the union for 1912. We will have a fine cut-explanatory of the lands that the railroads hve secured in Texas as a gift. The editor will contribute a broadside and one of Spencer's unanswerable arguments will be given space side by side with one of Hicks' great pages in which the old war horse will strip the hide off landlordism. It will surely be one grand eye opener winding up with a stunner from Rev. Hamilton on his views onLeviticus 25:23 We would like to print 100,000 copies. It is up to you comrades. Clip this blank and fire in your orders at once so we can know ahead of time where we are at. Here is the blank:

Land Edition.

The Rebel, Hallettsville, Texas.

Find enclosed $ ...... for .... copies of the land edition.

Name ....

Address. ....

THE LATEST NEWS FROM SHEOL.

(Capt. W. E. P. French, in Life.)

The devil is in a deuce of a fix—
Doesn't know what in sitch to do—
Last winter, of course, he was out of coal,
And in summer oil's up too.

He has changed his heaters from coal to oil,
From oil to bituminous coal,
He tried to burn gas, but the Gas Trust's bills
Were a shock to the poor lost soul.

He piped hot air from the G. O. P.
And some from the Democrats;
But the stuff turned Hades upside down—
Imp-belfries were full of bats.

The brimstone lake is a skating pond;
The boarders are kicking for fair;
And Jael and Judas have hatched a plot
For a coal trust a la Baer.

He wanted to try electric heat;
But Edison wired, "Wait
A thousand years till my battery's done,
Then I'll make you the lowest rate."

He's mortgaged Gehenna to Gee Eff Bee,
For a ton of anthracite;
And Jay Dee Are holds his horns and tail
As collateral for right.

Poor Satan himself has a chronic chill,
When he's not in a fearful stew;
And Cain's killed a humorist who asked,
"Is it cold enough, Cain, for you?"

Nick's read of the camel and needle's eye
And the rich at the narrow gate;
He hopes the auto may help him some
But fears it has come too late.

His credit is gone, he is deep in debt,
He hardly knows where to turn
But if Dives and Sons are coming his way
He'll soon have money to burn.

LAW AND LAND.

The Renters Union stands four square for use and occupancy as the title to land and for a confiscatory tax upon all land held for speculative purposes. Herbert Spencer, one of the world's greatest philosopher's, was, as far as the land question is concerned, far more radical than the renters organization. He did not believe that one individual on earth should own one foot of land. He held that the land was the gift of Almighty God to ALL his people and that no one individual or set of individuals had the right to say this is mine and fence in some of God's gift. Spencer contended that if you can take one acre of land you can take the whole planet and that whoever owns that ground is the ruling class. In his, Social Statics, in the ninth chapter, writing on these points he says:

"It does indeed at first seem possible for the earth to become the exclusive possession of individuals by some process of equitable distribution. 'Why,' it may be asked, 'should not we agree to a fair subdivision? If all are coheirs, why may not the estate be equally apportioned, and each can be afterwards perfect master of his own share?'

"To this question it may, in the first place, be replied that such a division is vetoed by the difficulty of fixing the values of respective tracts of land. Variations in productiveness, different degrees of accessibility, advantages of climate, proximity to the centers of civilization—these and other considerations remove the problem out of the sphere of mere mensuration into the region of impossibility.

"But, waiving this, let us inquire who are to be the allottees? Shall adult males, and all who were born upon specified day, be the fortunate individuals? If so, what is to be done with those who come of age on the morrow? Is it proposed that each man, woman and child shall have a section? If so, what becomes of all who are to be born next year? And what will be the fate of those whose fathers sell their estates and squander the proceeds? These portionless ones must constitute a class already described as having no right to a resting place on earth—as living by the sufferance of their fellow-men—as being practically serfs. And the existence of such a class is wholly at variance with the law of equal freedom.

"Until, therefore, we can produce a valid commission authorizing us to make this distribution—until it can be proved that God has given one charter of privileges to one generation and another to the next—until we can demonstrate that men born after a certain date are doomed to slavery, we must consider that no such allotment is permissible.

"Probably some will regard the difficulties inseparable from individual ownership of the soil as caused by pushing to excess a doctrine applicable only within rational limits. This is a very favorite style of thinking with some. There are people who hate anything in the shape of exact conclusions; and these are of them. According to such, the right is never in either extreme, but always half way between the extremes. They are continually trying to reconcile YES and NO. Ifs and buts and excepts are their delight. They have so great a faith in 'the judicious mean,' that they would scarcely believe an oracle, if it uttered a full length principle. Were you to inquire of them whether the earth turns on its axis from East to West, or from West to East, you might almost expect the reply—'a little of both,' or 'not exactly either.' It is doubtful whether they would assent to the axiom that the whole ies greater than its part without making some qualification. They have a passion for compromises. To meet their taste, Truth must always be spiced with with a little Error. They cannot conceive of a pure, definite, entire and unlimited law. And hence, in discussions like the present, they are constantly petitioning for limitations—always wishing to abate, and modify, and moderate—ever protesting against doctrines being pursued to their ultimate consequences.

"But it behooves such to recollect the ethical truth is exact and as peremptory as physical truth, and that in this matter of land tenure, the verdict of morality must be distinctly YEA or NAY. Either men HAVE a right to make the soil private property or they HAVE NOT. There is no medium. We must choose one of the two positions. There can be no half and half opinion. In the nature of things the fact must be either one way or the other.

"If men HAVE NOT such a right, we are at once delivered from the several predicaments already pointed out. If they HAVE such a right, then is that right absolute, sacred, not on any pretense to be violated? If they HAVE such a right, then is his Grace of Leeds justified in warning off tourists from Ben Mac Duhl; Duke of Atholl, in closing Glen Tilt; the Duke of Buccleuch, in denying sites to the Free Church, and the Duke of Sutherland in banishing the Highlanders to make room for sheep walks? If they HAVE such a right, then it would be proper for the sole proprietor of any kingdom—a Jersey or Guernsey, for example—to impose just what regulations he might choose on its inhabitants—to tell them that they should not live on his property unless they professed a certain religion, spoke a particular language, paid him a specified reverence, adopted an authorized dress, and conformed to all other conditions he might see fit to make. If they HAVE such a right, then is there truth in that tenet of the ultra Tory school, that the land owners are the only legitimate rulers of a country—that the people at large remain in it only by the land owners' permission, and ought consequently submit to the land owners' rule, and respect whatever institutions the land owners set up. There is no escape from these inferences. They are necessary corollaries to the theory that the earth can become individual property. And they can only be repudiated by denying that theory.

Truly there is no escaping that theory so the Renters Union says landlordism must go.

[The Rebel has been in communication with C. H. Kerr of Chicago relative to the publication of this entire ninth chapter in pamphlet form. Mr. Kerr informs me that he will publish it in the near future at 10c per copy Every one who desires to read this tremendous attack on landlordism should send a dime to The Rebel for a copy.]

RENTERS UNION.

A. O. Maxey, secretary of the Renters Union, is one of the busiest men in Texas. After attending to his laborous day's work on the farm he has to turn in at night and tackle an ever increasing pile of correspondence. As a result of the wide circulation of the news in our big brother, the Appeal inquiries have come in from as far apart as the States of Washington and Connecticut. Most inquiries outside Texas,have come from Oklahoma, although every state in the South has had men who write for information either to Mr. Maxey or The Rebel. Of the Eastern states Ohio and Illinois lead in men who are interested in our fight on landlordism. The landlords farm papers have had such a lambasting from their renter subscribers that they have pulled in their horns and promised to be good. Charter application blanks are being sent out in each mail. A report covering the work already done, amount of literature sent out and unions organized will be published on January 1. Inasmuch as the Union is not in a position to pay salaries for clerical help and office equipment and as there is a crying need for both Mr. E. O. Meitzen, one of the war horses in the war against landlordism, has kindly consented to act as secretary of the national union pro tem. He has the needed time and material for the work and will enable Mr. Maxey to obtain a much needed rest. Mr. E. O. Meitzen was appointed as secretary by President Moore this week. Hereafter address all correspondence in relation to the Renters Union to E. O. Meitzen, secretary, Hallettsville, Texas, or Hugh Moore, president, Chilton, Texas.

Col. Robert M. Thompson, the New York banker whom Editor Ousley and Senator Bailey and Governors Colquitt, O'Neal, et al., got hitched on to their cotton scheme, says that "society rests upon the men who produce things from the ground." It sure does, Mr. Banker. It is resting upon them mighty heavy these days, and some of them are finding it out; and when enough of them find it out, you'll have to get off.

SORRY SAMUEL.

The waters of the labor movement are being lashed into mighty billows by the tempest created by the McNamara confession. The one sad spectacle on the horizon is the pilot of the pure and simple craft—Samuel Gompers. He is shivering in the storm that has been brought around by his policies. For years he has sought to scuttle the stout Socialist craft that has bravely ridden the storms of the class struggle. He declared our craft unsound, "economically unsound," our charts were wrong and our steering course impossible "industrially impossible" was his exact language; our whole philosophy of navigation on the waters of life and our methods to steer clear of the rocks and shoals of capitalism while on our way to the haven of the Socialist Republic he sneered at, and used all the powers of his office as captain to condemn. He sailed in company with the buccaneers of commerce and told his trusting passengers, officers and crew that there was an identity of interests between those rakish crafts that sailed under the Jolly Roger of piracy, and themselves.

Now that the typhoon has come from the shores of the Pacific he stands at the wheel dazed and knows not how to steer his course. The pirates whom he has so long befriended have fallen on him and threaten to put him in irons at least if they do not take his life. Gone are the days of friendship when he clinked glasses with them when the industrial waters were seemingly quiet and the sun was sinking peacefully in the West. Gone is the civic federation life buoy, gone is the anchor of begging legislation from the pirates, swept away in the storm and battered to pieces is the craft raft; the pure and simple ship is leaking in every plank; her water tight compartments are stove in; she will soon be a derelict on the labor ocean when the steam has spent itself and the clouds disappear under the rising sun of Socialism.

In the mean time Commodore Debs, vigilant and alert, is at the wheel of the staunch ship, Socialism. He heads the gallant barque into the teeth of the gale with the sea of hate lashing his face. The old sailor stands on the bridge and the vterans under his command gain renewed strength from the fearless poise of the commander. Too well does he know the dangerous pirates that he has to face and fight until they are exterminated. Well does he know the false lights of the wrechers on shore who signal the ship on to the rocks with the oil of the golden rule. On the ship the passengers, crew and officers are full of the fighting spirit that goes with the knowledge that the battle to be fought is a just one. Al lhands feel an uplift of the spirit, an exultation that is almost divine now that they realize that they will soon be away from the derelict and have the grappling irons out to join their ship to the pirates and fight until the last of the wretched robbers on the seas of commerce are compelled to pull down their skull and cross bones and raise the flag of surrender.

And so we go sailing, sailing into the fight and as we do we take a last pitiful look at sorry Samuel as he goes on to the rocks that we tried so hard to steer him from.

BEATITUDES OF SOCIALISM.

Blessed are the unemployed, for they shall be fed on soup and clothed with cast-off raiment.

Blessed are they that groan in distress of poverty, for they shall be visited by the recipient of their labor and consoled with maxims and gratuitous advice.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst, for they are subjects for charity and shall receive free tickets to a bone and hot water banquet.

Blessed are they who are piece makers if handy with a needle, for out of old clothes they can make themselves new garments.

Blessed are they who ask for nothing; for they shall in no wise be turned away disappointed.

—T. C. Kennedy.

If the landlords of Texas had held a meeting at Waco to consider matters pertaining to their relations withtheir renters, would the organs of the exploiters have censured them for not inviting the renters to attend and participate in the meeting? Look out, now!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY.

(By Ed Green, Rockdale, Tex.)

I must confess that I feel as sore as Otis when he fell into McNamara's arms when I think of the failure to put through national referendum for a presidential primary. As sure as shooting our comrades slept at the switch. I feel sure that 99 per cent of the membership desires such a referendum to go through. It must have been believed by the membership that it was not worth while pushing as every body would push for it and as usual, what is everybody's business is no body's business. It may not be too late to reintroduce the referendum nationally but in any event Texas should instruct their national convention delegates as to who their choice is for the presidency in 1912.

Yours for Social Democracy
Ed Green.

Snyder, Okla., Dec. 1, 1911.

Dear Hickey: Send me copy of the Texas constitution. I like your idea of decentralization. I think it a burning shame we do not nominate our national candidates by referendum. If a number of our would be party leaders would give the time to building and perfecting a purely democratic movement instead of hunting out some defects in individual members we would be a stronger and more aggressive organization. As a delegate to the Oklahoma state convention, I am going to insist that Oklahoma take the lead in demanding that our national standard bearers be nominated by the rank and file. I left the democratic organization because such characters as Roger Sullivan, Tom Taggart and Ed Murphy wrote the platform and nominated the ticket I had to vote. Of course I know a Socialist convention would not be composed of such characters as the above named,but the principle of delegated authority is the same. All power in the hands of the red card membership is the only hope of establishing a just economic system.

Yours for a pure untrammeled democracy.

H. H. Stallard.

MERE CANT.

The reverend Edward Ellis Carr is a true Christian and is consequently opposed to war. In the last issue of his paper he comments on the Italian-Turkish war, saying:

"What do the pope of the Roman Church and the king of Italy hope to gain by denying the special atrocities charged against the Italian troops in Tripoli?

"Their presence there is the supreme atrocity. They were sent by king and pope with the certain knowledge that they were to commit wholesale murder and robbery in the gigantic brigandage of war for national and commercial loot. Is it worse to murder women and children than to kill their husbands and fathers, their only defense against want?

"The most damnable thing about modern wars for conquest and loot is their transparent, insufferable hypocrisy. The 'Christian,' preacher, priest, or pope who pretends to bless a robber war in the name of God or His Christ is an ignoramus or a hypocrite, and in either case utterly unfit to represent or speak for the Christian religion.

"The atheist Socialists of Italy who risk their jobs and their lives condemning the robber war in Tripoli are a million times more worthy to speak for Christ than any 'Christian,' high or low, who approves the unholy, murderous robbery.

"Is it any wonder that there are hundreds of thousands of atheists in Italy and that the Roman church is steadily losing out there?

"An atheist is far better than a hypocrite. God will spew these infidel churches out of His mouth with unutterable disgust and with overwhelming destruction. Let American churches take warning."

POLL TAX.

If you don't get busy and pay your poll tax you will not be able to vote for your choice for president or state officers in Texas. You can not take a ballot smash at landlordism. Pay that rotten tax and do it now.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON.

"Therefore, take no thought, saying, what shall we eat or what shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

("For after all these do the Gentile seek;) For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Matthew 6:31-32-33.

Now brother, you, as well as all the rest of our people, believe in taking God's word to mean just what it means. We must not add anything to or take anything from it. Are there not some members of the church today who own large farms and ride in horseless carriages? Are they doing well and faring sumptuously every day? Are there not many members of that church who own scarcely any property, and are almost destitute of food and clothing and other necessities of life? Then is it not the drink, food, clothing and all things that our heavenly father knows that we have need of, the very thing that Jesus Christ has absolutely and positively promised SHALL be added to all those who seek God's kingdom and his righteousness? Is not this a fact?

All right then, since a few of the members of the church are living sumptuously and enjoying all those material blessings, at the expense of oppression, suffering and privation of the weaker brothers. Then we are bound to admit one of two facts—they are:

The church (it matters not what church) is not the kingdom of God or else, 2nd, Jesus Christ is not willing to fulfill his promise, which would make him an unreliable and dishonest and no self-respecting person would want to take such a character as a type to live by. Now the great trouble is the modern churches are not seeking God's kingdom and his righteousness as they are commanded to do. Read Isaiah 58th chapter. God tells us to loose the bonds of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. To break every yoke, to give the bread to the hungry and when we see the naked that we cover him, and when we do this, says he, our health shall spring forth speedily, our darkness shall be as bright as the noon day, ad I will make fat thy bones in drouths, sayeth the Lord and when you call I will answer, and when you cry I will say, here I am.

Now, is not this in accord with Christ's promise that all those things shall be added unto you?

And now brother this is exactly what the Socialists are trying to do—to break the yokes off the necks of the down trodden and oppressed.

You will say: "Yes, but all Socialists are not professed believers as Christians."

Yes, but we read in Isaiah 65:1 That God says that I was ...... of them that sought me not and I was made manifest unto them that ask not after me. Now brethren, I hope you will study over this matter and come into a knowledge of the truth. Then you can see everything in a new light, which seems to be in more harmony with the teachings of the Bible. Then you have resolved in your heart to be honest and be a man.

And I am willing now to give you all my hand on it that you will be different men from what you were when you stand with mammon not by God.

A. J. Rosco,

Malakoff, Texas.

POTATOES AND PRINCIPLES.

Many a man thinks that it is crime, when it is only his full stomach. On half allowance he would be as ugly and knavish as anybody. Don't mistake potatoes for principles.

Thomas Carlyle.

1000 SOCIALISTS OFFICIALS ELECTED.

The Chicago Daily Socialist has compiled a list of Socialists elected to office. They number 1000 and there is not even a whisper of graft in the air. Verily the world do move and is getting better even if Otis and McNamara fell into each others arms.

THE "INTERESTS" IN LOS ANGELES FIGHT.

(By Edmund Morton in the Public.)

[The following remarkable article throws a flood of light on the reasons why the big business interests of Los Angeles came to the support of the McNamaras. It should be remembered that the writer is not a Socialist but is a single tax democrat like Mr. Pastoriza, the democratic commissioner of Houston. The article is published by a democratic editor and office holder. Thus from the camps of the enemy do we expose the great grafters who ported the dynamiters in their desire to beat the Socialists in Los Angeles. Study it carefully so you can understand the greed that makes big capitalists condone the crime of dynamiting.—Ed.]

"Behind Socialists and Labor in Los Angeles is a powerful contingent of well-to-do citizens who are not 'belongers'. They range from millionaires to the plain and simple disgusted fellow, thoroughly tired of the 'unco guid' whose only cures for the ills of society are anti-expectoration laws and 'scatteration' of the social evil.

Every labor-baiting paper and every big business land-gambling interest, and all the political crooks and flunkies of the Plunderbund are gathering 'Good Government' people since Harriman 'threw the scare into them.' They gather around the 'good government' forces like an anaconda around a fat pig—with the 'goodness' inside. The 'goodness' is now hobnobbing, hugging and conferring with all the crooked elements that they have been denouncing, fighting and reviling these many years. It is a remarkable sight, verifying what Francis J. Heney said a few weeks ago in his famous speech—not printed in full in any of the city papers, but delivered to the Los Angeles City Club to resounding applause—in effect: 'All the big business goodness and churchly virtue join hands immediately with all the low down badness and virulent vice in a mutual fight against attack on their special privileges.' And so it is in this case. The sight of Hearst, Otis and Earl of the 'Examiner,' 'Times' and 'Tribune' hugging one another for mutual protection would make Olympian laughter were it not for the tragedy and sorrow of it.

For more than 10 years there has been developing here one of the most magnificent schemes of 'civic' engineering' for economic plunder on the face of the earth. Competent authority estimates that there is in sight from $500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 of 'unearned increment'—some $50,000,000 of which is now being 'creamed off' from the sheep pastures of the San Fernando valley—all due to the acqueduct municipal railroad and the harbor improvements.

"For the aqueduct there has already been voted and partly expended $23,000,000, and $3,500,000, with $5,000,000 more of bonds called for right away. Most of this is expended for improvements outside the city, which is bonded to pay for them.

To put it briefly: $23,000,000 bonded debt was placed on the city with more to follow, to go 240 miles from the city to bring a river down into the San Fernando Valley some 22 miles from the city. Up to the present time nothing has been decided on as to the manner of bringing the water any further. 'The Narrows' of this valley, like a nick in a saucer rim, is about 9 miles from the city. The valley has an almost level floo,r of some 180 square miles, with a water shed of 502 square miles within its rim. This great basin is chiefly composed of big estates—one of 50,000 acres and others scaling down. The 'sheep ranch' of 30,000 acres, which runs across the valley from Santa Monica mountains to the San Fernando mountains in three squares of 10,000 acres each, and on which were three ranch houses and not more than 100 men employed the year round, is the center of attraction, next to the 'San Fernando Land and Water Co.' These lands assessed at $20 per acre, are now selling from $350 to $1,000 per acre on the strength of the incoming water. Of course, there is no legal guarantee that they will have the water, but the buyers are not so informed unless they push the question to the limit. It is these valley lands that are estimated to have acquired an 'un- 'unearned increment' of $50,000,0C to $150,000,000. As they are beyond the taxing power of the city, they pay not one mill in taxes toward the cost of the acqueduct. Under the circumstances they present one of the most remarkable economic object lessons in the world today.

Next in order come the harbor increments with $3,000,000 bond appropriation made for its improvement twenty-one miles away. Again come the increments of the proposed municipal railway scattered over these twenty-two miles. Still more is the $3,500,000 bonds for good roads (county) that is partly expended. Actual and other expenditures show a probable $50,000,000, which, added to the normal growth of the city with the impetus of the coming Panama Canal, makes calculations vary from $500,000,000 to $2,000,000,600 as the economic loot in sight. Among the richest rifling in the world today."

DEAD AS JULIUS CAESAR.

Three months ago Farm and Ranch the semi-official organ of the Texas landlords, politely requested the Rebel for an article on the Renters Union. We sent the article and remarked therein that the average farm paper that comes to my desk was "as dead as Julius Caesar and as clammy as a dead man's hand." The Co-Operator published at Fort Worth took kindly exception to my statement in a private letter from the editor. Whereupon I wrote Mr. Grant as follows:

December 4, 1911.

Mr. A. W. Grant, Texas Farm Co-Operator, Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sir: Your letter, stating that you noticed my statement in the Farm & Ranch "all farm papers that come to my desk are as dead as Julius Caesar, and as clammy as a dead man's hand," received.

I was exchanging with the Co-Operator, and if you can make the above statement go double, let it go. As far as the Co-Operator is concerned, it was dead from its birth until recent date, when Taylor McRae put a little life into it, then I commenced to have hopes.

What I mean by a dead paper is one that talks about Scott bills, warehouse plans, and things of that sort, and ignores what McRae has recently pointed out, that in Alberta, Canada, land held for speculative purposes is taxed eight times the land that adjoins it, which is being used and occupied. It is a dead paper that talks about chickens and crops, and overlooks the fact that the farm area in Texas has decreased 16 million acres in the past 10 years, while tenantry is steadily increasing. Deader than Julius Caesar and Rameses the 2nd, is the farm paper that fails to talk landlordism, with its third and half crop, wretched schools, miserable shacks for the renters, and all the other conditions which are the fruits of landlordism. More hopelessly dead than Cain and Abel, is that farm paper that causes the idea to spread through the land that a man with his 160 acres has any earthly show of winning out in the competitive struggle, when 10 per cent of the people own 90 per cent of the wealth.

Now you can understand why I speak of all the farm papers that come to my desk, being "dead as Julius Caesar and as clammy as a dead man's hand."

If the Co-Operator will forget the landlords for a while, throw down the bars, and unmuzzle Taylor McRae, let him write what he knows, then it will become as live and fresh as the flowers that bloom in the Spring.

Respectfully,

T. A. Hickey,

Mr. Grant's reply will appear in The Rebel next week. The eminent corn doctor who edits the Southern Ruralist and who foolishly tried to take a fall out of us on the question of Socialism recently has gracefully retired from the arena. He now knows that there is much difference between State Socialism and Socialism, as there is between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse. The Southwestern Farmer has had an attack of the doldrums, intellectual pellegra and the sleeping sickness since Frank Putnam resigned, but there is hope for the poor things yet.

We have donned the robes of optimism and are vain enough to believe that we will awaken the sleepers before we are through even if we have to drill a progressive idea into the granite block of Tom Watson before our labors are ended.

And thus ended the first chapter.

THE HAMILTON CASE.

A Statement from Hamilton.

Comrades are inquiring concerning the complaint made against me at the recent session of the Northwest Texas Conference for "inveighing against the doctrine and discipline of the church." The surprise and shock of the thing, being something altogether new in my experience and not at all expected by me, stunned me for the time and hurt me as few things have ever hurt me. Since I have had time to think I have quite recovered my composure.

My former presiding elder, the Rev. J. G. Miller of Vernon, disavows all responsibility and promises as speedy a hearing of the complain as will be convenient for me. He writes me that the complaint was a complete surprise to him, and as it came from the Abilene country he was not in a position to know anything of the merits of the case. Some of the members of the conference, it seems, think that I have said "harsh and cutting things about the preachers." One of them quotes me as follows: "I told my wife not to allow our children to attend the Methodist church again, for I do not want my children to hear such rot as it dished out there."

How these gentlemen know any thing about what I said in my speeches in Taylor and Callahan counties is one of the mysteries, for not one of them ever attended one. The statement above attributed to me I never made. I don't know who says I said that, but whoever he is, **he is a low, base, scandalous and infamous liar**, a cringing, contemptible coward, a dastard too white livered to resent the imputation.

As an opponent of Socialism I fought in the open. As its advocate I am fighting in the open. The cravens responsible for this complaint were too cowardly to stand with me when I fought that which they said, "We've got to meet it some day." If Socialism is never met until these fellows, who are trying to throw me out, meet it, then it will never be met. A ten-year-old boy with a corn cob and a lightning bug could chase this bunch of ninnies clear out of the state.

What is here said is not intended as a reflection on the membership of the Northwest Texas Conference. There are many fine fellows among them, broadminded and big hearted. I am merely firing into the brush in an effort to scare the skunks into the open where I can get a fair shot at them. I am going to get them. I'll have the last of their cowarlly hides before the roses bloom again. There is much more that might be said here and now, but I shall wait until every necessary fact is at hand. Though no names have been given me, I think I have spotted the main one in this business, and I have a few things on him now and more a'comin' that I think, will cause him to decide that a change of air and scenery would be good for him.

Through all my troubles, the Rev. J. G. Miller has acted the part of a broadguaged, liberal minded Chistian gentleman, a brother indeed. **I believe in him fully.**

G. G. Hamilton.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Rebel will publish a tremendous write-up of the Los Angeles Plunderbund next week, written by the editor, who has been on the ground in the past and knows the beast of big biz, having observed him in his lair. The manner in which these Godless greedy grafters go to the limit to get their gold will be vividly told. How they have literally torn down the stars and stripes some years ago will be shown from the records. The allies of the dynamiters must be shown up. Kill them off by the white light of pure publicity is the aim of the Rebel.

BUNDLE ORDERS.

If you want to blast some of the rocks and stumps of prejudice and old party ignorance in your neighborhood send for some intellectual dynamite to the Rebel office. We send it in bundles at half a cent each. order now—50c a hundred.

The Rose Door

The story of a

House of Prostitution

THE REBEL LECTURE BUREAU.

The big cities of Texas are commencing to take hold of The Rebel lecture bureau with a will and a way that means big things in the near future.

Local Waco through its sterling secretary Comrade Smith writes us this week to send them 1,000 subscription cards. They want twelve lectures by Hamilton and The Rebel editor and believe that 40,000 Rebels poured into the town that Brann maed famous will work wonders. The local has nominated the indefatible "Charley" Davidson for mayor at the coming spring election and believes that this Rebel plan will help immensely in the good work.

Houston follows after Waco. Their progressive secretary writes:

Houston, Texas, Dec. 4, 1911.
The Rebel, Hallettsville, Texas,

Dear Comrade: Local Houston No. 881 instructs me to advise you that it contracts for the lecture course given with the sale of 450 subscription cards. We wish to begin work immediately.

Yours for the revolution

Hardin county is the next big one to take hold. The able county secretary, L. F. Rigby has gotten out a circular letter to be sent to all Socialists in Hardin Co. It is a model of its sort. Other secretaries might pattern after it. Rigby wants 1000 subs and will get them. Here is the letter:

Comrade: We need a little help from you. We want to stir up Hardin county until it is red hot with Socialism. In about two months from now the old parties will have their candidates out worrying every man in the county to get his vote. Let us be on the ground at the same time.

We are going to hold a convention the first Saturday in March. Now at that time we want to have Tom Hickey and G. G. Hamilton give us six speeches each at various points. They agree to come here, speak for one week, and pay all their expenses, provided we get up 1000 subscribers to the Rebel at 25 cents each.

Now this is the way we propose to do it. There are at least 250 active Socialists in the county. Let each one contribute one dollar, fill out the blank below with four names, and send same to county secretary. If you can get the parties to pay for the paper, you will not be out a cent:

Name	Address	State
....	....	....
....	....	....
....	....	....
....	....	....

Think what a vote we ought to poll at next election, if we have 1000 Rebels coming to the county each week and at the same time get two of the best speakers that are in the state to put in solid week speaking to us. A combination of good speakers and first class reading matter is the only way to reach the people.

Will you come in and help us out. Be one of the Dollar Socialists who will put this thing through.

L. F. Rigby,
County Secretary.

We believe that intelligent well directed work of this sort will bring results and little Hardin county will have a glorious message carried to her workers before next spring buds ripen.

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The Rebel editor being full blood Irish and Comrade Hamilton a descendant of that stock it is not strange that the next to apply for a Rebel course should be named Malone. He writes from Mullin, Texas, Mills County:

Mullin, Texas, Dec. 3, 1911
Mr. Dan Gandy, Hallettsville, Tex

Kind sir and Comrade:: Please send 250 sub cards for Rebel lecture and sample copies as per offer for Comrade Hamilton and Hickey for making lectures.

Sincerely yours for future progress.

W. F. Malone.

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The next in line is a stalwart from Flint, Smith Co., Texas. He is a great grower and shipper of potatoes and tomatoes and is now going to produce eSocialists. He says:

Flint, Texas, Nov. 30, 1911.
The Rebel, Hallettsville, Texas.

We will take 250 cards and sell them out for the two dates if we can't work up a six-date meeting in the county. We can sell 250 or more here. Will let you know if we get up the deal for six dates Be sure to put us down for two dates, subject to change if we can make the drive with the county, and oblige,

Your comrade,
W. H. Flowers,

Flint Local No. 320.

Here is hoping he will get 1000 subs in Smith county.

• • •

All other comraes who are considering the Rebel lectures will please get busy at once. The routes are being laid out now; the first lecture will be delivered by Comrade Hamilton on the 14 at the town of Hamilton. West Texas must get busy as the speaking starts there and the lecturers can't come back as they will be in east, north, and south Texas for the remainder of the tour. Enough has been shown in the official lettters printed above to cause all who doubt to realize that the Rebel lectures are the biggest thing in the propaganda line ever undertaken in Texas. Get in on it and help carry your county in 1912.

DAN GANDY,
Manager Rebel Lecture Bureau.

OUR REBS.

Steadily the subs keep climbing
Climbing the whole day long.
The Rebel's heart is never pining
As he listens to the circulation song.

And as the sav dust king of Battle Creek says.
"There's a reason"
It is simple; just this:
We are the great unmuzzled

With nothing to do but work
And think of Burns the sleuth
Nothing to print but facts
Nothing to write but truth.

And so we grow and put on over 800 subs this week. There is a lively discussion in Hallettsville as to whether we will have 30,000 subs by Jan. 1. We will or we won't! Just according to how you figure the matter. For instance Comrade Smith of Local Waco wrote The Rebel 48 hours ago saying "the local orders 1000 subs We want Hickey and Hamilton for 12 lectures. Then comes Comrade Treay, secretary of Houston and says: "Send us four hundred and fifty subs, we want your lectures." Then comes Saratoga down in the oil fields with such fighters as Rigby and Walcot with a request quiry for 1000 more. If we count these and numerous others including an Oklahoma comrade named Willie Bonner who wants 300 subs worth of Hamilton, we will be over the 30,000 by Jan. 1st. But while thousands of sub cards will have left this office and gone into thoroughly responsible hands we do not know whether, technicalley, we have a right to count them until the people have their papers. What do you think, Rebs? Any how we have three weeks until New Year's and we will send out several thousand cards to old time Rebs who may want to give an Xmas box to friends or who may be short of cards. If you are overlooked write us and we will send you a batch. This week was noticeable because of the enormous number of small clubs. The big chief is the redoubtable A. G. Maxey of Lorena who gets the prize, a beautifully bound copy of War—What For? He captured 16 prisoners. Amongst the most active rebels sending in lists we notice:

C. W. Watson, 5; W. H. Silk, Stephenville, 5; J. C. Watson, Quitman, 7; J. N. French, Palestine, 4; J. B. Gaunnt, Athens, 6; John G. Burrows, Portales, 4; A. H. Graham, Lingleville, 5; J. B. Triplett, Carbondale, 4; J. F. Collins, Saint Joe, 8; C. L. Kirkpatrick, Loraine, 6; Isaac Bailey, Carbon, 4; I. J. Rice, Colorado, 4; Wm. J. Milner, El Paso, 4; W. J. Howell, Weimert, 6; G. E. Pangle, Bells, 4; A. S. Bell, Palestine, 8; L. G. Smith, Ennis, 4; H. A. Rickaway, Tivoli, 14; T. Jackson, Miles, 4; Joe Childress, Joaquin, 4; J. C. Harrott, Josserand, 6; C. W. Wilson, Beeville, 5; B. S. Alford, Patmos ,Ark., 12; R. A. Lee, Rule, 5; J. H. James, Briggs, 10; A. G. Maxey, Lorena, 16 (prize); L. L. Erwin, Loco, Okla., 4; B. F. Alsobrook, Avoca, 5; J. W. Preslar, Ovalo, 4; G. W. Thompson, Crowell, 4; J. G. Bryant, Ranger, 4; Geo. W. Cain, Carter, 4.

Now then Rebs get busy and let us see how near that 30,000 you can get by the time the great year of 1912 is born.

HICKS' PAGE

Edited by J. L. HICKS,

ABILENE, TEXAS.

COTTON FARMER MUST SURRENDER HIS INDIVIDUALITY

"The producer of cotton is not an individual and cannot work as such, hence the necessity of the section of country where it is raised resolving itself into one body as far as possible, for the help and support of the whole."

That is from W. B. Yeary, a banker of Farmersville, Texas. He signs himself "President Texas Cotton Association" for the reason, I suppose, that he once got in the habit of it and can't quit.

Banker Yeary, in his Dallas News article from which the above is extracted, calls on Governor Colquitt to convene the legislature in special session to frame up some plan for the cotton growers' relief, said plan to embody the idea that the cotton growers, instead of each acting upon his own judgment, must "resolve" themselves into "one body."

Oh, yes—uh huh!—want to rob the cotton farmer of his individuality, his self-reliance and his personal independence, and require that he shall sign a pledge to plant only when some committee says sell, while the same old game of rent, interest and profit goes merrily on.

The most radical Socialist never yet dreamed of putting such shackles upon the individual farmer. Yet, one of the stock arguments against Socialism is that a man cannot be his own boss and work and buy and sell when and where he pleases.

Really, the Co-operative Commonwealth of Socialism is personal freedom itself compared with the requirements of the craft unions in their efforts to hold their own with the various Banditti operating within legal limits as speculators and captains of industry.

The political fields and woods are swarming with men of both old parties, this early in next year's game, asking the people for public office. How disgraceful and humiliating! If a member of the Socialist party were to push himself forward for public office the members of the party would push him back and say, "When we want you we'll let you know." Talk about ill manners—what can be cruder and coarser and more uncultured than a man asking the people to give him a public office?

Nat L. Hardy of Loraine, Tex., has added to the propaganda of the social revolution a new and most important chapter. His illustrated article in a recent issue of the Coming Nation on "The Renters' Rebellion" is worthy of a much older head and hand, and puts his easily within the class of feature writers of the very highest ability. Nat, old boy, we're oll proud of you.

H. L. Truitt of Gotebo, Okla., says in the Dallas News that he is no Socialist, but that he and a large majority of voters in this section are going to vote the Socialist ticket next time, as they can't make it any worse. That's a good deal like saying, "We're no Christians, we don't believe in it, but if we can get tickets we are going to heaven when we die, for we can't make it any worse."

On the right and left of the long, long road leading back through the ages of the past we find the ruins of despotisms that were built upon the ruins of preceding despotisms. Ignorance and superstition reigned in those departed days. Now we have printing presses run by electricity, and mankind is about to learn how to build differently.

"What one man can do, another man can do," we are told. All right; if one man can make a living on a quarter section of land, why should any man have more than a quarter section?

WAS IT GOD?

In a work on "Intermarriage," by Alexander Walker, published in 1838, appears this statement:

"It is asserted that the hands of English laborers are, at birth, larger than those of the gentry."

Doubtless this statement will be seized upon by the "gentry" as a confirmation of their belief that the division of human society into workingmen and gentlemen is of heavenly appointment; that those who perform labor and those who enjoy leisure and luxury are separated by a line that was drawn by divine skill and established by the divine will; that the fact of the large hands of the workingman's baby, and the small hands of the gentleman's baby, proves beyond all cavil that God foreordained some men to be working men, and others to be gentlemen.

This would indeed seem to be the end of the argument were it not that there are a few men in the world who, upon hearing other men proclaim, "Thus saith the Lord," go right on investigating and searching for the truth just the same. And the investigations of these men of matchless moral courage have brought to light the fact—not the theory but the fact—that the workinman's baby gets its large hands and the gentleman's baby gets its small hands by inheritance from long lines of ancestry, and that if the physical conditions were reversed, so that henceforth the gentleman and his descendants would have to perform the rough and heavy labor, and the workingman and his descendants enjoy the leisure and luxury, after another long line of successive generations the heirs of the men who are now laborers would then have small hands at birth, and the heirs of the men who now compose the "gentry" would have large hands at birth. The man who disputes this should not select certain varieties of seeds to plant, nor certain varieties of animals to breed from, expecting certain results, for there would be no sense in it.

So it is not our God, but our industrial system, that determines the difference in size of the hands of our babies. And thus the doctrine of equality of burdens and rewards, taught by the Nazarene, is saved from destruction by the efforts of men who are reviled as blasphemers.

Congressman Underwood of Alabama, in an argument against the initiative, referendum and recall at a banquet given by the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce recently, said: "The masses of the people are far better judges of men than they are of measures, and are far more likely to select an honest man than an honest measure." I guess that argument knocks us out. Unless we can discover some flaw in the public character or some lapse of political integrity of the men whom the masses have been selecting, we direct legislation folks are goners. Can't somebody discover something?

"What is needed to solve the landlord and tenant question is for the landlords and the tenants to get together and change the system so that both classes will be benefited."—Farm and Ranch. Why, yes; change it so that the tenant can keep more of what he makes, and at the same time give more of what he makes to the landlord. That's as easy as taking three from four and leaving seven. But some folks are so dull in figgers!

C. Heppner says in the Dallas News that "Texas has 2,442,000 acres of land which needs protection against high water." Texas has many more millions of acres in much greater need of protection against private monopoly. That's the "high water" that hurts.

CLARENCE COULN'T SLEEP.

The Fort Worth Record man has recently been steered up against a brand of Socialism that makes the Debs variety look safe and sane. He thought he had seen everything in the show and was starting for the exit when the curtain rose upon Roosevelt in the latest popular play, "State Socialism," supported by such star performers as Gary and Perkins.

In his troubled dreams that night he sat in the innermost chamber of despair, vacant since the soul of Edgar Poe took its flight, and met the glare of the raven eye to eye and beak to beak.

He heard with Byron the shriek of the storm and was buffeted by the nocturnal tempest in its wild orgies among the crags and canyons.

Yea, he quailed and quaked as he followed Dante through the furies and fires of the Inferno.

To be brief, he was broke of his rest, and he got up and wrote a long editorial. And in that editorial he seemed to behold Karl Marx as a lamb standing upon Mount Sion. But the Teddy type—oh, it was entirely too turrible!

Come back to the show again some time, Clarence, and bring your folks. You haven't seen half of it yet.

I dislike to see energy going to waste—such energy, for instance as the editor of Farm and Ranch is putting into his effort to get the farm renters to abandon all hope of securing land of their own by any other method than buckling down like chattel slaves and digging for their masters until the price of their liberty is paid to the last farthing. The Farm and Ranch was mightily upset because the Renters Union at Waco did not adopt a course in line with his idea that a man has no right to the use of the earth's surface except as he pays some other man for that right. As civilization advances, that idea is a less laborious and more self-respecting way to get in possession of the soil that the Lord made for the tillers of the soil.

If you have land that you worked hard to pay for, you have done precisely that amount of hard work that your just and merciful God (or nature, if you prefer) never designed that you should do. Instead of feeling proud over your achievement in working out the price of your land, you should feel mortified and indignant because you were forced by a godless social system to perform such degraded work as paying somebody for land that was your own birthright.

"The cotton farmer, having a monopoly on the finest fiber on the face of the earth, should rise to his dignified, true and lofty plane. He should scale upward and get the microbes of higher thought," says John Ballew in Farm and Ranch. That's the way to do it. Rockefeller got a monopoly on the finest illuminating product on the face of the earth, and he rose to his dignified, true and lofty plane and got the microbes. Why shouldn't the cotton farmer? That's the way to do it. Get a monopoly. Get the microbes.

The attorney general of the United States—Mr. Sham, for short, and a short sham, at that—says that "the people are not, however, competent to adopt proper measures of government by direct legislation." Well, as the old saying is, they'll never learn any younger.

GOOD DEMOCRACY.

"Attorney General Wickersham is of the opinion that the people are incompetent for direct power. The question is one that has two sides, all right, but we disagree with Mr. Wickersham in his conclusion. We believe that the people, as a rule, will come nearer settling a question as it should be settled. Judges elected by the people are often incompetent, we admit, but judges withdrawn entirely from the people would become tyrannical."—Abilene Reporter.

That was the ring of the true spirit of democracy, and I welcome it and indorse it wherever I find it. It is painful to admit that there are two sides to the question as to whether the people are competent to exercise direct governing power in a manner always best for themselves. It must be admitted, however, that the people as a mass are, and have always been, to a greater or less degree, incompetent. But this incompetence on the part of the people to govern themselves results like all incompetence, from lack of opportunity and application and practice, and the Lord knows it's high time they were getting on the job.

Under Socialism the people will govern through their representatives, but they will seldom, if ever have to recall those representatives. They will reserve to themselves the right to recall them, but they will rarely find it necessary to exercise that right. Why? Because there will be no private profit-seeking concerns interested, as now, in buying the people's representatives. All the wealth producing and distributing industries will be owned by the people in common and managed in accordance with the will of the majority, and the men who now buy representatives will then be at work, and so the people will not stand in any danger of having their representatives bought from under them. Under Socialism we can recall public officials, but we won't often have it to do.

Rev. Dr. Stelzle said at Fort Worth: "The only dead sure cure for Socialism is to wipe out the conditions that have given rise to it. We can't bluff it out; we can't fight it out; we can't [illegible] it out. In fact, the only way to get it out is to knock out the unjust economic conditions that prevail." This renowned labor sermonizer might have economized words by simply saying: "The only way to get Socialism out is to bring Socialism in." He is too ignorant to know it, of course, but the only way to knock out the "unjust economic conditions" of which he complains is to knock out rent, interest and profit.

'Gene Debs has never yet wavered so much as the millionth part of an inch. Listen to him: "The splendid success of the Socialist party has been due to its independent position, its clear view and sound policies. The worst kind of a defeat which could befall our party would be a spurious victory obtained through an alliance with another organization of any kind whatever."

I have seen Uncle Sam pictured in almost every conceivable attitude, but the other day I ran across a fresh one. It was in that little Milwaukee paper called "Political Action." Uncle Sam's head was sticking out of the window of a locomotive cab, with his hand on the lever. He was "running the railroad." It looked good.

THE TRAGEDY OF IT.

Almost every newspaper in the south has been for a good while, and may be for a good while longer, filled largely with matter on the subject of holding cotton for higher prices, and reducing the acreage of next year's crop with a view to maintaining high prices. Even the Dallas News, which has small faith in the virtue of any holding movement as a measure of relief for the actual growers of cotton, and backs up its lack of faith with very cogent reasoning, freely admits the efficacy of a general reduction of acreage to effect the object in view, namely: high prices for new cotton. And of course everybody must admit that if the manufacturers are forced to pay high prices for raw cotton because of its scarcity, this circumstance will force them to demand higher prices for their manufactured products. Under our atrocious system of making things for profit rather than for use, the cotton growers, like other groups of workers, are driven to the brutal expedient of creating artificially a condition of want and necessity on the part of those who must buy and consume their particular product. They are not to be blamed. The system is wrong. The capitalist system of production and exchange tends to brutalize humanity and keep the fires of hell raging where co-operation and peace and love should prevail. In view of the efforts to make cotton and cotton goods scarce and hard to obtain, I want to close this article with an item clipped from an Abilene paper. The item was headed "Notice," and was signed by an Abilene lady whose name I withhold because she might prefer that her name should not be used in this connection. Here is the notice:

"In my church work for the First Methodist church I find many suffering for lack of sufficient cover and clothing for winter. As it is impossible to furnish all with new clothing, I will greatly appreciate any cast-off clothing or cover which you will give that will protect these unfortunates."

Read it over again, and think how heartless, inhuman and diabolical must be any scheme that may result in still greater scarcity. But remember that the farmers (God pity them and God pity us all!) are compelled to deliberately adopt this scheme by the un-Christian system that the Socialists are trying to overthrow.

We are solemnly warned by the Solomons of the system that if Socialism should prevail we couldn't do as we pleased, but would have to do as some committee said we must do. Well, even if this were true (which it isn't), it would not look so awfully bad, in view of the broad and frequent hints of late that farmers should be COMPELLED to hold cotton and COMPELLED to reduce acreage.

It is better to steal a good thing and pass it out to others, than not pass it out at all! Maybe so, sometimes. Anyhow, when you can give credit for it and thus pass it out without stealing it, why, that is better. These few remarks apply to a number of comrade editors, but just now I'm pointing my finger at a Socialist sanctum in Columbus, Ohio. Why not do the nice thing?

An old-party paper, in printing some stuff about Sinclair's divorce case, started off thus: "Upton Sinclair, author and Socialist." In the same paper was a lot of stuff about another divorce case, which started off: "George A. Huhn, the wealthy banker." but not a word about his politics. Wouldn't a divorce story look funny starting off this way: "George A. Huhn, banker and Democrat!"

THE RIDER AND THE RIDDEN.

Col. R. E. Smith of Grayson county, Texas, in a lot of taffy talk addressed to the Farm and Ranch and printed in that faithful organ of the exploiters, has the following to say:

"What a contrast between the work you are doing for the landlord and the tenant, and the work done by those renters at their Waco meeting! * * * Every step shows that the interests of landlord and tenant are mutual, that they are linked together by inseparable bonds, and that which affects one injuriously or beneficially affects the other in the same way."

Well, if landlord and tenant are linked together by inseparable bonds, then there must be landlords and tenants while the world stands, for they cannot be separated. Moreover, if Col. Smith's words have any meaning at all, it would be perfectly proper for the landlord to say to his tenant:

"Be patient and good. It is far better for both of us that I should ride on your back; our interests are mutual; we are linked together."

And then according to Col. Smith, the tenant might reply to his landlord and say:

"Even so, my lord; you have spoken wisely. For you to ride on my back is good for you, and it is good for me also. Our interests are mutual; we are linked together. If you were to get down off my back, what on earth would become of me and my family? God knows!"

Now, this is no "git-off" of mine, just to poke fun at plutes. I maintain in all seriousness that if there is one scintilla of truth or sense or logic in this noise about the interests of landlords and tenants being identical, except on the same basis that the interests of the driver and his mule are identical, then the above conversation between landlord and tenant would be entirely proper.

The postoffice system is Socialistic, so far as the principle of ownership is concerned. The department has installed a "pick-up table" in the Dallas postoffice mail by canceling from 30 to 50 per cent more stamped mail in a given length of time than by the former method. You should make a visit to the rear rooms of your postoffice, Mr. State Press, and look upon this "sickening demonstration."

Profit is what is left of the product after all service, including that of superintendence, is compensated. The difference between capitalism and Socialism is that under Socialism there won't be any such remainder, for SERVICE will get it ALL. Are you in with us on that proposition? If not, why not? You don't want that which results from somebody else's involuntary service, do you? You surely aren't that low down.

The recent tremendous increase of the Socialist vote simply means the workers are finding out that this government under existing administrations is against them, and they are rallying to the only political party that belongs to them.

An economic system under which there is a scramble for machinery that backs the working people off the board without providing any place for them to fall—do you think such an economic system can last forever? You vote as if you did, when you vote against Socialism.

I've about quit blaming men for anything except for voting against Socialism. And I don't blame them for that if they don't understand it. And I don't blame them if they've had no opportunity to understand it.