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THE REBEL

The great repeal great to be only because we are our own masters.—ANON.

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S. A. HICKEY, Editor and Owner

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THIS IS NO. 28

HALLETTSVILLE, TEXAS, JANUARY 19, 1912. Issued Weekly.

WHY SECULAR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(By "Vindagus.")

"And S. Coler, writing from Tacoma, Wash., to the New York Tribune, reiterates his belief that a large proportion of the New York high school graduates are Socialists, and expresses the opinion that this will be the case before seventeenth of the coming force will be Social-ists. The complete secularization of the schools, he believes, is the reason for this result, and he, and others generally that "it is time to put a stop to such a school system and devise one under which the seed of the faith we may be taught to the children."

"Socialism is not a religious creed but a government al and economic creed, to put which in practice the Socialist parties have been and abroad are established. The writers on Socialism, the leaders of the movement, in their own and other countries, have been, like other men, of every sect and party.

"The secular public school is established because neither congress nor the state may establish a religious sect by public the free exercise thereof. In our public schools are children whose parents belong to the various denominations of Christianity, by the laws of the land, free of all of religious, and to no religion at all.

"It will certainly be a sorry day for America if Mr. Coler's idea about making the "creed of our fathers" in public schools should ever prevail. The schools shows the nations in the United States. Uncle Sam is not going to favor one at the expense of the others. This is the essential law, established forever in the constitution."

—Houston Chronicle.

But when teachers place the cold facts of our existing literal and political organizations before intelligent students the latter can't help becoming Socialists. Teachers should be free to state clearly the truth about all political and economic programs, leaving the student to make his own choice between them. Socialism is true Christianity; it is applied democracy; it appeals irresistibly to the clear, unprejudiced mind of enlightened youth. It is Victorian as to be won largely by the generation that is just now emerging from the public schools of America.

Dad Coler, by the way, is the financial boss of Pierpont Morgan, who at a public dinner of Gotham swells last fall in honor of Roosevelt three years ago, declared that the only thing that could save this country from Socialism was a nation-wide revival of old-fashioned religion. That was the origin of the fake "Men and Religion Forward Movement," which bilked Houston out of $10,000 of easy money for blackguarding the town at home and later slandering it abroad.

Pendragon is unable to squeeze out even one little tear of sympathy for the Houston suckers who, to bolster up their religious reputation for commercial purposes put up that $10,000. The big exploiters of Houston are always ready to contribute $10,000, or $25,000, approx for build a $250,000 or a $300,000 church—arrangements having been made to give the contribution all possible advertising—but they hold back grudgingly when workers who are trying to get higher or shorter hours. These fellows are so ignorant they don't know that they are killing their own game both truth, in the public schools.

GET THE MUM.

That capitalism breeds in the people a love and lust for money which, as the Bible says, is the "root of all evil," is known to all men. Professor Walter Rauschenbusch the brilliant Christian Socialist writer whose book, "Christianity and Social Crisis" conversed the Reverend G. G. Hamilton writes on the subject in this wise:

Drunk With Lust of Money.

"Our nation has long been drunk with the lust of money, and has sacrificed its democracy; its social vitality, its human compassion, and a good deal of Christianity to enable those who wanted to get rich quick. It was wasteful and unashamed. Now gradually we are finding that the Nation as well as individuals, are examining themselves and we are looking over the havoc which our mammonism is making with a shock of horror and repentance. I wonder if any Nation in times of peace and prosperity has ever passed through such shame and self-searching as our people has borne during the last five years."

The Rebel is going to keep on hammering away at the fact that we can not get the mum under our system and believe that we will all soon awaken to the fact. Then watch the system fall.

IN HOUSTON

Houston is a city of destiny. It stands at the crossing of great national and international trade routes. Some day, it will be one of the world's big cities. But it never will realize that ambition so long as it permits its reputation to be blackened by such betrayals as this of which the Chamber of Commerce has just been guilty. Never will Houston attract skilled workers from other cities as long as her system bosses are allowed to advertise to the world that in Houston a workingman is regarded as a slave, and, when he strikes for his rights, as an outlaw and an enemy of society.

ANOTHER SOCIALIST SOUTHERN PAPER.

Dick Maple of the Butt-Out, now published at Nashville, Tenn., and C. N. Walker of the Portageville, Kan., Critic have joined hands and, beginning Feb. 1, will issue the Butt-Out weekly from Portageville. The Critic will move to Portageville and expects to do greater things with a weekly than with a monthly issue.

"As we understand it, the new Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt is the daughter of the lady who was divorced from her father, the ex-wife of the gentleman whom she divorced and the successor of the Mrs. Vanderbilt who was the first wife of her present husband, and who is now the second wife of the man whose first wife was her predecessor. Isn't it all simple and beautiful?"—Dallas News. Just perfectly lovely. Vanderbilts are all socialists, too, don't you know?

ways—first by hiring a bunch of "religious" grafters to blackmail the town, second by publishing to the world resolutions in which they declare the "business elements" of Houston favor the open shop and the shotgun guard to rot in workers who go on strike for decent living conditions.

Pendragon is willing to let the big grafters keep the churches, so long as the people can get the truth, or even one-half of the truth, in the public schools.

Miserable Mistrot.

I always liked that winsome Willie on the farm of the Bluebirds where the water rarely rolls.

• • •

Any one who has the money can hire a genius and bring the town; the only genius that the town possessed since Rob Ney was shot to death and is now sleeping beneath a wilderness of Sweetwater with one or two blocks of where the Taylor boys are singing "Onward Christian Soldiers."

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Wace recently hewn from time to time about a near-genius named Henry who has gone to congress for nine years on the great living issue of dooming the Brazos and erecting warships to sell on his nightly expense to the gulf but up comes a Bufkinite South get stranded before it goes 10 feet toward Galveston, his call we should all hope because "Rob" Henry is a democrat.

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I might tell you about other wonders of Waco; the young business man's league which is a joke and Sidney Martin who is not; the T. C. P. that went from the town that Bill Williams built in the town that Bills kept. I might tell you of the Indian troubles in Waco; of the guilty officer who has been deserted by the guilty officer who ought to be the guilty officer; of the Indian agent who has written to a line to give me any information concerning the source of the complaints against the officer. Should I tell you of the good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity? These brethren certainly are a unit in shielding the complainant or complainants in this case. Of course, I have surmised some one is guilty. Of these surmises more later.

My first information regarding this complaint came from the columns of the Texas Christian Advocate. The succeeding issue of that paper contained a letter from a person who innocented and expressing my surprise that any such complaint should have been made. I received a letter from my presiding elder, his Rev. J. G. Miller, informing me that "Indian agents" had been in his "Indian agency" that he was in no sense responsible for it, and that he was as much surprised at it as I was. I assured me that in his view of the question of my pulpit had nothing to do with my relations to and my relations to the church and asked me when it would be convenient for me to appear before an investigating committee to be appointed by him. I replied saying that I hoped soon to have a line of appointments in the Texas handle country and would be glad to meet his committee while in that territory and that I would let him know of the exact date in sufficient time for him to prepare for the investigation. This was in perfect harmony with Bro. Miller's proposal. It was with some surprise then that I received his next communication, a bare notification in meet his committee at Childress, Texas, on December 26th. To this communication I replied as follows:

Jacksboro, Tex., Dec. 21, 1911.

Rev. J. G. Miller, Vernon, Texas

Dear Brother: Your notification to meet your committee at Childress was forwarded to me from Kimrod and was delayed in reaching me. By the same mail I received a routing taking me up to December 26th, at Fort Worth. It is not practicable for me to meet this committee at the time appointed. Anyway, since the court of Hardeman has made, I was that formal charges be preferred against me and that I be tried on those charges at the next session of the conference. Slowly I am getting more light on this affair. The charges this time must be brought out in the broad light of day and given to the public. I am determined that this shall be done.

Fraternally yours,

G. G. Hamilton.

To this communication Bro. Miller replied in his kindly and brotherly way. He is a Christian gentleman, always kind and courteous, and was for whom I entertain the utmost regard and hold in the highest esteem. From his letter I make the following excerpts:

"I regret that you do not see your way clear to meet committee on the 29th inst. You know I am acting under instructions from the conference and I will of necessity follow out said instructions. I have nothing behind me as yet and am not in possession of any complaints and do not make any complaint."

I appreciate Bro. Miller's prompt way of who appeal to document. Two months after complaint was made in conference there is "nothing before him." I would remind Bro. Miller that Jesus let the sinner go when her accusers slunk away in guilty silence.

I have a letter from the secretary of the committee, Rev. A. W. Waddell, in which he informs me that the committee will hold an adjourned session in Childress, at 9 a. m., January 29th, and requesting that I be present at that time or have my side of the case before the committee in writing. I have no side. Others have made this issue, not I. I am indifferent as to what the complainants may present to the committee. However, if the committee will employ a notary and put the said complainants under oath, I will guarantee that the "testimony" they bear will be tame. Hundreds of people in Taylor county heard me use the following language:

"I told my wife to send the children to Sunday school, but when she told me that they had to return home, for my children shall not hear that man preach who is ashamed of the church in their father's face."

When that statement is twisted into the following, as some one does, and is passed from door to door, there is a lie out, and the man who subscribes to it, under oath is declared to get a free ride. Here is what that beautiful classical line says that I said:

"I told my wife not to allow my children to attend that Methodist church any more, for my children shall not hear such cussed lies out there."

Bro. Waddell volunteers this bit of information, which is certainly unfortunate:

"Some one pulled up the leaving that out of the question altogether. We are investigating only the charges that were elevated, and we are ready to hear all that you have to say on that subject. I understand you mean only the things that could be construed as inveighing against the doctrine and discipline of the church."

The fact is that my politics is the bottom rock of this whole trouble. My politics shut the church house door against me in Clyde. It was a Methodist steward who bolted the school house against me in the same town. My politics closed the doors of the Methodist conference to me in Kansas and Colorado and subjected me to the fiercest criticism from Methodist preachers, some of whom would or will now meet me in the open field for a fair fight. My "confession," brethren, carries my challenge. You have heard it.

$50.00 Reward.

To any one of my critics who will prove that challenge, I will pay $50.00 and all expenses, the debate to be for four nights, three hours each night, to be delivered in the Northwest Texas conference of five thousand population or more, the Methodist church of Vernon, Texas, furnished free as a place for such discussion. As soon as notified I will deposit $25.00 in any bank of the city where the discussion is to be held to be paid to the person who meets me at the close of the debate.

I realize that the presiding elder of the Vernon district and his committee are, as such, in no way to blame for their part in this affair. A disagreeable duty has been imposed upon them. I have no disposition to be disrespectful toward them or to treat them in any but a fair and honorable manner. But one week before the committee's meeting the presiding elder had "nothing before him," while on the day of the meeting the committee's secretary admits that they have nothing but "rumors." Under these conditions it seems to me their duty would be to be plain. In the absence of any proof whatever upon which to base formal charges against me I see no reason why I should be expected to present my side of the case. I call on

(Continued to Page 2)

PRESENT STATUS OF THE HAMILTON CASE.

(By Rev. G. G. Hamilton.)

Comrades and others ask to know and have a right to know the full facts and present status of this trouble between myself and some members of the Northwest Texas Conference. I have waited two months to learn who is responsible for the complaint made against me for "inveighing against the doctrine and discipline of the church." I have said hard things from the platform and in the pulpit against the sins of the conference, and I have written hard things for these columns in a vain effort to draw some one to word from the guilty party or parties. I have gone into towns of Northwest Texas to hear of hard things said of me by certain "brethren," but all efforts to draw them out when I come on the ground were unavailing. With all the friends I once had, or thought I had, among the members of this conference, not one has written me a line to give me any information concerning the source of the complaint against me. Should I tell you of the good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity? These "brethren" certainly are a unit in shielding the complainant or complainants in this case. Of course, I have surmised some one is guilty. Of these surmises more later.

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A young man with the good old Biblical name of Arvah Burdick, born in Grimes County, Texas, 20 years ago and a resident of Illinois, killed himself in a boiling on Dec. 30. On Saturday night, Dec. 27, he came to Texas and was employed. He had some $70.00 in his possession that he had saved from prison wages. He had spent $20.00 in his pocket, chopping wood and working on buildings. Like many other thousands of Texas boys he had plenty of money in his pocket on Saturday night and left Sunday morning with otherwise of our sons who are now in the prison. Sunday morning he was seen walking out a lonely road in the direction of the boiling. At 9 a. m. on Monday morning Dec. 30, he was passing another boiling when he was seen to jump from a platform and hang himself. He was dressed and wearing $20 and some old coats.

When taken to the boiling and the city hall he was given the thing a thorough search for a letter or other evidence that would enable us to inform the unfortunate young man that he was guilty, whether guilty or not. In mediaeval times it was a very popular method amongst the jailers of heretics who applied pinchers to the finger nails of those that differed from their masters in the method of worshipping God. But this is the twentieth century, my people do not have improved the thirty days particularly when it is practiced within the precinct of Baylor University in good old Waco town. This is the Waco style of the Waco third degree; it is not copyrighted, so, patent is applied for and it can be used with decency and a due degree of dispatch where ever the bourbon democrats hold the scales of justice over a modern city hall.

• • •

Down in the dark basement the youth, shivering with apprehension, cry taken. After the cold wave was at its height outside, he was ordered to strip each naked. He refused, whereupon his clothes were forcefully removed from him by an accompaniment of profane language they would finish the clothes of the courtesans that ply their trade across the street. Then he was forcefully pinned into a chair and the boiling water was thrown on the great box. This is a box which consisting of wooden slats, two feet high, six feet long and three feet wide. The door is padlocked and no provision is made for light. Then all the windows around the corridors were opened and the naked youth was locked in and told with much profanity to stay there until he "froze or fried up." Then was the youth left by Democratic officers of the law. Hours after the boiling was still cold and in the great wooden box the almost shorn of his day churches were singing "Praise be unto—good will to men."

• • •

It is a much discussed question amongst scientists as to whether death from heat or from cold is the most painful. Whether to die on the shifting sands of Death Valley or amongst the ice fields and glaciers of the island Northland. From personal experience with the element of cold I can tell you that he would rather die in the heat of the day in the desert and would much prefer to fight for life with the wild beasts in the jungle than those he struggled with in woeful Waco.

• • •

For ten minutes this Texas boy, innocent of crime, jumped up and down in the "Waco Hotel" in a frenzy of fear that he was about to freeze to death. He determined he would not confess to the crime he was innocent of. He then commenced to shriek aloud in his agony. He told one that he should live or three hours, but in the darkness and in his suffering he could not tell with certainty. When his voice had given out and he was almost dead from his exertions and the fear of some cold he was released and told that he would not be locked up again if he made confession. This he again refused to do. Then his jailers threatened him with physical beating. In his weakened condition he confessed to "anything." I want to say now that I didn't Waco him. My word among him not charged me with cowardice but I believe that forced by the cold and his fear of "cowardice" he having stolen the most cowardly act that ever disgraced the Washington county jail. He was given his liberty. After he "confessed" he was again locked up in the sweat box this time with his clothes on.

I don't dispose you far from the line of my story to say that I

Continued to page two.

[illegible]

[illegible] Women have been [illegible] of [illegible] to the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Lyceum Lecturer, [illegible] for national [illegible] and immediately increase the power of the national executive government, and that slowly but too much power, thereby is threatened the principle of state autonomy or self-government. The raid of the N. E. C. on Missouri shows what results from giving national officers too much power.

It spells centralization with a vengeance, for if the plan succeeds the national organization will more and more become everything, while the state organizations will more and more drift toward zero. If it does not succeed it will be a continual drain on the party treasury to keep it going as is now the case—keep it going with funds unjustly drawn from local, state and county organizations.

As I view it the Lyceum idea is allright if only the national officers would keep hands off. Let the privately owned Socialist newspapers co-operate in running a Lyceum bureau of their own without official assistance, interference or distraction. In such an event I would cheerfully have secured lyceum speakers—it is a matter of fact, no objection has ever been made by this office to subscription-concert lectures who were not routed by the national Lyceum Bureau and know something of Southern conditions. (I would not route a northern speaker who is ignorant of the land, negro and like problems). For instance Kate O'Hare spoke several dates in Texas last-fall for the Ripsaw, also Stanley Clark (then of Oklahoma) for the Plebeian. Furthermore invitations were extended to Haywood of the I. S. Review, Irvine of the Appeal and finally I would welcome with open arms Gene Debs for another tour through Texas. He would be for the Appeal, has nothing to do for the National Lyceum. This is cited to show that my stand in this respect is based on principle only.

However, all humans are prone to err, so if the membership of Texas thinks that I made a mistake, they can by referendum vote invite the Bureau to send on its speakers.

—The New Review.

A few words regarding the new secretary E. A. Green of Rockdale Tex., and I am done.

All of the candidates for the state secretary's office were of more than ordinary merit, so the decisive majority for him is the points shows that he starts in a large degree with the confidence of the membership. This confidence is added to by the fact that as a result of the adoption of the Hallettsville referendum, the party election this time was conducted in a manner that disarmed even the most disgruntled critic. The election committees were of known reliability, they alone counted the vote. Even the ballots (for both state secretary, national committee and state election committee) were one and all mailed out by an estimable and entirely disinterested lady employed in this office, who used the official card index, (posted by herself) to ascertain the members and locals in good standing. Only a few locals failed to receive ballots and this was undoubtedly due to a miscarriage of the mails.

So with the prestige of being one of the most energetic party workers in the state, with a clean record and a clean election, and with hearty co-operation of the membership already assured Bro. A. Green takes up the party banner with the eagle of Victory perched upon it. It will be a great privilege to go with him into the campaign of 1912.

In Conclusion.

I would close this rambling epistle, with a kind official goodbye to all the lovable Texas comrades who have exhibited in their telling labors for the cause such wonderful initiative, a spirit that it has ever been the writer's aim to foster.

For any possible critics—only those who are too good for this world are without them—I have only good will. Hands I have them a net gain of 3000 or more party members; a harmonious organization as against a disrupted one two years ago; more publicity routed in 1911 by this office than in any previous off-year; more campaign-stuff, 300,000 pieces of literature distributed in 1911 by the state office; a newspaper like the Rebel established on Texas soil in which I confess I took an unofficial hand as far as my limited time would allow, etc.

Results speak louder than words, you know.

BUSINESS WASHINGTON.

(By Pendragon.)

I clip the following from the Washington Herald:

CHINESE REPUBLIC IS NOT BACKED AT WASHINGTON.

Manchu Dynasty Will Be Recognized as Long As Slightest Chance Exists for it to Maintain Functions of Government.

By Associated Press.

Washington, Dec. 29.—The United States will not support the new Chinese republic formally at this moment or until it becomes clearly apparent that the imperialists are no longer capable of maintaining themselves in power.

"But this attitude will not prevent the representatives of the state department in China from doing business with the provisional republic to the extent of safeguarding American lives and properties and doing as much useful thing to assist in the restoration of peace."

Thus was when we had a republican form of government at Washington. In those days, before all our great industries were concentrated in private hands, private ownership, and while the masses of the plain people still had some interest in the federal government, the administration at Washington was prompt to extend the hand of fellowship to new republics quickly and freely on the principle that the older republics, having themselves wrested independence from the yoke of despots, should be glad to see other people achieve a similar freedom and should give their aid and comfort consistent with the national comity. America was in those days a haven of the oppressed of other lands.

Today the word of Pierpont Morgan, head of the money trust, is more potent in Washington than than the known desires of 90,000,000 Americans.

The great monopolies, whose financial headquarters is in Wall street, and whose chief financial agent, John Morgan is, do not want this nation to give aid to new republics elsewhere in the world. They hate the idea of popular government. They are afraid the new republic a menace to the international rule of money. Having assisted by bribery, by corruption, by coercive power of concentrated capital in abolishing all but the outer form of republican government in the United States, they refuse to permit their puppets at Washington to grant recognition to a sister republic, even "as long as the slightest chance exists" for the Manchu despots "to maintain the functions of government."

Are we capable of grasping the damnable significance of that Associated Press dispatch? Do we really care to be free? Do we so far lost our manhood that we are content to be politically an entirely disinterested body—content to be ruled by a monarchy that is not even a republican form of government.

Socialist Speakers Wanted

The Socialist Party will hold Congress of Speakers in Chicago, Ill., Jan. 6 to 9, 1912. Speakers are wanted in the West, in the South, in the East, in the Middle States, in the Northern States, in the Southern States, in the Western States, in the Eastern States

Note and Comment

BY PENDRAGON.

The New Shrine of True Democracy.

Pendragon is a Socialist because he is a democrat.

He has not gone forward from his original democracy to Socialism.

Democracy has gone backward from the ideals of Socialism to the practices of plutocracy.

Socialism was born to make good the promise of democracy; Pendragon, being a tried-to-the-core democrat, believing democracy's promises ought to be made good, and perceiving that these promises never would be made good by the organization calling itself the democratic party, held his ground when the democratic party surrendered to plutocracy and slipped backward. Other genuine democrats who refused to join in the retreat found themselves in want of an organization should represent and fight for the ideals of the old pure democracy. The Socialist conception of human society reached America just in time to afford a haven for the old-fashioned democrats, like Pendragon.

Old-fashioned democracy asserted the essential equality of man. The new plutocratic democracy denies such equality; it cenfers to the strong and ruthless and for a bribe of public offices it helps the strong plunder and oppress the many.

Pendragon couldn't stand for that. So he joined the Socialist party. And he wants it distinctly understood that he didn't have to leave his old democratic principles when he became a Socialist.

That's why he says he is a Socialist because he is a democrat.

....There are scores of thousands of other Texans, old-fashioned democrats, who really believe in the early democracy's ideals, that are Socialists, or will be, because they are democrats.

In Texas today two no are candidates for the democratic nomination for governor. One, Oscar B. Colquitt, is governor. His opponent, William Ramsey, is an associate justice of the Texas Supreme Court.

Both are, on their own profession of political principles, plutocrats and not democrats.

Governor Colquitt denied the people of a Texas city the right to adopt a new charter because that charter provided for its initiative, referendum and recall.

Judge Ramsey in his platform says, in substance, that he opposes the initiative, referendum and recall personally, but that if the people of Texas get these tools of direct legislation in spite of his resistance, why, he'll let us have them.

Imagine two such men—haters of popular government, desiring by their own profession of the ability of the people to govern themselves intelligently—running for office as democrats!

Imagine a party calling itself democratic submitting to its nominees in a campaign for the governorship by two such men!

Imagine the fix in which this leaves a man who's a democrat, but who hasn't the genuinely democratic party!

Such a man must either stay away from the primary, thus abandoning his right as a citizen, or he must make a choice between two candidates both of whom insult him by denying his intelligence.

Pendragon hope sto reach many such bewildered Texas democrats between now and next July, and to show them how and where they can put in a vote that will represent their political convictions.

There is just one haven for such democrats. Pendragon found it many years ago. It is the Socialist party. That's where such democrats belong. All we've got to do—we Socialists—is to show them the way in which they'll come, by thousands and tens of thousands. For they are political orphans. They have no party home in which they or their old-fashioned democratic ideals are welcome. The plutocracy has captured control of the party that once sheltered them. They are hanging around the old headquarters only because they don't know where else to go.

I said Socialism was born to make the promises of democracy. That's a big truth. Democracy, "the dream of the age," promised men liberty, equality and fraternity. It delivered to them only a limited political equality. Then it fell into the hands of the master class, and forgot its promises made to the masses of the world's workers.

Probably, in the nature of things in this world, it was all that could have been expected. It was a good deal. The democratic revolutions that made men politically equal made it possible for men, pursuing the same forward road, to become economically equal; and economic equality is the only possible foundation for fraternity—the brotherhood of man which poets have glimpsed at intervals down the centuries.

The democratic party adopted the donkey for its symbol in Nast's days—rather the great Civil war cartoonist conferred the symbol on the party. It stuck because it told the truth. The democratic party from that day down has been a donkey party. Its rank and file, with ears long enough to hear, and with eyes keen enough to see, have refused either to hear or to see how their leaders had sold them out to the plutocrats. They have kept on, most of them, voting for candidates who were tools of the plutocrats, and are doing it to this day in Texas, more than in any other state.

There is an old saying, "The fear of death is the great revivalist." By the same logic it can be said, "The pinch of want is the great political educator."

Scores of thousands of Texans who have been voting democratic tickets for years, always hoping and expecting that sometime the success of democratic tickets would better their condition, are about ready to see that the politicians who run the democratic party to suit their bosses the plutocrats never intended to keep any refrom promises they made to the rank and file—that such promises were made only in order to fool the ears and file into voting for candidates whom the plutocrats could rely on in public office.

Socialism is democracy reborn, and re-considered to its old noble ideals—to liberty, equality and fraternity—not as a copybook maxim but as a working system.

All real democrats who are able to see the foolishness of any longer voting with a party controlled by Baileys, Colquitts, Ramseys, Lanhams and all the kind of reactionaries, are urged by Pendragon to come down where they belong, into the Socialist party.

There, and there only, they will find men and women who believe, as they do, in making good the old democratic ideals here on earth.

Pendragon is a democrat, with the old-fashioned democratic ideals. Come in, brothers, and help us make the dream of the age come true.

STILL IN THE DARK.

"The rank and file of the men in all three political parties want substantially the same things. They want such security in employment as should be the reward of intelligent, loyal service, and they want a fair return for their labor as will enable them to house, clothe and educate their children decently and provide against want in age. They differ only in respect to the means of achieving these ends." Houston Chronicle.

After all, Pendragon guesses the Chronicle is still in the darkness. The editorial paragraph proves the Chronicle editorialist doesn't know much about Socialism. What it says of the rank and file of the Republican and Democratic parties may be true—doubtless it is. It certainly is true of the rank and file of the Socialist party. The members of our party want all the Chronicle says they do, and beyond that they want money they want, and in good time will get, as will all other workers, the last penny wealth which is created by their labor, less only each man's proportionate share of the cost of social production. They want pride in cut out entirely. They don't want any man to take for himself as an employer, one penny of value which is created by another man's labor. They want exact justice. That's all. But they are going to get it—much sooner than even they now suspect.

Texas Should Be Prosperous.

Texas could be prosperous. Texas would be prosperous if it could leave over $200,000,000 a year in Texas instead of sending it to Wall street. Texas could be prosperous if the government could leave that $200,000,000 in the pockets of the people instead of using it to fill gorging national highways, or to build a navy to protect the money on its way toward independence on the land, or in any one of a score of other ways.

The money of war between the nations will never be removed so long as powerful financial interests, controlling governments, derive financial profit in setting the people of one nation against the people of another in battle array. Houston Chronicle.

The Chronicle, publishing the foregoing editorial paragraph should know and doubtless does know that Socialism holds forth the only possible hope that mankind has to put an end to war. If the Houston Chronicle wants an end to war, why does it not declare to its readers the way that result can be obtained?

The Chronicle is the most exasperatingly editorial daily paper in Texas. It has published more Socialist propaganda, in its "Battle Ground of Public Opinion" page, than all the other Texas dailies put together. It displays no other way than the most liberal spirit towards Socialists and Socialism. Yet in its own comments on political and economic affairs, the Chronicle, which must know on which side are truth and economic justice, continually stands on the exploded system of a false and partisan democracy.

Nevertheless, Pendragon ventures to predict that in the near future, when a majority of the voters of Texas put Socialism into the brains, the Chronicle will be the first big daily to come over openly and join the majority. Never debar it, gentle reader, a lot of "an amazing grace." Some will have to go with the big ground or go out of business, and they have no idea of going out of business if they can avoid it