RELIEF ASKED FOR TENANT FARMERS

Secretary Meitzen Besought Aid of Gov. Colquitt.

Wants Enforced Collection of Rentals and Shares Suspended Until Market Is in Shape to Allow Crop Sales.

(Houston Post Special.)

HALLETTSVILLE, Texas, August 23. E. O. Meitzen, secretary and treasurer of the Renters Union of Texas, has sent to Governor Colquitt the following:

Hon. O. B. Colquitt, Governor of Texas, Austin, Texas.

Dear Sir: Conditions consequent upon the war now raging in Europe between the great powers who have heretofore purchased and consumed the excess of cotton and grain crops of the United States seriously threatens the farming interests of Texas and particularly the small farmer and the tenant farmer, and such a condition will continue until a way is open to transport our excess crop to European countries. No plan can now be put in force within the time necessary for the protection of the small farmers and the tenant farmers of Texas, inasmuch the grain crops are practically made and the cotton crop is now being gathered, with no market open for a sale, thus the great mass of actual farmers of the State will be at the mercy of those who have liens upon the crops for rental moneys and other advances made to such farmers with the strong probability that collections for rentals in advance will be made with the price of the crops depreciated to the lowest possible point.

Would Affect 230,000.

As it is estimated that there are not less than 230,000 of this class of farmers in Texas, it seems to us that an "extraordinary occasion" as meant by section 8, article 4, executive department of the constitution of Texas, now confronts the people of Texas, which would authorize you as governor of the State to present at a call session of the legislature a law suspending the laws of this State authorizing the enforcement of the statutory and contract liens for the collection of rents and money crops due for advancements against crops in the hands of the producer until the first day of January, 1915, without in any way affecting the validity of the liens given by law to secure such payments.

If such a law is passed it will enable the tenant farmers and the small farmers to hold their crops until transportation facilities are furnished to take our products to the European marts and the short delay would not affect to any very injurious extent the landlords, bankers and merchants to hold liens for rents and advancements.

No Help From Government.

The strenuous efforts now being made by the United States government as well as the banks and other financial interests all over the country to supply money, will enable the landlords, bankers and other interests which hold the liens upon the farmers to obtain money for all necessary purposes. Unfortunately the tenant farmers and the small farmers will receive no comfort or assistance from this source, and in my opinion they should be the first to be protected. There is no question that under section 28 of the bill of rights of the constitution of Texas that the legislature has the power to suspend the laws for the enforcement of these liens, and I feel that the situation presents such an "extraordinary occasion" as fully authorizes the call for the special session of the legislature.

Accordingly in the name of the renters of Texas and the small farmers, wives, children and dependants number more than half the population of the State, I respectfully urge you to give this matter due consideration, and ask you to do all in your power to pass a law suspending the enforcement of the heretofore described class of liens in order that the conditions now prevailing may not be taken advantage of by usury sharks to the injury of the small farmers and the tenant farmers of Texas who will together lose not less than $100,000,000 if advantages are taken of the circumstances that now face them because of the war and over which they had no control. Should you use your tremendous influence to put through the law I suggest your name will be ever remembered by the multitude of clean living men and women who are actually producing, in sun and rain, in storm and in calm, the agricultural wealth of this great Lone Star State. Fraternally yours,

E. O. Meitzen,
Secretary and Treasurer Renters Union of America.

August 24, 1914

PROPOSED NATIONAL PARTY REFERENDUM.

Hallettsville, Texas,
Nov. 20, 1910.

Dear Comrades—Local Hallettsville No. 93 hereby submits a motion for referendum, amending the National Constitution as follows:

ARTICLE III.

Sec. 3. All national party officers shall be elected annually and shall not hold the same office longer than two terms.

COMMENT.

The proposed amendment is eminently democratic. Failure to limit the terms of important offices tends to autocracy. For one thing, it tempts men to build "machines" in order to perpetuate themselves in office.

The mere fact that a person has held office too long is a fruitful cause for criticism and dissensions, even though he be guilty of no offense. The worst party rows, local, state and national, can be traced to lack of official rotation. Even under our capitalistic government the wisdom of limiting the terms of governors and presidents is recognized. The best officers are liable to become fossilized, self-serving and time-serving where there is the promise of a lifetime job ahead.

The idea that certain men are indispensable and should therefore be kept in office indefinitely smacks of royalism and not of Socialism. In a live, growing democratic movement like ours there is no lack of comrades fully able to fill national positions. There may have been a time when men of ability and experience were scarce, but that time—if ever there was such a time—is past.

The plea is likely to be made that annual elections and a "new deal" every two years will increase the danger of landing incompetents in office. The answer is that it will entirely remove the worse danger of KEEPING incompetents in office.

New men in charge of national party affairs every two years will result in new ideas and renewed energy in the work of agitation and organization at both top and bottom. It means a constant honorable retirement to the ranks of comrades that have been committeemen or secretaries long enough to obtain a wider view of party problems, but not long enough to become possessed of the mischievous notion that they cannot be replaced.

In a large measure it would put a stop to attacks on national officers—attacks that often hurt the movement more than the persons concerned, though this is not saying that such attacks are not sometimes justifiable. With this amendment in force a party officer would usually have stepped down and out before the opposition to him had crystallized, or else before any possible mischief within himself had the time or chance to get in motion. In nearly every case where state or national officers have been under fire they had been in office longer than two years.

The point will be made that party officials do the best work after serving several years. That may be true in some cases, but in many cases they do their WORST after the second term. Besides, few persons will be so much as nominated for national positions who have not considerable ability and experience to begin with.

A final point: With the growth of autonomous state organizations the time is near when national officers will not be so important as they have been. However, as their actual importance diminishes, the tendency is for such officials to exceed their constitutional powers in order to preserve the importance that was once theirs. We do not charge that this is now the case, but the danger is there nevertheless. That the proposed amendment will check this dangerous tendency is apparent.

The foregoing is offered solely with the good of the party in view. We are taking no sides in any controversy; our purpose is to strike at the cause of controversies, and at least reduce their power to harm the cause.

Let us practice democracy as well as preach it. No amount of argument, honest or sophistic, will do away with the fact that the proposed amendment is purely democratic. The party constitution of Texas has a similar provision, by the way, and it gives general satisfaction.

Fraternally,
(Signed) A. C. MEITZEN,
Secretary.

PROMINENT SOCIALIST GETS MARRIED HERE

T. A. HICKEY OF HALLETTSVILLE WEDS—WILL TAKE PART IN CAMPAIGN.

Says Socialists of Texas Will Have Presidential Primary to Determine Their Choice.

Thomas A. Hickey of Hallettsville, national Socialist committeeman from Texas, reached Waco yesterday to take part in the municipal campaign on behalf of the Socialist ticket. His visit was fraught with more than ordinary significance for him, as he opened his two week's sojourn by getting married.

The bride is Miss Boeer of Brandenburg, Stonewall county. Mr. and Mrs. Hickey were united by County Judge McCullough, there being no Socialist official here with authority to perform such a ceremony.

"I'm now in favor of a tax of $1000 a year on bachelors," said Mr. Hickey.

Getting married, while probably the most important event of Mr. Hickey's visit to Waco, was not his sole object in coming. He will open the Socialist campaign tonight at the corner of Fifth and Austin, and will speak tomorrow afternoon at Socialist hall on Franklin street.

National Party Fight.

Mr. Hickey announced last night that arrangements had been completed for a Socialist presidential primary in this state.

"There will be a fight in the national convention between two factions," said Mr. Hickey; "Job Harriman of California, will head the conservative element, while the more radical side will be led by Eugene Debs. I believe that Texas Socialists are almost solid for Debs.

While Oklahoma City was chosen for the Socialist national convention this year, it is possible that a change will be made to Indianapolis. There is considerable opposition to Oklahoma City by reason of the fact that the Board of Trade of that city has declared for the "open shop." A referendum vote is now being taken, according to Mr. Hickey, to determine where the convention shall be held.

—o—

SOCIALIST WRITER WEDDED HERE TODAY

County Judge T. L. McCullough officiated at his office in the court house this morning at the marriage of Thomas A. Hickey of Hallettsville and Miss Clara Voeer of Stamford. Mr. and Mrs. Hickey will spend their honeymoon in Waco.

The bride is a very prominent young woman of Stamford, noted for her many intellectual attainments and a most gracious and pleasing personality. She has a host of friends in that section of the state where she has made her home.

Mr. Hickey, editor of the Hallettsville Rebel, is a well known socialist, and ranks high in the national councils of the party to which he is attached. He started his paper in Hallettsville only a short time ago and has already secured a very large circulation. He is a very forceful writer and he is also a most capable orator. Mr. Hickey is well known in Waco, where he has spoken quite often in the past.

Stubbs Saw Teddy.

Associated Press.

New York, March 1.—Governor Stubbs called on Colonel Roosevelt today, to talk over the campaign. The governor again declared that President Taft's name would not be presented at the Chicago convention.

—o—

If you feel bad and out of sorts, take Ca-Hu-We liver tablets.

Marriage Licenses.

Thomas A. Hickey and Miss Clara Voeer.

G. Bailey and Miss Bessie Busby.

R. J. Jefferson and Annie M. Brown.

'aukee Lea

HE WAR AND FEED AMERICA!

NESDAY, MARCH 14, 1917. NATIO

Call Issued for National Convention of Socialists

National Executive Committee Deems Meeting Necessary to Consider Problems Faced by the Party.

Chicago, March 12, 1917.

To the Members of the Socialist Party:

Comrades: Your National Executive committee hereby calls a special convention of the Socialist party, to be held on the seventh day of April, 1917, for the purpose of determining the policy of the party in case this country should be drawn into the war and for the transaction of all other business which may come before the convention.

The action was determined by the unanimous vote of the National Executive committee. It was overwhelmingly indorsed by the national committee. We feel confident it will meet the hearty support of the vast majority of the party membership.

This summary call for a convention is not a regular proceeding under our constitution. It is an emergency measure necessitated by the sudden gravity of the situation which confronts the country, the working class and the Socialist movement.

The time is short. The danger is imminent. Delay may be fatal. If war should break out, our party must present greater fidelity to principle, greater unity of purpose and greater solidarity of action than ever.

Only a full and representative convention, followed by a speedy vote of the whole membership can lay down an authoritative uniform and effective Socialist course of action against war and during war. Only the determined and concerted effort of the whole party membership will conserve and strengthen our movement in this most critical period of our history.

To work, comrades! Elect your full quota of delegates without delay. Contribute the funds to defray their necessary expenses. The war agitation of our ruling classes must be met by us with redoubled energy. War, if it comes, must not find us unprepared.

Fraternally submitted,

VICTOR L. BERGER,
MORRIS HILLQUIT,
ANNA A. MALEY,
JOHN SPARGO,
JOHN M. WORK,
National Executive Committee.
ADOLPH GERMER,
Executive Secretary.

P. S.—On account of our inability to get an available hall, we have not yet decided in which city the convention will be held. This will be determined in the next few days and you will be promptly notified.

Dates Unknown

"Pendragon" Not A Member of the Socialist Party

It may not be known to the Socialists of Texas, but it certainly should be known, that the man whom the Rebel put in the place of Comrade J. L. Hicks of Abilene as associate editor, namely: Frank Putnam, writing under the pen name of "Pendragon," is not a member of the Socialist party, having been expelled in Houston last spring for supporting the Democratic candidate for mayor, as against the Socialist nominee. It is claimed for him that he had to take that course in order to hold his job with the Houston Chronicle, a Democratic newspaper on which he is still employed, under a contract, it is said, which forbids the use of his real name in connection with his writings for any other paper.

Trouble Everywhere.

Collier's: The insurrection in Mexico comes in a period of worldwide disturbance. We have had the Turkish revolt. Portugal has become a republic. Spain is agitated. There are also the Socialistic propaganda in Germany and France, the Lloyd-George movement in England, the Russian Duma, unrest in India and Egypt, not to speak of the Chinese Constitution. So we have our insurgent movement in this country, far less radical than many, but probably as effective as any in final results. Our governmental ideas are changing. We have been careless in many things, unseeing, unbelieving, and slow to adopt changes. We began to feel the pinch of poverty, and we looked around for remedies. Such movements naturally produce leaders. As time goes on, no country will live with a few at the top who own all or control all. In Germany the entire industrial system is built upon the basis that every human being should have the most efficient education to fit him for life. He should have a good home, a chance to marry and bring up children. He should be protected from gross wrongs by the Government which he is taxed to maintain. He surrenders certain rights to enjoy the advantages of civilization. The balance should be evenly maintained by protecting him from the evils of civilization. In the long run, business prosperity and human welfare go hand in hand. Grinding poverty and unwholesome dwellings do not make an ideal Nation. The wave of insurgency that is sweeping over the apparently contented Nations of a few years ago promises to develop better conditions with nobler ideals.

Reader.—According to Webster's International Dictionary, Socialism is a theory or system of social reform which contemplates a complete reconstruction of society, with a more just and equitable distribution of property and labor. Avowed Socialists, however, do not entirely agree with this definition. They deny that Socialism has anything to do with religion, or that it aims at anything except economic justice. Such relationships as the family, for instance, are not to be disturbed but rather strengthen. There are many theories classed as cialistic. You can read the party's tional platform in "The Appeal to son," published at Girard, Kas.

A Few Observations on Party Affairs

BY FRED D. WARREN.

THE Appeal is not an official organ of the Socialist party. The Socialist party has no official organ. The Appeal counts as just one of the 43,000 members of the Socialist party, in the United States, who direct and manage party affairs.

The Appeal stands primarily for the Socialist movement.

This Socialist movement is behind the Socialist party, which is merely the organized expression of Socialism on the political field.

The party organization is to the Socialist movement what the locomotive is to the railroad system.

When a railroad discards an old locomotive and installs a new and more modern machine it is making progress. This is what the Socialist movement in America has been doing for years—perfecting its organization by discarding the old worn-out ideas in organization and installing new ones.

There is a constant effort on the part of the conservative (and we have conservative Socialists, strange as it may appear) to let things remain as they are, which means going backward. The progressive push ahead. This causes a conflict. These conflicts disturb the harmony of the existing political organization—but there is no reason why any one should be discouraged because of these periodic upheavals. The party will emerge stronger and better able to cope with the organized parties of capitalism.

The Socialist movement is the reflex of the capitalist system. Without a highly developed capitalist organism there could be no Socialist movement. Please keep this in mind. Do not denounce capitalism and capitalists—explain the former and show how the latter is merely the victim of the system he supports.

We have members in our party who take themselves so seriously that they think the Socialist party will end in disaster unless it follows their lead, *Follow no leader!* The Socialist party needs no leaders. It needs clerks of intelligence to carry out the voice of the collectivity as expressed through the referendum and by means of the initiative. It is claimed that the membership is sometimes wrong and sometimes foolish, but that doesn't prove that the principle of democracy is wrong. The "mob" makes mistakes? The alleged mistakes are only growing pains—lessons that can be learned in no other way. I'd rather be with the mob when it is wrong (if it ever is) than to follow any "leader" the world has ever known. But the mob has never been wrong—mark that!

Most of the misery and all of the great mistakes of the past have been made by following leaders.

Never vote for a man who stands for the same office for more than two consecutive terms. I'm in favor of making it a part of the constitution of the party that no comrade can hold an office in the party for more than two terms. It would be wiser to limit the holding of office to one term.

October 23 (year unknown)

Appeal to Reason

Girard, Kansas

COMMUNIST LABOR PARTY IS FORMED

EMBLEM ADOPTED IS THAT OF THE SOVIET REPUBLIC OF RUSSIA.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 2.—Three hundred representatives of the left wing faction of the National Socialist party, which recently withdrew from the parent body, today organized the Communist Labor Party of America and adopted the emblem of the soviet Republic of Russia with the motto, "Workers of the world, unite."

The emblem consists of a scythe and hammer, surrounded by a wreath of wheat. A suggestion that a torch be added to the emblem was voted down. Delegate Zimmerman of Indiana led a small minority who wanted the new organization christened the Independent Socialist party, but his suggestion was overwhelmingly defeated when the roll was called.

"I think the word 'communist' will strike terror to the American workman and we can not succeed in this movement without this element," said Delegate Zimmerman. "I will go as far in the revolutionary movement as any man in this hall, but I think it unwise to adopt this name. If you think I am a coward, search the court records of Indiana. We know that this country is not yet ripe for the revolution. If it was, the name communist would be all right. They did not use it in Russia until after the capitalist class had been overthrown." Speakers in urging the adoption of the name adopted declared that the term Socialist had been discredited and that the word "communist" fittingly expressed the revolutionary objects of the new political party.

Tomorrow the party will adopt a constitution, which, it is said, will be largely patterned after that of the soviet of the Republic of Russia.

Every mention of the Russian Republic and bolshevism was greeted with cheers by the delegates.

One of the first acts of the new party was to approve a plan for a general strike in the United States Oct. 8 to compel the release of Tom Mooney, Eugene V. Debs and other alleged class-war prisoners.

Will Meet in I. W. W. Hall.

The convention decided to hold its future meetings in the Industrial Workers of the World Hall, several blocks away, in order to accommodate the increasing crowds, it was explained.

"We want to get as far away as possible from the corpse," shouted one delegate, referring to the National Socialist party, which was in session in a hall on an upper floor of the same building.

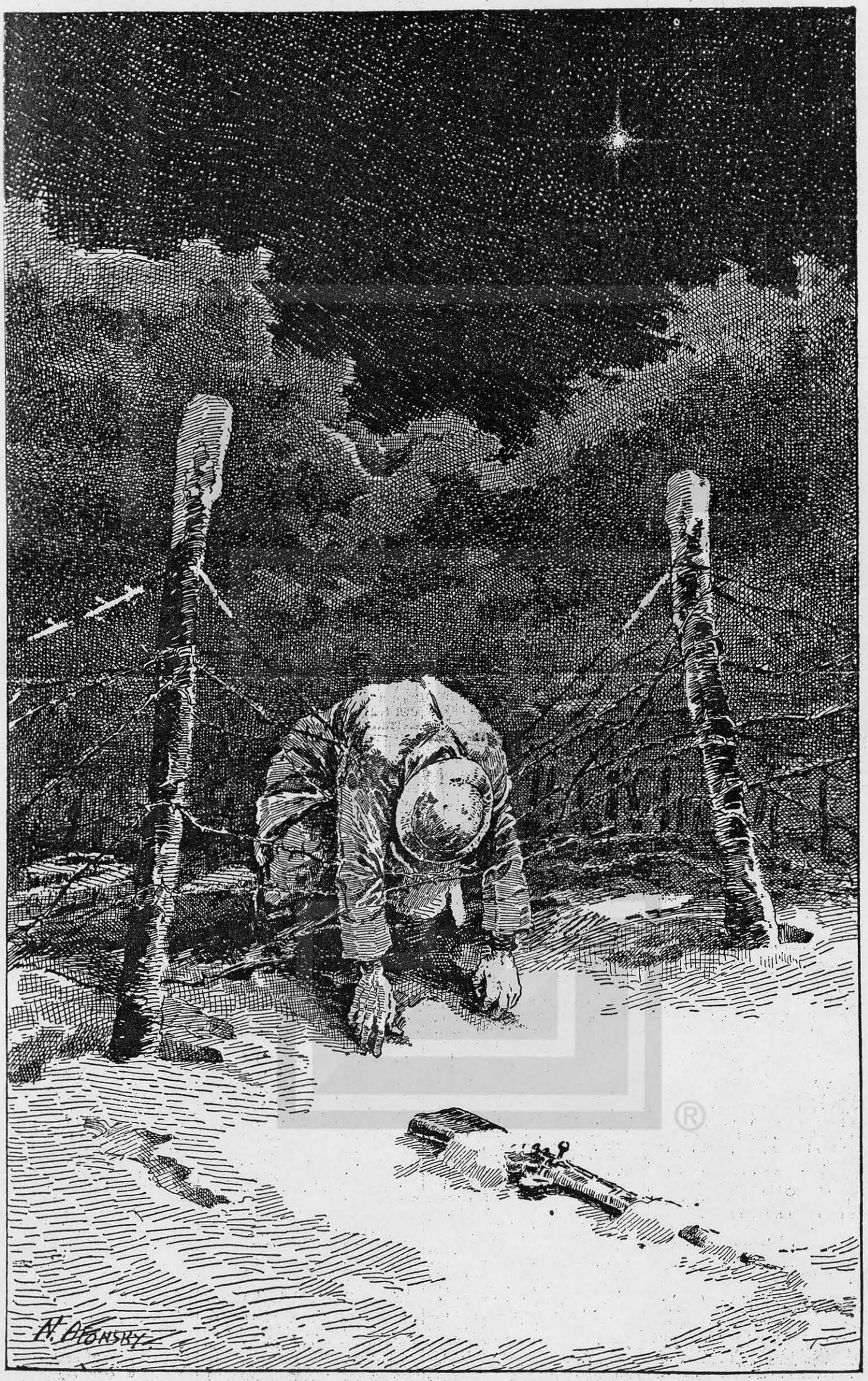
The new party claims to have representatives from every State of the Union attending its convention. It was decided to use phonograph records of "The International" and other Russian soviet songs to spread radical propaganda.

Among the resolutions adopted was one demanding the immediate withdrawal of American troops from Russia and Hungary.

The communist group of ultra-radicals, recently expelled from the National Socialist party, which is meeting in another West Side hall, expects to form another political party before it finally adjourns at the end of the week. This faction consists of foreign language Socialists and other radicals who regard the present body and the left wing faction too conservative.

The emergency convention of the National Socialist party, under the leadership of Congressman Victor Berger of Milwaukee, Adolph Germer of Chicago, Algernon Lee of New York and Mayor D. W. Hoan of Milwaukee, devoted the entire day to committee work.

Christmas Eve 'Over There' 1939



Silent night,
Holy night,

All is calm,
All is bright.

Nat-Ezra Feb. 20-

TO ST. PAUL.

In response to a message from National Nonpartisan League headquarters E. R. Meitzen was obliged to cut short his vacation here and left last week for St. Paul, Minn. He will at once go on a speaking tour already arranged for him.

The League work is spreading so fast over the North that all speakers and organizers are being put to work earlier despite snow and zero weather. A great impetus has been given to the work by the magnificent record now being made by the Nonpartisan League government of North Dakota. We clip the following reference thereto from the Houston Chronicle.

North Dakota Plans Broad State Policy.

Bismarck, N. D., Feb. 20—North Dakota will be one of the biggest business men within a few years, when the Nonpartisan League program—now passed by the legislature—is carried out.

The state will produce, market, sell and collect. loan, insure and bank—and perhaps do a lot of other things.

The program includes ownership and operation of flour mills and grain elevators within or without the state; ownership and operation of lignite coal mines and briquette plants; ownership and operation of public utilities; capitalization and opertion of a state owned bank to bank all state funds; state hail insuranee, and establishment of a state building and loan department.

Radically revised taxation laws and creation of a fund to aid returning soldiers are also up. Early action on the entire program is expected.

Butter 25c

FROM OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Winona, Minn., Jan. 26.

New Era:—

Find enclosed $2 to pay for The New Era for another year.

We are getting along fairly well and hope the same of you.

The weather is quite changeable, but mostly cold. Had 20 below zero between Xmas and New Year.

We all send greetings to the force.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. Z. Panek,
357 E 4th, Winona, Minn.

[1911]

SOCIALIST VOTE OF 1910.

(Compiled by W. J. Ghent.)

1911

States.	Straight Vote.	Highest Vote.
Alabama	1,042	1,633
Arkansas	9,196	9,196
California	47,819	47,819
Colorado	7,844	9,603
Connecticut	12,179	12,179
Delaware	544	556
Florida	5,182	10,204
Georgia	221	224
Idaho	5,342	5,791
Illinois	49,687	49,896
Indiana	19,632	19,632
Iowa	9,685	9,685
Kansas	15,384	16,994
Kentucky	5,239	5,239
Louisiana	706	706
Maine	1,641	1,641
Maryland	3,924	3,924
Massachusetts	11,396	14,444
Michigan	9,992	10,608
Minnesota	11,173	18,363
Mississippi	23	23
Missouri	19,831	19,957
Montana	5,381	5,412
Nebraska	6,279	6,721
Nevada	1,393	3,637
New Hampshire	1,022	1,072
New Jersey	10,134	10,134
New York	48,529	48,982
North Carolina	437	437
North Dakota	2,524	5,114
Ohio	60,637	62,356
Oklahoma	24,707	24,707
Oregon	8,059	19,475
Pennsylvania	53,053	59,630
Rhode Island	529	529
South Carolina	70	70
South Dakota	1,579	1,675
Tennessee	1,704	4,571
Texas	11,538	11,538
Utah	4,889	4,889
Vermont	1,055	1,067
Virginia	987	987
Washington	15,994	15,994
West Virginia	8,152	8,152
Wisconsin	39,547	40,053
Wyoming	1,605	2,155
Totals	557,486	607,674

1912

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

News Notes from the Firing Line

TO ABOLISH LEGISLATURE

The Socialists of Oregon are out to abolish the state legislature. The people of this state have the initiative, referendum and recall, and the Socialists see no need of the legislature. The state executive committee of the party is behind the petition for a referendum vote on the question.

The abolition of the legislature will save many thousands of dollars to the state.

They are also getting out a second petition for a referendum vote on the question of abolishing the statute providing for the arrest as vagrants of any person without a visible means of support. The petition provides that it be compulsory on every village, city or county to provide work for the unemployed on public work at $1.25 a day and to board and lodge them at not more than 40 cents a day. Good, wholesome food and clean lodgings are also embodied in the bill.

The honor of being the first Socialist State is being fought for by several States. A. W. Ricker, Socialist Lyceum lecturer, believes that West Virginia will get the palm. He has just completed a tour of the State on the

HARD ON THE KAISER

These are hard times for the Kaiser. After the election of a Radical as President of the Reichstag, Dr. Paasche, National Liberal, resigned as second vice-President, in protest against a Socialist first vice-President. Heinrich Dove, another Radical, was elected in his place, making up a pretty set of officers for an Imperial Parliament. After their election, President Kaempf, and Dove, announced that they were ready to call on the Kaiser, their Radicalism not being a sufficient bar to their wearing court uniform and groveling before Kaiser Bill.

Needless to say, Socialists never call on the Kaiser in any capacity. Now the Kaiser, incensed, refuses to meet any persons advocating the establishment of a Republic. So it seems as if Germany will have to struggle along for a while and make the best of it.

Countess Warwick will come to this country on a lecture tour shortly.

"I have my lecture 'Why I am a Socialist' ready," she said, "and if I find it is wanted I shall, of course, be very pleased to use it, as my heart and soul are in the cause."

Debs Recovers and Ready for Action

EUGENE V. DEBS.

By NEA Service.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Nov. 18. Eugene V. Debs is home again, looking 20 years younger than he did when he returned from prison three years ago.

Six months ago the Socialist leader was reported critically ill. Then he dropped out of sight.

Now he is back—back from the north woods. Four months he lived up there, "taking nature's cure and living like an Indian."

"Now I'm never going to slow down," he declares. "The wrinkles are all on the outside. There are none in my heart."

He confided his newest ambition. He wants to be a prison warden.

"I would dismiss the guards," he muses. "I would reform the men thru love, and teach them to be men. And I would see that they got their chance when they went out."

Licht ohne Feuer.

Es gibt ein höchst einfaches Mittel, um ohne die Benutzung von Zündhölzchen und ohne jede Feuersgefahr für explosive Stoffe sofort Licht zu schaffen. So einfach dieses Mittel ist, so wenig bekannt dürfte es sein.— Man nehme ein längliches Fläschchen von weißem Glas und thue ein erbsengroßes Stück Phophor hinein; auf dieses gieße man reines, bis zum Siedepunk erhitztes Olivenöl, fülle damit die Flasche bis auf ein Drittel ihres Gehaltes und verkorke sie.— Braucht man Licht, so entfernt man den Kork, läßt Luft eintreten und verstopfe die Flasche wieder. Der ganze leere Raum der Flasche wird nun leuchten und dasMittel ist ein höchst wirksames. Mindert sich die Leuchtkraft, so kann man sie rasch wieder dadurch auffrischen, daß man die Flasche öffnet und neue Luft zutreten läßt.— Bei sehr kalter Witterung ist es manchmal nöthig, das Fläschchen in der Hand zu erwärmen um dadurch das Oel flüssiger zu machen.— Eine Flasche reicht für den ganzen Winter aus. Dieses wunderbare Leuchtmittel kann in der Tasche aufbewahrt werden und ist sehr zu empfehlen, da es nicht feuergefährlich ist.

THOMAS HERE TO MAKE 3 SPEECHES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

a long time acquaintance of the Socialist candidate; Elmer Davis, attorney, who will introduce him before his luncheon speech; and Dean L. L. Leftwich of T. C. U.

While Mrs. Thomas, slight, black-dressed figure, explained over the breakfast table to the two sedate university professors what is meant by an egg with its "sunny side up," Thomas talked on socialism and capitalism in terse, epigrammatic sentences.

At T. C. U., where he spoke in an auditorium packed with students, townspeople—and a few politicians, Thomas set for the undergraduates of the universities of America the task of redeeming political action as a means of social progress.

"We older people," he said, "have wasted a lot of time. We pass on to you the task of guiding the inevitable transition of America—a task that will require action and intelligence.

"Our only political hope is to use the vote to build up the kind of party we want."

Pointing to that number of college graduates who now are involuntarily idle, he reminded that no longer is a university diploma an unfailing key to "suc-cess."

"We now have," he said, "a college diploma unemployed proletariat. The task of each member of that group is not to get for himself an atom of economic security, but the more universal one of saving the economic security of the world."

Those remarks were made an epilogue to an indictment of "our crazy capitalistic system" on ethical and intellectual grounds, and its contrast with a socialized order from the same viewpoints.

He defined Socialism ethically as the only way to apply the doctrine of brotherhood, contended that it is intellectually logical for a people to own collectively the things they need for their collective good.

"There is something wrong with the ethics of a system," he declared, "where the vast development of machinery has given us an incerasing abundance of things for preserving and benefiting life without a corresponding increase in the security of the worker.

"There is something ethically wrong with a system where the doctrine that every man is rewarded according to his endeavor is so hopelessly bankrupt.

"The action of the bankers of the country in backing such financial exploitation as that of the Kreugers and the Insulls, of floating huge issues of worthless South American bonds, of encouraging speculative orgies as in 1928, is the kind of thing that has not a scintilla of ethical justification.

"The line between legitimate and illegitimate racketeering is the thin one of legality only.

"Then, too, the system is not an intelligent one. It is essentially crazy to have a production system based only on profits for an absentee owner class, with efficiency only incidental and secondary.

"Intellectually, there is something wrong with a system that has the means for conquering poverty, but which gives us 13,200,000 idle in the country.

"There's small comfort in reading President Hoover's statement that 'things could be worse.' Things will get worse, and rapidly, if some effective steps are not taken."

He declared the "drift now is toward disaster," and that "no thinking man can deny that world war is more likely than world peace."

"I do not say," he pointed out, "that war is inevitable, but the process of doing nothing is acceptance of the inevitability of war. The drift is to Fascism, rather than to the strengthening of democracy, because Fascism means a contempt for democracy. One of the most distressing

with a socialized order from the same viewpoints.

He defined Socialism ethically as the only way to apply the doctrine of brotherhood, contended that it is intellectually logical for a people to own collectively the things they need for their collective good.

"There is something wrong with the ethics of a system," he declared, "where the vast development of machinery has given us an incerasing abundance of things for preserving and benefiting life without a correspondin~ increase in the security of the worker.

"There is something ethically wrong with a system where the doctrine that every man is rewarded according to his endeavor is so hopelessly bankrupt.

"The action of the bankers of the country in backing such financial exploitation as that of the Kreugers and the Insulls, of floating huge issues of worthless South American bonds, of encouraging speculative orgies as in 1928, is the kind of thing that has not a scintilla of ethical justification.

"The line between legitimate and illegitimate racketeering is the thin one of legality only.

"Then, too, the system is not an intelligent one. It is essentially crazy to have a production system based only on profits for an absentee owner class, with efficiency only incidental and secondary.

"Intellectually, there is something wrong with a system that has the means for conquering poverty, but which gives us 13,200,000 idle in the country.

"There's small comfort in reading President Hoover's statement that 'things could be worse.' Things will get worse, and rapidly, if some effective steps are not taken."

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"I do not say," he pointed out, "that war is inevitable, but the process of doing nothing is acceptance of the inevitability of war. The drift is to Fascism, rather than to the strengthening of democracy, because Fascism means a contempt for democracy. One of the most distressing things in the United States is the degradation of faith in political action."

Thomas said he does not think there is danger of an immediate drift to Communism.

In the same auditorium he later leaned informally across the chapel pulpit, horn-rimmed spectacles in hand, and sandwiched humorous jibes at the Democrats and the Republicans between earnest remarks about the actual means of socializing the order.

He spoke of Texas as having "temporarily relaxed to Republicanism four years ago" and accused it of now seeking to redeem itself by the ardor of its Democratic sentiments.

He described Franklin D. Roosevelt, Democratic presidential nominee, as "safe," but pointed out that the same eight-point power program he now advocates has increased utility rates in New York.

"They have added a service charge —as they may have done here," he said. "That's for the pleasure of looking at the meter whether you can pay the bill or not."

He referred to John N. Garner as "Texas' great statesman who likes the sales tax if the rest of the boys would stand for it."

"Nothing can rival the dumbness of the 'grab bag' tactics of business during the last few years," he said. "Those who control capital have shown not only a woeful lack of foresight, but ridiculous dumbness in dealing with present problems.

"The hope of solution of the present economic ills is Socialism. To be successful, Socialism must depend upon building up an 'intelligent selfishness,' instead of the aimless selfishness and greed now prevalent. We can not, of course, eliminate selfishness, so we must turn it to use. It is inconceivable that people would not have an emotion for self preservation. If there was an intelligent selfishness pervading the country, every laboring man would be far better off than he is now."

Communism, he said, is fighting Socialism as its greatest foe, because Socialism opposes violence and is against the Communists' desire for dictatorship. This latter desire, Thomas pointed out, already has split the Communist ranks in this country into four factions.

The Socialist candidate termed as "probably accurate" the indication from the Literary Digest presidential poll that he will receive about 2,000,000 votes in the election.

"We are gaining constant strength in all areas and from all classes of society," he said. "Especially are teachers, doctors and engineers—and lawyers to a certain extent—showing great interest among the professional classes."

Particularly along the Western Coast, and as far east as Denver, labor organizations are forming themselves into strong Socialist agencies, he said.

The Iowa farm strike, where he saw the picketers earlier in the Summer, he described as "useful warning that people are not going to starve quietly."

"It is a terrible thing in any country," he declared, "when we see people starving without protest."

Control of machinery to reduce the length of the working day, instead of decreasing the number of workers, is one of the aims of the Socialist program. So far, he pointed out, the development of machinery has been solely for the purpose of decreasing the number of workmen required.

"Prosperity and contentment can not come until every man is assured of being able to work and of having some leisure time for his own disposal," Thomas asserted. "It can not happen until workers receive for their labor the value of the things they produce."

To aid in accomplishing this the Socialists would abolish the profits of nonproducers, whether it be persons who live by "coupon clipping" or so-called holding companies that do not participate in actual operations of the industries they control.

For solution of the immediate unemployment situation, the program includes the bringing of idle men and idle factories together to produce their own needs. It includes, as another aid, a mandatory five-day week for workmen.

Thomas proposes to relieve the distressed condition of the farmers, in part, through the encouraging of collectivism to a greater extent than at present, by levying taxes on the rental value of land to end landlordism, abolishment of the general property tax and deriving a greater part of governmental revenues from income taxes and socialization of the farm machine trust.

He would establish, also, a national regional advisory board on the use of land. This board would be a unit of the general planning board under which economic, social and governmental activities would be supervised in a Socialist system.

For organized labor Thomas proposes, among other things, greater protection of workers from the right of injunction and true civil liberty and unrestrained right of discussion.

Is This Too Good for Your Cough?

Creomulsion may be a better help than you need. It combines seven major helps in one—the best helps known to science. It is made for coughs or colds that hang on, for quick relief, for safety.

Mild coughs often yield to lesser helps. No one can tell. No one knows which factor will do most for any certaincough. So careful people, more and more, are using Creomulsion for any cough that starts.

The cost is a little more than a single help. But your druggist guarantees it, so it costs nothing if it fails to bring you quick relief. Coughs are danger signals. For safety's sake, deal with them in the best way known. (adv.)

Senator La Follette Dies in Washington

Heart Disease Closes Career

Wisconsin Senator and Storm Center Cheerful to Last.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Senator Robert M. La Follette for many years a stormy petrel of American politics, died here Thursday.

Death resulted at 1:21 p. m. from heart disease induced by a general breakdown and an attack of bronchial asthma.

The Wisconsin Senator and later independent presidential candidate, began failing in health even before the 1924 campaign. Several weeks ago he contracted a severe cold which developed into asthma.

His heart, which had been unable to stand the strain, gave way during the night, and he sank rapidly after daylight today.

Hoped for Recovery.

Although they realized the seriousness of Senator La Follette's condition, members of his family had hoped until today that he would recover. Last night his physicians said he was resting, but nevertheless he took a quick and decided turn for the worse in the night hours and hope was abandoned.

Senator La Follette long was a victim of angina pectoris, a heart ailment, and this, with his asthmatic attack, caused him to suffer greatly from shortness of breath. Violent coughing spells accompanied his illness.

Almost to the last, however, he insisted on cheerful reports being given out as to his illness and it was not until yesterday that it was admitted that his condition was serious.

End Comes Peacefully.

After all the storms of his long career he passed away very quietly, surrounded by members of his family. He was conscious almost until death, but for several hours had been able to speak only in whispers to those about him.

Shortly before the end he mustered all his waning strength in a vain effort to murmur a last word to those at the bedside. Then he lapsed into unconsciousness, and, without any evidence of pain, passed almost immediately from life.

Mrs. La Follette and their two sons and daughters were close about him in the sick room throughout the morning and until death. It is the present plan to take the body to Madison for burial.

He Faces Death at Peace With World

SENATOR R. M. LA FOLLETTE.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Senator La Follette's last clear words voiced his feeling that he was dying and leaving things undone that he wanted to do.

Calling his son. Robert, to his bedside during his last hours, he said:

"I am at peace with all the world, but there is a lot of work I could still do. I don't know how the people will feel toward me, but I shall take to the grave my love for them which has sustained me through life."

THE SOCIALIST PARTY MONT

1911

Socialist Papers on the Exchange List of the National Office

DAILY—(ENGLISH).		Per year.
Chicago Daily Socialist	207 W. Washington St., Chicago	$3.00
New York Call	409 Pearl St., New York City	4.50
The Daily Register	Lead, S. D.	5.00
The Alarm	302 N. Illinois St., Belleville, Ill.	4.00
WEEKLY—(ENGLISH).		
Cotton's Weekly	Cowansville, Quebec, Canada	.50
The World	Box 415, Oakland, Cal.	1.00
Appeal to Reason	Girard, Kan.	.50
The Bakers' Journal	212 Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill.	1.00
St. Louis Labor	966 Chouteau Av., St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
Montana News	Helena, Mont.	.50
The Laborer	401 Main St., Dallas, Texas	1.00
Toilers' Defense	Coal Dale, Pa.	1.00
Social Democratic Herald	Brisbane Hall, Milwaukee, Wis.	.50
The Western Clarion	Vancouver, British Columbia, Can.	1.00
The Miners' Magazine	605 Railroad Bldg., Denver, Colo.	1.00
The Cleveland Citizen	310 Champlain Av., N. W., Cleveland	.50
The Pioneer	Indiana Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.	.50
The Findlay Call	Findlay, O.	.50
The Comrade	122 W. 12th St., Erie, Pa.	.50
The Enterpriser	419 S. 11th St., Lincoln, Neb.	.50
The Coming Nation	Girard, Kan.	1.00
The Socialist	26 N. High St., Columbus, O.	1.00
Indianapolis Register	30 Mansur Block	1.00
The Huntington Herald	Huntington, Ark.	1.00
The Rebel	Halletsville, Texas	.50
MONTHLY—(ENGLISH)		
International Socialist Review	118 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.	1.00
The Progressive Woman	5445 Drexel Ave., Chicago	.50
The Young Socialists' Magazine	15 Spruce St., New York City	.50
The New Era	184 S. High St., Columbus, O.	.25
The Free Press (bi-weekly)	P. O. Drawer 622, New Castle, Pa.	.50
The World's Referee	713 1st St., Seattle, Wash.	.50
Hope	5110 W. Madison St., Chicago	1.00
DAILY—(FOREIGN)		
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Bohemian—Spravedlnost	1825 S. Loomis St., Chicago	4.00
German—Volks Zeitung	15 Spruce St., New York City	6.00
German—Tageblatt	613 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.	3.00
Jewish—Forward	175 E. Broadway, New York City	3.50
Polish—Dziennik Ludowy	959 Milwaukee Av., Chicago	3.00
Finnish—Raivaaja	48 Wallace Av., Fitchburg, Mass.	3.50
Finnish—Tyomies	Hancock, Mich.	3.75
WEEKLY—(FOREIGN)		
German—Arbeiter Zeitung	966 Chouteau Av., St. Louis, Mo.	2.00
German—Vorwaerts	15 Spruce St., New York City	1.00
German—Die Wahrheit	Brisbane Hall, Milwaukee, Wis.	1.50
Polish—Robotnik	416 6th St., New York City	3.00
Bohemian—Americke Delnicke Listy	4032 Broadway, Cleveland, O.	1.00
Slovac—Rovnost Ludu	679 Loomis St., Chicago	1.25
Slavonic—Proletarec	2146 Blue Island Av., Chicago	1.50
Italian—La Parola Dei Socialisti	874 Blue Island Av., Chicago	1.00
Jewish—Labor World	1114 Blue Island Ave., Chicago	1.00
Finnish—Toveri (tri-weekly)	10th and Duane Sts., Astoria, Ore.	2.50
Finnish—Toveritar (Woman Comrade)	10th and Duane Sts., Astoria, Ore.	1.00
French—L'Union des Travailleurs	Charleroi, Pa.	1.50
Lettish—Strahdneeks	28 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.	3.00
Lithuanian—Kova	418 S. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.	2.00
Norwegian—Gaa Paa	415 Cedar Av., Minneapolis, Minn.	.50
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Hungarian—Testveriseg (Fraternity)	351 E. 78th St., New York City	1.50
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Names and Addresses of State Secretaries

Alabama	Emma F. Connolly	Box 55, Birmingham.
Arizona	George H. Newsholme	2 Monihon Bldg., Phoenix.
Arkansas	Ida Callery	Huntington.
California	F. B. Meriam	424 Henne Bldg., Los Angeles.
Colorado	A. H. Floaten	1430 Monroe st., Denver.
Connecticut	Otto Kannegiesser	746 Chapel st., New Haven.
Florida	A. C. Sill	Ruskin.
Georgia	Max Wilk	1628 Walton Way, Augusta.
Idaho	I. F. Stewart	Nampa.
Illinois	J. O. Bentall	205 W. Washington st., Chi.
Indiana	James Oneal	309½ Ohio st., Terre Haute.
Iowa	J. J. Jacobsen	1127 11th st., Des Moines.
Kansas	S. M. Stallard	Box 268, Ft. Scott.
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Louisiana	W. F. Dietz	924 Iris St., Lake Charles
Maine	Norman W. Lermond	R. F. D. No. 1, Thomaston.
Maryland	A. B. Claxton	Hyattsville.
Massachusetts	James F. Carey	14 Park Sq., Room 7, Boston.
Michigan	J. Hoogerhyde	192 Monroe St., Grand Rapids.
Minnesota	J. E. Nash	305 Lincoln Bldg., Minneapolis.
Mississippi	W. A. Knight	R. R. 2, Hattiesburg.
Missouri	R. R. Ristine	2329 Annabaxter St., Joplin.
Montana	Alma M. Kriger	P. O. Box 548, Butte.
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New Jersey	W. B. Killingbeck	62 Williams st., Orange.
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Ohio	Joseph C. Schawe	121½ E. Town st., Columbus.
Oklahoma	R. E. Dooley	Indiana Bldg., Oklahoma City.
Oregon	Chas. H. Otten	506 Buchanan Block, Portland.
Pennsylvania	Robert B. Ringler	628 Walnut st., Reading.
Rhode Island	Fred Hurst	1923 Westminster st., Olneyville.
South Dakota	M. G. Opsahl	F122 Phil av., Sioux Falls.
Tennessee	J. E. Voss	778 Eastern av., Jackson.
Texas	E. R. Meitzen	Hallettsville.
Utah	Peter J. Holt	Box 477, Salt Lake City.
Vermont	Mary R. Sanford	Bennington Center.
Virginia	I. L. Burgess	3613 Huntington av., N'port News
Washington	Frans Bostrom	Box 491, Everett.
West Virginia	H. W. Houston	Parkersburg.
Wisconsin	E. H. Thomas	Brisbane Hall, Milwaukee.
Wyoming	Paul J. Paulsen	Rock Springs.

AN OPEN LETTER TO "THE APPEAL".

March 19, 1919.

Editor, Appeal to Reason,
Girard, Kans.

Sir:—In the issue of the **Appeal to Reason**, March 15th, 1919, you publish an appeal for $30,000 CASH, for an alleged "Amnesty and Construction Fight.

You give yourself credit for having "won" the first skirmish in the amnesty fight and on the basis of this unfounded claim, you justify your appeal for $30,000 CASH. To make your appeal seem legitimate, you use such name as Eugene V. Debs, Kate Richards O'Hare, Rose Pastor Stokes and refer to "many of our comrades". I happen to be one of those who is facing a prison sentence and if you have included me in "many of the comrades", I want you to strike my name from your list. I loathe to be a "comrade" of yours. You and your paper helped to create a hatred against the Socialist Party and you wilfully and maliciously lied about the National Executive Committee when it refused to follow a course that would put more of our members in prison. In other words, you and your paper must bear a part of the responsibility for the prosecution and persecution of the Socialists and it is rank hypocrisy for you to prate about your fight for amnesty.

Others may speak for themselves, but I scorn any effort that you make in my behalf. A thousand times would I rather spend the rest of my life behind prison bars than to have one word from you whom I hold responsible for the persecutions of which my colleagues and I are victims.

I look upon your appeal for $30,000 CASH, in the name of "amnesty", as a sinister method of filling your own coffers.

You have lied to us and about us and betrayed us in the past and I resent your hypocritical prattle about amnesty.

Yours without respect,
Adolph Germer, National Secretary.
Socialist Party.

Support War, Says Warren

[Fred D. Warren, former editor of the Appeal to Reason who is now in business in Chicago, recently declared himself in favor of a war policy similar to the one adopted by The New Appeal. The following is part of an interview given by Mr. Warren and printed in the Chicago Daily News:]

BY FRED D. WARREN.

A lover of peace or a Socialist has only three courses of conduct open to him. First, he may fight the government and suffer punishment and accomplish nothing. Second, he may be a passive spectator sitting by, looking on, saying and doing nothing. Third, he may co-operate with the government, push the war, help win it, and during the war and at the end of it take all possible steps and measures to achieve Socialism and to make war impossible in the future. I have chosen the third course.

If I knew any tactics I could use by which I could stop the war this minute I would use them. But opposition is useless. Therefore I am going to center my strength on getting all I can out of it for the working class.

The food control measures now in force are a step in Socialism. They should be carried further and they should be made permanent—organizing the food and clothing supplies of the world with the purposes of abolishing hunger and poverty after the war.

I campaigned for Benson and against Wilson last year. When war was declared I revolted. I did not know the conditions in Europe. I did not know then what was in President Wilson's mind. I believe now that the working classes of the world by fighting this war can dictate peace terms that will secure possession of the earth for the working class.

SOCIALIST VOTE OF 1910.

(Compiled by W. J. Ghent.)

States.	Straight Vote.	Highest Vote.
Alabama	1,042	1,633
Arkansas	9,196	9,196
California	47,819	47,819
Colorado	7,844	9,603
Connecticut	12,179	12,179
Delaware	544	556
Florida	5,182	10,204
Georgia	221	224
Idaho	5,342	5,791
Illinois	49,687	49,896
Indiana	19,632	19,632
Iowa	9,685	9,685
Kansas	15,384	16,994
Kentucky	5,239	5,239
Louisiana	706	706
Maine	1,641	1,641
Maryland	3,924	3,924
Massachusetts	11,396	14,444
Michigan	9,992	10,608
Minnesota	11,173	18,363
Mississippi	23	23
Missouri	19,831	19,957
Montana	5,381	5,412
Nebraska	6,279	6,721
Nevada	1,393	3,637
New Hampshire	1,022	1,072
New Jersey	10,134	10,134
New York	48,529	48,982
North Carolina	437	437
North Dakota	2,524	5,114
Ohio	60,637	62,356
Oklahoma	24,707	24,707
Oregon	8,059	19,475
Pennsylvania	53,053	59,630
Rhode Island	529	529
South Carolina	70	70
South Dakota	1,579	1,675
Tennessee	1,704	4,571
Texas	11,538	11,538
Utah	4,889	4,889
Vermont	1,055	1,067
Virginia	987	987
Washington	15,994	15,994
West Virginia	8,152	8,152
Wisconsin	39,547	40,053
Wyoming	1,605	2,155
Totals	557,486	607,674

THE CAPTAIN OF THE PRO-MOTION GUARD

By Tom Hickey

When a foreigner visits our shores and puzzles his brain to find out what makes America great, he is told that this is due to our form of government, our laws, our climate, our natural resources, our inventors, etc. To my mind these things all help but they are as hollow brass and tinkling cymbals without one great factor, and that is the daring, dazzling, energy squandering, never-say-die American promoter. He is the man of vision who, in fancy, places a city on a hill, where before the foot of man never trod. His faith does not move mountains, but it tunnels them and lets the mountain stand. He finds gold in inaccessible places. He sprays the snow of the Arctic with oil. He welds continents together. He annihilates space. He ignores obstacles of all description. Pessimism is not in his vocabulary. He radiates optimism, is never so happy as when he is down to his last dollar, and takes it and upon it erects a monument of gold.

Cyclone readers, let me introduce to you one of America's most typical promotion captains, the Hon. Jas. K. Hughes of Mexia. J. K. landed in Mexia when the big rush broke two years ago, and fractured his last ten-dollar bill to pay for the ride. Although approaching the sixty mark, with hair silvered from the stress of many battles, his long leam plunged into the surging throng of oil mad and money mad humanity, and when he emerged he still held the price of a night's lodging, but better still, he had an option on a small piece of cheap acreage. A man of the Hughes type always has friends. Several of them were in Mexia. They staked him. He strained his credit to the breaking point. He drilled, and won. And then drilled again and won some more. He when the golden fluid hits the got in the Golden Lane and won again. Then he waded into the Fish Pond and while some other men were hesitating about putting down one well, he ordered swelve started, all at once, out of which he got several producers. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He never forgets his friends, and his stockholders are always on his mind. So great long streams of dividend checks commenced to flow up from his office, and glory be, that stream has never stopped, nor even slowed up, while the 60-year-old young hustler has been stepping with seven-league boots over the state, into proven territory and wildcat territory, and semi-wildcat territory, and still the Hughes luck follows on. But it is not luck; it is good judgment, gained by a generation of dearly

Sunday February 9, 1919

BORAH EFFORT TO CHANGE ESPIONAGE LAW UNSUCCESSFUL

By United Press.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Administration forces in the Senate Saturday crushed efforts to repeal portions of the espionage law which, according to Progressive leaders, hamper free speech.

By vote of 390 to 25 the Senate refused to suspend the rules to permit Senator Borah to offer an amendment to the Postoffice appropriation bill, removing the Postmaster General's power to censor newspapers and magazines sent throuhg the mail. In spite of their defeat, Progressives were cheered by the support their proposal received. One reason for its rejection was the desire of the administration leaders to hurry the appropriation bill. They feared that if the espionage law repealer were adopted, it would lead to a controversy with the House, tying up the measure.

Want Freedom of Speech.

"We shall not give up our attempts to remove from the statutes every bar to complete freedom of speech and of the press," said Borah, following the vote. "I am as eager as anyone else to prevent the mails from being misused by persons seeking to overthrow this government. But I am unwilling, as a free American, to allow one man to say whether my writings are treasonable or seditious. The principle sustained in today's vote is entirely hostile to all Anglo-Saxon traditions which clearly establish the right of trial by jury."

Borah plans to present a similar amendment to other appropriation bills. In the meantime he will perfect other objections raised today.

ATTENTION OIL MEN

List your leases and oil stocks with us. New exchange just opened. Midlothian Oil Exchange and Board of Trade, Midlothian, Texas.—Adv.

PROMINENT SOCIALIST HERE

Thomas A. Hickey, born in Dublin, Ireland, prominent Texas Socialist and editor of the Rebel, published at Hallettsville, is here, at the Royal hotel, and is enjoying Galveston's famous summer sea breezes and the finest surf bathing in the world.

During the first twenty-one days in July Mr. Hickey will figure largely in the state campaign. He is scheduled for a series of twenty-one consecutive debates with John E. Davis of Dallas, candidate for the United States senate. Twenty-one Texas towns will be visited, and the points debated will be issues of the democratic and socialist parties.

"Prohibition is a trumped up issue brought forth regularly when progressive movements appear on the political horizon," Mr. Hickey says. "Agitating the Texas liquor problem is a ten-year squabble; in 1925 we will end virtually where we started. Texas has about 100,000,000 acres of land that should be opened up. That's our real problem."

"You believe in the J. J. Pastoriza with his taxation plan as the remedy?" Mr. Hickey was asked.

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "Pastoriza with his taxation plan put Houston on the map." — Galveston News.

THOMAS A. HICKEY VISITS FORT WORTH

Prospective Socialist Candidate for Governor Is Now Boosting Wilson's League.

Hon. Thomas A. Hickey, Socialist candidate for the United States senate two years ago, and embryonic candidate for governor of Texas on the same ticket next year, drifted into Fort Worth Thursday from the oil metropolis of Desdemona. The Honorable Tom says he is right side up with care after having run the gamut of eight grand juries, federal and state, and having come out unscathed in his fight.

Before the great world war, the Honorable Tom was "ed" and "prop" of a rantankerous Socialist paper published in the bounding West. Because of one of his celebrated editorials he got in bad with one Albert Sidney Burleson, with the result that his paper was shut out of the mails and the plant ordered shut down.

Tom had his back up, but the powers of persuasion used by Burleson, coupled with visits from several government officials, who requested his presence before a body of inquisitors, the honorable gentleman thought discretion the better part of valor and closed shop. Now he is advertising manager for the great oil weekly published in Desdemona and as a side issue is helping Woodrow Wilson put over the league of nations by doing some missionary work among the undefiled Socialists of Texas.

He has hopes some day, so he says, of becoming a real oil magnate, and announced that when oil is struck on his ranch he will make a liberal donation to the home for down-and-out newspaper writers in Texas.

Public Discussion

Special to The Record.

FORT WORTH, July 18.—Just to keep the record straight I wish you would inform your readers that like Homer, your reporter nodded badly when he published the story about my visit to Fort Worth. He makes me say that I am heartily in favor of the league of nations, whereas as a matter of fact to my mind the league of nations ought to be called the league of England and her colonies with America holding the bag. I am willing to hire a hall and pay the expenses out of my own pocket for the purpose of debating with any representative Wilson man this proposition: Resolved, That the establishment of a league of nations as proposed by the Paris conference, is a death blow to America's institutions, establishes a war trust, and is destructive of democracy." If I do not whip my opponent to the overwhelming satisfaction of an unprejudiced audience I will agree to keep silent on this subject ever after. To make matters more interesting, I will give my opponent forty minutes out of each sixty, and I will even agree not to mention the exalting of King George, the kaiser's first cousin, and the attempted destruction of glorious old Ireland's aspirations for freedom and democracy.

Again the gentleman is entirely in error about my battle with Burleson. That gentleman did not suppress my paper and so informed me and my lawyer, the illustrious Frank Walsh in a personal interview in the postmaster general's office at Washington in July, 1917. What occurred was this: On June 7, 1917, Mr. Burleson through his solicitor, Lamar, telegraphed ex-Senator Paulus, postmaster at Halletsville, to hold up my issue of June 9, which of course he had never seen, and mail two copies of same to Washington.

No reply having been received from Washington, the postmaster refused to accept my paper on the 16th and 23rd of June, thus causing me to lose three issues. On June 27, Third Assistant Postmaster General Dockery wrote me that my paper was not one of general circulation, although I was circulating in forty-four states and two territories, the District of Columbia, Canada, Australia, England, Italy and Africa. He also informed me that I lost my second-class privilege because I did not appear regularly, although I had not missed one issue in six years, and then missed three issues because his chief ordered it. Comment is unnecessary.

As to grand jury proceedings I was arrested for belonging to the Farmers' and Laborers Protective association. The grand jury investigation revealed that a deplorable mistake had been made in this, that the authorities confused the F. L. and P. A. with the Renters union which had been organized four years earlier in Waco and had an "open door" policy, and thus was as different from the F. L. and P. A. as day and night. It was then believed I was king of the I. W. W. in the South, when, I was, in fact, the only man in the South who had engaged in a written debate with William D. Haywood.

Finally on examining my paper from its first number, the federal authorities were astonished to learn that I was the first man in the South to publicly attack the kaiser, his crown prince and military caste, and predict their destruction in the fall of 1917. This editorial was written and published in the Rebel, and I will be pleased to give you a copy of it, on Feb. 21, 1912. That is a prophecy that I am proud of.

I do not know whether the national congress, the American Legion, or the the Daughters' of the Revolution, will be the first to decorate me with the D. S. O. cross for distinguished service to the cause of democracy by being unquestionably the original anti-kaiserite of the sunny South. Nothing like turning on the light and keeping the record straight. Thanking you for your splendid treatment of me in the past. Yours for democracy,

TOM HICKEY,
Old Glory, Stonewall Co., Texas.

FIRE IN THE ASHES.

A

Thursday December 2, 1920

The Ferguson Forum

that rats step into it in getting food has been reported efficient.

A GREAT AMERICAN PRINCIPLE.

(By TOM HICKEY.)

(The following article was prepared by Mr. Hickey in response to our request in our issue of Nov. 18 for a discussion on "How Can We Get Together?"—Editor.)

I write this story as a non-partisan. Not for me the clash of political warfare on old time lines with all its attending prejudices and wrangles and petty strife. I merely write to explain a great principle in politics that will, I am confident, when put into effect make democracy safe, sane and sensible for all time.

Like all great discoveries, the process is simple; it can be stated in three words. They are:

PROPORTIONAL OCCUPATIONAL REPRESENTATION.

Meaning of the Three Words.

Proportional occupational representation simply means that in proportion as men and women are engaged in agricultural, industrial, professional, financial or other occupations, so shall they be represented in their state and national law making bodies. A condition that does not exist in any parliamentary body in the world.

The Preponderance of Lawyers.

I visited the Texas legislature in 1917 and took a census of the senate and house as to occupations. This is what I found: Of the 31 senators comprising the senate, 26 were lawyers, two were bankers, 2 newspaper men and one doctor, and not one farmer. This is a state that is 77 per cent agricultural.

In the house of representatives we have 142 men and but 8 are farmers and of these but two are real dirt farmers.

Look at the congressional delegation from Texas: Eighteen congressmen and 2 United States senators. The entire 20 are lawyers.

In Minnesota, a great wheat state, there is one representative in the state capital for every 22 lawyers and one for every 13,300 farmers.

In the senate and house at Washington the vast majority of the senators and representatives are lawyers and the same holds true of every state legislature in the nation.

Thus we find a situation has grown up in this country in which the masses of the people are almost entirely without representation, so far as their occupations are concerned.

To make matters worse, the lawyer is the poorest type of man conceivable for the drafting of laws. His entire training is medieval; he looks to the tallow candle instead of the electric light; he studies Blackstone instead of Marconi; he prefers the Justinain code of ancient Rome to the discoveries of modern science; his mentality is consequently of the witchburning order; hence he wrote the blue laws of New England and Virginia and has now renewed them in the first quarter of the 20th century. Need we wonder that at the moment when the cotton farmer is prostrated by his terrific losses Tom Blanton of the Abilene district, the most voluble of the 20 lawyers Texas sends to congress, is moving heaven and earth to place all the whiskey warehouses under one roof and have the wages of negro spittoon cleaners reduced!

The Remedy.

The remedy is simple. When Uncle Sam shows next month that 75 per cent of the people of Texas are farmers, let them organize to demand that 75 per cent of the 1922 legislature be farmers—honest to God dirt farmers. This should also carry with it a dirt farmer governor and United States senator and fourteen dirt farmer congressmen to make such laws as will abolish profiteering middle men, settle the land question; provide rural credits, establish crop insurance, grading and warehousing and ways and means to market the crops. Through this method lies the southern farmers' salvation.

Abolish Class Legislation.

This move abolishes class legislation. No more will a legal castle dominate the state while holding the balances in Washington and the checks in Wall street.

The other trades and professions of Texas will have, of course, representation in proportion to their numbers. A sane legislature will sit in Austin instead of the Charlie Chaplin crowd that at present is the laughing stock of the state.

An Honest Proposition.

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The Ferguson Forum December 2, 1920

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Accordingly the farmers of Texas must demand 75 per cent of the next legislature, because they are 75 per cent of the wealth producers. To demand more than 75 per cent would be dishonest; to demand less would be cowardly.

To work then for proportional occupational representation.

Box 459, Temple, Texas.

Now that about two-thirds of the women of the United States have remained away from the polls at their country's greatest election,, the anti-suffrage argument that the majority of the women do not want and will not use the vote is beyond debate and simply a matter of established mathematical fact.—Q. E. D., in the Women Patriot.

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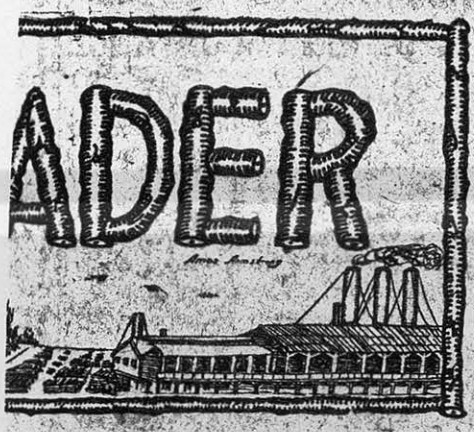

Leesville

The Biggest Little City and the Fastest Growing Town in Louisiana

NUMBER 41.

"DIVIDE UP! LET GEORGE DO IT" IS THE ATTITUDE OF SOCIALISTS WHO STRUCK OIL

Desdemona, Tex.—For many years the hotbed of Socialism in Texas was in Eastland county, with Hog Town, now called Desdemona, as the storm center of agitators who preached the doctrine of equal distribution of wealth among all the people. Now these very same same men, who cast their votes for Eugene Debs for president, and prior to becoming Socialists, were pioneer members of the Populist party, are simply reeking with wealth—not imaginary prosperity, but real coin—oodles of it. Incidently, it may be mentioned that not a one of them is saying a word about dviding up his fortune with the "downtrodden poor."

Oil caused the transformation. Strange to say, the owners of virtually all the farms that now comprise the heart of the Desdemonia oil field were Socialists. Many of them belonged to the more rabid faction. One of the most radical was Thomas A. Hickey, an Irishman, who was editor and publisher of the Rebel, which was the recognized organ of the party in Texas.

The Rebel Suppressed.

Postmaster General Burleson found it necessary to suppress the Rebel early in the war because of its alleged unpatriotic utterances. Hickey was not only a Socialist in his writings, but he acted and looked the part. He became the owner of a piece of land near Desdemona. It was worth little as a farm. Then came the oil boom. Hickey has risen from almost poverty to millionaire in the last eight months. No one hears him talking Socialism any more.

In former years one of the great delights of the Socialists of the Hog Town community and other parts of Eastland of the old-fashioned kind. He has no use for Socialalism so he sent word to the manager of the Socialist baseball team that the aggregation could not play on his land. This made the Socialists angry. They decided to buy the land.

"What will you take for an acre and one-half for the ball park?" Dr. Snodgrass was asked.

"You may have it for $50," he said.

Everybody knew that $50 was an exhorbitant price, but the Socialists had their ire up. Subscriptions were called for and the money was raised, most of the stockholders subscribing $1. Dr. Snodgrass now admits that he laughed over the sale. Today the Socialists who own the one and one-half acre ball park could dispose of it for $40,000 and one-eighth royalty of all oil that it may yield. The little tract is surrounded by big wells.

666 has proven it will cure Malaria, Chills and Fever, Bilious Fever, Colds and LaGrippe. It kills the parasite that causes the fever. It is a splendid laxative and general Tonic.—Adv.

DR. J. H. WORD IS CALLED BY DEATH

The death of Dr. James Harrison Word occurred at his home in this city at 3:25 o'clock, after a lingering illness, surrounded by his family and friends. His age was 67 years, four months

B

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In former years one of the great delights of the Socialists of the Hog Town community and other parts of Eastland county was to gather in annual encampment at Ellison Springs. They made it the occasion of solving all the problems of the country and digging hard into the ribs of the "capitalistic class." At these encampments Hickey was wont to orate long and loudly on economic questions from the standpoint of the radicals. From the encampment the Socialist farmers and business men with their wives and children would travel back to their homes in canvas-covered wagons to take up the dull routine of work that promised them no remuneration beyond a bare living.

100 Now Are Millionaires.

More than 100 of these men, who only a year ago were preaching Socialism and struggling to make both ends meet, are now millionires; several of them are worth in actual cash $10,000,000 to $25,000,000 each, all made out of oil leases and petroleum production. Another 500 Socialists of Eastland and Stephens counties are already well along toward the million mark.

As a result of this wealth, or perhaps because they are too busy piling up more, there will be no Socialist encampment at Ellison Springs this year. If by any chance these men should get together it would be a convocation of more millionaires than ever before assembled at one time in Texas.

As an illustration of the luck that has descended upon these Hog Town Socialists the case of the baseball park here may be cited. Some of the young Socialists got up a baseball nine and played games with teams from Gorman and other communities. They used a piece of ground on the farm of Dr. S. Snodgrass for the baseball field. Dr. Snodgrass is a Democrat

Today the Socialists who own the one and one-half acre ball park could dispose of it for $40,000 and one-eighth royalty of all oil that it may yield. The little tract is surrounded by big wells.

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The death of Dr. James Harrison Word occurred at his home in this city at 3:25 o'clock, after a lingering illness, surrounded by his family and friends. His age was 67 years, four months and eighteen days.

For almost two score years Dr. Word has lived and labored in Vernon parish. It is no exaggeration to say that no man was more generally known and liked than he, among all classes of Vernon's citizenship, for he literally devoted his life in relieving the sick or unfortunate. He died as he had lived, a comparatively poor man, for the reason that finances were not considered where his skill as a physician was needed; he chose as his life's work the relief of suffering humanity and cared not to lay up any treasure for himself on earth save the gratitude and love in the hearts of those with whom he came in contact.

Dr. Word was elected tax assessor of Vernon parish at the last general election, and held that office at the time of his death.

The funeral was held at his late residence Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, Rev. W. S. Henry and Rev. John Franklin officiating at this touching service. The remains were interred in the old Leesville cemetery, under the auspices of the Masons, of which fraternity he was a member of high degree. Every business house in the city closed their doors during the funeral and burial services, as a slight tribute of honor to the deceased. An immense crowd of people from both town and country assembled at the cemetery to pay honor for the last time to a noble friend.

To the aged wife, the children and relatives of deceased Leader can but offer condolence, realizing that mere words cannot heal a bleeding heart, and naught but the healing hand of time can dull the pain of a wound so deep.

Debate on Socialism.

Mr. W. B. Tomlinson of Blake was in the city Wednesday and informed the News that the much talked of debate on Socialism between Mr. W. R. Chambers of May and a Socialist orator, took place at the Blake school house last Saturday night. A good audience of men was present and the speakers devoted about three and a half hours to their argument.

The defender of Socialism on this occasion was Thos. A. Hickey of Halletsville, a man that has been knocking around the country for years making Socialist speeches He is a good talker, and a man that goes against him in a debate must be well prepared to hold his own.

Mr. Tomlinson, who is a Socialist himself, says that Hickey in this debate rather bested Chambers. Naturally, Mr. Tomlinson could believe that and be perfectly honest in his view and loyal in friendly allegiance to his young Democratic neighbor, whom he admires very much. But if it is so that Mr. Hickey made the best showing upon this occasion, it was because Mr. Chambers was not fully prepared for the peculiar style of argument that a clever theorist can put up.

A man learns best how to combat the Socialist propaganda by rubbing up against it, and Mr. Chambers now knows more about the soft, dreamy waltz music of the Socialist fiddle than he knew before, and he is better prepared than ever to stay in the dance.

Bring the next debate to Brownwood, boys, where the newspapers can count the rounds.

Written on back of article → "apart of the first rest of this is what I gave the news"

No Date

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ABOUT THAT SOCIALIST DEBATE

W. R. Chambers Tells of One or Two Questions That Brother Hickey Didn't Answer

To the News.

In regard to the Socialist debate at Blake, I am sure Brother Tomlinson overlooks one of the chief elements of that discussion for the evils which the l. .r Hickey complained of, I admitted in part at the outset of the discussion. Our chief difference, however, was in method; he favoring the complete annihilation of the entire civil fabric as it exists now, while I contend we should hold on to our republican form of government —not destroy it, but perfect it.

The courts are slowly, but surely, regulating the evils that have arisen from the aggregation of wealth, and that the corporations will be harmonized, regulated and made perfect surely no one except a pessimist can deny.

Of course, a few judicial decisions have seemingly been wrong, but that they will be corrected by subsequent judges I've no doubt. The general trend of court decisions from time out of memory have been to firmly establish liberty among men and to protect the weak from the avarice of the strong.

In view of these facts I am fully persuaded that the Hon. Mr. Hickey's unreasonable castigation of our courts was ill timed.

Now, it is not my intention to enter into any extended discussion of socialism. However, to refresh Brother Tomlinson's memory on the point he overlooks, I shall proceed to point it out.

If Brother Tomlinson remembers. I offered to turn socialist before morning if Mr Hickey could only reasonably explain one point. Now, was that not a splendid opportunity for Mr. Hickey to get a convert to socialism? He (Hickey) either considered I would be of no use to Socialism, or he could not explain his doctrine, for in his two hours reply he never one time referred to the point in controversy.

The plank in the socialist platform under discussion when I made this rather liberal offer was this: "To shorten the working day to 8 hours; have one day and a half rest out of every week for all workers; no child should be allowed to work

J
W

some plan of revenue

I shall say in conclusion I am ready to meet Socialists in debate whenever time and opportunity will permit.

Yours truly,
W. R. Chambers.

May, Texas, March 6, 1911.

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decisions have seemingly been wrong, but that they will be corrected by subsequent judges I've no doubt. The general trend of court decisions from time out of memory have been to firmly establish liberty among men and to protect the weak from the avarice of the strong.

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The plank in the socialist platform under discussion when I made this rather liberal offer was this: "To shorten the working day to 8 hours; have one day and a half rest out of every week for all workers; no child should be allowed to work until they had become sixteen years of age; every person, after sixty years of age, should be retired from labor, and should receive a pension from the government, and every person must have compulsory insurance by the government against sickness, idleness, in- [illegible] and death."

"Where [illegible]enue [illegible]

[illegible]llent!

Now, I am sure Brother Tomlinson would have felt better had Mr. Hickey explained this.

Christ's miracle of feeding the multitude upon five loaves and two fishes and having twelve baskets full left pales into insignificance when com pared with the way a Socialist can raise revenue.

An explanation of this one plank in socialism will undo their theory, to say nothing of some twelve or fifteen other rotten planks in their plaform.

Now, I shall enter into no discussion of this plank I just merely call Brother Tomlinson's attention to this, so that when his ecstasy has run riot to the point of delirium, he might divert his mind on

portunity will permit.

Yours truly,
W. R Chambers.

May, Texas, March 6, 1911.

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HOW I MADE $1,000,000 a MINUTE

By Tom Hickey

The usual weekly meeting of the oil boomers and boosters and raconteurs occurred at Birdwell's Drug Store Wednesday night. The president displayed a placard reading, "All corn is sold little more than half a mile north, south, east and west of the Birdwell Drug Store." The newspaper man was selected as the victim to tell the big weekly story, which he did in relating how he made a million dollars in a minute about two hundred and eighteen miles from the Birdwell Drug Store. This is the truthful tale he told:

The days of romance and adventure have just begun. The oil fields of Texas have barely been scratched. Bromidic, yes, but what the men of Grant's and Lee's army found after the Civil War when opening up the Golden West, and what the men of '98 found in the drama and tragedy of Chilkoot Pass that lured a London on, has been duplicated and then some in the Rangers and Breckenridges, Burkburnetts and Desdemonas of two short years ago. I was one of the crowd that marched on Hogtown (Desdemona) after the discovery well blew in and then caught fire; and never did a Mukden or Verdun in the flash of the cannon reveal the faces of an advancing host, more spurred to conquest of nature and gold and women, and all the red hot gamble of life than we, who treeked through the terrible roads, miles from a railroad, where the great new gusher roared.

I was in the front line of the marching army. I met an old friend of mine, Uncle Jimmie Ellison, who owned a flea bitten sandy farm on the main road from Hogtown to Gorman, and on which he had lived for sixty-three years. He was eighty-three years old and was one man who needed no abstract because he had straight patent from Sam Houston. Acreage had risen to five hundred dollars, then a thousand, then three thousand, and when some frenzied men offered him four thousand he looked for his old blunderbus to keep the brigands away. We talked over a mess of beans and Arbuckle and he told me that he held one hundred and sixty-three acres under the patent and if I would just sell twenty of them at five hundred an acre with a thirty day drilling contract and a forfeit in the bank, he would then be ready to tackle the rest of his 143 acres, and I could have two acres for my share. And this was all reasonable enough so I went to Hogtown in the mud and rain and in an hour had the old man fixed up and with a certified check for myself for one thousand dollars.

After the papers were signed I went to Gorman to deposit my check and met an old newspaper man friend of mine, who had worked with me in the Texas legislature. Unfortunately the corn had given out and he was drinking red hot Jamaica ginger. Sixteen ounces had blazed its red hot way down his gullet that lead him to his hotel, still grasping the check in his hand. Every hundred feet he would stop and read the six ciphers, that he distinctly saw. He sat down to his typewriter in his room and wrote a brilliant story to an evening newspaper in which he wove together the fact that Eugene V. Debbs had spoken on Old Uncle Jimmie's pasture to five thousand West Texas farmers. That a number of boys had bought a baseball ground for forty dollars that was now worth forty thousand dollars, and that I had been prominent in radical circles and had now made a million over night.

The story was so good that the Sunday supplement editor of the St. Louis Post Dispatch grabbed it and dropped another cipher in that made me worth ten million dollars. Then the editor of the magazine section of the New York World grabbed it and he boosted the anti to twenty-five million dollars. Then the Hearst papers got hold of it, but the jovial Sunday editor figured that I was wealthy enough and they never let me get past that twenty-five million mark; and so my gorgeous wealth was plastered in the Sunday pages from Boston to Los Angeles and from Florida to Michigan. Then the country weeklies got hold of the story and then came a flood of letters to me from every part of the United States.

I was running the Desdemona Oil News at the time, with Mr. Harry Elliott publisher, and into our box there flowed the letters addressed to me. I do not know if other editors have had experiences like mine in their mail. I hope not, for ninety-five per cent of the letters were from women, whom I love so much I hate to correspond with them in bunches. Strange to say, not more than one per cent were romantic. I received about five letters in which ladies spoke of their personal charm. Most of the letters asked for money for paying off mortgages, to secure education for their children, to pay for high priced operations, to buy land in the west, and one or two spoke of dire suffering for food and shelter. Another strange thing I found was that I did not get one request for money from a friend. Everybody wished me well, of course, and not one spiritualist or church organization requested assistance, much to my surprise.

Then came the big surprise in another form from this national publicity. I was pestered with promoters, who sought to use my new found fame for their own benefit. I lined myself up with the most honest outfit I could find and became vice-president of a million dollar oil corporation. My altruistic urge prevented me from drawing a salary. I thought I was well paid with twenty-five thousand dollars worth of promotion stock. I helped to sink sixty-five thousand dollars in a hole across the road from where thirteen gushers poured out fortunes and at 3602 feet I secured a Coney Island full of water. Everywhere else we drilled we failed, deflation came on and the company blew up. After I had

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"Sure," I said; "look at this," handing him a certified check for $1,00.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed; "it is sure enough a million." And then for the first time I realized that drunken men see double. He read six ciphers instead of three. And then I got the second surprise of my young life in finding a man who, under a certain state of alcoholic exhaltation, can write better drunk than sober. He asked me to hope not, for ninety-five per cent of the letters were from women, whom I love so much I hate to correspond with them in bunches. Strange to say, not more than one per cent were romantic. I received about five letters in which ladies spoke of their personal charm. Most of the letters asked for money for paying off mortgages, to secure education for their children, to pay for high priced operations, to buy land in the west, and one or two spoke of dire suffering for food and shelter. Another strange thing I found was that I did not get one request for money from a friend. Everybody wished me well, of course, and not one spiritualist or church organization requested assistance, much to my surprise.

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BETTING ON THE FIRST WELL

A good deal of money has been put up on the question of what well will be in first. Some are betting on the Denny-Mexia, some on the Hobbs, then the Revere, the Allen No. 1, the Gunter all have supporters.

This appears to be a Steamboat in Steamboat Springs and Cyclone

Back side of Tom Hickey article entitled "How I Made $1,000,000 a Minute"

C

Dear: This newspaper man Griffith is a great man & friend whom his wife said when he refused the $10,000 job

No Date Available

SOCIETY

THE WHY.

If all our ways were easy and ne'er a road were steep,
And ne'er a task were difficult, and life all dreamy sleep;
If every day were pleasant and nights were never bleak,
And singing birds and flowers were any way we peek;
If goals were won by wishing, and prizes got by sloth,
And heights attained through loafing With ne'er a thought of growth,
The soul of man would wither, and one as well might be
A parasite ignoble upon a fruitful tree.

or more (40 weeks) 25 Cents.

THE DEATH OF FERRER.

The tyrant gloated in his fear.
And Truth fell crushed and Freedom sighed,
And millions felt a starting tear
When Ferrer died.
One living voice for truth was stilled.
Yet he, in death, speaks loud and clear,
"Opression's rule is long, but know,
Its end is near."

He died not as the martyrs died.
For over all the world today
Who toiled and suffered all alone,
Are spirits kindred with his own.
And not in vain his blood was shed;
From every drop a pratriot springs
To praise him for...
And free their soil from kings.
A hopeful signal from the land
Where king and priestly tyrant rules,
This martyr's dying with the cry,
"Long live the modern schools."

—B. LARSON.

No Date Available

CHICAGO HERALD AND EXAMINER—The Fastest-Growing N

DE VALERA A REAL LEADER, SAYS WALSH

His Rise from Ranks in Sinn Fein Army Told; Griffith No Enemy.

What manner of men are Eamon de Valera and Arthur Griffith in Irish eyes? Is Ireland united behind them? Is there friction between them?

These are the questions that Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the War Labor Board and American commissioner on Irish independence, discusses in this, the second of a series of articles on the Irish situation.

BY FRANK P. WALSH.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—America often raises Irish questions that are unknown in Ireland itself. When I returned to America the other day I was astonished to learn that there was a speculation in this country as to whether President de Valera was the real head of the Irish republican government or only a figurehead for some mightier man.

I was amazed when I heard it suggested that Arthur Griffith was the mainspring of the movement and that there were indications of discord between them.

I heard no such suggestions in Ireland. I can only believe that in this country they were the vaporings of monarchist minds. Any one who knows De Valera and Griffith knows better than to fancy a conflict between them.

Any one who has watched the developments of the Irish situation for the past few years must know that De Valera is president in fact as well as in name.

Soldier, Scholar, Statesman.

Americans know De Valera. They have heard him. They have seen him. He has proved himself a soldier, a scholar and a statesman. To clear the atmosphere at once let me make this statement without qualification.

Under De Valera, the Irish people have spoken with a unanimity in the election of representatives and the passage of proposals submitted to them, such as has not been paralleled by any free nation of the world.

That is a far-flung superlative statement. Yet, on that statement I challenge any election for president ever held in the United States by the people. I challenge also the returns from any vote on a constitutional amendment in any state of the United States.

And remember, when you consider it, that the proposals submitted to the people of Ireland under De Valera were vital proposals, not academic legislation. They were not merely vital to the life of the nation, but vital to the life of every man who cast a vote.

These men who voted with such splendid self-sacrificing patriotism for a republic offered their lives for that cause. And the vote was virtually unanmous. There has never been anything like it in the world.

All Ireland Sinn Fein.

A few years ago, Ireland was divided politically into Unionists, Home Rulers and Fenians, as the proponents of physical force were called. Now Ireland is Sinn Fein. Even the clergy are Sinn Fein.

That may stir a smile among those who have been misled into the belief that the clergy of Ireland constitutes the backbone of the Sinn Fein movement.

The fact is that the clergy were among the last to be won over and not all of them are completely won over yet. There are conservatives still. But more of that later.

To understand the extraordinary relations between De Valera and Griffith you must go back of the present into the past of a few years. De Valera, a modest professor of mathematics, went into the Easter rising of 1916 as a private in the Irish republican army.

He fought in the streets of Dublin. He was one of those who held a bridge near Roland's Mill, where the mortality among the British military was greater than at any other point.

Rose From Ranks.

Just recently I drove through the town with President De Valera. As we passed the span that had once been piled thick with British dead, he just remarked, reminiscently: "Well, there's the old bridge." But he must have been thinking a lot as he said it.

He was a private in the rising, but the captain of his company was killed and other officers were slain, too, in battle or execution. He was elected by his men to lead. He was arrested on false charges and interned.

In jail he led the movement that almost uprooted the jail itself until the authorities were forced to treat the prisoners as political prisoners, which was what De Valera demanded.

He came out the logical, the inevitable leader of the Sinn Fein movement. The wisdom of his selection and election is vindicated by the events that followed. He is the man the nation awaited for many years.

Griffith a Gentleman.

Arthur Griffith, too, is a scholar, and of him it may be said truly, a scholar and a gentleman. He is a man of beautiful simplicity of life and manners.

No man in the Dail works so hard, so patiently, so uncomplainingly. First at a meeting, last to leave, and ever eager to be of the least help to any one on any question. No matter is too small or too great for Arthur Griffith to give it attention.

Self-effacing, he talks little, but he is affable always and easily approachable. He is 52 years old and looks 37.

Brown-haired, just beginning to gray, a brown upturned mustache—he looks more like a high-grade newspaper man than anybody else, and that is just what he is, but he is very high grade.

Small nose glasses, a splendid sense of humor and a very slight Ulster accent; laughs often but never loud: the sort of man to whom a quiet chuckle means much mirth. And Arthur Griffith has a sense of humor that is altogether delightful.

His Paper Often Raided.

He was the founder of the Sinn Fein, that little group of intellectuals about which the patriotism of Ireland crystallized in so short a time. He was and is an editor.

He has seen his newspaper office aided about sixteen times and he has published his newspaper under ten different names—but he did not once cease publication. Arthur Griffith is that kind of a newspaperman.

When, harried by the British military, he was "enjoying" an income of three or four pounds a week, a British publication offered him £2,000 a year to take a desk in its office. Arthur Griffith did not even consider the offer. He is that kind of an Irishman!

No man in any movement was ever more unselfish. He sees nothing for himself. He will take nothing for himself. Even the British recognize that in him and the Irish people are devoted to him.

Records Show Friendship.

Now for the relation between De Valera and Griffith. It's easiest explained by the records. When the Irish parliament was in the making the first member elected was Count Plunkett in Roscommon and the second member was De Valera in Clare. The precedence was merely due to the earlier date of the Roscommon election. Later Arthur Griffith entered.

When the question of organization came up, De Valera told his associates that there was no man in Ireland for the presidency more worthy and more fitted than Arthur Griffith, and he had no difficulty winning every vote on that point. Every vote but the vote of Griffith, for when the latter heard of it, before the election of the officers, he went to De Valera and said in effect:

"This must not be. You are offering me what would be the greatest honor that could come in my life, if I could accept it, but I cannot. Until after the Easter rebellion I was a pacifist. I was not converted to physical force until I saw my friends murdered in cold blood by British bullets.

Names De Valera President.

"But you, De Valera, were a soldier from the beginning. You have already won victory in the field of battle. There is nothing that I can do that you cannot do better. So the greatest honor that you can grant me is to be permitted to name you for the presidency of the Republic of Ireland."

And Arthur Griffith would not accept any but an affirmative answer. Let those who talk of discord between these two great men reflect on that statement of fact. For there never was a more beautiful friendship on earth between men than between De Valera and Griffith, and the spirit runs through the whole De Valera cabinet, the spirit of comradeship, respect and affection.

WEDS 7TH SISTER AT THE AGE OF 90

ATLANTIC, Ia.—Fred Harris, 90, has just married his seventh wife. All his wives were daughters of Peter Yost, who lived in Milwaukee and sailed a freighter in the Great Lakes in the 60s.

Harris began by marrying the eldest daughter of Yost and has gone right down the line. The last five were widows. Mrs. Gustave Eidelmann is the latest bride and she is now 65. Her husband, a farmer, perished in the Minnesota forest fires of 1918. She has been married twice before.

Harris, who was a hack driver and later a driver of a horse car in Chicago after the great fire, recently bought a small fruit farm here on which to pass his remaining years.

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October 4, 1921

GEORGE H. SHOAF OF "APPEAL" MISSING

Elements of Tragedy in Case. Had Important McNamara Papers.

(Special to The Call.)

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 16.—George H. Shoaf, a member of the editorial staff of the Appeal to Reason, who has been in this city reporting and writing of the McNamara case, has been missing since midnight last Sunday. He left the home of his cousin, Mrs. H. O. Gable, West 9th street, early in the evening. At midnight Mrs. Broman, sister of Mrs. Gable, heard a heavy thud that sounded like a falling body.

In the morning a battered hat with "G. H. Shoaf" written on the sweat band was discovered in the corridor. Not far from the hat was a bludgeon two feet long. The hat and the bludgeon are in the possession o fthe police, but the manner of the officials indicate that no steps will be taken to solve the mystery of the missing Socialist writer and agitator.

Early Sunday evening Shoaf had a talk with Alexander Irvine, the great Socialist lecturer, indicating that he was at the point of exposing persons responsible for the Lose Angeles Times fire. Irvine believed Shoaf held highly responsible papers concerning persons responsible for the tragedy. Shoaf had receved threatening letters.

He had expressed fear that persons were camping on his trail to secure the papers or do him personal injury. He kept to his course in face of impending danger.

A peculiar feature in the case is the fact that James Hosick, one of the detectives indicted in Indiana for kidnapping John J. McNamara, has been assigned to the Shoaf case. Los Angeles Socialists are sparing no expense to solve the mystery. Shoaf's disappearance is second only in importance to the McNamara case.

SOCIALISTS OFFER AID.

Dallas News.

National Executive Committee Sends Telegram to Ryan About McNamaras' Case.

Boston, Mass., April 30.—The full strength of the Socialist party of America was offered for the defense of John J. and J. B. McNamara, who are charged with murder in connection with the explosion at the Los Angeles Times Building, by the National executive committee of the party, now in session here.

A telegram was sent to President Frank Ryan of the Ironworkers' Union, reading as follows:

"The National executive committee of the Socialist party offers the entire power of its 4,000 organizations and its press, consisting of ten dailies, over 100 weeklies and ten monthlies, in all languages, to be used in the defense of the McNamaras and any other help within our power."

A communication was also addressed to the locals of the Socialist party, condemning the arrest of the men as "suggesting a deliberate plot," claiming the prosecution of the men was "inspired by the National Manufacturers' Association," and that the whole affair was "a dastardly conspiracy on the part of organized capital in this country to crush organized labor by crime and violence."

A

Editorial

OKLAHOMA LEADER

Successor to The Oklahoma Leader (weekly).

Published every day except Sunday by The Oklahoma Leader Co.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL OKLAHOMA CITY

Wm. MacLaren ..... Managing Editor
Oscar Ameringer, Dan Hogan ..... Associate Editors
John Hagel ..... Business Manager

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HOW CHEAP ARE HUMAN BEINGS

In the panicky year of 1893 advertisements in newspapers in which men offered to sell themselves for food, clothing and shelter, or for the purpose of providing the means of life for loved ones, were common, and in the good year of 1907, after having thoroughly advertised the event, a man attempted to auction himself off on the street of an eastern city. In neither event were sales effected. Men were too cheap; a private bargain, in such a crisis, is better always—for the buyer.

But never, since that remarkable Sabbath of 1859, when Henry Ward Beecher offered for sale from the altar of Plymouth church in Brooklyn the body of a 17-year-old mulatto girl, has an event of more significance transpired than that of a few days ago in Boston, when there was begun a series of daily auctions in which scores of freeborn American citizens—stripped to the waist to prove their physical fitness—one of them a soldier of the great world war, who fainted from hunger, were offered for sale to the highest and best bidder in order that they may obtain the food, clothing and shelter necessary to perpetuate their lives.

The auction in Plymouth church, conducted by the brother of the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, was a memorable event. The venerable preacher, hating the institution of human slavery with all the power of his mind and soul, sought to impress its horrors upon the consciences of his hearers, and so he caused this mulatto girl to stand upon the altar, and in mockery of the dealers in human flesh, he offered her for sale. He pointed to her rounded and shapely limbs, and begged for a buyer. "For these," he demanded, "what am I offered?" He called attention to her supple form, graceful and buxom and fit for motherhood, to her matchless eyes and her finely formed, almost classical features, and pointing to her every physical charm, he pleaded for a buyer. "What am I bid for this and this and this," he said, and when no one offered to desecrate the sanctuary of the church by the purchase of flesh and blood, or commit a crime within the law under the shadow of its altar, this wonderful preacher and teacher of human liberty had thrust a golden dagger into the putrid heart of human slavery.

Within two years from that day the great physical conflict between the slave barons of the South and those who championed the newer and more ethical system of wage slavery, was on, and the victorious arms of the North, in command of the rail splitter of Illinois, struck the shackels from the limbs of three millions of the God forgotten.

Will the auction of white men on the streets of Boston

the congressional delegation of twenty men, all are lawyers and the governor of the state is a lawyer.

Add together all the officials listed above and we find that they number 194, while only two are farmers, and this in spite of the fact that 67 per cent of the people of Texas are dirt farmers, and only one-half of one per cent are lawyers.

THUS THE ALMOST INCREDIBLE CONDITION HAS ARISEN IN A DEMOCRACY WHEREBY ONE-HALF OF ONE PER CENT OF THE POPULATION ARE DOING ALL THE LEGISLATION FOR NINETY-NINE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.

In the north this condition is as bad. In Minnesota the ten congressmen and two United States senators are all lawyers. In a census of the house of representatives at the capital it was found that for every twenty-two lawyers in the state there was one representative and for every 3,700 farmers there was one. Thus each lawyer had as much representation in the lawmaking branch of the government as 168 farmers.

To make matters worse, the lawyer is notoriously the most incompetent legislator we could select. His whole training renders him incapable of understanding modern industrial and agrarian problems and the achievements of modern science. When he graduates from the law school he knows a lot about Blackstone and Kent and nothing about Edison, Kelvin or Marconi. His mind is better adapted to the ox cart than to the aeroplane. His vision is better fitted to the tallow candle than the electric light and X-ray. He is well versed in the Justinian code of ancient Rome but he knows nothing of the exchange and marketing of commodities.

Hence we have the last congress, with 365 lawyers in its personnel, permitting the sudden deflation of the currency that caused a loss of ten billions of dollars to the farmers alone. We have the present congress wrangling for six months over matters largely non-essential and then adjourning without attempting in the slightest degree to deal with the frightful fact that there are 6,000,000 idle men in the land, a vast army of unemployed growing rapidly as winter approaches. In the face of lengthening bread lines and multiplying soup kitchens, men auctioned and sold for their board and keep —domestic peace threatened—civilization endangered, and yet all our legal lights, whom we have chosen for our rulers, can see is the foam on the home brew and a tariff for plutocracy's competitors.

Philip Francis, of the New York American, has written a book advocating proportional occupational representation in our state and national legislatures, a method whereby each occupation, be it professional, industrial or agricultural, shall have representation in proportion to its numbers. By this method we would have efficiency and democracy in our lawmaking bodies raised to the nth degree, and in that way safety and sanity, the elements that are sadly lacking in our pie-throwing, Charley Chaplin lawmaking bodies of today.

When the farmers of North Dakota petitioned the lawyer legislature of that state a few years ago the farmers were told to go back home and "slop the hogs." And the farmers are now about to tell the lawyers to get back to the court room where they can devote their time to their happiest and most efficient occupation—hunting for precedents and hugging traditions, and which will effectually remove them as impedimenta to the triumphant march of the apostles of progress whose eyes are to the front and not to the rear.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

"History repeats itself, once as a tragedy, again as a farce; the tragedy of the Great Napoleon, the farce of La petite Napoleon."

And so today. The tragedy of the original Ku Klux Klan with its white-robed figures heroically keeping watch and guard over the burned homes of the stricken south, and now the farce of the modern Klan with its ten dollar suckers stripping and beating white women in the night.

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THE RULE OF THE LEGAL OLIGARCHS

The wonderful Irish philosopher, Mr. Dooley, once remarked to his friend Hennessy: "Whiniver ye git in throuble Hinnessy, git a lawyer. Whin the guvernment wants to build boats, does it get a boat builder? No. It gits a lawyer. Whin it wants some wan to take care of its treasury, does it git a banker? NO. It gits a lawyer. Whin it wants a man to look after its army, does it git a soldier? No. It gits a lawyer, and so, Hinnessy, look out for the lawyers."

It appears as if the American people were taking the humorist's satirical advice and are "gitting a lawyer" for the vast majority of places in our legislative and executive bodies, as well as the judicial bodies, where they properly belong. This condition has now developed to a point where we are in danger, if we have not already done so, of setting up a vicious legal oligarchy.

Take two states, one north, one south, that are typical of this condition.

In the Texas legislature there are thirty-one senators of the following occupations. Lawyers, 27; bankers, 2; newspaper men, 2. Not one farmer. In the house of representatives with 142 members there are only two dirt farmers. In the congressional delegation of twenty men, all are lawyers and the governor of the state is a lawyer.

Add together all the officials listed above and we find that they number 194, while only two are farmers, and this in spite of the fact that 67 per cent of the people of Texas are dirt farmers, and only one-half of one per cent are lawyers.

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In the panicky year of 1893 advertisements in newspapers in which men offered to sell themselves for food, clothing and shelter, or for the purpose of providing the means of life for loved ones, were common, and in the good year of 1907, after having thoroughly advertised the event, a man attempted to auction himself off on the street of an eastern city. In neither event were sales effected. Men were too cheap; a private bargain, in such a crisis, is better always—for the buyer.

But never, since that remarkable Sabbath of 1859, when Henry Ward Beecher offered for sale from the altar of Plymouth church in Brooklyn the body of a 17-year-old mulatto girl, has an event of more significance transpired than that of a few days ago in Boston, when there was begun a series of daily auctions in which scores of freeborn American citizens—stripped to the waist to prove their physical fitness—one of them a soldier of the great world war, who fainted from hunger, were offered for sale to the highest and best bidder in order that they may obtain the food, clothing and shelter necessary to perpetuate their lives.

The auction in Plymouth church, conducted by the brother of the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, was a memorable event. The venerable preacher, hating the institution of human slavery with all the power of his mind and soul, sought to impress its horrors upon the consciences of his hearers, and so he caused this mulatto girl to stand upon the altar, and in mockery of the dealers in human flesh, he offered her for sale. He pointed to her rounded and shapely limbs, and begged for a buyer. "For these," he demanded, "what am I offered?" He called attention to her supple form, graceful and buxom and fit for motherhood, to her matchless eyes and her finely formed, almost classical features, and pointing to her every physical charm, he pleaded for a buyer. "What am I bid for this and this and this," he said, and when no one offered to desecrate the sanctuary of the church by the purchase of flesh and blood, or commit a crime within the law under the shadow of its altar, this wonderful preacher and teacher of human liberty had thrust a golden dagger into the putrid heart of human slavery.

Within two years from that day the great physical conflict between the slave barons of the South and those who championed the newer and more ethical system of wage slavery, was on, and the victorious arms of the North, in command of the rail splitter of Illinois, struck the shackels from the limbs of three millions of the God forgotten.

Will the auction of white men on the streets of Boston prove as portentious? Are men so cheap, is human liberty less dear than in the days of '59, when human slavery, legalized by statute and confirmed by the opinion of the highest court in the land, threatened to engulf the whole nation in hopeless despair? Out of that starless night, out of that bottomless pit of pain and suffering emerged the proud spirit of liberty; and though her wings were crimsoned with the sacrificial blood of thousands, she rose above that midnight of sorrow to bathe and purify them in eternal sunlight.

Labor, begging for a bidder to be bought! Labor, accordcording to the courts, reduced to the plane of a commercial commodity! Labor, entitled to life, denied life because it is denied employment! Labor in slavery, answering the lash of hunger—bowing beneath the scourging whip of want in a land of plenty—how long will Labor endure, how long will Labor suffer, how long before it shall gather its strength together and triumphantly proclaim itself master instead of slave?

SHORTSIGHTED AND NEGLIGENT

BURLESON SAYS CHARGES OF SHERMAN ARE UNJUST

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11. — Postmaster General Burleson, in a letter to Senator Sherman, replied to the charge made by the latter in the senate that convicts were employed on his plantation in Texas, that one of them died as a result of a beating from the overseer there, and that the overseer was tried, but acquitted because the only evidence was that of other convicts. Burleson admits all charges, but says he had leased the plantation to the state of Texas and that he had nothing to do with the management.

HAIRLESS BARBERS NOW CUDGEL HEADS TO REPLY

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 11.—Why should a baldheaded barber attempt to induce a baldheaded customer to use a sure cure for baldness? This is one of the questions that will come before the state convention of barbers which started here today.

WIFE SUES; HE ENDS LIFE

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Sept. 11.— Despondent because his wife filed suit for divorce, William Evans committed suicide.

THE SAINT PAUL PIONEER PRESS.

(year unknown)

ANOTHER NONPARTY MEETING BROKEN UP

Halting of League Gathering at Jasper Reported to Capitol.

Breaking up of a Nonpartisan eague meeting at Jasper when State Senator John Steffen of Pipestone was speaking was reported late yesterday to the State Public Safety Commission by Secretary Charles Dealey of the Pipestone county public safety commission. The communication charges that Senator Steffen s pro-German in his sympathies and sugge[illegible]hat reports that he is hinlering [illegible] government in the prosecution [illegible] the war be investigated.

Sheriff R. S. Shepherd of Pipestone was the chief performer of the day, he secretary wrote. He accompanied Mr. Dealey and Chairman John Gray f the Pipestone county organization to Jasper late Friday when reports of the proposed league meeting were eceived, and promptly interrupted Senator Steffen and halted the meeting.

The speaker asked the audience to remember the incident at election ime next fall and the officer replied hat if he could not be sheriff and an American citizen he did not wish to be sheriff.

The crowd applauded the sheriff's statement and his action in halting the Nonpartisan league meeting. The letter was made public late yesterday in the Public Safety Commission offices and may claim further attention.

[illegible] Robbery

HAYWOOD PLANNING LABOR DEMONSTRATION

Dallas News.

FAVORS GENERAL STRIKE ON DAY SET FOR TRIAL OF ALLEGED DYNAMITER.

SPECIAL TO THE NEWS.

St. Louis, Mo., April 30.—A general strike, which shall include every worker in every industry in the United States who can be induced to join, was proposed by William D. Haywood in an address in Aschebrodel Hall, headquarters of the Central Trades and Labor Union, this afternoon, to be launched as a protest by the workers against what the Socialists call the "capitalistic conspiracy" against the life of John J. McNamara, accused of dynamiting the Los Angeles Times plant.

The suggestion met with an enthusiastic response from the large gathering and following Haywood's address began to carry the strike propaganda to the workers of St. Louis. The day set for McNamara's trial is to be the day of the strike.

The meeting was the first public occasion for the announcement of the plan, but it is not absolutely new in labor circles, as the Industrial Workers of the World, in their organization in Chicago, Haywood said, are already at work on the plan and are now sending out a set of resolutions to all of their local organizations which is intended to act as the basis of the plan.

Every local of that organization is to take part; every union in the American Federation is to be invited to join and the Socialist organizations all over the country are to be asked to send out workers among the unorganized laborers of the country to line them up for a gigantic demonstration against the methods by which McNamara was arrested and taken to California.

NDUSTRIAL REPORT PUBLICATION NEAR

ction Will Be Forced on Printing and Distributing Document.

By DANTE BARTON.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—On motion of Senator Myers of Montana the senate resolution for printing 100,000 copies of the final report of the Commission on Industrial Relations and 10,000 copies of the testimony taken by the commission was brought before the senate by unanimous consent.

It failed to come to a vote because the time for regular order of business was reached while the discussion of the resolution was in progress.

The resolution will be adopted when a vote is taken. Friends of the resolution have declared they will compel action within the next few days.

Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia is the most active open antagonist of the resolution. He was out of the senate chamber today when unanimous consent was given, and on his return he caused delay in coming to a vote by insisting that the full text of the senate committee report be read.

There has never been a public document presented to congress for the printing and distribution of which there has been so great a demand as for the report and testimony of the commission on industrial relations.

Labor has been unanimous in its demands. And from every walk in life the demand has come. Open opposition in congress has nearly melted away before interest in the commission's work.

———o———

The Kansas City Post

Millionaire Must Go to Prison.

The Illinois state supreme court has upheld the conviction of William Bross Lloyd and eighteen members of the defunct communist labor party, and they must serve prison sentences for advocating overthrow of the government. Lloyd is the millionaire son of the late Henry D. Lloyd, newspaper man, who married a daughter of ex-governor Bross. Mr. Bross was part owner of the Chicago Tribune. Lloyd was sentenced to from one to five years and to pay a fine of $2,000.

the various committees.

SAYS CULBERSON CAN'T VOTE IN TEXAS THIS YEAR

Burleson, Gregory Nor Senator Have Poll Tax Receipts, El Paso Man Declares.

Special to The Evening Journal.

Houston, Texas, Aug. 8.—Colquitt supporters are gloating over the declaration of State Senator Hudspeth at the Colquitt rally last night that Senator Culberson, Postmaster General Burleson and Attorney General Gregory do not hold poll tax receipts or exemption certificates for this year, and therefore are not qualified voters, and that Senator Culberson has not voted in six years. It is said that this statement is founded upon a close examination of the records. This, it seems, is the promised "sensation."

Nevertheless, the report that Mr. Colquitt would declare for submission was so widely circulated and so generally believed that even after the rally was over last night men stood in the hotel lobbies and said that Colquitt had come out for submission, which, of course, was not true.

Dallas Journal Aug. 8/16

Dated 1909

BEWARE OF LEADERS.

As long as work-people depend abjectly upon leaders their fate is sealed. This has been their age-long weakness. Instead of developing their own thinking capacity and relying upon themselves, they have weakly submitted to a boss and blindly followed his lead to their own enslavement.

There is absolutely no emancipation for the rank and file except through the education and development of the rank and file. Leadership has no miraculous power, and even if it were absolutely honest and unselfish, the task is beyond it.

The workers who blindly follow the leader invariably land in the ditch. The leader, as a rule, has his eyes open for his own main chance.

The mission of the Socialist movement is to educate the mass, to develop the intelligence of the units, making each bear its share of the burden, assume its share of the responsibility, and then have its share in voicing the demands of the movement and determining its course.

The Socialist movement, unless it is democratic in the broadest sense of that term, is nothing and has no right to exist. Its very foundations rest in its collective membership and its destiny is in the hands of the rank and file.

Every attempt at bossism in the Socialist movement must be promptly squelched. There is no room in its ranks for idols or dictators. We have had enough of these in the past. The Socialist party is not organized to glorify a few leaders, but to develop and discipline the mass and bring all the units into harmonious co-operation for industrial emancipation.

Let this fact be kept uppermost in the minds of the rank and file and let them insist at all times upon having control of their movement, including its elected officials.

A Man's Real Measure.

The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the darkest place in the amen corner, nor the corn-field, but by his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask and you may learn whether he is an imp or an angel, cur or king, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him—whether it crowns him boss or pelts him with bad eggs. I care not a copper what his reputation or religion may be, if his babies dread his homecoming and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morning until he is black in the face and howls hallelujah until he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front door to meet him and love's sunshine illuminates the face of his wife every time she hears his footfall, you can take it for granted that he is pure, for his home is a heaven—and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne of God. He may be a rank atheist and red-flag anarchist, a Mormon and a mugwump; he may buy votes in blocks of five, and bet on the election; he may deal 'em from the bottom of the deck and drink beer until he can't tell a silver dollar from a circular saw, and still be infinitely better than the cowardly little humbug who is all suavity in society but who makes home a hell, who vents upon the helpless heads of his wife and children an ill nature he would inflict upon his fellow men but dares not.

I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.—By W. C. Brann.

THE DAY'S BEST STORIES.

Mr. Thomas Edison, the great inventor, is an inveterate smoker and is rarely seen without a cigar between his lips. But his taste in tobacco is not that of a connoisseur.

A little while ago he found his cigars disappearing with marvelous rapidity. He lit upon a scheme to stop this kleptomaniacal propensity of his assistants. He accordingly asked a friend to send him a box of cigars composed of brown paper, rags and horsehair. The box was received, opened and left in the famous inventor's laboratory.

Some time elapsed and his friend paid a visit to the laboratory. One of the first questions he put to the inventor was: "Well, how did the cigar business work?"

Edison had evidently forgotten the incident. "What cigar business?" he queried.

"Why, the cigar I had made for you out of rags and brown paper and horsehair."

"What sort of box were they put up in?" demanded Edison, as a light began to dawn upon him.

"That looks like the box," responded his friend, pointing to an empty box.

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the inventor. "I have been smoking the cigars from that box myself."

* * *

The fact that St. Paul's in London is nowadays much more truly a place of worship than a show place is principally due to the aged Dean Gregory's enthusiasm for reform.

In the days when the people actually had to pay to enter the cathedral the dean found a verger erecting a barrier of hurdles to keep back the visitors. "What are you preparing for?" asked Dr. Gregory. "Is it to be a cattle show?"

And there were no more hurdles in St. Paul's.

* * *

An Englishman, who spent his time in adapting plays from the French for the British stage, was dining once in an English hotel, when, after he had eaten, he was seized with a desire to smoke. He called the waiter and said to him: "Peut-on fumer ici?"

The man looked blank. "I don't understand a word of French, sir," he said.

The adapter was in despair. "Then for pity's sake send me some one who does!" he exclaimed.

SUPERSTITION.

There was a time when republicans would not have a democratic paper in their house, and *vice versa*. It is not so now, and most families of intelligence have both kinds. There are many now who will not permit a Socialist paper in their homes—yet I know of no Socialist paper that prints the vile, vulgar and obscene things the old party papers print. There is nothing in a Socialist paper that can offend the most refined persons. Can you say as much for the other papers? But that was not the thought that I wished to express, but it pushed itself in. You would deny that you are superstitious, but when you refuse to read a Socialist paper you fear the effects of little black characters on a sheet of white paper—just as if they could hurt you! Are you afraid to trust yourself? Are you so weak and ignorant that you fear to trust yourself to read anything that is different from what you have been fed from your youth? Do you not fear that you will be deceived? O, I possessed that same mental condition years ago, and that's why I know how you feel. You are afraid to trust your own judgment. But if your judgment is so weak, how do you know that you are not now believing things that are wrong? If we could deceive you, could not others who have access to your ears and eyes deceive you? The sensible way is to listen to all sides and then judge for yourself. When others try to frighten you from reading anything, ask them if they have read it, and if they were injured? If it didn't kill them, maybe it will not kill you. If they did not read it how do they know what it is? There may be some reason why they are afraid to trust *you* with reading. If I were skinning you I would desire to keep you ignorant of anything that would open your eyes. Maybe somebody is "doing" you. Anyhow, nothing you can read, no matter what, will injure you if you do not *want* it to injure you. How silly to be afraid of little black marks on a sheet of paper!

AS GOOD AS THEY GAVE

A small boy astride of a donkey was taking some supplies to an army camp in Texas not long ago, and got there just as a detachment of soldiers preceded by a band was marching past.

The lad dismounted and held the bridle of the donkey tightly in his hand.

"Why are you holding on to your brother so hard," asked a group of soldiers who were standing near and who wanted to tease the country boy.

"I'm afraid he might enlist," said the lad, without batting an eyelash. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

LATEST IN PROTECTION.

People in Rotundas Are Endangered by Suicides.

By Associated Press.

Chicago, Feb. 25.—So many suicides by jumping from upper stories down the rotundas of buildings have occurred recently that the building department of the city has taken steps to protect persons on the ground floor.

Owners of 16 downtown office buildings having rotundas more than three stories in height were ordered by the building department yesterday to stretch screens across the second floor openings to protect those on the main floor from being struck by persons making suicidal leaps.

GIRLS SECURE LICENSES FOR LEAP YEAR WEDDINGS

Philadelphians Put Two Over On Dan Cupid—Will Be Married to Brothers.

By The Associated Press.

Philadelphia, Jan. 2.—Remembering that this is leap year, Dan Cupid looked up and smiled when two young women called on him in the marriage license bureau here today and asked for the necessary papers to marry brothers. The girls were Rose Miller and Mary Harris of this city, and after satisfactorily answering the questions put to them, they received licenses to marry Joseph and Harry Jung, of Haddon Heights, N. J.

"Why didn't the boys come for the licenses?" asked the clerk.

"Don't you know this is leap year?" replied one of the girls.

The double wedding will take place here tomorrow.

How to Free Ireland.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

It is nearing St. Patrick's day and love for my native land, Ireland, prompts me to ask space for this letter. Ireland is an island surrounded with fish, And the salmon in our rivers are the best you could wish, The land will produce three crops a year, But the divine right of kings has coralled us here. It is the wish of every Irishman, be he citizen, saint or sinner, to see old Ireland free before his dinner. Can he do it? Certainly so, and easy, this is how: If Irishmen the world over vote a straight Socialist ticket, the thing is done and the world is ours. You will then have the friendly support and co-operation of the whole human family, irrespective of nationality, color or creed.

GEORGE J. WILSON.

Taft's Prayer.

Great and ever to be adored Diaz, I come before thee to ask that when we meet on the bridge at El Paso thou wilt whisper in my ear something that will give us peace of mind. How can we rid this great and noble country of ours of the curse of Socialism? Thou knowest of Warren's conviction and thou knowest also that for every blow we land we receive two blows square in the face. Thou knowest that our good friend, Teddy, got disgusted and fled to Africa in search of smaller game. Thou art familiar with peon labor, oh Diaz; some of the workers are easy, but this proposition of Socialism is too many for us. Put us next to your plan, oh, Diaz, we pray thee for goodness sake.—J. G. L.

SOCIALIST EDITOR TO BUILD BRICK BLOCK

Foe to Wealth Acquiring Much Property in Amarillo and Will Buy More.

AMARILLO, Texas, April 3.—J. A. Wayland, publisher of the Appeal to Reason, is here from Girard, Kan. He has bought several pieces of valuable property and reiterates the statement that he will within the next twelve months erect a modern seven-story office building here. Mr. Wayland already owns much property in Amarillo and is acquiring more.

Socialist Leaders

Some super-sensitive comrades write the Appeal to beware of Nicholas Bowden, the catholic who recently embraced Socialism, declaring that he is a Jesuit in disguise, whose mission is to get on the inside and break up the Socialist party. Wholly apart from the bigotry and cruelty of this, when the man has risked everything and accepted ostracism for the sake of his Socialism, it is very foolish, and comes of a misunderstanding of the Socialist organization. If Bowden was a Jesuit, if his purpose was to get in the party so as to betray it (and there is not the slightest evidence that such is the case), he could do nothing, he could learn nothing, that would harm the Socialist movement. Socialism has no secrets. Socialism has no leaders. It may have advisers, but it is the working class who run the party and who dictate its policies. It has been invaded by Pinkerton spies in the past; it has had traitors in its ranks; but it did not perish, and the working class soon came back to its own. The men whom Roosevelt and other opponents of Socialism quote are for the most part people who have been expelled from the Socialist party. And in this connection the Appeal wishes to warn the working class to keep in control of things in the Socialist party. You, the workers, are to run it. You, the workers, are the Socialist authority. Trust no man as a leader. If anyone whatsoever, if the Appeal to Reason offers a suggestion which you feel to be detrimental to your interests as a class, repudiate that suggestion. Don't be led, except as your judgment and the best interests of your class direct. Be free in thinking and you will gain freedom for all the race.

Dated 1909

Boosting Socialists

It is only a late thing that the Socialists have commenced boosting individuals for office and it smacks of old party methods of creating prominence. Here-to-fore we were willing for the rank and file to do the selecting and nominating from the good that would come from the individual but now we feel called upon to centralize attention to the greatness of individuals (not principles) thru the papers a la Joe Bailey, so that we can have a few to select our candidates for us and educate us in trust methods of hero worship thru the press. It undermines the fundamental principle of Socialism; makes us worship the greatness of the man instead of the principle, is reactionary in its effects, and is death to ideals and altruism.

If we cannot outgrow and suppress the boosting of individuals then our proper place is in the old parties and not in the Socialist party. No matter how able a man may be we do not want him as a savior nor do we want him greater than the cause, nor more powerful than the rank and file.

The minute we drift into "making" candidates and delegates for others that instant the initative of us all dies on the spot. Our strength depends not upon the ability nor popularity nor success of our heroes (?) but upon the initiative, education and responsibility of our voting strength. We can make heroes in a minute but education takes time and patience to build membership.

Let us keep voting potentiality to the front and not become dummies in hero worship, we have already served false gods too long.—J. B. GAY.

Columbus Texas.

Citizens Deport Nonparty Agent In Two Villages

Norwood and Glencoe Men Order T. Tharaldson to Leave and Remain Away.

Glencoe, Minn., Jan. 19.—T. Tharaldson, who claims Red Lake Falls as his home and declared to a committee of twenty citizens who waited on him today that he is an organizer of the National Nonpartisan league, was placed aboard an outgoing train here, after being held for several hours, and warned not to return under a penalty of a coat of tar and feathers.

Tharaldson came here from Norwood, where it is said he attempted to rent a hall, preparatory to addressing citizens. The hall was refused him and he was ordered from the village.

Loyal citizens in Norwood communicated with Glencoe citizens, expressing an opinion that Tharaldson might stop here. Word was sent out and twenty men delegated themselves as a loyalty committee and waited at the railroad station for the arrival of Tharaldson.

Tharaldson was advised by the committee that he would remain as their guest until the arrival of the next outgoing train and that he would be escorted thereto by the committee to insure his immediate departure.

During his stay here Tharaldson was not allowed to communicate with any one other than members of the committee.

Mamma paid forty-... cents for it.

WILL FIGHT FOR LIEBKNECHT.

Sentence Really Means His Death, the Impression in Germany.

From the London Globe.

Telegrams from Berlin state that the sentence on Doctor Liebknecht has produced a deep impression throughout Germany. Liebknecht is very weak, and it is believed that he cannot outlive the term of hard labor imposed, which thus really amounts to his death.

Socialists express indignation at the sentence, and great demonstrations are being organized all over the country, despite the interdiction by the military authorities, to obtain the release of the prisoner and the reversal of the sentence.

An unknown man was arrested in the streets of Berlin for saying aloud to a policeman:

"Liebknecht's sentence is the quickest way to a revolution."

Liebknecht took his sentence with great cour-...e.

CHAOS REIGNS IN GERMANY

Associated Press.

London, Nov. 23.—The chaotic political conditions in Germany are emphasized in reports received here from Amsterdam and Copenhagen, purporting to reproduce direct telegrams from Germany. There is a sharp divergence of opinion in regard to the make-up of the new Germany.

There is a general lack of harmony in different parts of the country and a tendency toward separatism. Bolshevik ideas are declared to be growing in the west, where a Rhenish republic is said to be planned.

The Bremen soldiers and work council at a meeting declared itself in complete accord with Bolshevism and resolved to call on the Bolsheviks in Russia to help introduce communism.

The Spartacus group at Dusseldorf is reported to have proclaimed a proletarian dictatorship and arrested the burgomaster of the city.

Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the Radical Socialist was acclaimed at a Spartacus meeting in Berlin which issued an appeal to the workers to emulate the Russian Bolsheviki. The meeting refused to listen to moderate Socialist speakers.

FINED FOR ASSAULT ON GERMAN MINISTER AT BISHOP TEXAS

Associated Press.

Corpus Christi, Texas, Nov. 23.—Five citizens of Bishop, near here were found guilty by County Judge David Picton yesterday on a charge of assault upon A. E. Moebus, pastor of a German Lutheran church at Bishop and each fined $25 and cost.

The charges followed trouble that has been brewing for some months at Bishop over a resolution of the Nueces County Council of Defense forbidding the use of the German language in schools and churches. Citizens of Bishop claimed Rev. Moebus preached his sermons in German and this led to the party calling at his house and whipping him with a leather strap.

BERT C. GAGNON AS SQUAW MAN.

This Role in Which Mr. Gagnon Appears at the Old Majestic This Week Is the One Made Famous by Wm. Faversham and Dustin Farnum.

FORT WORTH RECORD

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY PREDICTS BIG FIELD IN RED RIVER FIELD

United States geographical survey bulletin No. 629:

The strata and the structures say that the counties of Clay, Wichita, Wilbarger, Archer and Baylor will be the greatest oil field to be found in territory of equal size in the United States and maybe in the world.

There are, between the Colorado and Red rivers, four great and several minor anticlinal folds with axii lying in north of west and south of east direction. Two of the great and three of the minor folds pass through the counties above named, and there are also six well formed anticlinal structures crossing said counties with axii lying in east of north and west of south direction, to-wit:

First—From Petrolia to near Bluegrove, where the structure forks, one extending to and through Ranger, the other to and through Stephens, county, Texas.

Second—From Walters, Okla., via Thornberry and Dean, Texas to and through Archer county, Texas.

Third—From Burkburnett to and through Holliday.

Fourth—From northwest field to and through Watkins field.

Fifth—From Red river—Dale wells via Electra, Kemp-Munger-Allen field to and through Baylor county, Texas.

Sixth—From Red river, near the northesat corner of Wilbarger county to and through Baylor county, Texas.

At all points where the east and west structures are domal structures and every domal structure in North Central Texas is an oil field.

The strata showing in the surface in the five counties above name range from Double Mountain formation of the Permian to and through the Clear Fork and Wichita-Albany formations of the Permian and the top strata of the Cisco formation of the Pennsylvanian.

In Oklahoma and upon the same strata as exists in the five counties named oil is produced in North Central Texas from nine sands oil men who know the facts know that up to the present time the drills are only tickling the grass roots around Henrietta, and yet they get gushers of oil.

There are approximately sixty-six wildcat wells now being drilled in addition to the shallow producing in the Petrolia field. Seven new wells are to be spudded in as soon as weather conditions permit, in the southern portion of Clay county in the vicinity of Joy and Bluegrove.

WILL ASK FEDERAL PROBE FLOGGING GIVEN ORGANIZERS OF NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE

Federal and congressional investigations of the flogging of three organizers of the Non-Partisan League of America, which took place at Mineola,, last Thursday night, will be asked, according to a statement made today, at the headquarters of the league here. Data has been prepared, bearing on incidents alleged to have taken place at Mineola, preceding the mobbing, and this was submitted to the department of justice at San Antonio. Copies having also been sent to some members of congress.

The three organizers whipped by the mob at Mineola are H. L. Higdon, H. F. Hoover and A. A. Cothor. M. M. Offutt, office manager here for the league, who was in Mineola, at the same time, was ordered to leave town, after having been forced to kiss the flag. He said this morning that his beard and hair were also cut by certain parties at Mineola.

Hoover, one of the three organizers, arrived here last night. He said that he, with Higdon and Cothor, had been taken out of the jail at Mineola by a gathering of about 200 people. They were taken, he says, about two miles from town, thrown on the ground and beaten with blacksnake whips, then told to leave town.

Stripes made by a strap of some kind are plainly visible on Hoover's back, the skin having been broken.

Hoover claims to be a personal friend of Governor Hunt of Arizona, from which state he came to Texas.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

International and Great Northern.

Southbound.

Arrives .....10:48 a.m.
arts .....10:53 a.m.
ives .....11:17 p.m.
.....11:23 p.m.

rthbound.

..... 4:12 a.m.
..... 4:15 a.m.
..... 5:13 p.m.
..... 5:18 p.m.

Central.

ind

..... 5:55 a.m.
.... 5:10 p.m.

..12:40 p.m.
11:00 p.m.
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TOO MUCH

IN SPITE OF HIS DEVOTION to the "nonpartisan" party, Neacy condemned the "nonpartisan" county board as "worst in 40 years." From recent expressions made by Neacy we suspect that he now feels that he was altogether too m erate in his criticism.

Judge Williams, who has been inquiring into the method "nonpartisan" administration, has come to the conclusion that "rotten." The Sentinel quotes him as saying:

> The testimony of the various witnesses has brought out man things about the county board methods of which the public has bee unaware, and I believe the result has been wholesome. There is n doubt in my mind that those who have been at the hearing an followed the testimony have got something to think about.
>
> One of the surprising things about the entire hearing has bee the fact that the county board members have not brought forward single witness or piece of evidence to prove that they are attending their duties as the law requires.

Why should a "nonpartisan" who has been elected to office a to his duties? The only object of the fused appetite is to "bea Socialists" and get the money.

The judge expects too much.

A TRIBUTE

In Defense of the Texas Rangers

By COL. PITCHFORK SMITH, B. S.

As nobody else seems willing to defend the Texas Rangers I gladly come to the rescue.

I see in the papers that one of the Rangers has been indicted and placed under $1,000 bond for killing another Ranger at Austin a few days ago.

This is a shame!

It ought not to be against the law for one Ranger to kill another. In fact, they ought to be encouraged in the good work. I can think of nothing nobler than a Texas Ranger shooting hell out of another Ranger. I would like to see them "choose up," like school boys playing base ball, with an equal number on each side—and pump hot lead into each other until the last one of them had done his duty as a good citizen.

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Socialism

As It Is Preached in Denver.

BY ZACH M'GHEE.

DENVER, Colo.—What is the matter with the workingman? What does he want that he is apparently all the time so unsatisfied? What is he organizing himself into unions for? What is he strikng about? Why can't he, like other people, behave himself? What is this "socialism" we hear so much about, anyway? Colonel T. Roosenfelt in particular and so many other agitators in general are always raging against it. Those latter never tell us what it is, only that it is something bad. What is it? Something in which the workingman seems particularly interested, and we hear it said is growing among workingmen. But what is a workingman?

These are questions which I have been trying to find out the answer to, not from the encyclopedias and dictionaries, but from the people who talk about them. For a number of years now I never pass by a street meeting without finding out what it is, what the speaker is talking about, and if there seems any opportunity for light on the subject or subjects suggested by the above questions I always stop and listen and watch the crowd. There is not much opportunity in some parts of the country, but all out in these Western parts there is plenty.

I stopped tonight and sat for more than an hour on a prominent corner of this city, sat on the curb stone in the shadow of one of the mighty office buildings of this magnificent city of Denver—magnificent on the outside, like painted sepulchres, though inwardly filled with dead men's bones and with all uncleanness—and listened to as virulent and as vitriolic a preaching of the doctrine of discontent as I have ever heard or read.

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About a hundred men sat and stood with me; some in flannel blouses, some well dressed, some of foreign birth, but all apparently intelligent, and all serious-minded and intensely interested in what the speaker was saying. They had gathered there, most of them, I judged, by accident, just as I had, some idle passers stopping out of curiosity. But I learned before the meeting broke up that they were not, except a few of them, mere curiosity seekers. The speaker invited questions, and there was such a hot firing of pertinent questions and ready replies that I was reminded of some of the heated debates in the house of representatives in Washington, when some political matter comes up and every speaker talks excitedly and looks mad. And these men out on the street corner, in their blouses, many of them, were not less intelligent, not less informed, and not less ready and brilliant in debate than those men I have so often heard in Congress, either. And they were far more interesting. And I am not so sure that I can not say with equal truth that this debate I heard tonight, out on the street corner of Denver, was far more important than most of those I have heard in the congress of the United States. Those men in congress are representatives; those I heard are the people themselves, who are represented, or are supposd to be. But the initiative and referendum has been adopted in Colorado, and that is the beginning of the end, they tell us, if not of "representative government," then of "misrepresentative" government. And as I listened to these street corner statesmen, or, as the speaker tonight referred to them, these "soap box" orators, somehow I felt that they were talking, not about other people's problems, as the men in congress and the State legislatures do, but about their own.

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Well, did I get answers to any of my questions above? It was a "workingmen's" meeting. The appeals of the speakers were to "workingmen." But the meeting, one-sided and peaceful at first, broke up in a close approach to a row over the answer to my questions, "what is a workingman? what are the workingmen after?"

What are workingmen? What is Labor, with a big "L?" again I ask.

The "soap box" orator, who was mounted not on a soap box but on a chair, with his hat underneath the chair, divided all human kind into two classes, wage earners and capitalists, or as he expressed it most frequently, "slaves" and "masters." Said he: "The man who drew the plans for this great office building here was a wage earner. The architect who planned it and directed its erection was a wage earner just as much as the man who dug out the ground for

took no account of the workingmen. He said the war between the States was a struggle between the master class of the South who fought for the continuation of chattel slavery and the master class of New England who wanted to abolish chattel slavery and substitute wage slavery which would give them a better market for their wares. The political reformers of the old parties, Bryan, Roosevelt, La Follette, Tom Watson, and even Ben Lindsey of Denver, had failed because they were used by the master class to stave off the coming revolution when the workingmen will rise up and free themselves.

This soap box statesman called himself a socialist. Some one asked him if Christ was not a socialist. That, he said, was a joke. "Christ could no more have been a socialist than he could have been a railroad engineer." And then he explained why. "Christ" he said, "was a labor agitator, but not a socialist. He was a good man, he was crucified not for any religious reasons but for economic reasons. He championed the slave class of his day, and the master class or capitalists crucified him."

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Now on the surface that sounds like utter rot. To the one educated in the books it is, unquestionably. But, remember who they were standing around him, hanging breathlessly on his words. Remember the world seemed against them. The church had done naught but tell them to be patient. Remember, he told them that the histories are all written by the tools of the "master class," that these histories are but the chronicles of kings, courts, presidents, congresses and other representatives of the "master class." He told them a new history, out of his own mouth, the history of the wage earner, the "slave class," and the church, he said, had always been dominated by the master class.

Finally he made a strong and eloquent plea for what he termed "class consciousness"; for the slaves to stick together, and fight to the teeth, in industry and in politics, the master class. And sitting there on the curbstones watching the scene I thought of Rienzi of old declaiming eloquently: "We are slaves. Not such as, swept along by the full tide of power, the conqueror leads to crimson glory and undying fame; but base, ignoble slaves." And I could see old Spartacus, the gladiator, standing before a little group of fellow-slaves and urging them to strike down the guard, make a dash, and gain the mountain passes.

And then I thought of a name more widely known in this country than either Rienzi or Spartacus, whose very grave is kept green and whose appeals, somewhat similar to the one I was hearing, not one whit crazier, had just been commemorated at Osawatomie, with the most potent and idolized American the chief commemorator. I recalled the waving arms and the bared teeth of Theodore Roosevelt as he stood and paid tribute to poor, old, crazy John Brown. And as I came to my room here I read of this same Roosevelt's being snubbed in Milwaukee by the mayor of that city because Roosevelt, though he praised John Brown for trying to arouse a rebellion among the chattel slaves, had denounced such men as I had listened to on the street corner for trying to arouse the economic slaves to revolt.

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But it was no need to come home to read the paper in order to get all balled up. Two other men came in and began to ask the speaker some questions. The speaker was telling, as an illustration of what he hoped for for the working man, how that a number of Colorado miners had won a strike at a certain mine.

"Mr. Speaker," sang out a man from the crowd, "I want to ask you a question. Are you a member of the organization that won that fight?"

That was a simple enough question, but it precipitated a lively scrap. Two men, the one who had asked the question and another beside him, kept up a fire of questions, and soon there were two hostile groups. I did not for some time understand what it was all about; not fully until after it was all over I walked several blocks down the street with one of the interrupters and his wife, who was there in the crowd, with a little baby in a cradle, taking as interested a part as any of the men. The women vote in Colorado, you know.

These two interrupters, I learned, hold meetings on another street corner in Denver. They are agitators for the "Industrial Workers of the World," an organization bitterly hostile to the socialists and to the American Federation of Labor. And to understand how bitter they are towards these other organizations, it is necessary to hear the language they use. It is against the law to circulate it through the mails, and, hence, can not be printed in the paper. When I saw this antagonism among the advocates of practical brotherly love in the world, I then

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The speaker was a most fascinating one, bright, learned, and eloquent. He was well versed in history, but the history we all have studied in school, he said, was all about the "master class," written from the standpoint of the master class. The declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States, he declared, were written by the master class for the master class and that these histories are but the chronicles of kings, courts, presidents, congresses and other representatives of the "master class." He told them a new history, out of his own mouth, the history of the wage earner, the "slave class," and the church, he said, had always been dominated by the master class.

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"The co-operative commonwealth," said one of the I. W. W. fellows, "is to be brought about not by the socialist party working through politics, but through the Industrial Workers of the World."

I asked one of these men, "Who are eligible to membership in this organization?"

"All wage workers," he replied.

"Then," I asked, "is a lawyer for a corporation, who is paid wages to do legal work for that corporation, eligible?"

"He certainly is not," said he.

"Is a doctor who is paid wages by a railroad, say, eligible?"

"I see no reason why he is not," said he, "except that generally the doctor is a pet of the corporation."

"Well, but," I said, "is not a man who works with his hands, say a hog-sticker or a mule driver, who is a pet of the company for which he works, eligible?"

"Not on your life," he replied with great emphasis.

Then I knew that the first qualification of a member in this organization was antagonism to the man who employs him.

The other speaker had defiantly declaimed: "Yes, I am preaching the gospel of discontent. So long as you are content in slavery, there is no hope for you."

And some have said John Brown was crazy, others that he was an unspeakable knave. But there is a monument and a park dedicated to him in Kansas.

Novellette von Emil Marriot.

Seit vierundzwanzig Stunden war Robert Hahrt so verstimmt, wie er's noch selten in seinem Leben gewesen. Seit er den Brief seiner Schwester gelesen hatte. Einen sechs Seiten langen Brief. Mein Gott! Wenn man in Melk lebt, ein wohlhabendes junges Mädchen ist, das nichts zu thun hat und nicht recht weiß, was anzufangen mit dem lieben langen Tag, findet man zu allem Zeit. Auch zu sechs Seiten füllenden Briefen. Daran war also nichts Besonderes und kein Grund zu andauernder Verstimmung. Die achtzehnjährige Hilda schrieb dem zehn Jahre älteren Bruder wenigstens einmal wöchentlich solchen Brief nach Wien. Sonst hatten die Briefe des jüngsten Schwesterchens ihm Freude gemacht. Aber diesmal . . . war's eine andere Sache. Und das Perfide war, daß man nicht hatte ahnen können, was am Schlusse im Postskriptum kommen würde. Denn natürlich war ein Postskriptum da. Hilda hatte immer noch etwas nachzutragen. Fünfeinhalb Seiten das harmloseste Geplauder . . . Und nach dem obligaten Schluß mit Grüßen und Küssen das niederträchtige P. S.:

„Daß ich nicht vergesse, denn ich hätte es beinahe vergessen: Deine Seelenbraut Fräulein Hedwig Werner hat einen Freier! Nicht von hier, versteht sich. Hier weiß man ja, daß sie für Dich schwärmt, und das schreckt alle (so weit man in dem Neste von „allen" reden kann, denn die ledigen Männer sind an den Fingern herzuzählen) — also, das schreckt alle ab. Irgend ein Verwandter mütterlicher Seite. Ein Onkel oder Vetter zehnten Grades. Lebt irgendwo am Rhein. Hat die Verwandten in Melk aufgesucht und sich bei dieser Gelegenheit in die schmachtenden Blauaugen Deiner Seelenbraut vergafft. Ein Witwer mit ein paar Kindern. In guten Verhältnissen. Auch sonst kein übler Mann. Stattlich, hellblond, mit strammer Haltung. Die Alte erzählt's an allen Ecken und Enden strahlenden Gesichts. Und stelle Dir vor: Unser Mutterl ärgert sich doch darüber! Sie findet, daß Hedwig Dir hätte „treu" bleiben sollen. Und das erscheint mir komisch. Es war ja nie was Ernsthaftes zwischen Euch, nicht wahr? Und gar von Deiner Seite! Nach meiner Ansicht thut sie gut, wenn sie ihren Wittwer nimmt, an den Rhein zieht und Dich vergißt! Du hättest sie ja doch nie geheirathet, wie ich Dich kenne. Du wirst überhaupt nicht heirathen. Schluß!!"

Was dieses kleine Mädchen nicht alles wußte! Und wie rasch sie mit ihrem Urtheil fertig war: „Das erscheint mir komisch. Nichts Ernsthaftes zwischen Euch. Du heiratheſt überhaupt nicht." Solche Gänschen sind wirklich ganz unglaublich eingebildet. Er ärgerte sich seit vierundzwanzig Stunden über Hilda.

Aber auch über Hedwig Werner. Oder nein: das Wort paßte nicht auf sie. Es war etwas viel Schlimmeres als bloßer Aerger und that auch viel mehr weh. Seine Mutter, die ihn tausendmal besser kannte und auch tausendmal klüger war, als das Gänschen von einer Schwester, hatte nur zu recht: Hedwig hätte ihm treu bleiben sollen, treu bleiben müssen. Das stand fest.

Er kannte sie seit langem. Sie war fünf Jahre jünger als er und ihm immer lieb gewesen. Schon als Kind, als sie noch kurze Kleidchen und einen dicken, ihr über den Rücken hängenden Zopf trug. Schon damals hatte sie für den hoch aufgeschossenen Studenten geschwärmt. Und damals hatte er sie oft seine „kleine Braut" genannt. Seitdem waren mehr als zehn Jahre verflossen. Er hatte Melk verlassen und lebte seit Jahren in Wien. Aber er kam oft in sein Vaterstädtchen, und wenn er dort war, suchte er Hedwig und ihre Mutter auf. Sich binden? Sich „erklären", wie man's nennt? Nein! das war ihm nie eingefallen. Aber ein so süßes Empfinden war's, zu denken: „Sie wartet darauf. Sie wartet auf Dich. Wenn Du kommst, ist es ein Fest für sie, und wenn Du gehst, ein Schmerz." Immer las er in den sanften, blauen Augen dieselbe Frage: „Willst Du diesmal sprechen?" Und beim Abschied, wenn sie ihm zögernd die Hand gab, dieses weiche Zucken

warten lassen. Auch hatte er kein Verlangen, Hilda zu sehen, der er noch immer zürnte. Warum hatte sie ihm nicht schon früher, nicht gleich geschrieben? Warum so lange gezögert? Er war wüthend auf sie.

Gottlob! Mutter und Tochter waren zu Hause und „ließen bitten". Er hatte sich durch die Magd anmelden lassen. Und so trat er nach leisem Klopfen ein. Nicht so siegesbewußt wie sonst. Vielmehr zaghaft und schüchtern. Und sie empfingen ihn auch anders als sonst: die Mutter mit einem unangenehm schadenfrohen Lächeln, die Tochter mit ernstem, fremdem Blick. Keine Freudigkeit, keine Bangigkeit. Nichts. Alles wie verweht.

„Was verschafft uns die unerwartete Ehre?" begann die Mutter und sah ihn von der Seite an. „Wir hatten doch nicht im Traum daran gedacht, Sie sobald wieder zu sehen!"

Er stammelte irgend etwas von plötzlichem Heimweh, plötzlicher Sehnsucht nach den Seinen . . .

Mutter und Tochter ließen ihn stammeln und sagten kein Wort. Hedwig fuhr fort, an einer Handarbeit zu sticheln und die Mutter blickte ihm unverwandt ins Gesicht. Eine Pause trat ein. Er saß in unbehaglicher Haltung da und fing an, vom Wetter zu sprechen. Von Bällen und Redouten. Und schließlich erkundigte er sich so nebnbei, was es hier Neues gebe.

Sie hatten die Frage kommen sehen. Wenigstens die Mutter. Das merkte er ihr am Gesichte an.

„Hedwig mag Ihnen davon erzählen," sagte sie. „Wollen Sie uns die Ehre erweisen, eine Tasse Kaffee mit uns zu trinken?" Bei diesen Worten hatte sie sich vom Sofa erhoben.

„Sie will mich mit ihr allein lassen," dachte er wie erlöst. Und mit leidenschaftlicher Bereitwilligkeit bat er um eine Tasse Kaffee. Der Kaffee sei seine Passion. Nichts gehe ihm darüber.

Die kluge Mama lächelte abermals und begab sich mit einem bedeutungsvollen Blick auf das gesenkte Blondhaupt der Tochter, die noch immer an ihrer Handarbeit stichelte, nach der Küche. Sie waren allein.

„Legen Sie das Zeug beiseite, Hedwig," bat er. „Was ist geschehen?"

Sie ließ die Handarbeit in den Schoß sinken. „Was soll geschehen sein?"

„Sie haben sich verlobt, nicht wahr?" stieß er bebend heraus.

Jetzt erst hob sie den gesenkten Kopf und blickte ihm in die Augen: „Noch nicht. Es hat jemand um meine Hand angehalten und ich habe mir Bedenkzeit ausgebeten. Das ist alles."

Er athmete auf. Sie war noch nicht verlobt.

„Und sind Sie schon . . . haben Sie schon . . . wissen Sie schon . . . ?"

„Die Mutter will, daß ich Ja sage," unterbrach sie ihn ruhig.

„Aber Sie?" rief er mit Heftigkeit. „Ich will wissen, was Sie wollen!"

„Warum wollen Sie's wissen? Sie haben sich doch sonst nie um mich bekümmert!"

„Nie? Hab' ich Sie nicht immer besucht, wenn ich nach Melk kam? Ihnen nicht regelmäßig geschrieben . . ."

„Ja, Ansichtskarten, auf denen nichts stand als ein Gruß," fiel sie ein. „Und Ihre Besuche? Du lieber Gott! Alte Bekannte sucht man eben ab und zu auf . . . Nennen Sie das sich um einen Menschen bekümmern?"

„Sie wissen, daß ich Sie lieb habe! Sie wissen es ganz gut!" rief er aufgeregt.

„Das ist möglich und ich hab' es manchmal bei Ihrem Kommen selbst geglaubt. Doch nie bei Ihrem Scheiden. Und wenn Sie wieder fort waren, schon gar nicht. Ich weiß jetzt, wie Menschen sind, wenn sie einen wirklich lieb haben. Jener Herr ist furchtbar schwer von mir gegangen und schreibt mir, seit er weg ist, jeden Tag."

„Das will ich auch thun!" rief er noch aufgeregter. „Zweimal will ich Ihnen täglich schreiben."

„Wozu? Was hätten Sie mir zu sagen? Der hat mich eben vom Herzen lieb, will mich zur Frau haben . . . ."

„Ich auch!" fiel er ihr außer sich ins Wort. „Was der sich einbildet! Als wenn

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Aber auch über Hedwig Werner. Oder nein: das Wort paßte nicht auf sie. Es war etwas viel Schlimmeres als bloßer Aerger und that auch viel mehr weh. Seine Mutter, die ihn tausendmal besser kannte und auch tausendmal klüger war, als das Gänschen von einer Schwester, hatte nur zu recht: Hedwig hätte ihm treu bleiben sollen, treu bleiben müssen. Das stand fest.

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Freilich: wenn er wieder in Wien war und da ein flottes Junggesellenleben führte, war ihm Hedwig oft ganz und gar entschwunden. Doch plötzlich hatte er wieder an sie gedacht und sich nach ihr gesehnt. Nach ihrer sich immer gleich bleibenden Anbetung, ihrem stillen Warten auf ihn, nach dem halb hoffenden, halb bangenden Blick, der ihn zu empfangen pflegte, wenn er sie nach kurzer oder längerer Trennung wiedersah. Und so selbstverständlich war es ihm erschienen, daß es immer so bleiben, daß er sie immer finden, sie immer auf ihn warten, ihn immer mit banger Hoffnung kommen und mit schlecht verhehlter Enttäuschung scheiden sehen würde. Und jetzt mußte er erkennen . . .

Ja, was denn eigentlich? Daß sie „auch nicht besser war als andre Mädchen"? Das hatte er sich zum Trost eben sagen wollen. Aber es klang ihm selbst zu läppisch. Er mußte etwas ganz anderes erkennen. Daß er ein Narr gewesen war und obendrein ein heilloser Egoist. Seit einer Reihe von Jahren halte er sie zum besten. (In dieser Stunde konnte er sein Verhalten wider sie nicht anders benennen.) Hatte sie bald hoffen und bald wieder fürchten, sich sehnen und grämen, sie harren und warten lassen, und diese stille, tiefe Mädchenliebe, mit all ihrem bitteren Weh als etwas sehr Angenehmes empfunden, ohne sich jemals zu fragen, wie ihr dabei zu Muthe war. Und jetzt wunderte er sich noch, daß sie ihm nicht „treu" geblieben! War's nicht vielmehr ein Wunder, daß sie so lange ausgeharrt und ihn nicht längst schon satt bekommen hatte? Was war denn so Besonderes an ihm? Warum sollte gerade er unersetzlich sein? Warum sie nicht einen andern lieb gewinnen können? Alles war ja so natürlich, so einfach, so selbstverständlich! Er entsann sich, daß seine Mutter einmal zu ihm gesagt hatte: „Du spielst mit diesem Mädchen. Das ist unrecht von Dir, denn sie hat Dich wirklich gern. Das sieht man ja! Mach' ein Ende oder mach' Ernst."

Ein Ende oder Ernst machen. Er wollte es thun. Jetzt noch. Verheirathet war sie ja noch nicht. Es war noch Zeit. Und rasch entschlossen lief er aufs Telegraphenamt und ließ an seine Mutter depeschiren: „Komme mit dem nächsten Zug. Robert."

Direkt vom Bahnhof eilte er in Hedwigs Wohnung. Er hatte eine ganz entsetzliche Angst, daß er zu spät kommen, etwas versäumen, sie nicht mehr finden könnte. Seiner Mutter war er sicher. Die lief ihm nicht davon. Und so konnte er sie ruhig

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„Warum wollen Sie's wissen? Sie haben sich doch sonst nie um mich bekümmert!"

„Nie? Hab' ich Sie nicht immer besucht, wenn ich nach Melk kam? Ihnen nicht regelmäßig geschrieben . . ."

„Ja, Ansichtskarten, auf denen nichts stand als ein Gruß," fiel sie ein. „Und Ihre Besuche? Du lieber Gott! Alte Bekannte sucht man eben ab und zu auf . . . Nennen Sie das sich um einen Menschen bekümmern?"

„Sie wissen, daß ich Sie lieb habe! Sie wissen es ganz gut!" rief er aufgeregt.

„Das ist möglich und ich hab' es manchmal bei Ihrem Kommen selbst geglaubt. Doch nie bei Ihrem Scheiden. Und wenn Sie wieder fort waren, schon gar nicht. Ich weiß jetzt, wie Menschen sind, wenn sie einen wirklich lieb haben. Jener Herr ist furchtbar schwer von mir gegangen und schreibt mir, seit er weg ist, jeden Tag."

„Das will ich auch thun!" rief er noch aufgeregter. „Zweimal will ich Ihnen täglich schreiben."

„Wozu? Was hätten Sie mir zu sagen? Der hat mich eben vom Herzen lieb, will mich zur Frau haben . . . ."

„Ich auch!" fiel er ihr außer sich ins Wort. „Was der sich einbildet! Als wenn er der einzige wäre, der Sie zur Frau haben will!"

„Bis heute war er's," entgegnete sie mit seltsamem Lächeln.

„Und von heute an nicht mehr. Ich bin auch da. Sie dürfen ihn nicht zum Mann nehmen. Ich war ein Narr, ein Elender, ein Herzloser, ein Dummkopf: alles, was Sie wollen. Die Angst, Sie zu verlieren, hat mich sehend gemacht. Verzeihen Sie mir, liebe Hedwig. Nehmen Sie mich! Ihrer Mutter wird's ja egal sein, denke ich, und Sie . . . Sie haben mich ja immer lieb gehabt . . . ."

Sie senkte den Kopf und schwieg, da trat er zu ihr hin, nahm ihren Blondkopf in beide Hände, bog ihn zurück und sah ihr von unten herauf in die Augen: „Ist's nicht wahr? Oder haben Sie mich nicht mehr gern?"

„Doch!" gab sie ganz leise zu und barg das Haupt an seiner Brust. „Und ich hätte den andern schließlich doch nicht genommen, weil ich Sie lieb habe . . . ., immer noch . . . ."

* * *

Beim Weggehen sagte er zu Mutter und Tochter: „Aber schreibt dem Herrn dort am Rhein nur gleich heute den Absagebrief. Er soll seine täglichen Episteln an Hedwig sofort einstellen. Und morgen wollen wir im Hause meiner Mutter ein solennes Verlobungsfest feiern. Und dann wird so bald wie möglich geheirathet. Ich muß sicher sein, daß Du mir gehörst, Hedwig. Mir liegt die Angst noch in den Gliedern."

Sozialisten siegen.

Butte, Mont., 4. April. Bei der gestrigen Stadtwahl haben die Sozialisten einen glänzenden Sieg errungen. Sie erwählten den Mayor, Schatzmeister, Polizeirichter und fünf der neun Stadtrathsmitglieder. Ihr Bürgermeisters-Kandidat, Rev. L. J. Duncan, ein Geistlicher der Unitarier, hatte eine Mehrheit von 1834 Stimmen über den Kandidaten der Demokraten.

In Helena haben die Sozialisten ein Stadtrathsmitglied erwählt und in Walkerville deren zwei.

Abonnirt für die Deutsche Rundschau.

mehr.

* Der „Rebel", das hier publizirte Sozialistenblatt, befindet sich in einem miserablen Dilemma. Postmeister Paulus erhielt vom General Postdepartement in Washington folgende verhängnißvolle Instruktion: „Senden Sie Probenummern des in Hallettsville herausgegebenen „Rebel" hierher, bevor Sie denselben zum Versenden annehmen." Also erst nach langschwieriger Censur können die Ausgaben, wenn überhaupt erlaubt, auf dem Postwege befördert werden. Wie sich der Publischer T. A. Hickey, welcher sich zur Zeit im nördlichen Theil des Staates aufhält, dieser Situation anpassen wird, bleibt abzuwarten. Macht ist Recht.

* Bringt Euren Baumwollsamen nach der hiesigen

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Verlasse dich auf dich allein,
Und niemals auf die andern;
Denn du wirst immer bei dir sein,
Indeß die Freunde wandern.

Der Mensch träumt so lange vom Glück, bis er es — verschläft.

Frauenstimmrecht.

Nun, da es festgestellt ist, daß in Californien wirklich das Frauen-Stimmrecht errungen worden, nach all' den schwankenden und einander widersprechenden Nachrichten, die Anfangs einliefen, ist es von besonderem Interesse, uns das siegreiche Vordringen des Frauen-Stimmrechts in Amerika ein wenig näher anzusehen.

Im Jahre 1869 war es Wyoming, der als erster Staat der Union den Frauen das Stimmrecht gewährte. Erst nach einer Pause von 24 Jahren, im Jahre 1893, folgte Colorado dem guten Beispiele Wyomings. Dann gesellten sich in schneller Aufeinanderfolge im Jahre 1896 zwei Staaten Utah und Idaho, zu ihnen. Der Staat Washington verlieh im Jahre 1910 nach mancherlei Fährlichkeiten den Frauen das Stimmrecht. Zweimal war vorher — in den Jahren 1889 und 1898 — die Vorlage verworfen worden.

Californien ist demnach der sechste Bundesstaat, in welchem die Frauen das Stimmrecht besitzen.

In diesem Herbste noch wird Kansas über die Frage des Frauen-Stimmrechts zu entscheiden haben.

Im Jahre 1910 wurde, während der Staat Washington sich für das Frauen-Stimmrecht entschied, in dem benachbarten Staate Oregon die Frage verneint. Ebenso am selben Tage in Süd-Dakota und Oklohama. Auch Arizona und Neu-Mexiko lehnten die Vorlage ab.

Das Frauen-Stimmrecht in Fragen der Schule gilt in 21 Staaten.

In einigen Staaten genießen die Frauen das Stimmrecht in Steuerfragen.

Die erste Verfassung des Staates New Jersey im Jahre 1776 gewährte bis 1807 den Frauen das Stimmrecht. Allerdings geschah dies nur durch ein Versehen bei der Abfassung des Dokuments.

Man kann wohl sagen, daß der erste organisirte Versuch, das Frauenstimmrecht zu erobern, im Jahre 1848 mit der ersten Stimmrechts-Konvention einsetzte. 1850 wurde die zweite Konvention abgehalten und bis zum Ausbruch des Bürgerkrieges fand in der Folge alljährlich eine Konvention statt. Nach dem Kriege wurde der Kampf um die Eroberung des Frauen-Stimmrecht wieder aufgenommen und hat seitdem niemals ausgesetzt.

In einigen der älteren Staaten bestehen starke Stimmrechts-Organisationen. Die südlichen Staaten sind erst seit 1890 organisirt.

Sozialistische Massenversammlungen

In den verschiedenen Distrikten der Stadt.

Stanley J. Clark,
Welcher in sechs St. Louiser Massenversammlungen sprechen wird.

In den nächsten Tagen finden in St. Louis die folgenden sozialistischen Massenversammlungen statt, in denen Genosse Clark als Redner auftreten wird:

Dienstag, den 27. Okt., um 8 Uhr Abends, in der Sozialen Turnhalle, 20.- und Salisbury Str. Redner: Stanley J. Clark.

Mittwoch, den 28. Okt., um 8 Uhr Abends, in der Concordia Turnhalle, 13. und Arsenal Str. Redner: Stanley J. Clark.

Donnerstag, den 29. Okt., 8 Uhr Abends, in der New Club Hall, 13. und Chouteau Ave. Redner: Stanley J. Clark.

Freitag, den 30. Okt., 8 Uhr Abends, in der Nordwest-Turnhalle, 3948 Easton Ave. Redner: Stanley J. Clark.

Samstag, den 31. Okt., 8 Uhr Abends, in der Sterling Hall, 4110 Chouteau Avenue. Redner: Stanley J. Clark.

Sonntag, den 1. Nov., Nachmittags 2 Uhr: Bohemian Gymnasium, 9. und Allen Avenue, Redner: Stanley J. Clark.

Das Ende.

Von F. K. Ginskey.

Durch den fast entlaubten Wald
Pfeift der Wind und tollt sich satt.
Wie er Ast für Ast umkrallt,
Löst sich sterbend Blatt für Blatt.

Und auch an der Felsenwand,
Schimmernd durch den kahlen Hain,
Rüttelt rauh des Sturmes Hand —
Klirrend löst sich Stein für Stein.

So wie Blatt für Blatt vom Baum,
Wie vom Felsen Stein für Stein,
Fällt von dir auch Traum für Traum,
Wandrer im entlaubten Hain!

Wie dich Traum für Traum verläßt,
Starrst ins Leere du umher.
Hüll' dich in den Mantel fest,
Wandrer, denn es wintert sehr!

Der Vatteau.

Die Philosophie der Braut.

Eine witzige junge Engländerin, die sich mit Stolz seit kurzem Braut nennt, veröffentlicht in einer Londoner Zeitschrift ihre Betrachtungen über die Philosophie der Brautschaft und gibt dabei allen jungen Bräuten und solchen, die es werden wollen, einige lustige und kluge Ratschläge. Wir geben im folgendem eine Probe dieser Brautschaftsaphorismen:

Brautschaft ist wie ein heißes Bad: erst glaubt man sich beinahe zu verbrennen, mit der Zeit findet man die Temperatur als wohltuend, aber es ist nicht gut, zu lange darin zu bleiben.

Das Zeitwort „lieben" sollte stets ohne die dritte Person konjugiert werden.

Die Zungen sind gemacht, um Liebe zu verbergen, und die Augen, um sie zu verraten.

Glaube nie, was andere dir vom Kuß erzählen. Hast du je mit dem Manne, den du lieb hast, einen Kuß getauscht, so kann dir kein Wesen der Welt mehr etwas über dieses Thema verraten. Hast du es aber nicht getan, so wird dir trotzdem niemand das Wesen des Kusses begreiflich machen können.

Was zu töricht ist, um laut ausgesprochen zu werden, darfst du flüstern, aber bilde dir nicht ein, daß es andere nicht hören; während deiner Verlobung wird sogar Großmama trotz ihrer Taubheit feinhörig.

Laß deinen Bräutigam in allen unwichtigen Dingen tun, was ihm beliebt. Und laß den Mann auch manchmal töricht und ausgelassen sein. Der beste Mann ist immer wie ein Kind, und die Liebe und das Vertrauen eines Kindes zu erobern, ist der Mühe wert.

Liebe.briefe müssen kurz und süß sein: mehr Liebe als Briefe.

Je verschwenderischer der Mann ist, je sparsamer will er die künftige Frau sehen, und jeder Bräutigam hat irgend einen Sparsamkeitstrick. Wenn er dir ein Paket bringt, so schneide den Bindfaden nicht entzwei; mache ihm die Freude und knüpfe ihn sorgsam auf. Wenn er das nächste Mal kommt, wird er dir daraufhin wahrscheinlich zwei Schachteln Pralinees statt einer mitbringen.

Danke Gott, daß er von Kleidung nichts versteht. Frauen ziehen sich an, Männer tragen Anzüge. Genau so wie Männer nur kaufen, während Frauen Besorgungen machen. Eine Frau ist nie so glücklich, als wenn sie sich gut angezogen weiß; ein glücklicher Mann aber weiß überhaupt nicht, was er anhat. Aber lasse dich dadurch nicht täuschen: er wird trotzdem jeden zerknitterten Rock und jeden aufgegangenen Druckknopf sehen. Selbst die entzückendste Bluse muß gut schließen ...

— **Widerspruch.** Herr: Mein Fräulein, ich liebe Sie wahnsinnig, — halten Sie mich aber darum nicht für verrückt!

Für die Deutsche Rundsch[illegible].

Halletsville.

7. April. Das Lehrerpersonal reiste Freitag nach Yoakum allwo der Südtexas Lehrerverband tagte. Alle Vorbereitungen waren getroffen, um die Lehrer aufs Beste zu empfangen. Yoakum ist als gastfreie Stadt bekannt, dazu kommt das prachtvolle und geräumige Schulgebäude. Nächsten Sommer wird daselbst wiederum die Normalschule abgehalten.

Prof. K. A. Jones ist wiederum als Superintendent hiesiger Hochschule ernannt worden.

Richter P. Green hat den früheren Wohnplatz von David Landa erworben, und wird ihn in Kürze beziehen.

Die erste Nummer der deutschen Zeitung „Habt Acht" erschien hier Freitag-Morgen. Der bekannte Herr Z. Panek ist Schriftleiter derselben. Das sozialdemokratische Blatt wird in der Office der „New Era" gesetzt, gedruckt und erscheint vorläufig zweimal monatlich zu dem geringen Preise von 35c jährlich. Wir wünschen dem Unternehmen den besten Erfolg.

Georg Clark und Robert Ulrich wurden unter dem Verdacht des Diebstahls in Yoakum verhaftet. Sie sollen $35 entwendet haben, welches bei Ulrich gefunden wurde. Clark wurde entlassen, jedoch wegen Vagabundirens schuldig erklärt. Das nächste Countygericht wird Robert Ulrich beim Wickel nehmen.

Thos A. Hickey hat seinen Platz als Editor des Rebel wieder hierselbst eingenommen. Er trifft Vorbereitungen zum würdigen Empfang seiner jungen Frau geb. Klara Boeer. Dieselbe weilt zur Zeit noch bei ihrer Mutter in Brandenburg, Stonewall Co.

Die Herren Heinrich Buske, von Alt-Kinkler, sowie auch Ernst Mertz stolzirten auffallend breitspurig daher. Hurrah! der Storch war da!

Frl. Amanda Künning in Breslau hatte leider das Unglück, eine Hand am Gasolinofen schwer zu verbrennen.

Für die Deutsche Rundschau.

Halletsville.

2. März. Herr und Frau Alfred Päßler beklagen den Verlust ihres ndchens. So kurz war die Elternfreunde. Frau Päßler ist schwer leidend.

Robert Winkler und Frl. S. Schneider von Witting, ließen sich am Mittwoch in Braunigs photographischer Halle trauen. Friedensrichter Peterson schürzte den Knoten.

In Branon acht Meilen östlich von hier starb das 6 Tage alte Kind von Wm. Hopkins. Der Arzt Dr A. A. Lidbetter konstatirte Meningitis. Kein andrer Fall davon in der Famile oder Umgegend ist bis Dato bekannt.

Thos. A. Hickey, der bekannte sozialistische Agitator und Redakteur des Rebel, reiste gestern nach Brandenburg, Stone Wall Co. und begab sich in den Rosengarten der Ehe mit Frl. Klara E. Boeer, einer sehr gebildeten und populären Dam daselbst. Nachdem Hickey seine Sprech-Tour in Nord Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana und Mississippi beendet hat, wird er sich voraussichtlich, mit seiner jungen Frau dauernd in Hallettsville niederlassen.

Einbrecher sind wieder an der Arbeit. An einigen Plätzen wurden augenscheinlich nur Versuche angestellt. Von der Lumber Co. wurde sogar eine Schreibmaschine entwendet.

Frau Anna Handlos und Sohn August werden in Kürze ihren Gatten und Vater Bernhard Handlos nachreisen. Derselbe hat in Houston ein Barbier-Geschäft eröffnet vor zwei Monaten. Die Familie wohnt hier mehrere Jahre.

A

Vaterglück.

Stimmungsbild von S. Asael.

Es liegt in der Natur der Sache, daß man Kinder für gewöhnlich gern hat; aber diese Liebe, die man Kindern im allgemeinen entgegenbringt, ist viel zärtlicher, wenn es sich nicht mehr um das Kind, sondern vielmehr um sein Kind handelt.

Junggesellen dürfen das [illegible]

was auch bei Ihnen vielleicht der Fall gewesen sein mag,—dabei zu sein, wenn mein Liebling erwachte. Ich kannte schon sein Stündlein. Da schob ich die Vorhänge seines Bettchens leise bei Seite und wartete, ihn liebevoll anblickend, bis er die Augen aufschlug.

Des öfteren fand ich ihn quer in seinem Bettchen liegen, ganz verloren in dem Chaos von Kopfkissen und Deckbetten, die Beine in die Luft gestreckt, die Arme unter dem Kopfe gekreuzt; oft umfaßte noch sein fleischiges Händchen das Spielzeug, mit dem er am Abend eingeschlafen war, und aus seinem halbgeöffneten Mündchen vernahm man sein regelmäßiges, sanftes Athmen. Die Wärme des Bettchens hatte seinen Wangen die Farbe eines reifen Pfirsichs gegeben. Sein Körper war warm, und die Hitze der Nacht ließ auf seiner Stirn kleine, kaum bemerkbare Schweißtropfen, gleich Perlen glänzen.

Bald machte sein Händchen eine Bewegung; sein Fuß stieß die Decke zurück, der ganze, kleine Körper dehnte sich. Bubi rieb sich die Augen und streckte die Aermchen aus; dann heftete sich sein Blick, unter den kaum erhobenen Augenlidern hervorbrechend, auf mich.

Er lächelte mich an und sagte ganz leise, so leise, daß ich den Athem anhalten mußte, um alle Einzelheiten dieser süßen Musik zu vernehmen:

„Guten Morgen, Papa."

„Guten Morgen, mein kleiner Mann, hast Du gut geschlafen?"

Wir umarmten und küßten uns wie zwei alte Kameraden.

Dann begann das Plaudern. Sein Plaudern klang mir immer wie das Singen der Lerchen in der Morgensonne. Bubi hatte mir Geschichten zu erzählen, die gar kein Ende fanden.

Er erzählte mir seine Träume, wobei er nach jedem Satze „seine schöne Haferſuppe mit recht viel Butter drin" verlangte. Und wenn dann diese, schöne Suppe noch dampfend ankam, wie groß war da seine Freude, wie lachte er bei ihrem Anblick laut auf, wie stürzte er darüber her! Seine Augen glänzten, ein Thränchen glänzte auch im Augenwinkel; und wenn er sein Kröpfchen gefüllt hatte, da fing auch das Geplapper wieder an.

Manchmal kam Bubi, um mich in meinem Bett zu überraschen. Ich that so, als ob ich schliefe, und da zog er mich am Bart und schrie mir ins Ohr. Ich heuchelte große Angst und schwur, mich zu rächen. Dann gab es erbitterte Kämpfe mit den Kissen. Verschanzung hinter den Deckbetten und solche Sachen.

Zum Zeichen des Sieges kitzelte ich ihn, dann schauerte er zusammen und ließ jenes freie und glockenhelle Lachen ertönen, welches glücklichen Kindern eigen ist. Bubi zog das Köpfchen zwischen die Schultern ein, etwa wie eine Schildkröte, die sich in ihren Panzer zurückzieht, und drohte mir mit seinem dicken, rosigen Füßchen. Die Haut an seiner Ferse war so zart, daß die Wange eines jungen Mädchens darauf stolz gewesen wäre. Mit wie viel Küssen bedeckte ich diese süßen Füßchen, wenn ich Abends am Ofen sein langes Nachthemd wärmte.

Man hat mir untersagt, Bubi Abends auszuziehen, unter dem Vorwande, daß ich die Knoten, anstatt sie zu lösen, nur noch mehr verwickelte.

Alles dieses war reizend; aber wenn ich einmal streng sein mußte, um den Bubenstreichen Einhalt zu gebieten, wenn sie zu weit gingen, dann senkte Bubi langsam die Augen, während er versuchte, mit erhobenem Näschen und zitternden Lippen eine

Endschicksal der Bücher.

Was wird aus den Massenerzeugnissen der Schriftstellerei?

Ueber die interessante Frage, was schließlich aus der Unmasse von Büchern wird, die jedes Jahr in die Welt gesetzt werden, hat ein deutscher Bücherfreund Untersuchungen angestellt. Er will, wie er sagt, nicht feststellen, wieviel von der jährlichen Büchererzeugung an den Mann gebracht wird und wieviel beim Verleger oder Verfasser bleibt. Nicht das Wirthschaftsproblem, sondern das Raumproblem will er lösen. Wir produziren, so führt er aus, in Deutschland allein jährlich mehr als 30,000 Bücher, deren Umfang im Durchschnitt gut zu 10 Druckbogen gerechnet werden kann; das macht 300,000 Druckbogen. Nehmen wir für jedes Werk eine Durchschnittsauflage von 1000 Exemplaren an (wissenschaftliche Werke haben oft weniger, belletristische und Broschüren oft sehr viel mehr), so kommen 300 Millionen Druckbogen heraus. Dazu müssen wir die Zeitschriften nehmen, die auch aufgehoben werden (während das bei den Tageszeitungen meist nicht der Fall ist.) Sehr niedrig nehme ich 2500 Zeitschriften, die aufgehoben werden, zu 1000 und 20 Bogen im Jahre an — macht 50 Millionen Bogen, mit den Büchern zusammen also 350 Millionen Bogen. Um diesen Segen unterzubringen, brauchen wir, da etwa 25,000 Bogen als Bücher eng zusammengestellt in den Wandregalen eines nicht zu kleinen Zimmers untergebracht werden können, rund 14,000 Zimmer, gleich 3000 mittlere Wohnungen. Wir müßten also, nur um unsere jährliche Bücherproduktion unterbringen zu können, jährlich 3 Millionen Mark für Miethzins aufwenden — wenn der ganze Bücherſegen wirklich an die Konsumenten käme! Oder die Bücher schön nebeneinander in der Höhe eines Durchschnittsbuchs auf den Erdboden gelegt, könnten wir den Genfer See damit bedecken. Das hätte auch noch den Vorzug, daß sie alle mit einem Mal verschwinden würden. Wem das nicht recht ist, der kann das Herzogthum Sachsen-Koburg vollständig, Reuß ältere Linie zweimal damit bedecken, denn es würde ungefähr eine Fläche von 600 Quadratkilometer einnehmen. Und wiegen würde das ganze Riesenspielzeug 17 Millionen Centner.

Aber in so entsetzlichem Maß ergießt sich die Fluth denn doch nicht über das deutsche Volk. Ein ganzer Posten geht ins Ausland, und zwar mehr als eingeführt wird; ein viel größerer Posten aber bleibt, unausgebeitet, in Ballen verschnürt, fest aneinandergeklemmt, in den Lagern und Filialen der Verleger. Es sind die Ladenhüter, die Krebse, das Blei, die alten Schinken oder wie man das sonst nennt. Da kosten sie weit weniger Miethe und verlangen keine kostspieligen Bücherregale. Von da gehen diese armen Unverkäuflichen dann nach etlicher Zeit in die Papierfabrik zurück und werden da in einem Jungbrunnen weiß und zart gemacht nach dem Satz, daß unbedrucktes Papier oft werthvoller ist als bedrucktes. Indeß, es bleibt noch genug übrig, was in die Büchereien wandert, die privaten und die öffentlichen. Da muß die Bibliothek dann anbauen, der Gelehrte muß in eine größere Wohnung umziehen, der Privatmann verschenkt das, was ihn nicht mehr interessirt, und hilft so vielleicht den Grundstock zu einer bescheidenen Bücherei eines Anverwandten, Dienstmädchens oder

B

Vaterglück.

Stimmungsbild von S. Asael.

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Junggesellen dürfen das folgende nicht lesen; ich will nur zu Familienvätern sprechen. Unter Fachleuten versteht man sich besser.

Ich bin jetzt „Familienvater". Aber einst bin ich nur „der Papa" gewesen, und zwar, wie immer in solchen Fällen, der Papa eines allerliebsten Bübchens. Unter seinem Mützchen guckte keck eine blonde, krause Locke hervor, und wenn ich mit dem Finger sein weißes Hälschen berührte, so lachte es laut auf und zeigte seine kleinen, weißen Perlenzähnchen, und umfaßte dann meinen Kopf mit beiden Aermchen.

Sein erster Zahn war ein Ereigniß. Man stellte sich ins Licht, um ihn besser zu sehen, und die Großeltern richteten ihre Kneifer auf jenen kleinen, weißen Punkt. Und ich, — ich demonstrierte, ich erklärte, ich bewies. Dann eilte ich in den Keller, um aus der geheimnißvollen Ecke eine eine Flasche Wein heraufzuholen.

Der erste Zahn meines Söhnchens! Man sprach beim Mittagessen nur von ihm, und schon beim Nachtisch sang Großmutter ein „Loblied auf den ersten Zahn."

Nach diesem Zahn kamen die anderen und mit ihnen Thränen und Schmerzen; aber dann, als er mit allen Zähnen bewaffnet war, wie biß er dann stolz in sein Brot, wie knabberte er an seinem Stückchen Fleisch; er wollte es machen „ganz wie Papa!"

„Ganz wie Papa!" Wissen Sie noch, wie diese Worte ein Vaterherz erwärmen können, wie viele Missethaten man um ihretwillen verzeiht! —

Mein größtes Glück war immer, — ankam, wie groß war da seine Freude, wie lachte er bei ihrem Anblick laut auf, wie stürzte er darüber her! Seine Augen glänzten, ein Thränchen glänzte auch im Augenwinkel; und wenn er sein Kröpfchen gefüllt hatte, da fing auch das Geplapper wieder an.

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Alles dieses war reizend; aber wenn ich einmal streng sein mußte, um den Bubenstreichen Einhalt zu gebieten, wenn sie zu weit gingen, dann senkte Bubi langsam die Augen, während er versuchte, mit erhobenem Näschen und zitternden Lippen eine dicke, glänzende Thräne unter seinen großen Wimpern zurückzuhalten.

Welchen Muthes bedarf es aber dann, um nicht dieses Gewitter, das auszubrechen droht, mit einem Kuß zu beruhigen, um nicht dieses kleine Herz, das vor Schmerz brechen will, zu trösten, um nicht diese Thräne, die überfließt und zum reißenden Strom wird, zu trocknen.

Der Ausdruck eines Kindes ist dann so rührend, es liegt so viel Schmerz in dem kleinen Gesicht, das sich krampfhaft verzieht, in der kleinen Brust, die sich kummervoll hebt und senkt!

Alles das ist schon lange her . . . Die Jahre sind darüber hingegangen, haben aber doch nicht vermocht, diese lieben Erinnerungen vergessen zu machen. Und jetzt, wo mein Bubi dreißig Jahre alt ist und einen großen Schnurrbart trägt, ist es mir immer noch, wenn er mir seine Männerhand reicht und mit seiner tiefen Stimme zu mir sagt: „Guten Morgen, Vater", als ob das Echo aus fernen Tagen die geliebten Worte von einstmals wiederhoolte:

„Duten Morgen, Papa."

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den Genfer See damit bedecken. Das hätte auch noch den Vorzug, daß sie alle mit einem Mal verschwinden würden. Wem das nicht recht ist, der kann das Herzogthum Sachsen-Koburg vollständig, Reuß ältere Linie zweimal damit bedecken, denn es würde ungefähr eine Fläche von 600 Quadratkilometer einnehmen. Und wiegen würde das ganze Riesenspielzeug 17 Millionen Centner.

Aber in so entsetzlichem Maß ergießt sich die Fluth denn doch nicht über das deutsche Volk. Ein ganzer Posten geht ins Ausland, und zwar mehr als eingeführt wird; ein viel größerer Posten aber bleibt, unausgebeitet, in Ballen verschnürt, fest aneinandergeklemmt, in den Lagern und Filialen der Verleger. Es sind die Ladenhüter, die Krebse, das Blei, die alten Schinken oder wie man das sonst nennt. Da kosten sie weit weniger Miethe und verlangen keine kostspieligen Bücherregale. Von da gehen diese armen Unverkäuflichen dann nach etlicher Zeit in die Papierfabrik zurück und werden da in einem Jungbrunnen weiß und zart gemacht nach dem Satz, daß unbedrucktes Papier oft werthvoller ist als bedrucktes. Indeß, es bleibt noch genug übrig, was in die Büchereien wandert, die privaten und die öffentlichen. Da muß die Bibliothek dann anbauen, der Gelehrte muß in eine größere Wohnung umziehen, der Privatmann verschenkt das, was ihn nicht mehr interessirt, und hilft so vielleicht den Grundstock zu einer bescheidenen Bücherei eines Anverwandten, Dienstmädchens oder Sprechzimmers zu bilden — was besonders gern genommen wird, wenn's schön gebundene Bücher sind.

Das Wenigste nur wird zerrissen und dem Feuer überantwortet: dahin gehören unzerreißbare Kinderbilderbücher, ärgerliche Broschüren, oder intime Büchlein, die die Hausgenossen nicht sehen sollen. Manche Bücher werden auch beschlagnahmt und dann eingestampft, falls nicht jemand dieses oder jenes Exemplar als Probe oder abschreckendes Beispiel aufzuheben für gut halten sollte — was indes in einem Rechts- und Polizeistaat wohl kaum vorkommen dürfte. Am schlimmsten bestellt ist es mit Büchern älterer Auflagen, wenn eine neue erschienen ist; wenn der Verleger sie nicht eintauscht und mit in Zahlung nimmt, der Antiquar sie nicht kaufen will, schenkt man sie am besten einem alten Freund oder . . . behält sie, weil man erst die übernächste neue Auflage kaufen will. Schade, daß nicht jedes Buch mit seiner allmählich zusammenschrumpfenden innern Bedeutung auch äußerlich abnimmt und hinstirbt. Das hätte auch das Gute, daß man nach Jahr und Tag viel leichter die Spreu vom Weizen scheiden könnte.

A

27 August 1913
Rundschau

Ist das nicht sympathisch? —

Bei uns zu Hause!

Eine klägliche Geschichte.

Wir sind eine einigermaßen große Familie. Und ich — zu meinem Unglück — schriftstellere ein bißchen. Warum tut der Mensch auch sowas! Das Dumme bei mir ist nämlich, daß ich von keiner Sache — ich denke an meine Romane und die wunderbaren Novellen — eher reden kann, als bis meine Gedanken Wirklichkeit, die Hirngespinste wirkliches Fleisch und Bein geworden sind. Noch viel weniger liebe ich es, wenn jemand — kommt der Geist über mich — mit mir im Zimmer ist. Die Stunden einer Anfechtungen muß der Mensch allein mit sich abmachen!

Nun kommt aber der Haken — nämlich die große Familie! —

Wo kann ich ungestört schreiben, ohne auf meine Arbeit — weil ich es ja nun mal nicht leiden kann —, angesprochen zu werden?

Ich setze mich naturgemäß an meinen Schreibtisch — da kann mich niemand wegtreiben — und beginne.

Meine Feder kauend, überlese ich, wie weit ich das letzte Mal gekommen bin. Dann fange ich an. — Die Feder beginnt, etwas rascher zu fliegen, die Gedanken sind in Fluß—, ach, wie geht es gut, wenn man in Stimmung ist!

Da — die Tür geht auf, mein Bruder erscheint! Ich werde unruhig, schreibe aber weiter. „Was wird er anfangen?" denkt mein Hirn dabei. „Er geht an den Bücherschrank", sage ich mir, „er mustert, was dort steht." — Meine Feder hört auf zu fliegen, nur langsam noch kriecht sie über das Papier. Mühsam kehre ich zu meinen entfliehenden Gedanken zurück. Inzwischen hat der junge Mann an [illegible]

in meine Ruhe, denn mein Bruder Wilhelm schreibt stets ellenlange Briefe, voll von poetischem Schwung und mindestens zwölf Seiten lang. Ich lege also meine Feder ganz entschieden hin. Mein Vortrag über den Inhalt befriedigt aber meine gute Mutter nicht. Ich hole also den Brief doch noch. Dann aber — schnüre ich mein Bündel, d. h. verlasse die gastliche Stätte, sehr zum Erstaunen meiner Mutter. „Was, willst Du aufhören? Ich habe Dich doch nicht gestört?" Ich murmele einiges und entschwinde.

Wohin nun! In den sogenannten Salon! Da steht der Schreibtisch meiner Mutter, an dem sie nie schreibt. Tinte ist zufällig noch tröpfchenweise vorhanden. — Also wieder los!

Mein Heldenpaar sieht sich also im Foyer; ein gemeinsamer Bekannter, der Zufall, der in Romanen fast dieselbe Rolle spielt wie im Leben, macht die beiden mit schwungvoller Verbeugung und kräftigem Händedruck miteinander bekannt. Ich schildere, wie wieder einmal Sehen und Lieben eins ist. Er wirft gluterfüllte Blicke, sie errötet verschämt und lispelt gerade „Meine Mutter erwartet mich, ich muß sie aufsuchen" — und er: „Darf ich Sie hinführen?" — — Da kommt Besuch!

Erst klingelts. Schon das bereitet mir Schrecken. Das Zimmer liegt gleich neben dem Vorflur. Ich höre das Mädchen, es öffnet, eine weibliche Stimme in ziemlich höheren Tönen sagt etwas — Ich packe meine Siebensachen — schleunigst meine Feder — zur Nebentür — raus —!

Noch will ich den Mut nicht sinken lassen und zerbohre also mein Gehirn nach der Möglichkeit eines Ausweges. — Wie wärs, im Eßzimmer den Parnassus einzurichten? — Natürlich! Wenn jetzt noch Besuch kommt, hats mit dem Abendessen noch

Liebe macht erfinderisch.

Eine lustige Geschichte von Paul Bliß.

Ach, Gott sei Dank! Endlich war sie daheim!

Am ganzen Körper bebend, schloß sie die Tür auf, schlüpfte ins Haus und stieg mit klopfendem Herzen die Treppen empor.

Durch drei Straßen hatte er sie verfolgt, immer hinter ihr her; — lief sie, so lief auch er, und als sie zu rennen begann, rannte auch er. Unerhört war so etwas doch.

Wenn sie sich wenigstens einmal umgesehen hätte! Denn gar zu gern wüßte sie doch, wie er eigentlich aussah!

Sie hatte jetzt die Wohnung der Tante erreicht. Nun drückte sie auf den Glockenknopf und wartete.

Da niemand öffnete, so klingelte sie noch einmal. Aber sie wartete vergebens, es kam niemand, der sie einließ. Auch das dritte Mal, als sie Sturm läutete, war ohne Resultat.

Jetzt bekam sie aber doch wieder Angst. Die Tante war also fortgegangen. Was nun. Bald war es zehn Uhr. Wer weiß, wie lange sie nun auf dem Korridor sitzen und warten konnte.

Und während sie noch über irgendeinen Ausweg nachdachte, hörte sie, wie jemand die Trepe heraufkam. Sie sah ängstlich auf und erkannte ihren Nachbar von der gegenüberliegenden Wohnung.

Lächelnd, ein wenig ironisch, zog er den Hut und sagte: „Sie hatten es ja furchtbar eilig. Durch drei Straßen bin ich Ihnen atemlos nachgelaufen."

„Bitte, schiele ich etwa? Sehen Sie mich nur genau an!"

Sie mußte lachen, wurde aber gleich wieder ernst und sagte: „Es stimmt doch, die meisten heiraten doch nur des Geldes wegen. Und dafür danke ich. Lieber bleibe ich ledig."

Heiter rief er: „Mit anderen Worten, — Sie haben also auch Geld, nicht wahr?"

„Woher wissen Sie denn das?"

„Weil Sie selbst es ja eben verraten haben! — Und übrigens wußte ich es auch schon so!"

„Ach, woher denn?"

„Ich habe mich eben einfach erkundigt."

„Wenigstens sind Sie offen, das muß ich Ihnen sagen!"

„O, aus meinem Herzen mache ich nie eine Mördergrube! Natürlich heirate ich nur aus Liebe — aber wenn Geld da ist, schadet es ja auch nichts."

„Aber weshalb erzählen Sie mir denn das alles eigentlich?" fragte sie nun heiter.

„Mein Gott, eben weil ich Sie liebe!"

„Und das sagen Sie mir ausgerechnet hier auf dem dunklen Corridor?"

„Wo sollte ich es Ihnen denn sonst auch sagen!? Die Tante bewacht Sie ja wie ein —" Weiter kam er nicht, denn wieder schrie er leicht auf, weil die erlöschende Kerze ihm wieder den Finger verbrannt hatte.

„Sehen Sie, das war die Strafe!"

Aber schon brannte eine neue Kerze.

Und dann fragte er schelmisch: „Na, was sagen Sie denn nun eigentlich zu meinem etwas sonderbaren Antrag?"

„Vorerst gar nichts", entgegnete sie fröhlich. „So was will doch mindestens überlegt sein."

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27 August 1913

men bin. Dann fange ich an. — Die Feder beginnt, etwas rascher zu fliegen, die Gedanken sind in Fluß—, ach, wie geht es gut, wenn man in Stimmung ist!

Da — die Tür geht auf, mein Bruder erscheint! Ich werde unruhig, schreibe aber weiter. „Was wird er anfangen?“ denkt mein Hirn dabei. „Er geht an den Bücherschrank“, sage ich mir, „er mustert, was dort steht.“ — Meine Feder hört auf zu fliegen, nur langsam noch kriecht sie über das Papier. Mühsam kehre ich zu meinen entfliehenden Gedanken zurück. Inzwischen hat der junge Mann an Büchern scheinbar nicht gefunden, was er wollte, er kommt näher. Ich werde innerlich schon einigermaßen ungeduldig. „Wenn er bloß nicht auf mein Papier gucken wollte!“ denke ich, „das macht mich verrückt!“ Da — steht er auch schon neben mir.

„Was schreibst Du eigentlich?“ Meine Feder malt längst unnütze Figuren auf das Papier. „Ich schreibe nur was auf“, antworte ich geistreich.

„Das sehe ich! Aber was ist es denn?“

„Wozu willst Du alles wissen?“

„Weil ich's wissen will!“

Ich sehe, hier ist nichts mehr mit dem Schreiben.

Aus dem Zimmer wird mein „er frere“ auch nicht gehen, wenn ich ihn darum bitte, wie so Brüder sind. — Ich packe also meine Sachen geduldig zusammen und überlege, in welchem Gemach ich meinen nach Schöpfungen dürstenden Geist erleichtern kann. — Ein Gedanke! — Im sogenannten Herrenzimmer! Ich überlasse also meinen Bruder seiner Langenweile und verziehe mich.

Jetzt aber einen Platz erobern, der frei von Büchern, Zeitschriften und Papier ist; besonders da man nach gestrenger Order nichts im Zimmer von seinem angegebenen Platze bewegen darf. Er findet sich nach einigem Suchen.

Ich bin wieder allein mit meinen Gedanken. Jetzt aber los, sage ich mir, du gehst sonst noch an unausgedrückten Gefühlen ein, wie der Redner, für den schon sein Nachbar die Da kommt Besuch!

Erst klingelts. Schon das bereitet mir Schrecken. Das Zimmer liegt gleich neben dem Vorflur. Ich höre das Mädchen, es öffnet, eine weibliche Stimme in ziemlich höheren Tönen sagt etwas — Ich packe meine Siebensachen — schleunigst meine Feder — zur Nebentür — raus —!

Noch will ich den Mut nicht sinken lassen und zerbohre also mein Gehirn nach der Möglichkeit eines Ausweges. — Wie wärs, im Eßzimmer den Parnassus einzurichten? — Natürlich! Wenn jetzt noch Besuch kommt, hats mit dem Abendessen noch lange Zeit! — Ich habe also wirklich Ruhe. — Es gelingt mir, den Jüngling bis zum Besuch bei seiner künftigen Schwiegermama zu bringen. Etwas bleich (von einer durchwachten Nacht in Vorfreude auf dies Ereignis — ja, solche Männer gibts noch), sitzt er im Sessel. Die Mama erkundigt sich liebenswürdig-mütterlich nach seinem Befinden, er sähe doch so bleich aus, — er errötet, er hätte vor Freude nicht schlafen können, — nun errötet das junge Mädchen auch. Natürlich hat die Schwiegermama „etwas“ gemerkt! Für morgen war gleich eine Verabredung aufs Eis getroffen. — Die Mama steht am Ufer. — Das junge Paar wiegt sich zu zweien im wunderschönen Eiswalzer, und je kühler die Temperatur wird, umso heißer werden die Blicke.

Beinahe bin ich schon selbst gespannt, was nun kommen wird. — Die Tür öffnet sich — mit schüchternem Schritt naht Donna Auguste. — „Entschuldigen Sie, kann ich vielleicht den Tisch decken, es ist Zeit!“ Jetzt reißt mir aber bald die Geduld! Meine schönen Gedanken, wohin verfliegen sie nun wieder?

Mich ziehts nun doch wieder an meinen Schreibtisch zurück, besonders da mein Späherblick mir sagt, daß mein teurer Bruder seine Pfade wo anders hin gelenkt hat. Ich lasse mich also für die letzte Stunde vor dem Abendbrot noch mal häuslich nieder.

Wunderbar geht es. Ich habe das Bewußtsein, daß mich keine Macht der Welt mehr stören wird. Aber ach, wie so bald — schwinden Schönheit

gangen. Was nun. Bald war es zehn Uhr. Wer weiß, wie lange sie nun auf dem Korridor sitzen und warten konnte.

Und während sie noch über irgendeinen Ausweg nachdachte, hörte sie, wie jemand die Trepe heraufkam. Sie sah ängstlich auf und erkannte ihren Nachbar von der gegenüberliegenden Wohnung.

Lächelnd, ein wenig ironisch, zog er den Hut und sagte: „Sie hatten es ja furchtbar eilig. Durch drei Straßen bin ich Ihnen atemlos nachgelaufen.“

„Sie waren das!“

Er nickte heiter: „Ich wollte Ihnen meine Begleitung anbieten.“

Jetzt wurde sie rot vor Scham und wußte nichts zu sagen.

„Na und nun können Sie nicht mal hinein, wie ich sehe!“

Ganz zaghaft erwiderte sie: „Die Tante wird sicherlich sehr bald zurückkommen — sie weiß ja, daß ich keinen Schlüssel mitgenommen habe.“

Wieder nickte er schmunzelnd: „Sehr gern würde ich Sie ja so lange zu uns drüben hinein bitten, leider aber ist auch bei uns niemand zu Hause.“

Schnell antwortete sie: „O nein, danke sehr! Ich warte lieber hier!“

Plötzlich schlug es zehn. Und mit einem Ruck war das Gas aus, so daß beide nun im Dunklen standen.

Ratlos und angstvoll drückte sie sich in ihre Ecke.

Er aber bekam nun erst recht gute Laune. Mit Humor sagte er: „Wenn ich jetzt nur einen Schlüssel hätte, dann könnte ich wenigstens von uns eine Lampe herausholen.“

Mit einmal griff er in die Tasche und zog eine Schachtel Wachskerzen, sogenanne Fünfminutenbrenner, hervor, und im nächsten Augenblick war es hell.

„Na, bin ich nicht ein tüchtiger Kerl?“ rief er fröhlich.

Auch sie mußte jetzt lächeln: „Wie drollig die Situation ist; so etwas habe ich noch nicht erlebt.“

„Also erleben Sie doch wenigstens auch mal etwas hier in Berlin! Denn bisher lebten Sie ja hier wie eine Einsiedlerin.“

[illegible] auch sagen!? Die Tante bewacht Sie ja wie ein —“ Weiter kam er nicht, denn wieder schrie er leicht auf, weil die erlöschende Kerze ihm wieder den Finger verbrannt hatte.

„Sehen Sie, das war die Strafe!“

Aber schon brannte eine neue Kerze.

Und dann fragte er schelmisch: „Na, was sagen Sie denn nun eigentlich zu meinem etwas sonderbaren Antrag?“

„Vorerst gar nichts“, entgegnete sie fröhlich. „So was will doch mindestens überlegt sein.“

„Aber natürlich! Ich dränge Sie ja auch durchaus nicht — nur möchte ich ganz gern wohl mal wissen, ob ich Ihnen denn auch nicht zu sehr mißfalle.“

Sie blickte ihn lächelnd an und meinte: „Nun, ein Scheusal sind Sie ja gerade auch nicht!“

„O, ich danke verbindlichst!“

„Bitte, bitte!“

„Also darf ich mir dann auch wohl ein klein wenig Hoffnung machen, wie?“

„Ich sage nicht ja — aber auch nicht nein — Immer Geduld!“

Galant küßte er ihr die Hand. „O, ich kann warten!“

„Um so besser!“

Dann sagte er mit schelmischem Lächeln: „Nun aber, liebes Fräulein, reichen Sie mir, bitte, Ihren Arm, — jetzt möchte ich Sie doch lieber zu Ihrer Frau Tante führen.“

„Maßlos erstaunt blickte sie auf: „Ja, wissen Sie denn, wo meine Tante ist?“

Und mit einem heiteren Nicken erwiderte er: „Ich weiß es! Ihre Frau Tante ist zu Bergmanns gerufen worden, und bevor sie ging, hat sie bei uns drüben den Bescheid gelassen, daß Sie ihr nachkommen und sie abholen möchten.“

„Und das alles sagen Sie mir erst jetzt? Deshalb mußte ich hier zehn Minuten im Dunkeln warten?“

Flehend erhob er die Hände und bat: „Nicht böse sein, bitte, bitte! Ich mußte doch den glücklichen Zufall benutzen. Wie anders hätte ich mich Ihnen denn sonst nähern und mich wohl erklären können? Nie hatte ich

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strenger Order nichts im Zimmer von seinem angegebenen Platze bewegen darf. Er findet sich nach einigem Suchen.

Ich bin wieder allein mit meinen Gedanken. Jetzt aber los, sage ich mir, du gehst sonst noch an unausgedrückten Gefühlen ein, wie der Redner, für den schon sein Nachbar die Damen leben läßt. — Ich bin wunderschön im Zuge — gleich müssen der Held und die Heldin meiner Novelle, die beide so wunderschön und rührend sind, sich zum ersten Male sehen.. Gerade gehen sie von entgegengesetzten Türen — ohne natürlich ihre gegenseitige Nähe zu ahnen — in das schöne Foyer im Goethe-Theater — —

„Nun, was machst Du denn hier? Du schreibst? Was hast Du denn vor? Wieder einen Roman? Ich wollte hier gerade ein paar Briefe schreiben, aber laß Dich nich stören, ich setze mich hier nur neben Dich!"

Die ersten Fragen wollten schejnbar keine Antwort — desto angenehmer! Aber die ungestörte Ruhe — andere wieder sagen: zu zweien, ich sage: zu einem, ist schon wieder perdü. So still meine Mutter auch Briefe schreiben willl, zwischendurch fällt ihr alles mögliche ein.

„Sag mal, meinst Du eigentlich, daß es genug ist, morgen abend einen Kalbsbraten zu geben, wenn Deine Freunde kommen, oder ist das nicht genug. Oder gebe ich besser noch etwas hinterher?"

Ich behalte die Feder in der Hand, da ich glaube, die Frage schnell erledigen zu können. — Nachdem wir uns geeinigt, daß Butter und Käse als Nachtisch ganz schön wäre, kehre ich zur Arbeit zurück. Ein Weilchen geht's mit dem Schreiben, wenn auch nicht gerade ausgezeichnet, da es immerhin störend für mich ist, wenn neben mir noch eine andere Feder kratzt. Da — gehts wieder los.

„Du, sag' mal, erinnerst Du Dich eigentlich an das, was Wilhelm neulich schrieb? Ich habe seinen Brief nicht hier und möchte ihn nicht erst herholen."

Diesmal ist es nun ein Eingriff da mein Spatzerbild mir sagt, daß mein teurer Bruder seine Pfade wo anders hin gelenkt hat. Ich lasse mich also für die letzte Stunde vor dem Abendbrot noch mal häuslich nieder.

Wunderbar geht es. Ich habe das Bewußtsein, daß mich keine Macht der Welt mehr stören wird. Aber ach, wie so bald — schwinden Schönheit und Gestalt, und auch schöne Illusionen! Herzzerreißend, ohrbetäubend erklingt neben mir ein Geigenstrich!

Nun, man soll sich nicht stören lassen. Mit einigem Humor muß man das Leben ertragen. Ich tue also, als hätte ich Watte in den Ohren, wie weiland Odysseus, oder war es da Wachs? Da — klingelts zweimal. In meinem Zimmer ist es leider allzu deutlich zu hören. Zweimal — einer von der Familie!

„Morjen!", reißt mein jüngster Bruder die Tür auf. „Na, da bin ich wieder! Hab' ich heut' schuften müssen! Beinahe hätte ich noch Post machen müssen, aber man braucht doch wirklich nicht jedesmal dazubleiben, wenn man nun mal Volontär ist und sowieso umsonst arbeitet! Ich hab' mich gedrückt! Sonst wär' ich auch wieder zu spät gekommen. — Aber was machst Du denn? Kaum Guten Tag sagst Du?"

Als ich nur etwas brumme, kriege ich nur ein „ungenießbarer Kunde" zu hören, und raus ist er.

Es klingelt aber schon wieder. Ich höre, wie meine Schwester dem Mädchen etwas gibt: „Fürs Abendbrot!" Dann —natürlich muß auch sie erst mal sehen, was bei mir los ist; auch sie erscheint „Du schreibst mal wieder? Da darf man wohl nicht stören. Aber etwas muß ich Dir doch erzählen: ich habe die Lilly gesehen und untergehakt mit einem Herrn, und rate mit wem?"

Aufseufzend lege ich meine Feder weg.

Und diese Geschichte schrieb ich — in der Badestube!

Zur Polemik. Manchen widerlegt man am besten — durch seine Argumente. Otto Weiß.

„Na, bin ich nicht ein tüchtiger Kerl?" rief er fröhlich.

Auch sie mußte jetzt lächeln: „Wie drollig die Situation ist; so etwas habe ich noch nicht erlebt."

„Also erleben Sie doch wenigstens auch mal etwas hier in Berlin! Denn bisher lebten Sie ja hier wie eine Einsiedlerin."

„Meine Tante ist eben sehr streng."

„Aber Sie kommen doch nicht nach Berlin, um hier zu versauen!"

„Na hören Sie! Wir gehen doch auch aus!"

„Aber immer mit der Frau Tante!"

„Ich kann doch nicht allein ausgehen!"

„Sollen Sie ja auch gar nicht! Aber es giebt doch auch noch andere Begleitung — zum Beispiel: ich! — Sie lächeln?—Ja, würden Sie nicht auch mit mir mal in irgendein Theater und Konzert gehen — wie?"

Leicht errötend sah sie ihn an und antwortete: „O ja, ganz gern — wenn Tante mitkäme!"

„Natürlich! Immer die Frau Tante!" rief er leicht erregt, — Ihretwegen allein tue ich es ja doch nur!"

Plötzlich schrie er leicht auf, denn die Kerze war heruntergebrannt und sein Finger schmerzte.

Bedauernd sagte sie: „Wie leid Sie mir tun. Jetzt haben Sie sich meinetwegen gar noch den Finger verbrannt."

Schon hatte er eine andere Kerze angezündet, und heiter erwiderte er: „O, Ihretwegen tue ich das gern."

Ein wenig schelmisch sah sie ihn an, tat dann aber ganz erstaunt: „Sie kennen mich doch eigentlich noch gar nicht."

„So? Meinen Sie? Haben Sie denn in der Tat noch nicht gemerkt, daß ich mich für Sie interessiere, so lange Sie schon hier sind?"

„Natürlich habe ich das längst gemerkt."

„Ja, weshalb haben Sie es mir denn nicht gezeigt?"

„Weil die Tante mich gewarnt hat — denn die Männer schielen doch alle nur nach der Mitgift!"

holen mochten."

„Und das alles sagen Sie mir erst jetzt? Deshalb mußte ich hier zehn Minuten im Dunkeln warten?"

Flehend erhob er die Hände und bat: „Nicht höse sein, bitte, bitte! Ich mußte doch den glücklichen Zufall benutzen. Wie anders hätte ich mich Ihnen denn sonst nähern und mich wohl erklären können? Nie hatte ich ja Gelegenheit dazu! — Und sagen mußte ich es Ihnen jetzt, das können Sie mir aufs Wort glauben! Ich mußte es jetzt tun!"

Da sah sie ihn an, sah in seine treuen, ehrlichen, glückstrahlenden Augen — und da glaubte sie ihm und reichte ihm die Hand hin.

Jubelnd küßte er die Hand.

Und dann gingen sie Arm in Arm zu der Frau Tante.

A

Zwei Brautbriefe.

K., den 18. Junius 1830.

Mein theurer Bräutigam,
Geliebter meiner Seele!

Meine Hand zittert, da ich zur Feder greife, um zum letzten Mal vor dem seligen Tag, der uns endlich auf immer vereinigen soll, Dir meine innige unwandelbare Liebe zu versichern. Es ist ganz still um mich — die Nacht senkt sich hernieder auf die Gefilde und im Garten schluchzt Philomele ihre sehnsuchtsvollen Klagen. Mir ist wunderbar zu Sinn. Ich möchte vergehen in Liebe und Demuth, ganz auch verlieren möcht ich mich in Dir, der Du mein Herr sein sollst jetzt und immerdar! Wie die Epheuranke am Eichstamm ihren Halt sucht, so will ich mich anklammern an Dich, daß Du meine Schwäche stützest, Du herrlicher Mann! Laß' mich heute noch einmal zurückschauen auf die Jahre sehnsuchtsvollen Hoffens und Harrens. Ach, diese unendlich langen Jahre! Dreimal hat der Flieder geblüht, dreimal haben die Rosen geduftet, Du Theurer, seit ich an jenem seligen Abend wonnebebend in Deine Arme sank, Deinen Liebesschwüren lauschte und sie zitternd erwiderte. Drei Jahre lang habe ich gehofft und geharrt. Wie oft hab' ich mein Myrthenbäumchen mit meinen Thränen bethaut, wieviel bange Seufzer, wieviel heiße Sehnsucht und frohe Hoffnung hab' ich mit hineingestichelt in die Wäsche, die nun endlich dem Gebrauch dienen soll! Wenn ich nicht diese liebe Arbeit für meine Aussteuer gehabt hätte, würde mir die Zeit noch länger erschienen sein!

Mein theurer Geliebter! Ich habe oft nicht für möglich gehalten, daß ich die Trennung von meinem herzallerliebsten Freunde noch würde ertragen können. Doch nun, dem Himmel sey Dank, ist das Ziel erreicht! Unser Nest ist gebaut, wie Du mir mittheilst und ich darf drinnen walten als Deine sorgliche Hausfrau. Stets soll es mein eifrigstes Bestreben sein, mir Deine Zufriedenheit zu erringen, geliebter Friedrich. Kein Gedanke soll in mir wohnen, der nicht auch Dein Gedanke ist. Nichts mehr für mich, die ich ja eigentlich viel zu gering für meinen Theuersten, alles für Dich! Mein ganzes Leben soll nur noch einen Zweck haben: Dir zu dienen, Dich zu ehren, mir Deine Liebe, Du herrlicher Mann, täglich auf's Neue zu erringen. Das ist die Aufgabe, die meiner harrt. Gott helfe mir, sie treulich zu erfüllen. Nichts sonst soll mich kümmern, als die Wohlfahrt meines Gatten, der Zustand meines Haushaltes. Wie gut hat es unser Geschlecht, daß es nichts weiß und nichts zu wissen braucht von den Kämpfen und den Sorgen der Männer, daß wir Mädchen und Frauen umhegt sind wie die Blumen eines Gartens am sichern Port der Häuslichkeit! Von zärtlicher Elternliebe behütet bis hierher, ziehe ich nun getrosten Muthes in's eigene Heim, in Deine Obhut, mein theurer Freund und Geliebter. Kann es ein lieblicheres Loos geben, als das meine, als das meiner Mitschwestern, denen ein ähnliches Glück beschieden ist? Wie eine freundliche Aue, mit vielen tausend bunten Blumen besäet, so liegt meine Zukunft vor mir.

Zum letzten Male muß die Feder, die ja viel zu schwach ist, meine überströmenden Gefühle recht auszudrücken, Dir meine Grüße übermitteln. Es ist

H. d. 23. 5. 05.

Mein Freund! Die Sache ist endlich perfekt. Ich bin Besitzerin des Ateliers und werde es am 1. Juli übernehmen. Da Du zum gleichen Termin Deine Stellung am Krankenhaus hier antrittst, steht unserer Vereinigung nichts mehr im Wege. Bitte, schick mir die nothwendigen Papiere für's Aufgebot. Es ist Dir doch recht, Lieber, wenn wir uns hier trauen lassen? Wir entgehen dadurch dem unvermeidlichen Trubel, der mit einer Hochzeit in einem kleinen Städtchen untrennbar verbunden ist. Meine Eltern sind einverstanden; ich bin so froh, daß sie uns gewähren lassen. Nicht allen Kindern wird's so gut. Meine Mutter läßt sich wohl auch überreden, der Feier beizuwohnen, die sich meinen Wünschen nach — sicher sind's auch die Deinen — ungefähr so gestalten wird: Standesamtliche Handlung am 14. 6. Vormittags 10 Uhr. Trauzeugen: mein Vater, Dein Bruder. Um 11 Uhr kirchliche Trauung in der Sakristei der Petrikirche. Um 1 Uhr Frühstück in unserer künftigen Wohnung, die bis dahin fertig eingerichtet sein wird. (Sehr hübsche Räume, eine Treppe höher als das Atelier.) Um 4 Uhr Abreise nach irgendeinem Gebirgsort, den Du bestimmen mußt. Hast ja genug Erfahrung, Du lieber Bergfex! Und am 29. 6. Heimkehr und an die Arbeit! Ach, Liebster, wie froh ich bin! Wie schön wird's sein, wenn wir uns miteinander dieser Arbeit freuen, uns von ihr berichten können! Ich hab ja schon immer gern geschafft, aber nun erst gewinnt meine Arbeit vollen Werth. Du hast soviel künstlerischen Sinn, Du wirst auch für das, was beim Photographiren Kunst ist, Verständniß haben. Und ich, wie lieb' ich Deinen Beruf! Hätt's dazu gelangt, ich wär ja selbst Aerztin. Was sollen das für gesegnete Abendstunden werden, in denen wir von unsern Mühen und Erfolgen plaudern. Daneben müssen wir freilich noch Zeit gewinnen, Antheil zu nehmen an dem, was die Welt bewegt; denn in ihr dürfen wir nicht fremd werden. Sind wir doch nur winzige Theilchen des großen Ganzen! Laß uns dessen immer bewußt bleiben. Wie gut haben wir Frauen es heutzutage! Wie leicht ist's uns gemacht, uns freizuhalten von all dem Kleinlichen, Engen, was das Dasein unserer Mutter und Großmutter oft so traurig und arm machte. Ich war als Backfisch bisweilen bei einer Großtante zu Gast. Da hätt ich aus der Haut fahren mögen, wenn ich die stundenlangen Ergüsse über das Dienstmädchen mit anhören mußte, oder die tagelangen Klagen über eine zerbrochene Tasse. Der arme Onkel that mir manchmal leid; er wußte sich indeß zu helfen. Er ging, sobald das Abendbrot vorüber war, in seine „Stammkneipe." Von seinem Beruf — er war Professor an einer höhern Schule — sprach er niemals ein Sterbenswörtchen mit seiner Frau. Aber Tante Linchen war weit berühmt als musterhafte Hausfrau!

Sieh, Schatz, davor, vor solchen Ehen sind wir bewahrt. Wie stolz und froh mich das macht! Ich weiß, viele halten's für unmöglich, Ehe und Frauenberuf zu vereinigen. Aber ich fühle mich stark zu beidem. Dir soll nichts entgehen, Lieber, Du sollst Dein Behagen zu Hause finden. Und wenn uns Kinder beschieden sind, so hoff' ich die Pflichten gegen sie auch mit meinem

Spanne Zeit, und sie ist doch nur so verflogen im Bauen für eine gemeinsame Zukunft. Und nun am Ziel!

Schreib mir gleich, ob Dir alles so recht ist.

Mit innigem Gruß
Deine Käte.

B

zu gering für meinen Theuersten, alles für Dich! Mein ganzes Leben soll nur noch einen Zweck haben: Dir zu dienen, Dich zu ehren, mir Deine Liebe, Du herrlicher Mann, täglich auf's Neue zu erringen. Das ist die Aufgabe, die meiner harrt. Gott helfe mir, sie treulich zu erfüllen. Nichts sonst soll mich kümmern, als die Wohlfahrt meines Gatten, der Zustand meines Haushaltes. Wie gut hat es unser Geschlecht, daß es nichts weiß und nichts zu wissen braucht von den Kämpfen und den Sorgen der Männer, daß wir Mädchen und Frauen umhegt sind wie die Blumen eines Gartens am sichern Port der Häuslichkeit! Von zärtlicher Elternliebe behütet bis hierher, ziehe ich nun getrosten Muthes in's eigene Heim, in Deine Obhut, mein theurer Freund und Geliebter. Kann es ein lieblicheres Loos geben, als das meine, als das meiner Mitschwestern, denen ein ähnliches Glück beschieden ist? Wie eine freundliche Aue, mit vielen tausend bunten Blumen besäet, so liegt meine Zukunft vor mir.

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Ich kann nicht mehr schreiben, meine Hand zittert. Ich kann nur noch bitten, in Demuth bitten: Habe Geduld mit meiner Schwäche, du Geliebtester, wenn ich vielleicht nicht ganz so bin, wie ich sein möchte, wenn Du nicht alles an mir findest, was Dein liebendes Herz sich erhofft. Ich bin nur ein arm unwissend Mädchen, Du bist ein so kluger, gelehrter Mann. Ich kann's oft nicht fassen, daß Du mich liebst, so wie ich bin, und ich rechne mir immer auf's Neue vor, aus allen Kräften danach zu streben, Deiner würdig zu werden, du 1000 mal Geliebter. Der Mond steht voll am Himmel, er hört meine Schwüre. Die Nachtigall schlägt noch immer unter meinem Fenster und ihre anmuthsvollen, süßen Weisen finden ihren Widerhall in meinem Herzen. Hoffentlich ist der Erguß meiner liebenden Seele Dir, Du Theurer, nicht lästig zu lesen. Aber nein, Du verstehst mich und mein Zagen, und Du wirst mir helfen mit Deiner Liebe, wo ich allein zu schwach bin.

Ewig in unwandelbarer Treue
Deine Dich inniglichende
Auguste.

P. S. Ich war sehr glücklich, zu hören, daß meine Epheulaube unversehrt dort angelangt ist und ein schönes Plätzchen gefunden hat. Es war mir eine rechte Sorge. Der Fuhrmann hatte mir freilich versprochen, sie gut in Acht zu nehmen. Aber, es ist doch nicht immer Verlaß auf diese Leute. Bitte, mein Theurer, begieße den Kasten noch einmal recht tüchtig, bevor Du abreisest. Entschuldige gütigst, mein geliebter Friedrich, die Mühe, die ich Dir verursache mit diesem Anliegen.

D. O.

Ruhig bleiben. Wie gut haben wir Frauen es heutzutage! Wie leicht ist's uns gemacht, uns freizuhalten von all dem Kleinlichen, Engen, was das Dasein unserer Mutter und Großmutter oft so traurig und arm machte. Ich war als Backfisch bisweilen bei einer Großtante zu Gast. Da hätt ich aus der Haut fahren mögen, wenn ich die stundenlangen Ergüsse über das Dienstmädchen mit anhören mußte, oder die tagelangen Klagen über eine zerbrochene Tasse. Der arme Onkel that mir manchmal leid; er wußte sich indeß zu helfen. Er ging, sobald das Abendbrot vorüber war, in seine „Stammkneipe." Von seinem Beruf — er war Professor an einer höhern Schule — sprach er niemals ein Sterbenswörtchen mit seiner Frau. Aber Tante Linchen war weit berühmt als musterhafte Hausfrau!

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our opponents say as much?

Who are the opponents of Socialism?

The capitalists—and their mouthpieces. By them we are denounced, slandered and persecuted. Stop and think for a moment. If you were denounced by the Standard Oil Company or the House of Morgan, would you consider yourself disgraced or complimented? If you are one of the plutocrats, you would be disgraced, but if you are speaking for the American people, you should be glad when you are numbered among the enemies of the master class.

Big business hates Socialism. The trusts hate Socialism. Wall Street hates Socialism. When Socialism triumphs—as triumph it must—big business, the trusts and Wall Street will become common property, to be owned and operated by the many for their benefit and advantage. Of course, they hate us; of course, they denounce us; of course they attack us; of course, they fear us, and they have good reason to fear.

That is why they call us unpatriotic and un-American. They do not want the workers to listen to our message or to read our words of hope and inspiration. They want to keep the workers in ignorance, because in that way they can keep them poor. We want the workers to think. It is truth that shall make them free.

Listen, read, study, ponder on these things. Wall Street calls us traitors. We call you Americans.

If you are with Wall Street, vote the Republican-Democratic ticket on election day. If you are an American, vote as Jefferson and Lincoln would have voted—for liberty, justice and the rights of the people—vote the Socialist ticket.

Likewise if you are an American, loving your country as you should, you should join the Socialist Party. For Platform and other information write to Adolph Germer, National Executive Secretary, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago, Illinois.

Comrade: Don't you think this leaflet should be read by thousands of people? I thought so and that's why I printed it. I can supply them, postage prepaid, at the following prices: 100, 60c; 250, $1.00; 500, $1.75; 1000, $3.00; 10,000, $15.00. Dan Hogan, Socialist Printer, Huntington, Arkansas.

PATRIOTISM

By Scott Nearing.

Patriotism—the love of one's country—is found everywhere. The English love England; the French love France; the Italians love Italy; the Germans love Germany, and the Japanese love Japan. Even the peoples like the Irish, the Polish and the Hindus, who have no independent country, are as patriotic as the best of us.

Sometimes patriotism means one thing, sometimes another. Two years ago, in Russia, patriotism meant loyalty to the czar and to his government. Any one who was not loyal to Nicholas Romanoff was a traitor. Today patriotism in Russia means loyalty to the Russian workers, and to the government that they have set up. At the present moment, patriotism in Germany means loyalty to the Hohenzollerns. Soon, very soon, we hope it will mean loyalty to the working class government that will drive German autocracy from power.

The meaning of patriotism changes with the changing of society. It grows as society grows.

The United States is a country with great traditions. It is a country in which patriotism must have a great meaning to those who understand American history, and who know the spirit of American life.

The men who founded America fled from kings, emperors and landlords—from masters and oppressors of every kind. They sought, in America, to establish a free country. Since that time, tens of millions of eager men and women have left the old world and journeyed to the new, in search of that freedom.

When Capt. John Smith said "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," and when Abraham Lincoln added that no man had a right to say to another, "You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it," they breathed the spirit of economic freedom, which is the foundation of all liberty.

When Thomas Jefferson wrote, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," he voiced America's aspirations for equal

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Outside of Handbill

MUTT & JEFF—Looks Like John D. Will Have to Keep an Eye on Jeff

By BUD FISHER

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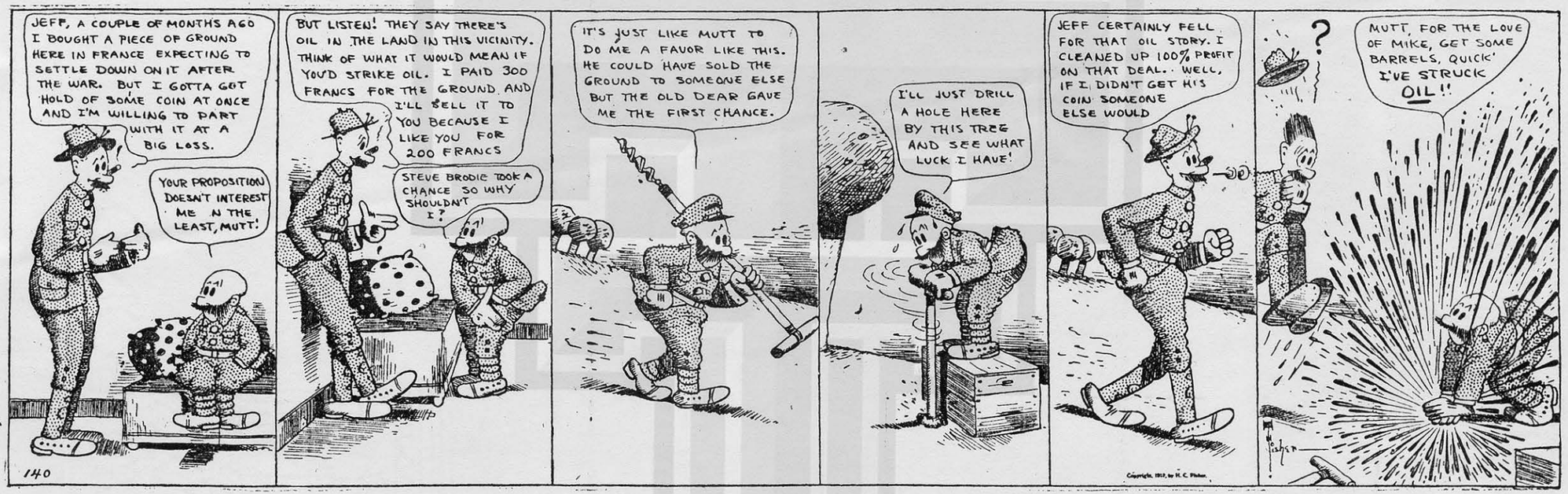


The Christian Science Monitor
Boston, Mass.
Friday 4 Nov. 1921

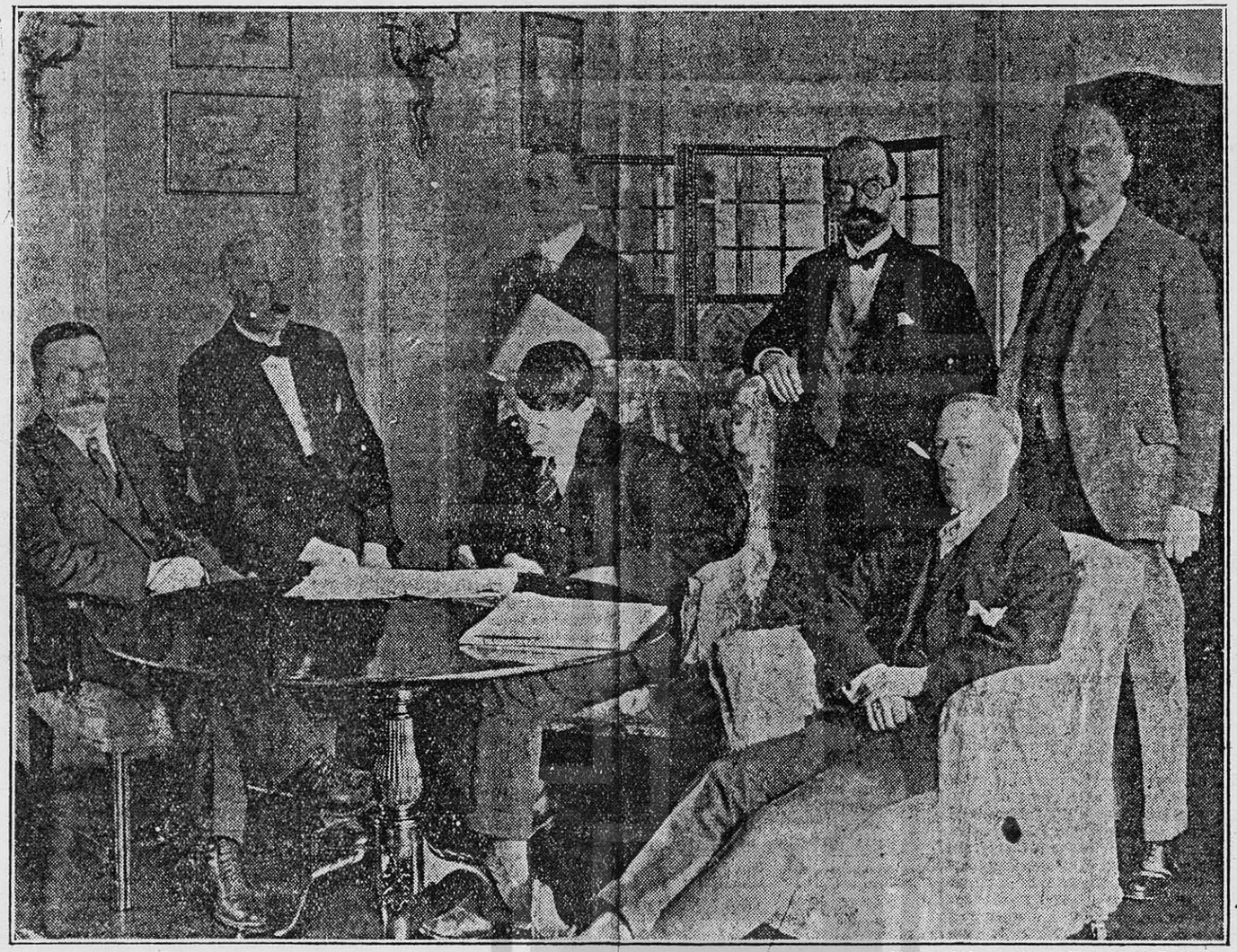
of a successful issue of the gathering.

Other Republican senators agreed that no international conference ever held had commanded the same degree of popular approval. Referring to the sentiment in his State, Arthur Capper (R.), Senator from Kansas, declared

of the Conference is the greatest thing that President Harding has done. They expect more than mere discussion and promises to come out of it. They expect real achievement. They expect it to take steps to lift the incubus of arms off the world

90 per cent of the teachers in the United States are women and those women are either university women themselves or are trained by university women, the association hopes that the President will consider fa-

speak unadvisedly. He was in conference with high officials while in Washington, and has been in touch with influential elements outside official circles.



Photograph by L. N. A., Fleet Street, London

Sinn Fein delegates to Irish Conference

Back row (left to right): Erskine Childers, C. Gavan Duffy and John Charteris. Front row (left to right): Arthur Griffith, E. J. Duggan, Michael Collins and R. C. Barton.

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than three times his six years' salary merely to secure a nomination, were these conditions to hold in every state, the senate would soon become again what it was once held to be—a rich man's club. The authors of primary reform have accomplished some of the things they set out to do, but they have not yet taken the bank roll out of politics.'

"They will never take it out of politics, they never can take it out of politics, in this system.

"Your honor, I wish to make acknowledgement of my thanks to the counsel for the defense. They have not only defended me with exceptional legal ability, but with a personal attachment and devotion of which I am deeply sensible, and which I can never forget.

"Your honor, I ask no mercy and I plead for no immunity. I realize that finally the right must prevail. I never more clearly comprehended than now the great struggle between the powers of greed on the one hand and upon the other the rising hosts of freedom.

"I can see the dawn of a better day for humanity. The people are awakening. In due course of time they will come to their own.

"When the mariner, sailing over tropic seas, looks for relief from his weary watch, he turns his eyes toward the southern cross, burning luridly above the tempest-vexed ocean. As the midnight approaches, the southern cross begins to bend, and the whirling worlds change their places, and with starry fingerpoints the Almighty marks the passage of time on the dial of the universe, and though no bell may beat the glad tidings, the look-out knows that the midnight is passing—that relief and rest are close at hand.

"Let the people take heart and hope everywhere, for the cross is bending, the midnight is passing, and joy cometh with the morning.

" 'He's true to God who's true to man;
wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest,
'neath the all-beholding sun.
That wrong is also done to us, and
they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves
and not for all their race.'

"Your honor, I thank you, and I thank all of this court for their courtesy and their kindness, which I shall remember always.

"I am prepared to receive your sentence."

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DEBS' SPEECH IN COURT

"I Can See the Dawn of a Better Day for Humanity—The People Are Awakening—In Due Course of Time They Will Come to Their Own."

The following speech was made before a Cleveland court by Eugene V. Debs just before the court passed sentence on him of 10 years in prison for alleged sedition:

"Your honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest of earth. I said then, I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it * * * while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.

"I listened to all that was said in this court in support and justification of this law, but my mind remains unchanged. I look upon it as a despotic enactment in flagrant conflict with democratic principles and with the spirit of free institutions.

"I have no fault to find with this court or with the trial. Everything in connection with this case has been conducted upon a dignified plane, and in a respectful and decent spirit. * * *

"Your honor, I have stated in this court that I am opposed to the social system in which we live; that I believe in a change—but by perfectly peaceable and orderly means.

"Let me call your attention to the fact this morning that in this system 5 per cent of our people own and control two-thirds of our wealth; 65 per cent of the people, embracing the working class who produce all wealth, have but 5 per cent to show for it.

"Standing here this morning, I recall my boyhood. At 14, I went to work in the railroad shops; at 16, I was firing a freight engine on a railroad. I remember all the hardships, all the privations, of that earlier day, and from that time until now, my heart has been with the working class. I could have been in congress long ago. I have preferred to go to prison.

"In the struggle—the unceasing struggle—between the toilers and producers and their exploiters, I have tried, as best I might, to serve those among whom I was born, and with whom I expect to share my lot to the end of my days.

"I am thinking this morning of the men in the mills and factories; I am thinking of the women who, for a paltry wage, are compelled to work out their lives; of the little children who, in this system, are robbed of their childhood, and in their early, tender years, are seized in the remorseless

Outside of Handbill

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grasp of mammon, and forced in the industrial dungeons, there to feed the machines while they themselves are being starved body and soul.

"I can see them dwarfed, diseased, stunted, their little lives broken, because this high noon of our twentieth century civilization money is still so much more important than human life.

"Gold is God and rules the affairs of men. The little girls, and there are a million of them in this country—this the most favored land beneath the bending skies, a land in which we have vast areas of rich and fertile soil, material resources in inexhaustible abundance, the most marvelous productive machinery on earth, millions of eager workers ready to apply their labor to that machinery to produce an abundance for every man, woman and child—and if there are still many millions of our people who are the victims of poverty, whose lives are a ceaseless struggle all the way from youth to age, until at last death comes to their rescue and stills the aching heart, and lulls the victims to dreamless sleep, it is not the fault of the Almighty, it can't be charged to nature; it is due entirely to an outgrown social system that ought to be abolished not only in the interest of the working class, but in the interest of a higher humanity.

"When I think of these little children—the girls that are in the textile mills of all descriptions in the east, in the cotton factories of the south—when I think of them at work in a vitiated atmosphere, when I think of them at work when they ought to be at play or at school, when I think of that when they do grow up, if they live long enough to approach the marriage state, they are unfit for it. Their nerves are worn out, their tissue is exhausted, their vitality is spent. They have been fed to industry. Their lives have been coined into gold. Their offspring are born tired. That is why there are so many failures in modern life.

"Your honor, the 5 per cent of the people that I have made reference to constitute that element that absolutely rules our country. They privately own all our necessities. They wear no crowns; they wield no sceptres; they sit upon no thrones; and yet they are our economic masters and political rulers.

"I believe, your honor, in common with all Socialists, that this nation ought to own and control its industries. I believe, as all Socialists do, that all things that are jointly needed and used ought to be jointly owned—that industry, the basis of life, instead of being the private property of the few and operated for their enrichment, ought to be the common property of all, democratically administered in the interest of all.

"John D. Rockefeller has today an income of $60,000,000 a year, $5,000,000 a month, $200,000 a day. He does not produce a penny of it. I make no attack on Mr. Rockefeller personally. I do not in the least dislike him. If he were in need and it were in my power to serve him, I should serve him as gladly as I would any other human being. I have no quarrel with Mr. Rockefeller personally, nor with any other capitalist. I am simply opposing a social order in which it is possible for one man who does absolutely nothing that is useful to amass a fortune of hundreds of millions of dollars, while millions of men and women who work all of the days of their lives secure barely enough for an existence.

"This order of things can not always endure. I have registered my protest against it. I recognize the feebleness of my effort, but, unfortunately, I am not alone. There are multiplied thousands of others who, like myself, have come to realize that before we may truly enjoy the blessings of civilized life, we must reorganize society upon a mutual and co-operative basis; and to this end we have organized a great economic and political movement that spreads over the face of all the earth.

"There are today upwards of 60,000,000 Socialists, loyal, devoted, adherents to this cause, regardless of nationality, race, creed, color or sex. They are all making common cause. They are all spreading the propaganda of the new social order. They are waiting, watching and working through all the weary hours of the day and night. They are still in the minority. They have learned how to be patient and to abide their time. They feel—they know, indeed—that the time is coming, in spite of all opposition, all persecution, when this emancipating gospel will spread among all the peoples, and when this minority will become the triumphant majority and, sweeping into power, inaugurate the greatest change in history.

"In that day we will have the universal commonwealth * * * the harmonious co-operation of every nation with every other nation on earth.

"Your honor, in a local paper yesterday there was some editorial exultation about my prospective imprisonment. I do not resent it in the least. I can understand it perfectly. In the same paper there appears an editorial that has in it a hint of the wrong to which I have been trying to call attention. (Reading):

" 'A senator of the United States receives a salary of $7,500—$45,000 for the six years for which he is elected. One of the candidates for senator from a state adjoining Ohio is reported to have spent through his committee $150,000 to secure the nomination. For advertising he spent $35,000, for printing $30,000, for traveling expenses $10,000, and the rest in ways known to political managers.

" 'The theory is that public office is as open to a poor man as to a rich man. One may easily imagine, however, how slight a chance one of ordinary resources would have in a contest against this man who was willing to spend more

Inside of Handbill

B

opportunity—the goal of democracy.

John Adams exclaimed, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration (of Independence)." "Give me liberty or give me death," cried Patrick Henry. These two men spoke the language of civil liberty, without which the freest people must sooner or later taste the bitterness of slavery.

The United States was founded as a nation of freemen. It was established to guarantee economic freedom, equal opportunity and civil liberty. Some of the greatest Americans gave their lives to the accomplishment of that task. To every true American devotion to liberty, justice and equal opportunity is the heart and soul of patriotism. By this test the patriot is known in the United States.

The true American is not loyal to a king; he is not loyal to a ruling class; he is not loyal to an institution. He is loyal to liberty, justice and the common rights of mankind. For this cause he will sacrifice his fortune, his life, his honor—all that he holds dear and sacred. Our loyalty in America is a loyalty to all that is grandest and best in American traditions and in American life. We have been a free people; we glory in that fact, and we propose to preserve our liberties and to continue free to the end of the chapter. Better no America than an America in chains. We have taken our stand before the world; we have pledged our faith to mankind; we will not rest in bondage to any man or to any set of men. We will be free! "No man is good enough to rule another man without that man's consent;" this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people—nothing less is worthy of the great name we bear.

We Americans are patriots. We love our country—love it too well to see it in bondage. We desire to see her stand, free and noble—freest and noblest among the nations of the earth.

The past 20 years have witnessed an effort on the part of big business to capture America and hold our country for its very own. Big business has adopted the flag. Big business has shouted its patriotism from the house tops. This is the same big business that has plundered, robbed and exploited the American people; the same big business that has corrupted legislatures and bribed judges; the same big business that has debauched, disgraced and betrayed America for its private gain. This same big business now appears as the patron saint of American liberties, and, as if to add impudence to its effrontery, it has set itself up as the judge of patriotism and patriots among the American people.

I have studied the economic history of the United States. I know the history of the Standard Oil Company, the Pennsylvania railroad, the Southern Pacific, the New York Central, the sugar trust, the hard coal trust, the steel trust, the tobacco trust, the paper trust, the Drexels, the Wideners, the Rockefellers, the Carnegies and the Morgans. These organizations and these men are capable of making money in heaps. But neither they nor their officials nor their employes are competent to pass judgment on the patriotism of any person or any organization in these United States. Their past is too dark. Their record is too well known. Only the man who is without sin among them may cast the first stone.

The plutocratic patriots, who spell the word p-a-y-triot, have called the Socialist party and its candidates disloyal, unpatriotic, un-American. Let us see.

We Socialists believe that America should belong to the American people—not to the plutocratic trusts and corporations.

Is that disloyal?

We believe that every man who works should have the full product of his labor.

Is that unpatriotic?

We believe that the rights of free speech, free press and free assemblage should be guaranteed and preserved at all times.

Is that un-American?

We Socialists are opposed to capitalism, profiteering, exploitation and imperialism. In that stand we have the support of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Paine, Lincoln and the best-known among America's great men.

We demand that the voice of the people be heard in all matters of public concern. They are the final authority. The greatest good for the greatest number—the workers—is our watchword. In that position we have the support of Jefferson, Paine, Franklin, Webster, Lincoln and thousands of others among America's greatest sons.

We want America free, just and true. Can

Inside of Handbill

returns from his swing around th... Nation.

PARADING TROOPS ROUTED AT FARMOY BY SINN FEINERS

(By New York Times-Chicago Tribune Special Leased Wire. Copyrighted.)

LONDON, Sept. 8.—At a quiet country village in Cork County yesterday morning was enacted a scene which might have been posed for a sensational cinema picture.

In the military town of Fermoy a party of thirty soldiers in charge of a sergeant left the barracks for church parade. The custom in Ireland during the last few years is that all parties of soldiers when they go into the streets on parade must take their equipment.

As they swung down the principal street four motor cars containing twenty Sin Feiners dashed around the corner.

The soldiers suspected nothing, and before they were aware of the intentions of the raiders they were surrounded and the leader of the Sinn Feiners ordered the party to surrender their arms in the name of the Irish Republic.

The sergeant ordered his men to resist and use rifles and bayonets, but the order was scarcely given when the Sinn Feiners fired their revolvers and one man dropped dead and another seriously wounded.

A regular street battle followed, in which both parties fired repeatedly.

The Sinn Feiners, who planned the affair with the utmost cunning and had their opponents at a serious disadvantage, badly wounded two other men of the military party. They disarmed the rest and in the confusion boarded the motor cars and got clear away. As the motor cars left town the men kept up their fire from the backs of the cars, and the attempts of the police to give chase were abortive.

Immediateley the officer in command of the troops learned of the outrage he turned out three regiments, had the town surrounded, and a search of the country begun.

Motor cars and armored cars set out in pursuit, but just outside the town, in the direction the Sinn Feiners had taken, they found felled trees across the road and were delayed. It also was found the telegraph wires had been cut.

Airplanes from the flying station went up, but eighteen machines failed to find a trace of the flying motor cars, and up to the time of telegraphing last night no arrests had been made.

Sunday
February 26, 1911

Pathos of Socialism

To the Editor of The Chronicle.

"I am not your leader, but your comrade," said Debs. But Eugene Debs, like every other man, intuitively seeks power and position. To disclaim leadership is to disarm opposition and forge faster to the front. Was it not Napoleon who addressed his soldiers as "comrades?"

When Debs and his wife pulled off their little stunt at the Auditorium, he passed out this: "The majority is always in the wrong. They just drift along. But now and then comes a reformer who tries to stem the current and make them face up stream." Yes, the majority ever go to the wall. And when Debs said that he smashed socialism into a thousand fragments. He exposed the sandbar upon which it is built. He didn't know he did it, but he did. One can no more secrete truth than they can annul the law of gravity. Little 'Gene is wiser than he wists.

Yes, the majority has always gone down to oblivion and it always will. The socialists are the Salvation Army of politics. They reclaim a few. But indifference is that disease which Debs and every reformer must ever fight in vain.

Yet, although one can not save the world he can save himself. And the way he can save himself is to try and save humanity. Socialism is a dream; but the only way one can gain permanent power is to battle for its principles—for the moral and economic uplift of all mankind. True, manhood is not worth the uplifting, so far as you and I are concerned, but unless we seek its uplift we spell our own downfall. Life is a paradox. To lose faith in your brother is to lose faith in yourself.

Socialism would be comical if it wasn't so pathetic. It has the weak say to the strong, "We have been your slaves for so long that it is now your turn to be ours." 'Tis like the moon requesting the sun to step down and out that it may become the whole limburger. Instead of a few bosses socialism would have us have a world of them.

But there is always a haven of rest for the weary. Now it is socialism. And socialism is but a clutch for power with the cry of the oppressed for an excuse. Debs is one of its high priests. We will now take up the collection. George Warren.

pinion

Advance of Socialism

To the Editor of The Chronicle.

Friar Tuck, in his article appearing in the battleground of February 5, assumes a mental attitude that would make him object to the removal of his appendix were he suffering from the appendicitis and a surgical operation would alone save his life, for, if such a regrettable occasion were to arise, his reverence would fear that blood poisoning would set in and render the operation void of any beneficial effect.

A few short months ago the Friar announced his conversion to the principles of socialism, but today, looking into the far dim, misty future the reverend gentleman's soul is assailed with fear and doubts because the basic principle of socialism is to be found in selfishness. But there is selfishness and selfishness. The selfishness that will impel a man to conserve his own interests and hold a contemptuous disregard for the welfare of others is that selfishness that has brought into life the co-operative selfishness of the socialist. The socialist knows that he need pay no heed to the flower garden of the next door family, for, with socialism in vogue, every family could have a garden of its own; whereas, under present conditions, flower gardens are few and far between in the places where the masses pass their lives.

Unselfishness is the keystone of the Christian religion and the Friar in his article has submitted proof showing that the Christian pays but scant attention to the teachings of the golden rule; this is especially true when the needs of the workman are considered.

Under socialism the selfishness of man could work but little harm to his neighbor, for socialistic selfishness would compel a man to safeguard his neighbor's interests, otherwise his own might be imperilled.

Is "a level where every body can enjoy their own production," a higher or a lower level than that now occupied by mankind?

If we were to be placed on that level tomorrow at least 70 per cent of the American people would grow dizzy were they to look down to that level now occupied by us.

Socialism is but a part of that evolution that is forever uplifting mankind.

The natural treachery that the Friar speaks of would be largely eliminated under socialism, for that treachery thrives because of the power given to a few to exploit the many for the benefit of the few. Remove that power and treachery will pine, wilt, possibly die. In my belief natural treachery does not loom so largely upon the horizon as the Friar would have us believe. Among the three million members of organized labor in our country natural treachery does not cut a very pronounced figure. Trades unions, with all their faults, animated, as they are, by selfish interests, have proven of immense value to their members. Trades unions are, of course, but makeshifts; socialism may have but temporary value; but even limited socialism, wherever tried, has proven beneficial to mankind. A republican legislature in Oregon elected a democrat to represent their state in the national senate because Oregon had adopted the socialistic referendum law. In far off New Zealand and Australia a partially socialistic government has proven eminently satisfactory. Bryan assured us, after he had returned from his trip around the world, and until he had to recant under pressure, that the governmental ownership and operation of the means of transportation would settle our railroad problem, as it already has settled that problem in many civilized countries.

The wage system was a step in advance of the feudal system and socialism is the next step forward. The contemplation of what the future has in store for us furnishes a delightful and useful study, but the Friar must have surely read, when he was a schoolboy, that tale telling of the maid who wasted a whole barrel of beer while mentally contemplating the horrors that are resting in the future's womb. If socialism will not meet all the requirements of the world, the genius of man will supply a better system. The wisdom of mankind, in some respects, is like unto that of the elephant, it will test a bridge before crossing it, and nearly every great nation, unconsciously, perhaps, is testing the strength and wisdom of socialism. The conquest of the air by man is a wonderful tribute to his genius, but a knowledge of fire and water had to be achieved before man could wing his flight through the air.

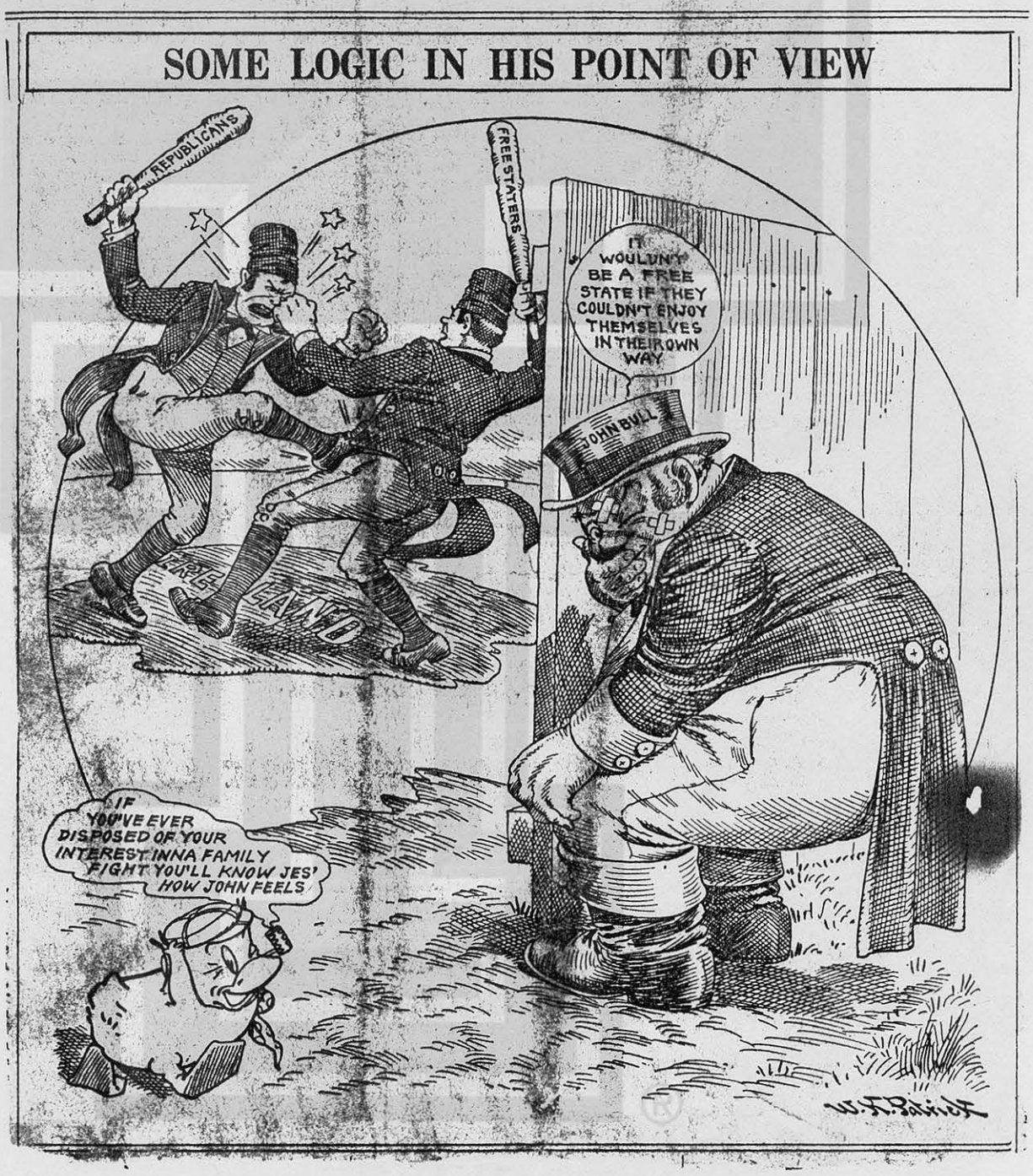
Man is learning the rudiments of scientific government, but his knowledge has been gained by studying the past and present, we can only conjecture about the future, but it is easier and far more profitable to study about the needs of the near future than it is to try and peer into that future far, far away.

There is a limit to the power of psychological telescopes. Yours very truly, Frank V. Carr.

Temple, Texas.

dated May 1922

SOME LOGIC IN HIS POINT OF VIEW



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St. Louis Post Dispatch

OUR ONE WAY BACK TO SEA.

Organized labor has the best of reasons for favoring the Government ship-purchase bill of an over-sea merchant marine—which it does.

Those reasons apply with equal force to the men in the forecastle and to the licensed navigators and engineers.

Under individual and corporate ownership, America's over-sea sailors have been obliged either to quit the sea or to compete, as to wages and working and living conditions, with the lower wage and living standards of both Europe and Asia. There has been no "protection against pauper labor competition" for them; not even the false pretense of it which tariff-protected industries incorporated in their campaign arguments to delude workers ashore.

Under Government control, American merchants and manufacturers would be assured of a means to get their goods to foreign customers; American seamen would be assured of uniform fair pay and humane treatment; the service would call back to the sea thousands of competent officers and tens of thousands of born sailors who would constitute a natural naval reserve, available for instant enlistment upon the country's warships in time of need.

When the European war began, England had 5000 ships in the over-sea trade, Germany 2000, the United States six.

These three are the world's greatest exporters and importers, the chief users of the seas.

Had the American Congress, during nearly a third of a century last past, deliberately and treasonably schemed to destroy this country's once great merchant marine service, so that Europeans might monopolize it for their profit, the Congress could hardly have achieved that end more completely than it did by legislation which may charitably be described, in the main, as merely dunderheaded.

President Wilson recognizes what every American navigating officer has long known, namely, that there are but two ways in which this country can reacquire a maritime service competent to carry America's foreign trade, and that but one of these two ways is practicable. One way is to pay subsidies to private ship owners, and public sentiment has decisively inhibited that. If subsidies were paid, owners would profit, but the country's seamen would gain no betterment of their condition, and the ships flying our flag to get the subsidies would continue to be manned mainly by foreigners owing allegiance to other nations.

The one practicable way to establish a competent American merchant marine, able to sustain the competition of foreign services, is to establish it under Government ownership and operation, as the national administration proposes. What the privately owned and sometimes subsidized foreign services pay out in profits the American Government-owned service can pay out in higher wages; thus the American marine can compete as to rates with foreign services and can at the same time enlist American officers and sailors for all of its ships and maintain the higher American wage and living standards upon those ships.

Do Americans wish to be crowded off the seas? To leave their foreign commerce at the mercy of foreign owners? Gov. Colquitt of Texas denounces the administration's plan for Government ships. Would his cotton-growing constituents be glad to have Government ships now available to carry their cotton to Germany at $1.50 a bale? Or are they so enamored of private ownership that they would rather pay the current rate of $12 to $15 a bale to escape the "menace" of Government ownership?

Every American interest—manufacturer, merchant, farmer and wage earner—has a vital interest in the success of the President's shipping plan.

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

Still, those persons who bitterly criticise Villa for confiscating Mexican lands owned by white men and dividing the same among his Indian

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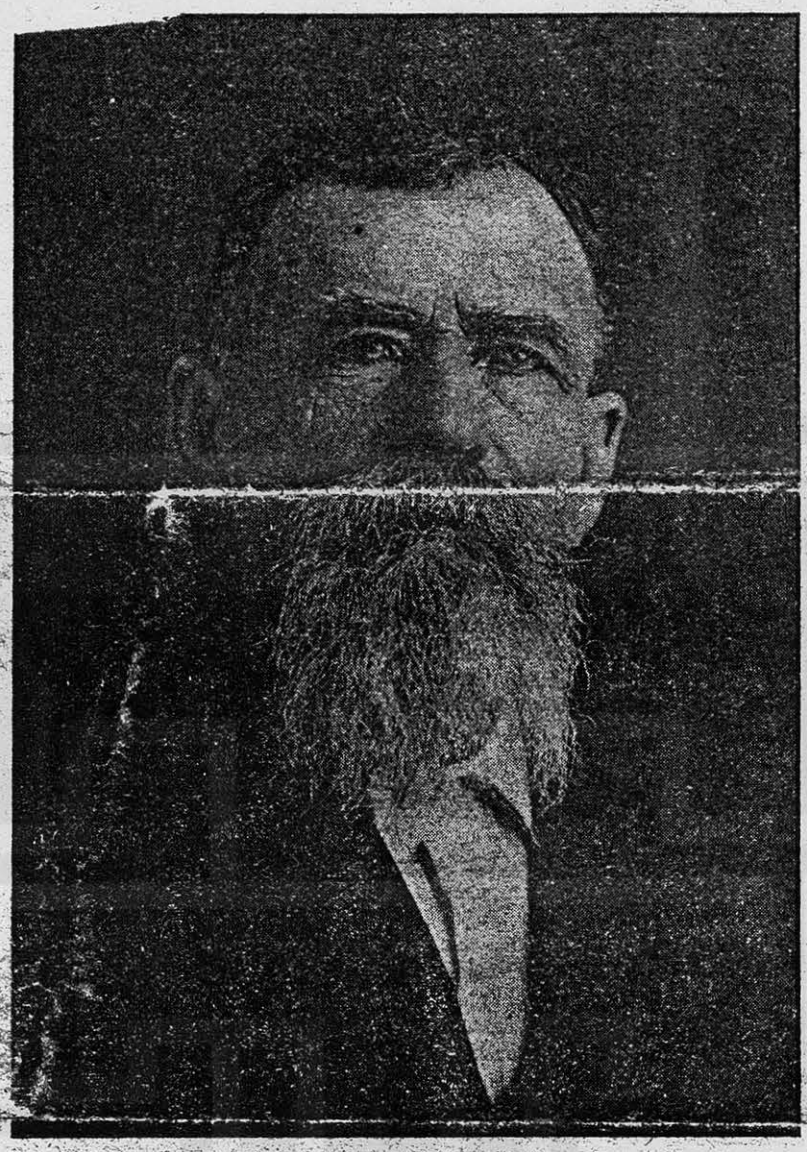

H. A. HALBERT

OF COLEMAN, TEXAS

(Whose picture appears above)

Is a Candidate, this the third time against the same opponent

FOR COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE FOR TEXAS

Mr. Halbert was raised on a Texas farm and has lived in Texas over sixty-five years. He is a real practical farmer of 31 years' experience, During this period he has originated and introduced the "Halbert Honey" and "Rubber-Rind" watermelons, the "Halbert Hybrid," a drouth-resisting corn and the, "Halbert Paper-Shell Pecan." He is a lucid writer on farm subjects of considerable reputation and is the author of the "Farmer's Rain Guide," a pamphlet that gives the rain forecasts for an entire year and treats of other subjects on agriculture, horticulture and animal industry.

His opponent, Fred W. Davis, the present Commissioner, is a school teacher by profession and has been elected twice over Mr. Halbert and is still so hungry for office that he is begging the people for a third term. During these WAR TIMES every man should be placed where he can best do his part. Texas is short on school teachers and needs every one in a schoolroom. Texas needs an "experienced and practical farmer" at the head of her Agriculture department, as the statute requires. Let every patriotic citizen of either sex vote accordingly in the coming July primary.

Please help economize by handing this to another voter after reading.

B BACK OF HANDBILL

HALBERT ENDORSED BY FARMERS OF COLEMAN COUNTY

Coleman, Texas, April 20th, 1918.

~~To All Whom It May Concern:~~

We, the undersigned farmers of Coleman county, Texas, who have known H. A. Halbert for years, adopt this method of endorsing his candidacy and take pleasure in recommending him to all other Brother Farmers throughout Texas as worthy and competent to fill the important office of Commissioner of Agriculture for Texas. We endorse his circular above, setting forth his claims as true and correct along the lines of achievements in farm work.

We bespeak for him an almost solid vote among the farmers of Texas wherever he and his work is made known. He has carried his county in former elections more solidly than any other state candidate ever carried his county and will do so again in the coming July primary.

Mr. Halbert has always been a useful and helpful member of all farmer's organizations in Coleman county. He was the first president of the County Union, the first delegate ever sent to the State Union and first Warehouse Manager for the Farmers' Union.

We hope all farmers who read this, as well as all others who are friendly to farmers, who believe that a farmer and not a professional man should fill an office created for a farmer, will go to work in earnest and elect Mr. Halbert as the first real and practical farmer who has ever filled the office of Commissioner of Agriculture for Texas.

Respectfully submitted, (Signed) J. M. Anderson, G. W. Farmer, S. D. Conner, N. A. Jameson, W. C. Henderson, G. T. Davis, H. J. Futrell, H. Netherton, E. Y. Thompson, T. M. Templeton, W. A. Hubbard, Jno. B. Pitts, C. K. Redding, G. D. Ferguson, and many others.

(Please help economize by handing this to another voter or post after reading.)

A

FRONT of Handbill

The McKenna Opinion

In the case of the kidnaping by Colorado and Idaho authorities of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, head officials of the Western Federation of Miners.

At an hour when honest men sleep the agents and thugs of the Rocky Mountain Mine Owners' Association, in complicity with, and aided and abetted by, the sovereign powers of the states of Colorado and Idaho, forcibly tore Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone from their homes in Denver, and, without allowing them the privilege of consulting attorneys or their friends and comrades, or of communicating with their families, and on a militia-guarded train, especially procured and in waiting for the purpose, railroaded them to Idaho and there incarcerated them in a penitentiary as if they were condemned criminals. Through their friends and attorneys they applied for a writ of habeas corpus, which in everyday language means simply an order to the sheriff to show a just cause why a prisoner is held in custody. This was denied them by the Idaho courts, when they applied to the United States District Court, only to be again denied the constitutional rights of an accused citizen. They then appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which august body, retainers likewise of the capitalist class, also decided against them. But one supreme judge, Mr. Justice McKenna, disagreed with his fellow judges and handed down what is known as a dissenting opinion, that is, in this case, one in favor of the petitioners. The newspapers of the country have studiously suppressed this opinion, which favored labor representatives. Friends of the Appeal to Reason and all lovers of justice and right will be glad to know that it was the first paper in America to print this opinion, a full text of which appears below. It ought to have the utmost publicity; it ought to be sown broadcast in the market places, and a copy handed to every workingman, and to all of this generation.

The opinion follows:

I am constrained to dissent from the opinion and judgment of the court. The principle announced, as I understand it, is that "a circuit court of the United States, when asked upon habeas corpus to discharge a person held in actual custody by a state for trial in one of its courts under an indictment charging a crime against its laws, cannot properly take into account the methods whereby the state obtained such custody."

In other words, and to illuminate the principle by the light of the facts in this case (facts, I mean, as alleged, and which we must assume to be true for the purpose of our discussion), that the officers of one state may falsely represent that a person was personally present in the state and committed a crime there, and had fled from its justice, may arrest such person and take him from another state, the officers of the latter knowing of the false accusation and conniving in and aiding its purpose, thereby depriving him of an opportunity to appeal to the courts; and that such person cannot invoke the rights guaranteed to him by the constitution and statutes of the United States in the state to which he is taken. And this, it is said, is supported by the cases of Ker vs. Illinois (119 U. S. 436), and Mahon vs. Justice (127 U. S. 700). These cases, extreme as they are, do not justify, in my judgment, the conclusions deduced from them. In neither case was the state the actor in the wrongs that brought within its confines the accused person.

In the case at bar the states, through their officers, are the offenders. They, by an illegal exertion of power, deprived the accused of a constitutional right. The distinction is important to be observed. It finds expression in Mahon vs. Justice. But it does not need emphasizing. *Kidnaping is a crime,* pure and simple. It is difficult to accomplish: hazardous at every step. All of the officers of the law are supposed to be on guard against it. All of the officers of the law may be invoked against it. *But how is it when the law becomes the kidnaper?* When the officers of the law, using its forms and exerting its power, become abductors? This is not a distinction without a difference—another form of the crime of kidnaping *distinguished only from that committed by an individual by circumstances.* If a state may say to one within her borders and upon whom her process is served, I will not inquire how you came here; I must execute my laws and remit you to proceedings against those who have wronged you, may she so plead against her own offenses? May she claim that by mere physical presence within her borders an accused person is within her jurisdiction denuded of his constitutional rights, though he has been brought there by her violence?

B

BACK of Handbill

And constitutional rights the accused in this case certainly did have, and valuable ones. The foundation of extradition between the states is, that the accused should be a fugitive from justice from the demanding state, and he may challenge the fact by habeas corpus immediately upon arrest. If he refute the fact he cannot be removed. (Hyatt vs. Corkran (198 U. S. 691), and the right to resist removal is not a right of asylum. To call it so, in the state where the accused is, is misleading. It is the right to be free from molestation. It is the right of personal liberty in its most complete sense; and this right was vindicated in Hyatt vs. Corkran and the fiction of a constructive presence in a state and a constructive flight from a constructive presence rejected.

This decision illustrates at once the value of the right, and the value of the means to enforce the right. It is to be hoped that our criminal jurisprudence will not need for its efficient administration the destruction of either the right or the means to enforce it. The decision, in the case at bar, as I view it, brings us perilously near both results. Is this exaggeration? What are the facts in the case at bar as alleged in the petition, and which it is conceded must be assumed to be true? The complaint, which was the foundation of the extradition proceedings, charged against the accused the crime of murder on the 30th of December, 1905, at Caldwell, in the county of Canyon, state of Idaho, by killing one Frank Steunenberg, by throwing an explosive bomb at and against his person. The accused avers in his petition that he had not been "in the state of Idaho in any way, shape or form, for a period of more than ten years," prior to the acts of which he complained, and that the governor of Idaho knew accused had not been in the state the day the murder was committed, "nor at any time near that day."

A conspiracy is alleged between the governor of the state of Idaho and his advisers, and that the governor of the state of Colorado took part in the conspiracy, the purpose of which was "to avoid the constitution of the United States and the act of congress made in pursuance thereof; and to prevent the accused from asserting his constitutional right under clause 2, section 2, of article IV. of the constitution of the United States and the act made pursuant thereof." The manner in which the alleged conspiracy had been executed was set out in detail. It was in effect that the agent of the state of Idaho arrived in Denver, Thursday, February 15, 1906, but it was agreed between him and the officers of Colorado that the arrest of the accused should not be made until some time in the night of Saturday, after business hours—after the courts had closed and judges and lawyers had departed to their homes; that the arrest should be kept a secret, and the body of the accused should be clandestinely hurried out of the state of Colorado with all possible speed, without the knowledge of his friends or his counsel; that he was at the usual place of business during Thursday, Friday and Saturday; but no attempt was made to arrest him until 11:30 o'clock p. m., Saturday, when his house was surrounded and he arrested. Moyer was arrested under the same circumstances at 8:45, and he and accused "thrown into the county jail of the city and county of Denver."

It is further alleged that, in pursuance of the conspiracy, between the hours of 5 and 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, February 18th, the officers of the state, and "certain armed guards, being a part of the forces of the militia of the state of Colorado," provided a special train for the purpose of forcibly removing him from the state of Colorado; and, between said hours, he was forcibly placed on said train and removed with all possible speed to the state of Idaho; that prior to his removal and at all times after his incarceration in the jail at Denver he requested to be allowed to communicate with his friends and his counsel and his family, and the privilege was absolutely denied him. The train, it is alleged, made no stop at any considerable station, but proceeded at great and unusual speed, and that he was accompanied by and surrounded with armed guards, members of the state militia of Colorado, under the orders and directions of the adjutant general of the state. I submit that the facts in this case are different in kind and transcend in consequences those in the cases of Ker vs. Illinois and Mahon vs. Justice, and differ from and transcend them as the power of a state transcends the power of an individual.

No individual or individuals could have accomplished what the power of the two states accomplished. No individual or individuals could have commanded the means and success; could have made two arrests of prominent citizens by invading their homes; could have commanded the resources of jails, armed guards and special trains; could have successfully timed all acts to prevent injury and judicial interference. The accused, as soon as he could have done so, submitted his rights to the consideration of the courts. He could not have done so in Colorado. He could not have done so on the way from Colorado. At the first instant that the state of Idaho relaxed its restraining power he invoked the aid of habeas corpus successively of the supreme court of the state and of the circuit court of the United States. He should not have been dismissed from court, and the action of the circuit court in so doing should be reversed.

Copies like this of this remarkable document may be had for $1.00 a thousand; 10,000 for $9.00; 100,000 for $75.00; 1,000,000 for $500.00.

The Appeal to Reason, always first in the interest of the toilers, is become the most widely circulated political paper in the whole world. Fifty cents a year; in clubs of four or more, 25 cents. Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

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Breckenridge Democrat

Saturday 3 September 1921

BBB
Be Breckenridge Boosters

BRECKENRIDG

VOL. II. BRECKENRIDGE, TEXA

HARDING FRAMES

TUMULT OF HUGE GASSER HEARD HERE

HUMBLE'S HEATHLEY MAKES 50,000,000 FT. DAILY.

Offset to Well Known Gulf Buchanan Gets Unusual Gas Pressure at 3,084 Feet.

Roaring with an angry violence that makes it plainly audible from the Hamon station, three and a half miles away, the Humble Oil & Refining company's G. W. Heathley No. 1 offset to the famous Buchanan No. 1 of the Gulf Production company, is a rip-snorting gasser, making at least 50,000,000 cubic feet daily, according to estimates of veteran oil men. It is nearly four miles east of the city.

Tears Crown Block Off.

The well is at the top of the lime, 3,048 feet. It has torn the crown block from the rig and is threatening to blow the derrick down. Efforts to harness it will be attended with unusual difficulties, as the pressure is stronger than in any gasser encountered in the Breck field, and right up with the biggest in North Texas.

The well has an unusual history. Drilled as an offset to the Gulf Buchanan, completed more than a year ago for a thousand barrels from the shallow pay at 2,425 feet, there were hopes of the Heathley being a good producer. The Buchanan still is making 10[illegible] barrels. But the shallow pay was missed entirely in the Heathley and the well approached the deep pay, got a little gas, and burned down. It was rebuilt and drilled to the top of the grey lime stratum, where the terrific gas pressure was found.

The roar of the huge [illegible]

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Breckenridge Democrat
3 Sept. 1921

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The roar of the huge gasser is disturbing the country-side for miles around, and the clouds of gas from it when the wind lulls down are hanging in a cloud over the valley in which the well is located. To prevent possibility of accident, the well is roped off, and the public is kept at a distance from the place, though the roaring attack on the ear-drums drives most spectators back to a safe distance.

Big Neighbors.

Other gas producers in that neighborhood are the Magnolia's Furr, a quarter mile nearly due north; this sand was found at 2,200 feet. The Lucky Jack, on the Heathley got a heavy gasser, three quarters of a mile northwest. Wallace Brooks got two heavy gassers on the Walker-Caldwell, across the Caddo road, one rated at 20,000,000 feet. None compares with the new [illegible].

Another Big 'Un.

Another good sized gasser is reported by the National Workers Drilling and roduction company, on the H. G. Gandy lease, five miles southwest. It is estimated at 15,000,000 feet and the operators state that they expect the oil sand fifty feet further in. The well is still drilling. B. J. Anderson of Breckenridge is president and general manager of the company.

The Humble's Heathley, according to reports last night, is making damp gas and has soiled the derrick, giving some hope that it may blow itself in. Gassers of this size, however, usually run to dry gas, according to wise heads of the game.

—BBB—

PROPERTY OWNERS PREPARE TO PLUCK DOVES OF PEACE

Associated Press

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Attempts of some property owners of Washington to boost rentals on homes desired for staffs of foreign delegates who will attend the disarmament conference were brought to the attention of the cabinet today. Cabinet members found that one owner of a house offered for sale at $15,000 had demanded a monthly rental of $3,000.

GREAT CROWD HEARD DEBS

Auditorium Filled With People to Hear Socialist Leader—Is a Charming Speaker.

To a capacity audience that filled every nook and cranny of the Auditorium, E. V. Debs spoke for two hours yesterday afternoon. The socialists had heralded him as America's greatest orator, and the audience left assured that they told the truth.

Mr. Debs is a charming speaker. Some might say he is not an orator, but the wise observer will know that he is a master orator. His method is the tense, quiet, penetrating, repressed sort. He speaks his words with great distinctness, at times with great rapidity and again with emphatic slowness, and secures a very powerful effect by his habit of halting between each word to concentrate the attention on the climax. He is graceful to a high degree. True, he appears to be infirm and his voice is husky and not overly strong. He habitually bends forward while speaking and leaves the impression of weakness, but straightens to his full height on his strongest appeals. His gestures are graceful, meanful and varied. He has the helpful habit of fairly anticipating his words with a gesture which conveys the approaching idea with wonderful clearness.

What he says is what he sees, not what he creates. He is a student of economics and he believes he sees the impending evolution, the new order of things based on new conditions. In ancient times people were divided into two classes—masters and slaves; in medieval times they had shifted to feudal lords and servants, and the present times we have capital and labor. He declared this was the most glorious period of the world. "Whatever may have been true in the past," he declared, "there is no excuse for poverty today." It is difficult to sum him up. If any one thing has operated to bring about the social change more than another, it is the invention of machinery. Formerly men worked with individual tools which they owned, and the product was therefore their own. Today the tools do not belong to the worker and it is natural that the product should belong to the man who owns the machine.

The Trusts Are Inevitable.

Debs has no fault to find with the trusts. They are the principles of the socialists employed by the capitalists. "You might as well try to legislate against gravitation as to try to legislate trusts out of existence," he said. "The trusts are the product of the times, and the result of changing conditions. The capitalists have changed with conditions, working men have not."

He didn't blame Rockefeller. He pitied him. He said Rockefeller was the most unhappy, the most lonely and the most pitiable man in the world. "You will never find happiness by seeking it," said he. "Happiness comes from within and will never be found outside the heart." The trusts are the result of the elimination of the competitive system between capitalists. He is trying to educate working men to stop competing with each other and all work for the common welfare. He pictured the spectacle of two friends in business. One on one side of the street opposite his friend. They are working day and night to put each other out of business. He wants them to help each other instead of hurting each other. He said the kind man who gave credit to the needy and poor was a failure, while the hard-hearted business man who denied credit was a success, a condition which should not exist.

Some of Debs' Epigrams.

"I don't want your vote. I merely want you to think. When you think, I know how you'll vote."

"We socialists want a system where the capitalist will work for what he gets and you get what you work for."

"I am working for a party that is endeavoring to raise the whole mass of the people to a higher plane of civilization."

"Develop your capacity for clean thinking; there is no slavery but ignorance."

"Men in their ignorance have always crowned their tyrants; they have crucified their would-be saviors, from the Man of Galilee to the man of Girard, Kansas."

"I have not risen from the ranks; I've stayed in the ranks where I belong."

"Socialism is in accord with the force of evolution; the only danger lies in obstructing it."

"Every time John D. Rockefeller squeezes some poor devil to the wall, he adds a recruit to our cause."

"There is less real morality among the 'four hundred' in New York than in any other equal number of people, picked at random."

"Fred D. Warren is infinitely richer in his prison cell than Rockefeller with all his gold."

For Universal Peace.

Mr. Debs declared that an economic principle was the basis for all international wars. He pictured the awful spectacle of the Christian, civilized nations of the world arming to the teeth and killing each other in battle. He conceived of nothing more horrible than two armies destroying each other like beasts. He declared that it was grim and ghastly thought to know that the best of minds of the world today are being concentrated on discoveries of better ways to kill men. He declared that a war was certain so long as the present competitive system obtained. The certain way to universal peace is to remove competition, to have a system of just and fair exchange of surplus products. Then war will be no more, and the great waste system of arming the nations can be abandoned.

Mr. Debs was preceded by George D. Brewer, who made a brief address outlining the circumstances of Fred Warren, editor of the Appeal of Reason, going to jail and introducing the books which are offered for sale.

T. A. Hickey, state organizer, introduced Mr. Debs as the tall locomotive fireman from the Wabash.

Death in Roaring Fire

may not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest, surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It subdues inflammation. It kills pain. It soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at the Old Corner Drug Store.

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HEALTH HINTS.

Health is both natural and right. Disease is unnatural and the logical result of physical wrong-doing. To prevent disease by conforming to nature's laws should be our aim, rather than merely cure it. Hence the following hints:

1. Breathe deeply and plentifully of pure air. Cultivate chest expansion. Avoid being stoop shouldered. Ventilate all living rooms both night and day. We should get more food from air than any other source.

2. Drink from three to five pints of pure water on an empty stomach every day. A little coffee at the beginning of the meal or tea at the close is usually not harmful, but other fluids should not be taken while eating nor for an hour after. No iced drinks.

3. Chew all food thoroughly. Eat very slowly and only when hungry. Don't overeat nor eat when very tired or angry or worried.

4. Have a variety of food but it should not be great at each meal. In the main cereals should be used for breakfast, meats and vegetables for dinner and rice and milk or fruits for supper. Bread should be made from the whole wheat flour. The less cakes, pies and pastries the better.

5. Use no intoxicants as a beverage. Tobacco and all narcotics are injurious to most people.

6. Bathe thoroughly once or twice a week. Cleanliness is an essential part of godliness.

7. Be regular in all habits, temperate in all indulgences, avoiding all extremes, worry, quarrels, ill-temper and great fatigue.

8. The clothing should not constrict any portion of the body so as to hinder its full, symmetrical and harmonious development. One free bowel action a day is a necessity.

"When nature calls at any door,
Do not attempt to bluff her.
But haste away at night or day,
Or health is sure to suffer."

10. Look on the bright side of life as much as possible. Cultivate cheerfulness, placidity and will power. Laughter is better than physic. Think not of disease, pain, weakness; but dwell much upon the fact that infinite health, truth, strength, love, light, life and energy is yours. Thus you will come into unity and harmony with the Divine mind.

11. Have an aim in life and pursue it vigorously and persistently. It should not be money-getting primarily, but the advancement of a higher civilization in some way. Act toward others as you would toward a part of your own self. Right makes might.

12. Take no medicine except on the advice of a good physician. Let him examine you occasionally, especially if you feel "out of sorts," to see if there is any tendency to disease. An ounce of prevention is better than a hundred pounds of cure.

13. In the main the day should be divided as follows: Eight hours should be spent in sleep, four in physical labor, four in study and eight in recreation, attending to the demands of nature, and the cultivation of all the varied wants of our social, moral, spiritual, esthetical and aspirational being. Thus we shall come more fully into harmony with nature's all-wise laws and so fulfill the end of our existence. Life is not for work and study, but work and study are for life.

14. If we or others, cannot live in this way under the present economic system, then we should help change the system, for man is infinitely more valuable than mammon. Health is the highest form of wealth.

15. This code of physical and mental hygienic maxims may not harmonize with the demands of frenzied finance or the cruel, crazy, cannibalistic methods of today, but it does harmonize with the infinitely more natural, sane and sensible principles of the co-operative commonwealth, the brotherhood of man, now being established.

S. J. BROWNSON, M. D.,
Riverside.
Ft. Worth. Phone Lamar 3746.

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-:- Receiver Named For Llano Colony -:-

Rights of Stock Owners Not Safe Declares Court

Attorney L. D. Woosley of Leesville Is New Manager By Court Order.

A receiver has been named for the New Llano De Rio corporation (the Llano colony) near Leesville.

Judge Hal A. Burges of the Eleventh judicial district court, Mansfield, handed down his decision in the noted Vernon parish receivership case and the opinion here Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Attorney L. D. Woosley of Leesville was named as the recever and his bond fixed at $10.000. Appended to the decision was a blank order for a suspensive appeal to the state supreme court, returnable on July 11, 1927, bonds being fixed at $5,000 for the defendant corporation and $2,000 each for any intervenors in the appeal proceedings.

Fees of Attorney P. L. Ferguson, council for J. R. Allen, plaintiff, Healdton, Okla., were fixed at $2,500.

Bases of Opinion

In rendering his opinion, Judge Burgess brushed aside all testimoney as to alleged immoral conduct of leaders in the colony and decided the case upon questions of finance and management solely, declaring that the corporation was organized as a trading and profit making concern; that its liabilities as of April 1, 1926, were $1,242,-311.09; its assets as of January 1, 1927, were $521,694.87; its debts as of the same date were, $146,-054.06; its cash on hand $600, and at the time of the receivership trial, its taxes were due and unpaid. No books were kept of the business affairs of the corporation which they opposed the appointment of a receiver.

Trading Corporation

"The defendant company is a foreign corporation organized under the laws of the State of Nevada. On the 3rd day of May, 1927, the corporation was granted a permit to engage in business in this state. The defendant has most of its property in the parish of Vernon, where most of its operations are carried on. On order to fully set forth the nature of the corporation, the purposes for which it was organized, a part of the charter will be stated herein, which are as follows to-wit: 'and to acquire by deed, gift, will, grant, location, possession claim, or otherwise, lands, tenements, hereditaments, lease-hold, estates, easements water and water rights, dam and dam sites for impounding water for power, irrigation and domestic purposes, stocks, bonds, evidence of debt, chose in action, franchise privileges, patent rights and licenses, and every estate, right, title, interest and appurtenances, in, to or concerning real and personal property of every name and nature, legal, equitable, and to have and to hold, use, enjoy, manage, control, grant, assign, transfer, and convey, encumber by mortgage, pledge, deed of trust, or otherwise dispose of the same and every part thereof or interest therein; to buy and sell real and all kinds of personal property and particularly,

"To receive and store personal property for compensation or hire, and to carry on a general warehouse business.

As Other Corporations

kinds, and all things and commodities of every nature and kind.

"To do a general publishing business, including weekly and daily papers, magazines and books and job printing of every description.

"To do general plumbing business.

"To establsh, buy, sell, ecquire and own canneries, creameries, slaughter and packing houses, operate and own the same and manage and dispose of their outputs.

"To construct, buy, sell, own, acquire, operate and dispose of street railroads, lighting, heating, or power plants, and to use, sell or dispose of the light, heat or power generated.

"To buy, construct, acquire, own, use, sell and dispose of plumbing plants and to use or dispose of or sell the output.'

Solely for Profit

"There can be no duobt about the objects or purposes set forth in the charter, infact, most of the provisions, and all of them when they are considered together, show that the corporation, under its provisions, is a private corporation for the sole purpose of profit and that its operation cannot go beyond its charter and any attempt to change its operation to run it as it is now operated is a violation of the charter. The general act of this state for such corporation to operate under is Act 267 of 1914.

Liabilities and Assets

"In considering the allegations of the plaintiff petition as set forth in article four, it was shown by various statements filed in evidenee that the stock outstanding with debts and liabilities and property are $1,242,311.09

not interested in keeping accounts as the business was not run for profit. It was shown that the corporation was operated at a loss during the year of 1926, notwithstanding the members contend that it gained in profit.

Must Keep Books

"A corporation which has engaged in many kinds of operations can't be run without proper accounts being kept of the cost of operation, and this seems to be one of the troubles with the defendant company. The manager and board of directors have been opposed to taking out insurance on its property, and there was a big loss by fire some time ago. The same members had an opportunity to sell a large amount of timber which had been blown down, but refused to do so on the ground that the price was not sufficient and that it could use same. We find that this timber had been damaged considerably, and the loss must be borne by the company. The company, through its board of directors, have invested in a large tract of land in Mississippi, and by the minutes of said board; it agreed to furnish certain members with certain sum to be spent in South America, all of which shows that if the company is operated in this manner, it will be a loss to the stock holders and creditors of with claims unsecured."

Mortgage To Themselves

The board of directors have been very liberal in furnishing the company with money; however, it was estimated that they passed a resolution authorizing a mortgage to themselves and the are protected for their money. All of these acts

the individual."

Organized For Profit

"When a person joines the colony he must sign a working contract before he becomes a member notwithstanding he pays for his stock. When the petitioner joined and bought some of his stock he paid for same and signed a working contract, and was to be allowed certain sums in the discretion of the board for the payment of more stock and for his labor, and he did work and get more stock by assignment. Since that time the board has taken the position that the work is free, except it may be applied for stock, but they contend that the stock is not to pay dividends. The very charter and the law which the corporation is operating under does not contimplate that the stock shall be worthless and free. It was organized for profit, and no where does the charter provide for communistic operation.

Charter Rights Violated

The board of directors have departed from the charter and put into execution a different policy and by the acts of the board of directors and a majority of the stock holders, the charter rights are now, and have been for several years, violated, Under the charter and the stock certificate, a stock holder has a right to expect a profit if the corporation should be able to do so.

"Put In All"

"There is no question about the sincerity of those who have joined the colony. Most of them have put in all their worldly goods, and have in their minds a better

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Fees of Attorney P. L. Ferguson, council for J. R. Allen, plaintiff, Healdton, Okla., were fixed at $2,500.

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In rendering his opinion, Judge Burgess brushed aside all testimoney as to alleged immoral conduct of leaders in the colony and decided the case upon questions of finance and management solely, declaring that the corporation was organized as a trading and profit making concern; that its liabilities as of April 1, 1926, were $1,242,311.09; its assets as of January 1, 1927, were $521,694.87; its debts as of the same date were, $146,054.06; its cash on hand $600, and at the time of the receivership trial, its taxes were due and unpaid. No books were kept of the business affairs of the corporation, the court found; the colony was managed at a loss during 1926, the court believed, and further, the directorate objecting to insurance against fire losses, the corporation had suffered from that cause as well as a refusal of the management to sell storm-blown timber when an offer had been made for it nearly a year previously.

The court also found that the corporation had purchased lands in Mississippi; that money had been provided alleged members of the colony for investment in South America, and that member of the board of directors had secured themselves against possible losses by taking mortgages upon property of the corporation for loans which they had made to the colony. The opinion of the court follows:

Introductory Statement

"The plaintiff, J. R. Allen, a resident of Healdton, Oklahoma, has instituted this suit as a stock holder owning stock to the amount and sum of 3,968 shares of the value of $1.00 per share in the Llano Del Rio Co., of Nevada, and in his petition he has asked that said corporation be placed in charge of a receiver. There are many

... for impounding water for power, irrigation and domestic purposes, stocks, bonds, evidence of debt, chose in action, franchise privileges, patent rights and licenses, and every estate, right, title, interest and appurtenances, in, to or concerning real and personal property of every name and nature, legal, equitable, and to have and to hold, use, enjoy, manage, control, grant, assign, transfer, and convey, encumber by mortgage, pledge, deed of trust, or otherwise dispose of the same and every part thereof or interest therein; to buy and sell real and all kinds of personal property and particularly,

"To receive and store personal property for compensation or hire, and to carry on a general warehouse business.

As Other Corporations

"To receive, hold, warehouse, insure, sell, exchange, or otherwise deal with and dispose of, for compensation, goods, wares, chattles and merchandise, as the agent of others, and in its own behalf to carry on a general commission business.

"To borrow and lend money.

"To subscribe and contract for, buy and otherwise acquire, sell, exchange, deal in and with, dispose of stocks, bonds, and securities, franchise, licenses, trade marks, patents, rights and privileges, and share of the capital stock of this or any corporation whatever, and vote the stock so acquired or any other corporation.

"To incur any legal obligation, and as security for the payment or performance thereof, or to carry out or further any of the objects or ends of this corporation, to issue evidence of indebtedness, to issue, sell and hypothecate its bonds, and as well to mortgage, pledge, hypothecate, or convey in trust, any or all of its real or personal property and to accept as security for or in satisfaction of the debts, obligations of others, any kind of property or lien there-

Solely for Profit

"There can be no duobt about the objects or purposes set forth in the charter, infact, most of the provisions, and all of them when they are considered together, show that the corporation, under its provisions, is a private corporation for the sole purpose of profit and that its operation cannot go beyond its charter and any attempt to change its operation to run it as it is now operated is a violation of the charter. The general act of this state for such corporation to operate under is Act 267 of 1914.

Liabilities and Assets

"In considering the allegations of the plaintiff petition as set forth in article four, it was shown by various statements filed in evidence that the stock outstanding with debts and liabilities and property are $1,242,311.09 as of date April 1, 1926, and the last statement of January 1, 1927, makes a slight change in these figures. In the last statement, the assets of the corporation are shown to be $521,694.87. The debts due by the corporation are shown in the last statement to be $146,054.16. The fact a corporation shall not be considered insolvent because it can't redeem its stock is well settled. The question is: Can it pay its debts? Of course, there has been thousands of dollars, paid in by the stock holders, spent and there are no assets to account for same. When the assets of the corporation are considered with its liabilities, the corporation must be considered solvent if it could sell its property for what it is worth, but the evidence shows that most of these obligations are secured by mortgages, and that the mortgages cover practically all of the property; and that all of these debts secured by mortgages are part due and unpaid. The intervenors and the defendant contend that extensions have been granted and that assets of the corporation are not in danger. The taxes, at the time of the trial of this suit, had

the price was not sufficient and that it could use same. We find that this timber had been damaged considerably, and the loss must be borne by the company. The company, through its board of directors, have invested in a large tract of land in Mississippi, and by the minutes of said board; it agreed to furnish certain members with certain sum to be spent in South America, all of which shows that if the company is operated in this manner, it will be a loss to the stock holders and creditors of with claims unsecured."

Mortgage To Themselves

The board of directors have been very liberal in furnishing the company with money; however, it was estimated that they passed a resolution authorizing a mortgage to themselves and the are protected for their money. All of these acts by the manager and board of directors and others, which of less importance, show that the interest of the stock holders are being jeopardized and that the corporation is committing acts ultra vires.

Did Not Materialize

"There are many other allegations, even if proven, are not grounds for the appointment of a receiver, such as immoral practice on the part of the manager Pickett. The evidence offered by the plaintiff was to the effect that he committeed many acts of immorality. This evidence was a part rebutted. In order that such could be the basis for the appointment of a receiver, it would have to be shown that the management as a whole was conducted in such an immoral way that it would destroy selfrespect of the management of the corporation, and this was not proven. The Gerald Gearldson letter and the reply of Pickett certainly were of such a nature that no self-respecting person would endorse, while the board sat by and did not do anything about this, it was shown that many good people in the colony did not ap-

worthless and free. It was organized for profit, and no where does the charter provide for communistic operation.

Charter Rights Violated

The board of directors have departed from the charter and put into execution a different policy and by the acts of the board of directors and a majority of the stock holders, the charter rights are now, and have been for several years, violated, Under the charter and the stock certificate, a stock holder has a right to expect a profit if the corporation should be able to do so.

"Put In All"

"There is no question about the sincerity of those who have joined the colony. Most of them have put in all their worldly goods, and have in their minds a better condition to be obtained for themselves than they now have. A view of the stock certificate will show what an ideal place they have been working and striving for. It is contended by the defendent that this suit is brought for the purpose of injury to the corporation. This can't be said of the plaintiff for he had long left the colony, however it is true that he is not satisfied with the management and wants his money and he believes that it can be operated in a way that there will be a profit It is also true that there is a friction between the members. Several who were witnesses for the plaintiff had many grieveances against those in control and the feeling against them, by the other members of the board of directors, was clearly shown. The individual members have a right to their convictions and for days this court has given consideration to the workings going on by them. The very departure from their charter rights and the attempt to go beyond the charter and set up an ideal system seems to be another trouble among the people. Individuality has begun to assert itself and try to get back

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suffered from that cause as well as a refusal of the management to sell storm-blown timber when an offer had been made for it nearly a year previously.

The court also found that the corporation had purchased lands in Mississippi; that money had been provided alleged members of the colony for investment in South America, and that member of the board of directors had secured themselves against possible losses by taking mortgages upon property of the corporation for loans which they had made to the colony. The opinion of the court follows:

Introductory Statement

"The plaintiff, J. R. Allen, a resident of Healdton, Oklahoma, has instituted this suit as a stock holder owning stock to the amount and sum of 3,968 shares of the value of $1.00 per share in the Llano Del Rio Co., of Nevada, and in his petition he has asked that said corporation be placed in charge of a receiver. There are many allegations of his petition which set forth the reasons why a receiver should be appointed to take charge of said corporation. As the points having a bearing on this case will be treated hereafter, it will serve no purpose to mention them here. A rule to show cause as issued and the defendant answered after filing exceptions. In its answers, the grounds alleged for the appointment of a receiver were denied. The petition and the answer contained many allegations which, under an ordinary suit against a corporation, would not have been of any importance, nor they would have no bearing upon the issues. The many issues tendered by plaintiff and the defendant caused many days to be spent in the trial of the case. The trial finally completed and the evidence was transcribed and the case has been submitted on briefs. Several of the creditors of the corporation filed petitions of intervention in

carry on a general commission business.

"To borrow and lend money.

"To subscribe and contract for, buy and otherwise acquire, sell, exchange, deal in and with, dispose of stocks, bonds, and securities, franchise, licenses, trade marks, patents, rights and privileges, and share of the capital stock of this or any corporation whatever, and vote the stock so acquired or any other corporation.

"To incur any legal obligation, and as security for the payment or performance thereof, or to carry out or further any of the objects or ends of this corporation, to issue evidence of indebtedness, to issue, sell and hypothecate its bonds, and as well to mortgage, pledge, hypothecate, or convey in trust, any or all of its real or personal property and to accept as security for or in satisfaction of the debts, obligations of others, any kind of property or lien thereon, or interest therein; and in connection, to do any act or thing in the name of, or for or on behalf of this corporation, and engage in or carry on any other business not prohibited by law, and accordingly acquire, deal in and with and dispose of any and all other kinds or property, which may be or become necessary, useful, convenient, auxiliary or appurtenances to any of the main or principal purposes of this corporation, or be deemed advisable by its board of directors, conduct apartment houses, hotels, farms, clubhouses and country club.

General Business

"To do a general merchandise business.

"To own and conduct general manufacturing business including wearing apparel, machinery, furniture, implements, cement, brick, lumber and all kinds of building material, leather goods, paper, glass, vehicles of all description, plumbing material, food of all

$681,000.00. The debts due by the corporation are shown in the last statement to be $146,054.16. The fact a corporation shall not be considered insolvent because it can't redeem its stock is well settled. The question is: Can it pay its debts? Of course, there has been thousands of dollars, paid in by the stock holders, spent and there are no assets to account for same. When the assets of the corporation are considered with its liabilities, the corporation must be considered solvent if it could sell its property for what it is worth, but the evidence shows that most of these obligations are secured by mortgages, and that the mortgages cover practically all of the property; and that all of these debts secured by mortgages are part due and unpaid. The intervenors and the defendant contend that extensions have been granted and that assets of the corporation are not in danger. The taxes, at the time of the trial of this suit, had not been paid, and there were some small accounts unpaid. The corporation only had the small sum of $600.00 in cash. If the mortgages were foreclosed, the property no doubt, would sell for sufficient amount to pay all mortgage debts and perhaps unsecured claims.

Operated at Loss

"The allegations of article five of plaintiff's petition allege that the directors of the corporation are jeopardizing the rights of stock holders by grossly mismanaging the business and committing acts ultra vires and misapplying the property of the corporation. This allegation comes under Section 2 of Act 159 of 1898, for the appointment of receivers. From the proof in the case, it was shown that notwithstanding all of the various industries operated by the company, there has been no accounting properly kept, in fact, all of the board members and the manager testified that they were

Did Not Materialize

"There are many other allegations, even if proven, are not grounds for the appointment of a receiver, such as immoral practice on the part of the manager Pickett. The evidence offered by the plaintiff was to the effect that he committeed many acts of immorality. This evidence was a part rebutted. In order that such could be the basis for the appointment of a receiver, it would have to be shown that the management as a whole was conducted in such an immoral way that it would destroy selfrespect of the management of the corporation, and this was not proven. The Gerald Gearldson letter and the reply of Pickett certainly were of such a nature that no self-respecting person would endorse, while the board sat by and did not do anything about this, it was shown that many good people in the colony did not approve of women unattached. This condition of affairs never did materialize and, therefore, it is not necessary to dwell any longer on these contentions.

The Only Grounds

"In article eight of the petition, it was alleged that the majority of the stock holders were violating the rights of the minority and the rights of the charter. This allegation is a serious allegation and comes under section 11 of the above Act 159 of 1898. It is clear that under the evidence the grounds of the appointment of a receiver fall under section 2 and 11 of Act 159 of 1898, and the consideration of the law and evidence under these two are the only grounds that can afford petitioner and relief. In the consideration of the allegations of article eight, the evedence shows that the manager and board of directors and all of the members present have attempted to operate a communistic corporation, not for profit to

this suit is brought for the purpose of injury to the corporation. This can't be said of the plaintiff for he had long left the colony, however it is true that he is not satisfied with the management and wants his money and he believes that it can be operated in a way that there will be a profit It is also true that there is a friction between the members. Several who were witnesses for the plaintiff had many grieveances against those in control and the feeling against them, by the other members of the board of directors, was clearly shown. The individual members have a right to their convictions and for days this court has given consideration to the workings going on by them. The very departure from their charter rights and the attempt to go beyond the charter and set up an ideal system seems to be another trouble among the people. Individuality has begun to assert itself and try to get back to individual profit, notwithstanding they are all working on a communistic basis.

Chief Source of Income

"The corporation has existed for a considerable time, how I am unable to say; whether it will ever work as an ideal system or not, is not for me to speculate. The company, no doubt, has suffered from the lack of sale of its stock as that seems to be the chief income or has in the past. There has been many articles filed in evidence contained in the Colonist, a magazine, some of which were not worthy of consideration from a point of investment, but perhaps many were induced to depart with their money after reading said article, The defendant company contends that it does not own the Colinist; that Pickett and Gleasor owned said publication. Of course, it was clear that the company owned same, but that Pickett and Gleasor were parties interposed

(OVER)

however, this testimony does not prove a case for a receiver.

Contention Is Proven

"After considering and reading the evidence which was introduced in this case, the court is of the opinion that the plaintiff has proven his contention under sections 2 and 11 of Act 159 of 1898, that the affairs of the corporation are in such a condition that a receiver should be appointed with power to administer the affairs for a time and see if same can be operated and restored to the stock holders and brought under its charter rights, and if this can't be done, then further power may be given to the receiver to settle the affairs of the corporation.

"The plaintiff has asked that attorney fees be fixed by the court. This, of course, must be based upon the final trial of this case in the supreme court, and after considering the amount of work necessary, it appears that a fee of $2,500 should be allowed to the attorneys for the plaintiff, and charged as cost against the defendant colony. The amount of bond to be given by the receiver is somewhat hard to determine as the income of the corporation has not been properly kept.

Woosley As Receiver

"It is therefore, ordered, adjudged and decreed that there be judgement herein appointing L. D. Woosley, receiver of the Llano Del Rio company, and ordering that letters as such issue to him, upon his furnishing bond with good and solvent surety in the sum of $10,000 and taking oath according to law,—such bond to be hereinafter increased or decreased should the court deem it necessary, said receiver to have full power to hold, administer, manage and receive the property and income of said corporation, in such manner as the court may direct, which power may be enlarged if it should be found necessary.

Judgement For $2,500

"It is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that the plaintiff, J. R. Allen, do have recover judgment in his favor and against defendant, Llano Del Rio company, in the sum of $2500, as attorney's fees, which attorney's fees are hereby fixed as cost in this suit.

"It is further ordered that the defendant company pay all costs in this suit."

THE TRUTH WILL OUT

The above is a full, true and correct copy of the decision of the District Court in the Colony receivership case, together with an introductory statement, as published in the "Leesville Leader," dated July 7th, 1927, and is reproduced in this form as a means of reaching those interested in the Colony with a full and unexpurgated copy of this important document so that they may read and judge for themselves as to the merits of the case and the attitude of the court towards the Colony, and more especially the management, in summing up the evidence submitted in the trial and in rendering its decision thereon.

The management, having seized absolute control of all means of disseminating information concerning the Colony, has grossly misused that power to falsify the record and to misrepresent the conditions actually existing here.

They have published an unbroken chain of malicious falsehoods about members and only garbled extracts from the records with a deliberate purpose to discredit the opposition and make it appear that the sole object of the dissenting members is to ruthlessly disrupt the organization.

They have arbitrarily refused to open the columns of the "Colonist" to the dissenting members for the purpose of refuting these infamous charges and base misrepresentations—an action altogether unfair, unethical and intolerable in a bona-fide co-operative community.

They have barred all open discussion of these misrepresentations, this fase propaganda and questions of mismanagement and maladministration of Colony affairs and by so doing have brought about a state of revolt of members against such tyrannical prictices and have met this revolt with characteristic force and brutality instead of reason as benefits a tyrant.

Manager Pickett arrogates to himself the powers of an absolute dictator and a servile Board of Directors sustains that assumption and, in order to perpetuate their regime, resort to practices that would do credit to any ward-heeler politician. They ignore the fact that a colony is made up of people and not of "hardwood" timber, acres of land or industries; without an intelligent, contented and enthusiastic membership there might be millions in assets but no colony in the true sense of the term. In view of the fact that many hundreds of well intentioned people have come and contributed more or less to the assets of Llano Colony and have gone away disillusioned and disappointed—that well founded discontent is rife among the members of the Colony at the present time is proof that Llano, as a colony, has failed, notwithstanding the management may point to an imposing list of assets thus questionably accumulated.

Living conditions in Llano Colony are deplorable, especially so to those who do not conform strictly to the whims and caprices of the General Manager. Those who do so conform are granted special privileges so flagrantly as to add to the general discontent. Children are deprived of many of the things that naturally make up the life of a normal child; as a result of such repression some things are done that might not otherwise be thought of; to overcome this tendency a system of spying is set up and the children are taught the reprehensible practice of snitching upon one another. Spies are on every hand. The slimy sycophant is in evidence. The slugger is encouraged to do his bit. Women are brow-beaten and intimidated. Old men who have contributed their all and years of labor to the colony are inhumanly persecuted and driven from the Colony if they dare to criticise the management or differ in any way from the petty tyrant who occupies the position of General Manager. Lying, bribery, intimidation, persecution and perjury are resorted to by the dictator and his henchmen to silence any opposition. Charges of "insanity" are freely bandied by the General Manager who himself clearly evinces an insane lust for power and preferment.

This is a brief statement of some of the things that have outraged the principles of co-operation in Llano Colony and that have led up to the present revolt; the spirit of co-operation is already in a dying condition and unless the "strangle hold" of the present General Manager can be broken, another "tragedy" will be added to the long list of Colony Co-operative ventures.

W. H. BURTON
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Debs' Speech in His Own Defense

[On September 12, 1918, Eugene V. Debs, one of the foremost American Socialists, was convicted of having violated the Espionage law in a speech delivered at Canton, Ohio, June 16. On September 14, Debs was sentenced to ten years in prison.

The trial took place at Cleveland, Ohio. Debs was defended by Seymour Stedman and William A. Cunnea of Chicago, Joseph Sharts of Dayton and Morris Wolf of Cleveland. The case was tried before Federal Judge Westenhaver. At the close of the government's case Debs refused to allow any witnesses to be put on in his defense and through his chief counsel, Stedman, announced that he would plead his own case to the jury.

The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States to test the constitutionality of those sections of the Esplonage law under which the indictment was returned. Debs is at liberty on bonds of ten thousand dollars pending final action by the higher court. The parts of the speech to the jury and the address to the court herein given are presented to indicate the attitude of the defendant on the subject of free speech and free press and on social, economic and political questions:]

May it please the court, and gentlemen of the jury:

For the first time in my life I appear before a jury in a court of law to answer to an indictment for crime. I am not a lawyer. I know little about court procedure, about the rules of evidence or legal practice. I know only that you gentlemen are to hear the evidence brought against me, that the court is to instruct you in the law, and that you are then to determine by your verdict whether I shall be branded with criminal guilt and be consigned, perhaps to the end of my life, in a felon's cell.

Gentlemen, I do not fear to face you in this hour of accusation, nor do I shrink from the consequences of my utterances or my acts. Standing before you, charged as I am with crime, I can yet look the court in the face, I can look you in the face, I can look the world in the face, for in my conscience, in my soul, there is festering no accusation of guilt.

Permit me to say in the first place that I am entirely satisfied with the court's ruling. I have no fault to find with the assistant district attorney or with the counsel for the prosecution.

I wish to admit the truth of all that has been testified to in this proceeding. I have no disposition to deny anything that is true. I would not, if I could, escape the results of an adverse verdict. I would not retract a word that I have uttered that I believe to be true to save myself from going to the penitentiary for the rest of my days.

Gentlemen, you have heard the report of my speech at Canton on June 16, and I submit that there is not a word in that speech to warrant the charges set out in the indictment. I admit having delivered the speech. I admit the accuracy of the speech in all its main features as reported in this proceeding.

In what I had to say there my purpose was to educate the people to understand something about the social system in which we live and to prepare them to change this system by perfectly peaceable and orderly means into what I, as a Socialist, conceive to be a real democracy.

From what you heard in the address of the counsel for the prosecution, you might naturally infer that I am an advocate of force and violence. It is not true. I have never advocated violence in any form. I always believed in education, in intelligence, in enlightenment, and I have always made my appeal to the reason and to the conscience of the people.

I admit being opposed to the present social system. I am doing what little I can, and have been for many years, to bring about a change that shall do away with the rule of the great body of the people by a relatively small class and establish in this country an industrial and social democracy.

When great changes occur in history, when great principles are involved, as a rule the majority are wrong. The minority are right. In every age there have been a few heroic souls who have been in advance of their time, who have been misunderstood, maligned, persecuted, sometimes put to death. Long after their martyrdom monuments were erected to them and garlands were woven for their graves.

This has been the tragic history of the race. In the ancient world Socrates sought to teach some new truths to the people, and they made him drink the fatal hemlock. It has been true all along the track of the ages. The men and women who have been in advance, who have had new ideas, new ideals, who have had the courage to attack the established order of things, have all had to pay the penalty.

A century and a half ago when the American colonist were still foreign subjects, and when there were a few men who had faith in the common people and believed that they could rule themselves without a king, in that day to speak against the king was treason. If you read Bancroft or any other standard historian, you will find that a great majority of the colonists believed in the king and actually believed that he had a divine right to rule over them. . . . But there were a few men in that day who said, "We don't need a king. We can govern ourselves." And they began an agitation that has been immortalized in history.

Washington, Adams, Paine — these were the rebels of their day. At first they were opposed by the people and denounced by the press. . . . But they had the moral courage to stand erect and defy all the storms of detraction; and that is why they are in history, and that is why the great respectable majority of their day sleep in forgotten graves.

At a later time there began another mighty agitation in this country. It was against an institution that was deemed a very respectable one in its time, the institution of chattel slavery. . . . All of the organized forces of society, all of the powers of government upheld chattel slavery in that day. And again a few advanced thinkers appeared. One of them was Elijah Lovejoy. . . . Elijah Lovejoy was murdered in cold blood at Alton, Ill., in 1837 simply because he was opposed to chattel slavery—just as I am opposed to wage slavery. When you go down the Mississippi river and look up at Alton, you see a magnificent white shaft erected there in memory of a man who was true to himself and his convictions of right and duty unto death.

It was my good fortune to personally know Wendell Phillips. I heard the story of his persecution from his own eloquent lips just a little while before they were silenced in death.

William Lloyd Garrison, Garret Smith, Thaddeus Stevens—these leaders of the abolition movement, who were regarded as mosters of depravity, were true to the faith and stood their ground. They are all in history. You are teaching your children to revere their memories, while all of their detractors are in oblivion.

Chattel slavery disappeared. We are not yet free. We are engaged in another mighty agitation today. It is as wide as the world. It is the rise of the toiling masses who are gradually becoming conscious of their interests, their power, as a class, who are organizing industrially and politically, who are slowly but surely developing the economic and political power that is to set them free. They are still in the minority, but they have learned how to wait, and to bide their time.

From the beginning of the war to this day, I have never, by word or act, been guilty of the charges that are embraced in this indictment. If I have criticised, if I have condemned, it is because I have believed myself justified in doing so under the laws of the land. I have had precedents for my attitude. This country has been engaged in a number of wars, and every one of them has been condemned by some of the most eminent men in the country. The war of the revolution was opposed. The Tory press denounced its leaders as criminals and outlaws.

The war of 1812 was opposed and condemned; the Mexican war was bitterly condemned by Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. These men denounced the President, they condemned his administration; and they said that the war was a crime against humanity. They were not indicted; they were not tried for crime. They are honored today by all of their countrymen. The war of the rebellion was opposed and condemned. In 1864 the Democratic party met in convention at Chicago and passed a resolution condemning the war as a failure. What would you say if the Socialist party were to meet in convention today and condemn the present war as a failure? You charge us with being disloyalists and traitors. Were the Democrats of 1864 disloyalists and traitors because they condemned the war as a failure?

I believe in the constitution of the United States. Isn't it strange that we Socialists stand almost alone today in defending the constitution of the United States? The revolutionary fathers who had been oppressed under king rule understood that free speech and free press and the right of free assemblage by the people were the fundamental principles of democratic government. The very first amendment to the constitution reads:

> "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

That is perfectly plain English. It can be understood by a child. I believe the revolutionary fathers meant just what is here stated—that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or of the right of the people to peaceably assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

That is the right that I exercised at Canton on the 16th day of last June; and for the exercise of that right, I now have to answer to this indictment. I believe in the right of free speech, in war as well as in peace. I would not, under any circustances, gag the lips of my bitterest enemy. I would under no circumstances suppress free speech. It is far more dangerous to attempt to gag the people than to allow them to speak freely of what is in their hearts.

I have told you that I am no lawyer, but it seems to me that I know enough to know that if Congress enacts any law that conflicts with this provision in the Constitution, that law is void. If the

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Espionage law finally stands, then the Constitution of the United States is dead. If that law is not the negation of every fundamental principle established by the Constitution, then certainly I am unable to read or to understand the English language.

Now, in the course of this proceeding you, gentlemen, have perhaps drawn the inference that I am pro-German in the sense that I may have sympathy with the imperial government of Germany. My father and mother were born in Alsace. They loved France with a passion that is holy. They understood the meaning of Prussianism, and they hated it with all their hearts. I did not need to be taught to hate Prussian militarism. I knew from them what a hateful, what an oppressive, what a brutalizing thing it was and is. I cannot imagine how anyone can suspect that for one moment I could have the slightest sympathy with such a monstrous thing. I have been speaking and writing against it practically all my life. I know that the Kaiser incarnates all there is of brute force and murder.

With every drop of blood in my veins I despise Kaiserism, and all that Kaiserism expresses and implies. I have my sympathy with the struggling, suffering people everywhere. It does not make any difference under what flag they were born, or where they live, I have sympathy with them all. I would, if I could, establish a social system that would embrace them all.

And now, gentlemen of the jury, I am not going to detain you too long. . . . I cannot take back a word. I cannot repudiate a sentence. I stand before you guilty of having made this speech. . . . I do not know, I cannot tell, what your verdict may be; nor does it matter much, so far as I am concerned.

Gentlemen, I am the smallest part of this trial. I have lived long enough to appreciate my own personal insignificance in relation to a great issue that involves the welfare of the whole people. What you may choose to do to me will be of small consequence after all. I am not on trial here. There is an infinitely greater issue that is being tried today in this court, though you may not be conscious of it. American institutions are on trial here before a court of American citizens. The future will tell.

And now, your honor, permit me to return my heartfelt thanks for your patient consideration. And to you, gentlemen of the jury, for the kindness with which you have listened to me.

My fate is in your hands. I am prepared for your verdict.

Statement to the Court.

[After motion for a new trial had been overruled, Debs was asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed upon him. His statement to the court was as follows:]

Your honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest of earth. I said then, I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it, . . . while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.

I listened to all that was said in this court in support and justification of this law, but my mind remains unchanged. I look upon it as a despotic enactment in flagrant conflict with democratic principles and with the spirit of free institutions.

I have no fault to find wtih this court or with the trial. Everything in connection with this case has been conducted upon a dignified plane, and in a respectful and decent spirit. . . .

Your honor, I have stated in this court that I am opposed to the social system in which we live; that I believe in a change—but by perfectly peaceable and orderly means.

Let me call your attention to the fact this morning that in this system 5 per cent of our people own and control two-thirds of our wealth; 65 per cent of the peple, embracing the working class who produce all wealth, have but 5 per cent to show for it.

Standing here this morning, I recall my boyhood. At fourteen, I went to work in the railroad shops; at sixteen, I was firing a freight engine on a railroad. I remember all the hardships, all the privations, of that earlier day, and from that time until now, my heart has been with the working class. I could have been in Congress long ago. I have preferred to go to prison.

In the struggle—the unceasing struggle—between the toilers and producers and their exploiters, I have tried, as best I might, to serve those among whom I was born, and with whom I expect to share my lot to the end of my days.

I am thinking this morning of the men in the mills and factories; I am thinking of the women who, for a paltry wage, are compelled to work out their lives; of the little children who, in this system, are robbed of their childhood, and in their early, tender years, are seized in the remorseless grasp of Mammon, and forced in the industrial dungeons, there to feed the machines while they themselves are being starved body and soul. I can see them dwarfed, diseased, stunted, their little lives broken, because in this high noon of our twentieth century civilization money is still so much more important than human life. Gold is god and rules the affairs of men. The little girls, and there are a million of them in this country—this the most favored land beneath the bending skies, a land in which we have vast areas of rich and fertile soil, material resources in inexhaustible abundance, the most marvelous productive machinery on earth, millions of eager workers ready to apply their labor to that machinery to produce an abundance for every man, woman and child—and if there are still many millions of our people who are the victims of poverty, whose lives are a ceaseless struggle all the way from youth to age, until at last death comes to their rescue and stills the aching heart, and lulls the victims to dreamless sleep, it is not the fault of the Almighty, it can't be charged to nature; it is due entirely to an outgrown social system that ought to be abolished not only in the interest of the working class, but in the interest of a higher humanity.

When I think of these little children—the girls that are in the textile mills of all description in the east, in the cotton factories of the south—when I think of them at work in a vitiated atmosphere, when I think of them at work when they ought to be at play or at school, when I think that when they do grow up, if they live long enough to approach the marriage state, they are unfit for it. Their nerves are worn out, their tissue is exhausted, their vitality is spent. They have been fed to industry. Their offspring are born tired. That is why there are so many failures in modern life.

Your honor, the 5 per cent of the people that I have made reference to constitute that element that absolutely rules our country. They privately own all our necessities. They wear no crowns; they wield no sceptres; they sit upon no thrones; and yet they are our economic masters and political rulers.

I believe, your honor, in common with all Socialists, that this nation ought to own and control its industries. I believe, as all Socialists do, that all things that are jointly needed and used ought to be jointly owned— that industry, the basis of life, instead of being the private property of the few and operated for their enrichment, ought to be the common property of all, democratically administered in the interest of all.

John D. Rockefeller has today an income of sixty million dollars a year, five million dollars a month, two hundred thousand dollars a day. He does not produce a penny of it. I make no attack on Mr. Rockefeller personally. I do not in the least dislike him. If he were in need and it were in my power to serve him, I should serve him as gladly as I would any other human being. I have no quarrel with Mr. Rockefeller personally, nor with any other capitalist. I am simply opposing a social order in which is is possible for one man who does absolutely nothing that is useful to amass a fortune of hundreds of millions of dollars, while millions of men and women who work all the days of their lives secure barely enough for an existence.

This order of things cannot always endure. I have registered my protest against it. I recognize the feebleness of my effort, but fortunately, I am not alone. There are multiplied thousands of others who, like myself, have come to realize that before we may truly enjoy the blessings of civilized life, we must reorganize society upon a mutual and co-operative basis; and to this end we have organized a great economic and political movement that spreads over the face of all the earth.

There are today upwards of sixty millions of Socialists, loyal, devoted adherents to this cause, regardless of nationality, race, creed, color or sex. They are all making common cause. They are all spreading the propaganda of the new social order. They are waiting, watching and working through all the weary hours of the day and the night. They are still in the minority. They have learned how to be patient and to abide their time. They feel—they know, indeed—that the time is coming, in spite of all opposition, all persecution, when this emancipating gospel will spread among all the peoples, and when this minority will become the triumphant majority and, sweeping into power, inaugurate the greatest change in history.

In that day we will have the universal commonwealth, . . . the harmonious cooperation of every nation with every other nation on earth.

Your honor, in a local paper yesterday there was some editorial exultation about my prospective imprisonment. I do not resent it in the least, I can understand it perfectly. In the same paper there appears an editorial that has in it a hint of the wrong to which I have been trying to call attention. (Reading:)

"A Senator of the United States receives a salary of $7,500—$45,000 for the six years for which he is elected. One of the candidates for Senator from a state adjoining Ohio is reported to have spent through his committee $150,000 to secure the nomination. For advertising he spent $35,000, for printing $30,000, for traveling expenses, $10,000 and the rest in ways known to political managers.

"The theory is that public office is as open to a poor man as to a rich man. One may easily imagine, however, how slight a chance one of ordinary resources would have in a contest against this man who was willing to spend more than three times his six years' salary merely to secure a nomination. Were these conditions to hold in every state, the Senate would soon become again what it was once held to be—a rich man's club.

"Campaign expenses have been the subject of much restrictive legislation in recent years, but it has not always reached the mark. The authors of primary reform have accomplished some of the things they set out to do, but they have not yet taken the bank roll out of politics."

They will never take it out of politics; they never can take it out of politics, in this system.

Your honor, I wish to make acknowledgment of my thanks to the counsel for the defense. They have not only defended me with exceptional legal ability, but with a personal attachment and devotion of which I am deeply sensible, and which I can never forget.

Your honor, I ask no mercy and I plead for no immunity. I realize that finally the right must prevail. I never more clearly comprehended than now the great struggle between the powers of greed on the one hand and upon the other the rising hosts of freedom.

I can see the dawn of a better day for humanity. The people are awakening. In due course of time they will come to their own.

When the mariner, sailing over tropic seas, looks for relief from his weary watch, he turns his eyes toward the southern cross, burning luridly above the tempest-vexed ocean. As the midnight approaches, the southern cross begins to bend, and the whirling worlds change their places, and with starry finger-points the Almighty marks the passage of time on the dial of the universe, and though no bell may beat the glad tidings, the lookout knows that the midnight is passing—that relief and rest are close at hand.

Let the people take heart and hope everywhere, for the cross is bending, the midnight is passing, and joy cometh with the morning.

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun.
That wrong is also done to us, and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all their race."

Your honor, I thank you, and I thank all of this court for their courtesy and their kindness, which I shall remember always.

A

The Torturing of Conscientious Objectors

America has been shocked to hear that conscientious objectors are being tortured in Federal prisons. As usual, it needed a concrete instance to awaken us out of our complacent habit of self-approval. But when we learned, mainly through the *Call,* that a Carnegie hero, Mr. Howard Wilber Moore, had been awarded a medal and money for having saved, at the risk of his life, a Miss May Hanney from drowning, and that when the award was made he was found manacled by his wrists to the bars of his cell in Fort Leavenworth prison, we all began to get excited and ask pertinent questions.

Howard Wilber Moore.

First of all, how did Mr. Wright get sent to prison; and, secondly, why was he being tortured and who was responsible? He was sent to prison, it appears, as an objector to military service who was shamming or pretending to have conscientious scruples. When in prison he worked voluntarily as an orderly in the hospital at Fort Riley, Kansas, during the Spanish influenza epidemic. But when he found at Fort Leavenworth that other conscientious objectors were being brutually treated, he refused to work, as a protest, and was then subjected to the torture of being manacled to his cell bars for nine hours a day.

Here is a man who has given, again and again, the most convincing proofs possible that he fearlessly obeys his conscience, tortured as worse than a felon.

Yet the Secretary for War, Mr. Baker, issued orders, we were told, on July 30, 1918, through Mr. Wilson, the Adjutant General, that if the objector refuses to perform duties which he states to be contrary to the dictates of his conscience, he shall not *"receive punitive treatment for such conduct."*

A few days before, on July 22, 1918, Secretary Baker had written to President Wilson that "we are now doing absolutely all that public opinion will stand in the interest of conscientious objectors."

Yet, some *four months later,* on November 26, 1918, Secretary Baker, in an interview with the mother of one of the men undergoing such tortures, showed quite evidently that he was not so well informed as to what went on in military prisons as he ought to have been. Mrs. W. E. Thomas described to him the tortures which the conscientious objectors were undergoing, explaining that she had sought the interview to expose the existence of these punishments, in the belief that if the Secretary knew of them he would not allow them. She informed him that she preferred to call his attention to the facts before making public protest in order to abolish such torturings. Then it was that Secretary Baker calmly assured Mrs. Thomas, in the presence of Colonel Chamberlain, that he *"was not considering protests from the public."* He wanted the prisons conducted in the *right way. "The protests did not matter!"*

As the responsible head of the military doings cared nothing for public protests, the matter was brought to the attention of the President shortly before he sailed for France. The President was visibly disturbed when he heard of the torturing, and promised to speak to Secretary Baker about it.

Then, in quick succession, came a series of events that startled and shocked and American people. On December 6, 1918, an order was issued by Secretary Baker that the manacling and hanging of the conscientious objectors was to stop immediately! This was the first intimation that the hundred millions of Americans had received that such tortures were being inflicted upon men whose sole crime was that of holding views different from those of the majority of their fellow-men.

Then followed reports of high officers being discharged from the army by Secretary Baker, after having been found guilty of misusing their power in the treatment of conscientious objectors.

Further discharges and cour-martialings will probably follow as the Secretary investigates the conditions at Fort Leavenworth, Fort Riley and Fort Jay.

The War Department is now apparently attempting to make up for the atrocities practiced upon defenseless and innocent men. But public opinion demands something more than the punishment of those who so inhumanly maltreated the men delivered into their care, and Secretary Baker does not seem to understand this. On Christmas day last he refused to [illegible]sty the 300 or more conscientious objectors.

The War Department is now engaged, it seems, in reviewing each prisoner's case, with the probable view of releasing him.

But the government must do more than merely review and pardon; it must atone.

The American people will not stand for such blundering, to call it by no worse name. Secretary Baker would be well advised to free all these men at once; it is brainless to haggle and play pedant. "Pardon's the word to all," as Shakespeare knew—the only healing word.

J. L. S.

Italy, already united in agreement and confident of success, as the French Foreign Minister has asserted. What are the root facts of the situation? President Wilson has more power than any one of the Allies; but surely we must all admit that he will be powerless against the three.

Yet the Allies all proclaim their adhesion in general to his proposals, and the end will probably be that the conference will give our President a verbal triumph and the highest personal praise and will then go quietly on to diride the spoils of victory.

The fact is as Clemenceau has already said:

"America is far away and only suffered for a few months, while France has borne the brunt for four years and more and must now protect herself." That is exactly what Bismarck said in 1871, when he took Metz and Strassburg.

Germany paid for the wrong in 1918: when will France pay if she retakes Strassburg now and the Valley of the Saar to boot? When will men tire of greed and learn that wrong breeds wrong infallibly.

One fact stands out as some consolation: in the main America is acting with absolute unselfishness and in noble allegiance to the right; "in the main," I repeat; because we have soldiers still in Russia fighting the Bolsheviki, and the foremost thinkers in our country are still gagged, and conscientious objectors are still suffering tortures in our military prisons!

Strange Affecting News.

On January 6, the *Call* published a most affecting piece of news which I can find in no other journal. It told how on December 13, "When President Wilson was on the train from Brest to Paris a strange crowd gathered in the streets of the French capital. The word had gone round and from here and there knots of mutilated men, the legless, armless and blind, came together in a great crowd of fifteen thousand. The police in spite of orders would not disperse these men by force, and so they massed themselves in the great avenue to cheer for disarmament and Wilson and a peace of the peoples under the red flag now forbidden in the streets of New York." A strange spectacle, truly a portent!

Wilhelm as Seen by His Father

The *Berliner Tageblatt* of December 11, published a letter sent by the Emperor Frederick to Bismarck dated 1886. Frederick was then Crown Prince, as his father, William I, was still alive. In less than two years both were dead, and in three and a half years the young Emperor Wilhelm had dismissed Bismarck, whose good offices are requested in the following manner:

"My son, Prince William, without my knowing about it, has expressed to his Majesty (the Emperor William I.) a desire during the coming Winter to be employed in the Foreign Office.

"I am decidedly opposed to his beginning in the Foreign Office. I consider it necessary above all things that he shall obtain a knowledge of internal conditions in his own country before he concerns himself with foreign politics, especially as he is inclined to exaggeration, and arrives at very rapid conclusions.

Too Ignorant

"His real knowledge is still defective, and he lacks the necessary foundations; for this reason it is extremely necessary that his knowledge should be raised to a higher plane. Later on, he might be employed in one of the Administration Ministries.

Too Conceited!

"In view of the immaturity of my eldest son, combined with his tendency to conceit, I must describe it as positively dangerous to bring him at once in contact with foreign questions.

"While I beg you to regard this letter as for yourself alone and as strictly confidential, I count upon your support in this matter."

President Wilson on Capitalism

In Turin, President Wilson gave voice to the true truth. No such ingenuous pronouncement has been made by a governor in living memory, but the confession is true only of America:

"The plans of the modern world are made in the counting house. The men that do the business of the world now shape the destinies of the world, and peace or war is now in a large measure in the hands of those who conduct the commerce of the world. . . . .

"*A country is owned and dominated by the capital that is invested in it.* I do not need to instruct you gentlemen in that fundamental idea."

The Burial of Austrian Emperors

A correspondent sends an interesting description of the rite observed at the interment of the Hapsburgs in the Chapel of the Capuchins in Vienna:

"When Francis Joseph was carried there to rest with his ancestors, the commanding officer of the Life Guards, clad in black and steel, thundered with his mailed hand at the barred gate asking for the body to be admitted. A monk within, according to the rite, asked in Latin: 'Who is it?' Thereupon the colonel answered: 'Franciscus Josephus primus, Austriae Imperator, Rex Hungariae, Bohemiae, Illyriae, Lodomeriae,' etc.

"The monk answered: 'I know him not. Speak again.' A short silence ensued, and then another dignitary said in a low voice: 'Franciscus Josephus, a poor erring wanderer, is seeking rest.' The monk then threw the gate open with the words: 'Bring him in.'"

A

Clara: This is good. I
how a cinq talk with him
last week.

Six Months, 50 Cents.

THE CRAZY SOCIALISTS

OSCAR AMERINGER.

BY OSCAR AMERINGER.

We are all crazy, only most people don't know it. I do. And this single virtue entitles me to address a few insane words to my brother maniacs.

In doing this I shall not appeal to their reason, because the brain of most folks is so full of loose screws as to place any attempt of reasoning in the category of lost motion.

Roughly speaking, there are two sets of beany bugs in the world. Socialists and others.

For my part, I am a Socialist, a crazy, incurable Socialist. If anybody could have cured me the Socialists would have done so long ago. They did their best and failed.

The variety of Socialists is legion. There are revolutionists, nationalists, internationalists, syndicalists, opportunists and impossibilists. All are impossibilists at bottom, but none will own up to it. Least of all the simon pure impossibilists.

In fact there are almost as many varities of Socialists in the world as there are Christian denominations in an Indiana county seat town.

Fortunately, there are a number of fundamental delusions common to all Socialists.

For instance, all Socialists agree on the brotherhood of man idea. Any comrade who does not is expelled, recalled, or otherwise maltreated.

We are against war because sticking a bayonet into a brother's interior is contrary to the brotherhood of man faith.

We also have a notion that by throwing five tons of bursting steel into a gathering of human beings we do not further peace on earth and good will to man.

Strange to say, many people who oppose the Socialists labor under the same delusions in regard to war. The only difference is that while our Christian brothers believe in the brotherhood of man they look toward war for the fulfillment of their ideal.

If we are to believe their weird babble, the late war was to preserve humanity and civilization.

In this laudable undertaking we have killed about 12,000,000 human beings. And if we believe the most illustrious spokesman of the civilized nations, the killing and maiming has only started. The best is yet to come.

However, let us not grow sentimental on account of a dozen million maniacs. There are plenty left to propogate the species. Even polygamy was promised to sooth the ravages of war.

Let us, like true imbeciles, bemoan only the so-called material loss of the war. This we are told is in the neighborhood of $100,000,000,000.

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Let us, like true imbeciles, bemoan only the so-called material loss of the war. This we are told is in the neighborhood of $100,000,000,000.

To get an idea of this sum, we may state that the entire value of all the improvements in the United States is about $100,000,000,000.

If we destroyed every home, palace, church, penitentiary, school, insane asylum, road, railroad, bridge, farm, mine or factory in short if we turned the United States back to what it was when Columbus landed then we would have about the same loss.

The energy and money expended on the war would have turned this globe into a paradise. It would have given every child a university education, built a home for every homeless family and paid an old-age pensin for every worker above 50 years.

The crazy Socialists have always maintained that mankind could do these things and the insane war has furnished the proofs.

However, let us not have Socialism. It is too good to be true, too sensible to be practicable. Why listen to the crazy argument of the Socialist when the shrieks of the raving maniac sound so much more reasonable.

Socialism is only a beautiful dream. Let us not exchange the certainty of hell on earth for the probability of heaven on earth.

Waco Semi-Weekly Tribune

The Vampire, The Fool--Kipling and After Kipling

"The Vampire."

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;
(We call her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste, and the tears we waste
And the works of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't' the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived, but the most of him died,
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

—Rudyard Kipling.

"A Fool There Was."

A fool there was and she lowered her pride,
(Even as you and I!)
To a bunch of conceit in a masculine hide,
(We saw the faults that could not be denied)
But the fool saw only his manly side,
(Even as you and I.)

Oh, the love she laid on her own heart's grave,
With the care of her head and hand,
Belongs to the man who did not know
(And now she knows he never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and her best she gave
(Even as you and I)
Of noble thoughts of gay and grave
(And all were accepted as due to the knave),
But the fool would never her folly save
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the stabs she hid which the Lord forbid
Had ever been really planned,
She took from the man who didn't know why
(And now she knows he never knew why),
And did not understand.

The fool was loved while the game was new
(Even as you and I),
And when it was played she took her cue
(Plodding along as most of us do),
Trying to keep his faults from view
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the ache of the heart or its break
That stings like a white hot brand;
It's the learning to know that she raised a god
(And bent her head to kiss the rod)
For the one who could not understand.

—After Kipling.

A

bought experiences in many fields where Dame Fortune has to be savagely fought for her smiles.

And so this long man who takes long chances has got into Currie, and Richland, and Laredo, and Luling, and Marlin, and Kosse, and Hunt County on a tremendous wildcattiing campaign. That busted ten-dollar bill has now become whole once more with more than a half a million brothers, and on that sidewalk where he felt his last dollar two years ago, there is now a handsome brick building on one of the best corners of the main street, with the word HUGHES carved in granite on top of it.

Hughes is in the Kosse field. He is playing it strong. He believes in it. He believes in it so that he has put his money, his power, his talent, and his genius. Other promoters are drilling one well. He had no sooner spudded in his No. 1, on the Hammond tract, than he gave an order to start No. 2. That's the Hughes style. Its the Fish Pond district over again. The first thing you will notice will be two streams of oil kissing the crown block with their golden spray right here in the Kosse field. And when you look at the sun through the golden sheen of the amber fluid, which, to my mind, as an old oil man, is the prettiest sight in the world, you may say to yourself, this is the Hughes way.

Hats off to the American promoter, the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and makes two oil wells gush where once was bust desert and sandy plain. Along this path lies civilization. The J. K. Hughes's will make it possible.

THE SECOND LOS ANGELES

Our readers' attention is called to the big double page advertisement of the F. Z. Bishop Land Company in this issue of the Cyclone. Since the last advertisement appeared the land has been selling very rapidly to the most solid and substantial farmers that can be found in Texas. These men who are putting their money in realize several things. First, no man in America has sold more land to more satisfied purchasers, covering a long term of years, than has F. Z. Bishop. To deal with him is to deal with a man whose word is his bond, as he has demonstrated in Corpus Christi, Bishop, Harlingen, Godley, and wherever his promoting genius has functioned. Mr. Bishop is a million miles from being a fly-by-night promoter. He is a Texan of Texans. He does not blow in from the north and blow out again, but his home, family, possessions and himself are here. And several thousand satisfied home owners are blessing his name today. Any banker in Texas will testify to the soundness of Bishop and his projects. And that's that. Secondly, we would like to call the attention of our readers to the fact that you escape drouths on the Bishop land. You get an irrigated farm at $75 per acre. You can ready bought from South Texas and from Taylor and Williamson counties. A delegation from Haskell, Jones, Stonewall and Fisher counties in West Texas, will soon leave for the purpose of looking into purchase of this land. Raw land that is now selling from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars an acre will certainly go at from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre within the next five years. The editor of the Cyclone, after looking into the immense amount of data that Mr. Bishop has presented to him, can positively assure his readers that if they want a home at a low price, abundant opportunity, Mr. Bishop has it prepared for them down near the Old Mexican border, and not far from where the Rio Grande flows.

Waco, Texas, Oct. 2, 1922.
Mr. A. H. Chamberland,
Kosse, Texas.

Dear Sir and Friend: In reply to yours of recent date, in which you requested that I give you some facts relative to Mr. F. Z. Bishop, allow me to say I am glad to reply to your request, first, because of my satisfactory knowledge of Mr. Bishop.

First, I consider Mr. F. Z. Bishop one of the most satisfactory development promoters I have ever known.

Second, I consider him one of the best judges of Texas land values in that he knows the quality and productive ability of Texas lands.

Third, I have found him to be thoroughly honest.

Fourth, I have found him to be a man who sincerely desires to see those succeed who purchase from him. I know a number of men who are now independent because they purchased South Texas lands through the advice of F. Z. Bishop.

The fourth thing I say is, I observe very carefully the faithfulness of Mr. Bishop to carry out the pledges he made to those who purchased land from him. I consider him a natural promoter. And he follows this line not so much to make money for himself, but because he really enjoys the doing of such worthy tasks.

Trusting the above answers in a satisfactory way your questions, I am,

Very respectfully,
B. T. GOODWIN,
823 Speight Ave., Waco,
Texas.

WILSON IN CONNECTICUT

The most gratifying thing at the democratic convention was the reception accorded the mention of Woodrow Wilson's name. The applause was not merely the perfunctory sort which delegates to a political convention always feel duty bound to give when the party leader's name is spoken, but a spontaneous outburst which obviously came from the heart and indicated a thorough-going belief in the quality of Mr. Wilson's leadership and idealistic attitude toward public life.

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The manner in which Mr. Wilson, broken in health and in retirement, retains his grip upon the American people is remarkable. The same spirit which causes pilgrimages to his Washington home and causes crowds to collect and cheer every time the ex-president appears in public was reflected in the attitude of the Connecticut convention at the mere mention of his name. Homer Cummings' tribute to him caused the delegates not merely to applaud, but brought the mto their feet in a thundering cheer, which could mean only that the Connecticut democracy believes in Woodrow Wilson and welcomes the opportunity to pay honor to him.—Hartford Times.

A

Lessons in the School of Peace

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"If a thousandth part of what has been expended in war and preparing its mighty engines, had been devoted to the development of reason and the diffusion of Christian principles nothing would have been known for centuries past of its terror, its suffering, its impoverishments and its demoralization, but what was learned from history."—Horace Mann.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts." —Longfellow.

Last December Mr. Edwin Ginn of Boston opened up the International School of Peace at No. 29 Beacon street. There was a house warming, and a goodly company of earnest men and women were present.

Mr. Ginn, after the pleasant social hour, welcomed the company in a warm speech wherein the motives and experiences which prompted him to found the school were set forth. He explained what he hoped of the new institution. He told how he had for years appealed to various rich men to unite with him in some larger provision than any which existed for the systematic education of the people in peace principles. The response to these appeals had been disappointing. He felt that some large beginning must be made by somebody; and so he had appropriated $50,000 a year to the work from now on, and provided in his will that two-thirds of his estate, after proper provision for family and friends should go to this cause, which he felt to be the greatest and most imperative cause in the world.

The room at No. 29 Beacon street is not only a bureau for the office force, but a reading room and a library, where the latest information touching the progress of the movement will always be furnished to teachers, preachers and all who are interested. Regular conferences upon the different aspects of the movement will also be held there.

The International School of Peace, which is devoted to the education of the people in behalf of international justice and fraternity, desires to cooperate earnestly with all women's clubs and other organizations which will welcome its co-operation.

Woman's part in the "peace movement" of the world grows yearly more pronounced.

In this country Julia Ward Howe conceived the idea of arousing the mothers of men to work for peace in the interest of the lives of their sons. She prepared a brief address to the women of the world, "praying them to take an active interest in the cessation of war."

From reports of the peace organization we find that there seems to have been, so far as the records show, no women members of the first series of international peace congresses from 1843 to 1853. A large delegation of women visitors went over from Great Britain to Paris to the memorable congress of 1849, which was presided over by Victor Hugo, and women in considerable numbers attended the meetings of all this series of congresses, though only as visitors and not as official delegates.

Since 1889, when the modern series of peace congresses began, women have officially participated in them, and also in the work of the peace societies in nearly all countries. In Europe the leading women in the movement are the Baroness von Suttner, of Austria; Miss Priscilla H. Peckover, Miss Ellen Robinson and Miss Frances Thompson in England; Madame Flammarrion and Madame Pognon in France; Fanny Patterson in Sweden and Countess di Brazza in Italy.

The Baroness von Suttner is, of course, the foremost woman peace worker in Europe—in the world, indeed, her varied services to the cause for twenty years, through her great book "Lay Down Your Arms," and her other writings; her work at the peace congresses, The Hague conferences and through the International Peace Bureau; her interviews with crowned heads and statesmen, her creation of the Austrian peace society, her persuasion of Alfred Nobel to consecrate one-fifth of his great fortune to the cause of peace, etc., are so well known as not to need repeating.

ated truth.

Instead of lauding the achievements of warriors, our school books ought to give some statistics of the cost of war.

According to a report made by Secretary Newberry to the senate, the cost of the coal used on the battleships during the year of 1908 was $3,163,000, increased by transportation and storage charged to $5,544,000. Evidently the voyage of the fleet around the world was an expensive luxury. He further reports that it costs over $109,000 a year to keep a first-class battleship in good condition. What has the nation received for all this expenditure?

Another matter comparing the appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1910, it appears that for the army, fortifications and military academy, they amount to $111,897,515.67; for the navy, $136,935,199.05, and for pensions, $160,908,000.

In Appleton's Magazine, Harold Boree states that the amount expended in the single year 1907 for military and naval purposes and pensions, excluding interest on the war debt, was for the four nations—the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Germany—$1,184,000,000, this country leading them with an expenditure of $359,000,000. In this connection it may be noticed that our expenditures in 1907 of $359,000,000 have been followed by appropriations for the coming year of $409,000,000, an increase in three years of $50,000,000. They were also more than thirty-seven times as much as the expenditures for the army and navy during the entire eight years of George Washington's administration.

Let us have peace!

There can be no more fitting close of this article than the following from Justice Brewer's address on the mission of the United States in the cause of peace at Atlantic City, June 12, 1909:

"Among the great forces in our civilization working for peace, more potent here in America than elsewhere in the world, is woman. I am not now speaking as champion or prophet of female suffrage. I note only the fact that the last half century has changed woman's position. She is no longer a purely home body, but has entered largely into public life. Whether voting or not, she has become an active and vigorous force in the national life. Her patriotism is as certain and as strong as that of her brother, and whenever the need comes, although she may not shoulder the musket or draw the sword, she does all that is possible to ameliorate the hardships of war.

"The Red Cross is her work and her glory, and the noble bands of women who are giving their time and strength to increasing its efficiency and extending the reach of its influence are among the heroines of the nation. But, while all this is true, you need no assurance that her voice is and always will be potent for peace. No mother nurses her baby boy and rears him to manhood without dread that his life may in its prime be cut off by the merciless bullet. She looks forward to old age in the hope and faith that that boy, in the vigor and strength of manhood, will be her comfort, support and glory.

"There never was a time since the beginning of days that women longed for bloodshed on the carnage of war, and the more fully she realizes its waste and destruction the more earnest will become her position. Nowhere in the world is she so potent a force in public life as in this country, and you may be sure that that force will be ere long concentrated in steadfast opposition to war and in favor of the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. She cannot be sneered or laughed out of her faith, and he who looks for public recognition will do well to take note of this fact.

"With the eye of faith I see unrolled on the canvas of the future a glorious picture, in which shall be seen every laborer dwelling beneath his own fig tree, receiving ever a living wage for his toil; every merchant and manufacturer pursuing his business and his industry without a thought of interruption by the ravages of war; and men of science and wealth combining in the achievement of more and more gigantic results, adding not merely to the necessities, but also the comforts and luxuries of life, taking possession of land and water and air, and all the forces to be found in them, and making them minister to human life. In the foreground will be seen that highest type of womanhood, the Madonna, and across her bosom will be these words: 'Mary hath kept all these things, and hath pondered them in her heart.'"

B

to be the greatest and most imperative cause in the world.

The room at No. 29 Beacon street is not only a bureau for the office force, but a reading room and a library, where the latest information touching the progress of the movement will always be furnished to teachers, preachers and all who are interested. Regular conferences upon the different aspects of the movement will also be held there.

The International School of Peace, which is devoted to the education of the people in behalf of international justice and fraternity, desires to cooperate earnestly with all women's clubs and other organizations which will welcome its co-operation.

Woman's part in the "peace movement" of the world grows yearly more pronounced.

In this country Julia Ward Howe conceived the idea of arousing the mothers of men to work for peace in the interest of the lives of their sons. She prepared a brief address to the women of the world, "praying them to take an active interest in the cessation of war."

From reports of the peace organization we find that there seems to have been, so far as the records show, no women members of the first series of international peace congresses from 1843 to 1853. A large delegation of women visitors went over from Great Britain to Paris to the memorable congress of 1849, which was presided over by Victor Hugo, and women in considerable numbers attended the meetings of all this series of congresses, though only as visitors and not as official delegates.

Since 1889, when the modern series of peace congresses began, women have officially participated in them, and also in the work of the peace societies in nearly all countries. In Europe the leading women in the movement are the Baroness von Suttner, of Austria; Miss Priscilla H. Peckover, Miss Ellen Robinson and Miss Frances Thompson in England; Madame Flammarrion and Madame Pognon in France; Fanny Patterson in Sweden and Countess di Brazza in Italy.

The Baroness von Suttner is, of course, the foremost woman peace worker in Europe—in the world, indeed, her varied services to the cause for twenty years, through her great book "Lay Down Your Arms," and her other writings; her work at the peace congresses, The Hague conferences and through the International Peace Bureau; her interviews with crowned heads and statesmen, her creation of the Austrian peace society, her persuasion of Alfred Nobel to consecrate one-fifth of his great fortune to the cause of peace, etc., are so well known as not to need repeating.

Of all living American women Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead of Boston, another director of the American Peace Society, chairman of the arbitration committee of the National Council of Women, and former president of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association, is foremost as a writer and lecturer and incessant activities for the cause, both in private and at the national and international peace congresses and conferences.

With Mrs. Mead deserve to be mentioned, in addition to those already named, a number of other women who, in larger or smaller circles, are loyal supporters and promoters of the great cause. Among these are Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, author of "Newer Ideals of Peace;" Anna Garlin Spencer of New York, noted for her fine public addresses; Mary B. and Helen B. Seabury of New Bedford, promoters of peace oratorical contests in the schools and colleges, and generous distributor of literature; Mrs. Sarah W. Collins of New York, long superintendent of the peace department of the New York Woman's Christian Temperance Union; Miss Mary E. Woolly, president Holyoke College; Mrs. Frederick Nathan of New York, Mrs. Ruth H. Spray of Salida, Col., and Mrs. Alice L. Park of Palo Alto, Cal.

The School of Peace is making some excellent suggestions. It says wisely that our bureau of education should modify the course of study in schools and colleges and eliminate to such extent as possible such literature and history as unduly inculcates the military spirit and exaggerates the achievements of war.

Too much of our history is given to the accounts of battles and exploits of war. Too little attention and respect are directed to the unselfish devotion of thousands of men and women in the realms of peace.

This is sensible talk and unadulterated patriotism. The world is growing away from the old idea that the only heroes are those who have killed the most men. The heroes of the future will be those who have done the most to make life worth living for the greatest number of people.

Mrs. Mead, in an address before the Peace Society, said:

"The modern woman is not a purely home body, but has entered largely into public life. Whether voting or not, she has become an active and vigorous force in the national life. Her patriotism is as certain and as strong as that of her brother, and whenever the need comes, although she may not shoulder the musket or draw the sword, she does all that is possible to ameliorate the hardships of war.

"The Red Cross is her work and her glory, and the noble bands of women who are giving their time and strength to increasing its efficiency and extending the reach of its influence are among the heroines of the nation. But, while all this is true, you need no assurance that her voice is and always will be potent for peace. No mother nurses her baby boy and rears him to manhood without dread that his life may in its prime be cut off by the merciless bullet. She looks forward to old age in the hope and faith that that boy, in the vigor and strength of manhood, will be her comfort, support and glory.

"There never was a time since the opposition to war and in favor of the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. She cannot be sneered or laughed out of her faith, and he who looks for public recognition will do well to take note of this fact.

"With the eye of faith I see unrolled on the canvas of the future a glorious picture, in which shall be seen every laborer dwelling beneath his own fig tree, receiving ever a living wage for his toil; every merchant and manufacturer pursuing his business and his industry without a thought of interruption by the ravages of war; and men of science and wealth combining in the achievement of more and more gigantic results, adding not merely to the necessities, but also the comforts and luxuries of life, taking possession of land and water and air, and all the forces to be found in them, and making them minister to human life. In the foreground will be seen that highest type of womanhood, the Madonna, and across her bosom will be these words: 'Mary hath kept all these things, and hath pondered them in her heart.'"

THE WACO TIMES-HERALD

AND TELEPHONE.

Daily, Sunday and Weekly.

BY WACO PUBLISHING CO.

Waco, Texas.

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Fred. B Robinson.....Vice-President
C. J. Glover, Jr.....Treasurer
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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CITY.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1911.

"TAINTED MONEY."

The brethren are after us.

And this because we recently said that "taint" does not attach itself to money.

The brethren ask us to read Deuteronomy 23:18 and Matthew 27:6.

The direction in Deuteronomy is to the faithful: "thou shalt not bring the price of a dog into the house of the Lord thy God for any vow." That, if applicable at all, applies to Mr. Carnegie—whom we were discussing—and, not to Mr. Carnegie's money. Mr. Carnegie is not to bring the price of the dog into the house of the Lord; the money which he possesses can carry no "taint."

In Matthew's Gospel we are told that the chief priests took the silver pieces which Judas had cast down, and said, "It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood." It was incumbent on them to make a pure offering, and this they could not do with money that was "the price of blood"—the guilt, if any, was theirs; it was they, according to the record, who had given him the thirty pieces of silver. Guilt is always personal; it can not inhere in substance.

If the brethren will turn to the sixth chapter of Joshua they will find an example of the point we are trying to make. This chapter relates how Jericho was destroyed, and at the twenty-fourth verse we read: "And they burnt the city with fire,

EUGENE DEBS.

Mr. Debs is a man of great force; one can not hear him without having his intellectuals quickened, and a man of that sort is always worth while.

Mr. Debs has reached the conclusion that the only way to grapple with the trust monster is to set up a governmental trust.

We can find nothing but evil for the people in governmental supervision. Down through the centuries this has been the case; theocracies and monarchies and aristocracies and democracies have waxed fat at the expense of the individual.

What is responsible for the conditions about which Mr. Debs so justly complains?

This:

Governmental interference with the concerns of the people.

The Carnegies and the Rockefellers are governmental products.

What is the remedy?

We say not more government, but far less government.

For it is so easy for the unscrupulous individual to use the power of government to his own ends, provided that government is not made to shinney on its own side.

The individual will take care of himself, as he properly should, if the government will only hands off—will only quit robbing him for another's benefit.

Following the great Civil War we forsook the teachings of Thomas Jefferson, and we are now paying the penalty. Unless we retrace our steps, coming back to true Jeffersonianism, we can here and now write it down that Eugene Debs is the forerunner of the inevitable socialistic state.

SAFEGUARDING THE CHILDREN.

"Ever since the people of America began to hive in the big cities there has been an appalling increase in the proportion of the population in prisons, hospitals, asylums, and other eleemosynary institutions," says a writer in the current issue of Harper's Weekly, with reference to the Child Welfare Exhibit which is being held in New York City. It is to counteract this tendency to the vitiation of the race that the exhibit was planned, and the most attractive part of it is the children themselves. "The time to build up worth-while citizens is from babyhood onward. The city child must have pure air, enough pure food and water, proper housing, warm clothing, attractive and decent

SEEKS TO DESTROY POWER OF MONEY

LENINE, AGED BY DICTATORSHIP, DECLARES TERRORISM TO WANE WITH DIMINUTION OF OPPOSITION TO BOLSHEVISM—USE OF BOURGEOIS IN PRESENT CHAOS IS ONLY A COMPROMISE.

(By New York Times-Chicago Tribune Special Leased Wire. Copyrighted.)

GENEVA, April 26.—I am able to send the authentic notes of an interview with Vladimir Ulianoff Lenine, the high priest of Bolshevism, which were communicated to me by a recent visitor to Moscow. Lenine has aged since his advent to power. There are gray threads in his short black beard and his naturally high forehead is made to appear still higher through increasing baldness. He speaks with calm, dictatorial deliberation, using only the simplest phrases. His voice and manner are authoritative. He sweeps aside all arguments and objections inexorably pursuing the thought in his mind. There is a gloom of hard fanatical intelligence in his eyes. According to minute notes made by my informant, Lenine explained his policy in the following terms:

"The first aim of every political party must be to convince the majority of people that its program is right. This task, although far from being absolutely achieved, is nowhere a great measure solved than the majority of Russian workmen and peasants today consciously adhere to the principles of Bolshevism.

Conquest of Power.

"The second problem is the conquest of political power and the suppression of resistance on the part of the capitalist classes. This problem could only be solved by means of a dictatorship of the proletariat which consists, so to say, in a permanent state of war against the bourgeois people who protest against 'acts of terrorism' committed by the communists, entirely forgetting what terms the dictatorship means. Revolution is in itself an act of terrorism. The word dictatorship in all languages means simply a rule of terror.

"It is likewise evident when the revolution is most in danger the dictatorship must be most pitiless. At first the danger was very great in Russia and the dictatorship proportionately severe. Today it is considerably less and we can almost dispense with terrorism. We have committed many errors in the past, but our disappointments and difficulties were inevitable, for it was impossible to foresee how the social philosophy of Marx which had never been put into practice before would work out in actual government."

Annihilate Money's Power.

Lenine is obsessed at the present by a plan for the annihilation of the power of money in the world. He outlined his ideas on this subject thus:

"Hundreds of thousands of ruble notes are being issued daily by our treasury. This is done not in order to fill the coffers of the State with practically worthless paper, but with the deliberate intention of destroying the value of money as a means of payment. There is no justification for the existence of money in the Bolshevik state, where the necessities of life shall be paid for by work alone. Experience has taught us it is impossible to root out the evils of capitalism merely by confiscation and expropriation, for however ruthlessly such measures may be applied astute and obstinate survivors of the capitalist classes will always manage to evade them and continue to corrupt the life of the community.

"The simplest way to exterminate the very spirit of capitalism is therefore to flood the country with notes of a high face value without financial guarantees of any sort. Already even the hundred-ruble note is almost valueless in Russia. Soon even the simplest peasant will realize it is only a scrap of paper, not worth more than the rags from which it is manufactured. Men will cease to covet and horde it as soon as they discover it will not buy anything and the great illusion of the value and power of money on which the capitalists state is based will have been definitely destroyed.

"This is the real reason why our presses are printing ruble bills day and night without rest. This simple process must like all the measures of Bolshevism be applied all over the world in order to render it effective. Fortunately, the frantic financial debauch in which all Governments have indulged during the war has paved the way everywhere for its application."

Plans World Conquest.

Questioned concerning the plans of world conquest entertained by the Bolsheviks, Lenine replied:

"The communist state cannot exist in a world of capitalist states. This is politically and economically impossible. The communist state must either convert the capitalist state to communism or succumb itself to capitalism. An apparent compromise between the two is conceivable for a short time but it can never be real and lasting. They exclude each other mutually. But it is with ideas not with armies we shall conquer the world. Capitalism carries on more effective propaganda for us amongst the masses than we ourselves could even hope to achieve by our own efforts. The international profiteer is the best propagandist. It is true we owe much to the war but I don't fear peace, for the incurable avidity and corruption of the capitalist classes will survive it and paralyze its healing effects.

"The cost of living, instead of diminishing is still increasing steadily in most countries. The lust of gain of international exploiters, bourgeois financiers, manufacturers and tradesmen is still unstalked, and they are conspiring to prevent the return of normal conditions, totally unconscious of the fact that they are preparing their own destruction."

To the visitor's observation that the Bolsheviki are nevertheless now inviting the bourgeois classes in Russia to participate in the administration of the Soviet republic, Lenine replied:

Need of Experts.

"The transformation of the capitalist state into the communist state is impossible without the assistance of scientific and technical experts. Inevitably these experts are today bourgeois. We have, therefore, been forced to adopt bourgeois methods and to secure the services of the most competent bourgeois specialists by paying them high salaries.

"It is evident this measure represents a departure from the principles proclaimed by the Paris Commune, which established that all salaries without exception shall be reduced to the level of the ordinary workman's wages.

"To a certain extent the employment of bourgeois specialists may even be said to signify a truce in the midst of our offensive against capitalism and a retrograde movement on the part of our Socialist Soviet Republic which from the first had promised and already carried out the leveling of high salaries in accordance with the principles of the Paris commune. However, it is but a truce, inevitable in a period of transition."

Student of Confucius.

Lenine entertains vast and partly mystical agricultural plans, in the conception of which he had been influenced by Confucius, whose works are at present his favorite study.

"Russia's economic part in the future life of communistic Europe," he declares, "must be based on the development of agriculture, the enormous wealth of which can largely contribute to the prosperity of which lies hidden in t In other countries the industries will supply international soviet Russia will produce th bread.

"In order to intens production in Russia i employ scientific met scale. Special attentio at present to the mar ricultural machinery. plants have recently b and are running satisf them under the direc specialists.

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"Russia's economic part in the future life of communistic Europe," he declares, "must be based on the development of agriculture, the enormous wealth of which can largely contribute to the prosperity of mankind and which lies hidden in the Russian soil. In other countries the development of industries will supply the needs of the international soviet community, but Russia will produce the workers' daily bread.

"In order to intensify agricultural production in Russia it is necessary to employ scientific methods on a vast scale. Special attention is being given at present to the manufacture of agricultural machinery. Numerous new plants have recently been constructed and are running satisfactorily, some of them under the direction of foreign specialists.

"It is a fact that several foreign firms which had established branches in Russia before the revolution are at present overwhelmed with orders for agricultural machines and implements by the soviet rulers."

Such are Lenine's opinions conscientiously recorded. It is evident that, in expressing them he was fully aware he is himself his most effective propagandist, nevertheless some of his remarks are sufficiently frank and illustrative of the sinister form of moral insanity which distinguishes the Bolshevist mind to be a terrible warning to Western Europe.

TAKING SIDES.

The heckler was not taking his beating at all well. At last:

"There are two sides to every question!" he remarked feebly.

"There are," agreed the candidate, with a suspicious frankness. "For instance, there are two sides to a fly paper, but the side he takes makes a lot of difference to the fly."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THIEF NEEDED FOUNTAIN PEN.

CHICAGO.—When two highwaymen stopped Wilson Van Tassell recently Van Tassell explained that he was "strapped—haven't got a thing but this old fountain pen."

"Fine!" replied one of the gunmen. "Just what I been needin' for a long time. Been neglecting my correspondence here of late. Must catch up with it tonight. Haven't got a stamp, have you?"

LINIMENT COCKTAIL LATEST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Liniment, sugar and hot water—recipe for both a beverage and a divorce. Mrs. Caroline Peterson was granted a decree by Judge Barrows in the Superior Court here when she testified that Charles Peterson was addicted to liniment cocktails. He took them, she said, when he could not get whisky.

Appear At Your Best—Instantly

If you receive a sudden caller or an unexpected invitation you can feel confident of always appearing at your best. In but a few moments it renders to your skin a wonderfully pure, soft complexion that is beyond comparison.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Inc.

This Pretty Girl Who Defies Age Uses Howard's Buttermilk Cream to Beautify Her Complexion

Tell N. E. Drammer and all good drug and department stores not to take anyone's money unless this delightful new vanishing Cream quickly shows a decided improvement. Try it today at our expense.

The first application of Howard's Buttermilk Cream will astonish you. It creates almost like magic. The most wonderful thing about it is the fact that while it turns the dullest, most lifeless complexion to radiant beauty and makes red by rough hands or arms snowy white, yet there is not the slightest sign of its use after application. It actually vanishes from sight and the most heated atmosphere will not produce the least shininess or greasiness of the skin.

No matter whether you are troubled with a poor complexion, wrinkles, puffiness around the eyes, freckles, crows feet or lines around the mouth, ugly finger nails, or just a simple roughness of the face, hands or arms caused by wind or sun, you will find that any or all of these troubles will quickly disappear with the use of Howard's Buttermilk Cream.

To prove this to your complete satisfaction, get a small quantity today at N. E. Drammer's with the understanding that they will freely return the purchase money to any dissatisfied user.

Beautiful actresses says, "A short massage with Buttermilk Cream at night before retiring is all that is necessary."—Adv.

New Hair Will Start Growing Today!"

A Powerful Secret for Hair-Root Developing. Also the New Way of Positive-

Says Government Suppressed Paper

(Associated Press Report.)

WACO, Texas, June 13.—T. A. Hickey of Hallettsville, Texas, editor of the Rebel, a socialist paper, is here and says the government suppressed the last issue of his paper and confiscated all copies numbering 20,000. Hickey says he had written an account of his arrest by federal agents in west Texas a week or more ago during a raid on officials of the Farmers' and Laborers' Protective association and this matter appeared in the suppressed issue.

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Some French Models Show Feathers Laid Flat on the Hat

BY way of contrast to the prevailing high trimmed millinery some new French chapeaux have come over with feathers laid flat on the brim. Some plumes have even been split in two to secure a more squatty effect. Anything for novelty.

The Worrier

TIME OFTEN SOLVES THE PROBLEMS SHE MADE HERSELF SICK OVER.

THE trouble with most women is that they worry before anything happens to them, and then when a real calamity occurs and they need their strength it has all left them on account of their sleepless nights and fretful days.

The story of the little girl who cried because when she grew up she might have a little baby who would drown is no mere fiction. It is, alas, representative of the sex.

Worrying never helped any one yet. It is the greatest poison in existence, slower in its effect but as potent as any the Borgias ever concocted.

The worrying woman is never a strong woman. Often she is made stupid by perpetually dwelling on trouble [illegible] more than one frantic borrow-

chances in life through her insane fear of bad luck and becomes unpopular with her friends because she acts as a wet blanket.

Cheer up, all you mournful anticipators! Things turn out well as often as the reverse, and many a woman dumfounded at her good luck exclaims, "And just think of how I worried over that!"

The great weak point about worrying and the fact which makes it absolutely of no use is that conditions rarely remain the same. The phases which present difficulties today may entirely disappear in a few months before the crisis occurs which we dread.

It is therefore worse than foolish to anticipate since we do not know exactly the situation we have to face.

Most worrying women are singularly impractical. They spend their days thinking blue thoughts instead of taking wise measures.

People who are busy accomplishing things rarely have time to fret. The worries, as a rule, are recruited from the ranks of the idle and—whisper it—those who have dyspepsia.

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CHEESE SANDWICH.

Put three ounces of good cheese, cut into small pieces, i mortar with an ounce of butter, a spoonful of made mustard and boned anchovies. Pound these ingr ents to a smooth paste and spread between brown or white bread butter. Cut the sandwiches into pr ty shapes and arrange them on napkin garnished with bunches fresh green parsley. Use a sandwi loaf one day old, cut into neat slic an eighth of an inch in thickness a butter thinly with fresh butter. Tri the edge.

TO WASH WHITE SILK.

Wash white silk in tepid water wit white soap. It should be rinsed once in tepid borax water, then pu through clear water twice. Finally i should be dipped in lukewarm wate to which has been added just a sus picion of liquid bluing. It should b shaken until almost dry, not wrung and ironed damp.

White Satin Cape and Hat

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Dates Unknown

Tampering With Trifles

By Judd Mortimer Lewis.

AND YET.

I would not want to endlessly
Look to the days that used to be,
And try to bring them back to me.

The birds of yesterday are flown—
It's ways are lost and overgrown—
The future's mine—and that alone.

There is no path by which to go
Back to the ways we used to know,
And yet—we used to love them so!

The elm-grove on the western hill,
And, in the evening warm and still,
The sad call of the whippoorwill.

And then the firstlings of the stars,
And darkness covering earth's scars,
And cattle lowing at the bars.

The horse's nicker in his stall,
And from the roses on the wall
A sweet perfume that covers all.

And down above the swamp a swarm
Of fireflies in the evening warm—
A pattern without edge or form.

And darkness growing dense—more dense;
The distant wood is gone—the fence
Is gone—'tis velvet, and immense!

Unseen the roosting chickens stir,
The barn is but a shapeless blur,
From the grass comes the cricket's chirr.

Afar on some dark-swallowed road
A wagon creaks beneath its load,
Nightfall sends man to his abode.

The house is lost, the home of yore
Is swallowed up and is no more—
Now light marks window frame and door!

About her tasks a woman sings,
And the faint breath of evening brings
A pleasant smell of cooking things.

And then the supper bell, and then
The heaped up plates for all, and, when
The supper's gone, home-talk again.

Then sister helping mother dry
The dishes—and time drawing nigh
For the beau coming by and by.

And then a pushing back of chairs,
And tired feet going up the stairs,
And shadows where the candle flares.

A mother's soft and soothing tone,
Then steps, and then a candle blown,
And children lying all alone.

And then the bright moon overhead,
And with their evening prayers all said
Old folks and children tucked in bed.

And still the roses' faint perfume
Goes soft and sweet across the gloom,
To lovers in a parlor room.

I would not look back longingly
To days and ways that used to be;
The future's beckoning to me.

The future waits, my course is set;
No time for dreams or for regret!
I'd not go back, and yet—and yet—

[illegible]

[illegible] THE TRAIL.

This life's a middlin' crooked trail,
an' after forty year
Of knockin' 'round I'm free to say th'
right ain't always clear.
I've seen a lot of folks go wrong—
get off the main highroad
And fetch up in a swamp somewhere,
almost before they knowed.
I don't pretend to be no judge of
right and wrong in men,
I ain't been perfect all my life, an'
may not be again;
An' when I see a man who looks as
though he'd gone astray,
I think perhaps he started right, but
somehow lost his way.

I like to think th' good in folks by
far outweighs the ill;
Th' trail of life is middlin' hard and,
lots of it up hill.
There's places where there ain't no
guides or signboards up, an' so
It's partly guess work an' part luck
which way you chance to go.
I've seen the trails fork some myself,
an' when I had to choose
I wasn't sure when I struck out ff it
was win or lose.
So when I see a man who looks as
though he'd got astray
I like to think he started right an'
only lost his way.

The Mule Wonderful Intelligence.

"Dat ol' mule knows dat plowin' time has come," said Brother Dickey. "W'en I gone ter de barn ter feed him dis mawnin' he had done kicked de do' loose, jumped two wire fences, an' swimmed de mill pon' ter de big woods. W'en you stops ter consider de few advantages de mule hez had, de intelligence er mere man can't hol' a candle ter him!"

LOVE'S CRIME.

George was a manly fellow, yet, surprising as it may seem, he was guilty of a grave charge, a criminal offense—theft, for had he not, many times, stolen kisses from his fair sweetheart?

Maude, one of the most lovable of girls, was equally guilty as an accessory; she received the stolen property. Each seemed to have perfect confidence in the other, however, and when sentence was pronounced by a properly qualified official, they decided to serve their time together.

They remained loyal to the end, neither making any effort to have their sentence abrogated or shortened, but during the course of their long term together several small offenses were directly chargeable to them.—J. W. B. in Puck.

MOTHER—A LAY SERMON.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall:
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

For several years it was the custom in some of the States to observe the second Sunday in May as "Mother's Day," even before it was so designated by statute or by proclamation of the governing authority. The observance had a small beginning; but the sentiment was so appealing that it soon spread, not only throughout our own country, but abroad. To those who honor father and mother as the Commandment enjoins, every day is Mother's day as far as it is possible to make it so, in recognition of her place in the hearts of her children. It is a place never wholly surrendered, however shared; for, "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive," whatever the physical separation due to circumstances, or to what we call "destiny."

Fortunate is the man or the woman who has grown up under the influence of a good mother, spared through a long life, and remaining to the last the sweetheart whose love is purest, most endearing, unstained by the jealousness of overweening selfishness. Other love chords may be loosened or broken, but mother love remains, constant through all life's vicissitudes. Though sorely tried, as it sometimes is, by ingratitude and a falling-away from her teachings and example, it rings ever true. Where others condemn and cast away, the mother's pleading for the wayward, as for the most upright and devoted, of her sons and daughters. To such she never grows old; and she is to be spared, with sorrow, only when God in His wisdom calls her to the peace and joy that are her reward in Heaven, there to await the coming of those she loves.

Happy are the men and women who treasure the memory of "the best Mother who ever lived." For that is the esteem of every good mother by loyal sons and daughters. It is no disparagement of other good mothers that this partial view is held. It is but the expression of the intense love and appreciation which are the mother's due; and the surest guidance in the path aright, the influence directed from her, after God has called her to Himself. It is the influence which halts the man when he fain would go astray; which calls him back when he has done amiss; which soothes and sustains him when in sorrow and travail, and lifts his eyes upward when all below is dark and dismal. It is an almost irreparable misfortune to have been deprived of a mother's loving care and guidance; to have missed the full measure of that filial devotion which is an inspiration. With the man who cherishes the influence of the memory of a noble mother—

Faith in woman kind
Beats in his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay.

It is meet that one day be set apart for special ceremony in honor of the mothers who dwell among us and in reverent memory of the departed. It is well that on this day we pay tribute to the living in floral and other tokens, and in prayerful communion with those who have gone before. But let it not be forgotten that the best way to honor Mother, or her memory, is to live as she would have us live. Wear a white flower, emblem of purity, in token of remembrance, and in honor of Mother's Day.

Dates Unknown

THE WOMAN SPEAKS.

(By Shaemas O'Sheel.)

Free me that I may help you be free!
Brother the night was long and
full of terror:
Let us forgive each other every
error
Before dawn breaks; when light
comes let us see
No haunting phantom here 'twixt
you and me;
Free me and I will help you to be
free!

Give me my freedom and you shall
be free!
When the dark door swings back
on rusty hinges,
Wish you a comrade or a slave who
cringes?
How will you face the future without
me?
What if my groping hands have
found the key?
Give me my freedom and you shall
be free!

Lo, through the night I've served
you faithfully!
Mine were the lips that kissed you
and no other;
Me you have called beloved, Wife,
and Mother;
Now what I claim is only love's own
fee,
The right to share Time's burdens
equally!
Lo, the road 'tis written: For the
Free!

Free me and evermore you shall be
free!
You make me your chief burden
and are bowed:
Let me arise and I shall be proud
To struggle with you toward the day
to be!

—Given

LOVE COMING INTO ITS HERITAGE

Mrs. Stetson:

Listen not to the word that would
would have you believe
That the voice of the age is a moan;
That the red hand of wrong is tri-
umphant and strong,
And that wrong is triumphant alone
There was never a time on the face
of the earth,
When Love was so near its own.

Do you think that the Love that has
died for the world,
Has not lived for the world also?
Filling men with the fire of a bound-
less desire,
To love all with a love that shall
grow?
t was not for nothing the White
Christ was born,
Two thousand years ago.

The love that fed poverty, making it
thrive,
Is learning a lovelier way,
We have seen that the poor, need be
with us no more,
And that sin may be driven away;
The Love that has carried martyrs to
death,
Is entering life today.

The spirit of Christ is awake and alive
In the work of the world it is
shown,
Crying loud, crying clear, that the
kingdom is here,
And all men are heirs to the throne!
There was never a time since the
making of man,
When Love was so near to its own.

FOR SALE.
A TIN HENRY FORD

For Sale—One Ford car with
piston rings;
Two rear wheels, one front
spring.
Has no fenders, seat or plank;
Burns lot of gas. Hard to
crank.
Carbureter busted half way thru,
Engine missing: hits on two.
Three years old; four in the
spring,
Has shock abosrbers and ev-
erything.
Radiator busted, sure does leak,
Differential dry; you can hear
it squeak.
Ten spokes missing. Front all
bent.
Tires blowed out, ain't worth
a cent.
Got lots of speed; will run like
the deuce;
Burns either gas or tobacco
juice.
Tires all off, been run on the
rim,
A dam good Ford for the
shape it's in.—Swiped.

Ballad of the Fly.

Baby bye,
Here's a fly,
By the state he's doomed to die,
Since he brings
Germ-like things
On his legs and wings.
Countless millions of the same
Have their lodgings on his frame.
His offense
Is immense.
Hang his impudence!

See him pass
Bold as brass,
With a buzz that full of "sass."
'Sz—'sz—'sizz!
There he is
On the grub, gee whiz!
See him with infected feet
Walking on the bread and meat,
Then the whim
Seizes him
In the milk to swim.

Candy stores
He explores,
Cakes and bonbons he adores,
And he hops
O'er the chops
In the butcher shops.
Watch him dance with plaguey legs
On the grocers' new-laid eggs,
Ham and cheese,
There he sees
Nurseries for disease.

Baby bye,
Shun the fly.
Pure food sharps will tell you why
'Tis no joke,
They will soak
Fly-protecting folk.
Therefore, get your little ax,
Slay the "musca" in his tracks,
Don't delay!
Haste to slay!
Little fly, good day, good day!

—Arthur G. Burgoyne, in Pittsburg Chronicle-Dispatch.

AMONG THE POETS.

INVICTUS.

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole
to pole,
I thank whatever Gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this pale of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the
scroll—
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

—W. E. Henley.

A HERO.

HE sang of joy: whate'er he
knew of sadness
He kept for his own heart's
peculiar share:
So well he sang, the world imagined
gladness
To be the sole tenant there.

For dreams were his, and in the
dawn's fair shining,
His spirit soared beyond the mount-
ing lark;
But from his lips no accent of re-
pining
Fell when the days grew dark;

And though contending long dread
Fate to master,
He failed at last her enmity to cheat,
He turned with such a smile to face
disaster
That he sublimed defeat.

—Florence Earle Coates. (From "Poems, Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1909).

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc. Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of Semi-Weekly New Era, published semi-weekly at Hallettsville, Tex., for April, 1919, State of Texas, County of Lavaca.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. C. Meitzen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Semi-Weekly New Era.

Publishers: A. C. and R. W. Meitzen. Hallettsville, Texas.

Editors: A. C. and R. W. Meitzen, Hallettsville, Texas.

That the owners are: E. O. Meitzen, Hallettsville, Texas; A. C. Meitzen, Hallettsville, Texas; R. W. Meitzen, Hallettsville, Texas.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

A. C. Meitzen.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1919.

Jos. Stanzel, Notary Public,
Lavaca Co., Texas.

(My Commission expires May 30, 1919.)

Statement of the Ownership and Circulation etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912 of Semi-Weekly New Era, published semi-weekly at Hallettsville, Tex., for Oct. 1923, State of Texas, County of Lavaca.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. C. Meitzen, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is a publisher of the Semi-Weekly New Era.

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Editors: A. C. and R. W. Meitzen, Hallettsville, Texas.

Business Manager: A. C. Meitzen, Hallettsville, Texas.

That the owners are: A. C. Meitzen, Hallettsville, Texas; R. W. Meitzen, Hallettsville, Texas.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE.

A. C. Meitzen.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1924.

E. O. Meitzen, Notary Public
Lavaca County, Texas.

(My Commission expires June 1, 1925)

Statement of the Ownership and Circulation etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

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That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Mergenthaler Linotype Co., New York.

A. C. Meitzen.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1923.

E. O. Meitzen, Notary Public
Lavaca County, Texas.

(My Commission expires June 1, 1925)

DEBS IS GIVEN A TOUCHING OVATION

SOCIALIST LEADER MAKES HIS FIRST SPEECH SINCE LEAVING PRISON.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 28. — Eugene V. Debs, leader of the Socialist party, made his first public speech here since leaving the Atlanta penitentiary Sunday, and was given an ovation that delayed the start of his address for more than an hour.

Hundreds stood outside the hall for hours after fire guards had limited the audience to 4,000 people.

Jean Longuet, French Socialist, in whose honor the meeting was held, was overshadowed by the demonstration accorded Debs. Huge baskets of red roses were showered on him by his admirers, and after the meeting the Socialist committee was forced to conceal Debs in a small committee-room for nearly an hour to keep the waiting crowd from carrying him away.

With tears coursing down his cheeks, Debs begged the committee to let him go out and shake hands with the crowd, and once he forced his way to the platform, despite their protests that his strength was unequal to the strain.

"I opposed the war, and I still oppose war. I would not go to war at the command of any capitalistic country on the face of the earth. I would have saved the lives of the 60,000 American boys who perished on the battlefields of France to create 30,000 new millionaires in this country," Debs said.

Ignoring the fight of Socialist party leaders against the I. W. W., Communism and the Russian Soviet Government, Debs, declaring himself a citizen of the world, embraced all three in the ranks of "the defenders of free speech."

Praises Communists.

He praised the nineteen Communists, including William Bross Lloyd, whose conviction under the Illinois anti-syndicalism law was upheld a few days ago, and attacked the act under which they were found guilty as a "disgrace to any State." Likewise, he said, he stood behind the twenty Communists on trial at St. Joseph, Mich., under a similar law, and would fight for the freedom of the sixty-eight war-time prisoners, "mostly members of the despised I. W. W., who are still in Federal prisons.

Jean Longuet devoted most of his address to an attack on Georges Clemenceau and the peace treaty of Versailles. Clemenceau, he declared, "no more represents France than Mr. Schwab or Mr. Morgan represents the spirit of America." The fundamental cause of the present situation in Europe, he said, is the peace made in 1919, and this was a natural result of a continuation of war until that time.

THE PROMOTER

By TOM HICKEY

King Ferdinand was a mighty man who ruled the Seven Seas.
His Armada was a lallapala whose sails kissed every breeze;
At least so he thought, until one day a sailor bold and grim
Broke into his palace and said, "To a new county I can swim.
can swim.

"But I need a boat for to promote a trip to the far off West.
'Tis hell and death and I am bereft although I'll do my best—
To reach a continent young and fair that lies by the setting
sun."
Said the King, "You are wrong, away—begone, you low down
son-of-a-gun."

Gloom settled on Columbus like a fog on Biscay Bay.
Then on his knees the sailor fell and slow began to pray:
"Oh, Madre Mio, tell me where I can find a boat
To take me to the promised land that I will soon promote."

Then a spirit said in a voice of dread, "Since with a man you
fail;
Go to his nearest kin and see that it is a female."
With courage strong he went along to the fair Isabella.
With instant sight she saw the light that moved this mighty
fellow.

So her jewels she took from her bosom fair and told him to
build a ship;
And go to the west without any rest 'til he found land where
the sun would dip.
And then come back the greatest man that ever lived in Spain.
He kissed her hand and started west upon the raging main.

To the western ocean far away Columbus soon set sail.
He fought the mutineers on board and an equinoctial gale.
For months he trod the slippery deck until he could hardly
stand;
'Till one fine day he received his pay when he gazed on our
own fair land.

And so it is with the wildcatter and his poor small promotion.
That often is as difficult as sailing an unknown ocean.
For nature's secrets down below are as hard to unlock
As Columbus' was in old Madrid when his ship lay in the
dock.
So hats off to the hardy men who promote with imagination.
One gave a continent to the world, the other develops a
nation;
By bringing the oil to the surface soil from the hidden depths
below.
We'll sing their praise to the end of our days for they make
this old world go.

THE LOCAL NEWS FIELD

Review of Events Throughout the Coal Region.

HAPPENINGS HERE AND THERE

Condensed to Smallest Possible Space and Presented in Attractive Form to "News" Readers—All of Interest and Newsy.

Foley Asks For Discharge.

Con Foley, the militant Socialist leader, who was indicted on January 6 last, of inciting to riot, in the Coombe Garment Company's strike, at Minersville, during August, 1911, applied on Monday to the court for his discharge, as his case has not been tried within two criminal terms as required by law. The application for a rule for his discharge was made by J. O. Ulrich, attorney for Foley, before Judge Brumm, and the rule was granted to be heard on May 27 next. Foley claims in his petition for the rule that he has always been within the jurisdiction of the court for the past two terms and that even his application for a bill of particulars was ignored by the court. During the progress of the Coombe Garment Company's strike at Minersville last summer, Foley visited the town and made addresses to the strikers. His action was brought to the attention of the court when the injunction proceedings were heard before the court to restrain the strikers from picket duty and other demonstrations against the employes of the Coombe company. The injunction was made permanent by the court, and Foley was ordered indicted for rioting and inciting to riot. The riot charge was ignored by the grand jury, but he was indicted for inciting to riot but was never tried.

MAY 8, 1925.

TOM HICKY, EDITOR AND SOCIALIST, DIES; NATIVE OF IRELAND

Thomas A. Hickey, who used to express the belief to his friends that he would live to the ripe old age of 99, died at 7:15 Saturday morning at St. Joseph's Infirmary. Hickey had barely passed the 56-year mark. But into those 56 years he had crowded experiences most of the stay-at-homes seldom reach as centenarians.

At the age of 24, Hickey came from Dublin, Ireland, where he had been well educated. But in coming to America he had been forced to flee Ireland in the steerage of a Transatlantic steamer because of his political tendencies. In New York, Hickey's prolific pen found ready market and he worked on space rates that were productive. He became a Socialist. Later Hickey drifted to the West. He went through the copper mine "wars" of years ago which involved the late Marcus Daly, Senator W. A. Clark and others known in big mine affairs. He even became a worker in the mines and developed a barrel-like chest which stood him in good stead in physical combat.

Hickey had a turbulent career as editor and exponent of Socialistic principles. He was a candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1912 on the Socialist ticket and rolled up a large vote.

Hickey was Socialist candidate for United States Senator once. He was editor of various papers, notably one at Three Rivers, where his associate, Jay R. Secrest, was killed about a year ago. Hickey left after suspension of the paper.

Hickey had lately been publishing "Tom Hickey's Magazine," a monthly, in Fort Worth.

When Hickey was stricken with illness two months ago he continued to say he would "live to the 99 mark." He retracted far enough, however, to tell his wife, who has a ranch at Stamford, to use a mileage book he possessed on the M.-K.-T. to take his body to San Antonio for cremation if he failed to survive an operation.

Mrs. Hickey said Saturday that "Tom's" last wish would be carried out and that his two remaining sisters in Ireland, both of them members of a Catholic sisterhood, would be notified of his death.—Star-Telegram.

The above tells of a man who lived for some time in Stamford. Owing to his extreme views sometimes expressed on the world war question, he seeming to dislike England, he gained some prominence here.

Tom Hickey, Editor and Socialist, Dies; Native of Ireland

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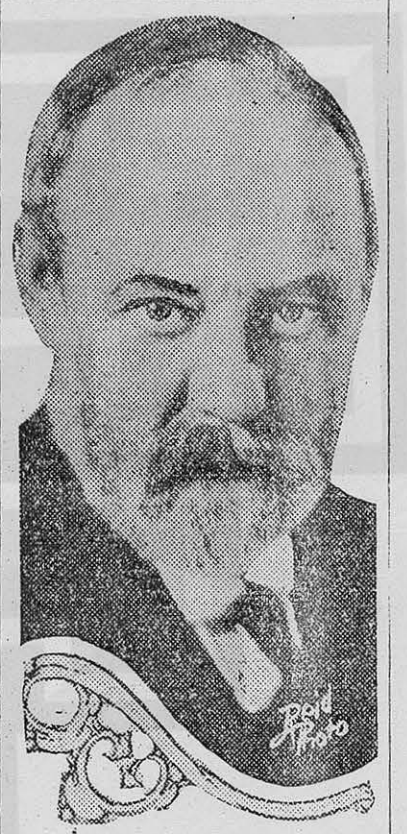

THOMAS A. HICKEY.

have got to know.

JOSEPHINE McGHEE.

October 31, 1922.

Miss Josephine McGhee,
Plainview, Texas.

My Dear Little Lady:—Your daddy tells me that you are an awfully good 10-year-old tot and he wishes me to answer your question because when I was a very young man I used to work in these deep, dark, damp mines where the rocks grind at midnight. It was in Butte, Mont., where the mines are 4000 feet deep and I used to work from 11 p. m. until 7 in the morning on what was called the graveyard shift. Sure enough, at 12 midnight the rocks would grind and seemingly stretch until the timbers that supported the roof would creak and sometimes move a quarter of an inch. It was as if nature was stretching herself and when you get to be a big girl and read your Shakespeare you will see that he knew about this because he speaks of: *"The witching hour of midnight when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."*

Now I am not just sure why slabs of rock drop off the walls of the deep mines and timbers stretch to the breaking point and particles of dust fall to the ground, but I do know that the miners have noticed these occurrences for years, and some of them say that it is because mother nature is protesting against the way that mankind is delving, blasting and digging and boring into her bosom.

I am rather incilned to doubt this very much, because the mother in many respects is a kindly old soul and she knows that men risk life and limb to produce the copper that makes civilization possible are engaged in a noble but arduous task. I am inclined to think that the reason why the rocks grind at midnight is because for more than 20 hours before the miners have shot off so much dynamite that the quiet hour of midnight gives echoes in the form of falling rocks that have been misplaced during the big day's work.

I hope that this answers your question, and if it does not, let me know and I will see Dr. Bosworth, the great geologist, and that mighty man of science who delights to answer questions of little girls like you will send you a personal letter that may explain this wonderful secret, which your daddy and I are joined in sending you my love.

TOM HICKEY.

A MISSIVE TO A MAID

By Tom Hickey

The regular weekly meeting of the oil men, brokers and lease hounds was held at the usual hour in the Birdwell Drug Store last Wednesday night. Colonel O'Guinn, the famous scout, was in the chair. He delivered an impassioned address on the necessity for farmers diversifying and pointed out in livid and lurid language that on his ranch in Maverick county by attending carefully to soil culture he was able to raise 95 gallons to the acre. After the cheers subsided the lone newspaper man presented the following very interesting correspondence, after

J. C. Baker, M. D.

Office With

Dr. A. T. EZELL

Calls Promtly Answered

Phone No. 68

which the meeting broke up with cheers for Josephine:

Plainview, Tex., Oct. 17, 1922.

Dear Daddy:

I have a question to ask you. In geography we had about mining. I told my teacher about the rocks grinding in the mines at 12 o'clock at night. I want to know the reason why they grind at 12 every night.

I sure do thank you for the persimmons and cane you sent us. They were both good. Be sure to answer my question as soon as you get my letter, for I have got to know.

JOSEPHINE McGHEE.

October 31, 1922.

Miss Josephine McGhee,
Plainview, Texas.

My Dear Little Lady:—Your daddy tells me that you are an awfully good 10-year-old tot and he wishes me to answer your question because when I was a very young man I used to work in these deep, dark, damp mines where the rocks grind at midnight. It was in Butte, Mont., where the mines are 4000 feet deep and I used to work from 11 p. m. until 7 in the morning on what was called the graveyard shift. Sure enough, at 12 midnight the rocks would grind and seemingly stretch until the timbers that supported the roof would creak and sometimes move a quarter of an inch. It was as if nature was stretching herself and when you get to be a big girl and read your Shakespeare you will see that he knew about this because he speaks of: *"The witching hour of midnight when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."*

Now I am not just sure why slabs of rock drop off the walls of the deep mines and timbers stretch to the breaking point and particles of dust fall to the ground, but I do know that the miners have noticed these occurrences for years, and some of them say that it is because mother nature is protesting against the way that mankind is delving, blasting and digging and boring into her bosom.

I am rather inclined to doubt this very much, because the mother in many respects is a kindly old soul and she knows that men risk life and limb to produce the copper that makes civilization possible are engaged in a noble but arduous task. I am inclined to think that the reason why the rocks grind at midnight is because for more than 20 hours before the miners have shot off so much dynamite that the quiet hour of midnight gives echoes in the form of falling rocks that have been misplaced during the big day's work.

I hope that this answers your question, and if it does not, let me know and I will see Dr. Bosworth, the great geologist, and that mighty man of science who delights to answer questions of little girls like you will send you a personal letter that may explain this wonderful secret, which your daddy and I are joined in sending you my love.

TOM HICKEY.

A MISSIVE TO A MAID

By Tom Hickey

The regular weekly meeting of the oil men, brokers and lease hounds was held at the usual hour in the Birdwell Drug Store last Wednesday night. Colonel O'Quinn, the famous scout, was

Romanism and the High Cost of Living—New York City an Example of Both—What Would it be if the Roman Catholic Church Should Succeed in Her Design and Hope to "Make America Catholic?"

New York City police force are Romanist, as they "officially" attended mass a short time ago, as was announced in the Iconoclast. Tammany Hall is a Roman Catholic Organization, and it controls New York politically. O'Gorman, the senator from New York, is a Cracker worshippers, and Romanism has New York City tightly in its grip. That's why we have the spectacle of a police force who are in partnership with and grafting on crime. That's why corruption and crime rule in New York, and in fact the criminal class are the rulers. That's bad enough, but the special staff reporter of the Menace, tells of how Romanism is grafting on the public in the same way that has made all the European countries where they had their own way, rise up and throw them out, and when we have had our noses rubbed in it hard enough, we will do the same. Here is what the reporter says:

"Every day in the week a swarm of Catholic sisters infest the wholesale food district in New York city begging for money and food. I have conservatively estimated that out of this district alone, they beg $2,000,000 worth of food every year. The wholesale merchants do not personally stand this loss. They add it to the cost of the stock they handle, so that in the end the ultimate consumer in Greater New York—be he Protestant, Turk, Jew or atheist—is compelled to share pro rata in furnshing food free to Roman Catholic institutions in this city.

This statement was made to a Menace reporter by a large commission merchant on Washington street. It explains one of the reasons for the high cost of living, which is a serious problem to hundreds of thousands of persons and which the federal government and various state governments have appointed commissions to investigate.

If, however, a paltry $2,000,000 a year was the sum total of their public begging in New York, the public would have just cause to congratulate itself. The fact is that $30,000,000 annually would not cover the amount that the people in Greater New York contribute directly or indirectly, voluntarily or involuntarily, to maintain ten thousand Roman Catholic parasites, called "priests," "brothers," "nuns," "sisters of charity," etcetera, in ease and idleness, in a countless number of untaxed palatial buildings called "nunneries," "convents," parish houses," "monasteries," and so forth.

It is next to impossible to go more than a few blocks in New York city between 8 a. m. and 6 p. m. without meeting one of the wagons which is used to carry the food, clothing and money obtained by the black-gowned beggars. The wagons are painted black, are driven by decrepit old men, and bear such inscriptions on the side front panel as "The Little Sis- [illegible] the

that is actively working to undermine our institutions. Already the tool of the Jesuits, his fatness, Taft, has paid the Pope $7,000,000 for lands the Church never owned, and had already been deeded in fee simple to the U. S. by treaty. He doubled the ward of the commission for claimed damages to Church property in the Philippines. He had paid in 1907, $320,000 to the Roman Catholic church for what the people of Porto Rico had said was fraudulent and between Taft and Roosevelt they put over a claim of $1,500,000 on a Cuban claim and Rome got it when it was so big a fraud that mules would have laughed it out of the corral.

For three years Taft has attended a Jesuit Church on Thanksgiving day, and established papal "military mass" in the White House grounds. He jumped the Jesuit White over Harlan's head as Chief Justice, made General Barry, educated as a Jesuit, Superintendent of West Point Military Academy. Sent a private personal envoy to the Pope, who was righteously drowned in the Titanic, and now the entire Papal Church press endorses Taft's candidacy and the Pope, and all the red-capped cracker magicians and old bone-worshippers endorse Taft. His fatness Taft could only do one more thing to show how he crawls to Rome, and that would be to don a cassock and gown, and walk on his knees to the nearest Catholic shrine, and beat himself before some priest, and make damned idiot of himself ge[illegible] How about it, John Henry[illegible] to vote for Taft?

JUST ANOTHER
ARO[illegible]

Some of the Socialists have been running after ye editor for some representative Democrat to reply to their speaker, Thos. A. Hickey. here sometime during his three days of mud slinging, but after consulting many of our citizens we decided that we could not afford to have a joint discussion with Hickey, who is not a citizen of our State, and who is a foreigner and possibly is not a citizen of the United States. Besides, individually we didn't feel disposed to furnish him a crowd to unload his rot upon.

Since the above was printed on another page of The Banner it was decided to have Mr. Grogan of Abilene to reply to Mr. Hickey and a joint discussion will take place tonight.

TARIFF DAMPHOOLS.

(By Oscar Ameringer.)

(From The Rip Saw.)

The paramount issue of the coming campaign will be the tariff. So says Mr. Woodrow Wilson. So says Mr. Taft. So says everybody that is going to save the country along the tariff route from the fellows who want to put the tariff up or down or leave it as it is. Great old game. It has been played ever since this country became a country on its own hook. The first congress of the United States enacted a tariff law for the protection of our "infant industries." The last congress did the same. And if there was one session of congress between the first and last one that didn't tinker with the tariff and change the diet of the "infant industry" then it has escaped my observation. Alexander Hamilton and George Washington used to chew the rag about it when men still wore powdered wigs. Daniel Webster adorned in a blue frock coat and brass buttons delivered flowery orations in favor of protection. John Calhoun thundered for free trade and nullification. It is a hoary, gray-whiskered old game, but it works and it preserved its drawing power long after three-card monte, the shell game and the gold brick stunt had lost their popularity. As a means of fooling the horny-handed son of horny head into casting his vote for something that affects him as much as the patches on the seat of his pantaloons affect the curl in the tail of a pig, it is a wonder.

Ostensibly the tariff was invented for the exclusive benefit of the American working mule. So was free trade for that matter. Anything to please the working man. Our statesmen and those who furnish the long green for their elections are animated by but one long, longing desire, to-wit: To serve the horny-handed son of toil.

Since everybody will talk about this precious subject before long, it may be well for an object of the subject to raise his humble voice and state in terms plain and bland how the tariff question looks to a working man who had the wool amputated from his optics. Let us, therefore, examine the tariff swindle from the viewpoint o fthe law of wages.

The Law of Wages.

Expressed in scientific terms this law says: "In the long run and in the absence of Labor Unions, the workingman of any country shall receive enough grub, clothing and shelter to produce their labor power and to raise a new crop of the same breed of animals who shall labor some more and receive in return sufficient victuals, raiments and shacks to produce the necessary working force and to beget and bring up their posterity who shall do the same thing. As the poet put it so beautifully:

"To go to work
To earn the bread
To gain the strength
To go to work."

HIGH COST [illegible] at high taxes and he hee-haws as horse blankets and harness leather soars sky high.

The owner of the mule may kick [illegible]ings, but the mule,

corn tariff fastened upon the long suffering American mules by the Republican party that is responsible for 20 cent corn. If we succeed, with your valuable assistance, to remove this outrage, then you can get 20 ears of corn for 10 cens and live." But Woodrow never finished the argument, because the side of the barn, borne upon the hind legs of a mule, started towards his countenance.

No, you couldn't fool the ordinary mule with the tariff question because he gets his pay in KEEP, but with the two-legged working mule it's different. He gets his keep in PAY. And his pay is never big enough to buy all the things he would like to have as the things he would like to have are too high in price for his pay. So when one politician comes to him and says, "You need more pay," he falls for it and shouts "Hurrah for protection and high wages!" But his buddy who works next to him follows another politician who preaches free trade and cheap living. Before long the two call each other damphools, and THEY ARE BOTH RIGHT.

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"To go to work
To earn the bread
To gain the strength
To go to work."

The working mule receives his keep in PAY and the four-legged mule gets his pay in KEEP. Observe the difference, kind reader. Don't get the two mixed. I don't want to hurt the feelings of the mule. He gets feed and shelter and a blanket in cold weather. All these things he gets direct. THEREFORE THE MULE DOESN'T WORRY ABOUT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING. He snorts at high taxes and he hee-haws as horse blankets and harness leather soars sky high.

The owner of the mule may kick things, but the mule, 20 cent corn. If we succeed, with your valuable assistance, to remove this outrage, then you can get 20 ears of corn for 10 cens and live." But Woodrow never finished the argument, because the side of the barn, borne upon the hind legs of a mule, started towards his countenance.

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SOME FACTS ABOUT THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

The Standard Oil company has a capital stock of $110,000,000, of which $100,000,000 is preferred. It is supposed to have a surplus of about $500,000,000.

The cash assets of the company, according to the last annual report, were about $388 a share. These assets do not include the value of the company's oil above ground, which is figured at $300,000,000 or about $300 a share; so that in actual liquidation the value of the Standard Oil stock would be about $688 a share.

The company has 8,000 miles of trunk pipe line, 75,000 miles of feeders and controls 70 per cent of the refining business of the country, having twenty-two refineries each with a daily capacity of from 15,000 to 30,000 barrels.

It has erected and maintains its oil supplies in nearly 4,000 stations throughout the United States, holds 80,000,000 barrels of oil continually in reserve, and requires 9,000 tank cars and 5,000 tank wagons to handle initial domestic distribution.

More than one-half of the company's refined products is consumed abroad, 200 vessels, including sixty ocean tank steamers, being engaged in transporting its products and this foreign business has brought to this country more than $1,000,000,000 of foreign gold.

The company employs 70,000 men, has a payroll of $150,000 a day, and in forty years of corporate existence has had no labor troubles.

SOCIALISTS GATHERING AT WHITE CITY PARK

The committee having charge of the Socialist meeting and basket picnic at White City Park Sunday hopes to be able to present Rev. Reddin Andrews of Tyler, Socialist nominee for governor, as the principal speaker. Another orator will be Tom Hickey, known as the Butte Miner and state organizer for the Socialist party. The picnic will be under the auspices of the Eleventh and Twelfth Ward Socialist Clubs.

The Socialists have announced their ticket and platform for the coming elections. Reddin Andrews of Tyler is the nominee for governor; P. G. Zimmerman of Anson for lieutenant governor, E. R. Meitzen of Hallettsville, controller; Alf Mueller of San Antonio, commissioner of the general land office; W. J. Bell of Tyler, state treasurer; M. A. Smith of Commerce, attorney general; Mrs. H. A. Fee of San Angelo, superintendent of public instruction, and M. S. Graham of Lueders, commissioner of agriculture.

The platform includes eighteen planks. Among other things it stands for the full right of franchise to women; the abolition of the poll tax as a qualification to the right of ballot; a graduated land tax on all farm land held for exploitation or speculation; that the tools, teams and implements of landless farmers to the amount of $800 be exempt from taxation; state ownership of cotton gins, cotton seed oil mills, cotton compresses, warehouses and other public utilities; and free school books for pupils in the public schools.

A district meeting of Socialists was held at Stephenville Saturday to elect a congressional nominee from this district.

May 16, 1924

Frontier Smashers

May, 16 1924

By TOM HICKEY

H. L. LARK is a very young man who is doing his level best to smash the last frontier by developing his beautiful 8,000 acre ranch that begins on the basks of the Frio river and extends over McMullen county into Live Oak until it is within gun shot of Whitsett on the Sausage railroad. There are some aged people whose years number 45 who would object to me calling our smasher young because he is 73 years young or four years younger than that other kid called Tom Edison who is workisg 18 hours a day at 77. Both of these men are living refutations of Dr. Oslers' theory that a man should be chloroformed at 60. I read a truthful story last week about a youngster in California that became a happy father of twins at 87. I know a rancher in McMullen county who has found that our gorgeous climate has so agreed with him that at 92 years young he is afraid to go out at night for fear the Ku Klux would take his interstitial gland away from him. All of which goes to show that this matter of age is a matter of mind nd if you live a clean life you will ink clean and then Methuselah will ve nothing on you as the years go iling by. I know how H. L. remains oung. He has taken the advise of his old persosal friend, Mark Twain, who when banqueted in the Waldorff on his 70th birthday said: "I stand at the top of seven terraces each containing ten steps and from that lofty height I gaze down upon you and will confide to you how I reached this eminence. I did it by obeying every rule laid down by materia Medica and the copy books. They told me early to bed and early to rise, I went to bed with the milk man; they told me abjure the soothing weed and I smoked more than a Pittsburg steel chimney; they told me not to look on the wine when it was red, I drank more than it would take to float the British navy; they told me to exercise regularly, I wrote my best books in bed where I stayed five months at a time asd that is how I climbed the heights. If poor Mark had done as Brother Lark did and come down here to the Garden of the Gods and rested on the peaceful bosom of the Lark ranch, that is more beautiful than the hanging gardens of Babylon, then we would still have him with us and our lives would have been happier as we basked in the rays of his resplesdent genuis. As H. L. had the wisdom to acquire his ranch in this vale of flowers and sunshine he will trip around like a gladsome child when he crosses the hundred mark and gleefully tell the angel of death to march on.

* * *

C. M. WEDDING is a frontier smasher who escaped from Isard county, Arkansas, where he was born 45 years ago. He says that he might have been back there yet instead of in this land of fragrant flowers if it were not for an accident that happened. He was plowing one day and fell out of his farm into the public road. A stranger picked him up and asked him how he felt. He told him that he was busy plowing rocks and had fallen out of the farm three times since sun up. The good Samartain told him about Three Rivers so he bought a ticket and has been healthy and prosperous every since and now owns what is probably the handsomest restaurant between San Antonio and Brownsville. He styled it the Ideal and it lives up to its name. He owns the Wedding ranch on which a big gasser came in recently. He says that between his land, his gasser, and his restaurant his guitar and his climate he would not swap places with King Solomon and his seven hundred wives. There is subtle propaganda because when the other denizens of Izard county read this story they will hitch up their oxen and hike for this Garden of the Gods. Come to southwest Texas.

ROMANISM AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

has been the deadly enemy to all American ideas, and is a conspiracy

n-e-v-e-r. He knows that the boss don't feed him because he loves him, but because he's got to if he wants any work out of him. Mule power is produced with hay and corn. Whatever it cost to produce the mule power is the wage of the mule. As a rule little mules get less feed than big mules, because little mules can exist on less than big mules. Just as children get less wages than grown folks for the same reason.

Now, let us suppose Mr. Billy Taft calls on this American mule and says: "Mr. Mule, I am honored to shake your tail. As the standard-bearer of the grand old Republican party I take the opportunity to inform you that I stand squarely for the protection of the American mule. At present, I am informed, you work for 20 ears of corn per day which costs only 10 cents. Now, 10 cents wages per day may do for the pauper mules of Europe, but no self-respecting American mule ought to work for such a meagre sum.

"The Republican Corn Growers' Association at convention assembled at Chicago has declared itself in favor of 100 per cent. tariff on corn for the protection of our beloved mules. We sincerely hope that you will exert your pull in the interes tof our organization, inasmuch as 100 per cent tariff would double the price of corn and consequently raise your wages from 10 to 20 cents per day."

Now, what do you think would the mule say to that gab. Well, being a four-legged mule, he would say: "Billy, I don't eat the noise; I eat the corn. It is the corn that counts with me and not the price and to save my gizzard I can't see where 20 cent corn fills a greater cavity than 10 cent corn."

In the course of time the corn tariff is passed and for months and months the owner of the mule would swear every time he fed him 20 cent corn. But he fed him the same amount just the same because he had learned by bitter experience that if he wanted the mule power he had to feed the mule 20 ears of corn per day regardless of cost.

One day a lantern-jawed individual under a silk hat poked his head through the barn door and said: "My dear Mr. Mule, permit me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Woodrow Billson. I came here in the interest of the grand old Democratic party; the party of mules by mules and for mules. I see you are eating 20 cent corn. Are you aware, my friend, that it is the pernicious high protective

[illegible]
ters of the Poor;" "The Sisters of the Good Shepherd;" "The Convent of Jesus Mary;" "St. Joseph's Home for the Aged;" "St. Monica's Home for Boys," etc.

Each wagon is manned by two black-robed sisters, usually accompanied by a little boy or girl, seven or eight years of age. The child is used as a begging-stock. It is worthy of note that such children are necessarily deprived of all chance to get an education, (even the kind given in parochial schools) as they are kept with the wagons all day from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Yet the G[illegible]
(society for the pr[illegible]
to childr[illegible]

ROMANISM AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

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Women! Who shall some day bear
Sons to breathe the free open air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains—
Answer! Are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our OWN dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hated, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be,
In the right with two or three.

"MY" SOLILOQUY.

By L. B. Irvin.

Yes, "I" will play reformer and use
reformer's tools,
To fool the fool reformers, and all
reformers' fools,
My grandstand play is all a bluff, I've
something up "my" sleeve;
I'll play "my" game most cutely, the
suckers to deceive.

There's many true reformers may follow in "my" lead,
And never think their blood's required
to satisfy my greed.
I've got a lust, a greed for power,
"my" blood is boiling hot,
And what I'll do when I've a chance,
affiant sayeth not.

So "I" must not proclaim "my" dream,
and thus expose "my" plan,
For fool reformers would get mad and
brand "me" with their ban.
I've lots of friends; "my" backing is
just as true as "Steel,"
But "I" must cuss them fore and aft,
with scream and yell and squeal."

For if it's known that the "trusts" are
backing "me" today,
The 'fat" will jump the frying pan,
and "hell will be to pay."
"I" want to see a government, a government that's free,
And if it ever comes to pass that government is "Me."

—Chicago Evening World.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION AFTER RETURN OF SUMMONS "NOT FOUND."

In Chancery at Birmingham, Ala.—City of Birmingham, a Municipal Corporation, vs. Peyton Norvell.

It appearing to the Register in Chancery for Jefferson County, Alabama, that City of Birmingham, a municipal corporation, has filed in this Court a list of delinquent taxes as provided for by law, and that in said list and among the properties proceeded against in this Court by said Municipality is certain property described as follows:

Lot in Birmingham Blk. 780, as follows: lot fronting 107 1-2 ft. on N. side of Ave. L, and extending back 162 1-2 ft. to an alley, and begins 100 ft. W. of W. line of 18th St., in City of Birmingham, same being taxes for year 1911.

[illegible] to the Register is named