

For President—E. V. Debs, at Indiana.
For Vice President—Russell Bell,
at Wisconsin.

The great appeal goes to us only because we are on our knees—LET US ARISE

Tell us for week ending July 27, 1912.....(24,85)

Hallsville, Tex., July 27, 1912

T. A. HICKY, Editor and Owner
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PROSECUTION OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF TIMBERWORKERS

Timberworkers Indicted.

WHEREIN IS TOLD IN FIVE CHAPTERS HOW CAPITALISM HAS CRASHED AMARITY.

The Killing of Rosenthal.

Chapter 1.

The center of the famous great White Way is at Grand Street and Broadway in the city of New York. It is a spot in America where night is turned into day. Dozens and dozens of eyes open; hands are doing business; the police are behind held in the small hours of the morning just as if it were shining.

At the south east corner stands the hotel Rosenthal. Governed by two great spots named Cosmopolitan and the New Yorker, the all night restaurants give evidence of the fatigue by which the lights, Cosmopolitan is the lightness in the ocean of the underworld, whose lights sparkle brightest and the day life goes madly on while it ebbs in Becker's, Delmonico's and Sherry's.

At 12 1/2 a. m. last Friday morning, the Cosmopolitan was gay; a thousand dollar a week vaudeville singer was trolling a roundelay; champagne corks were popping and the brains of the underworld were discussing their plans of profit.

Among them sat a low sized, broad shouldered Hebrew with a big head and short-eyed narrow eyes, at whom many searching glances were cast by the police that peered in the dark. Two slim young men walked over and engaged him in conversation at the table where he sipped some apéritif. The few aware and walked off. He militantly returned into the street and walked on the sound of a fusillade of shots and Herman Rosenthal lay on the sidewalk, two bullets in his brain and the rest of his body riddled with lead from Colt's automatics.

Why was this murder pulled off amidst the glare of ten thousand electric lights? It was the most public spot in America selected for this exhibition of the rule of the old in the new. The fact that the murderer works in the darkness and always on the light. Why, then, this killing with thousands looking on? Could he not kill him in the darkness and no one would know? Could he not kill him going home at night from his gambling parlors? Could he not select any one of a hundred other spots where the white light of publicity would not beat upon them who faced their home, quarry with smoking guns in their hands?

These are the questions that thinking men are asking themselves and the answer is as why they selected this place to stage the murder can be found in the fact that it was the guardians of the law that committed the crime and by their act, wrote in the brain of every thinking man as with letters of fire, the words:

"THE LAW HAS BROKEN DOWN IN THE UNITED STATES."

Turn, we turn to the Houston Chronicle of July 22nd, under a double column head on the front page we read:

ASSASSIN OF ROSENTHAL, WERE CHOSEN WITH CARE.
POLICE ALLEGED THAT HE HAD BEEN CLEARED FOR HALF AN HOUR BEFORE CRIME.

Then follows the story. It appears that Police Lieutenant Becker was a partner of Rosenthal in his gambling house, that each month the high police authorities collected toll from him; finally he was told to such an extent that he who lived on bleeding others revolted and informed the district attorney of New York of the corruption of the police department. The district attorney requested him to appear before the grand jury, where he proposed to tell the entire tale of police graft and the police used to be killed. He said that, to kill him in his glory so that he would fall in the center of the great White Way and the police would be killed. He said that he was warning to all other informers that if they went against the police department and told of their corruption, that these men even to uphold the law would kill them, even as they killed Rosenthal.

And so for a week prior to the killing, the plans of death were laid. Out on the green waters of the Hudson River, on a steamboat of the San Paul Navigation, the men were selected to do the job. They were notorious East Side killers, to take human life as simply as they would a housewife to kill a chicken. They knew no law; they were the law, because the authorities who enforced the law, stood always within their black shadows.

Sixteen picked gun men with Colt's automatics and black jackets mingled with the police in front of the Cosmopolitan prepared to shoot and club anybody who got in the way of the murder or in which the fire were out.

And thus in the great White Way in the metropolis of America do we see the breakdown of the law.

Chapter 2.

The Killing at Gradow.

On July 7, in the town of Gradow, La., at 2 o'clock on a peaceful Sabbath afternoon, a number of men who were members of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers met on the main street for the purpose of holding a peaceful meeting. They brought their wives and children along with them to listen to a speech that was to be delivered by their beloved leader, President Herman Rosenthal, for the Workers. Just as the meeting started a volley of shots rang out and women screamed and quaked with violence. When the smoke cleared, the slain men lay dead. Key Martin, Denton H. and another, six were mortally wounded and thirty-five others had received minor wounds. This volley of shots at Gradow came as unexpectedly upon the timber workers as the volley of shots in the murder case on Broadway came upon Rosenthal. Later developments have shown that just as the San Paul Association framed up the murder of Rosenthal a week before last, so, at three days before last, the six men who were installed in the lumber company office of the town were instructed to be on hand and through preparations were made for the wholesale killing at Gradow.

The democratic authorities in Western Louisiana and East Texas are standing in with the lumber trust officials just as those who in the Police Department in New York stand in with the gamblers combine.

And thus in the pine woods of the Southland where the tall pines stand so close and over the tops of the trees the sun is shining, we find that the law has broken down just as completely

The Killing of Annie La Pina.

In Lawrence, Mass., there stands the great fortress of the American Woolen Trust. It is a city of 40,000 on the banks of the gentle Merrimack and the town depends absolutely upon the mills. Thirty-seven nationalities, speaking 40 dialects have left their lives around and the whirr of the Northrup looms for a generation. Child and starvation, and when that strikes, which would mean the men were born starved and died a week's work without the means of escape of a few loaves of bread, was out from their wages a few months ago only 100 men organized after 20 years work. In their desperation they organized the Industrial Workers of the World, and with their hands in their pockets, they peacefully struck in one union against one great boss and won a glorious victory. At one of their meetings, a policeman deliberately shot a woman striker named Annie La Pina. That night Joseph Rizer and Arthur Vivian were taken out of their beds under a charge of murder, the authorities claiming that they were accessory before the fact. The officials of the law do not change that Rizer did not fire the shot, nor do they charge they were at the meeting nor in its vicinity; nor do they charge that the policeman fired the shot, but because they made speeches during the strike that told the men and women, together and thus cost the American Woolen Trust \$150,000 a year is increased wage, with the result that the women magnates find themselves unable to buy as many politicians, firemen, game warden and automobiles as they did before the strike, they put the pressure upon their district attorney and all their other officials made and conspired these noble strikers, charging them with a murder that on their own police men committed.

And this is the great city of Massachusetts, within the shadows of the sacred soil of the United States, the city of America, as we find the breakdown of the law as thorough and complete as in the pine woods of the Southland or the great White Way in New York.

The Killing of Minkley.

Chapter 4.

Out in the Golden State of California where the golden sunshine kisses the limpid waters of the Pacific and where life is one long sweet song to the man or woman of wealth, the city of San Diego is a city of rich. Drive and Las Vegas are over the side. In and around that town by the Emerald sea, the market street has walked and bled and suffered for two generations. Recently he has found his voice and expressed in the I. W. W. He stood around his organizers, who mounted soap boxes and shouted them while they talked of his wrongs. Their language was not cultured nor refined; it was but the hate that ever accompanied long suffering.

It struck with a smashing sound upon the ears of the grafters who wintered in Sunny Southern California. The arch apostles of greed, Harry Dry Old, and the late Alvin Karpis, the editor of the Los Angeles Times, along with the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, decided that these meetings had to stop. What needed they if these men had a constitutional right to speak; what if they stood strictly within the pale of law; their language must, their organization must be broken up; and believing thus they employed an army of gun men, thugs, vigilantes, the accompanying the brothers, the frock of a Saturday night, debate and with the assistance of the Mayor, the business men, the grand jury, the police and the sheriff, they gave leaders with first class clubs, and with knives and committed crimes of a physical nature that I dare not publish and must suffice myself by saying that it would bring a blush to the cheeks of an Apache Indian. The governor has made an investigation, through an agent he appointed; the attorney general has gone upon the scene and all the crimes commit. Manhood and womanhood is outraged by these so-called officials, and the principle of free speech is stricken down in a wealthy city that should be the officers of the law, that they latter fully murdered Minkley without any other cause except that he was a member of the I. W. W. And thus in San Diego, California, we find the law broken down just as thoroughly and completely as in the swamps and sloughs and bayous of Texas; as in the bayous of Texas in New York and as in the mill town on the banks of the Merrimack.

The Killing of Brockman.

Chapter 5.

In the city of Houston, Tex., there lived for twenty years, an able criminal lawyer named Brockman. He had many clients among the underworld. He was a successful lawyer, that he secured all cities of state, that the police department is thoroughly corrupt and receives wages from the men and women who live in the place of crime. It was in the last year of his life that he was killed. The Rosenthal feud broke out among different sections of the underworld. The result was that Brockman defending his clients went against the underworld and was successful. He was killed. The head of the chief of police. As time went on, he worked under the head that he received from the people in the underworld and because of his success and so successful that he was killed. The facts that go under the names of rent, interest and profit. He had to be put out of the way. The respectable figured. Two special officers were brought from San Antonio and had one night of the underworld. Brockman stepped out of a saloon as innocently as Rosenthal stepped out of the Cosmopolitan and was shot to death by one of these peace officers. The result was a frame up and a frame up. That fact that there is blood on a number of respectable hands in Houston every manly man believe. That the law was violated in the killing of Brockman goes without saying and that the law is broken down the facts come to light as it is sure as the morning sun will shine. It was to the Rebel that John H. Kirby, who is very close to the San Antonio Branch of the I. W. W. and last year he was the secretary of the Southern Lumber Operator's Association, which is behind the killing at Gradow, would make a very interesting witness before a Harris County grand jury if he could be prevailed upon to tell what he knows of the murders in Gradow and Houston.

But I do not expect that this will happen because law has broken down in the city of Houston. The law is broken down in the pine woods of Louisiana, East Texas as on Broadway, New York, San Diego or Lawrence on the Merrimack.

From the above facts etched from the grains of truth there can be no other conclusion drawn and that: That law has broken down

(Continued on page 2.)

TO THE RESOLVE YE REBELS.

Just as we go to press, we receive the following telegram from the secretary of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers:

To The Rebel, Hallsville, Texas, July 29, 1912.

Three true bills for murder against Emerson and sixty-four other union men and one true bill against each of them for assault with a deadly weapon. No true bills found against mill owners. A supreme effort will be made to crush the Brotherhood of Timber Workers. We need all the help you can give us.

JAY SMITH.

Sec. R. of T. W.

An Associated press dispatch also informs us that the mill owners are not giving up. It reads:

"The employees and proprietors of the Railway Lumber Company, including and among them, G. (George) H. E. Turner, J. E. Spruill and James Brown, were released, no bill having been filed against them."

Many of the indicted men have two and three indictments against them, such as carrying concealed weapons, disorderly conduct, shooting with intent to kill and shooting and wounding."

From the above dispatches we may conclude that the law has been ripped in Louisiana. The bald facts are so plain they need no words. Boiled down they are:

Twenty months ago the timber workers organized for their mutual protection of their lives, homes, increase wages, abolish commissaries wherever practical and abolish the monthly payroll. The mill owners most of whom reside in New Orleans, St. Louis, Kansas City and Houston, decided to oppose the workers' organization to the limit.

It mattered not that these men were strictly within the law, in forming their organization. It mattered not that the wrongs they suffered from the mills were a disgrace to the nation. It mattered not that poison gave them if they did not organize. The masters swore that they should submit and used all their power and influence to destroy the young organization. But by the untimely death of several politicians from Houston, John H. Kirby, they shut down their mills and sought to starve the workers into submission.

The move failing, the imported gunmen and thugs of the same type and character that murdered Rosenthal in New York last week proceeded to arrange for a wholesale killing. On Sunday afternoon, July 21st, at 12 p. m., while a peaceable meeting was in progress, the company's office in Gradow, La., the murderer's shot rang out from the company office. The Rebel is in possession of first-hand information that the wholesale murder was planned several days before and yet we learn that the owners of these offices are turned loose by the grand jury and the innocent men who were fired upon are placed in the stretch jail at Lake Charles, La. Sixty-seven union men have been indicted. Over 400 union men have been shot. Two were killed outright and not a saw mill owner nor judge has been hurt by the slightest degree.

Could better evidence be needed of the fact that the law is being raped in this matter; that in fact the lumber operators are the law, and control the judges and the courts. That the capital at present is silent about this crime against labor, follows as a matter of course.

The Rebel has determined to throw every particle of its strength and influence on the side of the men. State Secretary Gene Winsor from Rockledge, Texas, to call upon him for all the assistance that he can possibly give. These men must have support as they are doing them and money is sorely needed for that purpose. In this crisis, the Rebel would suggest that every Socialist who reads this, get into his pocket and send the money to the Secretary of the Timber Workers Union and who is not as yet in jail. His name is Jay Smith; he lives at Alexandria, La. Send him a \$10 bill, or a five, or a dollar or a dime, or anyhow send him money. I don't for him; he will see that it goes directly to the defense of these innocent men who are indicted for the "high crime" of organizing a union. We have learned positively that the one thing that the timber trust officials fear is publicity. We have determined to turn on the light. Tonight a 200 word night letter goes to Gene Debs and the national office of the Socialist party calling upon them to start a nationwide movement looking towards the most warlike publicity in this matter. The National Executive Committee has decided to publish the letter of Secretary Jay Smith demanding the conviction of the timber workers in the South. They have ordered it published in the Bulletin and the party press.

The Rebel will, as far as possible, cover the southern end of the line. We are in communication with Covington Hall, Jay Smith, Dr. Hunsley & Hawthorne, the attorneys for the men at Alexandria, La., and the men and others who are shot through with the situation.

On Saturday, the 7th of August, we will publish a special Timber Workers edition of the Rebel, with all the news of the timber murder plot. Let us row down the south with them, and fight the timber trust murderers away from their prey. Order as usual. In the meantime, don't forget the money. The money is the life and soul for the money to Jay Smith, Alexandria, La., and

DO IT NOW.

ORDER BLANK—TIMBER EDITION.

DEAR REBEL:
For the enclosed send copies of the Timber Workers Edition to

Name
Address
Price: 1/2 cent per copy.

The following letter gives an idea how the Socialists of Texas will stand by the persecuted timber workers who lay the law to the "Gunslingers Hickys." First send this \$20.00 to the Timber Workers and send my name. I am a business man—do not need to be a Socialist—my hand cannot be anything else, for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln's last name is now ruled by a gang of thieves.

Trn truly,

