

The Farmers Journal

Work Creates Wealth. Workers Should Own the Wealth They Create. Socialism Is the Only Way.

Vol. 6. No. 50.

ABILENE, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1910.

Weekly, 50c a Year.

OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY.

In reporting a meeting of the Taylor County Democratic Executive Committee an Abilene paper says:

B. C. Gaither resigned and in his place was elected T. A. Johnson of Merkel. H. N. Hickman resigned on account of moving out of precinct and J. W. Crayton was elected in his place. S. E. Adcock resigned, H. M. NeSmith being selected to fill his place. B. S. Hancock was chosen in place of W. S. Chinn, who resigned. In place of D. T. Harkrider, who resigned, J. D. Wilkerson of Ovalo was selected.

Well, that's some RESIGNING. It is also said that several other members were absent.

Socialist farmers of Caddo county, Okla., are cultivating 20 acres in broom corn, the proceeds of which will go to the state Socialist campaign fund. The Oklahoma Pioneer, of Oklahoma City, prints a picture of fifteen men, with teams, plowing the ground. "This is the dauntless spirit of the new revolution, against which the powers of capitalism cannot stand," says the Pioneer.

When a man says, "I can be a true and genuine Christian and support the present economic system, with a full knowledge of its ethics before me," he makes it plain that he does not know what genuine Christianity is, or else he is blind to the moral phases and sequences of the present economic system.

The new Socialist city administration of Milwaukee has discovered that the street railway owners of that city owe \$72,000 license fees which they have been dodging for years. Strange the old party officials couldn't find such enormous delinquencies.

Judge Poindexter says he stands for organized labor in every possible form. The judge is mistaken. He may think he does, but he doesn't. Labor organized in a political form—how long would he stand for that?

Do the old-partyites dig up more for Socialist than for old-party papers?

UNCLE SAM RUNS A SHOP.

With a daily capacity of 1,500,000 Uncle Sam is now printing his own postal cards in his own printing office. The capacity soon will be increased to 3,500,000 a day, and a new card of hard surface white paper will be substituted for the present cream colored design. This card will be of an excellent quality of paper and of attractive design. It will be more flexible and will take ink much better than the old yellow card.—Post City (Tex.) Post.

That's all right, as far as it goes, but where does Uncle Sam get the cardboard on which to print his own postal cards in his own printing office? Gets it from the paper trust, we presume, and gets skinned, just as he does when he gets armor plate for his battleships from the Carnegie plant, or when he buys anything else that he has to have. If the people (Uncle Sam) can print their own postal cards in their own printing office, why can't the people make their own cardboard in their own paper mill and avoid getting skinned by the paper trust? But they couldn't run a paper mill without machinery and material, so they would be up against other trusts with long skinning knives unless they had their own raw material and facilities for manufacturing machinery. The only way on earth the people can keep from getting skinned in some way by somebody is to make everything they need themselves, instead of buying things from trust magnates who hire them made for the least the makers can live on, and sell them for "all the traffic will bear." You know the masses of the people are getting skinned continuously and unmerci-

fully, going and coming. The one bare fact that there are millionaires in this country proves it. No man can make half a million dollars in a lifetime. If he gets it, he must in some way get it from the people who make it. The method is usually by getting legal possession of the means which the people must use in making it. When you have all the bait available, you can make the rest of the crowd do all the fishing and divide fish with you. If there is any way by which the people may avoid getting skinned in the making and distributing of things except through the collective ownership, community ownership, PUBLIC ownership of ALL the means necessary to make and distribute such things, it is the civic duty of the anti-Socialist to suggest that way.

Once upon a time there was a funny sort of a fellow who lived under property qualification laws. About the only property he had was a donkey worth \$25. This qualified him as a voter. But the donkey died, and at the next election his former owner was barred from the ballot box. Then this funny man asked this funny question: "Was it meself that voted here before, or was it me donkey?"

When the Senior Davenport died a few months ago the Breckenridge Democrat, the town of Breckenridge and the cause of decent Democratic politics in Stephens county suffered a very great loss.

BEN FRANKLIN SAID IT.

Benjamin Franklin, in the constitutional convention, is responsible for this assault upon our sacred institutions:

"Private property is the creature of society, and as such is subject to the demands of society, even to the last farthing."

What would be said of a Socialist in these latter days who would go to such radical extremes? Nothing belongs to the individual in an absolute sense, not even one farthing, according to Ben Franklin. Society has the right to take it all. We Socialists are mild. We insist that society should take only the means of producing and distributing private property. That would equalize the opportunities to earn and own private property, and it's the opportunities, not the private property, that Socialism is going to equalize.

If Franklin was right, are the Socialists wrong?

SOCIALISM

The Subject That Now Agitates the Whole World.

Come out and hear it discussed. Every one who works for a living is vitally interested.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

By _____
At _____
Date _____

Remember that we print the above in enlarged form as a Speakers' Handbill. We print it in big black-face type on white paper 6 by 9 inches in size. By filling in the blank lines with ink or pencil they are good for any Socialist speaking, anywhere, at any time. We furnish them, postpaid—

1,000 for \$2. 500 for \$1. 250 for 50c.

When requested, we insert speaker's name without additional charge. Let us help you in this way to advertise your meetings. There's no better way.

"There is also a shortage of \$5 bills," says the Treasury Department at Washington. We had also noticed it.

A correspondent suggests this: "If a few men with peculiar VIEWS in regard to free love constitute the Socialist party, are we to conclude that a few preachers with peculiar PRACTICES in regard to free love constitute the church?"

When it comes to loafers, Socialism makes no distinction between rich loafers and poor loafers. To the student in economics who believes that the man who enjoys good things should in some way earn good things, all idlers look alike.

The property owners, as a class distinct from the workers who make property, are going to insist more and more upon a property qualification for voting. In one way and another the property makers are to be shorn of their voting strength by the property takers. If a majority of the makers consent to it, who blames the takers? Are you one of the workers? Better vote the workers' ticket while you CAN vote—provided you are not already horned off.

Under Socialism it would take a majority vote of the people themselves to abolish marriage and let love loose. Under the present system the little old legislature can turn the trick at one roll call. Do the Reverend Hams and the Tom Watsons believe that under the referendum of Socialism a majority of the people would vote to do away with the relation of husband and wife? No! The Reverend Hams and the Tom Watsons don't believe anything of the kind; and in pretending to believe it and trying to make others believe it they are dishonest with themselves, dishonest with their fellow beings and dishonest before God—dirty dishonest.

The Farmers Journal.

J. L. HICKS Editor and Publisher.

Office upstairs, East Side Pine Street, No. 139½.

Entered at the postoffice at Abilene, Tex., as second-class mail matter.

The Journal is not sent on credit. If it comes to you regularly, somebody has paid for it; and it stops promptly when time is out.

On account of limited space, contributed articles cannot be handled; but send notices of meetings, the speakers' dates, reports of party progress, etc.

Weekly, 50c a year; 6 mo., 25c; 10 weeks, 10c. In connection with Appeal to Reason or National Rip-Saw, 75c; with the International Socialist Review or Dallas Semi-Weekly News, \$1.25.



CRIMSONED CHRONICLES.

Under this caption the Dallas News a short time back reproduced and commented on a paragraph in The Journal, as follows:

A pretty young lady said to this ugly editor the other day: "That sure was a fine paragraph in The Journal against children studying bloody war history in school." Now, young man, they told you that you could win the heart of any of the fair ones by exhibiting the qualities of a bold and desperate warrior, but don't you try any such shines if she's a SOCIALIST girl.—Farmers Journal (Abilene).

If children do not study bloody history, their historical researches will be limited. Most history is written in blood. The warriors have been nuts for the historians since Xenophon's time. Even the first faint tracks discernable upon the historic sands of Egypt are crimsoned with blood, and every chapter, from the beginning of the written records down to the days of the Ptolemies, is gory. However, as that is profane history, nothing better could be expected of it; yet when we turn to sacred writ we find Cain slaying Abel right at the start. There's no use talking—man has been a red-handed monster from the first.—Dallas News.

That's every word true, and "pity 'tis 'tis true." But many other things are true of the crimsoned past of which an intimate knowledge would not serve to make better, happier or more useful men and women of the boys and girls of this generation. Man progresses only as he pulls himself away from those animal propensities and strivings for mastery which mark more distinctively his earlier environments, and when we older ones lead the little boy over the bloody fields and tell him how many met death on either side, which army fought with greater desperation and won the day, what military chieftains covered themselves with glory and with their swords carved their way to fame undying—when we require the little boy to learn all this "by heart," thus inciting within his young breast, wherein still lurk the carnal instincts of prehistoric man, an early love of the bivouac, an ear itching to hear the martial note and an ambition to wear the epaulettes, we are making it harder

instead of easier for him in after years to pull himself and his associates away from the underworld and up toward the life that is higher and happier. It may be said that in this we are ultra sentimental. Say it, if you will, but we make the contention in all seriousness. If we can't have history in school except it be gory; if we can't give our youths a knowledge of the past without leading them through scenes of carnage and having them listen to the groans of dying soldiers and look into the glazed, upturned eyes of dead soldiers, giving them a lust for more blood, we had better cut out history altogether; or, at most—to use an inelegant expression that fits in exactly right—"hit only the high places."

The editor of The Journal glories in being identified with a great world movement—Socialism—that under the flag of every nation seeks the adjustment of differences, not the bloody way but the brainy way, the peaceful way, the divine way.

THE DRINK DEMON, AND ANOTHER DEMON.

Yes, brother man in the pulpit, the drink demon DOES rob the children of food, clothing and shelter. And because the drink demon does this, you are justified in warring against him. But there is another demon, a three-headed monster—RENT, INTEREST, PROFIT—which likewise robs millions of children whose fathers do NOT drink. If it's food, clothing and shelter that you want the children to have, why pet and pamper one monster that robs them of these things while you are stabbing and stoning another? If you would NOT destroy this other demon, WHY? If you WOULD destroy him, then HOW?

If a preacher will discuss Socialism as an economic problem—which it is—we will never, in the discussion, refer to the fact that he is a preacher. But if he MUST and WILL treat it as a "free love" proposition—which it is NOT—the consequences be upon him.

Sure enough, the big landholders of Oklahoma are applying to the courts for injunctions against the collection of taxes due under the graduated land tax law. The courts may spare that law, but we look for the judicial big stick to come down on it hard.

TOM HICKEY'S COLUMN

(Written for The Journal.)

FRANK O'DUFFY.

Comes my friend Ben Lauderdale of Stephens county and says:

"My Dear Tom: I have been elected encampment manager. The big affair will be held in August. Any pointers you can give will be appreciated."

Well, Ben, there is a bunch of good citizens like yourself all wanting encampment pointers, so I do not know that I can do better than tell you the story of Frank O'Duffy.

After the Labor Day meeting in Big Springs last year I went to St. Louis. The Frisco pulled into Hugo, Okla., at 11 o'clock p. m. Looking out the smoker window I saw an enormous crowd on the depot platform. I asked an excited citizen what caused such a great multitude of people in such a small burg. "DEBS," was the immediate reply. "The big fellow talked to 5,000 people tonight, and has drawn us all into the Socialist party, thank God!"

On the way down to the next town he told me enough to make me anxious to meet the man who managed the encampment that had brought "the big fellow" to Hugo.

On my return to Texas I stopped off at Hugo and met the man—Comrade Frank O'Duffy. He manages the Western Union office for the magnificent salary of \$50 a month. I found a quiet young Kentucky Irishman about thirty years old, with more energy than a Roosevelt press agent. For three hours we talked encampment, and this is the tale boiled down as it fell from his lips:

"Last April I was the only Socialist in Hugo, and they were scarce in the county. I read in the Appeal that a large number of encampments would be held in the state. I took a sheet of paper, headed it 'Socialist Encampment Subscription,' and went to work. The president of the principal bank subscribed to the fund, and practically every business man in town. I told them we would put Hugo on the map, and we did. I raised \$350 in two days, and sent off the necessary guarantee money to get Debs for one night and Ameringer, the brass band and Walter Thomas Mills. There were 5,000 people in town the night Debs spoke, and then we organized a local with 78 charter members. The coming year we will do better. Everybody was pleased, business men and all. All that is needed is some live, intelligent work, and any town of 5,000 people can do what we did here."

"Yes, you Irish son of a gun," said I, "they can if they have an O'Duffy to push the game along."

So, Ben, as Dooley says, there ye

are. Do as O'Duffy did and all will be well; and I know that you can do it.

T. A. HICKEY.

[P. S.—Say, Hicks, what would this world be without the Irish, anyhow?
T. A. H.]

"Through his industry, frugality and foresight he succeeded in building up a fortune estimated at many millions." That's not the truth. The truth is that he succeeded in GETTING OTHERS to build up that fortune for him. In some way he got possession of the means that they had to use in order to build, and having gotten this advantage over them he used it, and we don't blame him. But those "others" are big old bone-headed fools for not voting to make it impossible for individuals to monopolize the builders' means and get such advantage over them.

"Please send a few copies of The Journal of May 25. Among all the papers I take, your issue of that date contains the first word I have seen that gave men warning of the slight hold they have upon the ballot, and of the little distance between them and the soldiers' barracks. Keep it ever before the people. Remember that Roosevelt expects to be Theodore I. of the United States."—Ria B. Bruce, Lindola Heights, Wash.

"Buy land; buy it now; land will soon be all gone!" Just dwell a moment on that thought—"land will soon be ALL GONE!" Gone where? Some boy, some day, is going to blush when he finds stuff like that in back numbers of his daddy's old-party paper.

J. G. Wilson of Glen Cove, Tex., sends \$2 for 1,000 Speakers' Handbills. He can spread them all over Coleman county and advertise Socialist speakings thoroughly, at small cost.

WE'LL QUIT IF THEY'LL QUIT.

If a clean, sober, serious, manly man were going to try to convince enlightened people that the Methodist church was not worthy of encouragement, but that it ought to be frowned out of favor and denied recognition, he would not quote press dispatches like the two given below, which are clipped from a Chicago paper:

Rock Island, Ill., June 9.—Arrested late at night in the lobby of a local hotel, where he had registered with Miss Zoe Swain as husband and wife, the Rev. James Lewis, pastor of a Methodist Church at Brighton, paid a fine of \$50 and took the first train for the West. The girl, who is only 18 years old, was set free and turned over to a relative living there. Lewis is 35 years of age and has a wife and two children at Brighton.

Schenectady, N. Y., June 8.—After a spirited bugging race, the Rev. Clinton Dewitt Sharpe, pastor of a Methodist chapel in this city, succeeded in eloping with the 14-year-old daughter of Asa Wittaker, a farmer of South Schenectady, Sunday evening. The Rev. Mr. Sharpe, a young man of about 30 years, tall, very sober and modest in mien, came here several months ago as a revivalist. Although he has a wife, he soon became infatuated with one of his congregation, Miss Julia Wittaker, and began paying her marked attention. Julia is large for her age, a brunette and strikingly pretty.

But we are not seeking to discredit the Methodist church or to bring its doctrines into disrepute, therefore we have a different purpose in quoting the above news items. That purpose is to administer a much-deserved rebuke to certain preachers who seem to think they are called, chosen, anointed and set apart to check the growth of Socialism by holding up before the world the moral obliquities of certain of its individual champions. This is not the correct way to meet and treat the claims of Socialism, and if the republication of incidents such as the above, and such as Comrade Hickey has been presenting, will serve to show these certain preachers that it is not the correct way, it is hoped that the rest of The Journal's readers will see the point and pardon Comrade Hickey and the editor. Preachers are human. Socialists are human. And if no preacher will henceforth seek to cast odium upon the Socialist movement by pointing to the foibles and frailties of individual Socialists, we feel like guaranteeing that no Socialist speaker or writer will so far forget his high calling as to inflict upon his hearers or his readers a recital of the unclean and criminal things which individual preachers have done and are doing.

Are Texas Socialists paying as much for Socialist as for capitalist papers?

Crider's Dates.

Dan C. Crider authorizes us to publish speaking dates for him as follows:

Hog Valley, June 14, 15; Crosscut, 16, 17; Grosvenor, 18, 19; Thrifty, 20, 21; Weeden, 22, 23; Byrd's, 24, 25; Holder, 26-28.

He calls for a bundle of Journals to distribute and solicit subscriptions, and this is what every Socialist speaker in Texas should do. The Journal has gone into the brush and opened up many a little clearing, where speakers have come along later and organized locals. Besides, if The Journal is worth anything to the Socialist movement, every worker for Socialism ought to help scatter it.

Milt Richardson of McMinnville, Ore., sends two 50c renewals and says: "It is a good thing the Populist party failed, since its most prominent leader, Tom Watson, has turned out as he has. I can almost see the hand of God moving in the defeat of Populism, and I don't belong to the church, either. Keep up the good work. The sun of Socialism has surely risen. Its rays are beginning to penetrate the dark places all over the land, and a few years more will find it shining in all its splendor."

Some are letting their subs expire without renewing. Maybe they just can't rustle the money. Maybe some think we are robbing them on the price of it. Maybe they are really tired of it, and have a right to be, on account of its being the same old song over and over. Maybe so!

Once more: Please do not send money for back numbers of The Journal until you find out whether or not we have them. Send money for FUTURE issues.

Business Mention.

RATE—ONE CENT a word each insertion, cash with order. Initials, numbers, etc., count as words.

SEND STAMP for leaflet, "The Orthodox Church, the Money Power and the Socialist Party," as they appear to me. Wm. W. Brownfield, Brentwood, Ark.

GOOD MORNING!

Best Liver Pills, by mail, ten cents a box; six boxes 50c; 14 boxes \$1, postpaid. Guaranteed. Try 'em. Wm. W. BROWNFIELD, Brentwood, Ark.

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THE OLD "BLUE BACK."

The Journal can send you the original old Webster's "Blue Back" Speller, so dear to the hearts of all old-timers, at the rate of \$2.00 per dozen, postpaid. No order taken for less than one dozen. It would be easy to make up an order in your neighborhood for a dozen of these cherished old reminders of days that are gone. Sent in one package, to one address, for... \$2.00.

Comrade Hicks:—I have just received your card of congratulations on my article in Farm and Ranch. Most of my articles go to the waste basket because they are too hot for old-party type. When I see labor voting for a system that takes the wealth it produces and hands it over to idlers, in many cases idlers who debauch and outrage labor's daughters, I feel like getting a club and starting out fool-killing."—H. B. Cooper, Springdale, Ark.

Guess you've seen the Appeal No. 760 by now. Oh! but didn't our Hickey meet their Teddy at the gang plank? Old Hickey—he's a sight, anyhow.

For ONE DOLLAR you can get the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News for EIGHT MONTHS, and the Farmers Journal for ONE YEAR, if you will send us the dollar before July 31, 1910, and mention this offer.