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THE REBEL

The great appear great to us only because we are on our knees — LET US ARISE.

T. A. HICKEY, Editor and Owner.

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THE NEW SLAVERY of the NEW SOUTH

Down in Dallas town lives a man named Tom Padgitt, who is known far and wide because of the name his good father left him as one of the great saddlers of Texas. He is less known as the man who married a very charming lady who owned in her own right a vast tract of land in Coleman county on the Colorado river. And when you counted all the acres it would take six figures to describe it.

Sometime ago Padgitt after conferring with his estimable wife, sold a large tract of this land, it is said about 80,000 acres, to some Kansas City folks who recognized that Texas land was bound to grow in value. But this story would not be written if it weren't for the fact that 40,000 acres of the best land in Coleman County still remained in the leather man's possession. Padgitt needed a manager for this estate on which a large number of families rented and paid him every year a third of all the grain they made and the fourth bale of all the cotton gathered. The manager he hired used to haul wood in Oklahoma which is a very honorable occupation that I would like to see a great many men engage in, provided that an improvement in their economic condition did not affect their good sense. It did so in the case of Padgitt's manager. He must have been a very poor wood hauler because when he became manager the unfortunate fellow got the notion into his head that he was like Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe", who said:

"I am monarch of all I survey
And of my right there is none to dispute."

And thus after lambasting mules for many years this wood rustler from Oklahoma thought he could lambast white people when he was clothed with a little authority. The fellow's name was C. A. Rives. And unfortunately for Rives and a good many innocent people he heard a fallen preacher one day tell about the "evils of Socialism" and decided that it was up to him, the former wood hauler, to save the people of Coleman County from the dangers of that philosophy that has shaken the greatest thrones in Europe.

It is true that Bismarck the man of blood and iron went to his grave a broken man, in a similar battle; it is true that the Kings and their Counsellors, the prime ministers and parliaments of the old world have failed in the task, of averting these alleged evils. But what cared Rives. Like a Don Quixote mounted on his Rosinante, charging a windmill, this modern knight of the wood-hauling profession charged upon the Socialists that lived and had their being in the county of Coleman!

As always happens in such cases, a number of weaklings sided with the petty boss on the job and the big land owner who resided in the great city many miles away.

It so happened that a Socialist local had been organized at Leaday in the fall of 1909 with 12 charter members. They had run three encampments, engaged in many debates, distributed vast quantities of literature and bade fair to carry the county for the cause of Social Democracy. Rives decided that this would not do. Whereupon he proceeded to inform the Socialists and their families that they must get off the part of the earth that he controlled. If they would be good and vote the ticket of the donkey, all right, but if they decided to think for themselves, if they decided to read literature other than he wanted them to read, if they decided to interpret the Bible differently to what he considered the correct interpretation then why then, they had to pack up and get off because he, Rives, he that hauled the wood, would be backed up by Mr. Padgitt and a more docile people could exist and work in Leaday and vicinity on the banks of the river not far from Colemantown.

But alas for Rives, the Socialists were red-blooded people. They had reasons for the faith within them; their forebears had fought in the Alamo; they knew of Texas traditions, and in the ensuing fight their representatives peeled the hides of Rives' champions in fifteen different debates. Then the wood hauler decided that it was time for them to move and not only should they move but no other Socialist would ever desecrate the same piece of God's footstool on which our wood-hauler walked. To show that this statement is backed by the facts I will now introduce a letter that he sent to an honest man in Oklahoma who had formerly lived in the Leaday community, and who had written him about renting a place for the year 1913.

Leaday, Texas, June 18, 1912.

Mr. J. J. Leach, Sparks, Okla.

Dear Sir and friend:—

Answering your letter of recent date will say that Leaday is having war. Socialists on one side and anti-Socialists on the other.

Anti-Socialist have organized a league of 78 members and we are fighting socialists at every corner, for the sake of peace in the community.

I am going to let all the Comrads take a walk after Jan. 1st. I will have a number of places for rent including the place you lived on. Now Mr. Leach I know you and all the boys are good people but Socialism causes the best of friends to fall out.

To be plain if you are not a Socialist I will do my best to fit you and your people up with good places and I think I can fit you all up. Now Mr. Leach if you are a Socialist do not think hard of me for writing you plainly and if you are I am just as good a friend to you as ever, but on account of peace in the community I could not rent to my brother if he was a socialist.

C. A. Rives.

Notice where he says "I am going to let all the comrades take a walk after January 1st." Surely the iron of authority was in the soul of this ignoramus. Surely he must have thought he was in some other state than Texas. In an atavastic mood he probably thought he was back with some English landlords in the 16th century. Because the poor fool actually thought he could treat white Texans in this way and get away with it.

Now Socialists are men who love peace. They love the white winged angel so much that like the Irish they will fight for it. So to bring peace and order into the community, fifty-eight Socialists—heads of families — prepared the following petition to Mr. J. Tom Padgitt of Dallas, and requested him to visit Leaday and see if it were not possible that the differences could be adjusted on the Day ranch, the ranch that he had married into. To show that I follow the lines of the strictest truth I now introduce for our readers' benefit exhibit No. 2, the petition that signed by the 58 Socialists and sent to Mr. Padgitt.

Mr. J. Tom Padgitt,

Dear Sir:— We the undersigned patrons and citizens of Leaday, and adjoining communities do hereby petition you to remove C. A. Rives, from the position he now holds as manager of the Willie Day Padgitt estate.

After some three or four years of his presence here as manager of said estate we as lawabiding and liberty-loving citizens, have been forced to come to the following conclusions:

1st. You know before you left and turned business over to him, Leaday was a peaceful community; now strife and hatred and division tokes its place.

2nd. Whenever a man sees fit to exercise his views and political opinions if they happen to differ from the said Rives' views, he immediately incurs the displeasure and personal enmity of said C. A. Rives.

3rd. Not being content with making this a personal matter, he has gone further and made it a business matter. Enclosed you will find sufficient proof of this statement.

4th. He has turned off old true, and faithful tenants whose personal character and working qualification had never been questioned until Rives began to try to dominate their views and personal liberties.

5th. He has opposed all business progress at Leaday, and has been advocating the boycott system, which is a strict violation of the law. He has tried to drive our present business men from here and as a result you have buildings now vacant, which otherwise would be rented out.

6th. Not being satisfied with stirring up strife and dissension, in the Leaday community he is now at work in other communities, which, if he succeeds, will make conditions almost unbearable.

Now in consideration of the above-mentioned facts we feel that we are due some consideration and courtesy at your hand. We feel that your interest as well as ours is at stake. And if you see fit to grant this petition and give us a business man instead of a politician, we promise to co-operate with you in any transactions that will be to the uplift of Leaday financially or otherwise.

If you are awake to your interest here at Leaday, you will immediately take action in this matter, otherwise we will infer that you are satisfied with present conditions which in the end will mean ruin to the Day Ranch.

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

In response to this petition Mr. Padgitt and his wife came to Leaday, Coleman County and proceeded to sit for three hours with a committee that were elected by the petitioners. At the end of three hours Mr. Padgitt issued his ultimatum. It was just this:

"THESE PEOPLE WHO ARE QUARRELLING WITH MY SUPERINTENDENT IF THEY DO NOT LIKE HIM, MUST LEAVE. I HAVE APPOINTED HIM TO ATTEND TO MY BUSINESS AND I SHALL CONTINUE HIM IN HIS PLACE AND THAT IS ABOUT ALL."

Mrs. Padgitt, who was present with her husband and who has more brains in a minute than her worse half and his man Friday, has in an hour summed up the situation this way.

"Your community is split wide open but the same thing is going everywhere. This is not only a Coleman county fight but it is a state-wide fight a nation-wide fight, in fact it is going on in all parts of the civilized world. And I agree with my husband that the best thing to be done is to have all of you who do not agree with us leave the places, get off, and we will put others in your place."

Obviously Mrs. Padgitt has been reading about the daily class struggle that knows no confines on land or sea.

When Mr. and Mrs. Padgitt left, the fight went on. Both sides were determined. The churches were split wide open; the row was carried into the schools and even into the fraternal lodges. Like dragon's teeth the seeds of hatred were sown. It matters not that the committee pointed out that a community [illegible] although they differed in religion and politics, the order had gone down the line from the boss man that when these poor renters disagreed with Mr. Padgitt and his man politically they had to get off the earth. And not only that but everybody in business who would vote the Socialist party ticket had to leave the country, so said these autocrats, and in support of that statement I present the following advertisement clipped from the Coleman County Herald.

Merchant Wanted at Leaday.

Wanted at Leaday by Jan. 1st, an up-to-date business man to put in stock general merchandise and run a nice furnished hotel. Strong co-operation for best trade. A big opening and money-making proposition to offer right party. Calamity howlers need not apply. For inside information, call or write C. A. RIVES, business manager for J. Tom Padgitt, Leaday, Texas.

Not satisfied with getting rid of the merchant and hotel keeper of Leaday, an honest, fearless fighting Irishman named Flynn, this un-American puppy called Rives backed by Mr. Padgitt decided upon wholesale extermination.

The secretary of the socialist local was a clean-living Christian young man, and made food for those he loved by running a blacksmith shop. So they got after him because he was secretary of the Socialist party in proof whereof I insert the following advertisement clipped from the Coleman County Herald:

Blacksmith Wanted at Leaday.

Wanted a good blacksmith by Jan. 1st. A proposition for smith to work for wages, on commission, or own shop. Must be good smith, reference required. Call on or write C. A. RIVES, business manager for J. Tom Padgitt, Leaday, Texas.

The editor of the Rebel is not an authority on law like our candidate for attorney general, Judge Faulk, of Austin, so I have passed the papers in the case up to him to find out if there is not some way whereby Padgitt and Rives can be sent to the penitentiary for this criminal conspiracy to deprive men of their property without due process of law.

To make this story stronger and have my readers understand that every line of this story is chipped from the granite of truth, I now introduce an affidavit made before a notary public, in which some of the victimized renters set forth the reason why they are ordered out of Leaday:

For some unknown reason, and not mere choice of ours, the God above has permitted us as children to be born into this world which he plainly says in the good book "was given to his children for an inheritance forever."

We wish to let the world and especially the people of the Lone Star State know that the teachings of the blessed Saviour won't work in Dixie.

We have been giving J. Tom Padgitt, every 1|3 and ¼ days of our labor for the privilege to work God's land. And now the time has arrived when we are not permitted the chance of doing this. Just because our political views are different from the agent here, they say, "Get off the earth; you can't work my land."

We the undersigned farmers want the people to know that we can't rent Padgitt's land here just because we are Socialists and for no other reason and we appear before a Notary Public, and solemny swear that the above statements are true, to the best of our knowledge.

Signed:

Rev. W. W. Lancaster, P. W. Drunney, E. Alford, V. C. McBride
E. W. Crell.

This is to certify that the above named men have appeared personally before me and took oath that the above statements are true to the best of their knowlege.

I now fix my seal this 12th day of October 1912.

E. D. Stephens,
Notary Public, Leaday, Coleman Co. Texas.

A great many people in Texas have stated that I am a stoic; that the tear ducts are dried in my eyes; but the one time in my later years that the rebellious tears fought to come forth was when I sat in the courthouse in the drouth stricken town of Coleman and listened to the story of the men and women who are being victimized by these scoundrels, Padgitt and Rives, merely because they had that old time Texas courage to stand up and fight for a principle they believed in. And I tell you people you have got to come to their help and I believe before my pen stops racing over this paper that I can suggest ways and means of helping our downtrodden brothers and sisters in Leaday and vicinity.

But before doing so I will introduce to you a statement from the struggling men:

Leaday Socialist Local organized in the fall of 1909. We met twice each month, our doors were open to everyone. A standing in-

Continued to Page 2

KEEP IT STRAIGHT.

Just to keep the record straight let it be remembered that the congressional investigations at Washington have resulted in showing that:

1. *Roosevelt received donations to his campaign fund from Harriman, Standard Oil, Morgan and other trust cohorts.*
2. *Taft received donations from the same source.*
3. *Wilson, according to the admission of his campaign manager, McCombs, received $27,000 from McCormick of the Harvester trust, $17,000 from Crane, the Chicago multi-millionaire and other representatives of big business with Wilson's knowledge and consent. Besides this Ryan, Morgan's Man Friday, testified that he would willingly donate to Wilson's campaign fund.*
4. *There was not one scrap of testimony tending to show that so much as a red cent had been donated to the campaign fund of Debs and Seidel by any representative of big business.*

WHICH OF THE FOUR PARTIES IS MOST LIKELY TO REPRESENT YOUR INTERESTS?

Hierarchy vs. Socialism.

No one will deny that the Socialist party is the only party in the nation that is bitterly and uniformly assailed by the higher politicians of the Catholic hierarchy, though many independent Catholic laymen do not approve of the schemes of their dignitaries and will vote for Debs and Seidel. The higher-ups assail it because they know that Socialism the world over stands as a stonewall against the union of any church with any state.

That the hierarchy is plotting to unite church and state in this country is shown absolutely by the letter of Archbishop Bonzano, the pope's own American representative at Washington D. C., reproduced in The Rebel some weeks ago in which this Bonzano advised Mr. Carey, a leading Catholic and Socialist of Palestine, Texas, that he must "*submit to the decisions of the church even at the cost of sacrificing political principles.*" There is other proof galore of how this crowd is seeking to rule matters temporal but this will suffice.

• • •

Bearing the foregoing facts in mind, it follows that thousands of non-Socialists who have been aroused by such newspapers as The Menace, The American Citizen and by other factors in in the already powerful anti-hierarchy movement now on in this country, will vote the Socialist ticket. They will vote not because they believe in Socialism of itself, but because they reason, most logically, that those opposed to the hierarchy can make no better political move against the latter than to vote for the candidates of the only party that the hierarchy hates and fights.

This drift to Debs and Seidel on this score has very lately been accentuated by The Menace, the greatest anti-Catholic organ in the world—only 78 weeks old, circulation 350,000 and gaining 5 to 10,000 readers per week. This paper has during the past two weeks come out in fearless denunciation of Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft, charging and proving that they are thoroughly tied up, all three, with the hierarchy.

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To all of which The Rebel would say: *We will and can not say anything to prevent mere anti-hierarchists from voting the Socialist ticket. However we are asking no man to vote our ticket merely as a protest against present conditions, even though that be the most effective way to do this as a vote for Roosevelt, Wilson or Taft would mean endorsement and not a protest. We prefer every Socialist vote to come as a result of a firm conviction that the ultimate aims and ideals of the Socialist party are right, reasonable, inevitable.*

The New Slavery of the New South

Continued from Page 1

vitation was given to all opposers, and they often took advantage of the invitation which resulted in open discussions or debates, by local men on both sides.

After some 12 or 15 discussions of this kind, they began to realize that they were playing at a losing game. On another occasion one our local boys and the great Shakespeare Smith, now spewing in the Coleman County Herald, was to debate the subject of Socialism. One of the largest crowds ever seen at this place was there to hear the good and bad of Socialism. The great Shakespeare, knowing that he had no argument to make, tried to "claim" all the time, but failed and just backed out, got his hat and walked out, leaving a house jammed with disappointed people.

When these discussions first began our membership was small but with the weak arguments of the donks our membership soon grew from 12 to 42 members. They now began to realize a fair open fight on their party finally meant defeat for the donks. So they began to adopt other methods. On April the 11, 1912, C. A. Rives, J. Tom Padgitt's manager, S. H. Stanfield and Shakespeare Smith called a meeting and organized an trouble to get the keys which were meeting was called, C. A. Rives one or two others rode around over part of two counties lied to and deceived the people in regard to the intentions of this meeting. They would tell one man that it was to upbuild Christianity; another, it was for peace, in fact they had a new lie for most every man to suit their purpose.

They were very careful not to invite any Socialists to the meeting. They didn't need them. So after sneaking around and lying to the people about the meeting, here is about what happened:

First the hall where the meeting was held belonged to the W. O. W. Instead of getting permission to use the hall or taking the trouble to get the keys which were not more than two hundred yards away they raised the windows and took possession. Up to this time the schoolhouse had been used for public meetings. Some of the members of the W. O. W. who were Socialists heard that they were going to have a meeting and went out to it. They were turned away from their own hall and told that no socialist was wanted and if they didn't wan't trouble they had better not come in. They said they had met to caucus against the socialists. C. A. Rives is the man that said this. He also said that if it were necessary they would use "rocks". After the house was called to order with guards at the openings, C. A. Rives presented the following resolutions: "First, that they would meet behind closed doors; second, that there is no room in a socialist for Christianity; third, resolved, that we deplore ronditions at Leaday, and that we will do all we can for the social and religious uplift at Leaday community by opposing Socialism."

C. A. Rives, and his man Friday (Shakespeare Smith) were the main speakers, and they made the following talks: They were going to get rid of the Socialists at any cost.

"We need new business men at Leaday; the men now here were giving satisfaction to every one but the trouble was that they were Socialists. There was a very good trade here before the organization of that club. The blacksmith, and merchants will make affidavits that there was an immediate falling off in their trade. We will also make affidavits that men who before patronized these business houses now are doing business at other places."

It was also suggested they would allow the Socialists no more privileges on the Colorado river, such as fishing and hunting, on their land. One said that the next Socialist he caught on his land he would shoot his G— D— head off. (Say, Tom, how's that for Christianity?) Besides, this is a government stream. Some of them have upsigns like this: "No Socialists allowed any privileges in here."

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Now to show you just how much Christianity this league had.

A preacher of the gospel approached C. A. Rives and asked to rent a place. This great promoter of Christianity asked: "Are you a Socialist" He said: "I have never voted the ticket."

Then C. A. Rives says: "You are a preacher, aren't you?"

The preacher says: "Yes and I am glad of it."

Then said C. A. Rives: "*I don't want any Socialist nor preacher on my land.* (Say, Tom, how's that for Christianity?)

• • •

The night they organized they further accused the Socialists of believing in free love and negro equality. They further said that the Socialists wer as a rule low and smutty, and the very trash of the community.

Now after their meeting we, the Socialists at Leaday, sent challenges to C. A. Rives, to meet us in an open discussion and prove their accusations before an intelligent audience or stand branded as wilful misrepresenters of the truth. We told him to come out and defend himself or shut up. He replied that it was not his pleasure to do either. He absoultely refused to meet us in open discussion.

Rives then began to write his lies to the county papers, stating that we had broken up the Sunday school interest here, and the farmers union, and the public schools, etc.

Now, Tom, the Socialists here are the only ones that have any interest in the welfare of the community. We were to build an addition offered them a reward of $50 to prove them, and also $10 for them to to our school house and the work was to be done by the people here, and only one poor democrat worked a whole day onthe building, and the Socialists had to build the house.

So we wrote an answer to their letter denying their charges, and prove that more than one day's work was done by a member of the anti-Socialist club. Then they challenged us to put the money up in a bank and they would prove their charges. This was immediately done, I am sending a clipping from the paper stating same.

Now, Tom, we are sending you several articles from which you might get something that appears good to you. Make just as strong a story out of this as you can. You can count on all of this being true, but be careful not to get us into trouble. We will send more particulars if anything further develops.

After the above mentioned men had been turned off and refused land, there were others whose names follow:

Frank Willhelm, A. Dowdery, R. N. Hicks, Tom Pruitt, F. M. Johnson. These men have moved away and we can't get affidavits from them now.

After reading the above series of statements culled from the record of this fight, where is the man who is ignorant enough to tell me or any other sane human being that there is not a pressing need for a powerful renter's union in Texas, and in fact all over the South. Were the renters in West Texas organized they could have marched as one man to the assistance of their embattled brothers. Were they politically educated they would on November 5th, bury under an avalanche of Socialist ballots a system that permits and fosters such outrages and that is upheld by the Dem-Rep-Moose parties. But without organization they are like isolated individuals crying to fight a drilled and disciplined army such as the landlords are.

But while the hosts of renters are getting together for a compact organizstion the practical question arises: What can we do now?

I can and will suggest from time to time various steps that we may take in the fight to assist the men and women of Leaday, but the first important thing to do is to send a communication to Mr. J. Tom Padgitt of Dallas that will read like this:

Mr. Padgitt:—

Because men differ with you politically you are allowing your understrapper in Leaday to victimize men, drive them from the land you own and ruin their business. We have purchased your stuff direct from Dallas and we have bought from retailers that handle your ware, but so help us God Mr. Padgitt if you don't call off your dog at Leaday, and allow these men and women to have the freedom of press, speech and assemblage that the American citizen believes in then we will never buy another piece of harness from you. Your leather goods will rot on the shelves before we will purchase them and we shall use all honorable means to peacefully induce our friends and neighbors in the Farmer's Union the Renters' Union and all other unions in the state and all their friends and neighbors to abolish our goods from our community. [illegible] words, if you boycott white Americans because of their political beliefs, then we'll boycott you until the cows come home."

I would like to see about 5,000 letters that read like that go to Mr. Padgitts office. I would like to see a wholesale suspension of trade relations between the people of Texas who love liberty and this man who would introduce Russian methods on the Texas free soil. Do this and make Padgitt and his ilk relent, and understand that this is but the first shot in the battle as we march to Armageddon and battle for the Lord.

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(This is the first two articles on [illegible] land slavery and frauds. The next installment appear November 2nd.)

SOCIALISM AND UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES.

The Coleman County Herald, Messrs. McDaniel and Stephens publishers, published the following editorial recently:

"The undeveloped resources of Texas are so gigantic that it is going to require big business concerns to develop them. Our iron ore has slept in the hills of east Texas for centuries awaiting a fifty million-dollar investment ot set it in motion. We have a hundred million acres of idle land awaiting 10,000 miles of new railroad to develop it and industry languishes for want of big financial institutions strong enough to support it. It is only these huge leviathans that can carry burdens over the high seas of industry."

We have noted that the gentlemen who run the above editorial are bitter Socialist haters. They believe that the Socialist philosophy is wrong because it would destroy, they say, individual enterprise, and yet in this editorial we learn that the undeveloped resources of Texas are so gigantic that it will require "big business" and concerns to develop them. They do not seem to realize that that is exactly the Socialist position except that we believe big business should mean all of the people collectively intead of a few plutocrats.

Big business so far from handling the great industries of the nation, has reached the point where it is breaking down of its own weight and is incapable of handling the gigantic enterprises that modern civilization imperatively demands. For instance: The Panama Canal was a private enterprise under De Lesseps, the great Frenchman, who, with his private associates, sank one billion francs into the big ditch and sacrificed multiplied thousands of lives. After making a hopeless failure the people collectively took hold and successfully dug the great canal and united two oceans in marriage.

As it is with the Panama Canal, so with the tremendous systems of levees in the South. Multiplied millions of property and hundreds of lives were lost in the great Mississippi floods this spring and now real "big business" in the form of the people of the United States working collectively will take hold of the proposition and where local capital has failed the nation will step in and see that no more life or property shall be lost by the breaking levees in the Southland.

From this point to the national ownership of railroads is but a step the draining of hundreds of millions of acres of swamp lands will follow: the desert will be made to bloom like the roses in June when touched by the twentieth century magic wand of colletive achievement when the new "big business" proceeds to bless the waste lands with its presence.

That Texas shall not develop her resources until some pot-bellied plutocrat from Wall Street or elsewhere is willing to send money into th state, and control the destinies of Texas, is an insult to the genius of the Lone Star.

When I watch these little Democratic editors fighting Socialism and trying to handle the big problems of the day, it reminds me of the time when I was a five year old boy and laughed myself sick as I looked into a cage of monkeys that my mother had taken me to see, and found the boss monkey vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of an old brass watch that a visitor had given him.

The editor of the Coleman county Herald is in the mental stage of an anthropoidal ape and we suggest that he hasten his intellectual evolution by reading some scientific Socialist work and then he will know how he can develop the resources of Texas without casting supplicating eyes toward Wall street.

SOCIALISM IS COMING.

By W. S. Noble, Manager Lecture Department.

Steady comrades, all together! Victory is in sight. The day of deliverance is at hand.

Nothing but internal strife can prevent the Socialist party electing a governor of Texas in 1916—perhaps in 1914.

When I planned the gubernatorial tour, I did it for the purpose of breaking the silence of the press and placing the party on the billboards of Texas as a coming power that the masters must reckon with. You comrades have held up my hand. I planned, you executed and for this grand success you comrades are due the praise. Daily you can see the reports of our meetings in the capitalist press. With but few exceptions the tour has been one glorious success.

I am writing this article in the dressing room of the Star Theater at Corpus Christi. Comrade Hickey is speaking to an audience which fills the house. I will give you an idea of our meetngs for the last week.

On Thursday, the 17th, with the rain pouring down we arrived in Austin. We were met at the depot by ComradeBillingsley and others with a hearty handshake that spelled success in spite of the rain which continued to pour. We expected a small attendance but Billingsley, Perone and our attorney general, Faulk, failed to learn what failure means, and when we entered the hall w found it well-filled with a representative audience of men and women of all classes and professions who gave Comrades Andrews and Hickey marked attention. When Comrade Hickey showed how the holding of land for speculation and exploitation was the cause of the great number of tenants and said: "Because the Socialist party will make this impossible I expect to see a Socialist governor in 1916," the applause was long and loud. Free literature was soon all gone and many books were sold and subscriptions secured.

The next morning at 3:45 we departed forSmiley to meetComrade Lee and others. Although there is no local at this place the meeting was a success, 40 subs being secured, and several books sold. All hail to the noble work of the comrades at Smiley!

At 11:45 that night we arrived in the city of the Alamo, where we snatched a few hours sleep, departing next morning for Pleasanton. We were met at Poteet by that noble young comrade Hilton Smith who accompanied us to Pleasanton where we were met by the fair committee who invited us to a dinner as the guests of the Fair Association.

The meeting that evening was good considering the occasion and many on the fence came around and were loud in their praise of the position the Socialist party took on the land question.

On Sunday we visited San Antonio local where we all made short talks. Comrades Deck, Dr. Fee and others testify to the fact in their calm determined looks that San Antonio will always be on the watch tower.

Next morning we departed for Kingsville, which after eleven hours travel we reached at 8 p. m. and such an arrival it was. When the train stopped the blast of horns and roll of drums showed that the revolution was on. A committee headed by Comrade Rohrman and others met us. We were placed in a carriage and followed by the band the march to the opera house was commenced. Despite the mud there were in the procession many men, women and children afoot. How my heart swells when I think that soon, just over the hills the sun is rising of that bright day when those children who marched in that throng will have an equal show with the plutocrats of the world. The house was crowded and to judge from the ringing cheers and the handshakes after the meeting was over the comrades of Kingsville were doing their part.

Next morning we took the early train to Corpus and Oh, what a meeting! The Star Theater had been leased and to the indefagible work of Comrades Boyd, Moore, Dreyer. Runck and others, the meeting was a success, the band played Dixie and as I heard the soul inspiring strains I thought it will not be long until Dixie will have a government for and by the people.

More next week.

The Political Boss of this State.

I visited Austin last week on the gubernatorial tour. In the afternoon about five p. m. I left the Driskill Hotel with a well posted friend who pointed out to me a clear-eyed, well-groomed, handsomely dressed gentleman about 50 years of age with iron grey hair and a steady piercing eye, who stood in the doorway of a barber shop conversing intently with a smug looking politician.

"Tom," said he, "just turn your head quietly and look at the political boss of Texas."

I looked around and saw a gentleman who was a stranger to me. It wasn't Bailey, Culberson, Colquitt, or any of the familiar figures. It was the face of a man who never gets into the public print. "Who is he?," I asked.

"He is Mr. Baker of the firm of Baker, Botts, Parker & Garwood, general attorneys for the Southern Pacific lines. He is the political boss of Texas."

And then I retraced my steps, and lit a cigar within two feet of "the man behind." I sized him up thoroughly, knowing full well that my friend's statement was true. And this, gentle reader, is the reason why:

Given a state of society in which the giant industries are owned by private individuals these private individuals to defend their economic interests must control the political powers of the state and nation. The Southern Pacific is the most powerful corporation in Texas, hence it is on top, politically. Take away that political power and the owners of these industries would die economically, over night. Did the editor of The Rebel possess the political power in this nation, the United States Supreme Court would never have handed down the "Rule of Reason" decision in theStandard Oil case—a decision that, while ostensibly breaking up the Standard Oil Company into 35 parts, hurt the "oil octupus" so severely that its stock increased in value $2,000,000 before the ink was dry on the paper that bursted the "octopus" in to 35 parts. A little story illustrating the capitalist grip on a state may well be in order here:

Four years ago the session of the legislature of the state of Pennsylvania was very long drawn out. It lasted 116 days. One of the legislators desired to get home in 90 days and was sore because it lasted 116 days. When 112 days had passed this gentleman came down to his hotel in a nervous, irritable mood He walked around the hotel lobby for a few minutes and happened to notice a sign on a transom written in letters of gold that spelled B-A-R. He went in through the door,approached the bartender and said: "Sir, I am nervous. Please mix me up a good stimulant." The bartender suggested a Manhattan cocktail which the gentleman liked so well that he took another and still another. And then as the pleasant perspiration broke out, he leaned across the bar and told the white aproned attendant the tale of his sad young life. A large number of drinks of various brands followed and all night long he looked upon the wine while it was red. The next morning at nine o'clock he staggered down to the Capitol of the great state of Pennsylvania. He slowly climbed the marble steps, went in through the glass doors and found his seat with the assistance of a friend,placed his silk hat thereon, then sat on his hat and smiled all around. A lull in the house proceedings brought him unsteadily to his feet and gazing drunkenly at the speaker of the house he stammered:

"Shay, Mizzer Speaker, I wantsh to ask a question.

"What is it?" quried the sueaker.

"Does the Pennsylvania Railroad wantsh any more bills passed?"

"No," replied the Speaker.

"Well," indignantly roared the drunk: "Why in h—ll don't we adjourn; what are we sitting here for?

• • •

In Albany, the capital of New York, David Graham Phillips, tells the story of the various legislatures that sat in the great capitol where the black horse cavalry of graft had held forth for many years and there, when Chauncey M. Depew was the New YorkCentral lobbiest, a friend approached old Commodore Vanderbilt and asked the boss of the New York Central lines, "Who is Chauncey M. Depew?"

"Depew, Depew," said the old Commodore scratching his head as though in thought, "Oh, yes that's the fellow I send up to Albany every year to round up my cattle."

And so we might travel through one state to the other until we reached each one of the forty-eight and we would find that the records of legislation are clear as the sun at noonday on the fourth of July, that whoever controls the industries controls the government.

• • •

And all of this brings us back to Mr. Baker of the firm of Baker, Botts, Parker & Garwood, general attorneys for the Southern Pacific lines.

Mr. Baker is the man that makes the wheels go round at the Texas State capitol. Mr. Baker is the Texas representative of the Wall street interests that controls the Harriman lines. Mr. Baker wishes the shop men whipped and presses a button on his desk and Mr. Railroad Commisssioner, Allison Mayfield, immediately takes a duck hunting trip; Mr. Williams gets sick and Mr. John L. Wortham fades into the far beyond.

And so it must ever be while the great industries of the nation are privately owned for private profit. There can be but one remedy. The collective ownership and democratic management of industries of the United States. Then we shall have the government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and until that happy day dawns, we will have government of the railroads, by the railroads and for the railroads, and every thinking man will realize that while we have the private ownership of the industries in the very nature of things government will be nothing but the executive committee of the ruling classes.

AND THAT IS WHY MR. BAKER CAME TO AUSTIN TOWN—THE POLITICAL BOSS OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.

GETTING OUT FROM UNDER.

P. H. Ramsey, of Tyler, Texas, sends The Rebel a clipping from the Washington, (La.) Herald to the effect that the Galloways have just sold their lumber plant at Grabow to Lake Charles and Beaumont parties.

And from the letter of John H. Kirby, president of the Southwestern Lumber Operator's Association, printed in this issue, it will be seen that this gentleman has suddenly begun to deny any connection with the hounding of the timber workers. He is beginning to realize that it is liable to mean the killing of his governor's "bee."

As a result of the awful way in which the testimony of the star state witnesses has been "shot" to pieces all before a single single witness for the defense has been put on, the timber trust bunch is scurrying to get out from under.

The "human nature" of human creatures does not need any change in order that they may become Socialists. All that is needed to secure such a blessed result is to exchange their ignorance, stupidity and dependency for knowledge, brightness and independency.

The Socialist party is the first real People's Party that has ever existed in all the dreary centuries of the world's history. Present-day people are rapidly coming to know this fact, hence, the rapid spread of Socialism.

Grabow Trial.

(Special to The Rebel)

Lake Charles, La., Oct. 22. — Brotherhood Organizers Filigno and Edwards have been arrested and jailed and warrant reported issued for Organizer Doree on alleged charge of tampering with witnesses. All Burns agents still at large however, in spite of their flagrant attempts to fix things. The arrests supposed by outcome of the testimony of Spirley Buxton, state witness last Saturday. His evidence played havoc with the prosecution's case in fact practically all state witnesses have collapsed under Judge Hunters cross examination. Many of them swear Galloway man had been drinking all day of massacre. The arrest of organizers was framed up for the purpose intimidating witness and workers.

Burns detectives will be put on the stand tomorrow. You may expect some tall lying and more experienced lying than in the case of the other state witnesses. But they have nothing on us.

Covington Hall.

Resume of Testimony of State Witnesses at Lake Charles.

The jury that is to try the nine members of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers who have been singled out by the "Sawdust Ring" as those it would most love to adorn with rope cravats was completed at 3:35 p. m. on October 15th.

The twelve men of the jury are:

John Hagen, farmer; Albert Derouen, farmer; S. W. Mack, farmer; W. T. King, machinist. W. E. Whitfield, collector; J. H. Martin, dairyman and truck farmer; Frank Vincent, restaurant keeper; G. L. Freeman, business man; A. LeBaure, motorman; C. A. Hulbert, farmer; M. A. Sharpe, farmer; W. T. ing, machinist.

The jurors were chosen in order named.

Court convened at 9 a. m. on the 16th and a roll call of witnesses showed 82 summoned by the State and 66 by the Defense.

At 10:20 a. m. the State called Coroner W. L. Fisher to the stand who testified as to the inquest on the body of A. T. Vincent, the Lumber Trust gunman for whose murder the nine B. T. W. boys are being tried. As it is generally admitted, that Vincent is dead, the Defense asked Dr. Fisher few questions, tho' it was proven by him that Decatur Hall, unionist, was killed by a shot in the back, and other State witnesses testified that Hall was shot while running from the scene.

At 11:05 a. m. Kinney Burns resumed his seat with the Prosecution, and B. F. Haverd, the first State witness, was called and, on the District Attorney asking him to tell "what Will Estes or anybody else had said to him", a fight was immediately started by the Defense to have the Court rule out the question, on the ground that common gossip, of Tom, Dick and Harry could not be used as evidence against men on trial for their lives and liberties, but, on the District Attorney stating that he intended to try to convict the boys of "conspiracy to murder" and that, practically, it was necessary for him to get in this style of "evidence", or have his case (?) go on the rocks of failure, Judge Winston Overton, Presiding District Judge, took pity on him and his great colleague, Congressman A. P. Pujo, and ruled that they could ask any old question from who burned Troy to who hit Billy Paterson, but later on, when Judge Hunter, leading counsel of the Defense, made Haverd admit that he and many other employes of the Galloway Lumber Co. had been drinking all day and then tried to make him admit that all of them were drunk, the Prosecution objected and, tho' Judge Hunter stated to the court that he asked the question as it was his intention to prove a conspiracy on the part of the mill owners to bring on a riot and that all their [illegible] er to prepare them to obey when they were ordered to shoot up the Brotherhood's meeting, the Court said nix cum-a-raus, and so the rulings have gone all through the trial. The Court and the lawyers on both sides are always referring to something, somebody or some other called the "Raw Jester", and old Raw Jester is always on the side of the State and always against the Defense. When Pujo doesn't know howinhell to get out of a hole, he appeals to old Raw Jester and R. J. hands it to the Defense every time. When gunman Haverd finished his testimony on the 17th, Constable W. A. Martin of DeRidder was called to the stand, but, as his testimony was, on the whole, favorable to the accused, the State soon dropped him and called Deputy Shiriff James L. Estes of Merryville, who swore to so many pipe-dreams against the boys that the jury laughed until the State called Star Witness W. I. Hickman, who testified that Ed. Ezell had fired only one shot, but that one shot had killed Roy Martin and desperately wounded him; that Roy was standing twelve feet in front of him fixing his gun; that Roy's back was toward him, but still he knew Roy was fixing gun; that Roy was not as tall as he and was standing in a washed-out road while he, Hickman, was standing on a gallery a foot and a half above ground; that he was shot in shoulder and Roy in stomach; he was very sure about all this, so, it is no wonder that Hickman looked dazed when Judge Hunter asked him to please explain to the jury how it was possible for this one shot to play such havoc. Hickman also testified that Ezell was only 30 or 40 feet away when he fired and said the reason he did not receive the load straight in the breast was because he turned after he saw the smoke leave Ezell's gun! The next star witness called by the State was George Henry Blackman, and George Henry surely gave some "testimony". Said he was standing on front gallery of commissary and saw Hickman, who was standing on a back gallery, fall as Ezell shot him; that he also saw Roy Martin, who fell beyond Hickman, fall as Ezell shot him, and then George Henry went up in the air when Judge Hunter took him to the State's map of Grabow, made him repeat his testimony and then asked him to please explain to the jury how he saw all this thru the walls of the commissary, and George Henry was so "unexcited" that he was able to testify that the first shot "was fired from about 5 feet on the north side of the wagon" from which Emerson was speaking. George Henry said he had been kicked out of the Brotherhood for scabbing. Exit George Henry Blackman.

The State then called Mrs. O. P. Davis, who saw so many guns on the day of the "riot" and so many of Galloway's men drinking, and who finally got mad and hopped Persecuting Attorney Pujo so strenuously that she was turned loose and her daughter, Miss Emma Smith, was called by State. Miss Smith went through the regulation State story in fair shape, but in her answers to Judge Hunter she shot her own and her mother's testimony and that of other State stars up-side-down. Miss Smith was excused at 4:50 p. m., and Court then adjourned until 9 a. m. of the 18th, when the State called James Roshs of DeRidder. Every bit of Ross' testimony was favorable to Emerson and the boys on trial and "the State of Louisiana" (?) got its first electric shock. Ross was quickly excused and the State then called Marzook Galloway, Vice President of the Galloway Lumber Co., whose testimony, beyond the fact that it indicated that he had taken care to get out of the shooting party assembled in his Company's office, amounted to nothing one way or the other, tho he did state to the Defense that it "was all guess work on his part as to who fired the first shot or where it came from," he being in his house 350 feet behind the office. The next witness called by the State was H. E. Turner, who says A. T. Vincent come out of office shooting, and stated that R. T. Green gave him an empty gun as he entered the office: he was, of course, sure first shot did not come from office. To the Defense he stated that he was employed as a "guard", but did not know the meaning of the word "gunman"; that the Galloway Lumber Co. had paid him for the time he spent in jail immediately following the "riot" and until Paul O. Moss' now famous Grand Jury indicted all the Union men and turned loose all the "peace officers" of the Southern Lumber Operators Association; that he fired indiscriminately into the mass meeting; that he and others had been drinking all day, but none of them were in the least drunk; that he emptied his rifle into the crowd and then got another gun from Green, which was, unfortunately, unloaded. Judge Hunter balled him up so that Turner's "testimony" turned out nothing for the State. George Henry Blackman was then recalled by the State, asked one or two questions and allowed to depart, carrying his rolling name with him. The State then called Star Witness Robert T. Green, who testified that he entered the office almost as soon as the shooting started, picked up 4 empty guns, did no shooting himself, but was sure first shot had not come from office; that he was as sober as an angel, tho he had been drinking cider, whiskey and rice nutrine all evening; that he had not been paid by the Galloway Lumber Co. for time spent in jail, only they had made out his check for $10.00 or $12.00 more than was coming to him and he had "borrowed" $5.00 from one of the Galloways and $1.00 from another. This witness amused everyone in the court room by trying to steal a look at the State before he answered Judge Hunter's questions, giving Congressman Pujo an alarmed glance when Judge Hunter forced out of him a statement that M. M. Galloway had told them the Union men "had every right to speak there." Doctors Frazer and Nichols were then called by the State to prove some more that Vincent was dead, and, nobody objecting thereto, Court adjourned to 9 a. m. of the 19th. On the 18th Congressman Pujo asked several questions indicating that he was longing to bring the "race question" into the case on account of the Brotherhood admitting to membership the colored workers, to which our answer is that the B. T. W. intends to organize all the workers in the sawmills and forests and we are prepared to spring as many sensations on this line as Congressman Pujo can; that, furthermore, if the Association imports gorillas to compete for our jobs we intend to organize them, too.

As to "cider"— Calcasieu Parish is prohibition territory and this "prohibition" or "squirrel cider" is far-famed for its horse-power to the glass; it has been known to make a rabbit fight a bulldog, yet it didn't even "exilerate" the "heroes" of the Association. When Court convened on the morning of the 19th, the long-promised and looked for big sensation in the case came when the State called Shirley Buxton to the stand. The State asked Buxton a few regulation questions, and turned him over to the defense. Cross-examined by Mr. Bell, Buxton testified that John Galloway had said, "By God, they shan't speak; don't let them do it"; that all had been drinking heavily and were "pretty well organized" when the Unionists came up; that Vincent was drunk and going around saying he "would like to kill him a Union s. of a b."; that the commissary keeper had tried to stop selling liquor to the men, but that President M. M. Galloway had come up and said: "Hell, no; pour it into them until the Union men come up"; that the Galloways and George Green came out of the mill office and shot at the fugitives running away. The first sensation had been sprung, all right, when the witness finished, but not exactly as per promise. Buxton was on the stand from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. and it is reported that, when Court adjourned for the day, the Burns Detective Agency went home with a bad case of blind staggers, and "that the State of Louisiana" was suffering from nervous prostration in the 33rd degree.

BROTHERS IN TOIL!

Judge Hunter and all our lawyers are putting up a magnificent fight; nothing but a lack of funds can beat us, and we appeal to you to help us, **now, today!** In Labor's name, we appeal to you! Send all donations to Jay Smith, Sec., Alexandria, La.

We all know the men and machines that are supporting Taft and Roosevelt, but some people do not know the men and machines that are supporting Wilson. His main supporters are Boss Murphy of Tammany, Boss Baker of Texas, Boss Sullivan of Illinois, and Boss Taggart of Indiana. A man is known by the company that he keeps. That'll do.

To vote for Taft, Wilson or Roosevelt would be a grievous blunder, a wretched mistake, a social crime against the masses of struggling mankind. To vote for Debs would be to vote for God and humanity.

"St John" Kirby.

The following extremely interesting correspondence has passed between Mr. Robbins, the Rebel and "Saint John" Kirby, president of the Kirby Lumber Company owner of the Austin Statesman, ex-regent of the State University, pal of Joe Bailey, chairman of the Southwestern Lumber Operators Association, railroad magnate, candidate for the state legislature from Houston on the democratic ticket and a hell of a Don Juan:

Houston, Texas, Oct. 11, 1912.

Mr. John Robbins, Diboll, Texas.

Dear Mr. Robbins: I have been absent nearly two months and am just in receipt of your letter of August 24th. I am very much obliged for your letter. It is written in a sincere spirit and if I had been at home I should have replied promptly.

"You have doubtless learned before this that I had absolutely no connection with the Grabow riot in Louisiana. This riot occurred in the early part of last July. Prior to that time I did not even know that there was such a place as Grabow or such a mill as the Galloway mill. I do not know that fact now except from what I have read in the news papers. I have never met any of those people there or had any communication with them direct or indirect.

"You ought not to be influenced by anything you read in the "Rebel" about me or any other Christian man who believes as you and I do. I believe in God, the church, the constitution and in American institutions. The editor of the Rebel does not believe in any of these and is constantly levying warfare upon all of them. His gang over in Louisiana have lied on me from the very beginning. They have not been able to influence the boys who are running the mills of the Kirby Lumber Co. to join their order or encourage them in their lawlessness or in their un-Christian, murderous, incendiary or other riotous preachings, teachings or actions. The leaders, like the ditor of the Rebel, blame me.

"The men who are charged with being responsible for the murder of innocent men at Grabow are now on trial at Lake Charles, La. A jury of their countrymen will determine whether they are guilty or innocent. No person and no paper other than the lying Socialist editors of sheets like the Rebel have evr charged me with any responsibility whatever for the Grabow riot and all of these know that their charges are untrue in every particular. My motto is to "Look up and laugh and live." I throw stumbling blocks in the path of no man.

"Again thanking you for your letter, I am,

Very sincerely your s

"Jno. H. Kirby."

Reply from Robbins.

Diboll, Texas, Oct. 14, 1912.

Editor of Rebel:

I herewith hand you a letter from Jno. H. Kirby, president of the Kirby Lumber Co. Will say I am one of Mr. Kirby's ex-salesmen of the Southern Chemical Co., of Houston, Texas, of which Mr. Kirby is president and know something of his devious ways.

For instance I do not believe a word of Mr. Kirby's claim that he did not know such a concern existed as the Galloway Lumber Co., or that he knew nothing about the various plots of the timber thugs that finally resulted in the Grabow "riot."

Kirby says that he has never had any communication with any of those people at any time directly or indirectly. Now Mr. Kirby you can not make me or any other sound thinking man believe that, as you and everybody else knows that you are the president of the Southern Lumber Operators Association, of which the Galloway Lumber company is part and parcel and directly under your supervision.

As to you not personally meeting the Galloway people, possibly that is a fact, but that does not prove that they are not part of your gang, that robs all of the laboring class that is in the employ of the timber [illegible]

Mr. Kirby you now pose as you posed before me when I was with your company—as a little wingless angel. In the name of God how can you sit up and "laugh" when so many of the Kirby Lumber company's employees are underfed, overworked and clothed in rags. You say you believe in a God, and the church? And that I should not be influenced by anything that I read in the Rebel. Now Mr. Kirby if you will prove that any article that the Rebel has printed about you is a lie, I will say to h—l with the Rebel and all of its associates, and all Socialist papers and will never read one again.

You say that the editor of the Rebel does not believe in a God I will give you $500 to prove that the editor of the Rebel does not believe in a God.

You say that "his gang has lied on you from the beginning." The fact is that they have told the truth and that is why you are taking the trouble to write me and many others such nice evasive letters.

It may be true they have not been able to get the boys that are eking out in your mills a scant bread and hog living to joint the B. T. W. Why? Because you thieves and tyrants tell them that if they do you will discharge them and get your gang of thugs and gunmen to intimidate, yes kill them as your pals did at Grabow, La.

Mr. Kirby that is a fearful blot of shame to go down in the annals of Louisiana that a gang of useless curs would murder honest laboring men who were only assembled peaceably to learn something of their rights. Think of it: a gang of drunken, blackhearted murderers at the instigation of members of your Lumber Operators Association shoots into a crowd of which many were women and little children, all without a word of warning. Say, in all your life can you think of a more dastardly act, your thugs did in this case?

Mr. Kirby you say that you believe in a God. What kind please? Is it one that oppresses labor and says that it is right to murder innocent laboring men, women and children, when they are trying to get honest pay for their labor, or is it the God of your class only, to uphold you in wholesale murder?

You say that none but lying Socialist editors have ever charged you with being responsible for the murder of those innocent men. I will agree with you there as most all Dem. and Repub. papers are bought and supported by your class to keep the working men in the dark and I am sure that none of them will expose you. Furthermore none of the hypocritical preachers and those ignorant people who never think or speak for themselves and vote as you parasites and bloodsuckers indicate.

Say readers are you in the class that votes as Mr. Kirby and his bunch tells you to? If so you are too ignorant to vote. Stop, read, think. Is your interest and John Henry's the same?

Does he not live off your and other laboring men's labor. Do you get anything from the other fellows' labor? If not why do you vote the same ticket that such fellows as John Henry support? Why not vote a Socialist ticket, the party that wants to give you all you earn, and put all John Henrys to work in a useful way.

In his letter to me Kirby says that he sits up and laughs—yes, at your darned ignorance in supporting the old party ticket and keeping him on our bent and weary backs.

Rube, wake up.

Yours for better times,

John Robbins.

Mr. Kirby says some harsh things about the Rebel which pleases me greatly because if I have said anything in the Rebel that would cause a fellow of his type to speak kindly of me I would feel that I had failed to do my duty to my class.

When the gentleman tells us that he had absolutely no connection with the Grabow riot; that he did not know there was such a place as Grabow, or such a mill as the Galloway mill, he display's either extraordinary ignorance of affairs he has been identifed with or he is a prevaricator of so deep a dye that were Ananias, Sapphira, Baron Munchausen and Eli Perkins to return to earth they would hide their diminished heads in his presence.

Let us go back some months and find out what led up to the trouble at Grabow.

A number of men decided that the conditions under which they lived in the lumber districts of East Texas and western Louisiana could be improved by forming a peaceable labor organization, that would enable the men to approach their employers in a united form instead of the individual manner in which they had previously acted.

Over this conduct of their employes Messrs. Kirby, Bell, Long, Galloway, et al, the owners of the lumber district where this union would operate became widely indignant, and through the press they stated—especially Mr. Kirby gave out interviews to that effect—that they would not permit such an organization to exist. From his executive office in Houston Mr. Kirby issued the first call to ALL the lumber operators in East Texas and West Louisiana to meet together in Alexandria, La., for the purpose of taking such steps as would prevent the organization of the men, who produced the wealth in the district According to Kirby's plan the Lumber Operators Association met in Alexandria and there and then they elected Kirby president of their organization, placed him upon their executive committee, declared open warfare upon this labor union. At that meeting two things were decided upon: First, that the company's mills should close down until the union men and their women and children were starved into submission; secondly, they arranged an illegal blacklist system through which every man of spirit in the piney woods of the South was to be followed up and discharged because he proposed to organize something that he had a perfectly legal right to do as an American citizen.

As a result of this conduct of Kirby and his pals, a long shut-down followed that resulted in fearful privations to the men, women and children who had long suffered under the lash of Kirby's kith and kin. Months passed away and Kirby and his associates in the Southwestern Lumber Operators Association of which the Galloways were a part—the identical Galloways that owned the mill at Grabow—found out they could not starve the men into submission and the result was that the mills opened up and the union continued to grow. Thus demonstrating once again that in spite of all the Kirbys from Houston to sheol the spirit of Southern independence can not be broken! !

In the face of the above record to say that Kirby doesn't know anything of Grabow or the Galloway mill is a piece of gall that is unexampled even among exploiters of the Kirby type.

But worse is yet to come. As a colossal prevaricator and a man with wonderful gall Kirby takes the cake, but he reaches the heights of infamy when he proceeds to pose before the people as a man who believes in God, the church, the constitution and in American institutions. If he believes in American institutions then he must believe in the freedom of press, speech and assemblage. He muzzles the Austin Statesman, violates the constitution by his blacklisting methods, scorns the church, (via the divorce court), and for all these reasons can only believe in one God and that is the God of Mammon!

When John H. Kirby says that The Rebel does not believe in any of these and is constantly levying warfare on all of them, I ask him to submit his proofs or stand branded as a liar unfit to associate with decent men. It is because I believe in God and in American institutions that I am in the Socialist party and am editing the Rebel.

When Mr. Kirby tells us that the men who are charged with being responsible for the murder of innocent men at Grabow are now on trial at Lake Charles, La., and that a jury of their countrymen will determine whether they are guilty or innocent, he tells but half truth. It has recently been officially shown that Burns detectives in the lumber cases in Oregon with which Mr. Kirby should be familiar, were instrumental in securing packed juries and witnesses and this may account for the fact that Mr. Kirby's associates have employed this identical Burns to work on the jury that will try the innocent men at Grabow. They take Burns' from the lumber regions of the Northwest to the lumber regions of the Southwest presumably in hope that his hand has not lost its cunning in the matter of the jury box, and in the getting of witnesses as the examination of state witnesses at Lake Charles already shows.

Personally the editor of the Rebel knows that these timber workers now on trial for their lives are innocent men. Every sane man knows, did they contemplate violence they would not bring their women and children to an open meeting where bloodshed was liable to occur.

The editor of The Rebel knows and has proven beyond any possible shadow of doubt that the press that Mr. Kirby speaks of is absolutely under the domination of him and his friends. Argument on that point is not necessary. The facts established within the past year in The Rebel is abundant proof of the same, and hence I am proud to stand forward as an editor whose business it is in keeping with the

Continued to last Page

NOTE AND COMMENT

By REDDIN ANDREWS,
Socialist Candidate for Governor of

The Republican party is conservative and the Democratic party is reactionary. But they both claim to be progressive. The first thing we know they will both set up a claim to being honest.

* * *

There is nothing like it. In the hotels, on the cars, in the offices of lawyers and doctors, in the editorial rooms, in the parlors and dining rooms, in the homes of the people everywhere, the subject of Socialism is becoming the leading topic of conversation.

* * *

From the writings of Marx and other scientific writers on Socialism, may be deduced the true challenge to mankind: "Show me how a man gets his living and I will tell you what he believes." In this view of the law of economic determinism we are justified in saying that the stomach and brains are generally on quite intimate terms.

* * *

If, as some poor fools, ignorance or degenerates say, only thugs and bums and tramps and failures constitute the members of the Socialist party, then they are the only people who are right or scientific in their views of political and economic questions. If the Devil were a Socialist he would be right in one thing. Fortunately, for the Socialist party, the Devil is a capitalist and can be nothing else.

* * *

What is sorely needed is the invention of a microscope of sufficient magnifying power to detect the difference, if there be any, between the Republican and Democratic parties. If party names and references, in their national platforms, were to be exchanged, very few Democrats and Republicans would ever discover the change. We have known exceedingly amusing tests of this kind to be made. Result: Pitiful, dry grins!

* * *

An old gentleman, and one of the best citizens of his city, heard me speak. In our conversation at the close of the address, he said: "I was very much interested in your speech. You are right. I have always voted the Democratic ticket, and had about concluded to vote for Wilson this year, and give the Democratic party another trial, but I am inclined not to vote the ticket any more."

* * *

No citizen can escape from the logical sequence of his votes. Franchise means something, how much so ever a man may fail to see it. A vote for any representatives of the capitalist system is a vote to perpetuate the present horrible and destructive order of things. It is a vote for all the miseries and crimes for which the capitalist profit, rent and interest system is responsible. Wake up, citizens! Consider your ways, and be wise.

* * *

A member of the Texas legislature, in conversation with another member about Socialism, said: "You can't do anything with Socialist speakers. I have had several debates with them and all that I could do with them was to befog them." That helps to emphasize what Socialists know to be true. No argument can be made against Socialism. In opposing Socialism men may make statements and employ sophisms, but no valid arguments can be made against it.

* * *

Roosevelt's opinions and deeds are matters of record. He has been on every side of every question. What he opposed yesterday he advocates today. He is a pachyderm. He may be sensitive, but we have seldom seen any evidence of such a thing. He strikes back, it is true, at every antagonist who dares to cross his path. I enjoy the public-

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ity that he is giving to Wilson's anti-labor records. The Socialist, long since, delved into the archives and brought out the photos that have so ruthlessly vexed the old, reactionary leader of the Democratic hosts in this year of our Lord, 1912.

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The word-jugglers seems to be taking all the real significance out of some important words. Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt are all called by their followers and by themselves, "Progressives." If there be any sense or truth in what they say then dictionaries have all become useless. I can no longer employ the word "progressive." I give up the term, and I shall have to wait until another Webster, Worcester or Walker shall have published dictionaries which if possible, shall harmonize the jangles and quirks and contradictions involved in the meanings of words as used by the members of the old reactionary mossback political parties. Taft, Wilson, Roosevelt, progressives! Whew! That lightning is slow and cautious in its movements!

* * *

Woodrow Wilson may have reason, after the election, to wish that he had never written any books. Before he ever thought of becoming a candidate for the presidency he wrote a book in which he revealed his true self in the expressions of his capitalistic, aristocratic and bourgeois contempt for the toiling, sweating, useful workers of the world. If he should be elected president he can not but regret his utterances. He will have to do so. His political creed and associates clearly indicate the route that he would travel. It is strange how that many of his Democratic followers whom I could name do not discover the false and fatal lack in his creed and candidacy and desert him, as rats desert a sinking ship. Alas! for the blindness, ignorance and conceit of men!

* * *

It may require a longer time than many of us think to establish the co-operative commonwealth. The minds of the people have been so stupefied by teachings of specious economics that they are incapacitated for independent thinking. But what has been done in the way of bringing men out from under the awful spells of sophistry and selfishness, encourages us to believe that it will not be very long before a sufficient number of them will see the light and walk in it—a number sufficient to revolutionize existing governments in the interests of the masses. I am frequently meeting men of the professional classes who are giving attention to study of Socialism. An elderly Democratic lawyer and judge recently said to me, "I be hornswaggled if I ain't getting tired of present conditions for which the old parties offer no remedies." He is regularly reading the Appeal. If he continues to do that, a little longer, the does will remove from his system the last vestige of his old party malaria.

* * *

Brains Going to Waste.

We Socialists frequently discuss the waste of competition, the wastefulness of our capitalistic system. There is waste, everywhere, in energy and money. That men should advocate and maintain our present system is indisputable evidence of their ignorance or insanity. We may sometimes mention, incidentally, another great waste which I have observed. As I go from place to place, I meet men in the hotels, in business places, on the cars and in the depots. They appear to be nice fellows and generally show that the world goes fairly well with them. They will talk. They discuss grave and gay matters, shallow and profound subjects. They express their opinions confidently as if they know a thing or two. They know much that is not true! They read the sayings of Taft, Roosevelt, Wilson, Debs, outters. They are well informed concerning the baseball and other sporting news. Many of them are reading the articles written by Tom Lawson and published in Everybody's Magazine. Their intelligence is varied and—shallow! They have found out from Lawson and other economists the causes of panics and high prices. It is interesting to listen to their chitchat only as it illustrates how far astray the human mind can be led on the most vital

questions and most solemn problems and profound diseases without ever having received the slightest hint of their cause. As a well informed Socialist remarks to their face, they consume the normal brightness of many of the women and children they meet, but they are not conscious that they are shuffling off their mortal coil and consigning their unborn progeny to the tomb of the Capulets.

Many men take good positions and become quite successful, but they are not using their brains. They are wasting them. They are not thinking. They are not studying. They are not growing. There is no hope, however. An ever-increasing number of men, in every walk of life, are beginning to think. They are becoming discontented. And it is quite common to meet men in the hotels, on trains, in business places, who say that they have been aroused and who are now heart and soul in the pending revolutionary movement. They are the ones who are conserving their brains. They are the ones who are helping on towards the establishment of just government. They are the ones who know that the only scientific course to pursue is to strive to remove the causes of poverty and crime and not forever waste brains and energy in futile efforts to regulate effects.

* * *

The Bull Moose Leader.

There is not a real Socialist in all this land who does not sincerely regret to see a large part of the lunatic, to take the life of Theodore Roosevelt. The Socialists join Debs in the hope that Roosevelt may recover. We endorse what Debs said:

"I only wish that everyone could realize that nothing can be gained by violence."

Socialists are opposed to violence to bloodshed and to war. They are the advocates of peace and education. They are the friends of full enjoyment of the constitutional guarantees of the freedom of speech and press. They are more just, liberal and law-abiding than Roosevelt. They believe that all men and women are entitled to the rights and privileges of government. Roosevelt believes in these things, from these principles, he is a very recent convert to them. Without sense or justice he would shoot down men as Debs, "undesiderable citizens", and has suggested the devilish scheme of lining up Socialists against a wall and shooting them. He has sent government troops, over the protest of county authorities, into a state, over state officers and to quell riots which did not exist. By his "royal" decree, in unconstitutional procedure, he has suspended newspapers, not one especially in New Jersey, — and deprived them of mailing privileges.

When I read the report of his speech, delivered shortly after he was shot, I could not refrain from frowning and smiling. There was very little, if anything, in all he said that was of any special value to the thinking citizen. One remark made by him stirred up in me a mingled sense of contempt and amusement. It illustrates or corroborates the sentiment of the verse:

"The ruling passion, strong in

November 9 ...

While the bullet of the would-be assassin's gun was still in his body, and the possible results of the wound could not be foretold, he showed that mean streak in his angular makeup, when he said that the speeches of Debs, Taft and Wilson and their adherents might have inflamed the minds of crazy men to attack him. That remark was contemptible. But when he worried Taft and Wilson into the plot, along with Debs, I was bound to laugh. That was the amusing part of the affair, and I was anxious to be sure that I got it. I listened to that part of Roosevelt's speech. I should like to have heard their ejaculations! I considered how the standpat, conservative Taft and the mossback, reactionary Wilson felt when the anything-everything-and-nothing Roosevelt put them into the same pen with the great, enlightened, scientific, progressive Debs.

As a matter of fact, Roosevelt is, constructively, responsible for the shedding of his own blood. The insane and oppressive system for which he has stood, and for which he now stands, produces paupers, famishing children, criminals and suicide. It is to be sincerely hoped that, some day not far away, he will perceive this fact and admit it. He will not have so live much longer before he will be compelled to confess his former ignorance and sallies shown in his mendacious misrepresentations concerning Socialism. Then will be a long life of usefulness and happiness before he will never be useful and never be happy until the co-operative commonwealth shall have been ushered in.

* * *

B. T. of S. C.

It has been some since we had a growl from the troglodyte of the great Southeast. But he has recently ventured to put his head out far enough to emit a blood-curdling growl which has been heard around the land. A few years ago one Collard Thompson, Theodore Roosevelt swatted the monster and, for a very long time, put a quietus on him by exposing a plot which he was working in order to get a lot of land where he expected to establish for himself and protege another cave in the state of Oregon. His habitat is in South Carolina. In the month of September, 1912, the old anarchist said: "If the Socialists came here I would have to kill them; we will lynch them." By some strange turn of fortune and politics, the state which his presence has disbarred sent him to the United States Senate. But, after all, it was not so strange since near by all the states sent their ablest citizens of fauna to minister to them while