Total subs previously reported	23,378
No. subs expiring last week	273
New subs last week	253
Loss for the week	7
Total No. subscribers this date	23,398

THE REBEL

THE GREAT APPEAR GREAT, TO US ONLY BECAUSE WE ARE ON OUR KNEES — LET US ARISE

T. A. HICKEY, Editor and Owner.
50c per yr. single at a (40 weeks) 25c
If this No. is opposite your name your subsciption expires next issue 110

Entered as second-class matter July 1, 1911, at the postoffice at Hallettsville, Tex., under the act of March 3, '79

HALLETTSVILLE, TEXAS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1913.

No 109

Renters Union IT.

The usual Renters Union column telling of our progress and growth will not appear this week because E. O. Meitzen, the secretary-treasurer of the Renters Union, is absent from his desk on account of his attendance at the Farmers Union convention that opened in San Antonio last Monday morning. As many of our readers know, E. O. Meitzen has for 30 years been one of the war horses in the Farmers Alliance, the Grange and was one of the founders of the Farmers Union. He has always taken the most radical position in these movements. When he realized that the Farmers Union had fallen into the hands of politicians dominated by the Commercial Secretaries Association he worked with might and main to launch the Renters Union and helped to frame its fundamental laws so that it would be thoroughly in line with the most progressive labor organizations of the day. E. O. Meitzen continued to hold his membership in the Farmers Union and his county organization (Lavaca) has sent him as delegate to the state meeting at San Antonio. In this meeting he will point out the utter inadequacy of the Farmers Union as it is organized now to benefit the men, women and children who toil in the fields of Texas. He will move in this convention that the Farmers Union adjourn sine die and that its members join the Renters Union en masse. In the event his motion fails to carry he will return to Hallettsville where the Farmers Union of Lavaca county is ready to surrender their charter and join the Renters Union and we hear of other county Farmers Unions, that will take the same step.

The time has now arrived when the Farmers Union is ready for interment in the same grave where lies the other organizations that have grown up and died in the South since the Civil war. Each of these organizations had a grave structual defect, their members believed that "cheap money", "better marketting facilities", "credit systems", "warehouse plans," and such other schemes would permanently improve the conditions of the tillers of the soil. They did not realize that the curse of landlordism and all that flows therefrom was the tap root of their woes. Now they are having their eyes opened and are determined on an up-to-date form of organization that will destroy landlordism and all its attending evils.

To give our readers an idea of how widespread the split in the Union is, we publish the following press dispatch:

> By Associated Press.
>
> Fort Worth, Tex., Aug. 4.— While the regular Farmers' Union state convention is in session in San Antonio tomorrow, the "insurgents" will be meeting in Fort Worth. This latter convention was called by twenty-six members and former members. D. J. Neill, once state president, is at the head of the insurgents.
>
> Conduct of union affairs is the chief cause of complaint. The insurgents say the present administration has made unholy alliances with the Commercial Secretaries and the railway managers association.
>
> All of the local union officials left Saturday and Sunday night for San Antonio.

He is a foolish man indeed who would be disturbed in his soul or pessimistic in his mind at this turn of affairs. It has been long expected by those who have been carefully watching the trend of events in the Farmers Union. When President Radford associated himself with well-known labor haters like C. W. Post and Mr. Kleberg of the King Ranch on the Texas Welfare Commission the doom of the Farmers Union was in sight. When the Texas Commercial Secretary's Association paid in a large monthly sum into the treasury of the Union the end drew near. When Bowen traveled around the country as a representative of the Farmers Union and took pay at the same time from the great corporations as one of their trusted representatives then the handwriting of dissolution appeared upon the wall; when the railroads handed out passes by the bushel to Farmers Union delegates the grave commenced to yawn and finally when the Commercial Secretaries and the Railroads used the officials of the Farmers Union to send telegrams to the 33rd legislature requesting the death of the full crew bill then it was time to lower the coffin into the grave.

To those who stand behind the Renters Union and are working night and day for its upbuilding the death of the Farmers Union can mean but one thing and that is that the Renters Union is here to take its place well equipped and fully qualified to fight the battle of the land workers. When other unions have died in the past in the South a long spell of pessimism fell upon the workers, not so this time, because the Renters Union is now nearly three years old and has already prepared a home for those who toiled and struggled in the old Union and still have the fire of fight in their blood and the glint of battle in their eyes.

One year ago the Rebel predicted that the Renters Union was the residual legatee of the Farmers Union and it has turned out even so. The Renters Union respectfully invites the farmers of Texas, who do not rent out land to their fellowman to join our ranks. Come in brothers to the home that we have prepared for you.

Up then with the Renters Union the fighting organization of the agricultural workers of the South. our Union is immortal.

Hurrah for the Rebels of Sonora!

News of epoch making importance came from Old Mexico this week, news that has had no counterpart on the American continent since the Civil war; news such as only breaks on the human vision once in generations; news that should thrill every lover of liberty throughout the world — the news that the legislature of a state had conficated the landed possessions of the rulers. This is the story as told in the Ft. Worth Record of August 2nd:

> HERMOSILO, Sonora, July 31.— Mexicos agrarian problem has been solved in the state of Sonora in one blow against the large land owners of the old Cientifico class. The revolutionary state legislature hass passed a law ordering the breaking up and confiscating of all the large estates of the northwestern border state and the division of the land among the people with special grants to the families of the revolutionary followers. The blow is aimed paimarily at General Luis Torres, the war dog of the Yaqui river, former Vice President Ramon Corral and the other land barons of the great coastal plain of the Pacific Northwest Mexico.

Commenting on this remarkable move of the Sonora legislature, Editor Hugh Fitzgerald says:

> **MEXICO'S LAND QUESTION.**
>
> What is the trouble in Mexico about?
>
> Revolution follows revolution. The whole country is in a ferment. Rich property owners plead for peace, but there is no peace. Foreign governments threaten to intervene, but the ferment and the fighting goes on.
>
> We read much in the newspapers about the doings of the fighters, but very little is said about the cause of the fighting. Why is it that the unlettered peons will fight and starve? Why is it that any leader who raises the standard of revolt can raise an army?
>
> The masses of Mexico have been dispossessed of thir lands. There will be no real and lasting peace in that country until the land is restored to the people.

The significance of this move just across the Texas line from El Paso can scarcely be estimated by the landless Texans and all other good citizens on this side of the Rio Grande. He is a liar in his soul or a fool in his head who will question the fact that these who possess similar land-holdings on this side of the line are just as reactionary, as tyrannical and corrupt as the Luis Torres, Ramon Corrals or any other of the Mexican scientificos who have stolen the lands from the people in Mexico and crushed them into the mire and mud of degradation.

It is only a question of time until we in Texas act as did the Sonora legislature. Should we investigate the LAND office in Austin it would be found that those who own great tracts of land in Texas have no clearer title than those just expropriated in Mexico. Let the Kings and Klebergs of Nueces county show where their holdings came from; let the prohibitionist, Col. Slaughter, of Dallas, show where he got his 600,000 acres; let the anti-leader Waggoner, of Ft. Worth, explain his 800,000 acres in the Panhandle; let Mr. Higginbotham of Dublin, Tex., give the people particulars of his holdings in Nolan county and the Panhandle; let Farwell and his successors tell us about the three million acre Capitol ranch; in short, let all the rabble rout of landlords who hold **four fifths of Texas in an** iron grip tell us how they got their land and why they should prevent the tenants of Texas from building homes.

When such a discussion is properly placed before the multitude who work the land in Texas there can be no doubt but that they will proceed to solve the land question in Texas on the same lines as in Sonora, Mexico. The time is ripe for such a solution for this fundamental reason:

THERE ARE MORE LAND TENANTS IN TEXAS THAN IN SONORA, MEXICO, AND ALL TENANTS LOOK, FEEL AND SUFFER ALIKE NO MATTER ON WHICH SIDE OF THE RIO GRANDE THEY EKE OUT A MISERABLE EXISTENCE. CAN IT BE DOUBTED THAT THE TEXAS TENANT HAS LESS SPIRIT, COURAGE AND ALL THINGS THAT GO TO MAKE MANHOOD THAN HIS MEXICAN BROTHER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SILVERY RIO GRANDE?

THE TEXAS LAND PETITION

(NOTE—Send all petitions to E. O. Meitzen, Secretary-Treasurer, Renters Union, Hallettsville, Texas, who will transmit them in bulk to Governor Colquitt.

To O. B. Colquitt, Governor of Texas.

Sir:—

We, the undersigned citizens of Texas, hereby join with the Renters Union of America in a petition to you to call a special session of the legislature who shall be requested by you to submit to a vote of the people an amendment to the State Constitution, providing for a tax equal to the full rental value on all lands held for speculation—excepting homestead reservations only. And also providing that the legal voters of any city or county or of the State may by majority vote exempt certain kinds of property and place the burden of taxation on other kinds of property.

Texas has 167,000,000 acres of land; 27,000,000 acres are improved. Out of the balance there are over one hundred million acres suitable for cultivation—all held up by speculators, and the people are suffering from the scarcity of products, and high cost of living.

So we have four-fifths of the State locked up, in the hands of the speculators while tenantry has increased 129 per cent in the last twenty years.

The State Chamber of Commerce has published that only two and a half per cent of the lands in the Panhandle are in productive use. It is overrun with land speculators—made worth much less to the homeseekers than when overrun by the buffaloes — or even by the hostile Indians.

East, South and West Texas are in as deplorable a position as the Panhandle.

This situation can only be grappled with and Texas turned loose for home builders by such a constitutional amendment

Instead a state of rebellions tenants we should have a state of patriotic home owners.

Realizing this to be true we respectfully ask you to heed our petition and act

(Here follow the names. Booklets with strong card board cover containing this petition with ruled spaces for 500 signatures and with the petition clearly printed can be secured from this office for 5c each, 10 for 25c. Order now and go to work for more than 100,000 names.)

P. S. Already over 50 requests have been received for one or more of these pettition booklets and still they come on every mail. Join the army of petition circulators and help start a peaceable revolution in Texas this fall that will lay Sonora in the shade.

THE B. M. VISITS ENCAMP-

The business manager of the Rebel made a business trip to Comanche, Texas, last week, and took advantage of the opportunity to attend two great encampments in the neighboring counties, namely at Dublin, Erath county, and at Glencove, Coleman county. These were a revelation to him, and a source of much pleasure, showing that Socialist sentiment is spreading like wild fire in West Texas prairies, fanned as it is by a spirit that maounts to religious fervor.

Although as yet new to speech-making the B. M. was so carried away with the spirit of it all, that he could not refrain from saying a word or two, with especial reference to the land question and the Renters Union, making a short talk at Dublin and a longer and better prepared one at Glencove. The way in which his remarks and those of others who spoke on the same subject, were received would indicate that the land question is getting to be the peramount issue in Texas.

The chief speakers at the Dublin encampment were John A. Currie, P. G. Zimmermann, G. A. Lambreth and G. G. Hamilton. Although it was the first affair of the kind ever held at Dublin, the comrades in charge, among them Ray, Smith, Crowder, Shelton, et al, handled the affair like veterans, laying a solid basis for what is destined to be in a few years one of the greatest encampments in the South. Grounds will be secured outside of the city next time so as to make it a real "camp." As high as two thousand or more people were in attendance and what the fiery and magnetic Currie, analytical and forceful Zimermann, the keen and cutting Hamilton and the methodical triphammer blows of Lambreth did for the devotees of the Donk was simply immense. The B. M. has been to many Socialist meetings and encampments but never in all his experience has he seen so many erstwhile non-Socialists come forward and definitely align themselves with the party of the working class as at Dublin. Especially was this the case on the final night, when at the close of the speaking at least one half of the audience of 2000 came forward and shook hands with the speakers and told them they approved of their work. The whole affair was more like unto a great religious revival, with the "mourners' bench" full all the time.

The writer could remain at the Glencove camp only until the first half of the second day, so was not fully able to size up the results, as the bulk of the crowd was just beginning to arrive when he left, and it had yet four days to run. In addition to Currie, Lambreth and Zimmerman, there was on the regular speaking force, Rev. J.W. Manney, a strong speaker and agitator who had held things down the first day and a half, and to the satisfaction to all. In spite of a prolonged drouth from which Coleman county was suffering, Futrell, Wilson, Stonex, Mulanax and the other fighting comrades of that vicinity, had made splendid arrangements for the affair and all indications were that they would make it a wonderful success from every viewpoint.

Since visiting these encampments we have heard from those held so far at Lueders, Ellison Springs (which was good despite the rain), Groesbeck, Haskell, Ezzell, Volga, Reese, Rochelle, Murchison, Helmic and others and from all of them come reports that thrill and uplift the heart of a good Socialist. There is a revival, an awakening this year such as has never been seen before. Not in the history of the state movement will there have been so many encampments and never have they been so uniformly successful, as this year. The tramp, tramp, of the rising hosts of revolution are heard from every hill and dale and praise God there are few knockers or growlers within our united ranks.

Close up and close in, ye Rebels, and Texas is ours in 1914. The senatorial election in the Eighteenth district was the first straw that show the way things are go-

Currie at Dublin

One of the most remarkable meetings ever witnessed by the writer was held during the recent encampment at Dublin. It was a Sunday morning service though in this instance the congregation heard a sermon from texts that are not mentioned so much as in a whisper from capitalistic pulpits.

John A. Currie, with Bible in hand, founded his sermon on such texts as these:

"The land is mine and shall not be sold forever, saith the Lord, for ye are strangers and sojourners with me."—Lev. 25-23.

"Thou shalt not lend upon usury (interest) to my brother, usury of money; usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury.—Deut.23-19.

"No man shall take the upper or nether millstone to pledge, for he taketh the man's life to pledge."—Deut. 24-6.

"They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat; and shall enjoy the work of their own hands."—Is. 65-24.

"He that hath not given forth of usury, neither has taken any increase, that hath withdrawn his hand from iniquity, hath executed true judgment between man and man.—Ez. 18-8.

In burning words, blended with wit and pathos, that thrilled and stirred the hearts and minds of his auditors to the depths he showed that no Christian or one who believes in the ethical teachings of the Bible, can uphold by his vote or otherwise the present hellish system of rent, interest and profit. Every argument was hammered home and clinched, and there were gales of laughter and of applause—there was was almost "shouting."

Immediately after the close of Currie's speech at least half a dozen men came forward and told him that they had seen a new light and would vote the Socialist ticket, and all during the encampment from time to time there came men and women that told him of others that they had been made to see the truth. Currie's sermon made such a stir among the town people of Dublin, that knots of men were seen gathered at every street corner, discussing it.

The most remarkable example of its effect, however, was seen the evening after, when one of the wealthiest men in Dublin, a prominent Democrat, came to Currie and in the presene of others said "I am one of those money lenders and I confess that I have "skinned" them, as badly as you have "skinned" me and my class; but I want to tell you that I appreciate a man with backbone, one who will preach the truth, regardless. Further I want to say that I have been a member of the Methodist church thirty years, but yours is the first SERMON that I have heard in thirty years."

Currie also made an immense hit in his final speech on the closing night, when he showed that he could handle the purely economic side of Socialism as thoroughly as he handles the Biblical viewpoint. One half of the great audience came up after the speech and shook hands with him and the other speakers.

In short, Comrade Currie, although a comparatively new speaker, is growing in power and influence as he goes until now he stands head and shoulders with the greatest orators and agitators of the south.

E. R. M

* * *

A jury in Illinois gave a drunken joy rider 14 years. The Rebel would like to know what is Wilson and McReynolds going to give the oil chiefs for violating the U. S. Supreme Court decree issued on May 12, 1912? Now gentlemen don't all speak at once.

* * *

The Oklahoma City Oklahoman says: "July was the driest month in the history of Oklahoma City." The Rebel refuses to believe this. If 627 boot legging joints can't keep a town of 75,000 wet, then the Oklahoman's thirst must be stronger than that of a Bowery rounder.

Wilson and Oil.

Like Banquo's ghost the question of whether Wilson will jail the Oil Chiefs will not down. The fake $500,000 settlement in Texas has simply added more fuel, principally oil, to the flames. There is far more in this question than the average man sees; the whole Socialist philosophy, if it were boiled into the fewest possible words, is expressed in the Marxian dictum laid down in the communist manifesto that says: "Government is the executive committee of the ruling class." No sane man denies that the Standard Oil interests with all their immense interlocking directorships represent the ruling class today. The bourgeois radical and reformer attacks this marxian position and tells us that Wilson is a Moses that will lead the people out of the wilderness of capitalist bondage. With his feet planted on the rock of Socialist science the Marxian Socialist repudiates his position and points to the fact that the decree of the United States Supreme Court dissolving the Standard Oil Trust in 1912 is being violated daily in every state in the union by the Standard Oil. We pointed out this fact on April 26, 1913 in a 12 column article, since then McReynolds has been caught red handed protecting the trust and he has not made a single step to call the attention of the Supreme Court to the violation of their decree. The Rebel has predicted that this is the rock upon which the Wilson administration will go to pieces, because Wilson will not, cannot, dare not jail the oil chiefs, because he is but an executive official of the ruling class that rules the nation. The following from the pen of Frank Putnam in the Saint Louis Post-Dispatch, dealing with McReynolds and the Texas oil fine throws still further light on this amaing situation. After reading it write Wilson asking him to fire McReynolds and appoint a man who will jail the oil chiefs and watch the executive closely:

The Tobacco Trust was the first case in which the courts were called on to work out a dissolution plan, and that was what McReynolds thought of the proposal to "dissolve" a trust into several companies all under a common ownership.

He told the tobacco trust lawyers its constituent companies must be sold back to their former owners, or to somebody having no connection with the trust.

When the trust lawyers objected that there was nobody with sufficient capital to buy the properties, McReynolds reported:

"That is your problem. You bought them, and you bought them in violation of law." He said he did not know how they would carry out the court's order of dissolution. "But," he added, "I can tell you what will happen to you if you don't carry it out; the court will appoint a receiver and sell you out, as the Sherman anti-trust law provides."

It is fair to presume McReynolds is acquainted with the course pursued by his chief, Mr. Wickersham, in respect to the Texas oil indictments, and with the facts in that case. Nearly five months have passed since Wickersham choked the Texas Federal court off the trail of the Oil Trust chieftains; five months in which McReynolds has been Attorney General of the United States.

During the period the independent oil companies in the Southwest have been afforded a brief respite from Standard Oil terrorism, through the appointment by a Texas State court of a receiver for Standard's Texas tentacle; but they have received no more protection from the Federal departmnt of justic under McReynolds than they did under Wickersham.

What Texas Settlement Means.

Settlement of the Texas suit against the Magnolia Petroleum company by agreement reached Monday at Greenville, Texas, between Attorney-General Looney and Oil Trust lawyers, amounts to a confession of guilt made in order to obtain the minimum penalty. Indeed, the Associated Press dispatch reporting the settlement says:

"The penalty ($500,000) was paid under telegraphic instructions from the Standard Oil Company."

The agreed verdict holds the Magnolia company not guity of violating the Texas anti-trust law, automatically ends the receivership and permits the company to continue business in Texas, on condition that it pay the $500,000 fine, and the further condition that it shall transfer 90 per cent of its stock held by Folger and Archbold to "a trustee mutually agreeable."

In a word, the finding is, "Not guilty, but pay for your crimes, and don't do it again."

This saves Standard's life in Texas, but it only emphasized the fact that the Oil Trust has not obeyed the mandate of the United States Supreme Court and the further fact that, under Wickersham's approval the scheme of trust "dissolution" adopted did precisely what the Supreme Court expressly forbade, namely, it "recreated" the trust in a new form.

Since we announced that a West Texas inventor had discovered a tool powerful enough to cut the muzzle on the Dallas News we have received four letters from Abilene telling us that the poor man is now under restraint. He will soon be in a padded cell.

THE RENTERS OF YAKIMA VALLEY.

Poverty in the midst of plenty; weary women with their lives worn out by untimely toil and children stunted and undeveloped—such are the sights one sees in the beautiful Yakima valley. True, this is not a universal condition, for there are those who, in the lucky years that were successful in getting something ahead. But from one end of the wonderfully fertile valley to the other there is poverty and the fear of poverty gnawing at the hearts of the tillers of the soil.

Cellars full of rotten apples and great, bounding potatoes greet one everywhere. "I can't help but think of the kids in the cities that ought to have these apples," said a farmer as he dumped great buckets of sunkissed fruit into the hogpen. "And then there are the spuds. I had 56 tons and I didn't haul a sack out to market. Couldn't give them away, when I was ready to sell." This is but an incident in the story of the crime of greed to make up the story of capitalism.

Driven from the land to the cities to be starved and crushed and marred, the workers are now told to go back to the soil. This cry "back to the soil," has something pleadingly primitive in it something that rekindles in the hearts of the tenement-cursed proletariat the race memory of an ancient day when there were no cities and when the simple communism that preceded civilization left lingering in the legends of every race the tale of a golden age gone by.

But the dream that the cry from the soil awakens becomes a nightmare of toil and hopeless yearning when the city worker, after years of pinching and half living, reaching men. The day of crisis is draw-Whether to buy or to rent is the question, a question that the real estate man who manipulates the emigration settles in favor of buying. The devil was pretty old, I think, before he invented the torture that goes under the name of "easy payments." It is such an alluring thing to conjure with. It sounds easy and it really looks easy. So many bushels of spuds to the acre at so much a bushel—ah, yes, we can meet those payments easily . The dream looms golden. But, as the years drag on with their grim rotation of crop failures, sickness, death and misfortune, the golden shimmer ceases on the shores of fairy land. The payments lapse or are met with fearful effort and the interest piles mountain high as the new-made farmer flounders on a sleepless bed. Some day he sells at a sacrifice and then he enters that growing army, the army of American tenants, the serfs of the new world.

The selling price or rather the buying price of soil in the sage brush desert just east of the Cascades varies from one hundred dollars to twenty-five hundred dollars an acre. Ten acres is the least that any one can work with any hope of a living. Then on top of this price paid for the soil there is the charge of constructing the irrigation ditches from the snowfields in the mountains; for without water this land is as worthless in most cases as a strip of the Sahara. The charge for these official rivers that wind down the serpentine spirals on the faces of the lava crags cost from over fifty to over ninety dollars for every acre that they irrigate. And yet the tale is not told, for each year a maintenance charge must be paid by the distracted settler. Each year the trusting settlers who believed in the paternal virtues of government ownership receive a notice that within such and such a number of days such and such charges must be paid or action will be taken to collect.

With prices as they were last year it soon became apparent to designing Commercial clubs and parasitical realty men that the farmers simply could not meet these impossible obligations. Also it was seen that the plans, laid several years ago, to drive a portion of the city workers into the country to produce cheaper food that the urban capitalists might still maintain their place in the world market were going to fail unless fresh bait was put on the hook. The bait put on was "Easier Payments" under several irrigation projects and a clause in the logged-off land bill that makes new irrigation projects possible under state regulation with another "easy payment" attachment.

The results of this fresh baiting by the lying business interests have not been up to expectations, but by this fresh luring a small army was this year again led into the desert.

Where one succeeds ten fail and then the usual process of concentration begins. One by one the would-be owners become tenants and from the tenant flooded east fresh tenants arrive, men who through long years of bitter disappointment have learned the stern lesson of capitalism: A PROPERTY OWNING PRODUCING CLASS IS IMPOSSIBLE UNDER MODERN WAGE SLAVERY.

The siren song of the realty man and the bare-faced lying of chambers of commerce cannot fool this army of renters. They have lived through torture of getting something ahead and owning a home. They have been stung to the quick by this impossible dream. They have come to see face to face the stern facts of life. The have found that capitalism automatically divides society into a class that OWNS the means of production (the land, the tools, the machinery, and the means of transportation and communication) and a class that owns nothing but must use these capitalist-owned things or die.

So it has come to pass through deception and outright fraud that those who have answered the cry of "back to the soil," have settled down to produce wealth that they will never get and have come to drop, one by one into the renter class. The mighty urge of a home-loving race has been killed. Slovenly barnyard, unsightly dooryards, slatternly wives and children are some of the sure signs that the homing instinct has been killed and the renter has settled down to despair.

One of these renters told me that he never expected to make wages. "Can't you make $5'0 a month?" I asked. Thereupon the tenant laughed pityingly at [illegible] ignorance. Fifty dollars looks mighty big in the Yakima valley, where the curse of tenantry creeps like blight from orchard to orchard and the rebellious city proletariat is transformed by deadly economic pressure into a hopeless peasantry that knows not the dream of a home.

J. E. Sinclair.

OPEN LETTERS TO JOSEPHUS DANIELS, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

(By Mrs. Charles Edward Russell)

Washington, D. C., June 26, 1913.
Hon. Josephus Daniels,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:—

I desire to protest against an allusion to "the Red Flag" without a qualifying statement such as you are quoted as making, (in an address before the Young Men's Christian Association.)

The red flag is most commonly and familiarly known as the emblem of the Socialist Party, not of anarchists. Anarchists are opposed to organization, in numbers they are few and they are little given to public demonstrations. Consequently their use of the red flag may be regarded as negligible.

The Socialist Party, however, numbers one million voters in this country and the red flag is their emblem. It is symbolical of the red blood common in the veins of all mankind and it stands for fraternity—the Brotherhood of Man.

In the Encyclopedia Brittanica in an article on Socialism you will find this statement. "The Ethics of Socialism are closely akin to, if not identical with the Ethics of Christianity."

Consequently there is a peculiar inappropriateness in denouncing an emblem of Chrisitanity before an organization such as the Young Men's Christian Association.

Yours very truly.
Theresa H. Russell.

• • •

Chicago, July 22, 1913.
Honorable Josephus Daniels,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:—

On June 26 last I addressed to you the above letter

Deplorable circumstances have recently arisen in Seattle as a consequence of your repetition of anti-Red Flag remarks.

I therefore respectfully suggest that it would be well for you to give the statements of my former letter careful consideration before again being guilty of misleading public utterances which are capable of construction as incitements to anarchy and violence.

Yours very truly,
Theresa H. Russell.

John D. Rockefeller Jr., is investigating white slaves. His old man is making them. Great system!

Correspondence

DUKE ENCAMPMENT.

The Socialists of Southwest Oklahoma will hold their third annual encampment at Duke, Oklahoma, August, 12, 13, 14 and 15. Speakers, Stanley J. Clark, Kate Richards O'Hare, W. L. Thurman, G. G. Hamilton and other noted speakers.—J. F. Miller, Mgr.

Waurika, Okla, July 14, 1913.
E. O.Meitzen, Sec.-Treas., R. U.
Dear Comrade:—

Please place me in a position to organize the Renters Union, as there is no speaker in this part. I am sure there can be good accomplished here. Will be glad to see the renters standing together in their own interests.

Yours truly.
G. W. Flud.

Druso, Tex., Aug. 3, 1913
Mr. T. A. Hickey, Hallettsville, Tex.
Dear Bro.:—

In regard to Mr. Debs taking the fallen girl into his home, I only wish for more Debs'. I profess to be a follower of Jesus Christ, my Bible tell me to be no respecter of persons. May God bless him and his entire family is my prayer.

G. R. Mercer,
Druso, Tex.

SOCIALIST SERVICES.

The Christian Socialist Fellowship will hold their regular service next Sunday at the City Park at three o'clock in the afternon. The pastor, Rev. M. A. Smith, will take for his subject: "The Prerequisites of a Genuine Revival." If you want to know how to have a real genuine revival in Commerce, Texas, come to the park Sunday afternoon. There will be plenty of good old time singing a swell as old time preaching.—Commerce News.

Fletcher, Okla., July 8, 1913.
The Rebel,
Hallettsville, Texas.
Dear Comrade:—

Do you think we could make arrangements to have a Socialist day during the Dallas fair or do you think it advisable? I notice Oklahoma Socialists have arranged to have a Socialist day at the Oklahoma City Fair.

Can you furnish copies of The Rebel showing Morris Sheppard's graft with the state and the W. O. W., if so, at what price?

Yours for Socialism,
R. Attaway.

(Comrade Loutrel reports that the Dallas local has arranged for Socialist Day at the fair.)

SOCIALISTS' DAY AT STATE FAIR.

Comrade Hickey:—

Kindly give notice in The Rebel that there will be Socialist day at the State Fair, Sunday, October 19. Some of the best speakers in the State and nation will be on hand.

Socialist headquarters will be maintained on the grounds druing the fair.

It is hoped that Socialists throughout the State will be in Dallas , the day of the big meeting, Sunday October 19, State Fair Grounds.

Fraternally,
E. H. Loutrel.

Flynn, Tex., Aug. 4, 1913.
Editor of Rebel, Hallettsvile, Tex.,
Dear Hickey and comrades of Texas:—

I, went to Concord on yesterday to hear a Socialist preacher, Comrade J. W. Brice, of Sinton, Tex. I want to say this, he made one of the best speeches I ever istened to. His subject was "The Coming Kingdom." He is a Christian preacher and has been preaching for 30 years and says he is now just beginning to know that a certain class of his church does not want to hear the true gospel and that they are getting down on him.

In the afternoon he made us a fine talk on the Land Issue. The crowd was so large we had to get outdoors under shade trees. Comrade, this man is mocked by the monied class even in his own church. They are going to turn him down because he is preaching Socialism. But he says he is going to preach the truth if it costs him his head. Now let us hold him up and give him work. He is an able man and is worthy of our support and confidence. We want all the church men in the field we can get.

S. A. Brinkley.
Flynn, Tex.

CIVILIZED MEN.

He toils in misery so that few may live in luxury, animals don't do that. He puts men to make laws knowing them to be crooked, Indians didn't do that. He preaches morality and practices polandry. He brings children into the world and sells the land on which they must live, and calls them free. He invents fine machinery and operates it with his children. He pays high prices to see the human figure on canvass and prosecutes the same thing in person.

To prevent murder he murders! He makes laws to make crime. He gives a nigger a vote, but not a woman! He drinks to make himself mad and shoots his dog for madness He invents labor saving machinery to help him starve. His greatest inventions are for destroying his race He studies astronomy and looks above for heaven both day and night He has replaced a theoratic caste by a money caste. He has replaced the sale of wives by the sale of souls He hunts a job instead of game All the bounties of nature he has given to afew. who does not do these things he calls a savage.

E. Wilkinson,
Driscoll, Texas.

FITZ ON THE LAND QUESTION.

If a man wants to learn about bull fighting he goes to a Spaniard; if he wants to know about roast beef and old ale he goes to an Englishman; if he wants to know about champagne he consults a Frenchman; about tyranny a West Virginian; cares he to know about beer he consults a German and if he wants to know about land he asks a son of the Emerald Isle. Indeed that is not strange, because we served a 700 year apprenticeship discussing landlordism and killing landlords on the side. This being so it is not strange that the Irish editor of the Fort Worth Record, Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald, no less, should be the only editor of a Donk paper in Texas to talk intelligently on the question of land. In last Saturday's issue he pens the following very sensible remark on land tenantry and city farmers:

"There are 200,000 white tenant farmers in Texas. These tillers of the soil are not city farmers. The coin they carry in their pockets is stained with the sweat of honest toil. City farmers are valuable men, but do they speak for the tenant farmers?"

Watch Hugh Nugent describe in the near future how the city farmer farms the farm. It will be worth getting up in the middle of the night to read.

THE SOCIALIST GROWTH.

They are still talking about the amazing increase in the Socialist vote in the 18th senatorial district in the special election held on the 19th of July in the Rebel's bailiwick. A proportionate increase in the other district will give the Socialist party an immense representation in the next legislature and if we keep after the Donks hard enough and develop our organization and propaganda with sufficient energy Texas will have a Socialist governor in 1916. The Rebel will wager $50 that he will be an Irishman who is born in the United States. This of course lets the editor of the Rebel out as he is one of the few full bloods in Texas that first saw the light of day on Ireland's green hills.

PHILLIPS BURNING WORDS

It is not generally known today that Wendell Phillips, after the close of the war, became a great advocate of labor's cause. In the seventies he was the most eloquent orator in the East and used his great talent in the development of labor organizations and the Rebel takes much pleasure in publishing his position on the labor question. Speaking at a great mass meeting in Fanueil Hall in Boston in1878 he said:

"If any man asks me what value I place upon this movement I say it is the movement of humanity to protect itself; it is the grandest and most comprehensive movement of the age.

"It is a shame to our civilization for our social system to provide and expect that any man at seventy years of age shall be the lord of many thousands of dollars, while hundreds of other men, who have made as good use of their talents and opportunites, lean upon charity for their daily bread.

"The best minds and hearts of the land should give themselves to the work of changing this gross injustice; this appalling iniquity.

"I feel sure that the readiest way to turn public thought and effort into this channel, is for the workingman to organize a political party."

IT'S GRAPE JUICE.

(By Henry M. Tichenor, the Rip Saw Poet.)

First it was "free silver" that made Bill Bryan great—he talked "free silver" from New York plum to the Golden Gate—he said "free silver" dollars would soon begin to pour, and when they did our miseries would leave forevermore. And then he tackled "crowns of thorns" and "crosses made of gold," and Bill became still greater and more noisy and more bold—he shimmered in the lime-light like a circus come to town, he got to be the whole darn show from monkey to the clown. But finally all of these things began to lose their charm, and we heard that great Bill had settled on a farm; but shucks. there's no such happiness—it isn't any use—Bill Bryan's on the job again with his bottle of grape juice.

There is no love in the capitalist system of competition. It must disappear before humanity can come to its own.

THE MEANEST YET.

The act of "Gene" Debs in taking a police persecuted girl to his home has made the sanctimonious ones squirm.

Now comes the "WORST YET." The Kansas City Post publishes what it claims to be a picture of the girl and what falsely claims to be an interview with her.

The article is on the first page of the Post, is a lie out of the whole cloth. The reporter did not see the young woman. It says she was only A MOMENT in Mr. Debs house and that she will NEVER GO THERE, worded in such a way as to convey the inference she never was never there. To show the meanness of the lie, a letter from Theordore Debs says:

"The report is maliciously false and deliberately misleading. The writer of that story did not see the young woman at all, as she was out of town the day he was here. AT THIS WRITING SHE IS IN MY BROTHER'S HOME, and it is her home as long as she wishes to remain there. The young woman is deeply grateful and we are all confident that she is to live to put her heartless and hypocritical persecutors and detractors to shame if there is any shame in them."

"Yours with warmest wishes,
"Theodore Debs."

The Kansas City Post has published on its first page a deliberate and designing LIE. It is a lie framed with the intent to create the impression that Debs never had the girl in his house. It is a lie invented by the pious hypocrites who feel rebuked and now lie in an attempt to prove that Debs has lied.

If the Kansas City Post refuses t odisown this lie, it admits that it knowingly and deliberately lied to cover up the hypocrites whom Debs act has unmasked.

The vision of a future, independent and free from want, which only prophets descried a century ago, is today property of millions. It colors all modern literature cements the heterogeneous elements that crowd into the Socialist movement; is never absent from the view of the ordinary Syndicalist or member of the I. W. W., and saturates the Anarchist movement, through and through. Even the patient Mexican has fallen beneath its spell, and round about our Los Angeles Plaza any day one can talk with hundreds who are convinced that poverty is out of date and that the one thing necessary is to throw open the doors and give all admission to the feast. Such men may not be able to read or write, but they know that a few hold the keys, and they long to seize them. A crusade of loot is looming up; a crusade, if you will, of unbridled covetousness; but, let us not forget it a covetousness justified by fact. The wealth is there, in Mother Earth. The means to get it are there, at last; thanks to the conquests of the human brain. Why not get it once for all and triumph over life? Why hang on by the eyelids to existence, dependent on —a JOB?—Regeneracion.

THE PREACHER.

Last eve I sought the nearest church
And heard a gifted pastor preach;
He talked of men whose days were o'er
Two thousand years ago, or more,
He said no word of those who strive
In this old world, to keep alive.
Who fight their battles every day.
Obscurely, in their feeble way.

I'd just as soon be in the dark
Concerning Father Noah's ark:
I care not for the tents of Baal,
Or Joseph's corn, or Jonah's whale.
I'd rather learn something to cheer
Some hopeless toiler, struggling here,
Than learn how Pharaoh blew his "dough"
About five thousand years ago.

The things of which my pastor talks
Are dead as Adam's brindle ox.
But all around us there are cries.
And wringing hands, and weeping eyes.
He'll have to get his text on straight
And bring his gospel up to date.

(Written by Mrs. Sarah E. Hedley of Hobart, Okla. She is in her seventy-fourth year and writes a short poem every day.)

And while we are waiting the Rebel would suggest to President Wilson that he tell us, when is McReynolds going to prosecute the Oil Chiefs?

OUR REBS.

The battle of the ons and offs continues with increased fury. On this end of the line we are doing our best and white men can do no more. Of course we are disappointed that we are not going up by leaps and bounds to the hundred thousand mark but we console ourselves by realizing that not one paper in five thousand reaches that lofty heigh and it may be for the best that we do not climb too quickly. It is said that when Spencer had completed his 16 volumes that formed his philosophy only 600 sets had been sold and yet they permeated the thought of the world. We know that the Rebel, with its twenty odd thousand circulation has permeated thethought of the entire South and is making the Socialist Party's national and state attitude towards land the great question of the hour. Our task would be easier did our Rebs work harder but inasmuch as we never beg or whine we present our case to you and ask you if you don't think it advisable to not waste another hour without turning in a big list of subs that will reach new people with our message on land.

Space forbids the printing of Rebs this week; we shall double up in our next issue. Remember a four year sub to the Reb $1. Send us a club of $1 right away.

* * *

THE LAND QUESTION IN MEXICO.

If you should ask the Rebel what is the most convincing proof that can be offered that the capitalist newspapers and Associated Press is muzzled we would refer you to the lack of news about the fundamental causes for the Mexican revolution. 57 different varieties of reasons have been given for the rebellion in Mexico and not one of them has touched the vital issue over which the whole row rages. That issue in a sentence is this: "7,500 families own the land upon which 18,000,000 live, dwell and have their being."

If our readers will scan the big double column story on the front page of this issue they will see that this silence has been broken and the lands are being restored to the people. Inasmuch as this information has been kept from the people by the Dallas News and other muzzled sheets in the state of Texas we would earnestly suggest to our readers the advisability of instituting a boycott against these sheets at once.

Your money is being taken under false pretenses, pay them no more, boycott them.

* * *

"REVOLUTION" SAY SPRESIDENT WILSON.

"Why are we," writes President Woodrow Wilson, "in the presence why are we at the threshold of a revolution? Because we are profoundly disturbed by the influences which we see reigning in the determination of our public life and our public policy. There was a time when America was blithe with self-confidence. She boasted that she, and she alone, knew the processes of popular government; but now she sees her sky overcast; she sees that there are at work forces which she did not dream of in her hopeful youth. Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue, without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this whole country into a flame? Don't you know that this country, from one end to the other, believes that something is wrong? What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say: 'This is the way. Follow me!' and lead in paths of destruction"

* * *

NEBRASKA LEGISLATIVE REFERENCE BUREAU.

July 15, 1913.

T. A. Hickey,
Editor, The Rebel,
Hallettsville, Texas.

My Dear Sir:—

Find enclosed fifty cents (50c) in stamps to renew our subscription to your paper for the coming year. No other publication that I know of in the United States deals so directly or forcibly with the tenant farmer problem as yours. I have been making some study and figures on the land situation in Nebraska and find reading your little paper full of inspiration and full of incentive.

A. E. Sheldon.
Director.

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS.

A class-conscious socialist is one who is aware that a struggle exists between the working class (his class) and the capitalist class on the economic and political field. The capitalist class is trying to get all it can from the product of labor by lenghtening the hours of labor, reducing wages and paying as little as possible for raw materrial and the products of the farm.

The working class on the other hand is trying to secure as large a share of the product of its product as possible. The more the capitalist class gets the less the working class receives. The more the workers receive the less the capitalist class gets. Hence there is conflict of interests between the two classes.

The capitalists owns the industries, the machinery of production and exchange, and as the workers (farmers and wageworkers) depend upon these industries the capitalist class is able to control the situation and dictate the terms of labor and the prices of the farmers' product. Hence they are able to live in luxury and revel as did their progenitors before the fall of Rome, while the working class live in penury and want.

This same capitalist class that owns the industries owns the courts, the executives and the lawmaking bodies, for on such ownership of the industries and their special privilege. The socialist party is trying to capture the powers of government for the purpose of **taking the industries from the capitalist class and running them** for the benefit of the people thus establishing socialism or industrial democracy.

It is thus seen that socialism is a conflict between two classes for supremacy: the one class favoring the private or class ownership of industry, the other the common ownership by all the people of these same means of life. Whoever is avare of this conflict and lines up on the side of the laboring class and socialism is a class-conscious socialist. Whoever lines up on the other side of this conflict, on the the side of the class ownership of industry is either a misguided working man deserving of our sympathy or else he is knowingly an enemy of the working class irrespective of whether he be a democrat, republican, or bullmoose or whether he be a merchant, lawyer, doctor or capitalist, whoever is not for us is against us.

Class-consciousness is a state of being aware that what is to the interest of one's class is to his own interest, and this is a pretty good criterion to measure the class-consciousness of a socialist with. Do our actions denote that we are class-conscious and have a sense of class solidarity? Do we support and help those who help us? Or do we support our enemies and throw obstacles in the path of those who are working for the emancipation of our class? Are we class-conscious? Do we line up to our cards and our pledges? Or does a smile and a handshake appeal more to us than does our red emblem? Let us take stock of ourselves now and see if our actions square up with our convictions, and let us resolve henceforth to take our trus place in this class-conflict and let the world know the reason why and also that we are unfraid.

* * *

The passion is justified by facts, and new facts fan it hourly. No role can be more exasperating than that of *Tantalus*, and the cup, filled to the brim by our industrial triumphs, is dashed time and again from the lips thirsting to drain it to the dregs. Daily new inventions are trumpted to the world as having opened new stores of wealth, the inference being that the life of the masses will be easier and richer. Invariably the promise turns to ashes. The sewing machine was to set the seamstress free, and it begot the sweating shop. The harvester was to liberate the bent tiller of the soil, and it created a race of migratory Ishmaelites, compelled to pack their blankets following the harvests. Life has become not easier but more difficult; not more secure but vastly more uncertain; not freer but enslaved to Money as it never was before. Never was the race so sorely tantalized, and the exasperation nears the breaking point.

* * *

The Trade Union National Centre and the Parisian Trade Council raised a most angry protest against the visit of the king of Spain, at the same time assuring their fellow workers in Spain of their suport against the existing regime.

I. W. W. PRESS WANTED.

Jas Smith, secretary-treasurer of the southern district of the Forest and Lumber workers has requested publication of the following appeal for funds for a press. The Rebel gladly prints the appeal because we realize that without an independent press the Workers fight is hopeless.

To All Local Unions and Members of the I. W. W. Everywhere.—

Fellow Workers:—

Under date of July 23, 1913, I made the first tentative call to the members of the N. I. U. of F. & L. W. to donate what they could for the purpose of buying a press of our own. The response has been such as to justify the present appeal for immediately getting together the total amount needed. The name of "The Lumber Jack," has been changed to "The Voice of hte People," because many workers were led to think that "The Lumberjack" was published in the interest of the Forest and Timber Workers only. As before, it is an I. W. W. paper and will be published in the interest of all wage workers.

This paper in the 7 months of its existence has done more in the Southern district to arouse a revolutionary spirit among the wage workers than all other papers. For this reason the lumber kings and land pirates have started their fight on it, causing us to move from one printing house to another. It is the purpose of the capitalists to hound us from place to place in order to put the paper out of business.

Now it is our purpose to buy a press of our own. This can be done by the members of the I. W. W., and without any burden, if each member will do his duty. This fund is already well started and will be continued until sufficient to cover the cost of apress has been raised. To think of handling the situation here in the South without a paper would be folly. Experience has taught us that publicity is our greatest weapon, and that to depend on other revolutionary papers located so far away would leave us handicapped. The Southern district is the second largest in the United States, and it is imperative that we have this press before the next battle in our war with the "Masters" of this section.

Remember, fellow workers, in the coming revolution every worker must know every other worker, and so the workers must control the source of information and education. We must know that revolutionary Industrial Unionism wil be spread through the columns of our own papers to all the workers, even into the most remote parts of the "jungle." It is important that we own and control a revolutionary paper here in the South for the reason that we are situated a long way from either of the other I. W. W. organs. The South is ripe for agitation, education and organiation will follow if the spirit of discontent can be kept alive, and it can, by establishing our own press so that we can hear the Voice of the People every week.

In the South, thousands of wage workers in the lumber, agricultral and transportation industries are waiting for the message of the Big Union of the I. W. W. and to establish our press here will be the quickest way to reach them and educate them to our way of thinking. Another thing, it will be a source of great satisfaction to the migratory workers who drift into the Southern climate to spend the winters, to find an I. W. W. paper giving the condition of the Southern district.

That a revolution is brewing in the South no one knows better than we do, and to establish this paper now means that we are preparing for the struggle. Fellow workers, we will not accept NO for an answer. Call the attention of the membership to this question and donate as much as you can for the purpose of establishing another fighting machine in the ranks of the I. W. W. and where it is so bady needed.

Remember, not a dollar of this fund will be used for any other purpose than to buy a press. This paper will be controlled by the membership as heretofore. When enough money has been donated it will be turned over to the press committee by the consent of the membership of the organization. This committee, composed of members elected by the various locals will constitute the authority in making the deal for the press.

A financial statement of the press fund will be mailed once each month to those who donate. Send all donations intended for the press fund to Jay Smith, P. O. box 78, Alexandria, La.

Yours for Industrial Freedom.
Secretary Southern District.

HEAR DEBS.

These are stirring days for lives the open spaces of the world. ing near and Socialists are exerting all their power to prepare the people for it.

The old order of society can survive but little longer. Socialism is next in order. The swelling minority sounds warning of the impending change. Soon that minority will be the majority and then will come the co-operative commonwealth.

Every workingman should rally to the standard of his class and hasten the full-orbed day of freedom.

Every progressive Democrat must find his way in our direction and if he will but free himself from prejudice and study the principles of Socialism he will soon be a sturdy supporter of our party.

Every sympathizer with labor, every friend of justice, every lover of humanity should support the Socialist party as the only party that is organized to abolish industrial slavery, the prolific source of the frightful evils that afflict the people.

o with **a heart in his** breast can look upon Paterson without keenly feeling the cruelties and crimes of capitalism! Repression will not help her. Brutality will brutalize her, private ownership and wage slavery are the curse of America. Only Socialism will save the nation.

The overthrow of capitalism is the object of the Socialist party. It will not fuse with any other party and it would rather die than compromise.

The Socialist party comprehends the magnitude of its task and has the patience of preliminary defeat and the faith of ultimate victory.

The working class must be emancipated by the working class.

Woman must be given her true place in society by the working class.

Child labor must be abolished by the working class.

Society must be reconstructed by the working

The working class must be employed by the working class.

The fruit o flabor must be enjoyed by the working class.

War, bloody war, must be ended by the working class.

These are the principles and objects of the Socialist party and we fearlessly proclaim them to our fellowmen.

We know our cause is just and that it must prevail.

With faith and hope and courage we hold our heads erect and with dauntless spirit marshal the working class for the march from Capitalism to Socialism, from Slavery to Freedom, from Barbarism to Civilizatoin.

DEBS.

* * *

THE LOW DOWN SCAB.

I had ought to get a large reward
For never owning a union card
I've never grumbled, I never struck,
I've never mixed up with union truck.
But I must be going my way to win,
So open, St. Peter, and let me in.

St. Peter sat and stroked his staff.
Despite his office he had to laugh.
Said he, with a merry gleam in his eye,
"Who is tending this gate, you or I?
I've heard of you and gift of gab.
You are what is known on earth as a scab."

Thereupon he arose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to his imps who answered the bell,
"Escort this fellow around to hell.
Tell Satan to give him a seat alone,
On a red hot griddle near the throne.

"But even the devil can't stand the smell
Of cooking a scab on a griddle in hell.
It would cause a revolt or a strike, I know,
If I send him down to the imps below.
So go back to the I. C. Harriman lines and tell
That they don't even want one of their scabs in hell."

—Exchange.

* * *

The editor of the Jacksborro News Jack county, Tex., is not a jack, he is a Donk. In his issue of Thursday, July 31, he speaks about the editor of this great religious weekly thusly: "The Editor of the Rebel is not a farmer. He is a newspaperman. He is not a poor man. He is rapidly making a million out of his Socialist paper which has a circulation up in the many thousands and the Socialists are still shelling the woods for more subscriptions." And yet some foolish people believe that the new law preventing the shipment of liquor into dry places is being enforced.

Texas Notes.

E. A. Green, Secretary, Rockdale, Tex.

Comrade M. D. Bowls writes that Stanley J. Clark will speak at the Gainesville encampment August 11th and 12th.

E. R. Meitzen while en route for a business visit to Comanche, had to stop over at Brownwood a few hours. He put in the time very well by organizing a local with 19 members. There are four live lady members, who will keep the local humming. The boys will have a Maple date in a few weeks.

After all the other western encampments are over Comanche wil have theirs August 14, 15 and 16, everybody in that part of the state is invited to attend and make this the biggest thing of the kind ever pulled off in that part of the state.

Comrade M. D. Bowls sent us a hide which he secured in joint debate with a young and very foolish Democrat near Gainesville recently.

F. A. Nye reports that Currie prodded the plutes in Plainview until they had their city marshall to forbid him speaking on the streets there, he also states that Currie spoke nine times while there and organized two locals.

All encampments up to date are reported very successful, with unusually large attendance and ever increasing interest in subjects discussed.

Those locals that planted cotton patches last spring will soon be able to start the 1914 campaign properly. Begin boosting now for a cotton patch next year.

The Collin county boys have started in to pull off the biggest thing in the state with the possible exception of Grand Saline, and if they keep humpin' they may even eclipse old Van Zandt. Comrade W. J. Sellars, the manager has just ordered five thousand of the large posters and will systematically distribute them over Collin and adjoining counties The encampment will be held at Princeton August 13, 14 and 15, every possible arrangement is being made for the entertainment and pleasure of the thousands who are expected to attend Write W. J. Sellars for concessions.

Of course everybody is going to Grand Saline and take in the father of all encampments August 18 to 23 inclusive, it will be worth while to go hundreds of miles to be at this gathering, you will remember it as long as you live Reduced rates of one and one-third fare for round trip tickets to this great gathering will be on sale August 17, 18, 19 and 20 with final limit for return August 25 on all roads listed below, except the Cotton Belt and I. & G. N tickets will be sold only on August 17 and 18 limit for return to August 24, are in force as follows: From all points in Texas on the Cotton Belt railroad. From all points on the Texas and Pacific railway from Texarkana to Abilene inclusive; also from all points on the Trans-Continental division of the T. & P. railway. From al points on the H. & T. C. railway north of Waco inclusive. From all points ni Texas on the G. C. & S. F. railway north of Huntington. From all points on the I. & G. N. railway north of Houston and Valley Junction including all branches. From all points in Texas on the M. K. & T. north of Austin. Other applications for rates pending, inquire of your agent. Whatever you do and whtere you walk or ride pay full fare or half, don't miss it, it's going to be bigger and better than ever before.

* * *

Mr. J. L. Brown of Runge, writes the Rebel saying: "The donks in Karnes county are claiming that Socialists are bomb throwers and assassins and they make a specialty of killing presidents and high officials." The editor of The Rebel would advise Mr. Brown of a very simple method whereby he can muzzle these fellows. Let him wager $50 with any donk in Karnes county that every big government officials killed in the past 50 years has been killed by a Democrat or Republican. Let Mr. Brown give to the donk he talks to permission to take any informed Democrat or Republican he wishes for proof of this statement and if Mr. Brown loses the Rebel will pay the $50. If that don't shut up the Donk's mouth, you will have to feed the poor beast hay, Mr. Brown, or possibly alfalfa.

* * *

Jones: "I saw a great big red flag yesterday."

Smith: "I'll bet these were a lot of crazy Socialists carrying it."

Jones: "You're wrong, Mike, it was the pennant flying on the masthead of boat of the New York harbor inspector."

Smith: "I didn t know they carried the red flag."

Jones: "There is a jell of a lot of things you don't know, you poor Donk," said Jones.

Then the Rebel jumped in and separated them.

* * *

The Hon. Samuel Palmer Brooks president of Baylor University, has been mentioned for governor. This reminds the Rebel of that beautiful spring night less than two years ago when the Hon. Brooks and the Hon. "Puss" Hannah, the king of the negro dives in Waco, both eloquently spoke from the same platform in favor of a Democratic nominee for mayor. Hurrah for the donk!

* * *

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Don't send them unless you must, but be sure and send 1c stamps. They cost you no more and we can use them to a better advantage.

Oklahoma Notes.

H. M. Sinclair, Sec. Oklahoma, Ok

James L. Richardson, Broken Bow, Okla., writes:

"The greatest success of the season was the encampmetn at Sulphur, Judge J. N. Robinette, Chairman. Speakers: Judge J. S. Allen, Fox, Okla.; A. A. Baywell, Ardmore, Okla.; J. N. Robinette, Davis, Okla.; Ex-senator Fulsom, Fulsom, Okla.; Judge Barrette, Medill, Okla.; Rev. J. G. Beam, Dougherity, Okla.; Mrs. Kate Richard O'Hare, Rip Saw; W. G. Wright, Maysville; Rev. R. L. Norman, Coleman, Okla.; S. Y. Seeds (convert), Sulphur, Okla.; Octavia Norman, Coleman, Okla.

"The crowd was estimated from ten to fifteen thousand. A large arbor was not sufficient for the crowd. The interest taken in the speaking was extremely good. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, there was pastime and amusement for the young and old, everything was in perfect order which showed the result of education on economics.

* * *

WORKING FOR FREE LAND.

A. G. Wagner, of 708 Central avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., as secretary of "The Changing Order," has sent us a notice of a call for a convention to be held in Minneapolis in July next. The call is signed by a number of residents of Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, and it is evident that the convention's chief business will be the land question, for the main resolution to be introduced states that "we will no longer recognize the validity of any land title, howsoever granted, except such as is based upon occupancy and use of land." A private letter accompanying the callinforms us that several wellknown public men from the East have signified their intention of attending, and that those who are active in this movement intend to work steadily during the next twelve months making a propaganda on the land question that, they hope, will result in their convention being the openinng of a nation-wide campaign.

Surely they have our sympathy, and will command such co-operation as we can give. It is high time that the United States take up this land problem seriously, as they are takinng it up in Mexico, for land monopoly is converting this nation into one of homeless city dwellers and penniless tramps, with all the wage slavery and dependence on the Money Power such a condition implies.

We believe that a perseverinng course of correspondence and general agitation will show the members who have initiated this movement that they have sympathizers in every section of the country, and that there has been within the last few years an awakening as to the evils of land monopoly which is far more general than our thoughtless boomers imagine. If such a movement gets a start it will be imitated in other states, and we may look for a sterling educational campaign and the creation of a literatlure which is needed frightfully. There are literaly milions who feel that this business of allowing the wealthy to buy up the earth is all wrong, but they do not see the way out, as yet, and therefore stand inactve.

We, ourselves have a lively correspondence from friends in Washington on this subject, and feel pretty sure that the northern states, at least, are

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WHAT A SCAB WILL DO

(By a Striker from McComb.)

A scab will steal corn from a hog,
He will steal a coller from a dying dog;
He will steal his wife's ring and his baby's plate;
He will try to steal the lock of the Golden Gate.
He will steal as small a thing as a pin.
He will steal an egg from under a hen.
How awful it is to have that name,
Which causes sorrow and great shame.
A man that scabs, so it is said,
Will steal a pillow from under his sick mother's head.
No matter how small, no matter how stout,
Wherever a scab goes, they always find him out.
I would rather be hit on the head with a slab
Than to have that dirty name of a scab.
What else could you call a scab but a thief.
Who takes another man's job and causes him grief.
Old scab, when you come home you fool your wife;
You cheat your children out of their life.
You will steal and betray; some day you will sell
Your own soul to the devil in hell.

* * *

Knowledge is power and power begets power, and you cannot do anything in the line of practical economics and politics without power. When do you think, will the workers learn this most important lesson. Read the Rebel and gain knowledge.

CLASS UNIONISM.

(By Eugene Debs.)

Do you know what I expect to see? I expect to see a general strike in the city of Chicago. I would rather see it there than in any other city, in America; any other city in the world.

The capitalists are drunken with their power. They are running things to suit themselves, and they are going to keep the working class in subjection just as the remnants of the Indians are kept on the reservations out on the plains. And if you object they are so completely in control that they can club you, or they can jail you, or kill you if necessary.

I want to see the time when the workers of Chicago will be so thoroughly organized in their economic capacity that they can quit work and paralyze industry for just twenty-four hours and when they are organized well enough to do that they will have every capitalist in the city and nation suing for peace. When they are organized well enough to do that they will secure more economic concessions in five minutes than they can get in five years striking and boycotting along the old trade union lines.

How is it now? Why, the union butcher workmen go out on strike and they strike bravely and loyally to the bitter end. But all other union men remain at work until the butcher workmen are used up.

The capitalists are rich; the loss of a few hundreds or thousands of dollars doesn't hurt them, because they get it all back again. So they can wait until this detachment of the working class army is defeated and its stanchest supporters are out of jobs. Many of these quit the union; it is no use. They tried the union and are disgusted with it, and in all probability some of them will stay at work in the next strike and help defeat the union.

Next comes the strike of the Chicago machinists, and that lasts a long time. All their fellow-machinists remain at work. Here we have a large body of machinsts engaged in a life and death struggle and they hold out wonderfully well. They levy assessments on all other machinsts who keep at work to help these strikers in idleness for many weary months and then at last, when all the resources are exhausted and the men are on the point of starvation they have to surrender, and they go back defeated, and the open shop system is established, and the union, so far as any usefulness to the machinist is concerned, is practically wiped out of existence.

What good has the machinists' union done to these machinists? It collects high dues and pays high salaries. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are contributed by the workers with which they buy their own defeat. Now, defeat would be bad enough if it came about free of charge, but if you have to pay $174,000 for it, as the official reports of the machinists show, it is time you were doing a little thinking on your own account.

Mr. James O'Connell was at the head of the machinists' union, and he is also labor lieutenant of the capitalist class. He sits at the same banqueting table with the capitalists and is hand in glove with August Belmont—the employer of James Farley, the professional strike-breaker, who when you go on strike, steps in and gets as much pay in a day as you get in a year.

You can hardly blame the men who get disgusted with unions as they are run in Chicago. Not alone Mr. O'Connell, but Mr. Mitchell, ex-president of the Mine Workers; Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and other pure and simple union leaders are in economic [illegible]

Periodically these "[illegible]ers" go to New York to attend a love feast between capitalists and accredited leaders of the wage workers.

You are only the common herd. They don't have anything to do with you, and they don't need to have anything to do with you. They deal with your leaders and between them they fix things, and all you have to do is to work and put up money and they will attend to the rest.

Some years ago, when I was in New York, there came near being a strike on the Interborough railway lines. The employes had been outraged by the management of the Interborough under an agreement that had been shamefully violated by the company. They threatened to go out on strike. It happened to be a national election year, and under the pressure that was brought to bear upon him, Mr. Belmont, the president of the system, on the eve of the election, settled with the men and averted the impending strike.

In a speech I made in New York that night, I ventured the prediction that the settlement was temporary and made for political effect, and that soon after the election was over the corporation would begin methodically to violate the agreement and goad the men to strike. And so it came to pass. After the election was over the corporation renewed its offensive tactics until at last 6,000 of the men went out on strike. And now we behold an exhibition of the impotency, if not the crime, of outgrowth unionism.

When these 6,000 men went out on strike August Belmont already had James Farley and his army of professional strike-breakers on the ground; had them three weeks in advance. And they were getting their pay, $5 a day and expenses, while Farley got an advance payment of $10,000. August Belmont, the president of the Interborough, was photographed with Farley, the strike-breaker. They were pictured side by side; they occupied the first page of the New ork newspapers; they were represented as the modern strike-breakers, August Belmont, the capitalist, and James Farley, his mercenary minion.

The strike was soon defeated and the places of the men filled with scabs.

The union men who were in the power houses, who could and who should have shut off the power, kept those great plants in operation. They said, "We are in sympathy with you and would like to help you, but we cannot go out on strike without violating our contract." And so, to preserve the sanctity of their craft contract, they cut the throats of their 6,000 fellow unionists, virtually scabbing on them, so far as the effect of their action, or rather non-action, was concerned. These union men might as well have stepped out of the power houses and taken the places that were vacated by the **strikers.**

Now comes the closing chapter of this story, the blackest of all. A little while after the 6,000 union men had gone out on strike and had been defeated by strike-breakers under Farley, the lieutenant of Belmont, the Civic Federation held its periodical banquet. August Belmont attended this banquet, being **the president of the** Federation. So also did the labor leaders. In their regular order came President Gompers, President Mitchell, President O'Connell, President Duncan and the rest of the presidents. They surrounded the banqueting board and sat and feasted and laughed and made joy together. The labor question was speedily settled, so far as they were concerned.

You may feel assured that there is no officer of the Industrial Workers who will ever banquet with the Civic Federation.

I appeal to you, as workingmen, to think for yourselves; to cut loose from those who have misled and betrayed you; to close up the ranks and unify your forces. I appeal to you to ally yourselves with the economic organization which embraces your entire class; I appeal to you to join the union that unites you, the union in which you can stand shoulder to shoulder, regardless of your occupation; the union in which you will move forward, step by step, marching to the inspiring music of the coming emancipation. I appeal to you to declare yourselves here and now, to be for once and forever true enough to yourselves to join the only industrial union that is absolutely true to you

And if you join this union in **sufficient numbers,** if you [illegible] up this organization and give it **the power it ought** to have—you rally to the standard of this revolutionary union—then, as certain as I stand before you, you will carry that banner to victory. Then the workers will be the sovereign citizens, the rulers of this earth. They will build houses and live therein; they will plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof. The labor question will have been settled, and the working-class, emancipated from the fetters of wage-slavery, will begin the real work of civiliing and humanizing the human race.

There are 720,000 known women prostitutes in the United States. The average life of these unfortunates is five years. It takes more than 100,000 women a year to replace those which this capitalist system is responsible for killing every year. Any of this blood on your hand?

THE TRAIL OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

(Written For The Rebel.)

Everyday, sitting in my stuffy little office pouring over my work as a wage slave for a gigantic corporation at barely existing wages, I hear the tramp, tramp of some human being going by. I look, and behold the sight; human being, ragged covered by the shreds of what once might have been cheap clothes, red blanket, and corn crusher, his earthly possessions strapped to his back. This figure is for most part a statue of skin and bones, staggering along barefooted or with a piece of leather strapped on each foot. He is a pathetic sight, his eyes are as dull as an animal's, his hopes seemed blasted, never to rise again, his herd is following him.

I see a figure that once might have been a woman, her back bent under a load of rags and a few tin cups. Dull eyes, gray hair, wrinkled face and gnarled hands. She is the first figure's helpmeet and companion in their misery and starvation. The little figures trailing along in rags, barefooted with blistered and bleeding feet, trudge along crying and wailing from the cruel journey, hungry, crying for food. These might have been the offspring of the first and second figures. This constant stream of figures go by me at all hours of the day and every hour I awake at night. I hear the familiar tramp, tramp and cries of the young, until it has ground itself into my very soul. I see these ghostlike figures day in and day out until I can see them in the darkest hour of the night, in rags and their lean, bony forms are visible in my mental eye all the time.

This great stream of rags and bones continue to tramp by all day and all night. Did some one ask what these figures were? They are the Mexican peons, the slaves of the Mexican Republic, just across the Rio Grande from their white brothers in slavery. What a pitiful sight, men and women and children, who once had the emotions and characteristics of human beings, but their dull black eyes, their staggering bodies all betoken that human hope has died from them and that they possess only animal instinct, which is carrying them whither they do ont know.

The animal instinct in them directs them to the United States where a faint hope lies that they may be safe from the bullets of capitalism across the Rio Grande and that they might exist also. But, poor unforunates, they encounter the same capitalism, the same exploiters who persecuted them from their native land. His faint hope of protection is soon smashed to smithereens. When he finds the same whip in the same hands on this side as on the other side of the Rio Grande, beating and lashing his white brothers as it did him in Mexico, he finds himself into the ranks of the great army of unemployed already enlisted on this side the great stream of humanity continues to wend its way over the railroad track from Laredo to San Antonio.

These ragged, footsore beings have made millionaires out of the parasites in Mexico and pour millions of dollars of the life's blood money into the coffers of the masters in this nation and other foreign countries. Yet these ragged shreds of human slaves are being driven from their native land by the thousands, yea, tens of thousands, are literally starving among abundance and plenty. What kind of system of society have we that produces this barbarous condition, who would defend such outrageous conditions?

Search my mental resources in every nook I fail to see why any human being should uphold such an organized monstrosity as the system of that in which the worker goes in rags and starves standing in the midst of plenty.

The conditions across the border are worse than our condition, because a great number of these slaves are gradually brushing the scales of ignorance from their eyes and resenting their masters with armed force, which was inevitable in Mexico. To dislodge the masters in Mexico, political power was no weapon. The masters had a dictatorship set up in Mexico that was impossible to reach with political warfare, therefore as the writer has always known, armed rebellion was necessary to tear down the mountain built by the masters of Mexico, the tools of foreign masters.

I have longed to see the day when those slaves would turn on those capitalist barbarians and crush them. Now that the ignorant slaves have gotten a taste of liberty, they will demand it all, and one of the bloodiest wars of the 20th century is only beginning across the Rio Grande. I favor the peaceful way of expropriation, but when this is impossible I say armed force is the last resort.

But the barbarions of finance who caused this condition will be overthrown in Mexico. There is not the least doubt but it will be a long and bloody struggle, just such as will come to pass on this side of the river if the people do not rally to the standard of the Socialist party and support and educate this great peaceful method of solving the gigantic problems that confront us.

J. D. Carmichael, Laredo, Texas.

THE IGNORANT DONKS.

Every intelligent man, who has traveled over Texas, is well aware of the fact that there is, not in the bottomless caves of the sea nor in the clouds above nor in the surface of the earth a thing that walks, crawls, glides or moves in a standing, sitting or recumbent posture that is so all round, stupid, ignorant, dull and dense as the Democratic politician.

Should there be one human in Texas that would question this strong statement the Rebel would only have to hand him the intellectual cream of the Donks, the present 33rd Legislature, a body that is so vapid of thought, so meagre of performance and so impotent in constructive statesmanship that even their own daily papers speak of them with scorn and contempt, as the following the Ft. Worth Record of Saturday, August 2, will show:

> A neighbor, the Dallas Times Herald, says "Texas statesmanship has degenerated into a huge joke." Ho, there! Sons of statecraft to the rescue. It is up to State Senator James Clayton McNealus and Representative Dwight Lewelling, John E. Davis, T. G. Collins and J. F. Parks. They should resent this uncalled for attack by the local organ of their party.

The above is a sly dig of Hugh Fitzgerald's at the Dallas Donk delegation in the legislature. The only man of intellectual parts mentioned above is McNealus, who is at least sound on the land question, though horribly muddled on economic affairs generally. Lewelling believes that ice water will solve all economic problems and spends half his time in the legislature reading the Bible and gets a fit of mental grogginess everytime he comes across Leviticus 25-23. Whenever he can dig into the bottomless depths of his capacious brain and find out why the Bible says the land shall not be sold forever and he and his crowd says it shall be sold forever, Lewelling will reach a sane condition of mind in which it will be possible for him eo do something besides pose.

Talking of the Donks in the legislature E. R. Meitzen, the business manager of the Rebel who has just returned from a speaking tour of the encampments, tells some good stories that are now being retailed around the state about the Donks in Austin. Here is one of them:

The Appropriation Bill was under discussion two weeks ago. The representative from San Jacinto county had charge of an appropriation for $5,000 to preserve the battlefield at San Jacinto. A Donk struggled to his feet and said: "I know why this man brings in this appropriation; it is because he dare not go back to his constituents unless it is passed."

"What have his constituents to do with it?" asked Louis J. Wortham who was in the chair. "Do with this appropriation— I'll tell you," replied the prohi, who had a beautiful skate on. "He comes from San Jacinto county where the battle was fought." "Good Lord," cried out Wortham, who was exasperated at this stupidity, "don't you know the battle of San Jacinto was fought in Harris county?" Then the other Donks woke up and laughed.

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Another Donk from East Texas broke into the limelight his name is Usury. He has the splendid reputation of being one of the most sober pros under no consideration will he drink whiskey, but when it comes to beer our friend never takes a back seat. Wabbling up to the seat of another representative he demanded:

"Why do you always call me USURY, my name is pronounced Ossory?" That's simple, because $5 a day is such a usurious rate of payment of your services to the state," replied the representative who is an anti on the water wagon.

Then it took two sergeant-at-arms and several members to keep them apart.

THE RED FLAG.

The following excellent article on the Red Flag was written by the famous old southern Socialist, Sumner W. Rose of Biloxi, Miss. It contains a mass of information that many of our people are sorely in need of today. It was published last week in the Hattiesburg, Miss. Advertiser.

Editor Advertiser: I have read the editorail copied from the Houston Chronicle, denouncing the red flag and those whose symbol it is, and excusing the rioters at Seattle Washington, who destroyed private property belonging to those supposed to love the red flag, and excusing Secretary Daniels for his inflammatory speech. This enlightening editorial says there "can not be two flags in this country."

Ye Gods! there are hundreds. Secretary Daniels does not know the history of his own country. He would have been a tory and attempted to chase our own forefathers from this "land of the free" for following the red flag at Bunker Hill. That was our first flag of freedom. Our forefathers were mostly brawny men who earned their living by honest toil. They were in other words, working men.

Had Secretary Daniels known anything of history, he would also know that red has been the symbol of labor, when the patricians, like Daniels, wore purple on feast days, labor wore red, and the religious orders wore white. Are you, the Houston Chronicle and Daniels going to prohibit the lodges' having banners of different colors, symbolizing their ideas? Some religious societies have banners with crosses instead of stars, the Shriners of the Masonic lodge wear red caps, are you going to stop all this? Are you going to tear the seven red stripes of "old glory?" What utter silliness. God made red the same as other colors, and here are supposed-to-be sensible human beings going crazy over it. And yet the auctioneer uses it, and the railroads use it, the government uses it, and the original flag was red, and the flag of the southern states was nearly all red, and our children wear red hats, and we have red tablecloths, and the Democratic candidate for president of years ago carried a red bandana handkerchief as his own personal color.

Why, the laboring men have adopted the color as a symbol of the internationality of their movement for better conditions. Then presto! the laboring people should be chased out of the country. They have no right to a symbol! Daniels, who was elected by laboring votes, says the red flag can't stay. No more of the freedom of our forefathers fought for.

He never asked the working men what the red flag meant. He said they wanted to replace the stars and stripes with it. How did he know? Did he ask them? Do our temperance and religious orders and lodges want to replace the national banner with their symbols? Why should these be allowed any and all colors they wish and the labor unions denounced for adopting one? The whole government of the United States rests on the shoulders of labor. Labor in this country has always been true to the flag and always will be. It is our national emblem. Only such would-be tyrants as Daniels endanger its revered folds.

There were no red flags waving in Seattle at the time of this trouble. Those who had used them on the streets had quit using them on the simple request of the mayor, weeks before. Did that show a desire to be contrary and bull-headed?

That was a sad mistake of Mr. Daniels. He must recognize that thousands of men who elected his party believe in the principles of the red flag, and he must also learn that the red flag has nothing to do with replacing the stars and stripes. It is merely an international emblem indicating the solidarity of the organized workers of the world Why not try to learn the hopes and needs of the workers, and extend them aid and sympathy instead of denouncing them as a danger to their country?

I would like to call the attention of Mr. Daniels and the Houston Chronicle to the fact that Christ was a workingman, just a carpenter, that red was the color of labor when He was of this world. That there is a song sung by Chrisitan people, beginning, "See His crimson banner waving in the sky." Is Mr. Daniels going to run everybody out of the country who sings that song? Many people believe that the second coming of Christ is near at hand. Who knows that "His Crimson Banner" in the hands of the lowly, Christ's own class, may not be the forerunner of that great approaching event. I do not know, but I do know that Socialists are opposed to war, murder and oppression in every form, and when they dispaly the crimson banner, it is a symbol of world peace, of human brotherhood, of just conditions for all classes, as a movement of love and not hate, and that in doing so they have no more idea of replacing the stars and stripes than do the religious orders who display their banners on our warships and elsewhere.

Sumner W. Rose,
Biloxi, Miss.

THE SHAME OF SEATTLE.

(By Franz Bostrom.)

On the 17th of July a great dinner was eaten at the Rainier Club, Seattle, and the chief guest of the occasion was Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. Under the stimulating influence of luxurious viands, congenial companionship and a glass or two of champagne the said Mr. Daniels made a valiant attack on the red flag and its worshippers. About the same time in the evening a street meeting was held in the lower part of the city. A woman was speaking to an audience consisting to a great extent of I. W. W.'s. A couple of drunken "man of war" men undertook to break up the meeting and were handled rather roughly in the skirmish that took place. The next evening a little before 8 o'clock an attack was made upon the I. W. W. headquarters, under the supervision of the police, a half dozen of which held the civilans back from the scene of action while soldiers and sailors wrecked the meeting hall, dragging furniture and books into the street where a bonfire soon consumed it.

Having successfully perpetrated this stunt the uniformed hoodlums led by quite a few petty officers and accompanied by the outpourings from the Seattle slums, to the number of several thousand, marched over a mile through the heart of the city without the slightest interruption from any source whatever, to the headquaretrs of the Socialists of King county and Seattle, 1900 Fifth Avenue.

Being temporarily baffled by a brave little woman, Comrade Mrs. Mary Jervis, who resolutely told the ruffians that she proposed to fight them to death, the mob departed for another headquarters (Socialist) on Seventh and Olive streets, which was demolished. Another bonfire was lit around which war dances were performed.

The braves then returned to Socialist headquarters and found the woman comrade gone. All danger removed, the work of destruction became a picnic. In a few moments the gatherings of years of patient work of the Seattle comrades was but a smoldering eap of rubbish. A $500 piano, $400 of books, a new $100 typewriter, innumerable little conveniences, furniture, etc., property valued at not less than $1500 in all, and all bought by the nickels contributed by the enthusiastic comrades, all gone.

The mayor and chief of police were undoubtedly honest in their attempt to stifle the riot, but the police force to a man complacently failed to respond.

There can be no questioning the fact that the whole thing was premeditated. The Seattle Times was blamed by the Socialists and by the mayor for responsibility. That anarchistic sheet has for years advocated violence and bloodshed against labor unions and the Socialists. And no one doubts that it supplied the funds for the whiskey which served to endow the mob with the necessary courage.

That the I. W. W. organization has invited trouble with their incessant and idiotic preaching of sabotage and direct action is undeniable.

But that doesn't excuse the law and order element in permitting mob law. Nor does it explain the treatment of the Socialists. May we learn from this that we have nothing to expect from the justice and fairness of our adversaries and that nothing will protect us from physical violence except fear of our strength. In the meantime the city of Seattle has added another leaf to the laurel it wears for being the most vicious city on the continent, the home of Colonel Blethen, the editor of the "Seattle Times."

FARM BARGAIN.

FOR SALE—150-acre black hog wallow farm, 84 acres in cultivation, 10 acre meadow, balance in pasture and woodland, 2 good dwellings well improved, windmills and plenty of water; four miles north of Hallettsville. Easy terms. One of the finest farms in Lavaca county. For particulars apply to Adolph Zappe, Hallettsville, Texas.