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THE REBEL

T. A. HICKEY, Editor and Owner

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THIS IS NO. 43

The great upper great is only because we are on our knees—LET US ARISE.

HALLETTSVILLE, TEXAS, APRIL 27, 1912. Issued Weekly

WHY THE BOSS PRESS LIES.

It is not the fault of our great boss, backed by gold bats and organizations of Western Unions that make Congressmen do their dirty work. It is the fault of the fact that it is absolutely impossible for any advertiser to buy space in any publication in America that has a particle of grip on its columns. We learn the truth, we publish it, that's all. We learn the truth about the press on the San Antonio explosion. We said: "Look out in the East, you will find another explosion in the vicinity of San Antonio, and sure enough, another engine has blown up. We not only told the first one was coming in the air and killed 26 people, but we actually told the date when the next one would go. For proof of which read our following buried in the baseball page of last Sunday's Chronicle:

ACCIDENT TO ENGINE.

Fireman on Southern Pacific in Hospital With Serious Injuries.

San Antonio, Tex., April 20.—Particulars of an accident to a Southern Pacific locomotive at Standard, in which a fireman named R. Garcia, died late the night before last, was severely burned, have not been given out by the officials of the company here.

The injured fireman was brought here and taken to the Santa Rosa Infirmary for treatment. It is said that the crown sheet of the engine burned out.

Standard is a small town on the first Texas division out of San Antonio. Every other daily paper in Texas has the story blanketed. The Rebel wishes to make another prediction. Inside of fifteen days another big mogul passenger engine will go up, and probably a big loss of life will result. Reason for the prediction: There is no skill in the shops, strike breakers are rum dumb and never had any skill anyhow, no clearance paper showing skill is demanded, hence the employees and the traveling public are facing dangers of a Titanic sort. Now comes the question what about these railroad commissioners? Colquitt is running for re-election, why don't he act? Ramsey is running for office, why don't he say something? What has become of Williams? Is Allison sober? Where has John L. Wortham ducked to? The Rebel will pay a small reward for the first man answering these questions.

INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION AMONG FARMERS.

We clip the following from the Chicago Public, one of the greatest independent weeklies in the United States:

"An organization which is reported as being established very rapidly, especially in northern Texas, is described in a recent issue of the Southern (Tex.) Ploughman as 'formulating very ambitious plans for the political year.' Its official name is "The Renters Union of America, State Division No. 1." This organization was originally formed at Waco, Texas on the 4th of last November by a conference of from 75 to 100 Texas farmers represent 22 counties of that state. The conference was called to order by A. O. Maxey, secretary of the Falls county Renters Union, one of the counties then already organized. A constitution was adopted by the conference, which went to the local organizations for approval on November 25. Agitation and organization have proceeded actively under the spur of "The Rebel," which is successor to the old "Farmers' Journal," and is edited and published at Hallettsville, Texas, by T. A. Hickey, an originator of the movement and its tireless promoter.

FLASH—The Rebel's prediction of another engine blown up in the vicinity of San Antonio in two weeks has been verified. Particulars on page 2.

THE ATROCITIES IN SAN DIEGO.

At a meeting of the Merchants' Manufacturers' Association held in the Grant Hotel it was decided that the education of the Army of the Unemployed by the I. W. W. must cease. In the efforts of the police to accomplish this the following has occurred, and is daily occurring:

Michael Hoy died in Agnew Hospital March 30th as the result of a kick in the groin by a member of the police force, the kicking being seen by many witnesses. Hoy was refused adequate medical attention by the police, was cared for by the Free Speech League.

Murderers of Hoy will face charges of malicious and wilful murder.

Woman struck in stomach by club in hands of police while playing part of spectator on street. Unconscious for two succeeding hours.

Men, women and children soaked by water played upon them by fire engines at instigation of police. Baby-carriage overturned and baby swept into gutter by powerful stream of water.

Men arrested on streets, held incommunicado for days, during which time they were beaten, and released without charge. Photographs of same and of bruised bare backs, are in our possession, and are being printed today with sworn affidavits proving above, in many papers among which are San Francisco Bulletin and San Diego Herald.

Members of American Federation of Labor kidnapped in these automobile parties. The Central Labor Council and Building Trades Council of Los Angeles and of San Diego officially supporting the fight against violation of free speech and press and against the anti-pleiting ordinance, which masquerades as a "move on" ordinance.

Men beaten up in cell, their screams being heard by all other prisoners.

Police refuse to allow copies of Saff Francisco Bulletin or San Diego Herald containing news items affight to be sold on streets, arresting who attempt sale of same.

Sworn affidavits as to bitter prejudice on part of members of grand jury who indicted prisoners on felony charge, held by judge to be no way invalidate indictment. Yet jury was not charged to try men by name but as members of the I. W. W. The felony charges are based on the action of citizens who destroyed jail property as protest against being denied food and water, being controlled by three to drink out of toilet.

Between two and three hundred men, women and children have been arrested today, being members of the I. W. W., Socialist Party and Trades Unions.

Special correspondent sent from San Francisco Bulletin to cover story.

Growing resentment against horrors of police rule, abolition of freedom of speech and press.

The Rebel hopes that we will soon see the political power of our penitentiary every one of the rascals responsible for these crimes.

One of the most brilliant newspapermen in North Texas writes we: "Dear Tom: I was glad to get your encouraging letter this morning. We won't hear anything about the San Antonio explosion here—not in print. Our folks are too considerate to print anything that might ruin Wall street's sensibilities." And that's the God's truth. Every capitalist newspaper editor in Texas has a double vivet, steel chain, patent collapsible muzzle screwed firmly on. Some muzzles are stronger than the others. The chief muzzled ones are: The Houston Post, Houston Chronicle, Dallas News, Fort Worth Week Hard and the San Antonio Express. I think we had better start boycotting them all, hit their news center, cut them at the pocket book and then they'll commence to see the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Hygiene and Politics in Texas

(Written for The Rebel by Frank Putnam.)

The watcher of the political pulse in Texas this year doesn't dare lift his gaze off the track for more than a minute, lest he find on turning back to the front, that some of the leading contestants have disappeared and new contestants taken their places.

The Socialists of Texas may well watch these democratic party contests closely, because they prove the vital need of the people for a new party, with a real fighting issue to take the place of the fake issues upon which the democratic party factions wage their battles for the spoils of office.

The pros seem to be running the senatorial race in relays, Colonel Wolters, the Big Business anti-pro candidate, and Colonel Ransdell the Small Business anti-pro candidate, have not wavered nor wobbled nor shown any signs of lameness since the flag fell. They are plodding along steadily, and look like they want to go through to the finish, win or lose. Colonel Wolters is gaining headway as the days pass, while Colonel Ransdell seems to be falling farther and farther behind.

It is different with the pros. Their first entrance, as I recall it, was Congressman Morris Sheppard. He put too much direct legislation, free raw material doctrine in his platform, got a letter from Washington telling him his progressive ideas were as Affront to the Greatest Man Since Julius Caesar, and began to wilt.

Colonel Tom Bell of Houston, seeing Morris wilting, was seized with the idea that he ought to go to the rescue, and grasp the statewide banner before Morris' nerveless hands should let it trail in the dust of the senatorial race track. So Tom announced for senator. But he too made the fatal mistake of using too much direct legislation doctrine in his platform. Like Morris, Tom got a letter from Washington, from the Greatest Man Since Julius Caesar, telling him his initiative, referendum and recall plank was an Affront. Tom, as the poet of Pie Alley puts it, "seen his duty and done it." He quit cold.

Where Morris Went to Recuperate.

Morris pegged along a little while longer, going slower every round and then he too quit. He felt sick, of a dyspeptic nature said, and went off up to Battle Creek, Michigan, for treatment in a sanitarium where they feed you two meals a day, breakfast at 8 a. m. and supper at 4, with no coffee, no meat, no tea, no stim'lants and no tobacco. A very cheerless place. I once spent a week there, visiting a rich friends who was taking treatment for dyspepsia. He had been so stiffened from getting rich for eight or nine years that he hadn't found time to chew his grub before he swallowed it, and his stomach, which had more sense than his brain, just naturally went on strike. I found him—not Morris but my rich friends—riding around on a circular platform. At the outer rim of this circular platform was a circle of easy chairs. The platform revolved on rollers of unequal height, so that the sum total of the motion obtained was a good deal like that imparted by a chop sea in Lake Michigan—and I who never felt a qualm in storms on salt water once gave up the ghost (almost), in a chop sea on Lake Michigan. The patient, riding around on this circular platform, clad neatly but modestly in a bath towel and a sad, sweet smile, watched his bulging abdomen rise and fall and sway to right and left with the seasick motion of the platform on which he rode.

Exercising a Pampered Stomach.

"For the love of Mike," I asked him, "what are you doing here?"

"Exercising my stomach," he replied, with mingled patience and pride.

What he really needed was an old-fashioned sawbuck, a handsaw and cord of hickory—but he couldn't find anybody with nerve enough to charge him $75 a week for giving him that kind of treatment—and of course treatment he could get for nothing couldn't possibly be any good. Rich men get a foolish habit of thinking that way, measuring everything in money, until finally they become as absurd as the poor devil who imagines if he had money—heaps of it, he would buy an immortal clinch on earthly happiness.

Battle Creek is a bully place for a man to go to when he finds himself under the necessity to allege sickness as a reason for getting out of a political race. The first day I was there I got shaved in the Sanitarium barbershop. The barber betrayed his provincial origin by manifesting a normal human interest in his customer's welfare.

"What's the matter with you?" he said.

"Nothing the matter with me," I replied; "I am here visiting a sick friend."

"Don't fool yourself," the barber retorted; "just let 'em examine you and you'll find you have seven or eight serious diseases."

I stood it a week—it was so interesting to watch my rich friend's foolishness—then jumped the ranch. They sterilize all the food there, and everything else they can lay hands on. You could eat at Battle Creek for ten years and never feel the taste of a single germ upon your tongue. At the end of a week I was hungrier for a plate of germs than I have ever been for young love's dream, a raise in pay, a fifth club, or a drink of water in the Michigan wilderness. So I tickoed my rich friend, with two of his lady friends who were taking equally foolish treatment for some imaginary ailment to go with me down town to a good restaurant. "Bring us," I said to he waiter, "the biggest, thickest, juiciest steak in the house—and have it nice and gerny."

"Amen!" said the three starving victims of modern sanitary science.

Then the buying of that big beefsteak, for those hapless victims of a high-priced delusion, among the humane acts which will be read off by St. Peter when my accounts are balanced. They were hungry and I fed them." The good book commands us to do that.

(continued on page 2.)

THE FIGHT IN ABERDEEN.

Our Socialist exchanges from the coast are teeming with news about a great conflict that is taking place between the shingle weavers in Aberdeen and Hoquiam, Wash., and the owners of the big shingle mills. The same atrocities that are occurring today in San Diego, Cal., are being practiced upon the workers of these two towns, men are shot and slugged, women abused, insulted and beaten up and the democratic and republican newspapers, side by side with the cockroach business press, are assisting the exploiters in the struggle. Law has been cast aside and the red raw rule of gun and club in the hands of hired thugs is the order of the day.

Let's look behind the scenes for a moment:

On or about the 14th day of May, 1903, The Rebel spoke in Aberdeen and the following night in Hoquiam. There are two lumber towns in Gray's Harbor, Chehalis Co., Wash. They are about 5 miles from the Pacific Ocean. The two towns are built of lumber, the main street is supported on piles with lumber planks for a roadway. A plank road four miles long connects the two towns together. The principal industry is the manufacture of shingles. My last speech in Hoquiam completed a speaking tour I had made throughout the state. One of the comrades, a German named R——, told me at the close of the meeting that he had a contract to build cabins upon government land for some of the principal business men in Hoquiam and Aberdeen. He asked me if I would accompany as assistant. As I was tired from excessive work on the platform, I decided to accept the offer and thus go back to nature for a while.

I dressed in thick woolen underclothes, calf boots, overalls and sweater, a red neck kerchief and with an axe, a frow and two axes, started at 5 o'clock the following morning with my friend who was dressed like myself and carried in a sack strung on his back, similar tools including hammers and nails. Thus equipped the walk of my life. From Hoquiam I walked on the ties of an uncompleted railroad four ten miles to a place called Humptulips, then we struck out on a corduroy road, or as they term it in Washington, a "punkin road." I did sixteen miles on that road to the sands of the Pacific, stopping only 30 minutes to eat dinner in a logging camp. Then 9 miles of a gruelling walk part of the time up to our ankles in sand and having to ford streams that the ocean had cut into the sands, where the ice cold water coming in contact with our swollen feet caused us agony indescribable. We climbed a bluff into the woods after our walk on the shores of the Pacific at 10 o'clock that night, after covering 30 miles, then my partner informed me that it was three miles to our destination. I sank down on the road in a comatose condition, revived in a few minutes and told him that I was all in. A few yards away from where I lay was an Indian but, I suggested in there, the Indian made hot coffee for me and so I lay for a few hours then arose and finished my walk to our first stop, a hotel kept by Mrs. Dr. Cox, the wife of the government doctor who looked after the physical needs of the Indians on the Quinault reservation. The next day we walked a mile to a natural tunnel caused by a peculiar current of the Pacific ocean, that beating on the rock, formed a passageway 300 feet long and at the turning of the tide, which took some ten minutes, there was low water enough to get through the tunnel and then was a 10 miles tramp through a trail in the woods. We had to wade up to our waists and barely escaped drowning, whenever we resumed our weary way to Captain Thompson's trading station, some 20 miles beyond, where we loaded up with provisions for our last run, some 20 miles further on. Making altogether about 80 miles from Hoquiam.

I found a rude cabin standing there that had been erected the year before and while we sat around the fire that was speedily made, and watched the coffee boil and the bacon fry and the flap jacks frizzle, I asked my friend to give me the particulars about this to me, romantic trip. He said:

"Hickey, you will be repaid for the hardships you have gone through. Rest tonight and tomorrow we will get busy with the ax, the adze, the frow and the saw; our mission here is put up cabins on timber claims. For each cabin we get $35.00. We can build one a day; of course, they are not genuine cabins, just four poles some cedar shakes strung across for walls, chinked up with some moss, and there you are, $35.00 a day for cabins."

"Will you please tell me," said I, "who is this work being done for?" He said:

"These cabins are being built for the business men and saw mill owners of Hoquiam and Aberdeen. The loggers, who are full of rot gut booze, would have died if they took the walk that you and I had taken in the last couple of days, so they hire me to do the walking for them and the work for them. The saw mill owner, after an timber cruiser, who has spotted off the valuable country, finds out where the lines run for each 160 acres of timber and then goes down to Hoquiam and Aberdeen visits the saw mill owner, the department store owner and the business men, shows him a plat of the ground, shows him that there is 6, 8, 10 and as high as 14 million feet of the finest cedar, fir, hemlock and pine therein, tells them that they can have it for $100.00, they pay him the $100, I put up the cabin for $35.00, the small business man sells it to Weyerhauser of the lumber trust, to Carlson or some saw mill owner at a job a thousand on the stump; they log it out and it is sold in the states for from $40 to $60 a thousand. So you can see, my dear Hickey, that the public domain is robbed by these grafters and the people in the country are young boys, the lumber trusts and the small saw mill owners. It is one great case of robbery of Uncle Sam and all the people in the interest of a dirty gang. I have a wife and five children to support, and I stick to this work thus I go through all these hardships to build these fake cabins."

As he skipped speaking, I gazed out through the giant cedars to where darkness was settling over the mighty Pacific and said to myself: "By God, will the foul people ever wake up?"

Now, readers of The Rebel, with this picture in your mind, look at what is happening in Aberdeen and Hoquiam now. The wage slaves in the saw mill, working for from 10 to 12 hours, with the enormous increase in the cost of living, have struck for better conditions, and these grafting saw mill owners hire gun men, private detectives and thugs of all description, cars who were born as the result of a Saturday night's debauch to help them maim, insult and brow-beat the slaves who turn this stolen timber into marketable commodities. I would suggest to the striking workers in Aberdeen and Hoquiam that they give full publicity to this and if there is a particle of law left the lumber some offices in the mills will be deserted by their brutal owners, the department stores will change hands, the small business men of all descriptions in these towns will follow suit and the whole caboodle of them will be indicted in empled suits doing the lock-step in the penitentiary for having robbed the public domain of the United States of North America. Take this tip, men, and g after them.

THE FIGHT IN ABERDEEN.

The latest from the seat of war in Aberdeen should stir the blood of even a mossback democrat. Read it and then see that the chief robbers are jailed:

REIGN OF TERROR IN ABERDEEN.

Inaugurated by the Lumber Barons and Their Tools.

The second week of violence and disorder perpetrated by the thugs and hirelings of the employers opened upon a wider basis. Mon-

(Continued on Page 2.)

FIVE MINUTE SERMON.

"He, whom God hath given power and riches, and hath withal given him to eat of the same and take his portion, and to rejoice in his labor; this is the gift of God. For he shall not much remember the days of his life; because God answereth him in the joy of his heart." Eccl. 5:19.

"Lay not up treasures on earth." Mat. 6:19.

It is a well known fact that a machine built on wrong principles is always impractical.

Now we can see that the industrial machine we call capitalism, which is built on the principle of competition and has through the laws of trade evolved into private monopoly, is impractical.

It utterly fails to give employment to all the people, it enables the strong to take advantage of the weak and as a result we have reached the point where the few have produce nothing have all the wealth and the many who produce all, nothing.

According to the best statistics obtainable 6,000 millionaires own 60 billions of the wealth of the U. S. Computing their income at 6 per cent compounded annually, (which is much less than their actual earnings), in about 15 years they will own every dollar's worth of wealth in the entire U. S.

Will you be one of the 6,000 or will you be one of the disposessed?

What would you think of parents who would permit the larger, stronger boy to take advantage of the weaker boy? Would such a system be practical for the family?

The motto of capitalism is "Get all you can and keep all you get," while the Bible teaches "Lay not up treasures on earth," "Woe unto them that joint house to house and lay field against field."

In such a system in harmony with "Doing unto others as you would have others do unto you?"

Now, since it is clear that capitalism is not practical for the great majority of the people and is wrong in principle, let us test Socialism by the same rule.

The industrial machine called Socialism will be built on the principle of Cooperation, or the collective ownership of the machinery of production and distribution, under democratic management, with equal opportunity for all to secure the production of their labor.

You will admit that so far as Cooperation has been applied under the present system it has been a success, for instance, cooperation in production in our large factories is the only practical feature of them. Individual methods were succeeded by cooperation because they become impractical for production on a large scale.

Now, if you will make the ownership of the factory and the distribution of the product cooperative you will make the entire system practical, and that will be Socialism.

The public school and the postal system also demonstrate that the Socialist principle is practical for they are collectively owned and operated for the good of all the people, and are in the main successful and satisfactory.

The only impractical features connected with them is that we permit the privately owned corporations, such as the railroads and school book trusts to rob us by their exorbitant rates and prices, and the further fact that they are not democratically managed.

If it is practical to get our education at cost and get our mail carried, at cost, would it not also be practical to get food, clothing, shelter and transportation at cost?

You will agree that the church organization is a practical institution. You practice the principles of Socialism in its management. The church which is collectively used is collectively owned and is managed democratically, while the things that are privately used by the members are privately owned and there is equal opportunity for all to do church work or to receive the benefits or advantages to be derived from the organization.

These are the principles of Socialism and there are no others.

Since you practice these principles in your church organization, how can you consistently condemn others for practicing them? Why do you not PREACH these principles as well as PRACTICE them?

When you have studied them a little more carefully and learn that they are in harmony with true religion and morality we know you will.

CAPITALISM or the system of production for profit, is taking something from your neighbor without returning an equivalent, and is the spirit of GREED or MAMMON. 6

SOCIALISM or the system of production for use is a system of COOPERATION where every exchange is on a basis of giving an exact EQUIVALENT, and is the spirit of JUSTICE, or GOOD or GOD.

"Ye cannot serve BOTH God and mammon"—which will you choose

Yours for the Common Good,
G. Richards,
Wichita, Kas.

THE FIGHT IN ABERDEEN.

(Continued from Page 1.)

day several times. Deputies were armed with sawed-off shot guns. These foul things paraded the streets with their sawed-off guns, their masters' stills to beat up the workers who dared to pass by. They arrested a few men who were not interested in the strike. Pickets were slugged, knocked down, beaten and dragged off to jail. The streets became unsafe even in broad daylight and it was an ordinary occurrence to see a thug knock down a man and beat them on the street. At the Slade mill the thugs charged a crowd of people on the street. Carrie Walker showed her indignation and protested when men were beaten into insensibility. At one one of the shim "guardians of the law and order" pounced upon her as though she was some beast, and dragged her off to jail. Here she was locked into a cell where she shivered with cold for several hours. No further attention was given her until in sheer desperation she began calling for help. Then she was removed to another cell and held without food until released by a deposit of $1,000 bail. She is charged with inciting to riot, disorderly conduct and possibly other things which our humane officials can think of.

GUESS AGAIN.

Supreme Court Justice W. O. Howard of Troy is reported as saying of a certain gentleman:

"He has the daring of a madman, the instinct of a beast.

"The temper of the populace he knows better than any other man alive. He is actuated by an appalling ambition. It is his fixed purpose that neither the fame of Caesar nor the renown of Napoleon shall eclipse him.

"He ignores all obstacles, enemies, scruples, principles, promises, friends, criticism, commandments, pledges, or the dangers of disgrace. He is a stranger to cowardice. In battle he is ruthless. Opposition wheels his ferocity. The hardest blows only make him grin. He is cunning like an Indian; wise like a wizard; audacious, like a bulldog; magnetic, versatile, tireless, fearless, restless, relentless."

Wild words for a judge. But of whom is he speaking?

Can you guess!

No, of course not. Well—it isn't Taft.

No, it is not Taft. It is one old friend teeth-a-jar, the political Dr. Cook. It isn't all the wild things that the judge sets forth. He's just a stool pigeon for the United States Steel trust. Morgan' and his friends conirol. The other gentleman spoken of above, six feet around the stomach and six inches around the head, is Rockefeller's man. Morgan and Rockefeller haven't got together yet; they soon will and then the people will handle both of them properly. Then we will all sing "Dove Teeth-a-dore, the political Dr. Cook.

THE NEGLECTED FACTORY WOMAN.

(By Carrie W. Allen.)

Said a man to a woman textile worker with whom he was discussing the question of suffrage for women: "You shouldn't mix up with politics. Your place is in the home."

The weaver measured the man with steady eyes, and replied: "Then why doesn't the Harmony Mills pay my husband enough to keep me there?"

There was no answer. The man walked away.

The rich man says he lets his money work for him! Did you ever see a dollar picking cotton! Vote for Socialism!

BEPPARD AND RANDELL.

(Continued from page 1.)

The Secret Hand of B.

Don't imagine this little diversion had no bearing upon the situation at Ludlow. Not a bit. When we pick a man to do a strenuous piece of work for us, we don't go to pick a man who has the sick habit. We want a tough piece of human whalebone, who can go through without a whimper, stand up to thirty-six hours of constant grind if need be, freshen his eyes with a dash of ice water and take hold smiling for another day's pull.

When Morris lost his grip and staggered to the rail, announcing himself out of the race because of physical unfitness, Cone Johnson, then engaged in a lawsuit at Fort Worth, burned the telegraph wires with his announcement. But it develops that Cone also has done indiscreet things to his stomach in the dear dead days beyond recall, and he too had to pull out, to the very great regret of a host of friends who believed he could beat Jake under the wire.

Somebody must have tipped it off to Morris, up at Battle Creek, that Cone was wobbling. For Morris announced by telegraph, a day or two before Cone withdrew, that if Cone should get out he, Morris would get back in. On the evening of the day Cone quit Morris reentered, in this form:

"Battle Creek, Mich., April 12.—Have announced my re-entry into the gubernatorial race, feel fully restored to health and strength. Will return in a few days and resume my campaign.

"Morris Sheppard."

Imagine the effect of that telegraph when read by a Distinguished Citizen in Palestine, Anderson County, Texas.

A shock! Well, I should say so!

What the Politicians are Saying.

The politicians are talking, just among themselves. They are saying Morris quit the first time because Joe roasted him for his direct legislation, free raw material doctrine, and because neither Cone nor the Distinguished Citizen of Palestine, Anderson county, would agree to support him, albeit he like they stood for the paramount moral issue of the day.

The politicians are saying, too, that Cone's illness was accentuated by his realization of man's inhumanity to man when the Distinguished Citizen aforesaid failed to lift his voice in behalf of Cone's candidacy.

Obviously, if Morris and Cone couldn't command the support of their allies, it looked like a piece of foolishness to appeal to their enemies for votes.

The politicians are saying Morris got back into the race not because he believes he can win but because he wanted to get even by shutting out Tom Campbell of Palestine.

They are saying that shortly after Randell announced—the reader will remember he announced before it was known Senator Bailey would not make the race for re-election—a group of Colonel anti-Bailey leaders sent a letter to Randell, asking him to visit them and counsel upon the propriety of his remaining in the race or possibly getting out in favor of some other man whom the committee might deem a swifter runner. And they are saying Randell sent a sizzling letter back to the Dallas committee, informing them that he wasn't the candidate of any group or faction, but was running on his record and his platform, regardless of cliques and factions. Which cooked Mr. Randell's goose, so far as that committee was con serned.

An Interesting Possibility.

Now the politicians are speculating upon the possibility—they deem it a probability—that after another couple of trips around the track Morris will discover that he didn't get a perfect cure at Battle Creek, or that the Texas hint of eating food with germs in it has got him into a new mess of trouble, with the result that he will stop running and lean against the rail a second time until kind friends lead him back to the infirmary.

In which event it is believed by the politicians Tom Campbell will take the track to run the concluding laps of the great relay race against Wolters and Randell.

Tom Campbell is a man who never contracted the sick habit. He is as tough as Randell and Wolters—physically I mean. If he starts he'll go through, and the going will be a heap faster than it has been down to date, because then T. C. goes into the running he forces it.

Meantime, holding his major political tenets in suitable detestation, I wish to congratulate Colonel Wolters upon his shrewd common sense in making his speaking tour in an automobile. That way he escapes the dust and heat and stuffiness and colds in the head and general health-breaking discomfort of a long tour in plush railroad cars—which were invented by an enemy of the human race on a day when he got up with a grouch on—and he is assured of plenty of fresh air, physical exercise, sound sleep and a hearty appetite.

Clearing the Way for a Real Issue.

From my point of view, it will be better for all concerned to have Colonel Wolters win this race; his victory will the sooner clear the way for a clean-cut issue between the plain people, the workers and producers, on one side, and the masters of Big Business on the other. He upholds the new order, under which the tools of industry, on small and cheap and owned individually by hundreds of thouands of citizens, have become huge machines, owned by small incorporated groups of extra-smart citizens. Colonel Jake and his Big Business bankers know exactly what they want; they want private ownership of the tools of production and distribution to continue, with the vast army of citizens who formerly owned the small hand tools tied up to the big new machines in the relation of wage earners.

Sheppard and Randell, insofar as their platforms mean anything economically, demand a return to the old order—somehow, although they do not quite tie up in so many words that they favor the dissolution of the corporations, the destruction of the big new machines and the revival of small hand tools.

Jake's program is practical, understandable. The ordinary man can see what it is and what it means. It is, in short, a proposition that Americans in the mass, who once owned tools and employed themselves, shall be content to work for wages for the comparatively few men who now own the new big machines. It is the Hassan idea, the time of the "full dinner pail"—with its suggested contrast of no job, no access to tools or machines of any kind, and nothing in the skillet.

Sheppard and Randell offer nothing practical to offset Jake's offer, of wages and the full dinner pail. They don't even promise the worker a job. And throughout the North and East the worker has learned that when these impractical fellows, who try to turn down the new organization of industry by law, without trying to fix anything else in place, get into power, Big Business gets busy, sets its mill down and the workers get free soap.

The Issue Must Be Made.

The issue that is rapidly taking shape in this country is whether, or the people, once tool-owners, shall submit permanently to be wage earners, or shall become tool-owners again by taking possession of the big new machines collectively, through their governments.

It is to become I regard the latter as the practical thing for Americans to do, that I prefer the idea of Jake Wolters back men as Wolters over such men as Randell and Sheppard. Randell and Sheppard merely confuse the voters who have not yet thought the whole matter out clearly to a logical conclusion. Their policies would lead him up to the soup house counter. Jake's policies make a sharp issue, which any man can soon see clearly.

If anybody could show me how we could get back to the old order, the organization of industry that existed when I was a youth when any man who knew a trade could set up his little shop with a few hundred dollars of capital and make an independent living at it; and if at the same time I could be shown with certainty that by using hand tools we could supply the needs of 90,000,000 people in this country for food, clothing, shelter, education, etc., I would fall upon that man's neck like a long-lost brother and would tell the Socialists to go back and wait two generations before bothering us any more with their scheme of joint ownership, by all the people, of the big new tools of production and transportation.

The Positive Force vs. the Mere Negative.

Under the old order, a man with Jake's present policies would have been promptly jailed for reason—the reason being that his propositions, albeit cold-blooded, and based upon the theory that the mass of the people are unfit either to govern themselves or to be trusted to spend wisely the full product of their labor—as people used to do when I was a boy—still have this merit; they propose to provide living wage employment for as many of the workers as Big Business can use, running its plants up to demand.

There is no real issue between Wolters on one side and Randell and Sheppard on the other. Wolters represents the positive force of the new organization of American industries, while Sheppard and Randell represent a mere rhetorical negation. They don't like what we have, they don't want to propose the logical next step because to do so would mortally offend the owners of the big new machines, they would like to go back to the old order and they don't know the way.

There won't be any real issue until the mass of the people make up their minds once more that they are fit for self government and would rather be tool owners than wage earners working for tool-owners.

That issue won't become acute until the policies of Big Business, which Jake represents, have wiped out a lot more of the surviving small tool-owners and have convinced politicians like Randell and Sheppard there is nothing in the role of Tomlinson, Kipling's man who never did any good nor any evil, and when he died couldn't get into either heaven or hell.

So, as I said, while holding Jake's policies in suitable detestation, I deem it no sin to state that in my judgment he seems extremely likely to win the senate race, and to direct the attention of my rich friends—and of those, younger and hustling, who expect soon to be rich—to the admirable common sense exhibited by the Houston colonel in the method of making his West Texas tour.

Jake is weak in the democratic faith, but he is a great teacher of hygiene. In the meantime all sensible workers will vote for Socialist candidates and them alone.

GET THE MUN.

The wise one walked out of the courthouse and met the small business man, who seemed to be in a sour mood. He was judging by the way he kicked at a passing dog.

"What's wrong, are you not getting next to the seads, I see the long green in the distance? Are you unable to unnex the simoleons?" he the shrewd one called out, away from you! Can you not get hold of the gitts, and does the lack of the spondulix cause you to have night mares? What's hitting you, anyhow!"

"Well, you about hit it," said the small business man. "'Tll tell you, I'm in a bunch or trouble. Here are the primaries coming on and there's nothing doing. In the old days I could walk around the square, and, by standing in with the ring, I could pull people into my store and sell them than the grand old democracy was alright. That we fit and died for it. Now, what do you think the Socialists have come along and queered our game. I took hold of an old one armed confederate boot an hour ago and he turned it is your party!" he exceadratetri, and said: "Ding bust you, it is your party that is responsible for all the troubles we are in. I just woke up to the fact that it is because a favorite class owned the democratic party that I lost this arm." Then the old fellow went on to say that he just woke up to the fact that it's been a big game of bunk all the way through and that we had better cut that bunk; that he is wise and he will stand for no more of it, I am scared the whole courthouse gang is going to go out of business soon, and that he has to hit another climate, and the Lord knows what is waiting for me there. I wish to God I knew how to get the nun."

The wise one laughed softly, then reached forward, grabbed the small business man by the lapel of the coat, pulled him to him and said:

"Are you ever going to get over that fool notion that you can get rich under this system. When are you going to find out that Louisiana lottery frame of mind? There is just one man out of 10,000,000 people who won the Louisiana lottery and the same way, just one man out of 10,000,000 is rich in this capitalistic lottery. You all lose like Mr. R. A. Lomax, of Lomax, Ill., lost. Just think of slipping from the Houston Post and you will understand how the game is worked.

"In 1894 I dropped into a real estate office in Houston, Tex. The dealer asked me where I was from. I told him I was from Lomax, Ill. Well', he replied, 'I am from Denmark Iowa, not far from there.' I had attended school at Denmark academy in 1862 and, thought was a good buy and tried to sell it to me. It was two lots with an old two-story house on each lot. The price was $4000. He said they were very cheap. I took them over, but thought the price too high. I did not buy them, therefore, though I had the money and could have spared it.

"A few years later my friend called me on the street and told me that he had sold that $4000 two lots he had urged me to buy at $4000.

"A few years later he had again sold them for $16,000, and soon thereafter again for $40,000.

"A year ago I was in his office and he told me he had just sold those same two lots, with the same old racks of houses on them, but on the two adjoining lots there stood a new ten-story steel and concrete structure and on the other corner an eighteen-story sky-scraper.

"I might have spread those $60,000 lots had I had a little more

(Continued on Page 8.)

SOUTHERN SOCIALIST NOTES.

The Social Revolution is the name of a new paper recently issued from Eureka Springs, Ark.

State Secretary Cullery of Arkansas, reports thirty locals organized in that state during the months of March.

Ben Franklin Allen is raising land in old Missouri. He is all to the good and we look for Texas to hear secure him in about four weeks Write to the Social Democrat for information.

Say, all you Rebels that get this great religious weekly in Tennessee and adjoining states you ought to help out the Memphis Social Democrat. The comrades are having a hard struggle to make it go. Subscription price is 50c a year. Address H. G. Terliner 1,005 Indiana street.

Dan Hogan, of Huntington, Ark., will probably tour Texas this summer. Dan is one of the greatest orators on the American platform. His Huntington Herald is a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night, for all the severe and heavy laden of Arkansas. Comrades you had better write to Ed Green and get him while you can.

We are commencing to poll votes by the thousands in Texas. It will be remembered that last year the democrats called for fusion with the republicans in Ft. Worth and thus saved their bacon. We polled 1,000 Socialists polling 1290. This month in the school board election in Dallas, the Socialists cast 1650 votes for the president of the school board. It is coming, you southern people, it is coming.

A state convention of the Socialist party of South Carolina will be held at Columbia May 5th and 6th. It will be a mass convention. All members in good standing being entitled to voice and vote. National Organizer O. F. Branstetter has been doing pioneer organizing work in the state for several weeks. It is hoped that there may be sufficient locals to form a state organization. In any event, the convention will attend to the regular political duties devolving upon it.

Dr. H. A. Fee of San Antonio, Texas broke into the San Antonio Excuse with a full column article on Socialism in the course of which he chortled gleefully as follows:

Hurrah! hurrah! the truth will make you free,
Hurrah! hurrah! no grafter then will be;
We'll sing and shout that we are right,
The truth has made us free;
In love, we'll go marching to glory.

The Memphis Social Democrat bursts forth in song as follows:

"We are coming, we, the people,
Rising in our conscious power;
Many ages have we waited,
Hindered, hoping for the hour;
For the tyrant and Oppressor
In our presence soon shall cower.
We are coming, we the people,
We, the outcast and despised,
We, the scorned of all nations,
Coming from an East and West,
Coming and South the wide world over
Like the sea which knows no rest."

O. F. Branstetter, April 27-May 3, South Carolina, under direction of the provisional state secretary.

W. R. Snow, May 1-3, Wyoming under direction of the state secretary.

Dan A. White, April 27-28, Maryland, under direction of the state secretary.

A. C. Sill, Ruskin, Florida, has resigned as state secretary, and A. N. Jackson, 321 East 2nd street, Jacksonville, has been elected to the office.

The Young Men's Christian Association of St. Louis, Mo., has received large endowments from the millionaires of that city. Some union men struck for better conditions in the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co. almost immediately. Congress, Sec. of the Y. M. C. A. caused some of the young men to work in the Brown Co. because Brown had dismissed the Y. M. C. Young Men's Mental Assimilation Society. The Bible is right when it says, "Ye cannot serve God and the mammon."

Take a good look at the Socialist party prove our worth.

In this gala springtime our poets are mounting Pegasus and are delivering themselves of their annual outpouring of spring poetry. To make matters worse, my graveyard is overrun with the Lyric Muse. I get a really good poet like Moore Joson of Hastings, Okla., who breaks forth in the Sugden Signal with poetic fervor.

Each one will tell how smart he is
On that we can depend,
His opinion of himself is good, as he wants your votes again;
They'll be "subject to the party"
that has always stood for graft
Gave all the soft jobs to greedy pigs
and starved the labor calf.

Now working men ponder well
think before you cast your vote.
Note the rags your children wear
see those grafters at your throat.
Can you afford to vote for men who
with these grafters stand,
Say interest, rent and profit,
right through they rob the working man?

Socialists of Bexar county will have a full ticket in the field at the regular election next fall. After a week of balloting names of the nominees were announced and the "polling" closed late yesterday.

The ticket: For county judge, W. M. Brown; county clerk, J. T. Horner; tax collector, E. Bellinger; sheriff, E. Davila; county attorney, E. P. Vanderbilt; county assessor, J. G. Merritt; county treasurer, A. L. Koenig; county surveyor, D. W. McGee; superintendent of public instruction, J. V. Rakestraw; public weigher, A. Krueger; commissioner, precinct No. 1, John Bennett; commissioner, Precinct No. 2, C. J. Kolaski; commissioner, precinct No. 3, Hugo Kneupfli; commissioner, Precinct No. 4, George Herwick; Justice of the peace, precinct No. 1, E. M. Jackson; county chairman of executive committee, Ed Newton; county auditor, precinct No. 1, Otto Motha.

Things are humming in Halletsville, Texas. The comrades have launched a semi-monthly German paper last week. The name is Habt Acht. The price is 35c per year; it is splendidly edited and German comrades should get busy on it. The same comrade is publishing a Bohemian semi-monthly at 25c per year, the title of it is Pozor. It is making a big hit among the Bohemians. R. Meitzen our executive secretary, has turned the Weekly of New Era into a semi-weekly. It now appears on Tuesdays and Fridays. Thus does the Lone Star Rebel going onto the 25,000 mark, not ten months old, and barring the Appeal, has the largest circulation of any weekly newspaper published in the United States. As a result of this tremendous work, the people of Halletsville have four out of four papers are published, proudly point to the fact that more papers are published in Halletsville than in any town of its size in the United States. The people are learning that it was ever thus, where live Socialists dwell.

Our brilliant Oklahoma comrade Oscar Ameringer, takes some little off the democratic donk in his last week's Sayre, Okla., Democrat He says:

"If the democratic party of the United States is rotten, the Oklahoma appendix is like a live ulcer on a dead carcass. The people of Oklahoma are liberty-loving, fair-minded. When the first people demanded was pounced upon by a lot of hungry democratic bunards, utilized as catch phrases and campaign thunder to catch the votes and land the boodle and was repudiated and laid away at the first opportunity.

"The initiative and referendum, forced upon this bunch of political has-been and impossibles, would be by the farmer and labor unions, has been juggled and knowhaten until the child is now passed by its own daddy without being recognized.

"Fully one-half of the farmers of Oklahoma are renters and five fifths of the other half are mortgaged up to the hardle. What they needed and asked for was a usury law! and land legislation that would keep the soil out of the clutches of the land grafters.

"Instead of doing something in the interest of the hard pressed farmers, the democratic machine has devoted its energy to closing every loophole of escape contained in the constitution.

"Take a good look at the Socialist party prove our worth.

Texas Notes.

E. A. Green, State Sec., Rochdale.

The work of organizing goes steadily on, in every nook and corner of this great state. We daily receive applications for charters from new organizations and reports that the army of progress is marching on to victory. As the legions of labor arise, they fall on pages and their henchmen sit up and take notice. We are gradually forcing them to take the defensive and the question of capital to debate, the question have been received by this office the past few days. Needless to say the gentlemen will be attended to at once and their hides added to the large assortment, which we have now on display in the State office.

On May 6th and 7th, Comrade W. R. Noble will meet the Rev. W. F. Lemmons at N'neres, Milam county, Tex. Question: Resolved that Socialism is Right and Therefore the Remedy for Our Social Ills. There will be two discussions each day, of two hours each. We hope to have his bide in our collection by next report.

Comrade W. R. Noble, who, account of the expense involved, had decided not to attend the National Convention, has received letters from many comrades over the state insisting that he should go, and his economic disabilities having been removed he will probably attend.

T. A. Hickey, editor of the Rebel, will deliver his famous lecture at Bell's Rockdale, Saturday, April 27th, and on April 28th will attend and deliver a lecture at the first of a series of monthly picnics to be held by the Socialists of Milam county, this summer. Dinner will be served on the ground and W. S. Noble will be a side attraction.

Don Campbell, Co. Sec., Hopkins county, states that J. R. Dean, nominee for representative, in a campaign that country and ask that all comrades who will arrange a date for him to notify the County Secretary at once.

"In common with many workingmen of the state and nation, I find myself without a party. Being unable to affiliate with either of the old parties will you please favor me with the platform of the Socialist party? Also direct me, to such sources of information as will guide me to a full understanding of the principles and purposes of that party. Since it seems to be the only party of and for the people, Respectfully,

W. R. Lovejoy, Oakland, Tex."

We receive letters like the above almost daily. They speak for themselves and explain the recent growth of the Socialist party in Texas.

Joe. F. Hudspeth, Sec. Haskell county, reports a mass meeting on April 13th, at Haskell, at which a complete county and precinct ticket was nominated. They hope to be a part of the ticket in Texas.

Comrade E. D. Roberts of Dallas, reports the election of two Socialist aldermen in that burg.

J. Y. Skidmore, Co. Chairman, Lamar Co., announces a mass meeting to be held at Paris May 18th. All Socialists of that county are urged to be present.

W. R. Crockett, Co. Sec. Scurry county, calls a mass meeting at Snyder for May 4th, at 1 p. m. and urges all Socialists to be present.

With the Organizers.

Rev W. A. Smith, in Colfax county under direction of R. B. West.

T. O. Zimmerman in Foard Co. from 23rd to 29th, Benjamin May 30th, Knox City May 1st, Bomarton May 2, 3 and 5.

John A. Wolfe, Overton April 29, Reese the 30th, under direction of W. M. Johnson, Co. Sec. Chroke county until May 5, Flint May 6.

J. C. Thompson, Bonham 22nd, 23d, 24th and 25th; Grayson 26, 27 and 28; Sam Bridge, 29, 30 and May 1; Bonita, May 2; Ringgold, 1 p. m. May 3; Bowie, 7.30 p. m. May 3; Bowie and surrounding vicinity May 4 and 5; Montague May 6 and 7.

Reddin Andrews, Weatherford Tarrant Co. 22d; Mineral Wells 24, 25 and 26; Graford, 27th; Brazos, 29 and 30th; Lonesome, May 1; Mingus 2nd and 3rd; Ranger, 4th; Cisco, 5th.

Fund Co. for Texas.

Rev. Lemmons, Milam Co., Tex., $1.00.

Rev. W. R. Noble, Ky.

IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

Gentle reader, when you walk around the public square in a southern county seat, did you ever notice the conversation that your various friends put up to you. If a republican walks up to you, and there are a few republicans in the South, he will talk to you about crops the price of hogs the weather and kindred unsperitical subjects. If you meet a democrat, he will talk to you about baseball; about that dumgasted negro Jack Johnson, that beat the white man. Then he will spring a line of conversation about the price of cotton and wind up by asking you to have a drink. Meet a Socialist and he talks to you about ideas, about history, economics, how to stop war, combat labor, prostitution how to cure the liquor evil and other weighty questions, the solution of which will uplift humanity. And that is the difference between a Socialist, a democrat and a rep. If you doubt this for a moment just walk around the county square next Saturday or trades day see if the Rebel is not right. Then, remember this, that small minds talk about individuals, large minds talk about ideas, ideas, it is ideas that make the world go around and leads the race to progress.

ANTI-WAR RESOLUTION.

Whereas, it is apparent the United States of America is preparing to intervene in the Mexican revolution, and

Whereas, it is known this intended intervention is at the behest of financial interests of Wall street, and

Whereas, it is known the expense and loss of life in case of intervention will be bourne by the working class, and

Whereas, we believe such intervention to be inimical to the cause of liberty and justice, therefore, be it

Resolved, that Local El Paso Socialist Party of the United States go on record as protesting against any intervention whatever, and be it further

Resolved, that said local invite all organizations of working men to join in such protest, and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the Socialist and Labor press.

E. Kaufman, April 15, 1912.

Local El Paso Socialist Party.

GREAT EDITIONS.

The most sensational article on party organization that has ever appeared in a Socialist or radical paper in America will be in next week's edition of the Rebel.

The following week (No. 45) will contain a remarkable review of the latest lying attack on Socialism in the form of a 90 page book entitled "The Evils of Socialism" written by a landlord owned preacher named Lemmons. Some inside history of the Firm Foundation, the publishing house that is producing the book in the interest of Texas landlords will be given. This review will annihilate the many arguments lodged against Socialism and is written from a highly scientific standpoint. Order your bundles of No. 45 containing this great article, the title of which is "A Squeezed Lemon". 50c a hundred, $5 a thousand, get in your orders now.

Nacogdoches County Socialists met in Nacogdoches and agreed that that each local select one of its number and that they select a county ticket and also draw resolutions for our county. While the committee was at work, we had short but grand talks from comrades, W. F. Carnes, W. B. Mellon, D. A. Perkins and B. L. Melton.

The following were nominated: W. B. Melton, for legislature; B. L. Melton, county judge; R. L. Manning, county clerk; Loyd Johnson, district clerk; Dallas Rawlinson, or Will Stone, sheriff; Willie Johnson, tax assessor; Will Akens, tax collector; R. L. Corley, county treasurer; A. P. Rogers, commissioner beat 1; F. R. Rogers, beat 2; D. F. Palmer beat 3; G. S. Ellis, beat 4.

J. O. Thomas, Chairman

R. L. Ramey, Co. Sec.

A mass meeting of the Socialist Party in Jack county will convenly at Jacksboro May 11, 1912. All Socialists are urged to be present. There will be something doing. J. B. Allen, County Chairman.

OUR REBS.

Rebs, this week I want to have a heart to heart talk with you and tell you exactly how things stand.

We are in no financial tight, in spite of the fact that we are publishing the livest paper in the south for 25c for 40 weeks. We are meeting our pay-roll and every other obligation and increasing our subscription list so rapidly in spite of a tremendous battle that we have with the "offs". Consequently, we don't want to stop anything and as we said when the Rebel started we never would.

What I want you all to thoroughly understand is this: that the Rebel has such class to it that it should have a 100,000 circulation every week and we know it would tell you exactly what Socialism is. Hickey, you are another Fred Warren and I know the Rebel is going to kill the donk in Texas.

Yours for the Rebel cause,
C. E. Prosmal, Sec. Cold Springs."

Now, if all other locals would do as little Cold Springs has done, order 50 cards for cash or credit, you can dispose of them in a week, our problem would be solved, our big press immediately after the start flooded with a 100,000 edition.

To show you how easy it is to get Rebs, Comrade R. Davis of LaPryor, Tex., went to a picnic on San Jacinto Day and in one hour, walking around the crowd with a sheet of paper in the hand and a copy of the Rebel, he took 25 subscriptions for which he sent $6.25.

Another comrade read the San Antonio exploxion story to a crowd and pulled down a list of 10 this in the same hour of exploxion. The Rebel goes into their homes for 40 weeks for a quarter. I am just going to ask you to order cards, or take a sheet of paper and visit your neighbors, tell them it only costs about half a cent per copy, and send in lists of 10, 20 and 50 subs and see if we can't get the Rebel into a 100,000 homes in Texas and thus will we bury the donk forever.

The following is a partial list of those who sept thinks the week:

K. Dunn, 25; P. L. Ashley, 16; M. B. Eaves, 10; W. P. Osborne, 8; G. W. Kennedy, 7; T. C. Kennerly, 7; A. Connolly, 6; J. C. Gorrell, 4; Geo. Stevens, 4; J. J. Pounds, 4; I. J. Kyser, 4; E. Denk 4; J. P. Lester, 4; Reddin Andrews, 5; H. T. Wheeler, 4; M. H. Smallwood, 4; B. T. Mosley, 5; Geo. Harrold, 4; A. J. Adams, 6; J. A. Hortin, 5; J. M. Wright, 4; J. A. Hortin, 5; G. W. Bishop, 4; J. W. Gray, 4; J. Q. Yawn, 4; D. A. Hazel, 4; T. L. Redman, 4; A. B. Martin, 4; Fred Schlatcher, 4; J. H. Briggs, 4; A. M. Collins, 5; J. W. Manny, 7; J. M. Tyson, 4; R. E. Lunsford, 4; T. J. Baggett, 7; Arch Holt, 4; J. R. Finch, 5; Jordan Ellis, 4; W. W. McFarland, 4; S. E. Lane, 4; H. G. Hill, 4; Jno. Kennedy, 4; W. P. Reynolds 4; J. D. Carney, 4.

GET THE MUN

(Continued from Page 2.)

courage at the right time.

Yours truly, R. A. Lomax."

"Now son", said the wise one, after he had read the clipping, "If this man had put up 4000 bones in 1894 and got the back and looked wise, in 1912 he would have pulled down a capital prize of $56,000. Of course he wouldn't have done a stroke of work; didn't have to; just sit back that's all and get the equivalent of 1120 bales of cotton, worth $50 a bale or $56,000, and that's the way that you gamble and get the mun under this crooked gambling profit system. Of course it takes some nerve, as Mr. Lomax says, but no more nerve than it does to play faro or draw poker. This property was enhanced in value by the labor of the producers, so you get big lots, sit back for some years and there is one chance in a hundred that you will win, 99 chances that you will go broke, and that's how you get the mun."

The little business man stood dazed for a moment, then kicked "Missouri dawg" around and walked away with his head between his shoulders.

FOR SALE—The Fall of Babylon, a 190-page book, and "What Socialism is" a 32-page pamphlet written by Rev. R. P. Stanton of Hamlin, both for 50c. Just the thing for religious people.

NOTE AND COMMENT -- By "PENDRAGON

Proposing to Rape Mexico.

American Big Business is now urging timid President Taft on to rape Mexico, and rob the Mexican people of the inalienable right to set up their own free government.

The newspaper organs of the American monopolists who rob the workers on both sides of the Rio Grande are trying to work up a sentiment for intervention. They are telling the American people the death of Poinsiam, the American soldier of fortune who was shot by General Orozco, ought to be "avenged." What they want is for Taft to send an army of young Americans into Mexico to shoot and get shot, in order that the government of that country may be put where the government of the United States is, in the hands of Big Business.

Poinsiam had no business in Mexico, meddling for pay in the internal affairs of the Mexican people. He did not fight for liberty. He did not fight for gold; he was simply a hired murderer, and the people he helped to murder were the patriotic, liberty-loving common people of our neighbor republic, who are fighting to recover the homes of which they were robbed by the Diaz despotism.

Orozco did exactly right when he enforced against Poinsiam the stern edict of war. Orozco is fighting for his people's freedom; for their liberation from both political and economic slavery. He and Zapata did the fighting which put Francisco I. Madero at the head of the Mexican government and made the tyrant Diaz an exile. Madero promised them he would help pass laws restoring to the small farmers of Mexico the homesteads of which Diaz had robbed them and which are now in the possession of big Mexican and American thieves and robbers. Harrison Gray Otis of Los Angeles, William Randolph Hearst of California and New York, Cecil Lyon the Texas republican boss and others of their kind, democratic and republican party bosses, are among the Americans whom Diaz rewarded with grants of the lands belonging to the common people of Mexico; rewarded them for helping to poison American sentiment against the effort of the Mexican common people to win their freedom, and for working American political machinery to jail and hound and turn back into Diaz's bloody hands those Mexican patriots who organized rebellions against him on American soil.

If Orozco could get his hands on Otis and Hearst and Lyon and some more of those Big Business and crooked political scoundrels, and stand them up against a wall to be executed for their treason to the cause of human liberty on both sides of the Rio Grande, he would confer a blessing upon the human race.

Taft has played into the hands of Big Business by letting arms be shipped from this side to Madero and forbidding them to be shipped to Orozco and the rebel army. But the fat man at Washington has not yet had the nerve to undertake the wholesale murder of the Mexican patriots by sending an American army across the Rio Grande to do the job. His brother Charles P., who has big ranch properties in Mexico that by rights belong to the common people of that country, is one of those who clamor for war, but the fat man has sense enough to know he can't afford to let loose a scandal like that would be, on the eve of a presidential campaign in this country. If he wins a re-election, you can count on his sending an army into Mexico to help his brother Charles P. and the other big American exploiters crush the Mexican people's attempt to win back their freedom and their homes which have been stolen away from them and given to the exploiters.

Madero has betrayed his people. He has not lifted a finger to make good his pledge given to Orozco and Zapata. He has shut out the men who did his fighting. He shut off the hospital supplies of the patriot soldiers, at Juarez, who got wounded fighting under his colors—left them to die like dogs. He has cheated American surgeons who enlisted in his army out of the wages they earned. He has approved—his first official act—an expense account turned in by his brother Gustavo Madero, of over $600,000 for the expenses of the Madero campaign, which Gustavo managed. Of that more than $600,000, in gold, which was taken out of the Mexican national treasury the day after Madero became president, on his order, more than $100,000 was listed as having been spent to "influence the American newspapers."

The sympathy of the American people should be with Orozco and his rebels. They are fighting the battle of human freedom. They are not Socialists, but they are paving the way for Socialism First must come the triumph of armed democracy; then the restoration of the land to the people that work; then the regulation or nationalization of the industrial and transportation monopolies and a free press.

After that, Socialism will come quickly.

Socialism is the logical fruit of universal education and a free press. After that, Socialism will come quickly.

Because Socialism is the logical fruit of universal education and rising human intelligence. It is humanity's protest against slavery in any form. It aims to make every individual really free for the first time in human history.

Here's my good wishes to Orozco the silent, grim fighting man from the Guerrero mountains. Liberty has always found a refuge and a breeding ground in the mountains.

What Socialism Says.

Houston Socialists have a new weekly paper—The Progress—now seven weeks old, and circulating close to 1000 copies. Probably some of the Houston thousand who read the Progress also read The Rebel. For the benefit of the other 20,000 Rebel readers I here reproduce a piece of good propaganda writing by a member of the Houston local, which appeared on the first page of the Progress last week:

Socialism denounces "profit" as the source of unnumbered crimes.

Socialism says every man is entitled to receive the full value of what his work produces but that no man is entitled to take a "profit" on any other man's labor.

Socialism says that when one man takes a "profit" on another man's labor, the man who takes the "profit" by that much enslaves the man from whom it is taken.

Socialism says "profit" is theft.

Socialism says all the land that is used to produce new wealth, and all the tools and machinery and capital that are used to produce equally by all the people.

Socialism says land and tools used in producing new wealth should be held by governments, city, county, state and national, as trustees for their legal owners the people.

Socialism says every child born into the world should be born the legal owner of an equal share in this common wealth, being thus guaranteed absolutely the following safeguards: Ample food, clothing, shelter, education and training to develop best powers of mind and body.

Socialism says the existing capitalist organization of society, under which a very large majority of all children are born into the world disinherited, is a crime against humanity.

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Socialism says the private ownership and control of the earth and the tools of industry by a small minority of the people is in violation of common sense, of democratic ideals, of Christianity, of natural law.

Socialism says the workers, who produce all wealth by applying their muscle and thought to land and tools, ought to be the sole owners of that new wealth.

Socialism says it is legalized robbery which, under the existing system, requires the workers to give any share of the wealth which their labor and thought produce to other men who take no part in producing such wealth.

Socialism says political freedom—the right to vote for one's rulers—is not an end, but a means to an end.

Socialism says political freedom should be used by the workers to acquire industrial freedom—that is, the social or common ownership of the land and the tools which are used in producing new wealth.

Socialism says the procuring of industrial freedom by the workers in this way is the logical next forward step to be taken by the human race in its upward march out of savagery.

Socialism says the man who will not work, being able to work, should not eat—and cites the Bible and the common sense of humanity to prove it.

Socialism says every man who is willing to work should have opportunity to work, and should be paid for his work the whole value of the wealth which his work produces, less his share of the cost of operating the industry in which he works, and of the governments which act as the people's trustees in the management of the people's industries.

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Socialism says it is not the last word in human progress—only the next word. After Socialism has done its best for mankind, the upward march of the race will continue.

Socialism says it is the latest expression of the democratic spirit, but that those who oppose it either do so in ignorance of what Socialism means, or because they hate the democratic spirit.

Socialism says that men and women shall hear what it has to say. It has no power to enforce its rule, except by the consent of the people.

Socialism says women should be politically and industrially the equals of men—should have the same right to vote, and receive equal pay for equal social service.

Socialism says that when social ownership has been substituted for private ownership of the land and tools used to produce and distribute wealth, and the theft of "profit" has been eliminated, the workers will be able to supply all their material needs—foods, clothing, shelter, education—by working only a few hours each day and only fifteen or twenty years of each lifetime.

Socialism says society so organized will be able to retire each of its workers, after such period of service, on a comfortable pension, ample to provide for all needs—for leisure, for travel for study, or for play.

Socialism Native to the Texas Soil.

Some ill-informed persons still parrot the silly old saying that "Socialism is a foreign importation, that has no proper place in American politics. For the information of such persons I quote from the Houston Chronicle, the following interview with Hampton Steele of Limestone county. Mr. Steele is not only a native Texan, but one of the first white men born in Texas, and the son of a man who was the last survivor of the battle in which Texas independence was won. His father's portrait, bought by the state, hangs in the state house at Austin. Because his statement, and the brief history of his life with which it is introduced, prove Socialism is native to the Texas soil, I give it here in full:

STEELE'S SON VISITS HOUSTON.

Last Survivor's Oldest Boy Talks About Changes in the Life of Texans.

A sturdy, solid well set-up figure of a man, of medium height, deep-chested, with thick muscular shoulders, a broad brow, a firm chin, keep eyes and strong nose, wearing a sheaf of iron-grey whiskers, visited the Chronicle office Monday morning and introduced himself as Hampton Steele.

He was made welcome as the oldest son of Alfonso Steele, who was the last surviving soldier of Sam Houston's army at San Jacinto as one of the first white men born in Texas and as one of the youngest old men the Chronicle staff had ever met.

Mr. Steele came to Houston by invitation of the committee having in charge the arrangements for the San Jacinto Day Celebration, to participate in the events of the day. He said: "I come in my father's place and expect to come every year as long as I live."

Mr. Hampton Steele was born in Montgomery county, Texas, in 1839, when all that region was a wilderness. He is therefore 75 years old, but does not look a day over 50. He has raised a family of 17 children of whom 14 are living. He has numerous grand-children. "There will be Steeles in the country as long as the world lasts," he said; "We are a long-lived people. My father was past 94 when he died last July.

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Alfonso Steele was born in Kentucky. He came to Texas in 1835, from near Lake Providence, Louisiana. Here he stepped, gun in hand, into a drama of great events and bore his part manfully. In 1838 he married a Texas girl, who came to the then Mexican province with her father's family when she was 10 years old. Alfonso Steele and his bride first settled in Montgomery county, and as stat... of the United States, and August Gilhaus of New York, a stationary engineer, for vice president.

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A VETERAN.

In Corsicana, Navarro county, while on a recent lecture tour recently, I met a genuine old Rebel. He was a Socialist in Germany in 1866, when, as a young man, he heard the great LaSalle. After 1870, he came to the United States, settled in New York, actively aligned himself with the early Socialist movement and was in the Tompkins Square battle of 1876. He came south the following year and settled in Corsicana and worked at his trade of shoemaking. He made a success, became a property owner, has the good will and respect of all the community, married in Corsicana, raised a family, gave all his children a splendid education and now at 75 years of age, he is toiling for Socialism with all the fire and vigor of a young man. This old heroes name is Nicholas Greer. May he live to see the accomplishment of his ideal before he passes to that "bourne from whence no travelers return."

MUZZLED PRESS.

The muzzled press of Texas must be suffering from political paresis. Since The Rebel scooped them on the San Antonio explosion and fixed the muzzle squarely on their jaws, they are literally running amuck about the Socialist movement. First they nominated the editor of The Rebel for governor, then they nominated him for vice president, and now the Houston Post, Fort Worth Record, Dallas News and San Antonio Express have had he Socialist party poll off its national convention ahead of time they have had it in New York on April 9th, while Debs and myself and some other gentlemen had an idea it was going to take place in Indianapolis on May 12th. They have nominated a lady's tailor named Arthur Elmer Reimer, of Boston, for president, and who Reimer is nobody knows. What a list of intellectual slumgullions are these capitalist newspapers men anyhow. This is the story published in the daily muzzled press:

Socialist Nominations.

New York, April 9.—The Socialist party at its national convention here today unanimously nominated Arthur Elmer Reimer, a ladies' tailor, of Boston, Mass., for president.