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THE REBEL

THE GREAT APPEAR GREAT TO US ONLY BECAUSE WE ARE ON OUR KNEES -- LET US ARISE.

T. A. HICKEY, Editor and Owner
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"THE ENEMY WITHIN." —— THE COTTON DIVISION.

The Rebel is glad to learn that cotton went to ten cents in Houston last Saturday, and thus approaches the cost of production. The Rebel is sorry to say that the actual farmer who raised the cotton will receive little if any benefit from the increase in price. The speculator and spinner and skinner who, like the lily, spins not, will be the beneficiaries of this rise in price.

Out of the fourteen million bale crop, not more than 1,000,000 bales are today in the hands of the actual producer. The cotton raised by the Southern farmer sold at an average of seven cents, making a difference from present prices of $15 a bale, or the stupendous sum of $195,000,000. The Texas proportion of this loss is approximately $50,000,000.

Be it remembered that even at ten cents, cotton is still below the cost of production, so that even if the actual farmers of the South received this $195,000,000 they would still be in a tight. Thus we can see what a bankrupt condition he is in at this moment because of the gigantic robbery that is being practiced upon him by the cotton division of the Enemy Within.

This situation was not brought around because of a financial stringency, a panic, or a war in our country. On the contrary the European war created a greater demand for cotton. Every time a 42-centimetre howitzer, charged with gun-cotton is fired, a bale of cotton goes out of its brazen throat in smoke. Hundreds of thousands of automobiles on the battle line require Southern staple for cushions. Multiplied thousands of cotton tents are in use. The record shows that unlike other wars there are no "ragged" soldiers, but the governments of Europe are dressing their fighting men in the trenches better even than in times of peace, which means, of course, an extraordinary consumption of King Cotton.

The Rebel pointed out in its first issue after the war was declared, that there was no sound economic reason why cotton should go to five cents, but on the contrary it should go proportionately as high as wheat (which was then in the hands of the speculator) because in the hard winter that was coming on in the Eastern battlefields, clothing was as much of a fundamental necessity as food. A soldier can starve four or five days and live; he freezes to death in four or five minutes!

The written record shows that The Rebel was the only newspaper in the South, and, so far as we know, the only paper in the nation, that laid stress on this epochal fact. Today the Technical World, the Scientific American, and similar standard publications come lamely limping at the eleventh hour when cotton has gone out of the hands of the producer and tell us what they should have told when the cotton was whitening in the fields of the South under the rays of the August sun and when the speculators in their dark New York offices behind drawn blinds were scheming to bear down the price.

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What was the reason that Ernest Meitzen when canvassing the state for governor last year was able to write to The Rebel early in October, and say:

"I am telling the people on the stump that it is perfectly plain to me that the cotton gamblers have wires laid for the biggest financial killing that has come off in the South since the apple blossoms bloomed at Appomattox. They are bearing the market and buying up cotton at five and six cents and salting it away in their warehouses until the crop is out of the hands of the producers. Then they will take advantage of the increased demand due to the war, to overtop the enormous profits they make in ordinary years. The pity of it is that the Democrat administration that the Southern farmer placed into power has answered his plea for assistance with a kick in the face."

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Who in the South with the present facts in front of him will dare question the correctness of Meitzen's position. Did the president of the Amoskeag Mill of Manchester, N. H., or a Governor Draper, of Massachusetts, an Aldrich, of Rhode Island, or a Bailey, of Texas, sit in the white house chair, they would not have rendered more aid and assistance to the cotton division of the Enemy Within than did the puritanical pedagogue from Princeton.

But one measure was introduced in Congress that bore on its face any evidence of a desire to aid the cotton farmer. It was the Henry bill that proposed to valorize five million bales of cotton — the best security in the world — at $50 a bale, or, in short, what cotton is selling for NOW, exclusive of the seed. This in spite of the fact that the administration had already valorized twenty billion dollars worth of undigested Wall street industrial securities. Look at any $10 bank bill and see.

Even this simple, common-sense measure of relief was toned down by Henry himself when he heard from the usurers of Texas who did not want their graft interfered with by the government taking over any portion of the banking business that would result in the lowering of money rates, and thus interfere with their colossal graft.

To the everlasting shame of President Wilson be it recorded that he strenuously opposed this and similar measures and then lent his aid and assistance to his son-in-law, McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, in the interest of the national bankers whose shrine is at the Rockefeller City National bank, within whose shadow McAdoo received his financial training and later his opulence.

Lest we forget and so that the record be kept straight, let me reprint an extract from the Gal.-Dal. News the Associated Press story, dated at Washington, D. C., October 15, 1914, that clearly shows the president's perfidy:

> Temper of the house was plainly against the filibuster. Members who are anxious to get to their districts before the campaign closes see in the continued calls of "no quorum" a delay of date of adjournment, and some are plainly outspoken against the Southern members who are insisting upon it. Similar feeling is said to exist in the Banking and Currency Committee, where the bill calling for an issuance of $500,000,000 in currency to be loaned to the producer is lodged, and a forecast of tomorrow's session is that it will receive an adverse majority report.
>
> President Wilson is against the Henry bill. He told North Carolina callers today that he believed the cotton situation did not need more financial legislation, but a better mobilization of the currency already available, and that passage of the Smith-Lever Warehouse Bill would help a great deal. To this measure the President pledged his active support. He also indorsed the St. Louis pool plan as announced Monday.
>
> F. J. Wade, the St. Louis banker, chairman of the pooling committee, will be here Friday for a conference with members of the Federal Reserve Board, and it is expected that the plan will be indorsed both by the Board and the treasury officials.

Remember this was last October just prior to the congressional elections. The president was in a tight place. The Princeton professor was the laughing stock of America because of his absurd statement that the depression that was on was purely "psychological", that all we needed to have prosperity was to take the Christian science treatment. Even the commonest mutt on the street grinned a grin of gladsome glee when he tightened his belt and pressed his navel against his backbone and said: "How I enjoy this psychological porterhouse steak!"

The impossible had happened. Stanley Jevons, the professor of political economy of Oxford had found his peer. He was the college *don* who had told his students that the 1893 panic was produced by spots on the sun. The professor from Princeton found that the economic depression could be cured by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's formula.

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So as to get by the congressional elections, Wilson and McAdoo rejoicingly received the St. Louis banker named Festus J. Wade who proposed the $135,-000,000 cotton pool. The Associated Press and all the "cuckoos" of the Washington correspondents deluged the South with stories of what Wilson and McAdoo were going to do with this great loan that through private banking channels would relieve the whole Southern cotton situation. But, alas, for the actual farmer of the South, this scheme was launched and then it was found that for every $50 loan the farmer got he would have to pay 27 per cent, and comply with terms that were almost impossible, and as a result, of the $135,000,000 supposed to be deposited in Wall street, only $10,000 was used, and if rumor be true, and I believe it, this $10,000 was ordered from New Orleans by a millionaire Mississippi planter who was on a drunk in the St. Charles hotel and in a spirit of levity made the demand just to see the wheels go 'round.

I challenge contradiction of the statement that no greater piece of stupidity was ever exhibited by a ruler or a leader of a people in distress in the history of nations, except, possibly, when Maria Antoinette informed the starving peasantry of France that if they could not get bread, why shouldn't they eat cake.

Can you wonder that from the highest to the lowest the Socialists refer to the Democratic administrationists as Donks? Can the human mind conceive of a greater fiasco in statecraft than the issuance of $10,000 out of a $135,000,000 or a proportion of to 13,500 to one. Yes, the Donks are progressing. Bryan is in the cabinet, and where it used to be, in the nineties, 16 to 1, it is now 13,500 to 1.

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The Rebel would not belittle the intellectual acumen of the president and his son-in-law by putting them on the level of the Queen of France who became six inches shorter because of her indiscreet utterance. These gentlemen knew better, and I am not partisan enough to say that they would have deliberately helped to rob the actual farmer of the South were it not that they, before assuming the responsibilities of office, did not realize this foundation fact: A government that is based on the private ownership of social necessities, reveals itself when put to the acid test, as nothing more or less, shorter or longer, than the executive committee of that economic category in society who own these social necessities.

If the ex-president of Princeton had drank deep at the Empyrean spring, or at least had quaffed enough knowledge of society as an organism, so that he had read his Marx instead of Adam Smith, he would not, in his middle age, have to crawl at the feet of the parvenu, Carnegie, for a pension and, later, while president, be compelled to lend himself to the betrayal of the generous men and women who elected him while in the sweat of their faces they literally knelt while rearing high the throne of King Cotton in the solid South.

Did not the president and the whole Democratic administration have at their command all the consular reports of the entire civilized world? Did not the American consul stand in the Egyptian cotton fields and look up at the Pyramids and feel himself in wireless touch with his chief at Washington. Did not the American consuls stand at the banks of the Neva and Vistula and in Petrograd and flash the information to the White House as to the number of uniforms that the czar would place on the carcasses of his moujiks? Did not the consuls in Liverpool Manchester, Belfast, report as to the cotton situation in the greatest cotton manufacturing centers in the world?

Did not the officials of his department of agriculture stand outside of his door and at the push of a button were ready to stand at his elbow and tell him the truth, so that with another press of the button he could flash to the farmers of the South the cheering news that the demand on account of the war had enormously increased and that "all was well"? Had he done this and nothing more then a cry of praise would have gone out from a million Southern firesides, because he would have relieved the tension, stopped bankruptcy and stiffened the backbones of those who otherwise dumped their cotton on a falling market, broke the price, with the resulting disaster that has come upon us.

Even if Wilson and his cabinet had remained inert the cotton farmer, thrown on his own resources and with his back to the wall, would have so fended himself as to have held his cotton for a "bull" market, but with all the powers of government against him, deceived by the administration that he placed faith in, he was compelled to unload at ruinous prices his product that was literally soaked with the sweat and blood of his wife and children.

The only defense that the Wilson administration has offered up to date, is that while the "pool" was a grotesque failure, it helped to "stabilize the market." Unfortunately for those who take that position the market was not stabilized in October, did not improve in November, was as bad in December and January, and it was not until the cotton was in the hands of the speculators that the price even approximated the cost of production. All Wilson and McAdoo's cotton pool plan did, was, first, to ease them past the November election; second, destroy the valorization of cotton by congress, and, third, place the farmer in a fool's paradise until he awakened to find that the elections were over, congress had adjourned, the "pool" was a fake, the market was beared, he was shorn of his product and stood in the winter of his discontent, naked and helpless in the hands of the Enemy Within.

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We said in a previous issue that the Enemy Within must be destroyed if the republic is to live. No temporizing means will suffice. No quarter can be given. It must be war to the knife and knife to the hilt.

The Enemy Within lives upon the ownership of the nation's government, and lives so because he owns the nation's necessities.

He recks not if he does not own each individual cotton patch in the South. He gives the ILLUSION of ownership to a million and thus makes them vote his ticket and then through his control of the currency he exacts from them the usurer's price.

Through the ownership of the railways and steamship lines he exacts "all the traffic will bear."

Through his ownership of mineral lands, he makes his white peons dig dusky diamonds in the depths of the mines of Virginia and Colorado. He outrages their women as did the Romans the Sabines and immolates their children on the altar of his greed, Herod-like, at Ludlow.

Through his ownership of three-fourths of the tillable land of the nation that he deliberately keeps out of cultivation, he serves his monopolistic ends by creating artificial prices and when, needs be, throws the ship of state on the financial rocks through ready made panics, born behind the bevelled glass windows of his New York banks.

Through his ownership of machinery of which the cotton spinneries are a remarkable example, he exploits his male and female slaves as in Lawrence, Mass., and while using a president to "bear" the price of cotton he sells back the finished product at twenty times the price that he paid for the raw to his serfs of the South.

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I do not know and who can tell, what will be the last straw that will break the Donk's back in the "Solid South." A Cleveland has led them into the swamp of adversity. A Wilson has led them in the quagmires of despair. Their Baileys of Texas, their Vardamans of Mississippi, their Clarks and Jeff Davises of Arkansas, have revealed themselves as "quacks" if not buffoons. How much longer can the white Southerner stand the strain? How much longer will he permit himself to be tramped and spit upon by these jassacks who represent the Enemy Within, is a far more portentous question, than the duration of the European war.

The question may be answered soon, because there lives not a man this side of the Mason and Dixon line who, deep in the bottom of his heart and mind, does not know that the Democratic party lives only in the name that appears upon the official ballot and that in truth and fact it is in national, state and local governmental affairs the craven mouthpiece of the Enemy Within.

WE KNOW HIM.

Our pasty-faced friend who by a chain of peculiar circumstances got hold of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, and whose name is Louis J. Wortham, had one of his little $15-a-week slaves pull off an idiotorial in a recent issue which says that "a new league is organized to stir up strife between tenant farmers and land owners."

The Rebel would like to tell it to Louie, like Solomon said, there is nothing new under the sun, and if there were anything new it was shown when he sat in the Thirty-third legislature side by side with John H. Kirby and sought by every means in power to legislate for his end — the landlord's end, the grafter's end — and use his legislative power to do it.

What's bothering poor Louie is this: We are on to him. We know him. He represents a class and that's the class that owns the land and not the class that works it. He is in the legislature so that use-and-occupancy shall not get by. Fortunately his political and physical life is short; his moral days were numbered long ago. However as a matter of course the Land League is here to stay until use and occupancy becomes the title to land.

Say look over the state party notes and look at that lineup of encampment speakers. It is enough to make every Socialist that has a backbone stronger and broader than an angleworm get busy and help them solve the land situation in Texas.

How The Plutes Incite Wars.

A sheaf of letters has reached our office inquiring as to the authenticity of a story we published in which it is related that an ex-AssociatedPress correspondent, became editor of a Turkish paper and informed his readers that the war was practically over, the Kaiser had captured France and England, "his Islamic majesty," Emperor William, was bringing his harem to Constantinople and that the English king had sent two thousand asses laden with gold to the Kaiser.

We replied to our correspondents by giving as authority the San Antonio Light, which is bossed by Mr. Taft, of Cincinnati. We also said that this man had shown a genius for lying almost as great as a Gal.-Dal. editor, and that not even a Rockefeller Associated Press correspondent could begin to compare with the man that wrote about his "Islamic majesty", that resides at Berlin. But, alas for our reputation for sizing up the newspaper situation, we have found a man that has the Turkish editor backed off the map, and we can only excuse ourselves when we remember that even Homer stumbled.

The prodigy in capitalistic newspaper lying I am going to tell you about now resides in Pittsburg, the smoky city on the banks of the Monongahela, and for his Eli-Perkins powers of lying holds down one of the biggest desks on that paper that is controlled by Ex.-Senator Oliver of the Steel Trust, who like all trust magnates, use the daily newspapers to lie, fool and deceive the people.

So that our readers will thoroughly appreciate the lying ability of capitalist newspapermen, let me recite a few facts that we are willing to make affidavit to, for be it remembered, all of it is a matter of court record here:

A shooting took place on March 15, 1915, within seventeen miles of my office and within a couple of hundred yards of the S. A. & A. P. depot in the city of Yoakum, which city is 291 miles by the shortest railway line to the Mexican border. The San Antonio & Aransas Pass railway at its farthest southwestern terminal is considerably over 100 miles from the Mexican line.

In this shooting a white American citizen named Ralph Thomasson instantly killed by shooting in the stomach with a double-barreled shotgun, a railway engineer named D. F. Lytle, who had been out employment and as a matter of truth and fact did not put his hand on a throttle for eight months. Ralph Thomasson and his father, C. C. Thomasson, were promptly arrested and taken to the Lavaca county jail which is located on the same street as The Rebel office and within a distance of three blocks.

The district court being then in session, the grand jury indicted these two white Americans and they laid in jail for two weeks, or until District Judge Kennon upon an agreement of the lawyers on both sides (one of whom is Representative W. T. Bagby, floor leader for Governor Ferguson and a resident of this city) greed to continue the case until the October term of court in this (Lavaca) county.

With this wealth of detailed facts all matters of public official record, now read this story from the Pittsburg (Pa.) Daily Leader of March 29, 1915:

A victim of Mexican rebels after a desperate battle, Daniel Francis Lyttle's body will arrive in Pittsburg late this afternoon. The remains will be taken to his home at 3112 Landis St. Sheridan.

Lyttle was a railroad engineer on the San Antonio & Aransas Pass in Southern Texas.

About 100 miles out from San Antonio, over the Mexican border, with his train hitting a clip of 60 miles an hour, Lyttle slackened the speed of the train for a deep cut in some of the worst country in that section, one night recently.

Just beyond the pass was a deep ravine spanned by one of the oldest bridges on the road, and which required careful running and slow speed.

There was always some doubt as to the bridge and when he saw a woman waving a red lantern about the middle of the pass, Lyttle threw on the brakes and brought his plunging train to a dead stop.

No sooner had the grinding brakes slackened in speed of train than from every side as if they sprang from the ground dozens of Mexican rebels appeared, and jumping on the engine and tender rushed for the engine crew. Lyttle's fireman a native born Texan, was an expert shot with a revolver and he killed three of the bandits as they came over the coal in the tender.

Seeing more of the murderous assassins pressing around the engine on his side, Lyttle opened wide the exhaust of his engine and badly scalded half a dozen or more of them that the rest fell back a pace.

Before the fireman could reload his gun two other men sprang up and attacked Lyttle who was unarmed, one in the rear. He was stabbed in the back with a vicious cut as he knocked the rebel facing him, out of the cab.

Before any further damage could be done, the fireman had shot and killed the man who had stabbed Lyttle and had started the engine shooting as the train pulled out and wounding two others.

The holdup occured 15 miles from a station and it was not until the train reached the next town 10 miles away, that Lyttle could receive medical attention.

When the train drew up at the town Lyttle who had held onto the side of the cab, coughing blood while the train rushed through the night, lost consciousness and fell to the floor of the cab. He was rushed to a hospital.

A train carrying the sheriff and a posse of men, hurried to the scene of the holdup and found the dead bodies of the rebels.

Lyttle was on the road to recovery when complications set in ending his life.

In the meantime he had not notified his wife and family here because he was afraid to frighten them. They learned of the fight and Lyttle's reath through the railroad authorities.

Mr. Lyttle was a member of the Holy Innocent's Catholic church, of Sheroden and is survived by his wife and 11 children. He was 48 years old and was an engineer for the Pittsburg & Lake Erie railroad before he went to Texas two years ago.

* * *

So we see that from the facts printed at the head of this article that Lyttle was not a victim of "Mexican rebels". had no battle with them, was not an engineer of the S. A. & A. P., was never near the Mexican border, no woman waved a red lantern, no Mexicans were scalded by Lyttle, no fireman shot any bandit, no fireman was stabbed, no holdup occurred, Lyttle was not stabbed, he coughed no blood, no train carried the sheriff and posse, he was never on the road to recovery, he was too promptly dead to be afraid of frightening his wife and family, and they did not hear of the killing through the railway authorities. The only true story in the whole story was that his remains were taken to his home from Yoakum, which is a long way from Mexico if not from Tipperary.

* * *

Delegations of the Yoakum lodges, B. of L. E., and K. of C., that accompanied the body of Lyttle to Pittsburgh, were dumbfounded when they read the story in The Leader. They say they do not know how the paper got the report.

The Rebel knows how The Leader got the report. It happened in this way:

The managing editor on receiving word of the arrival in Pittsburg of Lyttle's remains, called into his office one of his bright young men and outlined to him what he should write. What in the name of common sense can it be the reason? we may ask. It is perfectly simple to anyone who knows the inside methods of the muzzled press. It is just this:

A large coterie of the multimillionaires of the East and West own in Mexico immense concessions of lands, timber, oil, coal and precious minerals, granted them by Porfirio Diaz regime that the rebels have smashed at the point of the gun. To get back this ill-gotten loot, the great capitalists are using two methods. One is to back the Mexican *cientifico* by millions of dollars and munitions of war for counter-revolutions so that that country will not be able to establish a stable government.

Then comes the second move. Inflame the public mind on this side of the line, by printing lurid lies such as we have so thoroughly nailed above. This to the end that while anarchy continues to rage in Mexico the duped masses of the American people would be ready to shout for intervention. And by the way this intervention would already have occurred were it not for the worse conditions that exist in Europe because of the war.

Too well do these sharpers know that the American people do not give a whoop about the safety of the Mexican concessions of the American plutocracy, but they know we are a kindly, generous people who are as yet ignorant of the plutocracy's wiles. Consequenty if they can pile on the agony from week to week by telling stories of the loss of innocent American life they hope to duplicate their work that brought on the Spanish-American war such as when they had one skinny *reconcentrado* photographed 276 times and featured him as 276 different victims of Spanish cruelty.

* * *

Now, Mr. Reader, keep your eye peeled what will happen with this story. The Pennsylvania Grit, the Chicago Saturday Blade and Ledger, the Toledo Blade and similar sensational papers will run this rotten dope under red headlines and faked pictures and reach millions of credulous Americans. Then will come that "great Democratic editor," who has had enormous concessions from Diaz not the least of which is 16,000,000 acres of the best land in Mexico, the price he received from Diaz for his silence as to the damnable work the *cientificos* were doing to throttle human life and liberty in the land of the Montezumas and for the boosting he gave Diaz so as to make his nation-wrecking game possible. Hearst will use his string of daily and Sunday newspapers from Boston to Los Angeles, of which there are — conservatively estimated—fifteen million copies each week to play up this "Latest Mexican Outrage" that never happened.

Finally keep your eye on that old hellion, who runs the Los Angeles Times. Like Caesar was the noblest Roman of them all, he is the fellow that by some freak of fortune has escaped physical chastisement from the manhood of the South when he charged that white men blacked their faces to commit the unmentionable crime and then printed in his paper the ghoulish lie that the white women of the South "seduced the poor negro." Watch him play this story up; because he has been one of the chief *concessionaires* of the Diaz regime.

These covetuous scoundrels who regard human life no more than human honor, are publishing a story that I am delighted will soon fill their filthy pages, because thereby they will plainly lie about an incident that occurred within canon shot of the office of one of the few unmuzzled newspapers of the nation, and hence the Rebel has been able to stamp them as liars by official record.

However, we groan in spirit when we think of our sub cription list of only 25,000, that is pitted against millions of the enemy. Did we have 100,000 readers these deceivers of the common people would be more careful of how they lie in their malevolent attempt to incite the people and plunge our country into the horrors of war.

SOCIALIST AGAIN CHOSEN

Manitowoc, Wis., Mar. 6. — Henry Stolz, Jr., Socialist Mayor of Manitowoc, can't shake his job. He announced positively that he wouldn't consider another term, and tying a stony refusal about its neck, he dropped the nomination into Lake Michigan.

He awoke this morning to find the faithful nomination, dripping but happy, wagging its tail on his front doorstep.

Adherents of the Mayor had written his name in on the ballots in yesterday's primary. He received 666 votes, while the other candidates, Arthur Schuetze and Thomas Higgins, got 589 and 500, respectively.

Mr. Stolz has been Mayor for three consecutive terms now in the city of Manitowoc. He has fought the corporations and has made good with the people, giving them some real benefits, and they want some more of the same kind of benefits.

* * *

After reading the above read this from the Associated Sap-Press:

Socialist Re-elect Mayor of Manitowoc.

Manitowoc, Wis., April 7. — Mayor Henry Stolz, Jr., Socialist, was re-elected for his fourth term. He defeated Arthur Schuetze by 53 votes.

—Milwaukee Leader.

Look out for one-armed and one-legged beggars on the *Bois de Bologne*, and *Unter den Linden*, and Fleet Street. Look out for the one-armed, onelegged criples in all the warring nations of Europe, because after their rulers have dumped them on the mercies of the public after they have been used as "Kannonfutter," they will still strive to keep alive and produce more "Kanonenfutter." It may seem cruel, but don't give them a penny. They have stood for bureauchacy, and so will their children. Better let them die.

THE CASE OF GETZENDANER.

The Rebel called attention in 1910 to the fact that one of the most amazing things about land tenure was that wherever the land was richest, there was poverty the greatest. We did not make this statement off-hand, but we supplied a wealth of historical fact to substantiate our assertion. It has been true of Ireland, by the banks of the River Shannon, or around the hills and lakes of Kerry. It is true of every other portion of the British Isles. It is true of Southern Europe and is even true of the valley of the Nile.

Who will quesion that it is true of Texas? Or Mexico? Find the richest places of the landlords in Texas or the hacienda owner in Mexico and you will find that the peasants are most oppressed where the land is richest. You will also find that the landhog has his snout into the political government the deepest.

It also happens that the alleged honor of a landlord is shown best in these places. Take the case of Getzendaner. He is one of the largest landlords in the biggest blackland cotton country in the state. He and his newspaper pals worked to kill off the legislative nominee of the Democratic party who was nominated in their own July primaries and who later expressed a faint sentiment in interest of the miserables of Ellis county out of whose exploitation came their fortunes. No man should appear in Austin that stands for any change in the ownership of land in Ellis county, and so thoroughly were they determined upon this policy that the Getzendaners worked to destroy the man who sympathized with the tenant and substitute for him through the county executive committee, mostly made up of landlords, the legal newspaper man who was so muzzled that he dare not call his soul his own.

Why? So that he could represent the landlord interests of that beautiful blackland county in the legislature. What more natural than that the poltroon, Getzendaner, when he finds that he is up against the United States government investigating committee and realizes that the news is going to seep out to the world, in spite of the Associated Press that tenantry is a fact and that the farm tenants are the most miserably exploited people in the South, he then Bob Acres-like, with the courage oozing out of his fingers, tells the Commission that he will furnish some of his land so that Mr. and Mrs. Steward and children can have a home.

No sooner has the tumult and the shouting died than Mr. Getzendaner returns to his Ellis county plantation and blandly informs the man and woman that he has no place for them. The letter published in another column from Mrs. Beulah Steward herself to W. S. Noble, secretary of the Land League, illustrates how thoroughly the fellow had lied.

The only reason The Rebel bothers about this unfortunate Getzendaner from Waxahachie is that he is a typical example of his robbing clan. He lied to the United States government commision. He lied to the man and woman whom his clan had exploited. He lied to the people of Texas through the press that published his utterance. And then, his lie — as he foolishly thought—having served his purpose, he told the women that in all his great estate there was not a little place for her and hers.

The landlord of today will be known in the future merely as a fellow who secured his profit by the careful selection of a father when land was a dollar an acre that is now $150, and by the way in which he can loan money at usurious rates, deceive the government, subsidize the press and pulpit, lie to women, and rob, cheat and swindle his neighbors.

John Stuart Mill is regarded by English-speaking scholars who possess a conservative cast of mind, as the greatest of all classical political economists. Accordingly it may seem strange to his devotees who expound is great work so learnedly to the students in the Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton, that the old scholar believed that the time would come when, if mankind should continue to improve, the capitalist would be abolished, and a state of society instituted wherein the laborers themselves would collectively own capital. In other words: SOCIALISM.

Five Minute . . . Sermon.

Subject: The lawyers.

Text: The Pentateuch; also, John 13:34-35. Matt. 22:39-40. Mk. 12:31. Lu. 10:25.

A story used to go the rounds of a lawyer, named Strange, who was dying. His wife, with that misconception of devotion that the preachers and priests love to instill, asked him what he wished carved on his tombstone? With the death-rattle almost in his throat, he answered: "Here lies an honest lawyer." She suggested also his name and date of birth but the wife heard him gasp with his last breath, when all men are supposed to be truthful: "Never mind the name. Whoever reads will say, 'That's *strange*'." How many lawyers have you known by that name?

In considering the lawyer in conjunction with your Bible, you should especially consider the continous castigation they received at the hands of Jesus. Remember that for 30 years Jesus was a carpenter. Whenever his neighbors saw him agitating among his fellow-workers, it was as a carpenter they identified him. Matt. 15:54-56. Mk. 6:2-3. John 6:41-42. The Carpenter *knew* the lawyer; he strove to tell our comrades of that day, just what to expect from the class.

In that day the lawyer was on a plane of existence only slightly different from that of today. His — with the priests and preachers — was the shrewd intelligence by which the master class held themselves in power; just as it is today. The only difference is that greater shrewdness is required now. Then, the master class held its power through the ignorance, superstition, and lack of opportunity of the people. The master class instructed its tool, the lawyer, what edicts to issue as "law". This was, often times, the murdering of a few thousands of workers; or the gathering in of a number of thousands of the best looking "virgins" (for the master is always select whether it be the slaves of that day or the wage-slaves of this) from the workers families, for the masters' personal use. This latter work has, in these days been taken away from the lawyer by the "pimps", though the masters use the lawyer to protect the "pimp."

The lawyer of that day obeyed without conscientious scruples, just as today he uses the courts to eject and cheat of justice helpless miners, machinists, carpenters, hod-carriers, farmers, or any other class of workers at the behest of such putrid souls as Rockefeller, Astor, Carnegie, Belmont, Slaughter, Kirby, Padgitt, Ferguson, or other human swine (Job 27:19.), and takes possession of their tools, implements and farm animals. Should the workers have developed sufficient manhood to attempt to better the conditions and environments of their wives and babies by striking, those same shrewd intelligences can prove conclusively that Carnegie was right at Homestead; Pullman at Chicago; the Boston copper-thieves at Calumet; the Hursts in the California hop-fields; Rockefeller at Ludlow; when they murdered useful workers through hired butchers, and even included women and children in the fiendish slaughter.

These same shrewd intelligences pull chesnuts from the fire today, just as in that time, that useless parasites may not char their dainty fingers. They will prove that the Princeton professor was a great man, fully knowing and maintaining the law, when he had American marines lay down their lives at Vera Cruz because he "held Huerta personally responsible" for the insult to the American flag at Tampico; that the Princeton professor was a great man, fully pnowing and maintaining the law, when he permitted the same Huerta to leave Mexico safely; because *our marines* made it safe; that the Princeton professor was a great man, fully pnowing and maintaining the law, when he permitted the same bloody brute to land on American shores and flaunt his fiendish visage on the streets of the greatest of our cities.

The same shrewd intelligences, will prove the Associated Press knew and maintained the law when it purposely suppressed the news of a deliberate lie told the President of the United States by the Governor of the State of Colorado in an official communication, and again the same shrewd intelligences will solemnly assure you that the same Associated Press knows and maintains the law, when it gives columns of space to flaunt the spouting of some savage spoiler, Huerta. Verily, great is the law, by the lawyer.

The lawyer in the days of Comrade Jesus, could not well help himself. Rome ruled; and it was "do our bidding, or goodby to wife and babies and get your heavenly mansion quick."

The lawyer of today does the bidding of the master class for only ONE reason; his *stupidity*.

The lawyer of today is *able* to do this dirty work; simply because of working class stupidity and lack of self respect; the working class votes them the opportunity and power. When the workers — the only useful beings on earth — decide to protect themselves, they will vote the power of law-making and enforcing into the hands of their own class. When that day comes, the workers' troubles will be over; and the lawyer, free from doubt as to the economic welfare of his family and old age, will join hands with him in the "Brotherhood of Man" that Comrade Jesus taught: Socialism.

Now, read, Is. 9:14-17, 21:25, sing that good old democratic or republican poem "Hail, boys, the gang's all here," in memory of the present-day lawyer, and we will be dismissed.

The Religious Editor.

AN APPRECIATION.

Judge E. O. Meitzen has received an interesting letter from one of the leading Democrats of the state who writes privately and not for publication, therefore we merely quote the following extract from his letter. We are sorry we cannot print the letter in its entirety, as it and the name of the man who wrote it are not for publication. It would have much more weight with the people of the state if they knew who wrote it and what further he said about the muzzled sheets of Texas. Some day, we hope, he may be able to get out in the open and say what he thinks, but in the meantime, running as he does with the official ring of the state, he is deadly afraid to make his name known in this connection:

"I want to congratulate you upon the reports you have made of the hearings of the commission on Industrial Relations at Dallas. Particularly, I wish to commend the very thorough trimming which The Rebel gave the Gal.-Dal. News in its issue of the 17th.

"It has been a source of regret that no Texas daily paper, with the exception of the Dallas Dispatch, appeared to have had the least idea about what the commission was here for, or what it did, judged solely by their reports and editorial utterances. I am glad that here and there some of the weekly papers, notably your own, has not only understood but has told the truth with brutal frankness. In doing this they and you have performed a genuine service to the people of the State . . . . ."

REBEL-CLARK DATES.

Stanley J. Clark will speak at the following places on dates given below:

Brownwood, Friday, April 23.

Eastland, Saturday and Sunday April 24, and 25th.

Santo, Monday, April 26.

From Santo Comrade Clark goes into Oklahoma, and, returning, resumes his Texas taur at Lingleville, May 6 and 7, where he meets Rev. Witcher in joint debate, provided this shifty sky-pilot does not get "cold feet" as he did once before.

O lord God of Hosts, you who measure the hair of a man's head and note the sparrow's fall, please look out for that little jitney, because thou knowest that the owners of the street railways of America have debauched more city governments and done more to pull down our flag, than even Rockefeller, Jr., when he was slapping the Bible in Fifth Avenue church. I know that you will let the jitney live, o Lord; in spite of the Gal.-Dal. News that fights it.

There are forty-eight men lying amidst the fauna of the ocean who went on board a submarine to kill other people, so they could get by and live for a day even for grub. Capitalism is hell.

State Office Notes.

T. A. HICKEY, State Sec. Hallettsville, Texas.

GREAT ENCAMPMENT SEASON.

This promises to be the most successful year that the Socialist party of Texas has ever seen, particularly in Encampment work. Last year there were sixty-five encampments in Texas, and every indication points to 100 this year.

Where formerly the state office has to strain itself to secure speakers this year the best talent in the movement has turned its attention to Texas, in view of the fact that Texas and Oklahoma Socialist movements are twins and have developed the largest percentage increase in votes and membership of any other two states in the union within the past four years.

We are glad that our encampments this year will be greater than ever and we are sorry that we have had to turn down so many good northern comrades because they did not have any specialized knowledge of the land and farming situation in the South.

We have decided to organize two or more regular encampment crews of three speakers each this time at the rate of $60 flat for three days. The following speakers have been definitely secured to make up two or more reglar crews, that will be going at the same time.

Harry Uswald, of New York, the greatest cartoonist lecturer in the movement, who illustrates his fine speeches with splendid charcoal drawings made on the spot. This is the most unique feature ever introdheed in Texas encampments.

W. S. Noble secretary-treasurer of the Land League, and one of the veteran Socialist speakers of Texas, who gets better every speech he makes. Everybody knows him, so 'nuff sed.

E. R. Meitzen, managing editor of the Semi-Weekly New Era and business manager of The Rebel, unanimous choice for governor 1916, and the man who received in 1914 more votes than any other nominee except Ferguson.

Mrs. Dora Merts, of Dallas, late of Oklahoma, who has demonstrated her ability as the best lady speaker and debater than ever came to Texas.

Pat Nagle, of Kingfisher, Okla., the author of the "Interlocked Parasites", and the most independent lawyer in the Mistletoe state, will very likely be secured.

T. A. Hickey, state secretary, editor of The Rebel, will, in response to prolonged calls from every section of the state, fill in on one of the regular crews for from four to six weeks, in which he will do his best to aid in getting the forces lined up for the 1916 campaign.

W. J. Loe, of Fort Worth, and likely Representative Hill, of Oklahoma, will be used to fill in wherever necessary. Both are becoming more and more recognized as spokesmen of the Land-and-Liberty movement of the South.

In addition to the regular crew there comes, last but not least:

Stanley J. Clark, of Fort Worth, who is generally recognized as the greatest orator in the South since Henry Grady. The Rebel is routing Clark at the rate of 200 cards for one encampment date or 300 cards for two encampment dates.

Also there is State Senator Ben Wilson, of Girard, Kas., who will fill several encampment and other dates in North Texas.

As previously stated there will be two or more regular crews, who will be furnished to encampment committees at $60 flat, the speakers paying their own railway and hotel expenses. Some of them will fill dates in West and others in North and East Texas. The crews will be announced later though it can be said that the personnel of the regular encampment crews shows more talent in every respect than any that have ever been seen in the South.

The sooner you make application to this office for encampment speakers, the more sure you will be to get the cream. Don't wait until the last minute. Say NOW that you want an encampment and permit us to fix the date, so there will be no hitch. We will try to fix dates as nearly as we can according to your wish.

Your for 125 Encampments,

T. A. HICKEY,
State Sec. S. P. of Texas.

STATE NOTES.

Going Some.

The Texas membership is going up now that the inclement weather is over. During the first twenty days of April, we have ordered dues stamps from the national office to the total amount $100, which already breaks the record for the two previous months, and, besides, there have been organized fifteen new locals in that space of time.

That's right comrades. Get behind this movement one and all, with a vim and a will and the fellow that hangs back on the traces will either fall in line or get lost in the shuffle.

Remember it is when the membership gets lazy and lets locals lapse through non-attendance, non-payment of dues or failure to properly report, that then the enemies of our movement get a foothold. Keep something going on and the disturber will remain unnoticed as is now the case.

* * *

New Locals This Week.

El Paso local that had lapsed, was reorganized by Sam E. Farmer. Wm. Love is secretary. Chartered by Congressional Secretary Webb.

Ranger, Eastland county, self organized. Geo. T. Lewis, secretary. Chartered by County Secretary Cora Webb.

Seymour, Baylor county, J. A. W. Cope, and J. M. DeSims, secretaries. Chartered by Congressional Secretary, Mrs. E. W. Carlton.

Union Band S. H., McCulloch Co., J. T. Whitehead, Sec., chartered by County Secretary G. R. Baisden.

Justin, Denton county, organized by B. B. Driver and other militants. Chartered by County Secretary. They are arranging for a Clark date.

* * *

W. S. Noble, secretary of the Land League, and Walton Poteet, of the A. & M. College, have started on an automobile tour through counties where renting conditions are the worst. Prof. Peteet is of the extension force of the college named, and wishes to see the renters' situation at first hand. Comrade Noble will assist him in his investigations, while at the same time organizing and making speeches.

* * *

Egbert Throckmorton, of Garner, Tex., states there is good opening there for a good physician. Write him.

* * *

J. B. Green writes: "We organized 15 strong at Bowie Saturday night. Comrade W. F. Bell tanned a Donk hide at Selma. We elected three "red" trustees at Rock Hill Schoolhouse April 3. Our county convention at Montague on May 3, will open the 1916 campaign to paint old Montague county red from constable to president."

From The Third.

Murchison, Tex., April 5, 1915.

The Rebel,
Hallettsville, Tex.

Dear Comrades:—

I have just issued a Charter to Rock Springs Local at Gladewater, Gregg county. These comrades organized with 7 members without out side help, which shows great courage and independence.

I believe Gregg county, holds the banner on red card members according to the number of Socialist voters. Last election, there were 33 Socialist votes cast. Now they have 2 locals with 13 red card members in good standing, nearly half. Can any other county beat this. This proves to my mind that these comrades are going to change their vote in the next election.

While this is my first Local to Charter, it is not my last by any means.

Comrades, organize, educate and distribute literature,

I remain, Yours for Socialism,
J. B. Lewis,
3rd Dist., Secretary.

J. B. Bryson writes: "The Socialists of Corsicana have called a meeting on Sunday, April 25, for the purpose of organizing a local. We have rented a nice roomy hall, known as Painters Hall, and propose to do our part to get Navarro county lined up for the 1916 campaign."

A Joint Debate.

County Chairman Ans. Jones, of Hopkins county, writes with unrestrained glee of a joint debate that occurred at Greenview between a "Christian" preacher, Elder Christian and Com. Dora Merts, of Dallas. He writes:

"The subject was 'Resolved that God's Word Endorses and Upholds Capitalism.' The preacher affirmed and Mrs. Merts denied. It was complete victory for the Socialists and is so admitted by everyone who attended the discussion."

* * *

W. D. Hicks, the hustling county secretary of Wise county, remits for dues and writes "We are beginning to grow again in spite of hard times, new members and locals coming in, and some of them paying a year in advance." — That's the idea, boys, pay up your dues as far ahead as you can, and thus keep your local in good standing.

* * *

J. Taylor Allen, Honey Grove, Tex., one of old warhorses of the Populist Alliance movements, writes for literature. He says he realizes that the time has come for a speedy revolution.

At McKinney.

Mrs. Dora Merts will speak at McKinney Saturday April 24. Every Socialist in Collin county should come and bring his neighbors to hear her and aid in organizing Collin county for the 1916 campaign.

* * *

W. S. Noble will speak as follows:

Dawson and vicinity, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, April 21, 22, 23, 24.

FOR YOUR STATE LITERA

The well posted Socialist is he who does the best work for the movement. The distribution of literature is now the greeast plan. The state office has a new supply at low prices. You should see that every reading person has a chance to study one or more of the following:

Principles of Scientific Socialism, (paper cover,) by Rev. Chas. H. Vail, the most clear cut explanation of what we want ever written. 215 pages with complete index ,one for 25 cents or 4 for 60 cents.

"Parable of the Water Tank," (25 pages,) by Edward Bellany The most wonderfully clear explanation of the profit system ever written. Only two cents each.

"What's so and What Isn't," by John M. Work, who was converted to Socialism while studying our books with the intention of speaking against us. It answers all objections in a plain unanswerable way, (160 pages) 15 cents each or three for 35 cents.

"Common Sense of Socialism," (written in a plain way for plain people, 184 pages.) by John Spargo, written in a plain Each 25 cents, or 3 for 60 cents.

"The Question Box," by East man, (63 pages.) Answers all imcialism. 10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents.

"Socialism Made Easy," by JamesConnely, (for beginners; 64 pages). Ten cents each or three for 25 cents.

Address all orders to T. A. Hickey, State Secretary. Hallettsville, Texas.

A United Press dispatch says that the war will be over in 90 days; as it will result in a deadlock. In the meantime says the A. P. correspondent several millions will be slaughtered before the peace treaty will be signed. Maybe God Almighty has decided that all the sad-gummed fools that vote the master's ticket must be killed off before the war ends, and then the Socialist republic will be established.

J. L. Lawson, executive member of the United Mine Workers who conducted the fight against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., is on trial as I write, for killing a mine guard. I positively know that he did not kill him, although I sincerely hope he did.

The Rebel wonders where President Wilson would come in if he would tell all he knows. There would be another Wilkes Booth and we bet our last year's Panama hat that he would be supplied from 26 Broadway.

Mr. W. G. Sterrett, who was formerly fish and game commissioner, says, that "bugologists" are no joke. He is right. Otherwise why in the hell was he on the editorial staff of the Ga.-Dal. News for thirty years.

"NEGROES AND LABORERS BARRED."

(By Covington Hall.)

Press dispatches from Washington, D. C., in yesterdays (April 18) New Orleans "Times-Picayune" stated that an order had been issued barring "negroes and laborers" from the elevators in a certain government building during certain hours of the day, when the "heads (?) of Departments" and the clerical aristocracy (?) were coming and departing from their work (?).

The negroes got hot in the collar as they said the order was aimed at them, but this was denied by the chiefs pointing out that the order debarred ALL "laborers", white as well as black.

That's always the way of the "Democratic" party — it "loves labor" — loves it so much it can't bear to see how poor and cheap it lives. Such a sight might cause the Grand Chiefs of the "Democratic" party to go and get an onion and actually shed tears.

But how do you muttonhead white Lumberjacks and Working Farmers who just couldn't join the Brotherhood "because it admitted colored MEN to membership" like that anti-laborer order?

Also, did it ever strike you that ALL the disfranchising laws of the "Democratic" party are aimed solely at the Workers? That there is no objection to Negro business men and capitalists voting? Are you aware that the suffrage laws of Louisiana, SAID to be aimed at the "Nigger", disfranchised over 80,000 white men by the most despotically adopted constitution ever put across on the "great (?) American people?" Think it over. Then look over in Europe and see if the Bosses stop at the COLOR of the troops they use?

If race lines don't trouble 'em, why should they split and defeat labor? Why? We are fools to fall for it.

The great melodrama of "Roosevelt and Barnes, or who is the Biggest Political Crook in America," will be staged for ten days and ten nights in the supreme court at Syracuse, N. Y. Both were Republicans of national standing, one the president of the United States, the other boss of the New York Republican machine, whom Roosevelt is charged with lebeling. The question is over whether Charles F. Murphy, boss of the "all-powerful, invisible government that is responsible for the mal-administration of affairs in the Empire State and who is boss of the New York democratic party, was linked with Barnes." It is a pity that the judge and jury has to debate this question, because everybody but a Southern Donk knows the statement to be true.

Come to think of it, John R. Lawson is being tried for murder this week. There must be something in that name of Lawson. It was Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, that first revealed the inside robbery of the Standard oil coterie. Do you remember that incident where he showed that H. H. Rogers made $36,000,000 in one "honest days' work," equal to 720,000 bales of coton at $50 per bale. Yes there must be something in that name of Law-Son, for is he not the son of the law?

Governor Ferguson lauded labor at the opening session of the State Federation of Labor. The Rebel wonders if he showed any of his usurious notes whereby he charged from 40 to 90 per cent for money loaned to labor.

EARLY KING COTTON SEED
4 cents per pound prepaid.
2tp T. B. Parmer, Desdemona, Tex.

PERSONAL

Will pay five dollars for locating John Lucas, farm hand or stationary engineer, height 5 feet 8; chunkey built, age about 50; speaks German and English. Unless found will divide his estate, soon.
Otto v. Rosenberg, Hallettsville, Tex

SOCIALIST SUMMER SCHOOL.

For Teachers and prospective teachers, also any person, who wishes to study any one or more of the 17 First and Second Grade Teachers Certificate Subjects or Socialism and Political Economy. Send for catalogue.
O. B. Kelley, Bowie, Texas.

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Hurrah for the Cattlemen!

The cattlemen of Texas in convention at San Antonio two weeks ago unanimously passed a resolution that is of immense significance to him who watches the signs and portents of the times. Boiled down it said:

"We demand the national ownership of the packeries of the United States."

Just think of that, you Donk-collared, blue-bellied Bourbon of the South! Just think of that, when five years ago you would have gutterally grunted to the Socialist: "You caint do it!"

And it may be said that even a Donk had justification for this prediction, because after all, what is there, living in society today, that is more individualistic than the cattleman, who with a lariat on his pommel, rides the range and watches his cattle on a thousand hills? His life is in the open, he shuns the cities, is uncomfortable on a railway train, abhors the Pullman, dislikes the viands at the Hotel Adolphus, never sees the smoke of a factory, and until recently, was scared when he heared the tinkle of the telephone bell.

Surely a change must have come over the spirit of their dreams! This is the reason why:

The cattleman has learned that the men that make the money in beef have never seen a prairie. They are acquainted with cobblestones instead of turf. Some of this money the cattleman, because he raises the raw product, has for more than a generation sought to obtain. He schemed for a plan that would enable him to secure a greater income from his earnings. He tried congress through the able assistance of Judge Cowan, and ran up against a stonewall that he could not surmount or get around.

In Lincoln, Neb., the Texas cattlemen watched the brothers of the Northwest start a packery in opposition to the beef trust and they fittingly located it within five blocks of William Brennings Jyan's home. They put five million dollars in the enterprise and although it was started thirteen years ago, it failed so quick that the heads of some of the old stockmen are still swimming at the recollection.

* * *

The Rebel makes it a rule never to repeat himsif, but a story we told on the Texas stockman some months ago is so rich that we make an exception in this case. It is a true story, happened in this state and can be easily verified. It rambles along this way:

The stockmen of Texas met in Fort Worth in 1902 and they howled like a branded calf at the exactions of Phil Armour and his pals. They represented far more than a hundred million dollars worth lands and cattle and thought they were some "long grass." They appointed a committee in the convention to ride over to Dallas and talk to the one man in whose knowledge of the business they had the greatest confidence. I refer to no less person than the famous Judge Simpson. The judge was deeply versed in the law, was himself raised on the range in the days when the cattle on the hoof were driven to Fort Dodge, Abilene and K. C.

The committee sat around his desk and then said the old judge:

"So you want to start a packery, do you? What power have you, how much money can you raise?"

The stalwart sun-burned sons of the plains said:

"We can raise five million dollars."

"It is not enough," came the blunt reply from the judge.

The committee looked at one another in amazement. Then the spokesman said, after vainly groping in his mind how he could raise a million extra:

"How much do you-all think we need, Judge?"

Like the crack of a whip came the incisive answer from the man who knew and whom the cattlemen came to because they knew he knew:

"To fight the beef trust, gentlemen, all you need is this: First, thirty years experience in the business. Second, between six and eight hundred million dollars. Third, two-thirds of the railways of the United States. Fourth, both branches of congress, the president and the supreme court, and then, gentlemen —" he drawled, "I figure you all will have a fighting chance."

* * *

Needless to say the cattlemen did not build packeries and to this good day Burkburnett and all his merry men are thankful to Judge Simpson for saving them from the inevitable financial wreck that faced them.

And that is the reason why the cattlemen of San Antonio have called upon the greatest power known to an American — the national government itself —to build packeries and thus save them from the depredations of the beef trust, that now pays 6 cents a pound for cattle on the hoof and charges the retailers 20 cents.

If you told a cattleman that by his resolution he was heading the government into Socialism he would probably regard it as a personal insult. You would have to tell it to him with a smile on your lips.

And yet this calls to mind the inevitable queston: Why should the government not own the coal mines, the railroads, the steamships, the cotton mills, as well as the packeries?

In short, why should not we, as a nation, collectively own the things that are collectively used and democratically manage them while we at the same time in the most thorough going fashion, hold to the private ownership of all these things that are in their nature private.

Hurrah for the progressive cattlemen of Texas!

OUR REBS.

Blank Sub. cards from Port Arthur and Denison, this week.

From Ganado, Tex., comes Comrade Mrs. W. A. Shutt for The Rebel, Int. Review, Pearson. combination, the biggest value one can find at $1.75. Better bargain than silk dresses for silvery songs.

Comrade Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Leesburg, send her husbands sub. He caught the "Spirit" from his son.

* * *

Comrade John Douglass, Blue Grove, works the other way: "This club of four are my grandsons. I am 91 years of age." Oh! you Kid!

* * *

"Here are four scalps. We are selling eggs that we get on Sunday to pay for Socialist papers. Will yet pay for home by Socialist votes made possible by Sunday eggs," writes Comrade D. P. Dickson, Moore, Tex. That's better than the Jewish tithing, for the percentage increases with each additional convert.

* * *

Rice Eason, Cornish, Okla., J. B. Meredith, Reed Springs, Mo., and H. C. Harris, Macon, Ga., were "out of town visitors," that wanted bundles of No. 193 and remitted for subs.

* * *

"One year Rebel, Int. Review, Pearsons, and $1.00 worth of books on Socialism, to wake the dead," writes "your ever true Comrade, J. F. Wear, Goodlet, Texas."

* * *

Secretary A. R. Davis, Stamford Local, sends four subs. "It does look like The Rebel alone could keep the Party awake," is the way he writes.

* * *

"Don't let me miss a copy of the dear old Rebel", is the way Comrade W. R. Westfall, Thurber, comes to bat with a "club."

* * *

"Let me suggest to the Comrades that they keep the sub. cards on hand. It is lots easier to get the sub. that way." That's the way Comrade Ernest Vogt, Electra, puts it as he remits for 20 cards.

It took a bundle of 50 and a list of 20 names to satisfy Comrade A. C. Walker, Baird. He did not fail in his duty to the "Special Land Edition."

* * *

J. A. Allen, Kirkland, sends a "bunch of five long-horns."

W. L. Lewis, Ryan, Okla., visited us with a "tribe of six Indians."

* * *

"You are certainly doing a great work and we are enthusiastically proud of you as a genuine A 1 success. Thanks for making our Clark lecture possible," writes Comrade Mrs. DeWitt Owens, the working secretary of Local Athens, Tex.

SOCIALIST TEACHERS AGENCY.
Desires correspondence with trustees who want Socialist teachers, and teachers wanting such schools.
W. O. Brannen, Druso, Tex.

A Soiled Cavalier of the South.

It has always happened, even since the days when Caesar thundered in the Roman senate, that in the heat of debate, whenever a fundamental question is up for discussion, the forum becomes the crucible in which men's souls and minds are analyzed.

Often the giant shrivels, and the seeming dwarf reaches man's stature. The Davids overthrow the Goliaths and the land of history marks the defenders of Old and New as they take the right or wrong side of the question and the right side is always the human side, the side on which King Demos smiles.

Such a debate occurred a few weeks ago in the Thirty-fourth legislature of Texas. The subject was the great question of whether the womanhood of our state should be granted the ballot and so clothed with the protection that goes with full citizenship.

Out of the Austin crucible there has emerged the smallest, cheapest thing in this state that wears the garb of man. His name is George W. Mendell, Jr., who has misrepresented the yeomanry of Travis county for the past two terms.

I know whereof I write because I have before me his speech printed verbatim in the Houston Post of April 11. Representing, as he does the constituency in the midst of which is planted the capitol of the largest and best state of the South, it might be expected that in a discussion in which the question of Woman's Rights was involved, that he would conduct himself in his speech with some of that fine chivalry that the South has laid claim to long before Robert E. Lee became an exemplar of what a Southern gentleman should be.

Unfortunately for this, mendacious Mendell, while posing as an orator by means of a glossary, he attacked the ladies who struggled so splendidly for the enfranchisement of their sex. He attacked them so, that, did he not have parliamentary protection, the able-bodied brothers of these ladies might have visited upon his cowardly hide the chastisement he so richly deserved.

• • •

The columns of this great religious weekly will not be besmirched by the publication of his ignoble utterances. I shall however beg the mercy of my readers and publish a couple of excerpts from this "speech" that will enable them to estimate him at his true value. The first is:

> "Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, my principal reason for opposing this resolution, is because I do not want to be instrumental, either directly or indirectly, in placing the ballot in the hands of 300,000 negro women and prostitutes in the state of Texas."

The first breach of courtesy that reveals a gulf between Mendell and a gentleman lies in the fact that the ignoramus joins together "negro women and prostitutes". No Southern gentleman who knew his black mammy of the Old South, regardless of how meagre might be his intellectual attainments, would be guilty of such a manifest insult to these defenseless women. The fellow does not seem to know that every school superintendent in South and East Texas has rejoiced and is rejoicing he has sent out to the world the knowledge that negro women are assiduously working during the full school term in domestic and industrial training of the young that is a delight to the eye to every white man that has examined their work. I personally know of hundreds of the best white people of Texas who would be delighted to personally chastise this Mendell if he dare bracket with prostitutes these worthy humans who are seeking to lift up their race. Add to these women, those in industry, on the farm and in the shop and laundry, in the country schols and college, who are trying to improve themselves in body, mind and morals, and to help the children of their color—then you can understand the Mendell who in order to make a point against woman's suffrage hesitates not to slander them and strike them down.

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Comes then this question: How about the 300,000,000 negro men? In sombre recollections rises before me the day when the Mendells acting as the agents for the rake, Culberson, foregathered at "owl meetings" in the country and floated into the saloons in the cities, and in loving embrace at the altar of John Barleycorn, seduced the African into voting the Donk ticket. Yes, the buck negro's black skin smelled good to the Mendell type of politician in the good old summer time, and—when the shades of night fell—I pause because I fear to describe how the mulatto population increased. And be it remembered in that day and time not one Socialist had ever lifted his or her voice in the South.

Hotfootedly follows this question: Suppose that all the negro women were black bawds as the slanderer implies, is that any reason in law or logic or in truth or fact why the white women of the South should be denied full citizenship?

Is it because of the delinquencies of some of their sex, white or black, that the virtuous women are to remain pariahs at our political gates.

Are the shortcomings of the African race the only shield that the Southern "chevalier" can guard himself with when the white hands of Texas womanhood reach out of their rightful possession — the ballot.

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To illustrate further: Suppose we admit that "300,000 negro women" are not qualified to use the ballot than their husbands. (As a matter of fact Mendell is wrong in his figures, as he is in his entire position, because not more than one-fourth of that number would be eligible to vote under present poll tax provisions.) Would their enfranchisement result in any situation different from the present where the negro men vote since the preponderance of white voters would remain? Or does the difficulty in the gentleman's mind lie in the fact that his courthouse gun-men clan cannot as successfully corrupt, cozen or terrorize the negro women at the polls because they are women, as thoroughly as they have the negro men in Grimes, Matagorda, Harrison, Brazos, McLennan, Colorado, Wharton, and other counties in the "Black Belt?"

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Can it be that this nonentity from Austin who emits his venom on the woman's suffrage cause while posing as a statesman, does not know of the recent record of male suffrage as developed under unimpeachable testimony in the courts of our country? Could the lowest type of woman, even if she were painted like Madame de Pompadour, and were scarlet as the Magdalene that washed the feet of Christ be so lost to all sense of civic virtue as the men in the Ohio town two years ago, where out of an electorate of 1600, 1589, including doctors, lawyers, preachers and newspapermen sold their franchise birthright for a mess of pottage?

Or does the gentleman fear the women as the Democratic ex-mayor feared them when he and the entire Terre Haute city and Vigo county official family acted as one to corrupt the entire electorate? Were it left to the men alone this pulling down of the American flag would have gotten by in the interest of the corporations who paid these dirty politicians. Fortunately the disfranchised women of Indiana stepped into the breach and fought the fight, and gathered the evidence that sent 116 of Mendell's Democratic pals — from mayor and sheriff down — over the road to Leavenworth where they are arrayed in stripes, and will now plaintively write home once a month that *"woman's place is in the home."*

Yes I wonder if that is the reason why the Austin "gentleman" was moved to so many words?

Mendell is naturally a conservative.

• • •

It is the province of conservatives of high or low degree to always oppose any fundamental change regardless how beneficial it may be to the masses. The Standard Oil's great leader in Montana said in 1902, when the first woman's suffrage movement got under way: "I am not opposed to woman's suffrage, *per se*, but I do object to disturbing the *status quo*. Therefore count me against woman's suffrage, regardless of what has been done by the women against the corporation-baiting Waite in Colorado, in support of the solidity of the Mormon church of Utah and Idaho, and our general experience in the mountain states. I am against woman's suffrage because I am satisfied with political conditions as they are and I do not want a change."

The name of this leader was Cornelius (Con) F. Kelly, the chief legal representative of the Amalgamated Copper Company and the Standard Oil interests generally of Montana, whose word was the law among the western Hessians of Wall street.

It might appear that nothing further need be said by me at this time in replying to the diatribe of Mr. Mendell. To be perfectly plain, I have only used this wastrel as a Salvation Army captain wauld use a filthy drukard before a street crowd to illustrate the horrors of drink. Yet it seems to me, my task it not done, because Mendell has transcended all the bounds of decency when he personally attacked Miss Todd because she is supposed to have used the term the nineteen men out of twenty in Texas use every day "What we women have *gotta do.*"

The trouble with his poor Donk politician is that he either strained for a point and lied, or his ear deceived him, because it is a mater of pedagogic record that can be substantiated by the teachers Federation of Chicago, or other great educational bodies of that city and state that Miss Helen Todd has had the reputation for years in Illinois as a gifted teacher, writer, orator, and of being one of the mistresses of the queen's English. But, suppose it were true that the lady were illiterate, how would that affect the principles of the cause that she represents? She honestly believed that she was the guest of the Thirty-fourth legislature and like myself would not think that it was possible that one of its members (barring the vulgar Haxthausen) should sink so low as to hold up to scorn a lady because she supposedly made a slip of the tongue that a supreme court justice could easily make.

I cannot stop until I call attention to a further step of Mendell in the region of degeneracy. Speaking of the good ladies who were representing their cause so finally to the legislature he said:

> "I have noticed those who were here lobbying for the resolution and I wondered if they had homes to take care of and look after., and I have wondered if the duties of the home had been neglected, and if the good neighbors are administering to the neglected ones."

How typical! How characteristic of a Donk politician on Capitol Hill. He begs the question. He evades the issue. He replies to no argument. He summons no logic. He asks for no reason. The scurvy skate simply turns his mud bateries upon ladies whose shoe-latches he is unfit to lace. He reveals thereby the heighth—if you can call it so—of his mentality. He reveals himself as he is: The ordinary courthouse square ringster who never joins an issue in a just cause, but shuffles, backbites, dodges, evades, like a cuttle-fish that muddies the water when escaping from the fishermen, or like the skunk that utters a pestilential stench to escape his pursuers, or (when the fellow paid a tribute to Southern womanhood) like the vampire before sucking its victim's blood, first fans it with his wings—so does this malicious Mendell attack the ladies of the South who but request a right that is so apparent that every genuine Southern gentleman is as willing to grant it as he would be to rush to the assistance of a woman in peril. Even the Donk legislature after his Bourbon utterances voted 84 to 42 against him.

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When the Thirty-fifth legislature orders the referendum vote in which the manhood will give to their mothers, wives and sisters the ballot, I have no doubt but that the ladies of the Lone Star will, true to their traditions of the sex cast the mantle of charity over the craven form of the miserable Mendell.

Land League.

LAND LEAGUE OF AMERICA

(Mrs. W. S. Noble, Assistant Sec-Treas., Rockdale, Texas.)

A FOUR FLUSHER.

(*By W. S. Noble.*)

Those who read the newspapers (I don't mean the Dal. News for if you read it alone you certainly know you know nothing except what the master class wants you to know) read with a great deel of interest the statement that a Landlord-Banker was going to take the Stewart family and give them a chance to make good. He closed his offer to give them a farm with the following remarkable expression:

"I should like to see what he can do for himself and family if placed in a community of churches, schools, and PROSPEROUS tenants."

You will remember I was appointed by the commission to get Stewart to move on the Getzendaner farm. I had one of the government employes to write Mr. Stewart a letter asking him to take the matter up at once with Mr. Getzendaner and move there and make good, and filed a carbon copy of the letter with the Commission.

What was my surprise to receive the following letter from Mrs. Stewart:

"Savoy, Tex., March 24, 15.

W. S. Noble. — Kind Sir.—

We have not found a place yet where we could get help to make a crop. My husband has been gone ever since we returned home, hunting a place or work. I heard from him Saturday, he had made 85c since he left, said he might find work at Moore Spur, Oklahoma. I do not know what in God's name we will do if we don't get a place or some work. We are in the came after us. I do not know how long we can stay here. I wrote to Mr. Getzendaner and told him we had four good mules and if he would let us have land and assist us to get feed and supplies to make a crop, we would be, oh so glad to come. He wrote me, he made the proposition to the Commission to take us to see if we would make good. But that he did not feel able to take the responsibility to furnish us and that land was in great demand, and *he had to help them that was on his place.*" If you can help us to find a place write me at once.

Respectfully Mrs. Beulah Stewart."

Think of it. "*Prosperous community of Tenants*" and "*Will have to help them that are on my place*".

From the Evening Journal of March 17, I reproduce the following from Getzendaner's testimony:

"Judging from Mr. Getzendaner's testimony the Ellis county farmers are doing well. In 1913 from a crop of 100 acres he says a tenant made a profit of $2,100. In 1914 the same tenant made clear of rent $1,600. One of his tenants who worked on the halves made in 1913 $1,200 and in 1914 made $902."

Yet when he made those statements he was knowingly citing exceptional cases which did not correctly represent the tenant or was just fooling like he was when he rushed into print and offered these worthy poor people a home; then sidestepped when his bluff was called.

Let the world know Getzendaner is a cheap four flusher, typical of his class, and undertook to deliberately mislead the commission and the public.

I have written for Getzendaner's letter to Mrs. Stewart and will send it to the commission to same house we were when you put it with the other matter in the Stewart case, so throughout all time the government will have the evidence of his perfidy.

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Come alive, you renters; organize the Land League. Do it now. Wife writes to say she is very busy but it does her heart good to see the way you are organizing and wakeing up.

Organize a Land League and do it at once so we can dictate terms for another year and in order to do this you must organize.

Remember I am on the road and Mrs Noble is attending to the office, so write her.

LAND LEAGUE IN SCOTT CO.

Phil. A. Hafner, of Benton, Mo., is one of the best known men in Missouri. He is editor of the leading local newspaper in Scott county, a paper that is full of the spirit of revolution as well as of newsy items of local interest.

The following article is taken from The Kicker of March 27, by Mrs. W. S. Noble acting secretary of the Land League, which furnishes an interesting sidelight on the renting situation there, and shows that the Land League of America has secured a firm foothold in Southern Missouri:

Renters Organizing.

That the unrest among tenant farmers continues to grow is very evident. And that there is good reason for it is also true. The tenant farmer of Southeast Missouri hasn't far to go to be on a level with the Mexican peon before he rebelled. But in Mexico there was no way out except to fight. The masses were denied the ballot.

In a country where the humblest citizen has the power of the ballot, the masses can only win by the ballot. To attempt force or unlawful means only injures the cause in behalf of which such means are employed. For a time such methods may appear victorious— as in the tobacco belt of Kentucky a few years ago — but such victories are only temporary. A permanent victory can only be gained by an intelligent use of the ballot— and that requires the education of the masses.

I am told that the south part of the county the farmers have secretly organized a Renter's Union that is already quite powerful. I am glad to hear this— except that I am not glad to hear that in a so-called "free country" the men who feed and clothe us must do secretly what the national and state constitutions says they have a perfect right to do openly.

But the fact that they are doing it secretly is the strongest proof that these farmers are beginning to understand to what extent their so-called freedom is a joke. I am told that these farmers are very much in earnest and that in their discussions violent means are sometimes hinted at.

I hope the latter is not true. But if it is, let me give these farmers a little advice. You can gain nothing by unlawful methods. That the laws are bad, I admit, but you cannot change them by getting in jail. In co-operation with the wage-workers you are fifty to one at the ballot box. Study and discuss government at your meetings and use your ballot in the interest of your wife and babies. Quit voting the same ticket as your landlord and banker. They live from your labor, and what is to their interest cannot be to yours.

Organize thoroughly all over the county, and when you have done that you will be respected. An individual can be crushed or driven out, but an organized body of usfficient strength is different. The one thing the plutes don't want is organization among the workers. They understand the power of organization.

Above all things, be kind, humane and just. You cannot expect justice when you are unwilling to extend it. If a neighbor refuses to join you, do not try to force him by intimidation. He may not yet see the hole he is in, and the way out. Treat him kindly, give him time, and he will see. Always remember that it took a long time for you to see.

The one viper you may surely expect is the traitor. There is not a working class organization anywhere in which the capitalists have not their hired spies, and detectives. And they bribe no fools. These spies usually work themselves up as "leaders."

While it is altogether improbable that any are in the Scott county movement so early in the game, yet it is well to look out for them even NOW.

If I were a member of the Renter's Union, I would suspect the first PROMINENT member who advocated violence.

The farmers of Scott county have a powerful advantage that the farmers of other counties have not. They have a newspaper at their service.

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Since writing the above I learn that there are three well organized unions in the southern part of the county affilliated with the national organization. Last November, at its national convention at Waco, Texas, the organization changed its name from Renter's Union to The Land League of Anerica. It is very strong in Texas and there the land question is a political issue that overshadows all others.

National headquarters are at Rockdale, Texas, and W. S. Noble is the national secretary. To organize a Union it requires ten members or more. The entrance fee is one dollar, which includes the first quarter's dues and a year's subscription to the Actual Farmer, the official organ of the organization. Women free. Eligible to membership are the tenant farmers, the farm laborers and home-owning farmers who till their own soil, but do not rent any of it. Colored farmers are organized into separate locals.

In other words, only those farmers whose economic interests are the same, or very nearly so, may become members. It was the conflicting interests in the Farmers' Union here some ten years ago that wrecked it. Landlords, bankers, politicians, merchants and almost anybody that happened to have a speck of ground could get into it, whether he worked the ground or let the other fellow work it.

Against this conglomeration of conflicting interests the Land League has carefully guarded. For information write W. S. Noble, Rockdale, Texas.

ROSE-COMB Silver Wyandotte prizewinning strain. Eggs 15, $1.00, 50 $3.00, 100 $5.00. A. S. JOINER, Hamlin, Texas.

KING OF THE WEST—My seed will produce more cotton per acre make better sample; will bring higher price. Extra high linting. Also have "Half and Half" which has all the qualities that is desired. $3 per bushel each. W. N. Haynie, 8tp Rt. 1, Lawn, Texas

WANTED—Information as to my fifteen-year-old son, Charlie Perkins, who left home last September. Has light hair, gray eyes, fingers of right hand crippled. Comrades help me find him. Address: G. L. Perkins, 4tp Huntington, Texas.

STANDARD BOOKS ON SOCIAL QUESTION— "Progress & Poverty" by Henry George. Price 12c; in handsome red cloth, 24c; full leather, 50c; mail free. "The Foundation of Freedom". The key to "Progress & Poverty". 10c or bound in cloth, 25c; postpaid. Send stamps or money order John Bagot, Ltd., Middleton, Lancashire, England.