

THE REBEL

THE REBEL APPEARS GREAT TO US ONLY BECAUSE WE ARE OF OUR MINDS. — LEE ON ARMY.

Published on Sunday, July 1, 1916, at the office of the publisher, Hallettsville, Texas, No. 265.

HALLETSVILLE, TEXAS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1916.

No. 265

UP AGAINST A STONE WALL

As we get closer to August 26th when the subdued battle of Hallettsville will be on over the question of whether Mr. Culberson or Mr. Colquitt shall be the next United States Senator it were well to pause for a moment to consider other elements in the case.

For instance: The editor of this great religious weekly, after duly receiving the nomination for United States Senator on the Socialist party ticket—a party by the way that twice in succession has reached second place, beating both Republicans and Bull Moores, it was understood that it would go the limit in the fight that would result eventually in his becoming United States senator from Texas.

Up to date the fight has been a bitter one, and if the law is trampled I will register at the New Willard Hotel in Washington on the fourth of next March and hold up my hand and say to the vice-president of the United States: "My name is Hickey from Texas, and I have the duly accredited credentials from my state."

In the meantime I want everybody to watch the battle that is on, and so that my new readers can be thoroughly posted upon the fact. I will gladly release now what has transpired up to this moment in writing, which is August 20.

To begin with I learned some months ago that of the original ten candidates before the democratic primary not one of them lived up to a law passed by the Thirty-third legislature signed by O. B. Colquitt, then governor of this state. Five of them retired, leaving the race Colquitt, Culberson, Henry, Brooks, Campbell and Davis. The result of the primary election is now known. But what about my intentions?

To investigate and observe those interests I went through the social processes of the law. For instance: Two weeks ago I went before the grand jury then in session, on August 5, 1916. I presented to this supposedly honorable body a verified statement from the county clerk of Dallas county that three citizens residing therein, named Colquitt, Culberson and Riddle had violated the law, in this, that they failed to file time after time their reports of monies received, from whom received and how expended. That consequently they were legally dead, and they were subject in living from to from one to six months on the rock pile and from \$100 to \$500 fine, and by the law passed by the House and Senate and signed by Gov. O. B. Colquitt, in 1913.

Now comes a delicate question: When I stepped into that grand jury room I was warned by a man who wore pine-nez glasses on his nose, about fifty-two years old and a stomach that is rounded with that canon of which Shakespeare wrote and solemnly told me that everything that occurred in that grand jury proceedings was to be kept from the public, and hold up your hand and say so "Help me God." I took the oath, and I now wish to say publicly that I am going to violate the oath—the first one I ever violated in my life. For the reason that this fat rogue, and I don't know his name, and the other dozen members of the grand jury plus Mr. Muse violated their oaths, because they tore up the law in the case, and I may state it in exact legal terms, of Hickey versus Colquitt, Culberson et al.

For forty minutes it was a Killikenny cat fight and it appeared as if I was the criminal instead of Mr. Culberson, Brooks, Colquitt who had transgressed the law. Here is where I violate my oath: They asked me "Why do you attack men of such prominence?" I replied: "What in hades has prominence to do before the law? Here is the law and you track it, and you are going to take the office record, which is dormant, a copy of which I hand you from the county clerk, and if you don't do it I will indict you, and if I can't indict you then I will make you burn that law publicly, because I am going right through to Washington, D. C. while the other fellows are on the rock pile."

Then came a whisper of wisdom from a little hunchback fellow who sat at the end of a long table, and asked, "Have you anything personal in this, Mr. Hickey?" I said, "Personal, man, anything you understand I am going to Washington?" He said, "This is a new light on the subject, and I said, 'I am glad you see the light.'" Then that unfortunate assistant prosecuting attorney Muse broke in again and said, "Will you bring this matter up before the McLennan county grand jury in Waco?" I replied, "I am going to Waco, I will take it up with the county attorney and I will put R. L. Henry and Samuel Palmer Brooks on the rock pile, if the law functions in that small little town by the Brazos."

At this stage of the proceedings the whole bunch were in the air. They realized that here was a man fighting for the law, and they were a bunch of anarchists that had to either tear up the law or make the United States Senator.

I don't usually plead for or cry white, but there was a soft note in my voice when I said to them, "Colquitt is in the Official Hotel now, you are going to adjourn at noon and you can order an

officer of the court to arrest Mr. Colquitt before the sun goes down if you will. Will you do it?" Then they whispered colloquy around the table, and then the assistant county attorney said, "Mr. Hickey, that's all. 'You will report later.'"

Outside in the corridor sat John Davis, with whom I had debated fourteen times in the three weeks previous. As I stepped out of the door he was invited in, and strange to say there was only thirty seconds—hardly time to be even. The question asked him was: "Can we verify all these oaths?" Davis replied, "Downstairs, now." Then he walked out with his hat in his hand smiling.

I said, "John, what are they going to do?" He said, "They will report a week from now, and I cannot say what they will do." I said: "Tell me something, what is your impression?" He shook his head and said, "I have no impression." However, I had an impression. The impression was that John Davis was a donk, the grand jury were donks and there was absolutely nothing doing to preserve the interests of the Socialist party of Texas, of which I was the personal enemy at the moment.

Quiet down the elevator with Davis I decided to walk across the street to Mike Levy's office, and was told to come back at three o'clock, and sure enough, I am across at three o'clock, Mr. Muse, the man whom I had met in the morning. To him I said, "I want to appear out a complaint against O. B. Colquitt, and I would make a complaint against Charlie Culberson if I could get the fellow, but he is our kahalababba, as you wish, at Washington, trying to recover from an eighteen year old drunk, what shall I do with him I don't know, but as to Colquitt, he is here now and I want him grabbed for a violation of the law that he himself has broken." Said the Honorable Muse, "I am impressed by my superior that as long as your case is in the hands of the grand jury your rights will be protected and I will not issue any warrant for the arrest of Mr. Colquitt."

I then went on my speaking trip, mingled among the yoonanry and kept my mouth shut until the time had passed for the grand jury to report. Then I came to Waco. I wanted to get R. L. Henry and Samuel Palmer Brooks for violation of the law. Senator A. R. McCollum called up County Clerk Baker, on my own personal solicitation, and vouched for me so that I could go to the records instantly.

Mr. Baker revealed himself as a most affable gentleman, and showed me that the president of Baylor University had violated the law twelve times. I then inquired my way to the county attorney's office, was told it was one floor up, and there I met John McNamara.

This wasn't the John McNamara that is now sequestered at San Quentin. It was another McNamara. I laid all the facts in front of him, and then said, "I want Dr. Samuel Palmer Brooks arrested at once for the violation of the election laws of this state." McNamara is a half-bred Irishman, that is to say, he has a good name, but doesn't live up to it. He has steely blue eyes that wince occasionally, but he bore himself well during our thirty five minute talk, the culmination of which was expressed in terms about as follows: "Then you will not listen to my complaint?" "NO." "Why?" "Because no grand jury in McLennan county will indict Dr. Brooks and no petit jury will convict him." "What has that got to do with the case?" I asked. "Here is the law," I continued. He replied, "I have discretion." "So then discretion is the law, is it?" "Yes, it is the law so far as I am concerned. You take this from me now that the doctor will not be arrested on your complaint or any other complaint because the public sentiment will be against it." "Then is public sentiment the law?" I asked. He replied: "That and nothing more."

I then said, "That I believe from the innermost depths of my heart. You remember, Mr. McNamara, that there was a man of your name conspired to blow up the Los Angeles Times building. Do you remember that there was a decision handed down in the case of Ames vs. Southern Pacific Railway in which another man with an Irish name, named Lonergan, declared that the rules and regulations of the Southern Pacific railway was superior to the laws of the land. This in Southwestern Reporter 75, page 210. That pen of Lonergan became the spark that caused John McNamara to hire the agents that blew the building. Do you wish to be put in the same attitude as your namesake, Mr. McNamara? Dr. Brooks must be arrested. Are you, as an officer of the law, to be as responsible as Lonergan for the crime?" He shrugged his shoulders and said, "When I ran for county attorney in 1912 my attention was called many times when I issued my cards on the street to the familiarity of the name, and that's all I have to say now, Brooks will not be arrested." I I I

And this is the situation at the moment. I am up against a

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T. A. HICKET, Editor.
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THE LITTLE MERCHANT.

Because he is so busy dodging bankruptcy or trying to beat his fellow-merchant in the competitive struggle the average merchant does not take time to study politics or economics.

That is why he is usually found opposing or at least ignoring what, in the latest analysis, is his only political friend—the Socialist party.

He doubts himself in the future of the matter that he will get rich quick and wing his break into the Rockefeller class.

However, the following from the Little Merchant's ledger should make the low fat-headed among them at up and get next to himself and note whether he is drifting.

The Mercantile Monopoly.

The small merchant must look with apprehension upon the present situation of the world, the growth of the mail order and "chain" stores during the last six months. Few of the "new brides" have got their new husbands yet, and will be looking themselves than these beginnings of a great mercantile monopoly.

Since the year 1910, we have reported on their sales for the first half of 1916. Together they did business of over \$100,000,000. The largest, Sears-Roebuck, did more than half of this. The increase over the corresponding months of last year is over \$23,700,000.

Since their business is usually done in the last six months of the year, it is safe to estimate that the total sales for these firms at \$280,000,000.

It is a remarkably prosperous country store that does an annual business of \$50,000. It would take 5,000 such stores to handle the goods sold by these six firms.

All of these firms are notorious for the poor wages paid. All buy goods made by the cheapest workers. Nearly all have some sort of "welfare work" by which to cover up their miserly ways. Organized fight organization among their employees. They are the greatest distributors of non-union goods. It is difficult to reach or influence their customers because these are so widely scattered that any common action is almost impossible.

Each year sees such stores growing faster, because their very size gives them advantages at a hundred points in the fight with smaller competitors. Certainly a society would not be better served if their great marketing organization could be broken up into a mass of little inefficient stores.

The answer to the dilemma seems plain. But because only a few people see it yet that answer seems to be a good one. Let us say again. There is but one end to this story. That is for the people to do their own marketing through machinery that shall be publicly owned.

That is the story the Socialists have been telling for years. Some say a majority will hear it.

SOCIALIST CANDIDATE SPEAKS.

Mr. E. R. Mitten, candidate for governor on the Socialist ticket, spoke on the streets of Killean Monday afternoon. He was introduced by W. A. Murphy and he spoke at length to a good size audience. That he was interesting to his hearers is judged by the length of time he held their close attention. It was said by many his talk was good and contained a great deal of truth. — Killean (Bell Co.) Herald.

State Office Notes.

W. T. WEBB, State Secretary, Cleco, Texas.

Knox County.

W. P. Kirk, county secretary of Knox county, writing that a full ticket was placed in the field at the county convention July 29. He also states that Chas. McMurray, who is the preferential nominee for representative from that district, was present and delivered a fine lecture.

At the county convention at Cleco, Texas, July 29th, the Socialists of Coleman county put out a full county ticket and nominated J. I. Fugate to attend the State Convention; thus writes county secretary H. J. Parker of Santa Anna.

Ben Wilson's Dates.

Rule, Aug. 26, 26; Rochester, 27; Hamlin, 28; Rock Ridge, 29; Peacock, 30; Palava, Sept. 1; Trent (p. m.), 2; Sweetwater (night), 3; Coahoma, 4; Sweetwater, 5, 6, 7; Winters (eve and night), 9; Clyde, 11; Cleco, 12; Carbon, 13.

Eastland County.

Socialists of Eastland county will put in a 30 day school house campaign in the interest of the local county ticket.

Ben P. Wilson will fill dates in Eastland county at Cleco, Sept. 12, 2, 30 p. m. and one at Carbon, Sept. 13 in evening.

Hamilton Wants Ten Dates in Texas.

Geo. G. Hamilton, who is now lecturing on the Arkansas emancipation circuit, will finish his work in that state about Sept. 30 at chairman, Benton Coley, chairman 4th senatorial district.

WR AGAINST A STONE WALL.

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stone wall. I haven't lost a moment of time in trying to get at the throat of my opponents, but the law will not function. It is torn up. Anarchy prevails, and if it should be that the powers behind the county attorneys are hung like rape fiends in years to come it is because they have violated the law. What I shall do about Mr. Waples of Fort Worth, what I shall do to the secretary of state in the form of injunctions and otherwise I am not at this moment clear in my mind, but this I do know; that I am the next United States Senator from Texas, or the donks burn the law on the public square.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

T. A. Hickey.

Candidate for United States Senate on the Socialist party ticket.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM.

Under the above caption Thos. N. Best, a young Rebel aged 15 years writes the following article, which shows that he knows a great deal more about what Socialism stands for than a great many people older than he. The article follows:

Socialism is the Brotherhood of Man. Socialism is the theory of the only political party that stands for the working class. It proposes that every man shall have all he produces and not more. It proposes that use and occupation be the sole title to land. It stands for world-wide disarmament. When Socialism comes to power there will be no rich or poor people. All public industries will be owned by the public or government, and no one will be profit of another. Then everyone that can, and will work, shall have all the necessities of life. Then truly "ye shall eat bread by the sweat of thy brow" and not by the sweat of other men's brows.

What has Socialism done and is it doing? It started with Marx and Engels about fifty years ago and is now the second political party in Texas. Gen. Carranza was slowly establishing a socialistic government in Mexico and returning the land stolen from them by the rich men of the U. S. to the people. That's why our government (the capitalists) raised such a racket. Socialism was slowly but surely gaining the upper hand in Europe, and that's one reason for the European war. The "war-

dates between that place and Minnesota. Then from Minnesota westward to Fort Worth and northward to Oklahoma he will be on for a few dates. Locals along this line of travel should write him at once, as this will be his only trip into Texas during the campaign. The terms are \$5.00 for one speech and entertainment. He pays his own railroad fare. Address Geo. G. Hamilton, c/o Freda Hogan, Huntington, Arkansas.

Locals wanting Mexican dates will place write this office and a date will be arranged for you.

Counties that have a full Socialist ticket would do well and get good returns on your money to engage a good speaker for a school house campaign in October. Get busy comrades, we must land some of our candidates in November.

Notice.

All Socialists of Rank county are requested to meet at the court house in the town of Henderson on Sept. 9. Comrades don't fail to come as we must carry this county. I have secured two speakers, one negro speaker for the negroes and one white speaker. Come one, come all. W. H. P. Wilson, county secretary, Rank county.

A Call.

The Socialists of the 4th senatorial district comprising Cooke and Wagon counties, are called to meet at Sherman in the court house at 2 p. m. Aug. 26, to legally nominate a candidate for state senator, and also to elect a new chairman. Benton Coley, chairman 4th senatorial district.



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Craddock's '89	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '93	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '97	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
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Craddock's '17	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '21	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '25	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '29	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '33	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '37	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '41	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '45	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '49	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '53	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '57	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '61	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '65	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '69	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '73	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '77	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '81	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '85	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '89	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '93	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '97	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '01	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '05	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '09	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '13	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '17	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '21	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '25	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '29	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '33	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50
Craddock's '37	\$2.00	\$1.50	Whisky	\$2.00	\$1.50

Fantine in Our Day

Eugene Y. Debs.

The reader of *Les Misérables* can never forget the ill-starred Fantine, the mourning heroine of Hugo's immortal classic. The very name of Fantine, the gay, guileless, trusting girl, the innocent, betrayed, self-immolating young mother, the exploited, the drugged, hunted and holy martyr to motherhood, to the infinite love of her child, touches to tears and haunts the memory like a melody of heroism, was possibly only because of Fantine, sublimest of martyrs.

Fantine—child of poverty and starvation—the ruined girl, the abandoned mother, the hounded prostitute, remained to the very hour of her tragic death caste as a virgin, spotless as a saint in the holy sanctuary of her own pure and undelivered soul. It was of such a Fantine that Heine wrote, "I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted and in their hearts dwelt heavenly purity."

The brief, bitter, blasted life of Fantine epitomizes the ghastly picture of the persecuted, perishing Fannies of modern society in every land in Christendom. Everywhere they are branded as "prostitutes," abandoned, despised. Never was a woman born who could sink low enough—even in the upper class—to be called a "fallen woman." The word which calls a woman back with hideous epithets bears it upon his own forehead.

They are the Fannies of our day charged with having "gone wrong" and with being "fallen women." Not one in all the numberless in the upper classes of ours who are despised by the soulless society of which they are the offspring has "gone" wrong, and not one has "fallen," and has been proscribed and unhappy state. There is on earth a woman who has "fallen" in the sense usually applied to women who have lost their honor in the battle for bread. I have yet to see or hear of her.

There are certain powerful social agencies which in the present order of things make that which is known as "prostitution," but it is to be noted that there are no "prostitutes" in the upper classes of society. The women in the higher strata may be sexually as unchaste as they will, but they are never "prostitutes." They do to do wrong not driven by those forces to sell her body to feed her soul, may yet fall into the grosser crimes and enmities, but she does not "go wrong"—no one thinks of her as a "fallen woman," or dreams of branding her as a "prostitute." Unless she is flagrantly indiscreet in the distribution of her favors her social standing is not materially affected by her moral lapses.

But let a poor shopgirl, a seamstress or a domestic servant—in a word, a working-girl—commit some slight indiscretion and the world she lives in is sealed, and she might as well present herself at once to the public authorities and have the merest letter signed in the name of the police. She is branded. She may be pure and innocent as a child, but the "benefit of the doubt" never falls to common women. She has "gone wrong," and now a "fallen woman," and the word "prostitute," coined exclusively for her, now designates her, and which is to be her lot for the rest of her life.

A rich woman can sink as low as the can—and a woman can sink very low in the moral and spiritual scale without necessarily—excluding her carnal appetites—being a "prostitute." The word is never a "prostitute," and therefore is not a "prostitute." "Prostitution" as generally understood has economic as well as moral and sexual significance. In the "lower class" it connotes a direct and intimate contact with the exploitation of modern society, the "prostitutes" of the present day, are wholly of

the working-class; the segregated area is populated entirely by these unfortunate sisters of ours and the blasted life and crucified soul of every mother's daughter of these places is mute against the overthrow of the brutal, blighting, barbaric system which has robbed them of their womanhood, shorn them of every virtue, and thrust them into the degraded level of merchandise, and finally turned them into agents of retribution to atone their dishonor and shame.

As these lines are being written the report of the Vice Commission of the State of Maryland appears in the press dispatches to inform the public that investigation of vice recently conducted in the great cities of that State disclosed the fact—not at all new or startling, to some of us at least—that many of the girls who "go" wrong are the victims of the "fallen" women have been seduced and ruined by their employers, bosses, and other slaves of the imperious desire for a condition of their employment.

The innumerable Fannies of our day, found lurking like vermin in the shadows where ever Capitalism casts its withering light of exploitation, are typified in the cities of the parrot desecrated in the child of slum and street. "There is in her whole person the stuper of a life ended, but never commuted." It is the shadow of poverty, robbed and degraded, that are forever "dropping fragments of their life upon the public highway."

The story, inexpressibly pathetic, is a commonplace. It has been repeated a thousand times, and is being repeated. Here it is again as told by a writer of today: "She has been fatherless. She has been hungry. She has been cold. She has been scorned, neglected, and in all its forms. She has needed dolls, flowers, play, games, brightness, sympathy, and love. She has been taught the stone of hard labor instead. Of all the blessings to which childhood is entitled, she has been robbed. In the brief life of this child there is pathos, endurance, long-deferred hope, experience that scars, denial, self-pity, hunger, and the spirit, starvation of a child's soul for love, home, hope, help." The Fannies have been raped of their virtues, robbed of their womanhood, their education, branded, exiled; the ignorance of childhood is with them still, but not its innocence; they have been shamed, and are not prostitutes. They are girls, women who have walked the path of thorns and briars with bare soles and aching feet, who have wept of agony and tears, and who move in melancholy procession as capitalist society's sacrificial offering to nameless and dishonored graves.

The flower of womanhood is crushed in Capitalism's mills of prostitution. The girls who yield are the tender, trusting, young ones, the sympathetic and unselfish, who would make the just, the noble, and the cold, selfish, suspicious, natures that surrender to the insidious forces of prostitution, but the very opposite of the girl who has been sold, the race dwarfed and deformed and denied it highest functioning as its divinity expression.

And so, the girl who is sold to slavery, women to prostitution, children to poverty and ignorance, and all to hopeless, barren, joyless and lifeless slavery, is sold and destroyed before we may know the meaning of morality, walk the highlands of humanity, and breathe the fresh air of freedom and fellowship.

AT LEAST A BEGINNING.

Loaded down with jokes in the interest of the Interests of the government, the House of Representatives. However it will some day serve as a basis for establishing a system of taxation. And so on, until we have a more democratically managed all passenger and freight shipping lines. In the same way

SIX CENT GASOLINE.

In an article in September Pearson's Mr. George Creel shows how the oil trust is putting a bill through congress legalizing the legal of government oil lands in California. These oil lands, by law, were reserved by the government to supply with oil its own warships that are all now being used for the oil-burning planes. Now Democratic and Republican congresses have been permitting this oil land to be stolen and will soon legalize the theft and the Uncle Sam's navy department will have to pay double, triple and more prices for fuel oil to the thieves that stole the oil from him. They will seek to justify this ultra-rotten deal that the government should not interfere with the corporate initiative and enterprise.

The following extract from Mr. Creel's article showing how the government can beat the oil trust hands-down in making cheap gasoline should be of interest to all Tim-Henry owners who vote for the ownership of the oil industry:

For years government ownership and operation has been recommended by the oil trust. It was only to be found in private control. The people, taken individually, are prudent, far-sighted and competent, but the people working as a whole, are foolish, reckless and wasteful. What, then, has been the government's policy in the oil business? It has been to let the oil trust work as a whole, are foolish, reckless and wasteful. What, then, has been the government's policy in the oil business? It has been to let the oil trust work as a whole, are foolish, reckless and wasteful.

By way of explanation, the first oil came from a top oil sand. Then a second oil was discovered, and after that a third. B. S. Latham, the foremost oil expert and geologist in California, was employed by the government to examine the condition of the wells taken over, and these were his findings: That in many instances the top oil had been ruined by water infiltration, \$12,000,000 in a conservative estimate of the loss.

That it was useless to attempt to recover or save the first product of oil sand, and that the government would be lucky to shut off water from the second oil.

That this flooding and irretrievable damage was not due to ignorance or carelessness, but was the result of a full knowledge after warning and mutual agreement that it should not be done, nor was it necessary to do so. The fact that the government is not to do so, is a fine recommendation for private operation. Against this may be balanced the following results of government control: The properties now in the hands of receivers are being operated for less than 50 per cent of the cost before receivership; the production of oil has increased; the water damage has been done away with by care and intelligence; and the industry has been brought to fairly drilling, careful handling and willful waste.

Another little point of tremendous significance is to be found in putting up a gasoline plant at a cost of \$6,000. After charging up the cost of the crude oil, allowing 8 per cent for power, and 10 per cent for depreciation, he manufactures gasoline for six cents a gallon exclusive of taxes. The Standard Oil, next door, sells at nineteen cents.

Today the receivers have about \$3,000,000 in cash collected, which is more than one drop in the bucket in comparison with the millions that are sought to be recovered from the greedy gentlemen who have been looting the Government's land.

The parcels post will be used to utterly shatter the express "trust," the postal savings bank will be extended to include full-fledged postal bank controlling all the public credit (banking) functions and insuring all the currency now monopolized by 30,000 banking partnerships. And so on, until we have a more democratically managed all passenger and freight shipping lines. In the same way

FROM COMMITTEE ON INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS.

Washington, August 10.—With the street railway workers of New York trying to exercise their legal right to organize, Theodore P. Shouse, president of the New York Railways Company, is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars of the nickle-penny's money in buying page advertisements in the New York newspapers to maintain and consequently to prejudice the public against the men, and to attempt to buy the newspapers against fairness to the street railways workers.

Leaders of the street railway union and executives of the Railroad Brotherhoods who are now assembled in New York denounce as astounding effrontery the statement of this corporation's president, Mr. Shouse, that the union is an "alien organization." These leaders in the labor movement say that it is supreme news that from a man and a corporation who have been notorious for importing to New York and employing thousands of workers who are new to the New York situation, and who cannot even speak the language that the union organizers and union executives of the Railroad Brotherhoods who are now assembled in New York denounce as astounding effrontery the statement of this corporation's president, Mr. Shouse, that the union is an "alien organization."

The Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees in a national institution of this corporation's president, Mr. Shouse, that the union is an "alien organization." These leaders in the labor movement say that it is supreme news that from a man and a corporation who have been notorious for importing to New York and employing thousands of workers who are new to the New York situation, and who cannot even speak the language that the union organizers and union executives of the Railroad Brotherhoods who are now assembled in New York denounce as astounding effrontery the statement of this corporation's president, Mr. Shouse, that the union is an "alien organization."

In a report to the Committee of Industrial Relations, Dante Barton, who, with George P. Shouse, is a member of the Committee, investigated the causes of the strike says that it is a fight for the right to organize and the right to reap the fruits of the labor movement.

It grows out of the usual background of low wages, long and broken hours of labor, and the arbitrary dictation of the employers which are the conditions always imposed upon workers who are not organized into effective unions. The great effort of the unions and the strikers is to organize all the street railway transportation employees into an effective union. Instead of making any effort to sympathize with the public, they are making a straight out business appeal to the public to support them in their rights to self-respecting, self-controlling organization. In the light of this fact the statement of Theodore P. Shouse in his newspaper campaign, that "we are not fighting labor unions on the principle of organizations," is characteristic of the labor leaders as the old cheap and flat-factious.

Mr. Shouse's corporation is doing everything legal and illegal to prevent the organization of its employees into effective unions. It is employing guards. It is making it necessary for all the organizers to go together in squads of eight or ten in order to protect one another from being beaten up. It is using its political and financial power to its disposal, in addition to its privately employed guards and detectives. It is spending vast sums of money, as has been pointed out, to subsidize the newspapers and mislead the public. It has even in some cases given out free money in wages to some of its employees.

"This whole fight, in other words," says the report of the committee on Industrial Relations, "is a part of that evident, nation-wide fight now being waged with greatest viciousness by corporate financial interests, and by kindred private interests to break up union organization and to keep individual em-

BLACKHEADS.

The wage-workers or working farmers who vote the Democratic or Republican ticket and thereby support a system that breeds blackheads, were like the one that is depopulating Europe should get next to themselves before the capital of France of America succeed in the plan to make common fodder of them also.

As a beginning let every worker sold the powerful denunciation of war by Thomas Carlyle, the "Sartor Resartus," and then swear never to vote for a system that breeds war or to go to a war that benefits none but the capitalist class.

What, speaking in quite an official language, is the present port and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Drumscliffe, usually some five hundred souls. From them, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, thirty able-bodied men. Dumdredge, at their own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, with willing hands and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, and the third stand under thirty stone avoirdupois.

"Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are shipped away, at the public charge some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and may only be back in France now to that same spot in the south of Spain are thirty similar French artisans from a French commune of sixty brick French craftsmen, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stand confronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand.

"Straightaway the word 'Fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty brick French craftsmen the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury and shroud before long.

"Had these men any quarrel? Buy as the devil is, not the smallest. They lived far enough apart; were the strictest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? "The answer is, they had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blackheads shoot. Also, so it is in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still, as of old, 'what devilry severs kings do, the Greeks must do as well!'"

"MANIFEST DESTINY"

The Dallas, (Tex.) Farm and Ranch prints without comment and therefore with tacit approval an article from Cotton Gambler. The article is entitled "Manifest Destiny." The article is summed up with the statement that "it seems to be the manifest destiny of America to take all the land in the world and plant in Mexico." The Rebel opinion that with the first progress of the Mexican revolution for the United States to "manifest destiny" and poetic justice for the Mexicans to interfere in America in behalf of an orderly and humane government.

The Mexicans are emerging from a seven year's revolution, some of the greatest people the world is spending vast sums of time on the American continent they are establishing a system of use and occupancy in land and in the public retention of mining, timber, oil and other lands; in the collective ownership of markets and banks and water power.

Yes, the Mexicans are far ahead of us free Americans.

Employees entirely at the mercy of the great imperial corporations which make their profits out of labor."

