

The Farmers Journal

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

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Weekly, 50c a Year.

TO PRICE THEIR GOODS FOR THEM.

A commodity price commission for Texas. Do you have an idea what that would be if we had it? It is what the Southwestern Farmer, of Houston, was demanding some time back. A "commodity price commission," appointed or elected, with power to fix prices on all articles sold in Texas that are made by the trusts. Of course the vote of a member of this commission, not being a commodity and made by the trusts, would not come under this regulation. It might, however, be sold to the trusts, in which case Southwestern Farmer does not suggest any means of regulating the price. Wouldn't it be nice to be a member of a commodity price commission, with your conscientious scruples all taken out, and the trusts winking their other eyes at you? Gosh! Southwestern Farmer says:

If—to drive the point clean home—the state of Texas could and would employ prosecuting lawyers enough at one time to banish from its borders all the trusts that now operate in the state, and to prevent the sale of their products in this state, we would all have to move out of Texas within a week to get those products.

We guess that's about right, but if your price commission were to stop the trusts from skinning the people, the effect would be about the same. They would pull up and leave the state, for that's all they are here for. THEN what would the people do? Southwestern Farmer does not "drive the point clean home." Let us put it in this form:

If the state of Texas could and would manufacture and distribute all the articles now sold by the trusts, then the trust magnates and their agents would have to move out of the state, or go to work, or starve to death. The people—they wouldn't have to move. No, no; they could continue business at the same old stand, and eat, drink and be merry as never before.

Why in the Sam Hill don't you dismiss that old prejudice against Socialism? Why trust the welfare of the people to little commissions, under temptations that angels couldn't withstand?

TOM HICKEY'S COLUMN

(Written for The Journal.)

"The Threat of Barbarism"—the Answer.

Geo. D. Herron's deeply philosophical article, in No. 760 of the Appeal, may well strike terror to the minds of all thinking Americans.

His prophecy of the dark ages coming upon our country is the most fearsome note that has been struck in the music of our life since Wilkes Booth's shot rang out in Ford's theater in 1865. He prays that his prophecy may not come true and wishes to be judged by the results ten years hence. It were well that he put in that proviso because, although ten years from now may find us with primitive barricades on the streets fighting with blood and rude weapons the centuries-old battle, still, out of that conflict there will come a redeemed America pushing onward to the goal of the race—the universal Brotherhood of Man.

George Herron may stress on the individualistic spirit of our country with its accompanying lack of ideals, its glorification of power in the hands of the individual and its lack of a soul-lifting movement, but after all, is this not a necessary phase in our sociologic development? Just as we could not jump from feudalism into Socialism, so we could not escape this individualistic horror.

If my friend Herron will ponder deeply over the fact that Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Paine never heard a locomotive, the tinkle of a telephone bell or the churning of the waters by a side wheel steamer, and will remember that in 1839, seventy years ago, Fort Dearborn, on which the city of Chicago stands, was an Indian trading point, Wisconsin had 5,000 souls within its borders, Minnesota was a wilderness, Nebraska was a political district, and westward beyond that was the Indian and vista, he will then realize that the spirit of America had to be the pioneer spirit of the man in the prairie schooner who pushed on to the west with the leather lines in his hand, the rifle across his knees and his wife and babies behind him.

Viewing events in this way, I have no fear for the future of fair Colum-

bia. The star spangled banner will continue to wave while our people clean out a bunch of Roosevelt vermin hidden in its folds.

I do not think of Roosevelt as my friend Herron does, and the reason is that each time I hear of the "man on horseback" I pull myself away from the stress of the day and take down my 18th Brumaire and read again that most wonderful monograph on history ever written, Marx's greatest contribution to the sociologic science of our day. Listen to what he says:

"History repeats itself, once as tragedy, again as farce. The tragedy of the great Napoleon, the farce of La Petite Napoleon" (the little Napoleon).

And so of our Roosevelt as a star of the moment and his part in the history of our times. We have the tragedy of the great Lincoln and his immortal Gettysburg address with "its government of the people, by the people and for the people will never perish from the earth." These words in our history were not the idle words of a passing hour, but they were carved in the granite of our nation's life as portrayed for a moment on that historic field and gloriously lit up by the sheen of the sword in the hands of George Pickett, as with his gallant men he sought to scale the heights of Cemetery Hill.

The parallel between Lincoln and Roosevelt—is just as correct in our day as between Roosevelt and Dr. Cook, and Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little. Where is the hill that Roosevelt climbed? It exists not in this world, and the only recollection we have of it is that gentleman himself standing at the base of San Juan Hill while the negroes climbed the heights.

And so I have the faith within me that the Socialist party will march on, carrying the torch of knowledge, and with its footsteps lighted by the lamps of science will climb the obstacles of ignorance that beset the race today and will lead us, as laid down by the Jeffersons and Paines, into the haven of the Socialist Republic, where all things COLLECTIVELY USED will be COLLECTIVELY OWNED, and all things PRIVATELY USED will be PRIVATELY OWNED, and the stars of a Social Democracy will light all the homes of the earth as each passing day dies out of the sky.

T. A. HICKEY.

Gets a Half Hour.

There comes to The Journal office a little insignificant looking four-page sheet about as large as your hand, called "The Farmers Journal," published at Abilene. No matter how busy we may be, it gets a half hour of our time and is the first thing we read. Don't know just why.—Commerce (Tex.) Journal.

We know why. We know just exactly why. Come on, Hart.

County Secretary Wm. M. White of Weatherford says they are going to try to keep W. S. Noble in Parker county until the Democratic primary election.

At the picnic at the Abilene fair grounds on the 4th a race was pulled off in which four donkeys did the running, representing the four Democratic candidates for governor. And this ain't no campaign joke, neither.

The International Socialist Review says that at the recent national congress of the Socialist party held at Chicago, P. G. Zimmerman of Texas "looked down on everybody from an eminence of 6 ft. 4 inches." That's the only way Zim can see people—by "looking down on them."

The state platform committee of the Socialist party of Texas, composed of J. L. Swan of Avoca, Rt. 2; A. N. Simpson of Colorado, and G. W. M. Taylor of Poolville, Rt. 3, spent Saturday, the 9th, in Abilene hard at work drafting a state platform. The copy, as prepared by this committee, will be sent to State Secretary Meitzen, who will submit it to all the party locals in the state for consideration and action. But in the first place, the platform committee was chosen by referendum vote of all the locals. If you are not a Socialist, please tell us how YOUR party makes its platforms.

The Journal feels like saying that the manner in which Secretary Meitzen is editing the Texas column in the Appeal should elicit applause and amens from all the Socialists in the state.

The Baird Star's attitude is the attitude of millions, and is about like this: We wanted the white man to win, but since he got licked, blast him, he had no business goin' up against a buck nigger, nohow.

"Please say in the next issue of The Journal that there will be a Socialist encampment at Rockdale, Tex., July 21, 22 and 23, and that W. D. Haywood will be with us on Saturday, the 23rd."—E. A. Green, Rockdale, Tex.

William Raoul, editor of the People's Voice, Birmingham, Ala., forwards us a yearly sub, with a wish that every farmer in his state was reading our little Journal. He closes with this good news: "Held state convention here today and put out full state ticket."

Some say: "Until we get Socialism we must encourage labor unions." Granted. But The Journal, for one, is not going to encourage the sort of labor union leaders who teach the membership that capital and labor must go hand in hand. In the language of Major Durham, we have a "red heifer" for such leaders.

The Rip-Saw says that "so long as there is private ownership of public utilities there will be corruption of public officials" Sure, Mike! Why, the corruption fund has grown to be a regular and necessary item in the expense accounts of the private owners. And the public officials—well, they seem to be growing, too, meanwhile.

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.



SOCIALIST BOSSES vs. CAPITALIST BOSSES.

Oh, the trouble, the trouble we do have these latter days over the public service corporations! And it will get worse until the public becomes the corporation. But some preachers say that would remove all the barriers between all the men and all the women. Do you believe such preachers are honest and sincere?—Farmers Journal (Abilene).

The Journal, in common with most of its Socialistic colleagues, assumes that the governmentizing of a corporation changes its nature from bitter to sweet. But it doesn't. The public servers have to be captained by superintendents, managers and bosses of varying degrees, whether under private or public direction, and the putting of a blue uniform and brass buttons on a man with a bit of brief authority does not improve his disposition. There is no arrogance more insufferable than that sometimes assumed by a popinjay with the U. S. A. insignia on him. The great majority of us will long prefer to think we own the government than to know that the government owns us.—Dallas News.

The News, in common with all of its capitalistic colleagues, assumes that under Socialism the government will be one thing and the people another, as now; that some undefined, sinister and Satanic power superior to the people, not in sympathy with the people, and in no way accountable to the people, will lord it over the people. We are tempted to say that the editor of no big and widely-read paper can possibly be that ignorant, but that it suits the purposes of the corporations whom he serves that his readers shall be that ignorant. It is under capitalism that the people are lorded over by insufferable popinjays clad in blue uniforms and brass buttons. Some of these popinjays are elected by the people or by the people's "electors," without any recall strings on them, but most of them are appointed, and are responsible only to the appointing power, and not to the people. In very truth, when we come to look into the little matter, after the roar of the glorious Fourth has subsided, we find that the PEOPLE are not in this thing called government much more than a little bit. Government is constituted under how many general

heads? Three—the legislative, executive and judicial. The legislative department makes laws, the executive enforces laws, while the judicial interprets laws. Do the people themselves choose the men who administer the affairs of these departments of national government? The people, by direct vote, choose only the LOWER HALF of ONE of these departments—the legislative. Had it never occurred to you how insignificant the people are under this capitalist government? No wonder the arrogance of the popinjays is so insufferable. Under Socialism there will necessarily be superintendents, but the people themselves will call them, and the people will reserve to themselves the power to RE-call them.

BLUE BACK SPELLER FREE!

WE now have arrangements under which we can offer the FARMERS JOURNAL one year for 50c, with a copy of Webster's Elementary Spelling Book thrown in as a FREE PREMIUM. This is the original old "Blue Back," and the offer applies to renewals as well as new subs, and we'll send the paper to one address and the book to another, if desired. Now, friends, this is the best opportunity yet to start people to reading Socialism who cannot be interested with a direct proposition.

The pastor of the Baptist church at Post City, Tex., writes to his church paper: "Mr. C. W. Post has given a beautiful carpet for the entire building." No doubt Mr. Post feels that he has a right to tell the preachers of that town how to preach. And, come to think of it, he has, according to the capitalist conception of rights and prerogatives.

"Educate the Farmer," says a headline in Farm and Ranch. Better not, unless you want to see the end of this divide-up system. The farmers would abolish the divide-up system in short order if they were educated.

You will have to put up with Cannonism as long as you tolerate capitalism. The ethics of the two isms are identical.

"Every political grafter is against Socialism," says the Rip-Saw. Yes, and every Socialist is against political graftism; and he has the only method of attack that will ever knock that ism cold.

W. R. Crockett, Socialist party chairman for Scurry county, issues a call through the Snyder papers for a convention on the 23rd, under the requirements of the Terrel law, to nominate a full county ticket.

"Find inclosed 10 cents for one of Hickey's pamphlets, and oblige."—H. H. Donawho, Cisco, Tex. [Friends, the pamphlet is not ready yet. The Journal will let you know when it is ready for distribution.—ED.]

Bernard Shaw, the great English playwright, thinks that after Taft has served his term of office Roosevelt will become president again; that he will virtually be crowned emperor amid the plaudits of 80,000,000 people, and that Kermit Roosevelt will reign after him.

Cities all over the United States are taking action against the putting on exhibition of the films of the Reno prize fight in moving picture shows. A dispatch comes from Philadelphia stating that the syndicate owning the films will carry the matter to the higher courts in the various states for protection against the ordinances of the cities. The syndicate says that too much money has been invested to stand by and see the fight pictures prohibited. For capital to fly to the courts for protection against the people has grown to be a habit, as we Socialists have been telling you for quite a while.

Business Mention.

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

FOR SALE—Residence lots in Block 25 in original townsite of Guymon, Okla. Terms easy. Speculators need not apply. W. R. ADAMS, Lansing, Kan., P. O. Box 92.

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Charles Edward Russell, the noted magazine writer, is the Socialist nominee for governor of New York.

"We, the jury, find that the flour seized was adulterated." It was at Kansas City, Mo. There were 625 sacks of the flour. It had been seized by the federal government on a charge of adulteration and misbranding. The case was in court five weeks. This is flour under capitalism. Under a system of public milling nobody would want to adulterate flour, at least after the old habit wore off.

To the average mind Jesus of Nazareth is the central point of all history. Untold thousands of churches have been dedicated to him. Millions of human lives are spent in voicing what is called "his message," uncounted human hearts sing his praise and glory. Yet, in the days that he lived and did his work he was more despised, more disreputable, more hated than is Eugene Debs or Fred Warren today. —Oklahoma Pioneer.

THE PEOPLE YOU DON'T KNOW.

Did you ever think how few people you know, even in your own country, compared with the number that you don't know?

For instance, there are 1,600 people in a certain town in Iowa, and it is doubtful whether five persons out of every thousand who read this know a single one of them. The chances are you never even heard the name of their town—Odebolt. Yet, Odebolt is the center of the world for popcorn production. Within a few miles of that town there is raised every year about fifteen million pounds of popcorn. And yet you never heard of the town; and as for your knowing its people, they might as well never have been born.

Isn't it astonishing how so many people manage to get along without your knowledge of them? That thought comes home to us often, and it makes us feel so little and cheap that we would sneak off and hush up if it wasn't for leaving the field to the other blatherskites who think they're so important.

“I send you under separate cover some of my remarks supporting my anti-graft measure before congress. What have you done and what will you do to help push this necessary legislation?” So writes a Texas congressman, C. B. Randell. Well, we have done, and are still doing, and will continue to do all in our power to get a majority of those who are suffering from graft to adopt a system of public production and distribution under which graft would be impossible. In this way we are going to help you all we can, Mr. Randell. But if you are going to sustain the private ownership of the great engines and agencies for making and transporting wealth, there's no use to make war on graft. In the language of the bad man on the street, you might as well try to fight hell with one bucket of water.

The ethics of capitalism and the ethics of pugilism are identical. Both mean the clinched fist. Each must knock out an adversary in order to win. The ethics of Socialism and the ethics of pugilism are diametrically opposed. Socialism means the open hand of brotherhood. Capitalism says, “Beat, or get beaten.” Socialism says, “Help, and get helped.”

Pat and His Ditch.

From “The Next Step,” Chicago.

Pat was an industrious fellow. He refused to beg for a living and demanded that the world should let him earn it.

So he set out one day to get a job. It was no easy task. For several weeks he looked for a place to work, but without success.

Finally he came to a rich man's mansion and the owner met him with dignity.

“I am looking for work,” said Pat.

“For work?” answered the owner. “That I can give you.”

Pat was delighted.

Back of the large barn below the hill the owner put Pat to work.

His labor consisted in digging a ditch sixteen feet long, four feet wide and three feet deep.

It was not a long time till the task was completed, and Pat walked up to the owner proudly to find out his further duties.

“Fill the ditch,” came the order from the owner.

Asking no questions, Pat filled the ditch as he was commanded.

A second time Pat told his lord that the work was done.

“Dig the ditch again,” said his master.

Pat was obedient. The same orders were repeated. The same hard toil was continued.

Finally Pat grew impatient and asked what it all meant.

“I am giving you \$1.50 per day to work and not ask questions,” said his master. “If you don't like this job you can find another.”

This silenced Pat. He went back to the scene of his toil. He dug the ditch, filled it up. Dug it again, filled it up, Dug and filled. Dug and filled.

For forty years Pat has

kept this up. He is dull and slow now. His ambition is gone. His incentive is ruined. He barely moves. But he dares not protest. There is \$1.50 per day in it, and this keeps him and his family alive.

In the meantime the farmer has to produce food for Pat and his family. The worker in the cotton mill has to produce clothing for them. The toiler in the shoe factory has to produce shoes for them.

Pat works hard, but does not produce anything. It would be better for him if he went fishing, or went to school, or went out talking to his neighbors.

He does useless labor.

But two-thirds of the workers are just as non-productive as Pat. If you put up a second meat market, when one can supply the need you are only digging a ditch and filling it up.

If you build two railroads between the same cities, when one is all that is needed, think of Pat and his ditch.

If you run two milk wagons, when one could deliver all the milk on the route, you are only acting Pat.

If you are in the advertising or life insurance business, you are another ditch digger, doing useless toil.

Capitalism has made useless ditch diggers of most of us. It has dulled our brains, and sapped our blood, and killed our ambition, and wrecked our ideals.

Socialism will take you out of the ditch and put you to useful, productive work, work that will inspire and give life, that will brighten and enlighten, that will mean comfort and joy.

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.