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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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SALUTATORY.

Good morning, Comrade, we greet you.

The Rebel is here because of an insistent demand for a clean-cut paper that will fight the battles of the Socialist party in Texas and the South. Barring accidents we will continue to appear weekly until the conflict between the classes that brought the Socialist party into being has ended.

With the complete overthrow of the present anarchistic, war breeding, cannibalistic, women killing, cradle robbing system of capitalism civilization will be developed and humanity shall step on to a higher plane.

That the overthrow of capitalism is not far off is known to all thinking men. The fact that there is a plutocracy consisting of one hundred and fifty families who control 80 per cent of the nation's wealth is one of the reasons why it must soon be overthrown or peonage ensue.

The Rebel knows full well that the Plutocracy to maintain itself must be clad in all the majesty of the nations political power. Take that power from their hands and their paper titles would crumble to dust before the rising of another sun. That is the true inside reason for a Lorimer and his Bailey defender; it is why we have the so-called treason of the senate. It is why Chauncey Depew was referred to by Commodore Vanderbilt as "the fellow I send to Albany to look after my cattle." It explains a Colquitt in Austin and a Taner and a Dix in Philadelphia and New York. And finally it reveals this great truth, that the pages of history teems with, viz: that government based on the private ownership of the means of life is not now and never has been anything but the executive committee of the ruling class.

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Wherefore The Rebel is launched to do all in its power to educate the multitude up to that great truth. To teach workers to build a political organization that will seize the political power to the end that the industries of the nation be taken over by ALL the people and be democratically managed in the interests of ALL.

Further, The Rebel will be found ready to battle at all times for unionism. It will advocate a renter's union on industrial lines. It will fight the battles of the McNamaras and other victims of the capitalist powers that prey.

The Rebel will treat religion as a private affair and request sensation-seeking preachers to keep their hands off.

The Rebel will mercilessly expose fake movements like Prohibition, tariff reform, and explain the inside workings of insurgents, stand-patters, four-flushers and opportunists.

It will help develop the most thorough going democracy within the ranks of the Socialist party and will do everything in its power to destroy the last vestige of a bureaucracy within our ranks.

Finally it will pound into thick skulls of the most reactionary old partyite this great truth enunciated by Benjamin Franklin:

"Private property is the creature of society and as such is subject to the demands of society down to the last farthing."

Determined to hew to these lines to the end and with the firm belief that the dawning of the day of a universal Social Democracy is at hand, I remain,

Your Comrade and Friend,
T. A. Hickey.

AGITATION.

The biggest thing in the line of agitation at the present time is the McNamara case. It is but another event in the class war that is now raging in every part of the civilized world. It is but another proof of the Socialist contention that given the private ownership of the industries of a nation you must have unceasing conflict be. of the industries and hire labor for the cheapest possible price and those who have nothing but their labor power to sell and demand the highest possible price for it. This conflict of interests causes all the lock-outs, strikes, boycotts, bull-pens, military outrages, private detective crimes with manufacturing of evidence and outright kidnapping. Until workers recognize this and then vote the way they strike and march they will find their struggles becoming ever harder and their victories fewer.

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I do not believe that McNamara is innocent of the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times building—I know he is innocent; and will tell the story in next week's issue of The Rebel.

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Considerable agitation has been stirred up amongst railroad men because of the order just issued by the Erie railroad that no man may obtain employment who has passed the age of thirty-five years.

"To the scrap heap at the age of forty-five" was the order of the Illinois Central railroad that sent a chill of fever thro the ranks of railroad men who had the first streaks of grey in their hair some five years ago. Now the age limit is cut 10 years lower. This means that multiplied thousands of men will fear to strike to demand an improvement in their conditions. The only good to the railroad workers that will result will be that he will realize the stupidity of the brotherhood of capital and labor cry of his pure and simple organization. He will learn that all the railroad organizations must form one great railroad union with absolute industrial autonomy just as the railroad workers of other lands are organizing. This will be the first step towards taking over the railroads and all other industries. Then the railroad men who does the work will democratically fix the age limit instead of having it autocratically fixed by an executive order from on top.

• • •

Agitation amongst the land renters is going steadily on. We believe that the pressure of the landlords will force a live national union of renters into life in the near future. The land is becoming more difficult to get each year; the number of tenant farmers is continually increasing. As the land rises in value the landlord is demanding a bigger share from the renter. For instance, if a landlord buys land at $50 an acre and there are but few tenants competing for a place, a third in corn and a fourth in cotton is readily agreed on and the landlord is happy, but if land is bought at $150 per acre and a number of tenants compete for the place then the share of the landlord goes to a third all round, then a third and fourth with $2 an acre cash bonus, then half the crop, which is not an uncommon demand now. It follows from this that the farmer proletariat will soon build its industrial autonomous union and then there will be hell let loose in Dixie, but it cannot begin to touch the hell that the renters are in now.

The Fake Of Prohibition

BALL AND JOHNSON CHALLENGED.

July 1, 1911.

Hon. W. J. Kern, Corsicana, Texas:—

My Dear Sir:—I read a bitter attack on the open saloon from your pen in the Dallas News of recent date. In this letter you quote a writer who catalogues a number of crimes that he charges against alcohol. Now I believe that if the gentleman you quoted had delved deeper into the social question he would have found that the foe that besets society is not the open saloon or alcohol but is the system under which we live, called Capitalism. The gentleman in question might have taken a broader view of our social system and then have learned that if you take 13 cent profit off a 15 cent drink you would close every saloon in America over-night. The lamented Frances Willard reached this view before her death.

Now to bring this matter to a head I hereby challenge you or any other representative Pro to meet me in joint discussion anywhere in Texas between now and the 22nd day of July. I to affirm the following:

That every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damnable system of Capitalism. This competitive system cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength and old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves thedoting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal attachment, blights parental hope and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave.

Capitalism produces weakness, not strength; sickness not health death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends and most of them in old age paupers or beggars. It feeds rheumatism in the miner and gout in the plutocrat, welcomes epidemics, imports pestilence and creates tuberculosis—the poor man's disease.

Capitalism covers the land with idleness, misery and crime and its chief executive, asked for a remedy for this unemployment, plaintively answers: "God knows!" Capitalism fills jails, supplies poorhouses and crowds asylums. It engenders quarrels, fosters controversies, and cherishes riots. It crowds penitentiaries and kidnaps Union officials for the scaffold.

Capitalism is the life blood of the gambler from Wall street to the dive; it is the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the support of its paid private detectives and midnight incendiaries. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to destroy the youth of his children in the cotton row, mine and mill. It burns up men and women in its factories, detests life, curses God, and despises the heaven we could make on earth.

Capitalism suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box and besmirches the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It turns the man of science, the priest and preacher in to its paid wage laborers.

Capitalism brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness and with the malevolence of a feind calmly surveys its frightful desolation and unsatiated havoc. It poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, promotes panics, slays reputations, wipes out national honor and poisons the soldiers who defend their nation's flag; sells yachts at ten times their value in the hour of a nations peril and blow up our battleships so that it may grab sugar fields in another land, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all this and more.

It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy. Yes, and more; it is the worst of robbers; it has robbed a million homes of the smile of the husband and father thro preventable mine, railway and factory accidents so that its greed might approximate satisfaction. It has robbed a million mothers of their darling boys and girls; it has robbed the cradle in the South of precious feminine freight and in the north it has stolen the boys; it has robbed the brain of reason and placed a premium upon illiteracy; its Texas legislature has denied a simple compulsory edulacation law. It has robbed the soul of paradise and—infamy unspeakable!—it has robbed the child of bread.

Capitalism has stolen the kiss from the loving wife and placed it on the brow of the siren, as the divorce records of the Four Hundred show; it has stolen love and contentment from millions of happy American homes; it has stolen the husband from the wife and placed him behind prison bars; there is no crime that it is not guilty of; it has even established prohibition towns in the South and crucified labor beside streams of pure cold water; it has caused prohibitionists to strain at gnats and swallow camels; it breeds hypocrisy in the church and turns the sacred temples into sanctuaries for mammon and debauches theprohibition ministers to such an extent that there are more preachers in the penitentiaries than bartenders.

Yes, capitalism is athief, a vile dynamiting, kidnaping, murderousthief whose democratic party breeds and protects white slavers, and covers their putrid bodies with the mantle of its almighty protection.

This I will affirm and make your Ball or Johnson die around the platform answering my indictment: I refuse to be sidetracked from my goal which is the utter destruction of the beast of capitalism—No, sir, your prohibition movement is a red herring drawn across the path of thoes who would destroy the saloon in the only practical way, viz: by taking a 13-cent profit off a 15-cent drink and destroy at the same time the the profit system that breeds all the above mentioned crime.

Respectfully,
T. A. HICKEY, Ed. The Rebel.

FIVE MINUTE SERMONS

The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine: for ye are strangers and sojourners with me.—Lev. 25, 23.

In these days of travail and sorrow, when the powers of darkness quench the lamps of hope in the breasts of millions. When the usurer sits in the front pew and gilds with his gold the words of the priests and chains him with that metal to his pulpit. When the cry of the oppressed is stifled with the bludgeon and the hangman's noose awaits those who will not be bought or bribed. In these days of wars and rumors of wars; in this land where licentiousness is king, robbery queen and bribery the constitution it is meet and timely, oh! my brothers to take down the old book and see how the commands of the prophets of the ancient time is lived up to. Let us turn to Leviticus 25:23 and seek therein the answer: "The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine: for ye are strangers and sojourners with me."

If brevity is the soul of wit truth is usually enclosed in a small compass. Language, says the cynic, "is a vehicle to conceal thought" and thus around the statements of scribes and pharisees we find a wilderness of verbiage. Not so with the injunction of Leviticus. Just 14 words in all and yet words so mighty in their portent that if the priests and preachers were true ambassadors of the living God and would insist as is their duty, that these words be lived up to, then a bon-fire would be made in the market places of all the title deeds to land; that land that is daily "sold forever" in disobedience to the mandates of the Lord.

These false preachers not only countenance by their preachments the destruction of the divine injunction, but they go farther and pile up holdings in land for themselves "their heirs and assigns forever." He, that they preach crucified and that had not the place whereon to lay his head, has his praises sung in temples that rival the palaces of the greatest kings of the earth. One in New York City now in course of erection will have cost $5,000,000 when completed. Think of it, the carpenter's son, born in a manger; the associate of fishermen on the sea of Galilee; He who walked without purse or scrip; He whom the common people heard gladly; He who lashed the money changers from the temple; He to be worshipped in a five million dollar edifice while his poor, like himself, tramp the streets, homeless. What a picture, what a travesty on all that he taught, and how he would lash these hypocrites if he returned again. Lash them with whips of steel thonged with brass; denounce them with words of fire that would wither their palsied souls.

And so the injunction has not been lived up to. The title deed "forever" is the foundation of the courthouse, of the land and as a result plutocracy sits smiling in greedy glee enthroned on piles of gold.

How is it in this favored land of ours? The glorious Sunny South with its rich black land and its spruce and gum and sweet magnolia; with its great natural resources reaching out around us; where, within the span of a man's life, we can look back to the day when not a man was a renter from the Red river to the Gulf. Why then are God's people miserable? In a nutshell the reason is this: 80 per cent of the black land of Texas is operated by renters. The rent is steadily climbing. First a third and fourth was demanded then a third all around; then a cash bonus and side by side with this growth of exploitation there comes an ever-increasing army of renters; homeless in the home of their fathers, landless in the land of their sires, they toil and suffer and die without one ray of hope—unless the old injunction is lived up to.

God give us men in this hour of need to rise and preach the truth. Give us men of character and strength to preach the old word, and then, as in the olden time, the common people will hear him gladly and all will rejoice as each passing day dies in the sky. For they shall sit under their own vine and fig tree; yea the land is mine and shall not be sold forever, saith the Lord.

"DEMOCRACY."

Dissected and Damned.

It was Colonel George Bailey of the Houston Post that arose one day and remarked: "I thoroughly agree with the Hon. Col. W. J. Bryan in everything the Democratic party stands for EXCEPT: Government ownership of railroads, telegraph, telephones, water works, and gas plants; the initiative and referendum and recall; anti expansion; the admission of free raw material, free silver, anti pass laws and two dozen other principles and policies. EXCEPT for these things I repeat, we agree." That declaration of Colonel Bailey was a stroke of genius. He mirrored in a paragraph the muddled minds of latter day democracy. The pickle gentleman with his 57 varieties is not a marker to the party that fittingly carries for an emblem the picture of a jack.

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Historical.

After Jefferson, elected on the Republican ticket, had retired to Monticello, V., and died, the stalwarth Tennessean, Jackson, grew in political strength and the Democratic party was born. From the first breath it was nourished on the milk of chattel slavery, its forbears with some exception were ever busy changing the color of the niggers hide in the South; while in the north Tammany was training the lusty infant in the last wrinkles in political corruption. Its press was fittingly referred to as the daily Sewer, a title, smell and all, that is appropriate down to today.

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Education.

The Democratic party has always fought popular education, its bugbear has always been the public school—its shrine has ever been the saloon. In educational matters its wretched record reads this wise: that wherever the Democratic party controls a state there is the standard of white illiteracy highest. For instance, Texas, altho' possessing the largest school fund in the sisterhood of states, is 37th in education; while poverty-stricken Maine is first. Within the past three months a muddled mess of Waters Pierce oil politicians killed a compulsory education law. The child in their eyes is always a chattel; when they can not drive him to the field under the planter's lash they take the raw-hide of hunger, shut the school door in its face and see that the school bell does not toll its matin chimes. To cap all its crimes Governor Colquitt

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"DEMOCRACY."

(Continued.)

takes a Standard oil politician and makes him chairman of the board of regents of the State university to the end that the faculty will be dragooned into teaching the Texas youth its reactionary doctrines, that plutocracy loves. The students may now assemble on the campus and in measure that trips to the "rule of reason", sing:

"Praise John from whom OIL blessings flow."

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The Child.

The child has never found sanctuary in the temples of the Democratic party. The leaders of that party have robbed the cradle in the Southland, have stolen the bloom of youth from the face of the infants, the sheen from their hair, the light from their eyes and the muscles from their limbs. The Democratic party politicians have grown round paunched on the blood of the children who die by the frames in southern cotton mills. The adolescence of gentle youth they bartered for northern gold. The ink is not yet dry on the decision just handed down by the Georgia supreme court that prohibited the employment of children under fourteen years of age. These Democratic leaders out Herod Herod. He killed at a blow, they reverse the process of nature and kill by inches the tots, who work all night while the stars are twinkling and sleep in the light of the shining sun.

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The Woman.

The Democratic party not only fails to protect the child but it crucifies womanhood. Not only in shop and mill and department store are the mothers of the race exploited but its pennant is trailed in the gutters of the reservation and its banner covers the putrid form of the unspeakably dirty white slaver. In McClure's Magazine, one of the most conservative magazine's in the country, where a muckraker can never abide, we read in the issue of November, 1909, that the white slave traffic has its headquarters in New York where it is, protected, fostered, financed and controlled by east side Democratic party politicians, who use their Democratic party political power to take largess from fallen women, pull down pure women to the gutter and all this is made possible by the protecting power of Tammany Hall, the best organized local Democratic organization in America. When a party gets so low as to fatten on woman's virtue, then its adherents are so vile that they would have to climb a step ladder to get into the bottommost pit of hell.

The Democratic party leaders profess in the most profuse terms to love the sex, to revere womanhood and, like a good Irishman, lay down their lives for a petticoat. Their professions, my brothers, is on a par with their practices. Just as the knights in the days when knighthood was in flower, fought to the death for my ladye's glove or a smile from ye ladye fair and then at the close of the joust demanded the right of the lord of the manor--the right of the first night—and thus while professing chivalry, they tore the peasant girl from the arms of her groom at the chancel rail; so do the Democratic politicians ever preach fair fair from the lips with malice in their dark souls. So they seek to lure the people into fancied security by boasting of their various virtues. It were well to remember that when a vampire sucks his victims blood he fans him with his wings.

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The Negroes.

The Democratic party in the South is always declaiming against amalgamation. And as proof of their constancy to that ideal they present us with 5,000,000 mullatoes. I will gladly give a $10 gold piece for each mullatto that did not have a Democrat or a carpet bagger politician for a daddy.

They work negresses side by side with white women in almost all the laundries in the big cities of the South. They do likewise with men on most public works and now in Texas Democratic politicians, who own large tracts of land are running the white Texans and their families off because the negro is more subservient and will work for half the crop.

It is just as bad, or worse with the Democratic party in the north. In the city of Boston, Mass., a Democratic mayor, Honey Fitzgerald sits under the shadow of the sacred codfish; on an average 200 white women are married yearly under the dome of the city hall to negroes as black as the gold dust twins.

The same condition prevails in Chicago and Buffalo. It is a sight for Gods and men to see such Democratic statesmen as Charlie Murphy, Fingy Connors, Bath House John Caughlin, Smoothed Cullerton, Hinkey Dink Kenna and bald faced Ed Smith leaving their saloons and with the glare of the red light shining on diamonds marry white women and black men and then, appealing in the next hour for all good Democrats to get together. No wonder Jack Johnson made speeches for Tammany in New York last election and "got together" with his Democratic friends.

I verily believe that if the clean men and pure women of the South who chant the praises of this degenerate organization, knew for a moment of its principles, its methods, crimes and character Bailey and Colquitt, Dr. Rankin T. N. Jones and Tom Campbell could not get a corporal's guard of decent people together in Texas in thrice three hundred days.

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Labor.

The Democratic party has always been the deadly foe of labor. A union card to a Democratic leader is like a red rag flaunted at a bull. The stone in the state capital at Austin was quarried by negro convicts and put in place to a large extent by imported foreign scabs. The courthouse in Tyler, Smith county, a beautiful $160,000 building, was a scab job and the work was largely done by Louisiana negroes. The mark of unfair labor is on practically every public building in Texas if not in the entire South. Governor Colquitt vetoed the eight hour bill while swearing his devotion to labor. The Democratic party in Alabama and Tennessee has ruthlessly persecuted Union coal miners. In the north they built the first bull pen at Wardner, Ida., on May 6, 1899.

Had I the space I could take my readers from state to state and show from the record that in every state where the Democratic party has had power it nailed labor to capitalism's cross. Just two incidents and I close on this head: The first Democratic president since the war, Cleveland, after waltzing with the wife of Fred Douglass, the negro orator, proceeded to issue an executive order calling out the Federal army to cross the state line and break the Debs A. R. U. strike.

The other incident was in Pennsylvania. In 1891 the Democrats elected a governor for the first time since the war. When the homestead strike broke out in July, 1892, this governor ordered the military out to break the strike and the Union. He succeeded and now men are exploited more mercilessly there than in any other place in America. So much for labor and the Democratic party.

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Good Men in Democratic Party.

We would be the last to paint the picture of stupidity, criminality, treachery and vice that has been the distinguishing characteristics of the Democratic party since its birth without etching in some lights and shades of good wherever found. All Democratic leaders have not been of the Colquitt-Bailey type. Here and there, because of having no other political home there has arisen in the ranks clean men like Altgeld in Illinois or Reagan or Hogg in Texas. Altgeld died of a broken heart, betrayed by his Democratic allies; Reagan is remembered for his predictions as to the incoming plutocracy and lived to see the Texas senators bound to its chariot wheels, while Hogg's famous railroad commission has been turned into a club to sandbag the liquor and railroad interest into line for an open saloon Waters Pierce oil governor. Placed in a rotten environment these poor men were helpless for good and assisted evil by the glow of their clean personality. Twas ever thus that the form of vice has clad itself with robes of virtue. As to Bryan, his only achievement has been to line his pocket exceedingly well. He is the greatest failure in politics. Were I to limn his life in I would say: ""He is the soldier that never fought a battle; a lawyer who never wrote a brief; a statesman who never passed a law; a farmer who never plowed a furrow; a printer that never stuck a stick of type and a leader who never won a victory." He resembles the banks of the river Platte on which he was born—35 miles long and one foot deep.

The great men of the Democratic party are figments of the imagination. A superstition for fools to believe in.

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The Remedy.

Having read these facts culled from the record and a thousand similar facts that can be quickly secured, the thinking farmer and wage earner and all other honest citizens owe it as a solemn duty to themselves, families and country to rebel against this infamous organization. Help us to do nationally what we have already done in localities, viz: drive the Democratic party into fusion with its twin brother the Republican party. Don't say it can not be. We did it in the spring campaign in Fort Worth when the Record sent up an editorial cry of help to the Republicans to save the city from the "wicked" Socialists, who 1290 strong threatened their supremacy. We did it in Milwaukee where the unclean beasts fused against the Socialists in the last election. We are doing it in Los Angeles, where both parties are lined up to smash us in the fight that takes place in next December. We are doing it all over the world, wherever our flag of Social Democracy floats. Help us then to clean out this Augean stable and establish the only democracy the world can ever see, that is the Democracy where all the means of life shall be democratized and then we will look back on the filth and dirt of the present fake democracy and will know that its polluting sight will never shock the eyes of our children.

The Texas movement with its many county organizations is greatly interested in the present move to reduce the cost of national dues stamps to state organizations from 5 to 2c each. Local Philadelphia has made the best motion in this respect and we would advise every local in the state to send in to the national secretary their second to the Philadelphia motion, stating how many members in good standing your local has. With the $800 or $900 per year that this state would gain if the motion were adopted we could work wonders where now we are getting little if any benefit from the $1500 per year that Texas now sends to the national office. If adopted we, for one would favor giving the entire 3 cents to the organized counties.

STATE MOVEMENT

By E. R. MEITZEN, State Secretary, S. P.

The Encampments.

Despite the dreadful drouth the encampments this year will reach the high water mark. The first one will be at Ezzell, Lavaca Co., July 11, 12 and 13. Three speakers will be on the program. Rev. Wm. A. Ward of St. Louis, Mo., the famous national secretary of the Christian Socialist Fellowship will delight all who hear him. He is one of the kings of the American platform; young, brilliant, forceful; he will attract, educate and delight. T. A. Hickey will have his blackboard along and will do his best to educate in his unique way. W. S. Noble will complete the trio of speakers. "Bill" is coming along all the time. He has been speaking five years and is getting better every month. Plain, clean and clear, you will enjoy Noble as never before. The farmer's "gray colt", Hinch, and the two Haynes with Bishop, Young and Dufner have charge, so everything will move in apple pie order.

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Rochelle, McCulloch county, with Perry O'Neal at the helm, braks in next August. It promises to be as good as last year and that is saying something.

• • •

Old Comanche will tear things loose with its first encampment on July 24, 25 and 26, J. A. Tannehill in command. They are live ones in Comanche. The Socialist, formerly published at Hasse has been moved there. Write for sample and subscribe.

• • •

Glencove in Coleman Co. breaks ground for another new encampment on July 26, 27, 28 and 29. J. M. Futrell, manager. So all will be well.

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Lueders and O'Brien will be in the opening week of August, the exact dates will be published next week. That splendid veteran, Morgan Graham, will be in the place he has occupied for five years as general manager of Lueders; while that young enthusiast C. M. Presley, will have on exhibition the hide of the Rev. Ham that Clark peeled there in April.

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After Lueders, Ellison Springs should be coming alive for a couple of days and then all aboard for Grand Saline from August 7 to 12. This is the big encampment of Texas. We would suggest that the able and hustling manager, Richey Alexander, who is now proudly bearing the title of "Judge" (having been elected justice on our ticket at the last election) should extend an invitation to the national executive committee to come to old Van Zandt and learn how Socialist agitation is carried on. Ward, Edwards, "Pitchfork" Smtih, Hickey, Clark, Scroggins, Lee and Jake Rhodes, M. A. Smith and others will make the welkin ring in the old time Grand Saline way.

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A lot more encampments are coming along. The Fort Worth comrades, pleased with their success in the spring elections when they polled over 1200 votes and drove the Democrats to call on the Republicans for help, are going to hold an encampment in August. This is the first big city to talk up the idea. We expect to see arrangements made for an encampment in every big city in the state in 1912.

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The encampment where you can swim in spite of drouth is at Groesbeck. W. H. Wilson owns a beautiful lake where you can swim to your hearts content. A dance hall for the young people adjoins it. Comrade Wilson is one of nature's noblemen and promises all a fine time. The finest man in Texas if not in America will be present. I refer to Alonzo Steele, the last survivor of the battle of San Jacinto. Young Steele lay desperately wounded on the battlefield at its close. He helped save Texas once and now at ninety-five he is in the battle with his red card, determined to save his loved state from the financial buccaneers that is diminishing the luster of the Lone Star. Come to Groesbeck.

Cleburne and Texarkana are other good-sized cities to come across; announcements later. Blossom will also be in line. Austin is figuring on one about the end of August; they will make no mistake. Plunge in boys the water is fine around the dam.

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Henderson, in Rusk county, is planning one for August. Tyler is due to come alive soon. Let us hear from you comrades in Smith county.

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Picnics, which are abbreviated encampments, will take place in many spots. Blum, in Johnson county, will hold a fine one on the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of July. Good speakers with plenty of shade and water. New Castle, where Hickey organized a local of 37 members last month, will hold a picnic on July 4th and 5th. The principal speaker will be Reddin Andrews, who was president of Baylor university before its removal to Waco and vice president and teacher therein after its consolidation with Waco university.

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And there are others coming, oh my brothers, surely the Lone Star state boys are doing things.

• • •

"Swensenburg", otherwise known as Stamford, comes across with a live local that is gaining ground at each meeting. Organized by S. S. Reece, a student in the normal school.

• • •

Cherokee county has organized and elected a county secretary, a hard-working comrade named W. E. Webb. He enclosed his bond. We look for big things in Cherokee.

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Visitors to the Lueders encampment in Jones county and the O'Brien encampment in Haskell county, will have a rich treat in store for them in the form of excellent music that will be discoursed by the Brandenburg brass band. It is a good-sized band with a number of fine musicians. To hear them play the Marseillaise would make your blood tingle and make you feel like we had elected Debs to the White House already and Morgan, Rockefeller & Co., had hit the trail for Africa in the night. Everyone in the band is a Socialist from the youngest member, Fritz, Boerr, down to the oldest, our old comrade, Henry Rinn. Comrade Hamel is a thoroughly competent instructor, having learned the art in the strict school of the German navy. The band is honored by having Miss Alma Boerr act as patroness. So come to the west Texas encampment and hear them play.

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Rev. Wm. A. Ward of St. Louis, our "star" encampment speaker will be available after the close of the encampment season for a limited number of dates. His terms are $5 per day and entertainment, though he is worth twice that much. For a few days, between July 14 and 20 he can also speak along the Sap. from Yoakum up to Cameron or Rockdale, thence along the Santa Fe or the I. & G. N. west to Brownwood. If you want a great speaker in July for a picnic or any other occasion; here is your chance, if you write, or telegraph at once.

HOPE SLANDERS HICKEY.

My good friend, Ward Savage, the brilliant Socialist cartoonist, in a recent issue of Hope tells this story on the editor:

"Thomas Hickey, the inimitable Texas agitator, was once received at the depot by a young man who said, blandly, 'How do you do, Comrade Hickey; come right along,' and patting Hickey on the shoulder he said: 'We've got a friend in hoops waiting for you.' Thomas Hickey looked the man over carefully, and began to look suspicious. 'Undoubtedly a plot to discredit me and the Socialist cause,' he murmured, 'by getting me into a mixup with some woman.' So, while his new made acquaintance went to look after his horse and buggy, Hickey immediately made himself scarce and proceeded to walk towards the town, which was some six or seven miles distant. In the meantime the young man was greatly puzzled. He went to town alone along a different road and was just receiving his twentieth scolding from the committee for having lost Hickey, when the prodigal agitator came walking in. Of course everyone was glad to see Hickey. Explanations followed. "The friend in hoops' turned out to be nothing more serious than an inoffensive little barrel of lager beer which the German comrades had secured to be consumed at the picnic where Hickey was to speak."

This is the limit. I thought my enemies have charged everything against me that the human mind could conceive of, but when a cartoonist editor charges me, who hails from the banks of the sweet river Liffey, with running seven miles from a keg of beer I must call a halt. Savage, Hogan and I will meet you at the national convention next year and may God help you if it is held in Milwaukee.—Ed.

TEXAS SOCIALIST PAPERS.

The following papers support the Socialist party in Texas:

The Rebel, Hallettsville.
The New Era, Hallettsville.
Pozor (Bohemian), Hallettsville
The Pitchfork, Dallas.
The Laborer, Dallas.
The Socialist, Commanche.
The Herald, Mingus.
The Militant, Tyler.
The Oak Valley Socialist.
The Texarkana Socialist.

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Socialist locals also run Socialist columns in the Rockdale Reporter, Milam county, and the Dublin Progress, Erath county. The state office of the Socialist party has two columns weekly in the Southwestern edition of the Appeal to Reason, which has 30,000 subscribers in 245 counties. The Scout, a propaganda leaflet, with a circulation of 40,000 per month, is issued by State Secretary Meitzen for the state organization at the nominal price of 10 cents a year.

Yes, the newspaper end of the Socialist movement in Texas is growing. We should have about 20 more papers started between now and the national convention next year. Socialist newspaper men co-operate; they don't capitalistically compete. No knocks, all boost. The field is limitless and the grain is white to the harvest.

THE POLITICAL DR. COOK.

Hickey's remarkable analysis of Roosevelt.

Fred Warren says: "Meitzen, Hickey's Dr. Cook was one of the greatest articles that ever appeared in the Appeal."

On sale at Rebel office, single copies 10c; $2.50 for 50 copies. Contains national platform.

THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE

Plutocrats, parvenues and pimps of varying degrees left their country, for their country's good last month and hiked across the Atlantic to be spectators at the crowning of George V, FD., otherwise defender of the faith.

Now, traditional history, which is often spoken of as his story declares that the reason all the kings of England since Henry VIII carry the letters F. D. after their royal names is because old fat King Hal not only possessed the boozing capacity of a Democratic politician, but was also possessed of the libidinousness proclivities of a Mormon bishop. Hence three times he dallied along the primrose path of the honeymoon in the sunlight not to mention excursions in the candle-light and darkness that he made with more concubines than old King Solomon ever dreamed of in his most amorous moments. Hence for expected favors along divorce lines he stood loyally by the Pope of Rome until the two were as close together as Bailey and the lumber trust. But as usually happens on this mundane sphere of ours one had to be boss. So just as Weyerhauser bullies Bailey around so the pope held the whip hand over the lewd lout who wore the English crown and in consideration of Henry's subservience he christened him defender of the faith.

Seated in lustful langour one night, caressing what Shakespeare refers to as his "fair round belly with capon lined," and drinking some flagons of the good old ale that was strong enough to make Cone Johnson vote an anti ticket, the king, musing in moody meditation on the days soon to come when women's witching ways would no longer beguile, cried out suddenly: "I'll take another." A wife he meant, not a stein or a flagon.

Then his courtiers with all the deference that a capitalist editor pays to a big advertiser, proceeded to initiate the moves that would place the weeds of shame on the pure brow of Catherine of Arragon, where softly rested the laurels of a queen. They would drape her garments with the black of disgrace which were but a short time before golden with the bright hue of orange blossoms.

Now I hew to the lines of the materialist conception of history as a mother does to the first fruit of her womb and consequently I scorn the antiquated conception of history that teaches that great men make moves on the checker board of life and that the race in its upward march halts and promenades to the great puppets' caprices or idle whims. It is the great mass movements of the race that makes the world's epochs or to put it shortly—movements make men, not men movements. Like the wave that beats on the seashore and throws a thousand drops in the sunlight, causing one drop to stand out more prominently than the others, so do the great waves of economic evolution beating on the shores of time, throw their little drops, which we used to label great and call them Luther, Calvin, Napoleon or Washington. History was thus taught upside down in the classic confines of Harvard and Princeton or within the cloistered walls of old Oxford, before the great Marx shed the rays of his genius on the history of the race.

And yet somehow I wish this piece of history was true in all its various ramifications. The red blood in a man lurges sometimes to the brain and quenches the light of cold reason. A warrior was never a scientist and the blood in a man surges sometimes runs hot thro my veins when I think of this crime against a woman.

But, to our muttons. It so befel that the pope did not take kindly to the plot against Catherine; a plot that he full well knew was designed against the chastity of a loving wife to the end that a venereal villian could sate his lust. The pope refused the divorce and the battle was on between king and pontiff, between church and state, between legal pomp and churchly show, the scepter against the cross; the prize was supremacy; the woman was but a pawn in the game.

The king and his courtiers triumphed in England and thus was a Calvin made possible and the embers of the fires thus started crossed the continent and Luther's star ascended over the Teuton shores. While Anne Boleyn supplanted Catherine.

By a rule of the pope it had been ordered that the kings of England should be known as Defensor Fidelitalis—defender of the faith. And now we see they are still defenders but, oh miracles, of an entirely different religion.

Since then the wheels of time have ground out many changes, oh my masters. The descendant of this illicit love sits wobbling on his throne. The lower house has taken over the kingly purse; the house of lords is tottering to its fall; the Socialists have entered the ancient chamber at Westminister and by the power of their intellect these vigorous workers strained through the clean loins of the common people are shaking the pillars that holds aloft the roof tree of the kings.

TRIUMPHANT TRUSTS.

Without one increased pulsebeat 1,000,000 Socialists read the U. S. Supreme court decision on the oil and tobacco cases. The "rule of reason" interpetration of the Sherman act was not only expected by us but it was foretold in every Socialist newspaper office in the land one year before the decision was handed down. With faces wearing the shy smile of the cat that swallowed the canary we looked at the fool Lafollette kind of reformers and softly said: "We told you so."

It was by no blind guess work or clairvoyant methods that enabled the Socialists to reach this conclusion in advance of the court's decision and thus score a beat on every capitalist paper in the land. We foretold because we knew, knew as Socialists know that given certain causes, certain events must occur. Just as an astronomer can sit in his observatory and tell the day, hour, minute and second when an eclipse will occur on the face of the sun, so can the Socialist sit amidst his books and tell how the judicial mind will frame a decision on all the great questions of the day.

Let us see what were the chain of facts that enabled the Socialists to make this world-wide scoop:

First: In 1890 the Sherman trust act was passed and thereby congress declared that the surest way to protect interstate commerce is not to make any distinctions at all as to the kinds of trade, no, "every contract in restraint of trade is hereby declared to be illegal."

Second fact: At this time (1890) the first trusts were being born. The big men behind the trusts were organizing these monster aggregations of capital not necessarily because they liked but because they had to they were driven on by the remorseless lash of economic development. The tallow candle that Jefferson and Hamilton wrote by was quenched long before, their eyes were blinded by the glare of the 1000 candle power electric light. The ox cart and stage coach were but romantic memories instead they listened to the rumble, rush and roar of the 60-mile an hour express. The carpenters kit of tools to be secured with an outlay of $20 that built the one-story frame house or log factory, lay rusting in the garret, while in its place were the tools that raised a 41 story Singer building to the skies. Facing this condition the builders of the new trusts had to combine for the simple fact traced above—millions of dollars were needed where hundreds were ample in the old colonial time. Thus thro the iron pressure of this economic development the trust was born. IT WAS INEVITABLE.

However, the Democratic party "cut big ice" in congress in 1890. They represented in the main the small capitalists of the South and to a lesser degree the North. They were intensely reactionary. They saw not the electric light and the few of them that read pursued the studies of the ponderous tomes of the fathers in the reflected rays of daddy's tallow candles.

What more natural than like a political Mrs. Partington they should sweep back the waves of economic evolution with the broom of the Sherman anti-trust law. Like a modern King Canute would they sit on the seashore of modern society and bid the approaching waves to halt.

But as resistlessly as advances the tides of the sea so swept the tides of industrial development and thus has it come to pass that after the Sherman act has adorned the statute books of congress for a generation, 50 trusts are doing business where one operated in 1890.

In the face of these stupendous facts what could the United States Supreme court do but swim with the economic tide on the life raft they constructed out of the old Sherman act and christened correctedly the rule of reason, though more appropriately it may be called the appeal to reason.

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Based on the foregoing facts we Socialists instructed the nation as to what the decision would be.

Now for another prophecy: Another supreme court within the present generation, will hand down another trust decision that will in effect say: "The economic cycle that commenced with competition in the small handicrafts is completed. And in the light of the rule of reason, we, the supreme court hand down this, our last decision, that the people in their collective capacity shall collectively own all these things they collectively produce; the nation shall now proceed to own the trusts to have and to hold for the benefit of every man, woman and child under the stary flag. Gentlemen, our mission is accomplished. The supreme court stands adjourned sine die."

God speed the day.

Dry Land — Wet Governor

A CALL TO ACTION.

This is the third year in succession that the farmers of Texas have found themselves menaced by a drouth that is longer sustained covers a wider area and has caused more suffering than any drouth in the history of the Lone Star State.

As a result of this drouth hundreds have been rendered homeless and thousands workless with many facing starvation.

Now the trouble can not be laid at the doors of Dame Nature, because she has supplied abundance of water in rivers and wasted rainfall. The fault lies at the doors of the great majority who have carried on agriculture in the same individualistic way as did Cincinattus when he followed the plow in Ancient Rome. With co-operate farming we could store up countless billions of gallons of water for such an emergency as we are now facing.

But that discussion may well be left aside for the moment and as practical people ask ourselves: **WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR THOSE WHO ARE SUFFERING NOW?**

The Rebel would suggest this:

In Austin we have a WET governor. Now what is more appropriate than that a wet governor should act in the matter of a drouth Just as the states, nation and individuals came to the assistance of the Galveston sufferers so should the state and nation be called upon to help out in this crisis.

In the near future a special session of the legislature will be held at Austin and we would sunggest that all readers of this paper get together by filling in the blank at the bottom of this article, add it to a sheet of white paper fivefeet long if necessary, and on the blank sheet of paper secure the names of your friends and neighbors. Then mail it back to this office and we will see that they all go to Governor Colquitt. This petition is a respectful one, asking aid that should be granted at once. An immense sum of money should be appropriated by the state for the purpose of carrying on public works. A statewide committee should be appointed to solicit subscriptions and if necessary the national congress now in session should be appealed to as the government was appealed to in the last big drouth in 1887.

In your locality interview or write to the representative or senator on this subject. The legislature will meet in special session within a few weeks. If they fail to act and the government fails to cooperate we shall take such other steps as will be necessary in the circumstances. Don't delay. Cut out petitions. Fill them and send in all names at once:

We shall publish reports from various drouth stricken counties next week. We wish all rebels would sit down and send in at once descriptions of conditions in their immediate neighborhood.

——Clip here——

To Hon. O. B. Colquitt, governor of Texas:

Sir:—We the undersigned citizens of ———— county do hereby call upon you to come to the relief of the drouth sufferers of Texas by submitting a special message to the forthcoming session of the legislature, recommending that action be taken to the end that by appropriation and otherwise money be secured that will start public works for the relief of such sufferers.

We believe that the unprecedented length of this drouth makes such action imperative. Respectfully,

FOR NEXT WEEK.

1.—How Berger whipped the congressmen.
2.—Hickey's great story: What will happen to the Socialists who won in Butte, Mont.
3.—One of Debs' great flashes.
4.—The Mormons, the Democrats and the Sugar trust.
5.—Hickey's Socialist school.
6.—The story of McNamara's kidnapping.
7.—A great five minute sermon.
8.—A "get the money" story.
9.—A remarkable article by the editor.
9.—A remarkable article by the editor on the Jesuit's oath.
10.—Hicks' Happy Hits.
11.—The Antis analyzed.

Order at once, 50c per hundred.

ROTATION IN OFFICE

Referendum B.

A remarkable thing occurred in the Socialist party recently. From a little Texas local in an old-fashioned county seat there was initiated a national referendum that was carried triumphantly. It declared that:

"All national party officers shall be elected annually and shall not hold the same office longer than two terms."

The carrying of this referendum struck a blow at the national autocracy in its citadel. It showed that the rank and file were tired of the old guard and wanted new blood to flow through the official veins of the party.

The referendum was fought bitterly. All the old time officials used every means to defeat it. The swell writers were called into service to help defeat the motion. Some of the arguments made by these gentlemen were enough to make the Goddess of Truth dizzy. For instance two of the most distinguished writers informed the readers of the Chicago Daily Socialist and the New York Call that the principal of rotation in office was introduced by Andrew Jackson or during his regime for the purpose of making the spoils of office go around. Now the fact is that this principle of rotation in office was established more than a generation before Jackson sat in the presidential chair and was put into effect by Washington himself when he had the good sense and grace to refuse a third term. That was the beginning of the rotation in office principle and is in effect down to the present day, not only with the presidency, but in other walks of life where the individual capitalist does not directly control. For instance if the gentlemen who write so learnedly against this distinctly American principle would make some inquiry about a famous New York financial institution, they would find that even there rotation in office is in effective operation now. We refer to the Provident Loan Assocaition. A body of goody, goody capitalists loan money to needy people. The president is the big financier who ran against Gaynor on the Republican ticket at the last mayorality election in New York. The by-laws of this corporation, that had a turn-over of more than $10,000,000 last year provides that the president shall be elected annually and for not more than three consecutive terms and in accordance with this provision Mr. Bannard RESIGNED some months ago. How about "efficiency" and "Andrew Jackson"? Eh? Even the upper ten of finance recognize the inherent right of the principle, where their immediate pocket book is not concerned, that is when dealing with a partly public or a semi-benevolent institution. With what greater force then should not this principle apply to our party affairs.

As we write the news comes in that the candidate who has offered himself against Madero with the most progressive platform demands as one of its chief planks that no candidate for the presidency shall hold office FOR MORE THAN ONE term. Diaz is an exile because he did not live up to rotation in office. Do the gentlemen who have been rotated out of office by a majority of the party members, do they wish to endorse him by their action? Surely the lust for place and power should not blind good Socialists to conduct that merits such comment.

In conclusion we would say that it is a piece of unparalled impudence on the part of those officials who started this latest referendum. They should realize that the motion when it carried should have been given a fair trial. Why plunge the party into turmoil now.

We are on the eve of the most important campaign in the party's history. Shall we go into it with new officers and unbroken ranks and a spirit of glowing solidarity or shall we be torn by dissension by those who have refused to bow to the party's will. It is up to you gentlemen.

Vote NO on referendum B. Get out a full vote and let our grand party take advanced ground on the road to a Social Democracy.

OUR REBELS

That immense interest had been aroused by the mere statement that a new paper was about to be launched from here was evidenced by the fact that when I came in off the road last week I found a stack of mail with lists of subs coming from all parts of the state from Rebels who did not even know the name of the paper.

The tireless Phil Zimmermann, candidate for lieutenant governor last year: "I want some samples. I have already arranged to spread the new paper in New Mexico."

W. S. Noble: "Enclosed find seven subs. 'Twill soon go to 30,000."

W. R. Speed, Sour Lane, $2.25 for nine subs.

John Patton, Baird: $1 for four and promises more.

J. L. Hicks, Abilene: "Here is an extra lot of subs."

J. C. Whitely, Voca, sends dinero for four.

J. A. Daugherty, Kirbyville, remits masuma for four.

J. A. Tannehill, Comanche, forwards spondulicks for seven,

R. L. Moore, Thorndale, shoots the rhino for a club of four. . . .

W. G. Mathis, Brownwood, fires the long green for five.

D. Lyford, Whitewright, hands us the roll for four.

F. L. Delk, Mesquite, sends the ready for seven.

Dr. Yeager, Terrell, injects the dough for seven.

Ben F. Evans, Lufkin, transfers the cash for eleven. Evans wins the place of honor for the first week. These Welsh are great hustlers.

Jacob Vibrock, Muldoon, brings the mun for four.

J. C. Aschenbeck, Wharton, sends the root of all evil for a quartette.

J. A. Echols, Rockdale, unloads the Geld for eight.

Mrs. C. F. Coyle, Paxton; well there you are. When this column is blessed with a fair rebel the gods of fortune on us smile. The good lady sends in four.

The billionaire lay dying in his mighty mansion on Fifth Avenue.

Around his bedside clustered six of the great legal minds of mammon's metropolis, while a millionaire physician stood in the background ready to administer oxygen to keep the patient alive until he had finished his last will and testament.

"Have you decided gentlemen," he whispered, "remember, my billion dollars must be placed so that not one cent shall go where the accursed Socialist propoganda can be benefited by it."

"We have reached a unanimous conclusion," said Elihu Root.

"And it is—quick, tell me before I die?"

"We have decided you shall leave it to the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party" they said in chorus.

"Solved, thank God," said the Croesus as he fell back dead.

The Rebel has taken over the good-will, subscription lists and management of the Farmers Journal that has been published for the past seven years in Abilene. The able editor of the Journal will continue with the Rebel as associate editor. He will specialize on the land question on which subject he is a recognized authority. J. L. Hicks is a noble soul, honest, clean and able and as modest as a true gentleman. We feel proud to have him as our associate editor.—Ed.

HICKS' PAGE

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

FIND OUT WHY FARMERS OBJECT TO SOCIALISM.

Every farmer reader of this paper is hereby earnestly requested to co-operate with me in an effort which certainly cannot fail of having a far-reaching effect in the propaganda of Socialism among the tillers of the soil. Of course every intelligent Socialist knows what Socialism would mean to all who work on farms, but there are many thousands of such workers who DO NOT KNOW. It is the business of every opponent of Socialism to keep them in ignorance. It is the business of every friend of Socialism to MAKE THEM WISE.

And with a view to removing from them such a deplorable lack of information and supplying the proper knowledge, I ask every farmer reader to make a special point of interrogating as many as possible of his farmer friends who are unfriendly towards Socialism, and finding out what is the prevailing objections to Socialism among that class.

Please canvass among them in a quiet way and find out why they object to Socialism. If it is because of their misgivings in regard to land ownership, jot it down in your mind. If it is what they call free love, or opposition to religion, or the "divide-up", or whatever it may be, take good care to remember it, and then write and give me the result of your investigations. Maybe you have tested them sufficiently already and can write at once, without any further inquiry. If so, do not wait. And don't be afraid you can't word it up in style. Any old wording will do. I simply want to know the chief reasons why anti-Socialist farmers are against Socialism, and it is hardly necessary to tell Socialists why I want this information or what I am driving at. A wonderful amount of propaganda work is needed among the workers on the farms, and a wonderful amount of good can be accomplished by such work, but it is first necessary that the dark caverns be located so that the light may be properly turned on.

Bombard me with hundreds of letters, addressing me at Abilene, Texas, telling what obstacles Socialism has to go up against in your several localities, and this will be followed by an effort to go up against those obstacles good and hard. Let's get down where the working-class intellect is stagnant, and fumigate it; let's get down where darkness reigns, and shine it out.

* * *

How does tariff reduction stack up as a trust-busting proposition when you measure it against such a situation as is disclosed by the following dispatch from New York, dated June 21: "An international federation of iron and steel makers, planned on the lines of the American Steel and Iron Institute, will be advocated by E. H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, at the coming international steel and iron conference at Brussels, which will meet January 5."

* * *

Simple Simon, on the way home from prayer meeting, remarked to his deacon landlord: "They can't fool me about Socialism and infidelity. I've seen too many of 'em who got to be infidels after turnin' Socialist." But the deacon landlord didn't ask Simple Simon if he ever saw anybody indorse legal rent robbery after gettin' religion. The Samaritan on the Jericho road was in his day an awful, awful alien and infidel in every Jewish eye except the pure eye of Jesus.

A SOCIALIST OBJECTS TO BEING CALLED A CAPITALIST.

In renewing his subscription a few days ago a comrade in South Texas said he had his "nose stuck up" at me, and proceeded to tell why, as follows:

"I am nearing the middle of my 73rd year of farm life. Came to Texas in 1876, and since then have bought, improved, paid for and am now paying taxes on two farms aggregating 260 acres of land. And now you put me in the capitalist class."

Under the capitalist system it does not disparage this old veteran of the army of industry to put him in the capitalist class. All the same he is in that class if he is living on an income derived from other people's toil on his land, regardless of whether he came into possession of that land by inheritance or by hard work.

In a burning theatre each individual must trample others down in the effort to get out, or else be trampled down, and it would not disparage my aged comrade to say that under such circumstances he had trampled an innocent child to death. All conception of MORALS, all thought of RIGHT and WRONG, is lost in such a mad stampede. The struggle for existance under the present capitalist system may be very aptly likened unto a stampede in a crowded building that has caught fire. Indeed, the similarity is almost complete so far as any question of MORALS is concerned.

Under Socialism no such situations can arise. There will be order instead of stampedes; co-operation instead of trampeling down; each living upon the fruits of his own labor, instead of some living upon the fruits of others' labor. In a car of cattle the weaker ones sometimes get down under the hoofs of the others and are trampled to death, and each surviving brute in the car is just as much to blame as is my south Texas comrade for exacting rent for the use of his 260 acres of land. Under the rent, interest and profit system individuals may try to live up to some sort of moral code, but—hear me!—the system itself is WHOLLY WITHOUT MORALS.

Under Socialism this veteran old worker would not be in the capitalist class, for the obvious reason that there would be no capitalist class. He would not be in the working class, because society as a whole is abundantly able to sustain itself without the efforts of people of his age. Then where would he be? He would be, as now, in the retired class—only would he be retired on the bounty of the entire Commonwealth, and not on the bounty of a few individual peons. Not a landlord living off a few dependent renters, but a highly-respected pensioner, in honor, ease and comfort living upon HIS SHARE of the pensions now drawn from society by Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, and others of the owning class.

* * *

You can be a Socialist and believe that God is a spiritual entity, a being of intelligence and design, and that he brought matter into existence from a state of nothingness by the word of his power. You can be a Socialist and believe that matter is eternal, and that the idea that God brought matter into existence out of nothing, or that he can reduce it again to a state of nonentity, is irrational. But you can't be a Socailist and believe that any individual should have to pay any other individual for the use of the soil to make a living. Keep your Socialism on straight.

THE RENTERS AND THE IMPROVEMENTS.

"Oh, but it ain't right for a land renter to git the benefits of the improvements on the land without payin' for 'em."

You've heard that over and over, haven't you?

Well, let's see: Here is a big landlord, rentlord and general all-around neighborhood lord who wants more acres added to his already large area in cultivation. He says to some "poor but honest" man just from the old states: "If you'll fence and grub fifty acres on the lower side of the field down yonder, just t'other side of that little house where Reub Hankins lives, you may have all you can make on it for three years." (If the time here stated is too long or too short, let it go at that for purposes of illustration).

The "poor but honest" man from back east spends his little balance for fencing material, teams, implements, etc., and tackles the job.

He raises a "sod" crop the first year, the second year the drouth hits him, and the third year he raises a pretty fair crop.

Then he must turn it back over to the landlord in fine shape for raising crops and tackle another raw fifty acres, or else begin paying the landlord rent for the benefit of the improvements.

WHOSE IMPROVEMENTS? EH?

POSTOFFICE AND MEAT MARKET.

About the time the wisdom of America evolved the scheme of busting the beef trust by doing without beef, the Southern California Socialist Bulletin got off the following very pertinent paragraph:

"Why do we hear all this talk about boycotting the beef trust and nothing about boycotting the postoffice or public schools? The answer is, We own the postoffice and schools collectively, while the other fellow owns privately our food supplies and we must pay his price or go hungry. Say, Mr. Republican and you, Mr. Democrat, did you ever stop to think that a nation of people who know enough to own and manage the postal and school systems for themselves, could also learn how to run a meat market and slaughter house?'

* * *

For their very courteous mention of the change in location and proprietorship of the Farmer's Journal, and kind personal reference to me in connection therewith, I desire to express my feeling of indebtedness to the Abilene Daily Reporter and the Abilene Morning News. Seven years have we three editorial brethren dwelt together in the most perfect political enmity, but if there has ever been a day when personal relations were not as they should have been, this one of the trio has no recollection of it.

* * *

Did anybody out in west Texas ever hear of a poor man grubbing the mesquite trees off a tract of land for the privilege of working it a year or two, getting it in a good state of cultivation, and then turning it over to the owner in fine agricultural condition? Merely to hear of such a thing is enough to make a Socialist out of every man who is on the Lord's side.

* * *

"We have endeavored to show" said John Gray in 1831, "that the real income of the country, which consists in the quantity of wealth annually created by the labor of the people, is taken from its producers chiefly by the rent of land, by the rent of houses, by the interest on money, and by the profit of persons who buy their labor from them at one price and sell it at another."

"WILD AND LAWLESS."

A Texas paper sometime back had a long editorial headed "Socialistic Tendency in Texas." In the article this language occurred:

"It requires something that enters more deeply into the human soul than Socialism can possibly do, to subdue the wild and lawless instincts and passions of human nature sufficiently to enable the lamb to lie down with the lion, figuratively speaking, without thought of danger."

Well, let's not be too sure about that. It didn't take anything that enters more deeply into the human soul than Socialism to subdue the wild and lawless instincts and passions of the individual who wanted to control the bridge over which the people were compelled to pass over the stream, and get a living through such control without working. And the wild and lawless instinct of the citizen who didn't want to be taxed to educate other people's children was easily subdued by a simple application of the principle of Socialism. No, no; it will be an easy job when the majority get ready.

NOW IT'S THE BAKERY BARONS.

"The latest is a $20,000,000 bakery trust. Individualism appears to be dead in the United States. Twenty of the largest bakeries in the United States are in the new combine, and the promoters are confident of 'interesting' other big concerns."—Dallas Times Herald.

But that oft-recurring question comes up, "What are we going to do about it?" Shall we put bakery products on the free list as a remedy? Shall we bring suit against the bakery trust and fatten a lot of lawyers and government commissioners, and come out of the case poorer and worse whipped than when we started in? To be brief, shall we pursue the old-party plan of putting production back to 1811, or shall we adopt the Socialist plan of bringing distribution up to the genius and the needs of 1911?

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Discoursing on the troubles that the big cities have had with their big private lessees, the Saturday Evening Post says: "It is numberless experiences of this sort, and not the political dogmas of Karl Marx, that have brought the inhabitants of large American cities to that attitude toward public-service corporations that the ex-mayor of New York describes as Socialistic." Still stoning the true prophets. Karl Marx did not make these conditions; he simply pointed to them and outlined the inevitable consequences. The villians of the present system will try to convince the ignorant that the evils of the system have been brought on by the Socialists, whereas the Socialists have been far-sighted enough to perceive these evils and point to them and cry, "Prepare ye the way!"

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And now the Saturday Evening Post takes congress off to one side and whispers: "Here's what you want to do—you want to create an Interstate Trust Commission." O Lord! With government by injunction, government by interpretation and government by commissions, how far are we yet from government by the people?

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Part of the teachings of Christ had to do with the things concerning a world to come. By far the greater part of his teachings had to do with the things concerning the world to which we have already come. If the toilers could have voted in his day, do you think he would have seen them use their ballots as a majority of the toilers do in this day, and not have lectured them about it?

A STUNNER ON INCENTIVE.

Sometime ago Comrade W. S. Wallace, of Austin, Tex., sent to the Farmers Journal the following:

"One hundred laborers appear before two factories situated near each other, seeking employment. One is run on the capitalist plan of private ownership of industries the laborer receiving a wage or a fractional part of the wealth he produces. The other is run on the Socialist plan of public ownership of industries, the laborer receiving ALL the wealth he produces. Which of these two factories will the laborer choose? Which will best promote INCENTIVE?"

That is a stunner. The opponents of Socialism are bound to surrender their absurd position on incentive, or else put themselves in the ludicrous attitude of saying that the one hundred laborers would knowingly and deliberately and voluntarily choose to work in a factory where they were to get only a small percentage of the value they created, rather than work in one where they were to get ALL of the value they created.

* * *

J. A. Currie, of San Antonio, has a message that is full of meaning. His lecture on "The Bible and Socialism" makes a profound impression on his hearers, no matter how lightly they may have regarded the Bible or how much they may have despised the word Socialism. Among the working class there is a very large element that can be reached with his lecture more readily than with any other style of lecture that can be presented. When he talks of that Kingdom of Peace which shall have no end, and which shall break in pieces all other kingdoms, anti-Socialists get serious and Socialists get happy. His speech at the Citizens Bank corner in Abilene the other night was a great success.

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Yes, it's a world-wide movement. At the eighth International Socialist Congress, held at Copenhagen, Denmark, Aug. 28 to Sept. 4, 1910 there were 887 delegates in attendance. Of these Germany sent 189, Denmark 146, Great Britain 84, France 78, Austria 72, Russia 38, Bohemia 36, Norway 31, Belgium 26, United States 24, Finland 19, Poland 17, Hungary 14, Holland 14, Switzerland 13, Sweden 13, Italy 9, Bulgaria 7, Armenia 4, Spain 3, Servia 3, Roumania 2, Argentina 1. And the underlying principle that sent every one of these delegates is the principle that incomes shall come from work, and not from ownership. Is it a vicious principle?

* * *

Wealth in the form of rent, interest or profit cannot be made by the person who receives it. If it comes as the fruit of such person's labor it cannot be rent, interest or profit. In order to be wealth in the form of rent, interest or profit, it must be produced by some person other than the one who receives it. In the very nature of the case wealth expressed in any one or all of these terms is legal loot filched from labor. Interest, rent and profit always and everywhere mean that industry has been robbed for the benefit of idleness; that some worker has been compelled to divide up with some owner.

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There are a few of the more highly skilled and most compactly organized workers who are receiving wages that are far above the average for the entire working class. If the compensation of all workers was as great, in proportion to their usefulness to society, these few high-priced and sometimes rather aristocratic workers might be paying $7 for a sack of flour, or $75 a month board. But the capitalist system could not exist without a very large element of unfortunates and down-and-outs.

CAPITALIST HOG SOCIETY.

Suppose that in your rambles over the country you should come upon a large inclosure, part woodland and part cultivated in potatoes.

Within this inclosure you count 1,000 head of hogs.

One hundred of them are spending all their time wallowing in the cool spring branch.

Four hundred of them are busy piling up mounds of rocks, sticks and mud and calling them "enterprising cities — centers of industry."

The other 500 are rooting up potatoes and gathering nuts and acorns and carrying half of them acorns and carrying half of them to the 100 wallowing in the branch, one-fourth to the 400 building playhouses, and keeping one-fourth for themselves — and looking mighty lank and hungry.

You would point to the latter 500 and say, "Darn such fool hogs!" wouldn't you?

But you wouldn't have any right to, unless you are a Socialist.

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Speaking of judicial decisions, that decision of Justice Brown of the U. S. Supreme Court, reported in this month's Everybody's magazine is a beautiful example of what a judicial crook can do. The case condensed was this: Four sailors shipped for a voyage; bad food and a bad ship, unfit for living on, so when they reached Astoria, N. Y. they exercised their American right to quit. They were arrested and their case was fought up to the U. S. Supreme court. The majority of the court held that in 1861 there were four kinds of bound servants in this country, negroes, coolies, Mexican peons and sailors. The first three were freed by the thirteenth amendment, but the fourth, the white sailors were still bound men! Now, wonder how the recent decision of the court, holding that trusts must have applied to them the rule of reason would work out in the sailors' case. It is easy to guess. The poor white sailors would be denied the rule and the plutocrat bask in its great white light. And it will always be so until the people democratize the industries. In the meantime 3,000,000 Socialist votes cast next year would have the immediate effect of modifying these opinions.

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The useless labor — the building of a numbr of store houses where only one is needed, the building of a number of railroads leading from one city to another where one would be sufficient, the printing and distributing of tons and trainloads of advertising matter that would be eliminated by co-operation—all this labor that is utterly useless and absolutely wasted so far as society's good is concerned, would support society in comfort if wisely and sanely applied.

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All people who receive incomes only from their work would receive far greater incomes under Socialism than they now receive under capitalism. Consequently, all working people who oppose Socialism do so because they do not understand it, or else because they hope to reach the point where they may live off other people's work. Is it possible that any Christian gentleman could want to live off other people's work?

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The guarantee of Socialism, as set forth in its platform, is that you will be safe and secure in the possession and control of all the land you legitimately use in productive industry. Its guarantee does not stop there, either. It goes further and guarantees that you shall NOT POSSESS AND CONTROL MORE THAN THAT. What's wrong about Socialism's land guarantee?