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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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THIS IS NO. 2

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ALONZO STEELE DEAD.

With inexpressible sorrow we learn that Comrade Alonzo Steele, the last survivor of the battle of San Jacinto, is dead. In the home of his son some time on Friday night he fell into his last sleep as quietly as a babe. Comrade Steele was one of those great figures who make history and now that he is dead we can but wipe away our tears of sorrow in the consoling thought that he rests on fame's eternal camping ground. Comrade Steele in youth laid the first stones of the Texas Republic; he died in the task of rearing the Socialist republic. To his sorrowing sons and daughters and grand-children The Rebel tenders its deepest condolence.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

The man who thinks he gets the news of the day from capitalist newspapers is sadly deceived. The live news is either not covered, or it is colored or killed. Take the Dallas Spews, the Fort Worth Wreckhard, the Houston Pest or the Houston Carbuncle and we might well believe that the revolution in Mexico is over. Nothing can be further from the real live news. The revolution has just begun. Diaz is out, Madero is in, American plutocracy is as safe under the protecting wing of the millionaire Madero family as under that of the millionaire Diaz, Corral and Limantour group. The status quo is unchanged so far as the people of Mexico are concerned and they are the 14 million men, women and children whose natural birthright—the land—has been taken from them and parcelled out in concessions to the capitalist grafters of the world.

A glance at the Mexican situation will show that the fight can not stop until the last acre of land each ounce of ore, each barrel of oil is taken from the foreign and domestic plutocracy and their owners treated as Washington treated King George.

If we are to accept the prophecy of Victor Hugo that the Nineteenth century was the century for industry and the twentieth would be the century for humanity then the expropriation of the plutocracy is inevitable, though a million men die in the struggle and rivers of blood be shed.

A glance at the holdings of plutocracy in Mexico will show that the revolution must go on and that Madero must go. The Standard Oil concessions cover a seventh of the country. Two Los Angeles men own a sea-frontage of 400 miles. A Mexican land king living in regal feudal style in his Chihuahua hacienda owns 15,000,000 acres; the Guggenheims, the Pearsons and other foreign plutocrats own the oil, lead, silver, copper and gold with the smelter and other machinery to operate them. Thus is the major portion of Mexico owned by a plutocracy, native and foreign, while the masses are homeless and peoned in the land of their birth.

In the face of this situation what does Madero promise? Just this: Better schools, better elections, a more honest administration, in short the promises that Diaz contracted an attack of hoarseness from, he shouted them so often.

Has the Madero victory done anything for the Yaqui slaves in Yucatan, or for the poor wretches in that hell hole of the earth, the Valle Nacional, where 95 per cent die or are killed within 7 or 8 months after being sent there?

Not a thing has he done or will he do unless compelled at the point of a Rebel bayonet.

In the days of the French revolution the school children of Paris decked themselves with the flowers of spring and marched through the streets singing "Ca Ira" (It must go on) and so today we may look across the Rio Grande and shout, "Ca Ira."

A "GET-THE-MUN" STORY.

Travel where you will in this country of Morgan, washed as it is by two oceans, kissed by the lakes and embraced by the gulf we find that the vast majority of the people are obsessed with the idea of getting money. Their main thought is "get the money", honestly if you can, but in any event—"get the mun".

Now it is a wild goose chase that these millions of our deluded people are engaged in. We will proceed to show that the multitude has not got any money and and never will have any money under this system. To prove this mathematically is easy, but I must first tell you all a story of the Wandering Jew.

When Christ was on this earth he came one day into a town in Judea. He was tired, hungry, foot sore and dusty; he was walking without purse or scrip. He knocked at the door of a Jewish merchant and asked for assistance. The Jew started to kick him away, whereupon the Nazarene turned on the Jew and said: "I command you to walk this earth until I return again." The Jew started off walking and has been walking ever since.

Now at this time the Roman government was fighting Christ as hard as the plutes are fighting Fred Warren or Gene Debs. Suppose they said to the Jew: "You fought that labor agitator from Nazareth. You fought that son of a carpenter, born in a manger. In consideration of that fact we, the Roman government, will pay you $500,000 a year while you walk and we will pay it to you from the day that he was born." Thus on the first of January every year since the birth of Christ the Jew got a half million dollars. But he could not spend a cent. He had to tramp as Christ ordered. Now supposing that Jew walked into any community where the foolish people are talking of "getting the mun" and said: "I am the richest man in America." A wise man would say: "No sir, you are not." The Jew might reply, "Sir, understand, I have gotten $500,000 dollars a year, every year since Christ was born and I have not spent a cent and I have it all piled up in gold in Wall St., New York."

The wise man would laugh and say: "Well you have not as much money as Rockefeller, Weyerhanser or Morgan, our great billionaires." And then he would prove it in a flash like this:

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* $ 500,000 *
* 2,000 *
* *
* $1,000,000,000 *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Now, Mr. Jew, there you are," he would continue, "2000 times 500,000 dollars make a billion. While you have only gotten $500,000 for 1911 years; so you can go on walking for 89 years more pulling down $500,000 a year and then you will have as much money as the wise old gentleman with the bald head and the big wig, the bad stomach and the fat check book, who plays golf in New York and has a first mortgage on both old parties. So you see, Mr. Jew, you are not as rich as 'Holy John' by a long sight."

Then as the Jew walks away convinced, he might turn to the "get the mun" fellows and say: "You poor devils! as everything in life is more or less comparative, don't you see that you have not got any money, never had any and never will have any mun. Cut out your foolishness. Join the Socialist party—then you will own your job and get the mun.

The Jesuit's Oath.

THE REBEL CALLS FOR PROOF—PENITENTIARY OR EXILE FOR ONE OR THE OTHER.

The Rebel takes intense interest in a fight that is being waged with great bitterness, by a paper called the Menace, published in Aurora, Mo., on the Jesuit order of the Catholic church.

Our interest in this attack on the Jesuits is many-sided, but the main reason is that all religious fights in the past have always been detrimental to the cause of labor. Any move that blinds men's reason and thus attracts their attention from the fundamental issue of the day to-wit: The correct solution of the problems that flow out of the nation-wide battle between capital and labor is a move that in the past has caused incalculiable damage to labor. It was so with all the battles between Catholics and Orangemen in Ireland and England, it was so with the A. P. A. movement in America in the 90's. It was the recognition of this fact that caused the Socialist party to take this advanced position on religious matters in the national convention of 1910.

"The Socialist party is primarily an economic and political movement. It is not concerned with matters of religious belief."

On that plank The Rebel stands with unfaltering purpose, regardless of what the future may have in store. We believe with Sir Walter Scott in Ivanhoe:

"Strive with the hyrcanian tiger in his lair,
Wrestle with the half starved lion for his prey,
But, touch not, the wild fierce fires of religious fanaticism."

So much for our position. Now for this fight about this alleged Jesuit's oath.

This oath is the vilest product of a corrupt brain that has ever been written since man carved the first hieroglyphics on Egypt's stones. So frightful a product of a debauched intelligence I verily believe could not emanate from any order that has ever for a moment stood within the pale of Christianity. I do not believe it is genuine I believe it is a forgery and I further believe that some steps should be immediately taken to clear up the matter. This is what the Menace publishes and solemnly declares to be the Jesuit's oath:

THE JESUITICAL OATH.

I, ————, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the Saints, sacred host of Heaven, and to you, my Ghostly Father, the superior general of the society of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatius Loyola, in the pontification of Paul the III., and continued to the present, do by the womb of the Virgin, the matrix of God, and the rod of Jesus Christ, declare and swear, that his Holiness, the Pope, is Christ's vice-regent and is the true and only head of the Catholic or Universal Church throughout the earth; and by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given his Holiness by my power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, and they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his Holiness' right and custom against all usurpers of the heretical or Protestant authority whatever, especially the Lutheran church of Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the now pretended authority and Churches of England and Scotland, and the branches of the same now established in Ireland, and the continent of America and elsewhere and all adherents in regard that they may be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred Mother Church of Rome.

I do now denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state, named Protestant or Liberals, or obedience to any of their laws, magistrates or officers.

I do further declare that the doctrines of the Churches of England and Scotland, of the Calvinists, Huguenots and others of the name of Protestants or Liberals, to be damnable, and they themselves to be damned who will not forsake the same.

I do further declare, that I will help, assist and advise all or any of his Holiness' agents, in any place where I should be, in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Ireland or America, or in any other kingdom or territory I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant or Liberal doctrines, and to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise.

I do further promise and declare that notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest; to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time, as they entrust me, and not divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstances whatever, but to execute all that should be proposed, given in charge or discovered unto me, by you my Ghostly Father, or any of this sacred convent.

I do further promise and declare that I will have no opinion or will of my own or any mental reservation whatsoever, even as a corpse or cadaver (perinde ac cadaver), but will unhesitatingly obey each and every command that I may receive from my superiors in the militia of the Pope and of Jesus Christ.

That I will go to any part of the world whithersoever I may be sent, to the frozen regions of the North, to the burning sands of the desert of Africa, or the jungles of India, to the centers of civilization of Europe, or to the wild haunts of the barborous savages of America without murmuring or repining, and will besubmissive in all things whatsoever is communicated to me.

I do further promise and declare that I will, when opportunity present, make and wage relentless war, secretly and openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Liberals, as I am directed to do, to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth; and that I will spare neither age, sex or condition, and that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle, and bury alive these infamous heretics; rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls, in order to annihilate their extorable race. That when the same can not be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulation cord, the steel of the poniard, or the leaden bullet, regardless of the honor rank, dignity or authority of the persons, whatever may be their condition in life, either public or private, as I at any time may be directed to do, by any agent of the Pope, or Superior of the Brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus.

In confirmation of which I hereby dedicate my life, soul, and all corporal powers, and with the dagger which I now receive I will subscribe my name, written in my blood, in testimony thereof; and should I prove false or weaken in my determination, may my brethren and fellow soldiers of the militia of the Pope cut off my hands and feet and my throat from ear to ear, my belly opened and sulphur burned therein with all the punishment that can be inflicted upon me on earth and my soul shall be tortured by demons in eternal hell forever.

All of which I, ————, do swear by the blessed Trinity and

(Continued to Page 2.)

THE FAKE OF THE ANTIS.

If a man is sick in bed and the doctor is called in and finds that the patient is suffering from a cancer in his stomach and a corn on his toe that doctor would be a mighty poor physician who would turn to the distressed wife and say "madam, I find your husband has a cancer and a corn. Now I should strongly advise that a good corn plaster be placed on the big toe so that the corn be removed and our patient made easier thereby and we shall leave the cancer alone." Just so is the old party Pro., a very poor political doctor because take the saloon evil, analyze it how you will and it reveals itself as nothing more than a corn on the body politic. The Socialist Pro. doctor is the logical one because he goes to the root of the disease, which is the profit system and he desires to destroy both corn and cancer by means of a political operation that will remove the cause—viz: profit.

Now it is true that this corn causes a good deal of discomfort to the body politic from time to time, a mean trait that corns possess at all times. For instance the Antis tell us that local self government is a sacred principle for which the fathers fought, bled and died and on that issue they carry a governor into the big chair at Austin. Then when the professions of devotion to local self government are put to the test in the form of a bill giving local self government to the city of Texarkana the governor vetoes the bill and thus destroys the very principle he had sworn to defend. And thus it is shown by the highest authority in the anti-ranks that local self government is simply and solely for the saloon. So much for the wretched anti-fake. It is as clumsy a fake as any fake the Pros have ever fathered.

Another thing about this anti-organization is that it seeks political power at all times in the interest of their booze business. But after all they don't differ in the slightest degree from the other industrial magnates in all other states in that matter. Take Pennsylvania for instance, the governor and every officer down to door-keeper are simply so many hirelings for the Pennsylvania railroad, the U. S. steel, the whiskey trust and similar corporations and so in every state in the Union.

* * *

The Rebel's Position.

Now I propose that the Rebel's position shall be clearly understood in this fight. We expect nothing but abuse from either Anti or Pro. And in return we say "a plague on both your houses." After twenty years experience in the labor movement I know from the record that the liquor interests have ever been the foe of the Union men and Socialists of America. (In all Texas in 10 years we have had but one saloon keeper to support us—the gentlemanly Green of Rockdale.) And the reason is simple; they made profit off their product.

On the other hand the Pro. leaders from Wardwell, the Standard Oil magnate down along the line, these profit sharks have ever been the deadly enemy of labor.

The liquor interests undoubtedly kills a small percentage of the youths of our country, but this youth is 18 years old and upwards—there is profit in the lives of the boys. The Pro. and Anti capitalist robs the cradle and kills the child in the cotton mills, because there is profit in it.

And so, if you analyze the anti position you find like the Pro. that the whole question is how to get the "mun" and the answer is profit.

* * *

This is the last line I will write on this question. I won't go to the polls on July 22. I take no interest in the matter. I only write now in response to a popular demand that our position shall be known. I want the evils of the liquor traffic destroyed and I know that that can only be done by taking a 13c profit off a 15c drink. I am lined up with an army that will fight on that line until the Gulf freezes over, if necessary. We are determined to take that same profit off oil, lumber, coal, railroads, and every other thing that is recognized as an industry in our nation.

Be temperate in your personal habits.

Swat the Antis.

Swat the Pros.

Take 13c profit off a 15c drink.

Then by the destruction of the profit system, honor, justice, truth, chastity, cleanliness; everything that tends to make a nation great can flourish like a bay tree. Continue the profit system and then these virtues will be stricken down and the nation itself will perish even as Nineveh and Tyre.

VICTORY IN BUTTE.

What will Happen.

The Socialists of America were delighted and the non-Socialists astounded when the news flashed over the country last April that Butte, the greatest mining city in the world, had fallen into the hands of the Socialist party. Immediately the optimistic Socialist prophesied that the great things would be done at once for labor while anti Socialists swore that it was merely a flash in the pan. We shall proceed to show that both estimates of the victory were wrong. Let us look closely into the economic and political conditions and mayhap a great national lesson can be learned from this Socialist victory.

* * *

The City of Butte.

Through vertical shafts that go down in the earth from 1000 to 3000 feet there is hoisted annually over six million tons of rock, which is reduced in the great smelters at Anaconda and Great Falls and thus supplies over 25 per cent of all the copper that is produced in the world. In this work in mills, mines and smelters and "on top" there are employed 10,000 men in Butte, all thoroughly organized. Butte is the Gibraltar of unionism. On and around the hill are 75,000 people all depending down to the last man on this copper industry. 25 different nationalities depend for a living on these mines—the American and Irish predominate and control. Should the mines close long enough grass would grow around the sky scrapers and the bark of the coyote be heard where the people now listen to the hum of industry.

The Old Days.

In the olden days strong men wrestled for supremacy in Butte The Clark's, Daly's, Murray's, Davis's and Heinzes; they lived on the hill, went down the shafts with the miners, trudged through the drifts and cross cuts, climbed manways, ate powder smoke and were a big part of the life of the great mining camp. That day has departed forever. Clark has retired to live in all the splendor of an oriental prince in his ten million dollar mansion in the Fifth Ave., N. Y. Heinze is threading the dizzy way of Frenzied Finance in Wall St.; Daly sold out to the Standard Oil interests and died in November, 1900, in the Waldorf in New York. A. J. Davis and "Jim" Murray are now sleeping down on the flat—in short, all of the fighting men of the 80's, those copper kings whose names were known throughout the world have passed out of sight one by one; the old order has changed to the new.

The Mining Plutocracy.

In their places of power sits an

(Concluded on Page 2.)

VICTORY IN BUTTE.
(Concluded.)

alien plutocracy. The thrones of west Quartz St. have been removed to 26 Broadway, N. Y. Financiers, who could not tell copper from brass, a smelter from a flour mill or a mining shaft from a department store elevator now hold the destinies of Butte, the lives of her inhabitants, in the hollow of their hands.

To those people who may question that statement I will quote from the record.

The Shut Down.

After the organization of the Amalgamated Copper Co. in 1898 a row broke out between F. A. Heinze and the Standard Oil chiefs, who controlled the Amalgamated. It reached its climax in 1903. On Oct. 22 of that year H. H. Rogers of 26 Broadway, N. Y. sent a 50-cent telegram to Butte, addressed to Wm. Scallon, general manager of the Amalgamated. The telegram read: "Close down our properties. H. H. Rogers" 8000 men were laid off in Butte, 2000 in Anaconda. 1000 in the smelters at Great Falls; then the coke camp at Stors closed down; the coal mines at Belt; the lumber camps at Bonner, Missoula and St. Regis and across the state line the order went to Rock Springs, Wyo. 18,000 men were discharged without a moment's notice and at the beginning of a northern winter, which means something in a land where it snows sometimes on the Fourth of July. Business of all kinds, railroading, banking, mercantile and farming etc was paralyzed from one end of the state to the other AND ALL THIS ON THE ORDER OF ONE MAN.

I am writing these words on the birthday of our nation. The cannon crackers are being fired by young America and the old party orators are polishing their platitudes and rounded periods that they will deliver to the people this afternoon. Whereupon I pause in my work to say: That I defy any old party politician or editor in the nation to ransack all the records of all the centuries and show me one case wherein an individual has ever possessed more power over a people than was held by Rogers of the Amalgamated Copper Co. on that cold October day in 1903.

Rogers got the laws he wanted; Heinze was whipped; the legislature and Governor Toole were turned into puppets of plutocracy. Heinze sold out and quit; Clarke followed and now the pirate flag of Standard Oil flies over the treasure state. The military are under arms at Missoula and Fort Harrison, ready to march and shoot the last Socialist in Butte with all the precision of Mexican rurales, before Garibaldi stormed Juarez.

What Can the Socialists Do?

And this is the situation in Butte. Now what can the Socialists do in this extremity? They have elected aldermen at the capitol in Helena; they have organizations in twenty out of the twenty-six counties; they can spread out and capture the state. They have a couple of papers and can start twenty more. They can request a boycott on the daily papers, every one of which is owned by the mining plutocracy and after all this is accomplished they face with the certainty of death itself utter ruinous defeat. Why? For the reason that another executive order from 26 Broadway will arrive the morning after the victory and the state will be closed down once more and lurking in the shadows stands a federal judiciary backed by the power of the nation prepared to hurl injunction after injunction at the Socialists who would seek to use the powers of state for the relief of an oppressed people.

• • •

In the meantime the beleagured Butte Socialists will stand four square and true. Not a whisper of graft will issue from the croaking throat of the slanderer. The whole power of their city administration will be thrown on the side of the union men and women in their struggle. They will conduct a campaign of education amongst the workers; they will let in the light in the dark places; they will inspire the timid and stiffen the back-bone of the weakling. They will show by their works the faith within them for as of old it is true: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Well and favorably do I know these men on the firing line at Butte and their sweet, pure wotoo. Lewis Duncan, Shovlin, Henry Davis, Smith and all those who have been tried in the fires of adversity. They will stand straight. Now comes the question: What of us? What shall we do?

The Remedy.

We must come to their assistance from the cane brakes and cotton patches of the Southland as they would come from their bleak mountain homes to ours. We must get away from the absurd notion that the affairs of the men in the lands of snow concern not those who live in the Sunny South. The tamarack on the mountain side is a sister of the sweet magnolia on the plains.

We must learn that in this conflict of a world-wide plutocracy there is no north or south, no east or west, there are not even national boundary lines. The issue is: **The capitalist class of all the world against the working class of all the world**; and by everything we hold sacred in life we must fight along these lines and by that sign shall we conquer.

'Rah fer Joe Bailey!

A million mules tied to the railings that surround the courthouse in every county seat in Texas has been scared windless a million times by hearing the raucous voice of a 6½ hatted Democrat yell with all the power of leather lungs the stirring slogan: "'Rah for Joe Bailey."

Many a time in silent contemplation have we leaned against a barber pole and marvelled at the mental processes that caused the vocal organs of our friend to emit the fearsome sound. We figured it out this way: In fancy he saw a handsome man, clean shaved and well dressed with all the graceful deportment of a son of the Sunny South. Through the shouter's mind flashed pleasant recollection of pleasing periods in which his hero had lauded the women of his section whose purity rivalled that of vestals of ancient times. Then again he thinks of that glorious passage in the great oration in which his hero, after pushing back the hyperion lock that fell gracefully down his thoughtful brow, told of the gallant giants in grey that "fit" and died on many bloody fields for the honor and glory of the Southland. And then--how could he forget it? Why, don't you remember when the sun was slanting thro the trees and a stray sun-beam lighted up the speaker's mobile face and the smell of the barbecue was in the air and his mother had glad tears in her eyes as she sat beside him and squeezed his hand and the thoughtless girls were giggling; then the orator in a voice broken with emotion commenced to tell in a low tone, tense with passion, of the crimes of the villainous Republican party that loved the nigger and clothed his black body with the garment of an American sovereign—the pure white ballot. Did he remember? Well he did, right smart, you bet. Then there was the passage about the tariff, he was not so clear about what he did say, but he knew the senator was right. And then, why then come the best of all—**the Fathers** and the constitution—that's the stuff; we should stay in the old paths hallowed by their sacred feet and the lights of the constitution will guide us to the shores of safety. And then the band played "Dixie" and the crowd yelled, "Sure it was fine" and then again the shrill yell—"'Rah for Joe Bailee-e-e."

• • •

"What's that crowd gathering for over at the First National Bank corner of the square? One of them d——d Socialists eh? Talking about the land is he? What's that whiskered yap saying? Our girls going down the cotton row with 8-foot cotton sacks for trains and the capitalist women have 15-foot silken trains. — Ain't got any land, eh? Just got a job, he says; well maybe so.—What, I ain't got any money? Rats, I got four dollars; never had any eh? never will have any. Rockefeller has a thousand millions! What? Eyrything has changed since grandpa's days except the grand-son. Guess he is right there. Surest thing, you know he means me. He's selling books. I'll buy a couple. Well, so long Tom, I am going home- Hurrah fer—oh, hell!"

THE JESUIT'S OATH
(Continued from Page 1.)

blessed Sacrament which I am now to receive, to perform and on my part to keep this my oath.

In testimony hereof, I will take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further, with my name written with the point of this dagger, dipped in my own blood, and seal, in the face of this holy Sacrament.

After reading this alleged oath we would ask: Does any sane reasoning man or wom an in this twentieth century believe that such scandalous production could emanate from men of whom the Rand McNally Encyclopedia says: "Novices, who, after a short trial as postulants for admission, are engaged exclusively for two years in spiritual exercises, prayer, meditation, ascetic reading, or ascetic practices, and generally in a course of disciplinary training" Do you believe that these men, after these years of preparation would swear to an oath like this:

I do further promise and declare that I will when opportunity present, make and wage relentless war, secretly and openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Liberals, as I am directed to do, to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth; and that I will spare neither age, sex or condition, and that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle, and bury alive these infamous heretics; rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls, in order to annihilate their exterorable race. That when the same cannot be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup; the strangulation cord the steel of the poniard or the lead bullet, regardless of the honor, rank, dignity or authority of the persons whatever may be their condition in life, either public or private, as I at any time may be directed so to do by any agent of the Pope, or Superior of the Brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus.

We repeat, we do not believe it. It staggers the imagination.

The question arises: What shall be done in the circumstances? Already one reputable daily New York newspaper, The Call, has published the oath and in guarded terms attests to its truth. A furious controversy followed. Wepersonally know of men who have clipped the oath from the Menace and had it set up in country printing offices and distributed at their own expense through the country. In this manner the embers are being stirred up that will produce a great conflagration. The Rebel would like to see these embers stamped out at once. There is but one way and that is publicity, pitiless publicity. The light must be turned on. The working class must not at this critical hour, when they are marshalling their forces for a life and death grapple with a corrupt plutocracy go into the battle with sundered ranks through religious dissension. Consequently we call on the Menace to produce the proof of the authenticity of this oath. Likewise shall we request the general of the Jesuits to submit for publication the oath they take.

If the Menace has criminally libelled the Jesuit order there is a nice cool prison cell awaiting him and on the other hand if the editor of the Menace has told the truth then the Jesuits may prepare to pack up and leave the United States. And let me assure all our Protestant friends that the Catholic men of the United States will be the first to assist in their departure.

Copies of this article will be sent to Cardinal Gibbons, also the general of the Jesuits at Baltimore and other distinguished Catholic dignitaries The Menace will be supplied with the article also and the columns of The Rebel are open to both sides.

TURN ON THE LIGHT!

Big Subjects Next Week.

1.—A call to action for the land renters of Texas.
2.—Notes about the drouth.
3.—Our Religious Editor has a great five minute sermon.
4.—The McNamara tragedy.
5.—More about the Jesuit's oath.
6.—Another "Get the Money" story by the Financial Editor.
7.—A great page by J. L. Hicks.
8.—**Best of all**: How Berger Whipped the Congressmen.

Order at once, 50c per hundred.

HOW BERGER WHIPPED THE CONGRESSMEN.

This write-up of the achievements of our first Socialist Congressman accompanied as it is by the most brilliant portions of his speech is already in type waiting for the press. We believe it should receive the widest possible circulation. So we will hold it up until next week and will ask all Rebels to get busy right now and send in orders for Number 3 at the rate of 50 cents a hundred. Send in orders at once. We should publish 25,000 extra copies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

John B. Yarborough, Angelina county: "Hicks has laid a foundation that with proper development will be second only to the Appeal to Reason. Here is to the biggest paper in the biggest state. Count on Angelina for her share."

June 24, 1911.

Editor the Rebel:

Dear Comrade:—I have been in financial trouble for the past four years on account of the Houston Oil Co. or the Kirby Lumber Co., I don't know which. They have cut and appropriated valuable pines from my 80 acre tract. The value is between $350 and $400 which is a small fortune to a poor man. I have repeatedly asked pay for same and last fall the Houston Oil Co. told their agents to find out if they owned the land adjoining my 80 acres and if they owned the land they would pay for the timber cut off my land. The agent tells me that they do own the land adjoining mine, whereupon I wrote to the Houston Oil Co and they treated my letter with contempt. I have no money and I need legal help.

V. P. Hoffman, Kirbyville, Tex.

I fear Comrade Hoffman you are up against it. The lumber and oil companies own every politician in Jasper county and all except Senator Collins in Jefferson county. Write and state your case to Hen.ry Faulk of Austin or Geo. Clifton Edwards of Dallas, They are clean and honest lawyers and will help you if possible. —Ed.

A workingman who is not a Socialist is suffering from intellectual boils.

5-Minute Sermon.

The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib.—Isaiah 1:3.

To the superficial man this text from the grand old prophet may seem somewhat vulgar, but yet it contains a deeply philosophic truth that seekers after righteousness may not ignore or their ship of life may be wrecked on the rocks of error.

In all the centuries that humanity has struggled through since the dissolution of primitive tribal society holding land in common ownership there has raged a bitter bloody struggle between the God of Mammon and the God of love, the Jehovah:—I AM THAT I AM.—Ex. III.

In this struggle for existence the voice of the pharisee has ever been lifted in the temple while the scribes applauded and the money changers with golden chains tied the preacher to the pulpit, stifled his conscience, and sealed his lips to the message.

Wherefore, beloved, if we today purge our hearts of prejudice, light our minds with knowledge and in a reverent mood determine with Paul to prove all things that are true and hold fast to that which is good and then turn back the scroll of history we find that since the days when Constantine of Rome threw the mantle of protection over the early Christian church and caused the seed of the church to be no longer the blood of the martyr, from that day I say, the church as an institution has ever been known as the mouth-piece of the money changers who ruled in the temple of mammon.

Do not, beloved, I implore you, get the idea that I attack things sacred or holy. Good men, pure and undefiled have continuously gone forth from the altar to preach to all men down to the furtherest point in the seven seas the great undying truths of Him who set the stars singing in the skies at the dawn of creation. It is not of those men I would speak, but of the hierarchy who sits with king or plutocrat and with the whip of ecclesiastical authority drive back those who would take up the sword militant and the cross of the living God and fare forth to battle for the common people who heard Him gladly on the shores of Galilee.

And thus it has come to pass that the church as an institution today does not seek to right the million wrongs from which the people suffer and die. In all the great battles that labor is fighting at this moment the church is silent, or if it speaks at all it is to strike down the helpless that are battling for life, liberty and the home. This statement is so perfectly true as not to require much if any argument. Look at the 20,000 men, women and children that have been going through the horrors of hell for the past nine months in West Irwin, Pa. Show me where the church has lifted its voice in defense of these oppressed unfortunates!—Go to Idaho and Colorado and witness the horrors of the bull pens where laboring men were murdered and women outraged by soldiers; black and white uniformed ruffians committing the crimes. Then after surveying that scene of the torture of body and soul show me from the record that the church was other than silent in the shadow of the crime.

Show me the churchly voice raised against the rape of the cradle in the cotton mills of the South or in the shops and mines of the north. You can't find it in the record—the church is as silent as the tomb. Again, look at the awful situation of the Texas renter, homeless and exploited. Not only does the church not come to the assistance of God's poor, but large numbers of Texas preachers viciously attack those who point out the remedy and the path to the better way.

But after all, this is the day of light. God's sunshine of truth is breaking through everywhere. Godly men in the church are raising their voices in protest against these conditions, bred by the devil. One such man arose and in tones like an angel's trumpet assailed the hypocrites who defile the temple. Let me read from the front pages of the Houston Chronicle what this brave man says:

Cambridge, Mass., July 5.—The "church proclaims liberty, equality, fraternity. It is a lie," declared Rev. F. B. Boyer, of New Bedford, in an address before the New England conference for church work, in progress at the Episcopal Theological Seminary.

"The world is tired of the church of Christ making excuses to Mammon," he continued. "The formulas of a Christian commonwealth are still read in our churches, but they are very little practiced. The church lays great stress on life after death, but the workman, struggling for bread believes that God ought to prove his justice here. They want a God who is working here today, not a God of yesterday. The people are beginning to doubt the goodness of God; they are beginning to doubt the very existence of God."

Who, that reads this pastor's ringing words can doubt their truth. The Germans have an old saying:

Weß' Brod ich esse, deß' Lied ich singe.

Which means: "Whose bread I eat, his song I sing." I believe that condition will continue in the church until no special class but ALL the people will own ALL the industries of the nation and democratically manage them—then and not until then will the chains of private gold be removed from the church. Until then the orthodox preachers with some splendid exceptions will keep quiet because as Isaiah hath said:

"The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib."

DAN HOGAN.

What would this world be any how if it were not for the Irish. A poor congealed ball whirling along dejectedly in space with its inhabitants sitting in pensive silence in their caves, fearing the attacks of wild beasts that roam in the darkness beneath them, with their foreheads pushed back and their eyes as dull as the orbs of a Southern Democrat and a brain as clouded as a Prohibition orator. We sons of Granuaile have left our beautiful island, carpeted as it is with flowers, and adorned with the virtue of our women, to carry the torch of knowledge into all the dark places of the earth. It was even so with that son of the Gael—Dan Hogan of Arkansas. Dan lives in Huntington with his wife, one of the sweetest ladies in the south, and runs the largest weekly in the state. He has put Arkansas on the map, 10,000 people voted for him for governor on the Socialist ticket; he has fought the battles of the coal miners of the southwest until his name is spoken with love and reverence wherever men go down in the mines. He has delivered an oration at the grave of a miner, slaughtered underground by capitalist carelessness and greed, that is one of the classics of proletarian literature. Send a dime to the Huntington Herald and get one. Dan fears that I shall get in trouble, so in his last issue he says:

"The Dallas Laborer is authority for the statement that Thomas A. Hickey, of piano box fame, the stormy petrel of the ocean of Socialistic sentiment, is about to embark in journalism on his own account. Look out for the red ink and Texas injunctions and governmental interference."

No fear, Dan, if "governmental interference" shall come along I will ring the alarm bell, sound the loud timbrel, and the aforesaid government will have to put on four more postmasters to handle my glorious mail.

Hickey's Socialist School.



SOCIALISM
Capitalism
Feudalism
Ancient Republics
Primitive Communism
Savagery

Every day in the week uninformed men ask the Socialists if it is not a fact that we have always had this system of society under which we live at present and consequently will we not always have it.

It goes without saying, of course, that if our friend's premises are correct we may look for the present system to continue indefinitely. Unfortunately for our objector the one great fact that stands out in the onward and upward march of the race is that nothing stands still, everything is in a state of change; the physical organism, the seasons, the very mountains that seem to be monuments to immobility change continually, accordingly we have changed in systems of society under which man now lives and has his being.

Modern scientists agree that mankind has been on this earth at least two hundred thousand years. The first period is known as savagery. By slow stages, man reacting on his environments discovered fire and its uses, domesticated wild animals, fashioned rude tools built the first canoe and ventured on the vasty deep with its myriad perils. He learned to hunt and fish and snare game. He learned the first principles of agriculture, planted the seed and scarred the bosom of mother nature with the first forked stick that he used for a plow.

With this growing intelligence man reached out for new worlds to conquer. He organized tribes, fought his fellow-man; the winner enslaved the beaten, he ceased to eat him as he learned that it was more profitable to work him as a slave and thus by slow degrees the race climbed from savagery into a more refined state of society termed primitive communism. Here the land was owned in common and attempts were made to develop science and art. The first sand was heated that made the telescope possible, through which we measured the heavens and scanned the stars.

The communes had market places where goods were bartered and exchanged. These markets were the places out of which grew the cities and towns with their class antagonisms or as Marxs and Engels state it in the Communist Manifesto: "With the dissolution of these primeval communities society began to be differentiate into separate and finally antagonistic classes."

The ancient republics cornerstoned on the private ownership of the land with its resulting class war went down in Europe with a crash when they were overrun by north. The dark ages ensued and the so-called barbarians of the by degrees there was developed the feudal society of medieval times.

The feudal lords were overthrown by the growing capitalist are witnessing the last remnants of feudalism, being swept into the garret of oblivion.

Now the capitalist system has about run its course. There are but few new markets left to be conquered. The cheap commodities of the great capitalist nations have battered down Chinese and Japanese walls and pulled the orient from its sleep into the whirlpool of occidental exploitation.

An all powerful plutocracy rules the nations. They have subjugated states, bought legislators, corrupted the judiciary, strengthened the army and navy and threaten industrial death to any community that brooks for an instant their imperious will.

On the other hand there is growing up a powerful compact organization of workingmen and earth and thus before our eyes we class and they by degrees have conquered all the nations of the other honest citizens who realize that the plutocracy has about run its course. In obedience to the law of growth that has made capitalism world-wide in its scope so does this new organization girdle the earth until the sun never sets its flag. It is conquering political power throughout the world. It has a common platform from Siberia toRome and that platform in a nutshell is a demand for the democratic management and collective ownership of all things collectively produced and the private ownership of all things that are private. This great democratic movement will abolish the last vestige of slavery from the face of the earth. It will dethrone kings with purple robes as well as kings of industry. It will establish the new society—the Socialist republic.

THE DROUTH SITUATION.

Governor Colquitt must have read The Rebel last week as he stated in his Houston speech on the 5th of July that there would be nothing extra doing when the special session will be held. It may be that he will change his mind when the drouth sufferers make themselves heard. Mr. Colquitt's constituents, the lumber, oil and railroad magnates are eating redheaded ducks down by the sad sea waves, while the renter is trying to get a little sow bosom on credit down where the boll weevil grows Here are a few of many reports that came to The Rebel about the drouth situation:

J. T. Bronson, Fisher Co.: "This is the third bad drouth. We are all in bad shape as a result."

J. L. Hicks, Abilene: "No rain yet, things are burning up."

J. R. Lough, Farmersville, Collin Co.: "We have the worst failure of a corn crop I have ever known in my life. The Irish potatoes, fruit, melon and tomatoes are failures too. Cotton looks good."

W. B. Thorp, Dunn, Tex.: "This county is in a bad way. large numbers of our people owe from $100 to $600 outside of land notes.

J. T. Ray, Garner, Tex.: Picnic called off on account of drouth. If it continues we will have lots of time to read.

J.T.Langford, Ranger, Stephens Co.: I am afraid we can't hold our encampment on account of the drouth. This is our third year of drouth."

J. M. Strickland, Full Creek, Hood Co.: "No rain for months The crops are a failure. Boys discouraged."

Send in petition blanks to Rebel office calling for govermental action.

THE McNAMARA CASE.

The trial of McNamara has been postponed for some days hence we will postpone our write-up until next issue. Suffice to say at the moment, that Shoaf of the Appeal and the Union leaders are on the trail of an Otis employee who it is believed blew up the building on Otis' orders. The kidnapers are in trouble now and labor is learning how to fight.

"HORSE SENSE vs. HOT AIR."

The Hamilton-Thurman Debate

No book printed will give you a better idea as to Socialism. For sale at this office, 25c each or 6 for $1.20, post-paid.

As to Referendum B.

At last a man has been found rash enough to take up the cudgels for the yes side of Referendum B, the vote on which closes on Aug. 10. He is our scholarly comrade, Joseph E. Cohen, of Philadelphia. We thought that the thrashing the proponents of this referendum had received in the papers recently, coupled with the obvious merit of the principle of rotation in office had caused all the wise ones to take to the woods but it would seem to be otherwise in our friend Cohen's case.

Unfortunately for the gentleman from Philadelphia he makes a number of grievous blunders of logic and fact in his communication to the Chicago Daily of July 3. For instance in the second paragraph of his letter he says:

"Given adequate provisions for holding our officers amenable for their conduct, and we have such provisions, then the wise policy is to have frequent elections, and to make it possible to retain such officials as serve the party faithfully, and have the benefit of the years of experience at the office which they have been holding, while, from time to time, relieving ourselves of such officials as might render better service in some other capacity."

Were I not well acquainted with the high character and great intellectual attainments of our scholarly comrade I would be inclined much against my will to charge the gentlemen with the high crime of plagiarism because Roscoe Conklin used almost the same language when he placed Grant in nomination for the third term in the Republican national convention in 1876. It would be well, I think, for the kindly comrade to remember, what happened at the close of Senator Conklin's specious argument. In spite of the old guard of office holders and retainers the good sense of the American people triumphed in that convention; the old guard went down and out altho the "306" stood like a stone wall to the end and thus was the American principle of rotation in office maintained in spite of the attempt of the New York Senator to "retain such officials as serve the party faithfully and have the benefit of years of experience at the office which they have been holding."

Again, if our comrade understood Spanish he might be charged with inadvertently quoting the mouth-pieces of the Cientifico party of Mexico, who for years upheld Diaz on precisely the same grounds that our friend sets forth. The fact that Porfirio Diaz listened to that plausible cry accounts for that gentlemen's permanent exile from the land of Montezuma, propelled therefrom at the point of a Rebel bayonet.

Indeed, there is a remarkable similiarity between the fate of Diaz and what befell another bureaucracy, this time in the Socialist movement, when the rank and file failed to put through this democratic principle of rotation in office. I refer to Mr. Henry Kuhn, the perennial national secretary of the S. L. P.

It took a physical revolution to dislodge him and the Socialist movement suffered for years on account of the bureaucracy that held office because the wise provision that progressive Socialists are struggling for now did not obtain in the S. L. P.

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Mr. Cohen further says: "It is just as logical to avail ourselves of the wisdom and capacity of the veteran national officer as it is to use a veteran editor, who comes up to the mark, as against some recruit new in Socialist philosophy."

A fatal slip of logic, Mr. Cohen. On further thought you will not confuse an editor with a man holding the highest executive position in the party. **The Anti-Grant or rotation-in-office Republicans nor the Rebel Mexicans feared not the editor, it was the executive.** Historian that friend Cohen is, does he not know that it is the executive that is the keystone of the arch of all bureaucracies.

I would suggest to the comrade that he would not have made this sad slip if he had informed himself of the experience of the many organizations in various lines of endeavor who have satisfactorily solved the executive-editor matter. Let him inform himself about the Farmers Union of North America; the large locals of the Western Federation of Miners, notably No. 60, of Globe, Ariz., with 1,600 members; the largest fraternal organization in the world, the Odd Fellows, and finally the incoming executive of Mexico, who is pledged to the rotation principle.

Further on our learned comrade says, "On the other hand if national officers should be retired after one or two years, then so should state and local officers." Exactly so. And that is what we do in the state organization in Texas and leave it with the county organizations to act as they will. So well does this principle work that it has broken cliques and factions and now after nearly two years' trial no power on earth could cause the Texas movement to return to the bureacracy breeding method that we discarded. As a proof of its worth Comrade E. R. Meitzen, the splendidly efficient executive officer of Texas, who will go out of office under the rotation rule, on Dec. 31, is the father of the rotation referendum that the membership of our party passed nationally in May and which is now being resubmitted without trial.

As to editors and publishers at the close of your paragraph I have already answered that.

I think that after some reflection our genial comrade would like to withdraw that remarkable burst of logic in which he refers to soap-boxers and committees being subject to the rule of rotation. If his logic is good then logically the old parties should have rotation in office in all their thousand offices because they demand and enforce the rule on their chief executives.

EXCEPT for the above mentioned mistakes Comrade Cohen's article is good.

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For all these reasons I shall vote "no" on referendum B. The referendum should not prevail.

SCOOPED.

We prepared an article sometime since in which we pointed out that the states were organized and that while it was a shame for the N. E. C. to take the money (about $50,000 a year) after all we might take hope and consolation in the fact that there still remained the Phillipine Islands, Porto Rico and Hawaii.

Alas, the N. E. C. has scooped us. We actually forgot Alaska and the possibilities of laying connections with Siberia. The N. E. C. has supplied our omission. We now read:

"Comrade George Goebel of the N. E. C. has started on an organizing tour of Alaska."

Here's hoping he don't founder on an iceberg.

Johnnie Red Card—What is the difference between a charity organization and the N. E. C?

I. A. Bureacrat—Don't know, what is it?

J R. C.—No dif, son. **Both spend 92 cents on the dollar for office expenses and salaries and throw in a bunch of scandal for the other 8 cents.**

According to the latest census figures available, five million women or over 20 per cent of the women of the United States are in gainful occupations. This does not include at least that many more who work in the fields. To say that these women shall have nothing to say about the laws that govern their living is to brand the opponent of women suffrage as a savage who belongs in the days of cave-men with his stone ax and bloody club.

On with the suffrage for our mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives.

We are glad to notice that the livest agitator of them all, Big Bill Haywood, is attracting enormous crowds everywhere he speaks. Bill is clear on industrial autonomy and that is a million miles ahead of the shallow pated centralizers who are striving to mix up all industries under one head and thereby create endless confusion.

Long may you wave, Bill.

FLASHES FROM FIRING LINE.

80,000 people made a giant protest meeting in Chicago recently against the McNamara kidnaping.

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Revolutionists in Nicaragua blew up an arsenal. Morgan will now have Gompers kidnaped, maybe.

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The plutocracy has now gotten control of most of the big 15c magazines, so Hampton's says. Boycott 'em.

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The government is spending millions annually in learning how to take care of pigs. Berger is raising a row about this, he wants to know why not spend the money on babies instead.

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Mrs. McManigal, the wife of the Harry Orchard in the kidnaping conspiracy was given the third degree by murderous detectives until she fainted. She refused to lie for the murderers.

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The military has been ordered to the front in the big English shipping strike. The Amsterdam docks are guarded by infantry and cavalry.

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Otis is driving furiously around Los Angeles in an automobile with a brass cannon on it. If he is not crazy now he will be before labor gets through with him.

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The single tax was established in Victoria, British Columbia, as a cure-all for capitalism's ills. Now the whole town is tied up in a general strike of the building trades.

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Private detectives found a McManigal bomb in the hall of records in Los Angeles. Capitalists were awfully aroused. The city chemist on examining the dangerous bomb found it was filled with democratic argument or horse manure.

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The 14th N. Y. National guard encampment was a fizzle. Soldiers fed on tainted meat and rotten vegetables. Captain McFarlan says: "It was an organized mob of Bowery toughs, corner loafers, and would be strike-breakers as well as actual ones." Morgan will find it hard to get men to fight for his possessions.

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Writing of the coming German election the Houston Chronicle says: "August Bebel, the leader of the Socialist party, anticipates great Socialistic gains at the coming elections predicting that practically all the votes of the small dealers and farmers of the peasant class, who have hitherto supported the conservaties will this time be cast for Socialist candidates. What this may mean to the old parties is understood, when it is remembered that even now the Socialists control more than three and a half million votes. The Socialists promise that as far as they are concerned there will be no disorders during the election campaign, and that the conservative majority will be allowed to die in peace."

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The latest big decision handed down by a branch of the federal judiciary legalizes the merging of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads. This move has been fought by the little business grafters for years but all to no avail. The merging of the two railroads comes within the supreme court's interpretation of what is "reasonable" in combination. It is well. Speed the day when every railroad in America will be under one head, then we will feel like Caligula, the Roman emperor, who said, "Oh, that all the Roman people had but one head, so that I could sever it at one blow."

We shall at least transfer the ownership of these railroads to the collectivity at one fell swoop.

OUR "REBS."

Nat L. Hardy, Colorado, sends four for a starter.

M. H. Holden, Lake Victor, sends four and will send more.

Mrs. Spurgeon, Waco, encloses money for a club of four.

M. V. Sparks, DeLeon, admits to the camp six new Rebs.

G. W. M. Taylor, Poolville: "Club of four and hearty wishes."

G. A. Wills, Holland, Tex.: "Send $1 for four with enthusiasm."

J. C. Harrot, Josserand, sends a club of four and will do better later.

J. C. Aschenbeck, Wharton, sends $2 for subs and bundles of Nos. 1 and 2.

C. B. McCoy, Romney: A club of four, the first of a number from Eastland county.

J. C. Thompson, the fiery worker from East Texas says: "Send me sample copies of your new paper and I will get all the subs I can."

J. C. Samora, Yoakum, sends a club of 8. "The Rebel is just all right. B. F. Wright and myself found no trouble. Everyone we asked subscribed."

J. L. Hicks, Abilene, hands a big bunch and remarks: "Wonderfully pleased with new paper We are going to take Texas with it and a good slice of the outside world."

Rev. M. A. Smith, the grand old war-horse of Hunt county, and oldest organizer in the state wrote "I have just read the initial number of The Rebel. It's a hummer. If its present literary and doctrinal standard is maintained, as I believe it will be, its success is assured. I hope every Socialist in the state will not only subscribe for it, but work for it. I shall commend it everywhere I go. Trusting that your most sanguine hopes may be realized."

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22 other counties heard from with Collin in the lead. It does look like 30,000 before the frost is on the cotton boll.

HIDES FOR SALE.

The Rebel has just received a large consignment of hides from Stanley J. Clark, national committeeman from Oklahoma. The choicest one is the Rev. Hamilton's hide except for the fact that Clark ripped it badly in some places. Prospective customers should pay particular attention to a job lot that the editor has taken; we would particular recommend the hide of Senator Hill of Denton county. This hide is in beautiful condition. W. S. Noble has some rather badly damaged and smell-like-skunk hides; one of them, a Democrat editor's from Trent, will not be sold as it would not make finger stalls for cotton pickers. Remember, we must close out this lot before the weather gets any warmer. They are graded as follows: First, state senators and representatives; second, hysterical preachers; third, broken down lawyers; fourth, old party school teachers. There is not a farmer or laborer in the bunch. Send in your bids now. Must be sold at any price.

Scene—district court room—any old place.

Time: —A. D. 1916.

District judge, addressing weeping woman, who is plaintiff in a divorce case:—"What is the complaint, madam?"

"Well, judge, you see my husband is a workingman and he voted an old party capitalistic ticket yesterday," replied the weeping woman.

The usually dignified judge started as if shot while a wave of anger passed over his classic brow as he thundered out:

"Take your decree, madam, because the American law says that a woman shall live with a man, not a monkey. Bailiff close the court and get me my hat, I am going down to the zoological gardens to apologize to the monk."

DR. WATSON

Eclectic Physician

Trent, Texas.

HICKS' PAGE

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

DONT KNOW WHO HE IS. BUT HERE GOES.

A fellow at Brownwood, Tex., who doesn't want people to know what his name is, and therefore signs it "A Citizen", writes a great long article — I mean a long article — to the Brownwood News under the caption, "Socialism and its results." If I were asked to fill two and a half 20-inch, 13-em columns with 10-point stuff on "Socialism and its Results," when I knew absolutely nothing about Socialism or its results, I would throw up the job before I began. But "Citizen" didn't. He stuck to it till he spoilt about fifty inches of clean, white, Canadian wood pulp reciprocity paper. The first spatter he made looked like this:

"Socialism is of foreign birth, and came to this country in immigrant ships."

All through the article he talks about the Bible, and God, and Moses, and Canaan, every word of which "came to this country in immigrant ships." Shall we reject your Bible, Mr. Citizen, because it wasn't written by J. Wesley Hill or somebody else who was born in America? But watch him make his second throw:

"I think it has been said with much truth, the desire to get property without paying for it is the father of Socialism."

Great God! If there is one desire which more than all other desires distinguishes capitalism from all other "isms", it is the "desire to get property without paying for it." At the very taproot, at the very heart and core and center and source of capitalism is the "desire to get property without paying for it." It is the "incentive" that anti-Socialists tell us we must not destroy, else the arts of civilization will be lost and the race lapse back into the animal conditions of primitive ages. This desire to get property without paying for it is diametrically opposed to the first, last and intermediate principles of Socialism. So far from being the father of Socialism, it is the alien foe of Socialism, and against it might be arrayed all the men, women and children who are toiling in fields, factories and mines, producing property of which the social value should all be theirs, but which under capitalism they are forced to surrender on an average four-fifth into the hands of the people who have no desire to pay for it, and who DO NOT PAY FOR IT. What we Socialists mean by paying for the property is doing the work necessary to produce the property or its equivalent in value to society. When a man holds property, the equivalent of which he has not made, but which some other man under compulsion or stress of necessity has made for him, that property has not been paid for by the man who holds title to it, and it is not his by any right that an honest man can recognize as being just. Under Socialism the productive property—that is, the MEANS with which wealth is produced—will belong to everybody, and nobody can get wealth except by using these means—by working—or by rendering service such as teaching, preaching, etc., which individuals who create wealth by using the productive means may pay for on their own volition. No wonder a man who writes about the "desire to get property without paying for it" being the "father of Socialism," when a little idle bunch of less than ten per cent of the people hold more than ninety per cent of the wealth that the toiling millions have made—no wonder such a writer does not sign his name. I shouldn't wonder if he were ready to set sail in an emigrant ship for the Congo Free State when he sent his manuscript.

"Its doctrines are so un-American that the honest patriots of the country are surprised that any native citizen should adopt it," says "Citizen."

The central doctrines of Socialism, the fundamental proposition at its base, is that the workers who create wealth shall have for their own use the FULL SOCIAL VALUE of their work. Not merely a fifth of it, but ALL of it. Is the doctrine that others should appropriate four-fifths of it American doctrine? If so, then down with American doctrine and up with justice and equity and Christianity and popular self-respect!

John Doe invests his money in such merchandise as is necessary in the making of a crop, and sells it in time to Richard Roe, who invests his labor in the planting and the cultivating of crops. Drouth prevails, the hot winds wither the feed crops, and the cotton lifts its top blossom to the altitude of perhaps ten inches. So there's nothin' doin'. John invested money and looked to Richard, while Richard invested labor and looked to the ground. Of course if the ground makes nothing there is no pay for anybody so it would seem that Doe and Roe took equal chances on the drouth. But did they? The money man may get back this year's losses out of next year's crop. Where can the working man go to get back this year's losses? There is a law by which the man of capital can eventually make the man of labor pay. There is no law by which the man of labor can make the ground pay. Socialist co-operative production of crops and distribution of supplies will remove all this inequality.

If farming were done on a national co-operative commonwealth scale, and each worker on such farms received his certificate of labor, or whatever it might be called, regardless of whether the particular tract of land upon which he worked made anything or not, there would be some hundreds of thousands of farm workers who could dress up and go to hear the gospel preached, who now stay at home because their crops have been burned up and they have had to stint until their clothes are not "fitten to wear to meetin'." And they might pay the preacher something, too, whereas now they don't want him around.

American labor paid the enormous expenses of a large and select lot of idle American snobs to make the trip over and see King George's crown put on straight. If you are a farm renter and have a daughter who works in the cotton fields, she helped to foot the bill. And you voted to make her do so if you voted against Socialism. Don't get huffy and walk off, now. Stay right still and tell me where those snobs got that wealth to spend in honor of European royalty if your daughter in the cotton patch didn't help make it for them. And then tell me wherein any party except the Socialist party proposes to end that sort of thing.

Cablegrams cost like rips, but we Americans cheerfully paid the cable companies to tell us that J. Pierpont Morgan was present at the crowning of King George, wearing knee breeches and silk stockings, and right up close to the throne. But the old parties are running things on the Thomas Jefferson side of the Atlantic.

"QUIETLY, NOT TO SAY STEALTHILY."

"The home builders are the people who count. The first duty a man owes his family is to provide them with a home. It may be that his income will provide only a very humble one, but it should be his one aim to do the best he can as soon as he can. With land at its present price in this county, there are only extreme circumstances which will justify any man in not owning his home."— (Wills Point Chronicle.

"True, but if everybody were to set out to get a home at once the price of homes would go up with a bound. The reason land is still cheap is because only a few people in each county are trying to buy it. If all the landless ones were to go out next week and begin negotiating for forty acres apiece, there would be sensational doings in real estate circles, and many landlords who are now keen to sell some of their acreage would become so alarmed as to take their property off the market. There is a moral to this tellectual commentary which is that the wise ones will go ahead now and quietly, not to say stealthily, acquire homesteads while there is no excitement over land deals." — State Press, in Dallas News.

The above has been on my copy hook a good long while, but conditions are just the same as when it was clipped, and time hasn't touched its meaning. If there is a "moral" in private land monopoly, then State Press must be right about there being a "moral" in everything. The counsel that he gives out, namely: that it would be wise in the individual to steal forth quietly, like a varmint in the night, and fasten onto a piece of soil before some other varmint gets it — that may be and doubtless is wise counsel under Capitalism. In fact, the "moral" under the present system is that he who would succeed must do things quietly, stealthily, after the manner of wolves and vampire bats. And a majority of the victims still vote for homes and happiness to be obtained that way. But doesn't State Press put a cob crosswise in the mouth of the blatant blatherskite who makes a show of himself by shouting that in this land of low-priced dirt the only reason why all renters are without homes is because they have not bought them and gone to work and paid for them. The very few poor people who have bought homes and paid for them should thank all those who have not undertaken to do so, for if all had made the effort the price of land, as State Press intimates, would have soared above the reach of any of them.

If all the landlords in the United States who get their incomes in the form of rent should enter into an agreement not to rent out a single acre of their land, but let it all lie out and rest up one year, wouldn't it raise a howl in the camps of those who get their incomes in the form of interest and profits? I wish to the Lord they'd do it. What a final and conclusive answer it would be to the question as to which is more important in this country, land owning or land working!

"An importer of hogs," says The Socialist, of Columbus, Ohio "demanded $10,000 damages for the loss of a hog with a noble pedigree (we are not referring to U. S. senators) that was killed on the southern railway. A section hand was recently killed on a western road, leaving behind a wife and six children. The court allowed the widow $1,000. After the lawyers got 'theirs' the widow had enough to purchase an upright grand washboard."

Dick Maple Resigns.

Nashville Tenn., June 27—Have just wired my resignation to the Rip-Saw to take effect now.

Dick Maple.

"SOCIALIST VAGARIES."

We can go along with Roosevelt and the insurgent Republicans — and with everybody else for that matter — so long as they are going our way. When Roosevelt says that no man should receive a dollar that does not represent service performed, we swallow it down, for it is the doctrine of justice and the square deal. But when he talks about protecting dividends we balk. No man ever received a dollar in dividends that did not represent service performed by some other man. — Farmers Journal (Socialist).

How about the laboring man who, by dint of hard work, close economy and self-denial, has accumulated some money and loans that money to another who works when he is compelled to, or spends his substance in riotous living. Is the interest the hard-working citizen receives just, or should he give the money, the result of his labor, to the industrious neighbor?— Dublin Progress (Democratic).

So long as we have the capitalist system — the private ownership of the means of making wealth — no man is to be censured for loaning money and receiving interest. But the Socialist fight is against the system — the system that reduces honest, industrious men to the humiliating necessity of **borrowing money!** When your hard-working man gets more money ahead than he needs he will, under Socialism, rest up and have a good time until he spends it for a living, but he will not be able to loan it at interest, for people will not need to borrow it. Why should they borrow from him and then go to work and pay it back with interest, thus giving him more than he gives them, when they have opportunity to go to work and get the full value of their work, without dividing up with him? Men won't borrow wealth and then work to pay it back with interest, when they can work and get wealth without interest. They haven't that opportunity now. They will have it under industrial democracy that is coming.

One of these days some retail merchant who has waded through torment, as it were, and hit the ceiling, so to speak, is going to write a book or a series of magazine articles telling all he knows about what the struggling little retailers suffer at the hands of 'Big Bizness.' Such a book is needed, and the time is nearly ripe for it.

An employe in the service of the federal government recently found that 80 per cent of the farms of the black land belt of Texas are tilled by tenants. Twenty acres in every hundred worked by the owners, with the help of wage labor. Four-fifths of the families of this large, rich region are renters, toiling under conditions whish almost preclude the possibility of their ever being anything but renters, or of their children or grand-children enjoying even the poor privileges that they themselves now enjoy. Proud patriotic citizenship! They have a country to fight for, haven't they? No wonder Uncle Sam has trouble in recruiting his armies. No wonder we have the Dick military law.

The article on "Socialism and Land" contributed to the Fort Worth Record on June 19 by C. L. Phifer of Girard, Kan., associate editor of the Appeal to Reason, was a center shot. More such articles are needed in such papers.

Since it is wrong to cuss, and since the publication of all that stuff about the coronation of the British king makes sober, sensible people feel like cussin', why don't the good moral censors of the press start an agitation to have it barred from the mails?

WHY VOTE AGAINST YOURSELF?

When you, Mr. Workingman, vote for either of the old parties and against Socialism, you vote to deny yourself the right to mail to any person anywhere in your own nation a package of merchandise weighing over four pounds, the postage rate being 16c a pound, while you can mail to foreign countries packages weighing eleven pounds, at 12c a pound.

Do you know why this is thus?

The express companies of this country want to do all the business of carrying packages in this country.

Besides, the retail merchants have an idea that the carrying of larger packages in the mails at lower rates would be their everlasting ruin.

The express companies are immensely wealthy, and the aggregate wealth of the retail merchants is very great. So they are able to make your national law makers understand what's best, while you are at home working at your job (if you have a job) and depending on people to run the government who were cut out for that kind of business.

The express companies and merchants can keep your congressmen wide awake till 3 after midnight, while you couldn't make one of them look up over his specs and ask what you were hanging around there for.

The wisdom you display in voting the old-party tickets is marvelous.

In the founding of the American government some of the most undemocratic men on either hemisphere were in control, and they got in their work. They gave us what we boast of as a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. They divided that government into three general departments—the legislative, the executive and judicial. They gave the people the right and power to choose the LOWER HALF of one of the departments.

If every Socialist in the world were an atheist and a hater of the church and the clergy, or if every Socialist in the world were a devout churchman and never missed a communion or a prayer service, it could not in the least affect the question of whether labor should have its own.

If it was wrong to let the land be monopolized by private individuals and syndicates, it is wrong now to let it STAY monopolized. Any old way of breaking up the monopoly is a million times better than letting it remain.

Our old fathers ought to have been jerked up before the supreme court of the Benighted States. They used to hold log rollings, and all the farmers of the neighborhood joined in. That was clearly a combination in restraint of every farmer rolling his own logs. Perhaps, however, it was a "reasonable" restraint.

Co-operation on a national scale under collective ownership, is the best way to run the postal business, but it wouldn't be the best way to run the steel business. In that case Carnegie and Schwab and Gary couldn't be multi-millionares, and of course it wouldn't be best—for them.

When a man robs people according to the system, most people blame the man and vote to perpetuate the system. At last accounts, however, most people were political colts with Thompson's brand on them.

"Civilization is made up very largely of ceremonies," says the Dallas News in an editorial on the coronation. The News couldn't have said less for civilization, to say the least of it.

The State Movement

E. R. Meitzen, State Sec. S. P.

Twenty-four new members were added to Austin local since last report.

Union local near Baird, Callahan county, is a new one. John Patton is secretary.

The Socialists of Cherokee county recently organized, will meet at Mixon July 14 for the purpose of raising a campaign fund and laying plans for an aggressive county campaign.

W. L. Haley, of Alvin, has been elected and qualified as secretary of Brazoria county. W. S. Noble is at work there this week, and thus one more backward county comes to the front.

J. E. Yarbrough, county secretary and scout captain of Angelina county, has a live bunch of workers and knows how to keep them busy. Seventeen scouts have been enrolled who supply a thousand voters with literature each month.

J. F. Cox, a wide-awake comrade at the sawmill town of Warren writes: "Comrade J. C. Harrot of Jesserand spoke here four times with good effect. On the Fourth the master class refused to let him speak at the picnic grounds, but he had a good meeting nevertheless organizing a local with 21 members, eight of them mill hands and seven farmers, and will get more soon. The superintendent of the mill recently ordered the men not to have anything to do with any organization, but he has another guess coming. We want to get the entire county (Polk) organized"! The saw mill country has been hard to break into, but such men as Harrot and Cox are doing the work.

J. C. Thompson writes from Blum, Hill county, where the first encampment of the season was held July 4 to 7: "We are having one of the best encampments at this place I have ever attended with a daily attendance of two to three thousand people, most of whom hear the speeches, by Comrades Ward, Currie and myself. Comrade Ward is fine; Comrade Currie is new in the movement, but is doing splendid work." This letter is all the more enthusing when you consider that four months ago there was not one local in Hill county, with no visible agitation and no encampment had ever been held there. Two months ago Noble organized Blum and several other locals and now Hill county—an old "Pop" stronghold is aflame. Go to work comrades, the harvest is ripe. Organize locals, enlist scouts, distribute literature.

Jacksboro local, recently organized by Hickey with the aid of such live workers as Van Trease and Austin, now has 57 members and still growing. Pretty good for a town of 1500.

Encampment Dates.

Ezzell, July 11, 12, 13. A. Haynes, Hallettsville R. 5.

Comanche, July 24, 25, 26. J. A. Tannehill, Manager.

Glencove, July 26, 27, 28, 29. J. M. Futrell, Mgr.

Groesbeck, July 27, 28, 29. A. B. Cayton, Frosa.

O'Brien, July 31 to Aug 2. C. M. Presley, Mgr.

Lueders, Aug. 3 — 6 M. S. Graham.

Grand Saline, Aug. 7 — 12 Richie Alexander, Mgr.

Ellison Springs, Aug. 15 — 18. A. Browning, Gorman.

Cleburne, Aug. 2 — 6. J. H. Preston, Mgr.

Texarkana, Aug. 3—5. W. Lee Green.

Texas Scouts.

Scouts who have been on our list more than two months and have so far failed to report, will not receive any more free literature, until they do report.

Rev. A. M. Foster, Taylor, is one of our colored scouts. He recently made a trip to Rockdale where he enlisted Jacob Philip. Get the colored Socialists interested in this work.

Other applications: M. A. Lawhon, E½ Gunter box, 50; W. B. Hamilton, Big Foot, Frio, county, 25 to "begin with"; Porter Grace Waterman town, Shelby county, 100, (per Chief E. W. Bryce); J. T. McMahon, Files Valley, Hill county; W. H. Terrell, Howard, Haskell Co., (per Chief McClintock) 15 houses; W. B. Blaine, Temple, (per Scout Mrs. M. F. Cowen); S. H. Nicodemus, Taylor, 100; Z. Ellison and R. D. Tomkins near McKinney.

REV. M. A. SMITH'S Great Song Book.

60 songs on good paper for 25c. Address Commerce, Hunt Co., Tx.