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TOM HICKEY'S MAGAZINE

We Must Have Peace Even Though We Have to Fight for It

VOL. I.

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No. 1



"To Hell With the Pope"
(A Wondrous Papal Remedy)

The Majesty of "Ma"

La Follette, Next President

The Waters of Tarrant

Will Make Fort Worth the City of the South—Double Our Population, and Make Farm Land Worth \$400.00 an Acre.

The Fake of Prohibition

Bootlegger Pros Triumph—Law Despised—Political Preachers Blamed—Remedy, Wilson's Light Wine and Beers

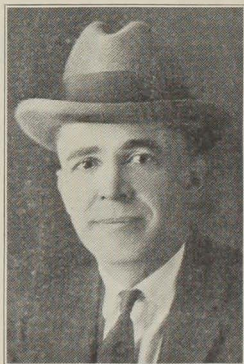
The Madness of the Medicos

Sixty Per Cent Incompetent—Why Form a Medical Trust? Fakery and Frauds in Healing Art Legalized!

POTASH KING, A. D. SMITH, A POTENTIAL MILLIONAIRE

They may have a prince over in Canada, but the Canucks have nothing on us because we have a king right here in Fort Worth. He is about the same age as the Prince of Wales, and there the resemblance ends. Because our Fort Worth king is far handsomer, and more manly looking than the heir to the British throne. This king is known as the Potash King; his name is A. D. Smith. He was born in the Hibernian town of Sullivan, Indiana, in 1890. Much to the sorrow of his feminine friends, he has dodged all Cupid's shafts, which is not at all strange when you know that his heart and mind is centered on his business to such an extent that he lives, walks, talks, writes and at night dreams—Potash.

There are just two men that control potash in Texas; one is S. F. Johnson, the boss of the Texas Development Company, that made the first potash discovery in Crane county, and has discovered six strata of potash from 700 to 1542 feet, while drilling for oil in Crane county, near a mighty salt lake where the potash crystals are found. Mr. Johnson has fifty thousand acres under lease, and Mr. A. D. Smith has succeeded in securing seventeen thousand acres close in to the Johnson well, so that it is practically proven territory. When we realize that the potash lands of Alsace that the Germans have controlled is worth a million dollars an acre; when we realize that potash is so rarely found that the Germans control the world's market and as a result of that we nearly lost the war, possessing, as they do, 90 per cent of this



A. D. Smith

commodity that is indispensable in the arts, agriculture and industry; and when we further realize that America buys a million tons at a price of one hundred and sixty dollars per ton that cost the Germans less than a dollar per ton to mine, and when we further consider that many million more tons would be used as fertilizer were it not at a prohibitive price, we can readily understand that a potash mine is as valuable as a diamond mine, and hence A. D. Smith is being looked up to now as a potential millionaire—one of these fortunates who has wrung from nature's bosom a secret that pays in seven or eight figures. Young Smith's career reads like a romance. He has been in the oil game practically all his life. In 1909 at 19 years

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The Potash Lake

Wallace Malone is one of the best known young lawyers in North Central Texas. His popularity can be gauged by the fact that by



a mere announcement and without putting on any campaign he swept Tarrant county for Lieutenant-Governor in the last primary and came within a few votes of securing a clear majority over all his opponents in his home county. He has served two terms in the Legislature and can go back to that house of discord at any time he desires. In his boyhood days Wallace was a telegraph operator and is known state-wide as labor's unquestioned champion. There is probably more beneficent labor legislation to his credit on the statute books of Texas than any other man. Wallace is a most lovable character and has the record of doing more legal work without charge for the poor and down-trodden than any other member of the bar. If there were more Wallace Malones in the world it would be a far better place to live in.

Judge—I'm surprised at your going to law over a pig. Why don't you settle it out of court?

"We was goin' to settle it out of court, yer honor, only a cop come and pulled us apart."

LAND QUESTION — TERRIBLE TENANTRY FIGURES

Texas stands first among the 48 states in area. There are 268,000 square miles within our borders. Reduced to acreage this amounts to 172,000,000 acres.

This acreage may be classified as follows:

12,000,000 acres worthless, useless minerals thereon.

16,000,000 acres good for grazing purposes only.

27,000,000 acres cultivated.

117,000,000 acres tillable land in virgin shape held for speculative purposes.

The sum total of these figures is 172,000,000 acres. With but 27,000,000 acres cultivated out of 144,000,000 we see that only one acre out of every five and a half approximately, is cultivated. This condition would not be intolerable were it not for the fact that there are approximately 260,000 heads of families who are tenants, paying rent of one-third in feed stuffs and one-fourth in cotton, unless the landlord supplies house, tools and teams, and then the tenant has to pay one-half the crop.

This tenantry condition is all the more deplorable when we consider that in 1860 there was not one land tenant in Texas.

Before our state can be truly great it must be a state of home-owners, not miserable landlord-racked tenants.

It were useless to point out this economic crime unless we can supply a remedy. Here is one that I believe will remedy the situation:

Tax all the uncultivated land at the same rate as the cultivated land of the same class and character.

In other words, if A owns a section of land and refuses to cultivate it and lives in New York or elsewhere, while B owns an adjoining section that he is working to the limit in the nature of things it is unjust that the man and his family and hired help who are producing their share of the world's wealth should have their eyeballs taxed off while the man who refuses to produce, escapes practically scot free of taxation. And escapes taxation while his land is being enormously increased in value by the labor of the man who is producing.

WHAT BIG MEN SAY ABOUT "BATTLING BOB"

Tom Hickey's Magazine is for Bob La Follette because he is honest, progressive, fearless and does not wear the corporation collar.



I wish my readers to know what the great statesmen of the nation think of this gallant fighter for the people's rights.

The late Chief Justice Clark of North Carolina said: "La Follette is more than a Republican, more than a Democrat. Above all men of my time he is the representative of

the great common people of this country in the United States Senate."

Wall Street also remembers that both Roosevelt and Wilson have lauded La Follette's leadership when partisanship was not in the saddle.

Roosevelt wrote of La Follette's five years as Governor: "Thanks to the movement for genuinely democratic government which Senator La Follette led to overwhelming victory in Wisconsin, the state has become literally a laboratory for wise, experimental legislation, aiming to secure the social and political betterment of the people as a whole."

Woodrow Wilson said of La Follette in a speech at Wilmington, Del., in October, 1912: "I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, I take off my cap to Bob La Follette. He has snever taken his eye, for a single moment, from the goal he set out to reach. He has walked a straight line to it in spite of every temptation to turn aside. * * * I have sometimes thought of Senator La Follette climbing the mountain of privilege * * * taunted, laughed at, called back, going steadfastly on and not allowing himself to be deflected for a single moment, for fear he also should hearken and lose all his power to serve the great interests to which he had devoted himself."

"I love these lonely figures climbing the ugly mountain of privilege. But they are not so lonely now. I am sorry for my own part that I did not come in when they were fewer. There was no credit to come in when I did. The whole nation had awakened."

If the truth about the brazen attempt of Wall Street to control government through the two old parties can be gotten to the people of the United States, La Follette and Wheeler will be swept triumphantly into the White House next November.

State after state falls into line. One by one the forces of the profiteers and the 20,000 war-made millionaires are being routed.

Let no one mislead you. This is the fight of the common people against privilege and Wall Street.

Your duty is to see your neighbors and friends and enlist them. United action means victory.

Carry Texas for La Follette and then you are really democratic.

WATERS OF TARRANT WORK FOR CONSERVATION

By W. E. BIDEKER



Probably the most important question ever submitted to the voters of Tarrant County will occur on October 7th. The question is, will the voters of Tarrant County give away the most valuable asset they have, one-fifth of all the running water of Texas, or will they vote to retain these rights and utilize them for their own benefit.

This election does not in any way call for the voting of bonds. It only provides the funds necessary to authorize the investigation of the water resources of Tarrant County; to determine what can be done to control and eliminate flood damage in the county and to locate available sites for the storage of water to be used for irrigation and industrial purposes.

It is true the election calls for a tax. It asks the voter to authorize the issuance of short term notes to pay the cost of investigation, engineers' surveys, plans, blue-prints, testing and the covering of available dam sites, etc. This amount is so small it could hardly be called a tax. A levy of two cents on 100.00 assessed valuation. The average property owner rendering property to the value of \$4000.00 would only pay 80 cents, and any person rendering property valued at \$1000.00 would pay only 20 cents. Surely, for so small an amount the voters of Tarrant County will not sacrifice their water rights!

The question is merely whether Tarrant County wants to investigate her water resources, to find out what she has in the way of future supply; whether she wants to find what can be done to prevent disastrous floods. This in itself should be enough to carry the issue overwhelmingly. Were it not enough, the fact that if Tarrant County does not show her good faith by making such investigation, her rights to the streams in the county pass from her control. Other counties, more progressive, in seeking their water supplies, may step in and file upon every project in Tarrant County, leaving the people of this

county absolutely at their mercy. Any private corporation may do the same thing.

It would be little short of calamity for such a situation to develop, but it will develop if the voters of Tarrant County haven't the foresight to protect their own rights by voting a small tax to make the preliminary investigation.

The future of Tarrant County is in the hands of its voters. The responsibility of progress and success for Tarrant County depends entirely on the way you vote. Will you accept the responsibility and vote for Progress?

Write these names on your ballot for Water Commissioner:

W. E. BIDEKER
H. M. HIGHTOWER
W. E. AUSTIN
W. C. WEEKS
V. S. WARDLAW

JUDICIAL ANARCHISTS SHOULD BE IMPEACHED

The California Supreme Court, by handing down its infamous decision refusing to allow the La Follette electors on the ballot, is but living up to their evil traditions. For many years they lived under the stigma of being owned heart, mind, body and conscience by the Southern Pacific Railway. This is a terrible statement to make, if I could not prove it. So I cheerfully do so. Here are the facts:

Turn to Pacific Reporter No. 75 and read the decision in the case of Ames vs. S. P. R. R. On page 310 Justice Shaw uses this language: "This is the first time to my knowledge in which it has been held that the rules and regulations of a Railway Company are of greater potency than the laws of the land."

This anarchistic decision, produced anarchy. The pen that wrote that decision lit the spark that caused the Los Angeles Times building to be blown up by dynamiters, some time after. Decisions such as the recent one that enables one man to deny the right of 700,000 citizens to vote for the La Follette electors is a certain way to breed trouble. Let us hope the rascals are impeached and Bob La Follette carries California.

Garfield Crawford is the best known newspaper man in Fort Worth. He knows the game of the fourth estate from hell box to



the editorial tripod. He started his career in Shelby, Montana, twenty-odd years before the Dempsey fiasco. He owned, edited, set up and business managed the Shelby Democrat, and after building the paper up he sold out at a handsome profit and started playing in the big time, working on papers like the Portland Oregonian, The Dallas News, Star-Telegram, Fort Worth Record, and other metropolitan dailies. He founded the Fort Worth Critic and later merged it into the National Oil Journal, from which paper he retired with honor last year. During all his life Garfield has been an enthusiastic Republican and is now the Fort Worth manager for Dr. Butte in his campaign against Mrs. Ferguson. Garfield tells me that he will get out an enormous vote in Tarrant county for the Doctor, and I should not be at all surprised, because he possesses the real political ability and energy that is so necessary in an up-to-date campaign manager. Garfield is not an office seeker and if his tastes lay in that direction the best federal gift at the disposal of the Republican bosses would be his

because of the years of service he has rendered to the organization. If a vote were taken today in Fort Worth as to who is the most popular citizen, I have no doubt but that Garfield Crawford would be elected by an overwhelming majority. May the tribe of Crawford ever increase.

—o—

John W. Davis is going to be beaten for the presidency. He will not be beaten because he is Morgan's lawyer, but he will be beaten because William Jennings Bryan is supporting him. Bryan is the Apostle of Mediocrity. I have just written his biography, boiled down. Here it is:

He is the soldier that never fought a battle.

He is the lawyer that never wrote a brief.

He is the farmer that never plowed a furrow.

He is the Christian that never saved a soul.

He is the printer that never stuck a stick of type.

He is the statesman that never passed a law.

He is the leader who never won a victory.

He resembles the river Platte, on whose banks he was born, seven hundred miles long and one foot deep. William Jennings Bryan of Florida.

—o—

Edwin Markham, America's greatest poet, author of "The Man With the Hoe," lectured in Dallas last year and was the guest of "Pitchfork" Smith. When about to depart, the poet asked Pitchfork how he could repay him for his wonderful Southern hospitality. "Write me a quatrain, Ed," said the genial editor. Markham took a sheet of blank paper and wrote this beautiful verse that Pitchfork gave me permission to publish:

"LOVE AND HATE.

"They drew a circle to keep me out
Something to scorn, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win;
We drew a circle and took them in."

Talking of quatrains, try this one on your piano, because there is a lot of philosophic truth in it:

David and Solomon led merry, merry lives;
David and Solomon had many, many wives.
But when old age came on them they had
most serious qualms,
So Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David
wrote the Psalms.

PROHIBITION PARASITES THE BOOTLEGGERS' FRIEND

"Good bye little Saloon
Now don't you cry
For you'll be a drug store
Bye and bye."

I used to sing the above classic refrain to mighty audiences in Texas in the dear, dead days before the war, and prior to the Volsteadian regime. That the drug store would succeed the saloon and that the bootlegger would succeed the licensed victualler was as certain as that the political preacher had succeeded the statesmen in our state and national life. As a result intolerance and passion has taken the place of law and logic and for the first time in our history we are in a position as a nation to get gloriously par-boiled drunk!

Before the political preachers, prohibition hypocrites and plutocratic parasites gained control of our legislature we were moving steadily to a rational settlement of the liquor question. Twenty years ago the saloons were open seven days a week. I remember well when dead game sports would pull off game chicken fights in the back yards of saloons, while decent people walked to church. Under the pressure of public opinion, chicken fights were stopped and the saloons were closed all day Sunday. At that time saloons were open all night and then we passed a 12 o'clock closing law, which was enforced all over the state. Then we had the 9:30 o'clock law passed under Colquit's administration; the county and precinct liquor option law was getting in its work with splendid effect. People did not have to have saloons in their cities, towns, or counties, unless they wished!

The result was that all West Texas was practically dry. There was only two saloons between Fort Worth and El Paso on the T. & P. Great cities like Dallas, Texarkana and Waco went dry and we were well on the way to a drastic early closing law, that would have permitted these saloons to open at 10 a. m. and close at three, on week days. While some men planned to remove the saloon entirely from the nation's life and have liquor sold by governmental agencies, as is done in

Canadian provinces and many nations in Europe.

This sane and sensible way of handling the liquor traffic did not suit the intolerant political preachers and parasite prohibition politicians. They preferred the "Bull in the China shop" stunt. They handled the liquor situation with the ax of fanaticism instead of the pen of reason. The result is plainly shown in the disorderly situation that confronts us now; that reveals itself in a condition wherein we see a mighty nation brought to its knees in an orgy of debauchery, license and drunkenness. The state becomes the ally of the bootlegger. Law is mocked at. Grand juries are made fun of and the law enforcement officers are regarded as a howling joke!

In the halcyon days before the war there was not one bootlegger in fifty counties in Texas. Now there is, conservatively, at least fifty bootleggers in every populous county. Before the war we bought good distilled spirits and beers and at a reasonable price; today we get little beer but have rivers of "roasting ear wine," sold at an exorbitant price. The brewers, distillers and wine growers paid hundreds of millions yearly to maintain the government. The bootlegger and his pal pays nothing but occasional petty fines which in the aggregate is less than the cost of arresting them.

We used to see the criminal tremble in the federal court presence. All such fear has fled, and the federal courts are now looked upon by the criminals with thorough contempt.

If our prudish puritanical prohibition advocates were not superficial shysters, they might have known that prohibition could not be a success in the United States. The failure of their policy has been demonstrated. For centuries in every country in which it has been tried it miserably failed. As we measure time through the centuries it was not long after Christ had made the wine—the new wine—the strong wine—with a powerful kick—at the wedding feast in Caanan that Mohammed enacted the first prohibition law in 606 A. D. Then automatically the first bootlegger appeared and he has continued to function through the centuries until some few years ago when the Turkish pro-

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"TO HELL WITH THE POPE" CEASE TEMPORAL POWER

The above cry has rang through the centuries at different times in all the civilized countries of the earth. It was first heard on the bank of the Bosphorus in the seventh century after Mahomet had drawn his shining sword and declared himself the prophet. In the fight between the Crescent and the Cross, between Mahomedanism and Christianity, much blood was shed and always and ever the Turks went down to defeat welcoming death because they believed that instantly the gates of paradise opened and they left for Kingdom Come crying "To Hell with the Pope."

In the Middle Ages the cry was renewed. Henry VIII, although he had been honored by the Pope as Defender of the Faith went into rebellion against the Pontiff and the cry of "To Hell with the Pope" rang from Lands End to John of Greats.

Because the lustful king had seven spouses and wished Katherine of Aragon divorced so that he could marry Anne Boylen and the Pope refused to grant them a divorce, holding to the old law that "He that I put together let no man put asunder," the king furnished power and protection for Protestant churches that were being organized then by Calvin Knox and others after the revolt of Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms. Thus Protestantism got well under way and many of the Catholic kings of Europe, who for centuries had recognized and paid tribute to the Pope as a ruler over both spiritual and temporal affairs of their countries, aided along the work of reformation.

It was customary in those days for the Pope to punish kings who offended him by making them walk in their bare feet as a sign of humility to Cannossa. But the widespread revolt of Luther and others caused this practice to be stopped and the recalcitrant kings joyfully shouted, "To Hell with the Pope."

After the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, set up their colony in Massachusetts, whipped and burned witches and fought amongst themselves and caused Roger Williams to leave the Massachusetts colony and form his own colony, devoted to religious freedom of thought, in Rhode Island, he and

Cotton Mather and all other Protestant leaders, despite their internal dissensions, unanimously agreed to shout, "Perdition to the Pontiff."

The cry continued to echo through the centuries. When Washington was organizing his forces for the revolution, he wished as a military measure to seize Canada and entered into negotiation with Catholic Irish immigrants there with that laudable object in view. To General Washington's chagrin he found that his plans were endangered because an anti-Papal demonstration was taking place in the streets of Boston, where the Pope was burned in effigy and thousands of voices poured anathema upon the ruler of the Catholic Church.

Later on the Know Nothing movement assumed immense portions in the forties and fifties of the last century. They elected the mayor of the City of New York, a majority of the House of Representatives at Washington, and carried five states in 1856. This movement was based on hatred of the Papal See.

In 1870 the great Italian, Garibaldi, marched with his red shirts on Rome, much as Mussolini marched with his black shirts two years ago, and to the cry of "To Hell with the Pope" he took away the last vestige of temporal power from the Pontiff, who claimed rulership over the Italian Papal states, in which the church had enormous property holdings. From that day to this, the Pope has been a prisoner in the Vatican. When a man is elected Pope by the College of Cardinals, he condemns himself to life imprisonment in the Shadows of Saint Peters. And as he gazes out from his windows overlooking the Tiber, he can hear the cry of the mob in the home of his fathers, in that ancient city where other Popes ruled Christendom back to the days of Saint Peter, and he mournfully may say that the gates of hell have prevailed against the church while the mob passes by shouting, "To Hell with the Pope."

Catholic France has become agnostic and atheist. Some years ago the nuns were driven out of the French Republic. Catholicism is not growing and I am certain that if the Pope should order the Catholics of the United States to take any political measures they

would rise in instant rebellion against his authority.

Ireland, most Catholic of all countries, has had a serious split in the church recently. The De Valera Republicans denounced the Pope in unmeasured terms.

The recent Ku Klux Klan movement in the United States would not have been possible if it were not that they were able to fan into flames the latent resentment against the Pope that is found in every state in the Union.

What is the remedy for this condition of affairs?

How can they, oldest of all Christian churches, the mother church that made Christianity possible and that carried the torch of Christian truth through the centuries, how can it return to its old-time glory and grandeur? There is a way. Just one way, and one way only, and that is for the Pope to issue a Bull in which he absolutely renounces all temporal power and orders that the church shall proceed to have dominion only in the spiritual affairs of men's lives. Unless the Holy Father takes this attitude, the church cannot grow in America. In the United States, the vast majority of our people would shed the last drop of their blood for the great American principle of separation of church and state. He that would unite church and state invites political suicide. He would have a short shrift. To that principle we are as a nation pledged, and indeed the fathers of the Texas Republic were so emphatic upon that point that they placed in the Texas Constitution a section that provided that no preacher should be eligible to election to the House of Representatives.

In this day of discord and turbulence engendered by the recent war, all good citizens should strive with might and main to allay factional feeling and religious strife and thus promote the peace that the Prince of Peace died to bring on this earth. A tremendous step in that direction can be taken by the Pope surrendering the temporal power he claims and which after all, in the light of experience, is only a vague theoretical power that can never be galvanized into a practical achievement. I would like to see the churches of the nations come together and cease their quibbling over creeds and dogmas, dotting "i's" and crossing "t's," and I firmly believe

that the first great step towards this universal peace could and should be taken by the Pope renouncing temporal power.

It is just possible that the Pope will eventually take this position when he realizes that every attempt to unite church and state is not only disastrous in America, but is a failure in every civilized nation. Should the Pontiff take this position, then we may see come into existence a new order of things, where a modern Pontiff can stand in the Vatican and say:

"I am Peter, and on this rock I build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

LAWYERS' BAD BREAK — TELEPHONE COMPANY RIGHT

During the present hearing on Fort Worth Telephone rate adjustments, the attorneys representing the city brought a storm of indignation about their heads, when they sought to prove that the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company paid the Hello girls too much wages and spent too much money on rest-rooms and other conveniences for these hard working and thoroughly indispensable factors in our business and home life. This is a new kind of argument that is raised by the city solons. Too long have we had reason to deplore the unfair treatment of working women by soulless corporations. Accordingly, when a corporation treats its women employees fairly, gives them pleasant surroundings to work in, does not stint them on their little pay envelope and consequently is able to give the magnificent service that the Southwestern is giving in Fort Worth, that corporation should be applauded instead of censured, and the telephone subscribers of Fort Worth will have nothing but condemnation for the legal lights that propose any reduction in their well-earned wages and good treatment.

I would suggest to these attorneys that this is the day of woman suffrage and they may find themselves on a feminine blacklist that will put them in limbo so far as future service to the City of Fort Worth is concerned.

"Rastus, is my bath warm?"

"Yassir, the wahmest Ah wa' evah in."

MADNESS OF MEDICOS 40 PER CENT INCOMPETENT

That 40 per cent of the regular physicians of Texas are utterly incompetent is the startling claim of Dr. Rosser of Dallas, president-elect of the State Medical Association of Texas.

My experience is that the doctor has underestimated the incompetency of the medicos of Texas. If he had said 60 per cent I believe he would not have overstated the situation. The record of the medical profession of all the centuries is that what they teach in one generation, they revise or entirely cast out in the next generation. The vast majority of them in the past have had an unenviable record as reactionists. It was not by any accident that the medicos of the eighteenth century wanted to mob the immortal Harvey when he discovered that the blood actually circulated through the human body.

Along with their brothers of the cloth, the doctor believed that the world was flat and had four corners and that we were living in a three-story house. Downstairs was hell, we were on earth and upstairs was heaven. These old-time medicos believed that our blood stood still, our brain was in our solar plexus and our gray matter was simply grease in a cup that oiled the backbone. A large proportion of the country doctors of Texas have not advanced much beyond that position.

"Throw physic to the dogs," said Shakespeare, while failing to remark that the dogs would refuse the medicos gift, is a piece of advice that the average medico cannot grasp. The tremendous therapeutic value of a fast on the human system passes entirely over the heads of the vast majority of physicians.

In 1880, Dr. Tanner of Minneapolis fasted 40 days amidst the direful wailings of the doctors of every land and clime, but the lion-hearted Irishman came through and died a few months ago in his eighty-fifth year. About four years ago Terrence McSweeney, mayor of Cork, Ireland, fasted 76 days, and again the medico was mystified at the marvelous power of the human body and brain. It may interest these gentlemen to know that nine other men were arrested with Cork's mighty mayor, and because they were not in the limelight these doctors do not know that

all nine heroes went 94 days without an ounce of food and finally broke their fast on the order of Arthur Griffiths, president of the Irish Free State.

I am profoundly convinced that too many people dig their graves with their teeth. More deaths occur from over indulgence in food than in alcoholic stimulants. For the last hundred years more people have died from coffee than from whiskey. Coca Cola is more dangerous than corn. Whiskey saved more than a million lives in the recent influenza epidemic and the lack of whiskey caused more than a million deaths during that epidemic. Conservatively, 50 per cent of the physicians know nothing about the medicinal value of pure cold water, taken by the gallon the day during a fast, nor do they know about the life-giving properties of whiskey for colds, influenza and other ailments. In fact, Dr. Rosser himself has given abundant evidence of being woefully ignorant on this particular phase of materia medica.

Now comes the question, if I am right that 60 per cent of the physicians are incompetent, or even if Dr. Rosser is right that 40 per cent of the physicians are incompetent, what sane reason can the medical trust of Texas give for demanding a legislative monopoly of the healing arts? They don't know. Their president says they don't know. Then why get the state to back them to prevent others who may know from practicing medicine?

To the glory of the profession, be it said that surgery has made gigantic strides. Men like the Mayo brothers are our most valuable citizens. This being understood, I object to Dr. Will Mayo savagely attacking the chiropractors. With a burst of sardonic Irish humor he recently stated that a chiropractor was a man who took the human spine and upon it played a barber shop chord. This may be good humor but it is bad logic, because I personally know hundreds of men and women that chiropractors have cured after the regular physician gave the case up as hopeless. And I know a similar experience has been the lot of those who have watched the chiropractors work.

When the next legislature meets I hope to see a law passed that will in general terms

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Prohibition Parasites Freinds of the Bootleggers

(Continued from Page Seven.)

hibition edict was repealed. Apropos of this Mohammedan prohibition the following good story may be told:

Three years ago, in Washington, the International Association opposed to Alcohol held their annual convention. It was opened by Bryan and the principal speaker at the third session was a famous diplomat who was ambassador to our Government from Persia. He said, "I want to congratulate the American people on taking the stand that Mahomet took in 606." A lady delegate from Kansas turned to her husband and said in a shrill whisper that could be heard all over the hall, "My God, Jack, did you hear that compliment from that rascal who, over at the embassy, has ten wives."

From such sources have our puritanical prohibitionists acquired their prurient philosophy!

I would be as stupid as the average prohibitionist if I were to claim that all prohibitionists were bootleggers, but, I will say I am standing strictly within the lines of truth when I say that all bootleggers are prohibitionists!

The eighteenth amendment will not be enforced. There is no good reason why we should apply it. It's a dead letter now. This is the prevailing sentiment everywhere. In this connection it should be stated that no political preachers or professional political parasites can call a Southern gentleman an anarchist for scorning this law because we are doing nothing to the eighteenth amendment hat they have not already done themselves to the fifteenth amendment, which provides that the negro shall have the right to vote.

In discussing prohibition it is always advisable to point out that from the day when Christ became a distiller for a moment when he, and I say it with all reverence, did as Milton beautifully expressed it:

"Gazed upon the conscious water and made it blush."

From then to the time when Paul recommended that we take "a little wine for the

stomach's sake," down to this good day, the nations that blazed the trails for higher and grander civilization have been, without one exception, drinking nations.

Take Ireland, the gem of the western seas, with her poets and philosophers, her statesmen and her soldiers, in fact the men, more than any other, that put the stars and stripes in the sky. Then compare the mighty Celtic race with the Turks. Compare the French, who use water only for sanitary purposes, with the heathen Chinese. Compare the Canadian with the Hindu, who lives strictly up to Mohammed laws. Compare the might men of antebellum days in our country who built the glorious civilization of our Southland with the turbaned Fellaheen who squats in somnolent ignorance on the banks of the Nile. Compare the sturdy Britisher with the South African negro, who is as sober as a Turk, and then tell me that the use of alcohol has degenerative effects; then you will be politely called a liar to your face.

August Thomas, the great playwright, in an anti-prohibition address delivered last year in Milwaukee pointed out this profound truth: "That the first step that the race took towards civilization was when the cave man ate the first wild grape and by accident found that by pressing them he made a decoction that exalted him. Then when he imparted the glad news to his neighbors, who dwelt in trees in the Arboreal forest, they, sitting around the fire at night with wooden spoon and stone cup filled with the thought-provoking wine, forgot the war-clubs, embraced, sung guttural songs and started to climb the heights to better and grander things.

No wine, no wit; no wine, no wisdom, is the moral from Christ to Wilson. Sure enough, the poet was right when he sang: "He who loves not wine, women and song Will be a fool his whole life long."

Now that prohibition has proved to be such a dismal failure let us start to move at once to settle this vexed question by following the teaching of Woodrow Wilson in the matter and by a sturdy advocacy of light wines and beer just like the New York republican and democratic state conventions have ordered passed.

NEGRO LEADER SAYS COLORED VOTERS FOR "BOB"

Just before going to press I interviewed Wm. H. McDonald, the most influential negro leader in Texas, at his desk in the Fraternal Bank & Trust Company, of which institution he is president. He states that he is sending out a printed letter, statewide, to all his friends and followers, urging them to support Mrs. M. A. Ferguson for Governor and Robert M. La Follette for President. He tells us that he expects at least 85,000 colored votes for the Wisconsin senator, and if the white voters do proportionately as well Fighting Bob will come within hailing distance of capturing the presidential electors in Texas. If all the Southern negroes were as well balanced, mentally, physically, and morally as Wm. McDonald, their lot would be a far happier one.

Potash King Potential Millionaire

(Continued from Page Two.)

of age he made his first hundred thousand dollars in the Robinson and Bridgeport oil fields in Illinois. While still a boy he began as a rough-neck digging ditches, laying pipe lines, erecting derricks, and finally promoted a successful company. Then the lure of the West came on him, and he broke into the gold mining game in Colorado. He operated there and in Wyoming, after which he turned back to his first love and entered the Oklahoma and Texas oil fields during the great boom of 1919, during which he made and lost a couple of fortunes.

There is one thing I like about Smith, and that is that he is clean, brilliant, and you will never find a postoffice inspector on his trail. When old and impoverished people send him money he always returns it, and tells them that his proposition is speculative and while it is as nearly 100 per cent perfect as he can make it, at the same time there is an element of risk that poor people should not assume. Back goes the money and Smith often gets cussed out for his pains, but he only grins and says "that's the way I play the game."

Smith is about to organize a million dollar company. It is characteristic of the man that he does not seek a charter from New Jersey or Delaware, where the corporation

laws are lax, but he will incorporate under the laws of Texas, which state has the most drastic blue sky law of any state in the Union. The man who gets in on the ground floor with Smith in his million dollar potash company will find all legal safeguards thrown around his investments. He is positively certain of a square deal.

Watch this man Smith, watch him fight to supply the American market with potash to the end that agriculture will thrive, industry develop and flourish and cause America to be safe in ammunition supplies if the next war comes.

He told me in his offices in the Dan Wagoner building that he believed that the Sheppard bill appropriating two and a half million dollars that passed the last United States Senate will be certain to go through in December and diamond core drilling will take place all over the potash area of West Texas. In any event he will diamond core himself to prove up his potash land.

Statistical Information.

Scene of discovery—Jax Cowden ranch, near Midland.

Number of strata—Two.

Thickness—First, 20 feet; second, 8 feet.

Assay values—First strata, 11 per cent potash; second, 25 per cent.

Estimated land value—\$1,000,000 per acre.

Extent of deposits—Estimated at thousands of acres.

Depth of first strata—590 feet; second, 810 feet.

Depth of German mines, next largest in the world—From 1,000 to 5,000 feet.

Estimated average yield—About 8,000 tons per acre, running 11 per cent potash; 4,000 tons running 25 per cent.

Present market value of potash—\$160 per ton.

Principal usages—Fertilization, dyeing and making munitions of war.

Estimated annual consumption of potash in United States—More than 1,000,000 tons.

Estimated production in United States—Less than 100,000 tons.

Field to be exploited by diamond drills to ascertain if possible its dimensions.

Company is now being formed to develop and mine deposits.

SEVENTY-TWO PER CENT REAL WAR MENACE

A pacifist with the ghastly prison pallor on his face, just after being released from the penitentiary, where he had spent one year for disloyalty during the recent war, asked me one day in Fort Worth if I could name even one good thing that had been accomplished by the war.

I told him I could name a number of benefits that humanity had derived from the experiences made during this wholesale barbaric slaughter, practically all of which were of high educational value. Then I told him about "The Seventy-two Per Cent" in simple language, something like this:

When the selective draft was put in operation in May, 1917, 4,800,000 young men were ordered to the colors. They went through two rigid examinations, one physical, the other mental, and the information that the medical, the intelligence and personnel officers of our government secured was of incalculable value; to illustrate:

The intelligence tests revealed the amazing fact that *seventy-two per cent of the 4,800,000 had the intellect of a fourteen-year-old boy or less.* In fact, they graded these men into groups according to intelligence that showed some with twelve-year-old minds, and other groups of the intelligence of ten, eight, and six-year-old boys!

Just imagine an able-bodied citizen grouped in the six-year-old class, struggling desperately to read the time on a watch; conceive of another group utterly unable to tell the colors on the American flag, although they were born in this country; think of a husky giant in the ten-year-old class struggling to remember who the then president of the United States was; consider the men who did not know whether we were living in a monarchy or under a republican form of government and yet spoke English fluently but ungrammatically; combine them all together and then see them stepping out after six months physical training, alert, self-confident, splendidly set up, capable of forty-mile hikes, with healthy appetites notched like saws and then let your heart expand in pity while gazing on the magnificent forms when you realize that they are practically dead from the

shoulders up and their foreheads only fit to carry a "To Rent" sign!!

To my mind the truth revealed about these morons is the biggest single fact brought to light in the whole entire war. In fact therein might be said to lie the cause of the last war and all other wars, and in this mentally poverty stricken condition of the masses there lies the basis for all future wars. And by that statement I just mean this:

The Kaiser would not have been able to plunge Europe into a combination lunatic asylum and charnel house if it were not for the fact that the percentage of men with the minds of fourteen-year-old boys and less, was even larger in Germany than in our country. This was the reason that the war lord was able to call the millions of German soldiers into review and then grossly insult them by calling them his "Connonenn Fut-ter"—Cannon Fodder. Did the rank and file of the German people possess the intelligence that was higher than that of a fourteen-year-old boy, then he could not have claimed a partnership with the Omnipotent. They would not have set out with blaring bands and flying flags and weapons of death and destruction to butcher their inoffensive neighbors in Belgium were they capable of coherent, consecutive thought. *It was this moron-like condition among the masses that made the Kaiser possible and the war inevitable!*

Look at London the night war was declared. The seventy-two per cent, or I better say eighty per cent (for the English mind is on a lower mass level than America), when the masses swarmed from their huts and hutches and reeking tenements of the East Side into the heart of the city and put on one of the wildest mob scenes in the world's history. That half of that cheering mob would be lying dead on blood-soaked fields, fighting for something that they knew nothing about followed as a matter of course. And inasmuch as nothing has happened since that night, and in fact could not happen, to lift up that intellectual level, then we are certainly confronted with the appalling fact that when the rulers wish, they can inflame them again and another deluge of blood may flow on Flanders fields where poppies grow

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THE MAJESTY OF 'MA,' 'JIM' AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A good many years ago, before Jim Ferguson made his sensational entrance onto the political stage, I worked with tremendous vim, energy and enthusiasm to solve the land question in Texas. I was successful up to the point that myself and friends beat the Republican party in Texas in 1912 and 1914. But alas, Jim came on the scene and was elected Governor on a land plank and, as Will Bagby, the mighty lion of Lavaca, said jokingly to me, "Tom, Jim stole your clothes while you were in swimming." Naturally I was peeved at Jim and I said a lot of harsh things about him. The Socialist party died. The land question is not settled, but for the past five years, without money or price or hope of reward I have had my coat off working for Jim's vindication, and from now on I will do everything in my power for his glorious wife and help to make in my small way her administration a magnificent success. Now I am going to tell you why I am boosting the Fergusons and why every decent citizen in Texas should get behind them:

When Jim Ferguson stepped into the Governor's chair he made one magnificent move, that no preceding Governor for a generation had thought of, and that move was to put the rural schools of Texas in a position where they would be a credit to our state. Consider for a moment the school situation when Jim Ferguson put his hand to the educational plow. He was Governor of a state that is the most American in population of any state in the Union, less than 17 per cent being foreigners. Our state was fifth in population. It was first in agriculture. It was first in area. The fathers of the Texas Republic gave us the largest school fund in the world and yet—the crime and shame and pity and horror of it all—we were thirty-ninth in illiteracy and forty-fourth in school attendance. This briefly was the situation that Governor Ferguson fearlessly faced.

In his administration he caused to be passed the largest public school appropriations that the state had ever known, and he set on foot ways and means to destroy illiteracy and build up a great free school system in Texas.

That the Shylocks and land monopolists

immediately marked the Governor for the axe, goes without saying. What do they care for the tenant farmer's children, when they knew that they would be taxed to pay for their education. Money has no state pride and reckes not of progress, hence the war was on, and with devilish cunning Governor Ferguson was held up before the people during his second administration as an enemy of education.

A fouler lie was never told. Jim Ferguson was the staunchest friend of education in all its forms that Texas has ever known. True enough, he struck at the graft and incompetency in the University. Sure enough, he vetoed the University appropriation, and he was abundantly right. And for this profound reason, that higher education, considered in its state-wide aspect, is a sham, a fraud and a delusion and a snare unless the lower education of the masses is first attended to. To do otherwise is to put the cart before the horse. It is to stand a pyramid on its apex. You might as well build the Woolworth building by putting the roof on first and paying no attention to the foundations. The rural school is the mud-sill of our civilization, and until that is first attended to all thoughts of higher education appropriations must be kept in the background. This was Jim Ferguson's attitude in 1917. It is Mrs. Ferguson's attitude now. It is the correct attitude, so consequently I am for Ma first, last and all the time, and I predict that before her administration ends, the rural schools of Texas will have moved up to the dignity and importance that the schools of the Northern states have arrived at.

When great men die statues of them are erected in public squares, and parks and cemeteries. Their features are carved in bronze and stone. But still there are other monuments, and as I write I think of two Southern statesmen who in their own lifetime have been able to gaze on monuments that were the works of their heart and brain. The first Southern statesman I refer to is Tom Watson of Georgia. We do not remember him because he was the author of the History of Napoleon, of his great triumphs on the Forensic field, of his giant legal battles in the courtroom or as the editor of Tom

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BURKE OF BURKEDALE FARM GROWS INTO CITY

John P. (Jack) Burke stands in the front rank of the solid citizens of Fort Worth and Tarrant County. It is 38 long years ago since the loveable Jack came to the Panther City from Tuam, a thriving town on the wild west Irish coast, where the mountainous waves of the Atlantic thunder on the rock-bound shores of Innisfail.

When Jack landed here there were 15,000 in Fort Worth; now there are 170,000. He was like all Irish immigrants, hard-working, and, like a few, he was thrifty, because Irishmen are born with their hands open. He saved his money and bought city property, but the love of the country was so deep in his heart that he never stopped until he acquired a beautiful farm of 126 acres, which he calls Burkedale, within 15 minutes walk of the Polytechnic car line. This farm is peculiar in this, that although the country is populous, Jack hasn't a neighbor because the farm is encompassed by four roads, one of which is the second main road to Dallas. It is within 30 feet of being square, so when Jack puts a 60-foot road down through the center of his farm it will form two squares with eight entrances. With the Dallas pike passing by and the city growing around him, Jack will sell his farm eventually for not less than \$1,000.00 an acre as big city property. With all this Jack has his coat off working night and day to put over the water conservation program, because he knows what it will do for Fort Worth.

I am going back to Ireland with Jack in a few years when the Helicopter airplane is perfected. We will rise straight up eight miles, where atmospheric resistance is reduced to a minimum, and going at a thousand miles an hour we will have breakfast in Fort Worth, dinner in Dublin and come back and sleep at night in a little pleasant palace at Burkedale. This is the stuff that dreams are made of and we will work 'til the dream comes true.

Seventy-Two Per Cent Real Menace

(Continued from Page Thirteen.)

or wherever those of superior intellect may order them.

That this condition is the biggest menace to our present civilization may be instantly grasped. As we face it, is it not an amazing

fact that it is not more widely discussed. So far as I know this is the first article on that subject published in Texas in five years and yet no subject that can be discussed is more provocative of thought. I would like to see it discussed by the faculty of our state and other universities, particularly so because, as the professor gazes into the shining eyes of his under-graduates, he knows that practically all of them are among the fortunate twenty-eight per cent, while the great mass of the people are congenitally barred from the class room and condemned to the end of their days to walk in the outer darkness of mediocre intelligence.

I would like to see the pulpit grapple with this problem but, unfortunately, most of our preachers are barred, because they come within the seventy-two classification, or how else can we account for political preachers, who preach war instead of peace, and hate their neighbor for the love of God?

I would like to see Mr. Jorgesson of the Fort Worth Record, Mr. North of the Star-Telegram, Mr. Foster of the Chronicle, and other able editors tackle the subject to the end that a remedy may be provided.

Dark as the situation may seem, it is shot through with rays of hope, or at least so it seems to my optimistic Irish soul. We must consider that there are twenty-eight per cent of our people capable of taking college degrees; twenty-eight per cent of the American people possess initiative. They have unbounded executive ability. They have the capacity to so organize that we can practice the fourth commandment. We can stop the farce tragedy of calling ourselves a Christian nation and then, instead of walking in the path of the Prince of Peace, we cut through life with a bayonet. Our twenty-eight per cent has in its ranks the vision of a better day and have the power to make the world safer and cleaner and brighter for all.

I like to think that while seventy-two per cent of our people are on a low intellectual plane, there was a time when there was ninety-nine per cent in that condition. We have reduced this condition to seventy-two and by intensive study and practice of eugenics our future generations will be increasingly intelligent until the whole human race will be lifted to the loftiest possible intellectual plane.

TARRANT WATER POWER OUR OPPORTUNITY

Our readers are earnestly requested to carefully read the article on water conservation by W. E. Bideker, published on another page. By all means circulate it among your friends and see that they read it and vote for water conservation on October 7. In this connection it is worthy of note that the sum to be voted for to have the necessary survey is so trifling that it cannot amount to more than 2 cents on the \$100.00. For instance, if you are assessed on \$4,000.00 worth of property you pay only 80c towards acquiring this immense service for Tarrant County, and indeed it is likely that you will not even have to pay this 2 cents, because the Federal Government has appropriated \$70,000,000 for reclamation work on the lower Trinity. When Tarrant County later on proceeds to control the upper west fork of the Trinity and its tributaries, it is extremely likely that the Federal Government will take over the whole proposition and enable us to conserve 15 per cent of all the waters of Texas that flow through Tarrant County; just as the government has already done in the Great Roosevelt Dam in Arizona and the Elephant Butte Dam near El Paso. In both cases the government loaned millions to these reclamation districts, for 20 years without interest. In the meantime, land that was worth \$20 an acre advanced in value to \$400 an acre, when the desert was made to blossom like the rose!

Those who will vote for water conservation next Tuesday will vote to (a) prevent all loss of life and property by floods, (b) make 150,000 acres of Tarrant County land worth \$400 an acre, (c) reduce the price of water to less than 10 cents per thousand gallons and thus bring industrial enterprises of all characters to the county.

We are safe in saying that if this water conservation project is put over that Tarrant County's population will double in the next five years and inside of 10 years Fort Worth will not only be the largest city in Texas, but will be the largest city in the South, south of Kansas City.

Thus all far-seeing, patriotic, progressive citizens should go to the polls next Tuesday and vote for the water conservation program.

Madness of the Medicos

(Continued from Page Ten.)

smash the medical trust. I wish to see the law amended that provides that you cannot sue a doctor for malpractice unless on the testimony of another doctor who is in the same oath-bound society. This makes a farce of the law, as can be seen by the fact that 88 civil suits were tried last year in Texas and the doctors won 88 times.

Let's hope when the next legislature meets they will license the chiropractors and thus in a measure save the people from the 40 per cent incompetence that Dr. Rosser so truthfully tells us about.

The Majesty of "Ma"

(Continued from Page Fourteen.)

Watson's Magazine, but we will remember him because he placed outside every farmer's door a letter box, so that the messages of civilization could be swiftly carried to them. That rural free delivery letter box outside millions of homes is Tom Watson's monument.

And so with Jim Ferguson. When you see the miserable one-room, ill-furnished school house torn down and a beautiful, freshly painted four-room school, splendidly furnished, in which sits a rising generation, taught by well-paid teachers, and you notice hundreds of these schools placed on hills, beautifying the landscape and lifting up and exalting the little scholars in them, then you can proudly point your finger at this rural school and say reverently, "Thank God, I am gazing at Jim Ferguson's monument."

Me for Ma and Jim.

TO HELEN

By Tom.

That shot through my heart

Like a lightning dart

That's seen on a wild west night.

I'd carry her off to a far-away town

And think I was living in heaven,

If it was not for Clara and Jane and Kate;

Well—to number them all there are seven.

Her eyes are as deep as Devon's springs,

Two beautiful pools of light;

Little Girl (in smoking car): Mother, will they put us out if we don't smoke?