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THE REBEL

THE GREAT APPEAR GREAT TO US ONIY BECAUSE WE ARE ON OUR KNEES—LET US ARISE.

T. A. HICKEY, Editor.
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Wilson Promotes Slocum

But for the fact that the Socialist party and organized labor of America joined hands and told President Wilson he had better call off the dogs of war, we would have been at war with Mexico today. Wilson knew from the scanty army enlistments that he would face an armed rebellion at home if he dared draft and send troops into Mexico for the purpose of capturing it for his masters—the Amercan Plunderbund. He found that the people were wise to the situation.

Yet some people think that Wilson was "for peace" because he merely dared not carry out his purpose to take away from the Mexican ex-peons the land and liberty they had won for themselves.

Let every man who abhors war and trust-rule, but nevertheless expects to vote the Democratic ticket this fall, read the following editorial taken from the Los Angeles Record, the leading independent newspaper of the Pacific Coast. **LET HIM READ IT AND AT THE SAME TIME REMEMBER THAT PRESIDENT WILSON LATELY CONFIRMED THE PROMOTION TO A GENERALSHIP OF THIS SELF-SAME CAPITALISTIC CROOK—COLONEL SLOCUM, FOR HIS FAITHFUL BUT FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO INVOLVE THIS COUNTRY IN A HELLISH WAR WITH MEXICO:**

WHO ARE THE REAL BANDITS?

Who organized and financed the Villa raid upon Columbus, New Mexico?

Was it Villa or Wall Street?

Who are the unhung scoundrels that have been trying, for their own profit, to drag this nation into war with Mexico?

Who are they?

Read the following:

If this nation goes to war with Mexico, there will be just one reason: it will be because this country was pushed into the conflict it did not desire, by the Villa raid on Columbus, and the results of that exploit.

There was just one man responsible for the successful raid on Columbus; that was Colonel Slocum of the United States army.

It is immaterial whether Colonel Slocum desired the raid, or did not have ability enough to take the precautions a first sergeant should have taken; his mysterious inefficiency let Villa in town, left the town at the mercy of the bandit, and murdered the American citizens; caused the punitive expedition and that caused the war, if the war comes.

The American people should know this; other papers know it, but do not DARE publish it, or CARE to publish it; this paper has no mines or ranches or oil wells in Mexico and it is not going to keep still when it has the evidence. The Record HAS THE EVIDENCE.

It was known for 48 hours before that fateful Thursday morning that Villa was charging on Columbus. The Douglas Dispatch on Tuesday morning published the warning; all that region knew of the threatened invasion; even the location and the number of Villa's troops were known, and the progress of the Villa army was reported.

Then why in the name of honor and why in the name of the murdered citizens of Columbus, DID THE COMMANDING OFFICER, COL. SLOCUM, NOT USE ORDINARY MILITARY PRECAUTIONS?

Why did he send troops 15 miles away?

Why did he have no outposts, no pickets?

WHY WERE ALL THE RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS UNDER LOCK AND KEY, EXCEPT THE FEW FOR THE CAMP GUARDS?

Villa had his spies in Columbus; he knew that the American camp was unprotected; he knew that a border line 15 miles wide was open to him; he knew that the Americans had no pickets or outposts on duty; he knew that he could send his men down the old railroad cut and mass them for an attack in safety.

Here was an army marching on Columbus; its movements known for two days ahead; its progress known; its only mode of entry into town known, AND LEFT UNGUARDED, and despite all this at 4 in the morning the Villa army surrounds the 200 sleeping American soldiers; fires the stores; loot the shops; massacres the citizens and few camp guards without disturbance.

Not only did Col. Slocum leave his men unprotected, but he and the rest of the officers were sleeping blocks away. The guns were locked up; when the surprised soldiers woke up, they were without arms, officers or protection. That these soldiers without leadership seized axes, smashed gunlockers, repelled attack and kept from being wiped out is a military marvel; almost as much of a marvel as their colonel's strange indifference.

Col. Slocum not only did not rally to his men, but he did not creep out of his house until Villa had sounded "retreat," and hour and a half after action began.

Maj. Tomkins and Lieut. Castleman rallied the men and saved the bank and drove the looters away, but only after the glare of the burning town lighted the scene.

Then emerged Col. Slocum, officer and gentleman, and after the Villa host had looted the town, murdered at will and stole 82 head of cavalry horses, organized pursuit; offered $25,000 for Villa, dead or alive, and generally was much on the job to invade Mexico.

Col. Slocum was a lot more eager to invade Mexico than he was to prevent Mexico invading his own camp.

Just crass ignorance and carlessness, eh?

Well, a colonel in the United States army is not presumed to be that sort of a gentleman, if he is sane and sober, and Columbus citizens, who knew the colonel, know him to be a sane and sober person.

What's the answer?

Nobody knows; Col. Slocum is the richest officer in the United States army.

He is a financially important personage; maybe the possession of much money and the acquaintance of moneyed friends who have Mexicans investments is not a good thing for an officer.

Quien sabe?

The Senatorial Race.

(The following is an extract from a speech delivered by the editor of this paper before an immense audience at Amarillo on Sunday night, September 10.)

I am the next United States Senator from Texas. (Applause.)

Let me briefly review a chain of events that has led up to this peculiar situation.

In the 33rd Legislature a bill was passed and signed by Gov. O. B. Colquitt, that provided for the method by which all nominees for United States Senator before the Demotratic primary should proceed to make their nomination legal, and in due accordance with the laws of the state. With characteristic audacity, the legislators framed the law with the single eye towards the Democratic party, and it alone. They seemed to take it for granted that there was but one political party in Texas worthy of receiving attention at their hands—namely the party that they belonged to, the party of the landlords and usurers that has wrecked our state by locking up four-fifths of it for speculative purposes. And, so that their greed might approximate satisfaction, they have made usury the law and landlordism the Constitution. Hence these landlord-usurers paid no attention to the Socialist party, that twice in succession has gained second place in the general election, neither did did they bother about the Republican, Prohibition, or any other party. All their attention was devoted to the party that held a July primary, and a party like ours, that nominates its candidates by mail referendum, did not come within the provisions of the law, although the gentlemen were kind enough to allow us to nominate candidates.

In due and regular form I received through mail referendum, conducted by State Secretary Webb, the nomination for U. S. Senator on the Socialist party ticket. I, at once, plunged into the fight; taking time however, to take stock of my opponents actions. I quickly learned that of the ten candidates before the Democratic primary, only one of them had duly tracked the law. This was the Hon. John Davis, a radical Democrat and single taxer and practiiing attorney in the City of Dallas. Five of my opponents, after violating the election law, retired from the race; the last one being George Greenwhilelikens Riddle, who owns a large string of banks thoughout the state, and is such a sterling Democrat that he recently paid an artist $15,000.00 for painting his picture.

Now you ask me, "What provision of the law was it that these gentlemen violated?" It was that section that providres that after announcing for the Senate, before the primary and upon the first expenditure of money, they shall, on the second Saturday thereafter, file with the county clerk of the county in which they reside, and with the Secretary of State, an itemized statement of all monies received, who received from, who paid to, for what purpose, etc. Remember this had to be done on the second Saturday in each month. Mr. Riddle was in the race nearly one year, on the marevlous issue of "loaning money at four per cent," which is seventy-six per cent better than Ferguson does and for which the pious gentleman should receive due credit. Ten times he violated the law and, when he woke up to that fact, he resigned from the race rather than face the rock-pile,; a proceeding that the other candidates with the exception of Judge Davis, should, were they decent men, have followed suit. (Prolonged applause, and cries of "Give them Hell, Hickey.")

The next gentleman to violate the law, in fact the biggest culprit, was Samuel Palmer Brooks, President of Baylor University. Twelve distinct times he violated the law and, if rock piles yawn, there is a big spot left for that distinguished "Pro," where with clumsy fingers he can make little ones out of big ones. (Laughter.)

Tom Campbell violated the law once. There is some doubt about Bob Henry, because the county clerk at Waco swore he had violated the law five times, but later professed to have found the five documents that would give him a clearance. Colquitt violated the law six times, and Charles Culberson five times. All of this is a matter of legal record, and of their guilt there be no possible, probable, shadow of doubt. (Applause.)

You have noticed that I have stressed upon the question of rock-pile. I do this for the reason that the law provides that those who fail to file their expense accounts, and the amounts received for their campaign, may be fined from one to five hundred dollars, and, MUST be imprisoned from thirty to one hundred days. What a beautiful spectacle it would be, my friends, if the law were enforced, to see Senator Culberson, Ex-Govs. Campbell and Coluquitt, Prexy Bookrs, and Geewhillikens Riddle, lined up on the county road, doing some honest useful labor for the first time in a generation, and, three of them, for the first time in their natural lives. (Applause.)

I will now relate to you, my friends, the efforts that I have made to jail my opponents, and see to it that the punishment fits the crime. Four weeks ago last Saturday I appeared before the Dallas County Grand Jury, and laid before that body documentary evidence as to the violation of the law by the three senatorial candidates who were supposed to be citizens of Dallas county, namely, Culberson, Colquitt and Riddle. For forty minutes an acrimonious discussion ensued. You would think that I was the criminal instead of those whose indictment I sought. From the hostile attitude of the jury I realized that they would violate their oath to save their Democratic friends. That I stand strictly within the lines of truth when I make this statement, can be seen from this fact—that while there might be a possible hair-splitting quibble about Colquitt and Culberson, in this that they did later on file some reports, there is absolutely no question of the guilt of George W. Riddle, because he spent several hundred dollars in advertising, clerk hire, hall hire, hotel and railroad expenses, and there is not so much as the scratch of a pen in the county clerk's office or the Secretary of State's office, showing a disposition of this money. The grand jury violated their oaths, and, if justice was done, these twelve perjureres should be promptly incarcerated in the penitentiary. Accordingly I crossed over to County Attorney Mike Lively's office and requested permission to file an individual complaint against Riddle, Colquitt and Culberson. This was denied me, on the ground that the county attorney would not move while the grand jury was in session and he would have to wait a week for the grand jury to report. I am still waiting—and nothing has been done. Thus did the Democratic authorities in Dallas county play battledore and shuttlecock with me when I tried to enforce the laws in our state. (Cries of "shame.")

From Dallas I went to McLennan county and from the county clerk I received the evidence showing that Dr. Brooks violated the law twelve times. I presented the evidence to County Attorney John B. McNamara. He point-blank refused to give me a warrant for Dr. Brooks, on the ground that he believed that a petit jury would not convict, nor a grand jury indict. From these facts you can see, my friends, that when you try to enforce the law against the higher-ups in Texas, you run up against a stone wall. Could anything be plainer than that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and that the law will not be enforced against rich malefactors? After this experience I feel like agreeing with the profound philosophic observation of the immortal Sairey Gamp when she said "The law is a hass." (Laughter and applause.)

But this is not all. So profoundly convinced is Mr. Culberson that Texas is merely a "pocket borough" of that type that was the shame of England a hundred years ago, that the fellow is not even a citizen of the state. I do not say this because he spends his time in New York, Washington, and in the New Hampshire hils, ten months out of the year, whether Congress is in session or not, but he has not even paid a poll-tax in six years hence is not a citizen of the state now, and yet, so demoralized have the people become under Democrat rule, that the vast majority of the people look with scorn upon me when I seek to have my rights maintained and the laws of the state enforced.

There is another angle at which we should look at this Senatorial mix-up. Some people aver that I am taking advantage of a technicality: that it was merely an oversight upon the part of Culberson, Colquitt, et al; that these gentlemen just overlooked a bet" and that the masses of the people voted for them and hence everything was settled. There is nothing further from the truth, for the reason that the law, if it only applied to the Democratic party, is a good law. The spirit of the law is fine. Too long have United States Senators bought their seats as a house-wife would buy pork chops on Saturday night, and bought the seats with money supplied to them through predatory interests. The law proposes to put a stop to such disgraceful proceedings and, it was assumed by some kindly souls, that if the senatorial candidates were compelled to make a sworn statement once a month to the county and state authorities, of their receipts and disbursements, that then the tainted money would be stopped at its source and we could have a clean election for this, the highest office within the gift of the people. But alas for their dreams. The sworn statements were not made, and nobody knows who contributed in the early months of the campaign to the Culberson, Colquitt or Brooks funds. One infraction of the law would be sufficient to invalidate it all, because the Standard Oil Co. for instance could give a check for an hundred thousand dollars in the first months and, if this was kept quiet, the campaign could be run for all the succeeding months even though reports for these latter months were duly filed. In spite of this potentious fact, many months passed before any reports were filed by any of these distinguished gentlemen. The law was broken willfully and purposely, because it is too much to imagine that men of their wide knowledge of the laws of Texas did not know of the law relating to their own senatorial race.

Now let's look at this from another angle. Who is this Culberson who aspires to be United States Senator from Texas? He is the son of his father. He would never have been heard of in politics through any merit of his own, were it not for the name of "Old Dave." In early life he showed himself to be a devoted and pliant tool of the grasping landlords and Shylocks that have brought Texas to her knees, and filled our state with rebellious tenats instead of patriotic home-owners, eighty per cent of whom around each new year's day become wagon-tramps and go down the tin-can route eating out of paper sacks, propertyless, powerless, despised, condemned, shunned, and landless in the land of their fathers. Their children are denied an education to such an extent, that in this great state we are 38th in illiteracy and 42nd in school-attendance among the states, and this in spite of the fact that we are the most American State in the Union and have the largest school fund in the world.

Besides being a blind tool of the interests, what record has Charley Culberson as Attorney General, Governor or Senator? He has been Attorney General, Governor and Senator for twenty-six years, and even his devoted friend, Barry Miller, nor any other man in Texas, can find he ever performed anything more than stop two plug-uglies from beating one another up in Dallas twenty years ago. He stopped the fight, after calling a special session of the legislature at a cost of $25,000. If our "young Chrisitan Governor," "Chippy-chasing Charley" as Brann called him, has ever done anything else to acquire a stature in the Hall of Fame, speak up and let us hear it. But alas, we will not hear a sound—the record is blank.

I know there is a lot of piffling punk circulated about his standing in the Senate; of the important committees of which he is chairman; and of what a wonderful constitutional lawyer he is. As to the constitutional lawyer part of it, that is a screaming joke, because it is well known, to all men who are at all acquainted with Senatorial politics, that when a man is too lazy, too drunken, or too stupid to accomplish anything, "The Interests" dub him "a great constiutional lawyer." Verily, "The Constitution" covers a mutitude of sins. As to these committe chairmanships; if you took a cigar-store Indian, and the God of our fathers blew the breath of life into him and seated him in the Senate Chamber for eighteen years, the sergeant-at-arms would poke him in his wooden ribs and tell him "you are chairman of a great committee." It is not by merit; but by seniority that committee chairmanships go.

Let us take still another angle of observation at this non-citizen who expects to misrepresent Texas for the next six years. His former private secretary, Judge Spillers, a leading attorney of Snyder, Scurry county, Texas, stated to Judge Davis, of Dallas, in the presence of a dozen witnesses, that Culberson hasn't drawn a sober breath for years; that he has become a nuisance around certain saloons in Washington; that when he pukes up against the bar, like a buzzard, the negro porter slaps him in the face with a wet towel and throws him in a corner; that his physician has refused several times to treat him because of his dissolute habits; **and this is the gentleman that the prohibitionists of Texas turned out and voted for, en masse, on the 26th of last month.** This is the reason for Culberson's sickness. This is the reason that he is suffering from the "wobbles," or palsy. This is the sickness that Bob Henry spoke so much about, but never particularized. This is the non-citizen who won't pay poll-tax, and violates the law, and yet expects to represent the empire of Texas in the next United States Senate.

That he is a sexual pervent, all those who have heard Judges Spillers and Davis describe Culberson, are already fully aware.

In direct connection with this brief review of the individual delinquinces of Senator Culberson, I wish to say that I can not sympathize for a moment with the squeamish gentlemen who would draw a veil around the private life of a public character. This view may be all right, and undoubtedly is as to private individuals while in private walks of

life, but when a man becomes a public officer and carries a commission from a state like Texas to represent it in the largest representative body in our land—then his private life is a matter of public concern. It may be argued that "Phillip drunk is better than Phillip sober," and that "Culberson drunk is better than Bailey sober." With this view of the affair I have no time to waste. The sober Bailey and the drunken Culberson each played his part in the service of the ruling class that exploits the multitude of the state and nation.

If it should be that responsible men like Spillers and Davis have mis-stated the facts to me about Senator Culberson, that does not absolve me from grand jury proceedings. I am in Texas; and Culberson and Barry Miller know where to get me in five minutes.

I am subject to the civil and criminal law; I publish three newspapers; am a property owner and pay my poll tax, and when put to the test the record shows I have lived four-square in all that a white man should do. My attorneys will accept service at any moment from Senator Culberson or his friend, Barry Miller, in a suit for criminal libel. And to make this statement so there can be no quibble or evasion, I hereby, and now, promise you, ladies and gentlemen, that this speech will be published in my paper, The Rebel, which is published at Hallettsville, Texas, in its next issue, Saturday, September 23, 1916.

In conclusion I will say, that I have no hatred in my heart for an individual named C. A. Culberson, any more than I have for Bailey, Ferguson, Campbell, Sheppard, or any of the other individuals who have misrepresented our state in State and National affairs. I want to go to Washington, not for the emoluents of the office, in fact if I am elected I will pay over to the Socialist party of Texas 66 2|3 per cent of my salary. I will promise to strike down the first member of the National Manufacturers Association that seeks to offer me the customary bribe; and has thereby placed the greatest legislative body in the world in the position that W. L. Crawford, of Dallas, has so well described when he said at Austin during the Bailey fight: "Three of its members have gone to the penitentiary within the last ten years, and, with a couple of exceptions, if they got their just dues, they would all be marching the lockstep with striped suits on."

Here's why I want to go to Washington. I want to introduce a joint resolution with Meyer London of the 9th congressional District of New York, calling for the appropriation of $500,000 for the purpose of employing a commission on the lines of the Industrial Relations Commission and, if possible, secure the services of the illustrious Frank Walsh. This Commission is to inquire into the land stuation, not only in Texas but in every agricultural state in the South. This Commission should find out why only 27,000,000 acres of land in Texas is cultivated, and why 117,000,000 acres are held out of cultivation. They shall find out why 250,000 heads af families, representing 1,500,000 souls, are refused opportunity to build homes on this land. They shall find out why usurious interests are charged, from 12 per cent to 2400 per cent as related by John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Treasury of which he has listed 300 in Texas alone. They shall find out why this grand old American stock that peoples the South, find its progeny denied education up to that point where the black flag of illiteracy waves in a human sea of discontent, and that the only reason that Texas is not last in illiteracy is because of the fact that in the older Bourbon Southern states like North and South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama, the sinew and bone of the white boys and girls of these States have already melted into dirty dollars in the interests of the Northern Republicans and their Southern brother-exploiters.

So you see me with my back against the wall. That illiteracy must go, regardless of the Dallas Grand Jury. That tenantry must go, regardless of the machinations of landlords and bankers. Texas must be turned loose and opened up. And I wish to warn these gentlemen that if they, with their grand juries, county attorneys and otherwise, including the Supreme Court of Texas whom I have yet to meet, shall proceed to destroy the laws of their own enactment, as they would burn a negro in the courthouse square, then the glare of that flame will reflect itself in the torch of the night rider, who will be but the advance guard of a million men who will lay their institutions in ashes.

If anarchy is to be the rule—let them make the rule. **I am the next United States Senator from Texas.**

—(At the conclusion of Senator-elect Hickey's address he received a prolonged ovation, men and women swarming around him and promising him assistance, financial and otherwise, in his fight. Local Amarillo met after the meeting and by unanimous resolution, after raising a temporary fund, recommended that every Socialist in the state, and all other honest citizens who desire decent government and enforcement of the law, should solicit subscriptions to State Secretary W. T. Weeb, at Cisco, Eastland county, Texas, to enable the party to be properly represented by attorneys in the fight that is about to come off between our Comrade, T. A. Hickey, and the State Chairman of the Democratic party and the Secretary of State, which will be thrashed out in the Supreme Court, and which will decide whether the law shall be torn up and burned, or whether T. A. Hickey will be the first Socialist Senator at Washington, unless perchance he will walk into that august with Grant Miller of Nevada.)

RECRUIT INTO SOCIALIST.

Hamilton, Ohio, Aug. 25.—Why C. H. Gillem is going to vote neither the Republican nor Democratic ticket in the fall, but will cast his vote for Allan Benson and Socialism, has to do with a broken promise of the United States Government to take care of an enlisting soldier's family if left in destitute circumstances, of bad treatment accorded to militiamen, and a few other experiences Gillem has just gone through. Here is his story.

Gillem, with his wife and three children, aged respectively 10 and 8 years and 15 months, came here a little while ago. His wife is suffering from consumption. The first night in town, the proprietor of the Globe lodging house, took them in for the night, although Gillem had no funds to pay for a room.

Through a friend he secured a temporary position at the Niles Tool Company, paying him ess than enough to live on with his family. Then Gillem saw Company E parading through the streets a few days afterward, and Captain Wurzen urged him to enlist. The captain told him, so Gillem states, that the government would pay his family $50 a month, and him $15 if he joined. Because he hoped thus to provide for his family, Gillem decided to become a soldier.

During the time the regiment was held in the military headquarters here pending movement to the border, the Federated Charities paid Gillem's family $2 a week for the support of four people. If not for the kindness of neighbors, the family might have perished from actual want.

Gillem some time later was placed under arrest for refusing to take the Federal oath. He explained he did not wish to take it unless his family was taken care of. After being assured again of government support, and of aid from the Chamber of Commerce, which promised to pay the rent for all destitute families of soldiers, Gillem took the oat. Then his company left for Columbus, N. M.

A month later Gillem returned. His family was in the most abject penury. Gillem himself was worn out.

Gillem claims that the soldiers did not get enough to eat, and what they did get was vile stuff. Many of the members of the company lacked shoes, and had to walk barefoot, he said. Very few were provided with enough clothes to afford them a change.

Many of the militiamen became sick from the bad food and the hard conditions prevailing in the camp. Gillem asserted.

But most of all, Gillem is aroused because he enlisted on the promise, as expressed by the captain, that the government would care for his loved ones, and because that promise was treated as a 'scrap of paper.'

That's why Gillem will vote the Socialist ticket in the coming election — and probably for many years to come.

The Rebel calls attention to a stirring poem in this issue by E. M. Lane, of Detroit, Socialist organizer for Red River county. Comrade Lane is a young renter into whose soul the iron of landlordism has entered and what he writes is right out of his heart.

MURDER A MISDEMEANOR.

Ballinger Ledger: Life is cheap in Texas. Men are killed on 'trumped-up' excuses, and, be it said to the shame of our courts, the excuses hold good when the redhanded murderer is presented at the bar. There is a reason why Texas has more murderers than all England. We boast of our free democratic Government, but we need a court reform that will sweep away some of the freedom cold-blooded murderers now enjoy. It is an awful thing to take the life of a man, but it is a common thing inTexas.

The foregoing editorial from a Donk newspaper that supports the political ring that controls and has controlled Texas for the past 75 years is typical of what has appeared in the Donk press of this state for the past twenty years.

It is typical of what has been said at every bar association meeting; by every leading Donk politician and preacher in the state.

They all join in the chorus that we must have "court reform" to stop the rule of the man with the gun; and that is all we hear of anything being done about it.

But not a mother's son of them ever tells the people the truth. The reason more red-handed murderers, more real criminals go scot-free in Texas and the South than in other portion of the nation is because the South has solidly and overwhelmingly kept one political ring in power for half a century.

This ring is no longer purely political. It is criminal. It protects the crooks and murderers that are a part and parcel of its machine, and among these crooks is that lawyer element that in every county seat fattens like buzzards on crime. In each county they have built up a legal-political machine that clears of the very worst crimes every damn scoundrel that has "pull" or the money to buy "pull". That machine reaches clear up to state and national capitols! Every crook that goes unwhipped of justice is thereupon a tool of the machine that cleared him, and at the same time he is doubly more powerful and dangerous. Of course the poor devil that steals a side of bacon, or forges a meal ticket is sent over the road with clockwork regularity.

This criminal ring of course fights any attempt to simplify the law even so much as to give the state just half the chance that the big criminal has.

A CLEAN SWEEP via the Socialist party is the only answer.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

One of the noblest women in the world is Mrs. Margaret Sanger, of New York. In advocating that that miserable slave of a slave — the wife of a worker — should learn how to keep from bringing too many slaves into the world she ran counter to the interests of the master class that wants no limit to the number of slaves. An attempt was made to stop her activities by legal process, but public opinion prevented. She is now going ahead with her work more energically than ever as the following press dispatch will show:

New York, Sept. 11. — Margaret Sanger, whose trial on a charge of disseminating birth control literature, created a stir all over the country a few months ago, has announced plans to open up birth control clinics in New York and Brooklyn.

Dr. Frederick Blossom, former manager of the Associated Charities of Cleveland, will have charge of the work here. Mrs. Sanger has just returned from a coast-to-coast lecture tour, and says that the fifteen birth control leagues which she founded in various cities are growing in numbers and influence.

Regarding her plans, here, she said: "I expect that the police will try to prevent us from helping the wives of poor workingmen to limit the size of their families, so therefore we are going to start quietly and collect statistics to present the next session of the legislature in this state, which will horrify them, and I am sure that they will repeal the law now on the books of this state prohibiting the dissemination of birth control knowledge."

Whenever the right of suffrage is either partly or wholly taken away from the masses they will be forced to re-dress their wrongs partly or wholly by force. In the Donk South the powers-that-be are busy limiting the right of suffrage, not caring or knowing of the explosion that will result from such tactics.

SAYS ALLAN L. BENSON:

Europe's curse—militarism—has fallen upon the United States. Do not take my word for this statement—read the official figures at the end of this article.

The Wilson administration has just jammed through Congress the greatest military appropriations that were ever made by any nation in time of peace.

Study the official figures in the table at the bottom of this article. They represent the military appropriations made by the nations now at war for the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1914.

Compare these figures with the American appropriations for next year.

Bear in mind that our appropriations were made by gentlemen who declare they are steadfastly opposed to militarism.

Bear in mind that these gentlemen—like most Americans—believe German militarism played a considerable part in bringing about the present war.

Take note of the fact that when the present belligerents were pulling themselves together for war, none of them, during the last year of peace, made military appropriations that in size could compare with the Wilson appropriations.

Consider the fact that Mr. Hughes and his party criticise the Wilson military appropriations only because they are not larger.

Ask yourself what is the sifnificance of the fact that our military appropriations have become so stupendous that, beside them, the German appropriations look small.

If you value your life and the lives of the members of your family, do not shrink from these facts. It is better to think than to be shot. Europe is at war because, in time of peace, it neglected to face facts and deal with them.

Make up your mind to this: Militarism is a great evil or it is not. If it is not a great evil, we should go down upon our knees and beg the Kaiser's pardon for what we have said about him and his militarism.

If we still regard militarism as a great evil, we should denounce it as much in the United States as we have denounced it in Germany.

We should not tolerate here what we believe has brought disaster abroad.

Nor should we accept the statements of our great capitalists and great statesmen that militarism is not here.

Did not the great capitalists and great statesmen of Germany always deny that militarism was there?

Must we wait until confessions come from the interests that are back of our militarism?

Why should we expect them to confess? The German militarists never confessed.

If we who live in this country value our lives, we must face the facts of our militarism and deal with them intelligenty—**at once.**

Regardless of what President Wilson says, what we have here now is the greatest militarism that the world, in time of peace, ever saw.

The American people are not militaristically inclined, any more than the people of Germany were militarisically inclined.

The people, everywhere, are for peace. But great capitalists everywhere are in search of foreign trade. Our great capitalists have, as a result of the European war, picked up the bulk of Europe's foreign trade.

Our great capitalists know that, the war ended, Europe will try to recover her trade. Our Rockefellers and Morgans do not intend to give it back. That is why they want a tremendous navy.

They want an enormous army to keep the poverty-stricken workers of the United States from attacking strike-breakers. You may have noticed the other day that 25,000 militiamen intended for the Mexican border were to be kept at home lest a great railway strike should break out.

Our capitalists expect to have much use for soldiers after the European war ends. They expect to pay wages so low that workers will be goaded into strikes. Why do they expect to pay low wages? Because they know that poverty-stricken Europe will all but compete them off their feet to get back her foreign trade. They expect Europe to offer the world cheap goods. Our capitalists also intend to offer cheap goods. Our capitalists will get their profit from foreign trade, but American workers will get only wages that will afford the porrest living that they can be compelled to accept.

Do you want foreign trade in order that you may work more at bare-living wages?

Do you want to be taxed for military purposes as foreigners who have fled here were never taxed at home in time of peace?

We cannot whip all of Europe, yet all of Europe will combine against us, of necessary, to get back its trade. And our great capitalists will, if necessary, plunge us into war to hold their trade.

A tremendous Socialist vote this fall will be a warning to our capitalists to stop! Every other party is in favor of the Wilson military program or something worse.

We beg you to help us to save the United States of America from those who, for mere gain, would affict it with war.

The Wilson Military Appropriations for 1917.

Army	$349,092,123*
Navy	$313,384,389
Total	$662,476,512

*This includes $25,747,550 for fortifications, $20,000,000 for a nitrate plant, $34,523,000 for defiency, and $1,225,043 for the Military Academy.

GETTING UNDER THEIR HIDES.

There is a little wide-place-in-the-road in Coleman county that The Rebel put on the map, and at the same time gave no little notoriety to some of its Donk residents. This would include Tom Padgitt, who was made still more prominent when the Industrial Relations Commission, using The Rebel story as a basis, wanted to know of Tom why he conspired to throw tenants off his big Leaday ranch merely because of their politics —Socialists. Be it said for Mr. Padgitt he saw the error of his way and has discouraged his hirelings from firing any more Socialists.

All this merely to introduce the folowing exordium from the pen of one of Padgitt's toadies, published in the Coleman (Tex.) Democrat-Voice of recent date. It is reprinted merely to show that our fight to put the Donk senatorial criminals on the rockpile has gotten under the hides of the most benighted Donks:

WHATS THE MATTER WITH HICKEY?

Well, did you ever? Hickey is going to slam every candidate for United States Senator in jail. On the rock pile they must go or we will hear from Hick.

Thomas "Attackus" Hickey is on the war path. He has got the blood red war paint on and is seeking senatorial feathers to decorate his phrenological index. He is exceedingly anxious to see innumerable democratic scalps dangling at his belt. But above all these, he—one Hick—has an a powerful, heat consuming, belt shortning, hair erasing ambition to be a blessed martyr to the cause of the "peepul."

Now, Tom, we never would have thought you would have done it, but you have. Bless us! We have had some wondefrul dreams about you, Tommy. Shall those beatiful dreams come true, or shall they, like all beautiful dreams, vanish into thin air?

You, Tom, have taught us that there is no honesty, no truth, no intelligence, no justice, no fairness, no goodness, except in the ranks of the Socialists. We believed with all our hearts, bless us. You have made us believe that you, Tom, would take absolutely nothing from the people, except through the expressed will of all the people. You have made us believe that the majority should rule, but do not. The connivance of the plutocrats has cheated us out of our birthright, out of our liberty, out of our vote and out of our senses. All of which we believed uproariously.

Why, we have had dreams that you were elected President of the United States of America, and after you took your seat in the White House, you found out that there had been one corrupt vote cast for you, and there was a miscount of three votes at Shenanigan Center. You immediately got upon the hind wheels of your dignity and resigned. Resigned because you were so just a man withal, that you would never 'crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,' even to Liliputian fraud.

But, alas! You have been so noisy, since grass 'riz' that we had to exclaim with Eugene V. Mackbeth: 'Sleep no more!' and we awoke with a taste in our mouth like an old shoe.

Yes, Tom, you are going to get out an injunction against poor old Paul Waples and prevent him putting Culberson's and Colquitt's names on the ticket. Now, Tom, don't do it! Please don't!

There are about 20,000 (50,000—Ed.) votes in Texas that you might drag in, in November with your exclamitory trammel net while there are 480,000 other votes that you couldn't capture if you pumped Salt River dry. That would be a case of one man with 20,000 votes back of him, ruling 500,000 'peopul'. Bless us! Is that according to the Socialist scripture? It is not the Socialist gospel we have always heard you preach, bless us!

It looks, through our mental telescope, like you were trying to do, before you get into office, what you accuse the 'Plutes' of doing after they get in. Yet, we know positively, you would do nothing that would ruffle the feelings of even a poor crocodile.

No, Tom, we know you did not do this to get a little free advertising. We likewise know you did not do it to get up a little stir among the comrades, and to sell your Rebel in great big bundles at so much per. We also know that you did not do it to make yourself appear, in the eyes of the comrades, as a second Sobieski.

When we think of you, Tom, we are reminded of the beautiful but heart-breaking lines of Truthful James:

"Which I wish to remark—
Though my language is plain;
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain.
Comrade T. A. Hickey is peculiar
Which the same I shall ever maintain."

Oh, let us close with an appropriate quotation from Comrade Hamlet:

"Alas, poor Hickey, I knew him, Horatio. A man of infinite jest."

Shakespeare Smith,
Leaday, Texas.

THE TREACHEROUS GAL-DAL

The Rebel has often said that the Gal-Dal. News can always be depended on—to lie in the interest of Big Business. It usually does it smoothly, insiduously, lulling its working class readers to sleep with sesquipedlian sentences and platitudiuous punk. However at the proper time, it will always be found, inserting a keen dagger in the backs of the worker.

A case in point was the trick it played on the Southern farmers in aid of the cotton gamblers. It was a smooth trick and here is how it was played:

There was a meeting of the state presidents of the remnants of the Farmers Union at New Orleans the last of August. The Gal.-Dal. News played up this meeting in large headlines so as to impress on the public the belief that the meeting was really important to the cotton grower.

The public being properly impressed, then in its issue of September 3 in a front-page spread with big headlines The News featured a story to the effect that the Farmers Union presidents had fixed the minimum price in the face of the fact that cotton was then at 15 3|4.

The effect of this story was precisely what the cotton gamblers desired. It put a stop to a rising market. Cotton went off a cent within a short time after the publication of the story.

Not until 10 days later was a correction printed and this in a short article on an inside page, and President Pope had to write the correction himself. Not only did the first story start the downward grade of cotton, but its effect remained because Pope's correction was hidden away in small type while the lying story was prominently displayed on the front page.

Yet farmers and wageworkers will be fooled and tricked by this vile sheet that does all in its power to maintain the the economical-political grip of the Interests over the markets, the banks, and other means of life; a sheet that hypnotizes ite readers into the belief that usury-ridden, rack-rented trust-robbed farmers are poor because they are "shiftless" and "extravagent" and that Socialism is "unpractical" or worse.

Cut out such rotten sheets!

The star bonehead of the collection is he who says that a vote for the Socialist party is wasted. A Socialist vote is the only one that is respected by Donk and Rep. politicians and the ruling class that stands behind them. Watch them get busy doing or pretending to do something for the people if the Socialist vote doubles in Texas and Oklahoma **this fall.**

A TYPICAL LANDLORD.

An English friend across the sea who rejoices in the Rebel's fight to free the land, sends us the following story of a typical landlord. His type can be found in Texas, Oklahoma and every other Southern State, because it is known to Gods and men that the parasite is alike in all lands and climes. We publish it in the hope that our readers will enjoy our English friend's characterization of the landlord cattle as much as we enjoyed it when we received the copy):

My Friend Lyndhurst

Were it not that I have been intimately acquainted with Lord Lyndhurst for many years it is possible that even I might doubt the incident which I am about to relate to you, but knowing the man as I do I have not the slightest doubt of its truthfulness.

For 24 years a business being had in his loins the essence of correctness in all things, surely Lyndhurst is that man. A descendant of one of our most noble families, he has schooled himself to the careful observance of the thousand and one little things which invariably mark the true aristocrat. His garb is always correct and in the mode his aplomb is faultless, his movements ludicrously languid, and his manners—ah, true, those are perfect. Never have I known him to so far forget i personal dignity as to address another without introduction and never have I seen one more able to confound the most offensive persons, so common in these degenerate days, who have not the least hesitation in accosting anyone whom they chance to meet in a public place.

In his marriage to a charming lady of half his age Lyndhurst showed great obedience to the properties. His honeymoon was of a proper length, he showed proper devotion to his mother until she was born, and then with an ease which plainly showed his nobility of character, he once more took up his life at his club quite as if nothing had happened. Week-end he spent with his wife and her guests. At other times he lodged at his club as a true British nobleman should, trusting his wife to amuse herself honorably and discreetly during his absences.

In this aristocratically ideal fashion his married life continued for nearly three years. And then one stormy evening came the great change. I know it was stormy for I had got thoroughly dampened while returning from a day in the country and was busily absorbing hot Scotches to ward off a possible touch of catarrh when Lyndhurst entered, his manner so changed that I stared in amazement. For instead of proceeding at his usual dignified pace he was actually striding along with the movement of one of those disgusting business persons. His hair was awry, his cravat disarranged, and when he had thrown himself into the seat opposite mine he paid not the least attention to me until he had consumed no less than three large brandies. Then apparently for the first time, he recognized me, and in a manner more resembling his own aspect than that it was a beastly night. My agreement seemed to please him immensely and leaning toward me he said:

"Starleigh, old Chap, I'm dreadfully upset."

"I fancied as much," I replied.

"Yes, I presume I do show the shock a bit. Mind if I tell you about it?"

"Not a bit."

"Well I presume I am really to be blamed for the affair, should have sent a servant for the bally thing, but as it chanced I was passing by the house when I recollected an important letter which I desired to have answered but which I had left in my study, and thinking to save a bit of time I halted the cabby and went after it myself. I had just gotten it and was about to return to the cab when I noticed a light in Lady Lyndhurst's sitting-room and it occured to me to surprise her a bit—she never looks for me in the middle of the week, you know—and I strolled in very quietly. No one was visible in the outer room and I proceeded toward her boudoir to find her alone. Sure enough there she was and 'pon honor, Starleigh, there was a man with her, a common looking person whom I had never seen before. His arm was about her, her arms about him, and they were so interested in each other that they failed to notice my approach until I stood before them.

"Jove," I exclaimed absolutely bowled over, "did you kill the villain, Lyndhurst?"

"Kill him! Why, my boy, I tell you I had never seen him before in my life and he looked like a most common person. Certainly you couldn't expect me to soil my hands upon him. Think how nauseating it would have been had I done so and afterward found he was a mere groom or under servant."

"What did you say to him?"

"Say! Nothing, of course. How could I? I had never been introduced to the fellow in my life.

"What did you say to Lady Lyndhurst?"

"Nothing, of course. Clearly it was impossible for us to talk over our family affairs in the presence of a third person and the fellow made no motion to leave."

"But what did you do?"

"Presently thing possible under the circumstances, apologized to Lady Lyndhurst for my instruction into her apartments and came away. Let's have another drink."

THE ONLY WORKER'S PARTY.

(By Tillie S. Tedille.)

Capitalism operates for the benefit of a few, while Socialism will operate for the benefit of all. No sensible man can hesitate in deciding which is best for civilization. No working man who has studied the two systems, can fail to see which one favors his class.

Every worker knows something is wrong. When he buys flour he knows something is wrong, else he would get more flour. When he works in the smelting ore for ten hours and gets only the bare necessities of life, he knows there is something wrong.

There is simply a rising protest against such conditions and the Socialist party is the only political party in existence which champions the cause of labor and demands a change in the condition of the workingman. The dawn of a new day can be seen in the east. The rotten barbaric system of Capitalism is crumbling into dust and the system of a co-operative commonwealth is being born for the workers of the world.

Greed and speculation, rent and profit, homage and tributes must pass away. No man should pay tribute to a fellow man for the privilege of living upon the earth. The tools of production should be owned by the men who operate them.

There are two distinct classes. In one class is the over-burdened workers who exist on the cheapest food and the sanitiest clothing — and toil and die in poverty.

In the other class are the idle rich who live on the product of the working class. They eat the best food that the workers produce and dress in the finest clothing that can be woven by the craft of labor. They live and die in luxury. Ninety-eight millions are in the working class in the United States and two million are in the Capitalist class.

In which class are you? Which class do you vote to keep in power?

The farmers of this country are beginning to study this matter over and they are just long in deciding how to vote when they learn to which class they belong.

Socialism has been much misrepresented by the actual and would-be office holders in the Democratic party, but the workers have decided they can lose nothing by voting the Socialist ticket, even though the court-house politicians do criticize and they are coming into the ranks by the thousands. Not only has the Socialist cause been misrepresented and slandered by the court-house cliques, but they have been slandered by their political hirelings who fill the pulpit.

While labor is being crucified upon a cross of gold and misery and poverty stalks the hovels of the workers these priestly thugs stand in their pulpits and denounce the cause of the workingmen and support the party of oppression which allows the rich masters to prey upon the products of the toilers. If they had one atom of Christianity in them they would use it to liberate suffering humanity from such oppression. But they do not possess it.

The day dawn is in sight. The workers are studying thes. problems and making ready to cast their vote for the only party that represents the laboring man, the Socialist party.

If England should stop American cotton from going to neutral countries as it may do, it would mean that the Southern cotton farmer would go ragged because he made too much clothing material. And then they tell you that Socialism is so 'impractical', dontcherknow.

The Rebel to the Priest.

Written For The Rebel.

(By Geo. Kelly.)

"I don't want to go to heaven," said the rebel to the priest,
"Where the Christian masters gather for a grand eternal feast,
I don't want to go to heaven, to a heaven made of blood
Where the men are men and women, ground into golden flood.

"I don't want to see Johovah as he sits upon his throne,
Giving the world to Christian pirates, giving workingmen a bone,
I don't want to hear the music, I don't want to share the joy
Of the holy Christian plunderers who the workers life destroy.

"I don't want to ask St. Peter as he guards the golden gate,
For admission to the banquet of the masters whose I hate,
I'll refuse the harp that's offered where the choir eternal sings
Of the never ending glory of the holy Christian kings.

"I don't want to be with angels, though I'm told that they will save
Everybody to the utmost, who becomes a willing slave.
I had rather be in hades and receive my reward
Than accept the Christian gospel of the ancient long ago.

"I don't want to go with Christians to their mansions in the sky,
I just want to be a rebel, just a rebel till I die;
Just to fight with rebel workers who in shacks and hovels dwell,
I don't want to go to heaven, I had RATHER GO TO HELL."

THE LIFE OF A LANDLESS SLAVE

(By Erwin Monroe Lane.)

The old Stork passed with his precious freight
Into a home which knew no joy
And the night was cold and the hour was late,
And the freight was a baby boy.

It was one more child to shiver with cold
And one more mouth to feed;
Two more hands to gather gold,
To rate a soulless greed.

Penury and want filled the mother's life,
The father a landless slave
Whose sight was fear, whose day was strife,
Whose one hope was the grave.

He toils year-long through cold and rain,
At dusk he staggers in
Where his babes he racks his brain;
But how shall he begin?

For heartless ghouls they own the tools,
The finance and the soil
And he is bound by robber rules
Who profit in his toil.

One day he works for babies dear,
And one to a landlord gives,
Then curses the fates year after year
For the kind of a life he lives.

No sum laid by for the 'rainy day',
Though the family work as one.
The world is kept at bay
Till his days on earth are done.

Soon his form in a box is laid,
Of rude pine boards they make it,
And despite the wealth his hands have made,
To the Potter's field they take it.

His wife is there; her careworn pale,
All seamed with lines of sorrow.
The helpmat laid to rest today—
Where can she go tomorrow?

Can she keep those babies dear?
Her heart feels the tension.
Joy would brighten her furrowed brow,
If society gave a pension.

But we tear from mother love,
Her offspring midst her screaming
While liberty her play shove,
As in our breeze streaming.

Aye let us hide our heads in shame
So long as such things be,
Or let us rise in Jesus name
And fight for liberty!

Did God give to the few this right
To claim the earth and rest it?
Shall they by bare laws and might
Crush out those who resent it?

Beware, beware there is a line
Our warning now we send you;
You call us brute because we whine,
But brutes may turn and rend you.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Amarillo, Tex., Sept. 11, '16.
Editor Port Worth Record:—

For several years, in Wichita Falls and this town, I have been engaged in the Hide and Leather business, and my only vacation has taken the form of reading your splendid editorial page. I have been told that there is no such a thing as perfection and it must be so for you occasionally make horrible breaks. For instance, you have gone out of your way, at least it seems so to me, to editorialize upon a man whom I have met personally and heard speak, in this town, last night, and who is, if I am any judge of human nature, an enemy of law, order, society, religion and the family. I refer to Tom Hickey, Editor of the Rebel, Candidate for U. S. Senator on the Socialist party ticket, and who is the only opponent of our distinguished citizen Charles A. Culberson. He is the broad shouldered Irishman and he told me personally, and I believe it, that he was born in Dublin, Ireland, of whom you said editorially recently that 'he is the only man in Texas who whipped a Cop and got away with it.' After looking at his savage features, I can well believe you, but why does your pen dip so low as to notice the Senatorial aspirant. You won't wonder that I am mad when I tell you of what occurred in Odd Fellows hall, in this town last night.

He was addressing a large audience and trying to show that Mr. Culberson had violated the election law in that he hadn't paid his poll-tax in years, and that consequently he, Hickey, would counter at the New Willard Hotel, on the fourth of next March, as the Junior U. S. Senator from Texas. I could stand for all that stuff, but he switched from his senatorial arguments to one of the dirtiest arguments against Preparedness that I have ever heard, and illustrated his position with the following story which I regard as an attack upon our country and our flag. Here's what Hickey said:

"Pat O'Brien and Mike Shea met in a Houston St. saloon, in Fort Worth, while the gallant soldier boys from Illinois and Massachusetts were passing through 'Porkopolis', Texas. The fair ladies of that town of many

You doom our girls to houses of shame,
You treat them as your cattle;
You force wars through your profit game
And we must fight the battle.
We build the ships, we man the guns,
We meet the iron and steel,
And every drop of blood which runs,
Is blood of the common-weal.

In all the wars throughout the world
The common soldiers slain,
Wherever smoke of battle curls
In unmarked graves have lain.

Think you we have no hearts or brains,
Nor dare to think or reason,
Because we toil on in our chains
Both in and out of season?

Your press, your church, all have conspired,
Past in your chains to bind us.
Think of the chaos yourselves have fired,
If in some mob you find us.

Remember France! Remember Rome!
As bank account you boost,
Remember chickens will come home,
Will come home to roost.

The workers labor all the year,
Through heat, and smoke, and dust;
Your families for the sea-shores steer,
And pay the price we must.

But in that day not far away
When the coming commonwealth
Shall over all the earth hold sway,
No one may live by stealth.

Then each shall serve and have their share,
According to their work;
No partly landhogs will be there
To rob those that don't shirk.

Come join our ranks my worker friend,
Our common blood remember.
Should serve to swell and not to thin
Our ranks in next November.

The ballot's on! The line is drawn,
Come to us where you stand,
Show the world which side you're on
In the battle for the land.

Stand firm for all your labor makes,
Let all this misery cease
Vote for your wive's and babies' sakes,
For Benson and for peace.

Respectfully,

X

Detroit, Texas.

FOR PRESIDENT:

Allan L. Benson

of New York

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

Geo R Kirkpatrick

of New Jersey

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24—New York City.
25—Providence, R. I.
26—Manchester, N. H.
27—Boston, Mass.
28—Philadelphia, Pa.
29—Brooklyn, N. Y.
30—Syracuse, N. Y.
Oct. 1—Detroit, Mich.
2—Cincinnati, Ohio.
3—En route.
4—Denver, Colo.
5—En route.
6—En route.
7—Vancouver, Wash.
8—Everett, Wash.
9—Seattle, Wash.
10—Bellingham, Wash.
11—Portland, Ore.
11—En route.
12—Open date at San Francisco.
13—San Francisco, Calif.
14—Open date at San Francisco.
15—Oakland, Calif.
16—Fresno, Calif.
17—Bakersfield, Calif.
18—Los Angeles, Calif.
19—Open date at Los Angeles.
20—Yuma, Ariz.
21—Phoenix, Ariz
22Zs route.
23—Clovis, N. M.
24—Amarillo, Texas.
25—Elk City, Okla.
26— Mangum, Okla.
27—Hobart, Okla.
28—Clinton, Okla.
29—Oklahoma City, Okla.
30—Wewoka, Okla.
31—Tulsa, Okla.
Nov. 1—Wichita, Kans.
2—Hutchinson, Kansas.
3—Kansas City, Mo.
4—Louisville, Ky.
5—Milwaukee, Wis.
6—Pittsburgh, Pa.

KIRKPATRICK TOUR

24—New York City.
25—Evergreen, L. I.
26—Jersey City, N. J.
27—Schenectady, N. Y.
28—New Bedford, Mass.
29—Brooklyn, N. Y.
30—Newark, N. J.
Oct. 1—Elizabeth, N. J. 2:30 p. m.
1—Brooklyn, N. Y. 8:00 p. m.
23d Assembly Dist.
2—Troy, Mass.
3—Jamestown, N. Y.
4—South Bend, Ind.
5—Davenport, Iowa.
6—Omaha, Nebr.
7—St. Joseph, Mo.
8—Conway Springs, Kans.
9—Winfield, Kans.
10—Fort Worth, Texas.
11—Temple, Texas.
12—Houston, Texas.
13—En route.
14—El Paso? Texas.
15—Globes, Ariz.

STATE TICKET FOR 1916.

United States Senator:
T. A. Hickey, of Halletsville.

For Governor:
E. B. Meitzen, of Halletsville.

For Lieutenant Governor:
Nat B. Hunt, of Fort Worth.

For Commissioner of Agriculture:
Joe Hudspeth, of O'Brien.

Attorney General:
Clarence Nugent, Stephenville.

Comptroller:
W. J. Bowers, of Wellington.

Land Commissioner:
G. A. Lambreth, Wheeler.

State Treasurer:
W. J. Bell, of Tyler.

Railway Commissioner:
E. Bellinger, of San Antonio.

Superintendent of Schools:
J. A. Freeland.

Associate Justice Supreme Court:
B. H. Gibson.

Congressman-at-Large:
Arch Lingan, of Beaumont.
W. D. Simpson, of Cisco.

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State Office Notes.

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

First District.

At the district convention of the First District, J. C. Thompson of Texarkana local, was nominated for congressman. He began, on September 15, an extended canvas of the district.

• • •

Eleventh District.

First report from the 11th district on June 1 our ditrict was organized with four locals with a membership of 74.

At present, Sept. 12th, we have eleven local with a membership of 152, and only one county canvassed by organizer.

More and more the workers are realizing the need of organization and are coming to the cause as never before.

T. M. DeLooch of Waco was nominated for congressman 11th district.

Mrs. M. C. Richardson,
Dist. Sec.

• • •

Twelfth District.

J. A. Wood, secretary of the 12th district, reports that they have succeeded in getting their campaign car and requests all who want school house dates filled between now and election day to write him immediately.

• • •

Fifteenth District.

J. M. Phipps, chairman of the 15th district, reports that at their district convention at Robstown, J. E. Greer of Aransas Pass, was nominated for congress and Chas. J. Stanzel was made secretary of the convention.

• • •

Sixteenth District.

The convention of the 16th congressional district met at Hamlin, August 26. J. E. Hamlin was elected district chairman and T. B. Holliday of Potosi, Taylor county, was nominated for congress of this (the 16th) district.

The meeting was well attended and we had with us the fighting Rebel, Clarence Nugent who made fine addresses on the streets of Hamlin with great results. We are going to do our level best to put Holliday into congress.

Joe Hudspeth, Dist. Sec.

• • •

Anderson County.

By virtue of authority vested in me as county chairman I hereby call a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Socialist party of Anderson county to meet at the New Labor Temple in Palestine, Texas, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock a. m. All precinct chairmen are urged to be present and a cordial invitation is extended to all other Socialists. This is one of the mast important meetings of the year.

Ralph E. Terrell, Chairman
Executive Committee.

• • •

A Call for Meeting of the 13th Congressional District.

There will be a meeting of the 13th congressional district held at Odell, Texas, Oct. 13 and 14, **1916.**

Each local in the district is hereby requested to send a delegate to said meeting. The object of the meeting is to devise some means by which the 13th district can be thoroughly organized and placed upon a working basis that will bring success to the party. **So please do not fail to attend the meeting.**

Odell is on the Orient Railroad, 8 miles N. E. of Chillicothe. Those coming by rail over the Denver from the South will make connection with the Orient north bound train at Chillicothe at 6:20 in the morning. Those arriving at Chillicothe on the north bound Denevr in the evening, and on the south bound Denver at about noon will have automobile service to Odell.

Each delegate expecting to attend the meeting is requested to notify the undersigned as early as possible so ample arrangements can be made for the comfort of those attending the meeting.

W. T. Flowers, Tolbert, Tex.

By request of the Chairman of 13th Cong. Dist.

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M. A. Smith of Campbell, Tex., has just returned from an extended speaking trip to Louisiana, Oklahoma and Arknsas and will devote his entire time between now and election day to the campaign in Texas. His terms are $3 per day and expenses.

Amarillo, Tex., Sept. 14, 1916.

W. T. Webb,
Cisco, Tex.

Comrade:

I am sending you a resolution which our lolal acted upon last Sunday night and we are asking you to write every district secretary in the state and have them write every indvidual local so the funds for Comrade Hickey may be raised as fast as possible and by the first of the coming week we hope to send you some from this local. We did not have much time for this part of the work last Sunday night.

"Resolved, By Local Amarillo S. P., that we come to the financial assistance of Comrade T. A. Hickey in disqualifying his Democratic opponents in the U. S. Senatorial race through the proper legal channels. Also that the State Secy. call upon all locals for volunteer assistance in this fight and all monies so callected be sent direct to State Secy. W. T. Webb."

As time is short, this is not a referendum, but a call for volunteer assistance as this is as much our fight as it is Comrade Hickey's, we should not allow him to bear all this expense of hiring attorneys, etc.

Your comrade,
Mrs. Bernice Lyon, Secy, bx 1104.

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The Socialists of Grayson county met at Bells, Tex., on Labor Day and unveiled the monument of the late J. A. Duncan, county secretary of Grayson county. The deceased comrade was a noble fighter for social regeneration and his memory will be kept green long after every fat-headed, pot-bosomed parasite in that rack-rented, usury-ridden county is forgotten.

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The members of the United Mine Workers and other union members of Thurber and vicinity gave a great Labor Day picnic, September 3 and 4, with crowds ranging from 5000 to 8000. E. R. Meitzen, Socialist nominee for Governor, was engaged by the union boys to act as chief speaker for the two days, and made three speeches in all to great and enthusiastic crowds.

J. A. Freeland, Socialist nominee for state superintendent of public instruction, will be open for dates from Oct. 11 to 15 between Temple and Hallettsville in Lavaca county, and in Cherokee county from about Oct. 28 until election.

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E. A. Kruse writes that Geo. R. Kirkpatrick, Socialist vice presidential nominee, will speak at Fort Worth on October 10 at 8 o'clock p. m. at the corner of 4th and Throckmorton.

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J. L. Hurbert of Oran, candidate for representative from the district composed of Palo Pinto and Stephens counties, is open for dates anywhere in his district.

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William H. Cawthorn announces that he is now ready to fill dates at any point. Those desiring his service will write him at 2814 Eakin St., Dallas, Tex.

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Meitzen Dates.

Whitt, Sept. 21 and 22, Wolf City, 24; 25 (open); Canton, 26; Golden, 27, 28 and 29; Winnsboro, 30; Quitman, Oct. 2; Frankston, 3 and 4; Jewett, 5; 6 (open); Clarksville, 7; Celeste, 9 (J. M. Melton, mgr. of meeting, R 3); 10 (open); Temple, 11; 12 (open); Sublime, 13 and 14.

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Ben F. Wilson Dates.

Rule encampment, Sept. 25 and 26; Peacock encampment, 30 and 31.

With the state compulsory school law going into effect in Texas the school authorities are appalled at the number of children who are unable to come to school because of lack of decent clothing not to speak of the food. 'Rah for Donk prosperity!

The cotton crop of the South will be about 11,500,000 bales. The total price received for this smaller crop will be larger than for the 17,000,000 bale crop in 1914. The cotton farmer is fined for his industry. But Socialism is "impractical".

THE LAND PETITION.

The Rebel is glad to be able to announce that the Land Petitions are coming in greater demand daily. We are now assured that there will be at least an hundred thousand names of Texas citizens presented to the next Legislature demanding that the Constitution be changed so that the landlords will be put out of business. That which the people are signing up for is an elaboration of the Socialist Party's National and State Land Plank. It is in line with the California and Oregon Land Amendments that will be voted on in those states next November. It is word for word the plank that T. A. Hickey and J. J. Pastoriza wrote in Houston last January, and was afterwards unanimously adopted by the Texas State Federation of Labor, representing seventy thousand card men, in the State Convention at Houston last April. It reads:

Texas Land Petition

To the Thirty-Fifth Legislature,
Austin, Texas.

We the undersigned citizens of ——— county, Texas, hereby petition your honorable body to submit to a vote of the people the following amendment to the state constitution of Texas:

"Taxation shall be equal and uniform, as to property subject to taxation. Provided, however, that all forms of property which shall have been created by the labor of human beings shall forever be exempted from taxation, and that the state and all political subdivisions thereof, generally known as counties, cities and towns, shall assess for taxation only the rental of the unimproved value of the land, irrespective of the improvements thereon, and the value of the franchise of public service corporations that use the streets or lands of the state or any political subdivisions of same, and shall be empowered to fix such a rate as to produce the revenue necessary to defray the expenses of the government, economically administered, in said state or political subdivision of same."

Texas has 170,000,000 acres of land; 27,000,000 are improved; three-fourth of these improved; acres are either rented or mortgaged. Out of the balance there are over one hundred million acres suitable for cultivation — all held by speculators, and the people are suffering for the scarcity of products, and high cost of living and ever increasing land prices and rentals.

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 Mexican nation that has long been regarded by Texans as possessing a lower order of civilization than ours, after it found itself in the grasp of land monopolists with the inevitable result of a homeless people, has gone through five years of blood and fire to restore the lands to the people. This has been done notably in the state of Yucatan, where use and occupancy has been made the title to land, and land speculation destroyed. Similar steps are being taken in the other Mexican states.

Precisely the same conditions of land monopoly that produced the revolution in Mexico, exist in Texas today. The same remedies that are being applied for here to prevent a similar revolution in Texas.

In short we propose that the taxing power of the state be so used that the HOLDING of land be OVERTAXED and the actual USE of land be UNDERTAXED, to the end that use and occupancy become the title to land.

A "NEW FORM" POEM.

(By Covington Hall.)

I heard an explosion like the sound of sudden thunder,
And I looked upward;
But the stars were still shining overhead in the black-blue dome of night, as usual;
Whereat I was somewhat flabbergasted.
So much so that I looked around me, out and across the plains of Texas,
But, like the stars, the plains were as still as ever,
Farflung, immense, unquaking, and all-soundless.
Puzzled, then, I cogitated on the origin of the explosion,
For the Dupont Powder Company has no angel-making plants in Texas,
Nor had the Railroad Presidents and Grand Chiefs yet come within striking distance of each other,
Nor was there a Prohibition campaign at that moment going on,
Nor had the Hilquitistas gotten close enuf to Hallettsville to dynamite Tom Hickey and The Rebel,
So you can see that I was indeed most sorely puzzled, as would be any man in like circumstances.
Then did a ghostly shape appear before me, and it said:
"I am all that once was Byron,
And I have located the sound that so distraught you—
'Twas but the bustification of a thought imprisoned in a New Form poem;
I don't blame it."
Then the ghost vanished,
And I thought I wrote out this delerium,
And mailed it immediately to The Masses,
And that Max Eastman published it in their New-Ford collection.
Whereat I cried, At last! at last! I have broken into New York literature!
And all the critics hailed me as a genius,
And I dreamed that I was IT and every word I penned was worth at least a dollar.
(How sweet is victory after the long years of waiting and of grieving!)
But as I was chortling over my triumph, I thought I heard a bunch of blamed I. W. W's saying:
"Poor Covington's going nuts,"
And that a wild Indian from Oklahoma, named Stanley Clark,
Charged me with blasphemy against the Gods of Melody,
And threw a tomahak thru my cranium,
But failed to kill me, "Because," he said, I "had not brains enuf left to damage."
(Hell!)
And then methought I heard mad voices shrieking thru the murky midnight air,
That Shelly, Poe and Riley, waving New-Forms, gathered 'round me, crying:
"Who said this was poetry?
Has the Muse became, like all the rest, a mere mechanical machine?
Can mankind sing no more!"
And I answered, Even so, O Masters, unto me it seemeth.
Wailing, then, they tore their hair and wept and swore and vanished.
But hteir distraughtness so disturbed me that I wakened in a shiver,
And got up and read the super-revolutionary platform drawn up by the N. E. C. and its Advisory Board for the Socialist party to run to perdition on,
And wrote a New-Form poem to quiet my nerves.
And this is it.
But I'll be d—— if ot is poetry.

Post Mortem.

Ah, the hunch I hunched panned out as ever,
For I've just received a letter from The Masses, reading:
"C. H. Sorry. F. D."
Thus all hopes of standing in the New York spotlight once more for me is shattered!
Back to Louisiana's lilied swamp-lands, once again,
Back to the glowing, moonlit Texan plain,
I go to sing a Rebel Southman's wild refrain!

The Republican convention at Oklahoma City heard a speech from a former Democrat who said Socialism was a "menace" to Oklahoma. 'Rah for the "menace!"

PROSPECTIVE COAL STRIKE.

Since the first of the month, four thousand coal miners in Texas have ceased to dig the black diamonds way down under ground. This is the reason:

The annual contract expired on the first of September — the contract between the operators and the Southwestern District and their slaves. The masters have not ordered a lock-out, nor have the men declared a strike. The masters are resting on their arms — the men are resting on their showels and picks and powder. Whether the masters will declare a lock-out, or the men will declare a strike, remains to be seen. Anyhow, the men are up against it because the cost of living has increased an hundred per cent within the past year. Their wages are — miners, $2.95 a day; top men, $2.25, and, with flour selling at $5.00 an hundred pounds, the miner is figuring that he might as well starve in the sun-shine unemployed, as starve in the depth of the mines working for the master who gets the money.

Developments next week, in the Rebel. That's all.

Socialist Printing Company.

APPLICATION FOR STOCK.

............, Texas, ...1916

E. O. Meitzen, Sec-Treas,
Hallettsville, Tex.

Dear Comrade:—

Find enclosed $........ in (part)* payment for ....shares of stock in the SOCIALIST PRINTING COMPANY.

Signed ....

Address ....

NOTE — Leave the word (part) standing if you wish to pay for stock in installment. Otherwise wipe it out. Under the installment plan you pay 1|5 down, and one-tenth of the total amount each month thereafter until paid. For instance if you subscribe for a $5 share, you pay $1 down and 50 each month until paid when the certificate will be forwarded.

WANT ADS.

FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.

Keep your Sweet Potato vines green all winter. Will pay three hundred dollars acre. Write for information.
W. G. Blackburn, Mt. Pleasant, Tex.

For Sale—Only our own raising of selected Improved Mebane Triumph cotton seed; grown and ginned under our supervision. Limited number of local agents wanted. The Moore & Withers Farm, Stockdale, Tex.

SOUR FEET. Edman's Foot Powder soothes burning, perspiring feet. Kills all foot troubles. Shake in shoes, socks, each morning, and feel comfortable all day. Big package only 25c. W. G. Edman, Waynesboro, Va.

DRIED APPLES Shipped direct to consumer at growers prices. Special attention to neighborhood club orders. Samples 40 cents stamps.
Bern Carlock, Apple Grower,
Whitener, Arkansas.

COMB HONEY, 10c a lb. Come on Mr. Consumer. J. T. Maddux, La Pryor, Texas.

Free Government Land—Plenty rain, good water, good level soil, near good neighbors, railroads, towns, etc., 320 acres free to each homesteader. Send 25c for map New Mexico and synopsis land laws. Parker Realty Co., Fort Sumner, N. M.

BROTHER— ACCIDENTALLY discovered root cures tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars T. S. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

SMALL MISSOURI FARM — $10 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger C-154, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION.

If you have not read Hall's great Songs of the Revolution, you have missed something worth your while and money. We will send you a book of the poems for 25c, postage paid; or The Rebel for one year and a book of the Songs for 60c. Send in your orders today.

THE GREAT WHISKEY HOUSE OF

L. CRADDOCK & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LIQUORS.
"THE OLD RELIABLE."
Largest Mail Order Whiskey House in the South.

ESTABLISHED 1875. DALLAS, TEXAS.

Whiskies, Brandies, Wines and Gins	4 Full Qts.	6 Full Qts.	12 Full Qts.
Craddock's '87	$5.00	$7.00	$12.00
Craddock's '93	4.00	5.50	10.00
Melba Rye	4.00	5.50	10.00
Guckenheimer	4.00	5.50	10.00
Green Brier	4.00	5.50	10.00
Kentucky Bokay	3.50	5.00	9.00
Mononga Rye	3.50	5.00	9.00
Kentucky Cyclone	3.00	4.25	8.00
Belle of Jefferson	3.00	4.25	8.00
Craddock's Quartet	3.00	4.25	8.00
Tennessee Whiskey	3.00	4.25	8.00
Nelson County	2.50	3.65	7.00
W. H. Burch	2.50	3.65	7.00
Westmoreland	2.50	3.65	7.00
Moonshine	2.25	3.35	6.50
Craddock's Fine Old Corn	3.00	4.25	8.00
Good Old Yellow Corn	2.50	3.65	7.00
Corn Whiskey	2.25	3.35	6.50
Craddock's Malt Whiskey	3.00	4.25	8.00
Old Pioneer Malt	4.00	5.50	10.00
Montreal and Duffy's Malt	4.00	5.50	10.00
Grain Alcohol	3.50	5.25	10.00
Old Pioneer Apple and Peach Brandy	4.00	5.50	10.00
Old Pioneer Apricot and Banana	4.00	5.50	10.00
Old Pioneer Rock and Rye and Peach and Honey	4.00	5.50	10.00
Good Apple and Peach Brandy	3.00	4.25	8.00
Good Apricot and Banana	3.00	4.25	8.00
Good Rock & Rye and Peach and Honey	2.50	3.65	7.00
Good Blackberry Wine and Cordial	2.50	3.65	7.00
Old Pioneer Gin—very fine	4.00	5.50	10.00
Best Holland Type Gin	3.00	4.25	8.00
Special Holland Type Gin	2.50	3.65	7.00
Good Holland Type Gin	2.25	3.35	6.50
Best Grade California Sweet Wines—Port, Sherry, Angelica Catawba	2.50	3.65	7.00
Best Grade Imported Port and Sherry	4.00	5.50	10.00

Whiskies, Bottled in Bond and Distillery Bottling	4 Full Qts.	6 Full Qts.	12 Full Qts.
Leesburg	$4.00	$5.50	$10.00
Hill & Hill	4.50	6.25	11.00
Jersey Cream	4.50	6.25	11.00
Sunny Brook	4.50	6.25	11.00
Dripping Springs	4.50	6.25	11.00
Guckenheimer	4.50	6.25	11.00
OLD RIVER VALLEY	5.00	7.00	12.00
Sherley	5.00	7.00	12.00
Old Ripy	5.00	7.00	12.00
Old Kentucky Comfort	5.00	7.00	12.00
Joel B. Frazier	5.00	7.00	12.00
Green River	5.00	7.00	12.00
I. W. Harper	5.00	7.00	12.00
Mum's Extra Rye	5.00	7.00	12.00
Old Saratoga	5.50	7.50	13.00
Old Forester	5.50	7.50	13.00
Old Jordan	6.00	8.50	15.00
Gibson Rye	6.00	8.00	14.50
Four Roses	6.75	9.00	16.00
OLD '81—The peer of all Whiskies	8.00	11.00	20.00

SCHLITZ BOTTLED BEER.

Case of three dozen small............$4.00
($1.00 back for case and bottles.)

Case of two dozen large............$4.25
($1.00 back for case and bottles.)

Cask of ten dozen small............$11.50
($2.00 back for bottles.)

Express companies return empties free of charge from any point in Texas. We do not pay express charges on beer.

We guarantee you against loss or breakage in transit, and also that our goods will give you satisfaction. If goods do not arrive promptly or for any reason are not satisfactory, kindly let us know at once.

In case of breakage or shortage mail us express agent's statement.

EXPRESS CHARGES PAID ON ALL SHIPMENTS OF FOUR QUARTS OR MORE.
No orders solicited and no shipments made in violation of Texas laws.

"Texas Pride"

"Who Can Beat It?"

Best With Your Meals

NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT A CASE IN THE HOUSE, NOT ONLY FOR THEIR OWN USE, BUT TO OFFER THEIR GUESTS.

PHONE AND ORDER A CASE TODAY.

Brewed and Bottled by the

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SOUTHERN SELECT BEER.

Alcohol less than four per cent.
The very esence of nature itself.
Pure wholsome and palatable and a beverage which mildly stimulates the entire system.
The beer that builds you up step by step with no reactoin.
Contents twelve ounces.
Delivered anywhere in the state.

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Houston Ice & Brewing Assn.
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No orders solicited and no shipments made in violation of Texas laws.