

The Farmers Journal

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

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ABILENE, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1910.

Weekly, 50c a Year.

SURPLUS FOOD AND CLOTHING UNDER CAPITALISM.

One man is a capitalist, while three men are workers. The one owns the land and machinery necessary to produce food and clothing; the three till the land and run the machinery. Let these four represent mankind at large.

The three workers produce food and clothing for the capitalist to the value of \$6 a day each, or \$18 in all.

In return the capitalist gives them, not food and clothing, but money in the form of wages, to the amount of \$3 a day each, or \$9 in all.

So the capitalist has food and clothing to sell to the value of \$18 minus what he himself can consume, and the three workers, in needy circumstances, have, altogether, \$9 in money with which to buy that food and clothing.

QUESTION.

What will the capitalist do with the food and clothing which he cannot consume, and which the workers need but cannot buy back after making it?

The American Eagle, Estero, Fla., screams at the astronomers and the publishers for predicting earthquakes, death from comet gas, etc., and The Journal wants to hold up the Eagle's wings while it screams. It is nothing short of crime against the ignorant and the credulous to send out such predictions. Quit it, men; quit it! To the publishers we want to say: You ought to have better judgment in the first place than to honor such predictions with printer's ink. In the next place, you ought to have more regard for the timid and trembling ones of earth's unhappy millions.

"Please tell us what the Democratic party stands for," demands a Republican paper. "Well, if it ever gets in control of the government again it will not stand for Republican postmasters, anyway," answers a Democratic exchange. And there you are!

"Just returned from a speaking tour; organized three locals; we will put a county ticket in the field. Find 50c and name enclosed."—M. A. Drinkard, Snyder, Tex., Rt. 2.

"Your valuable little wide-awake, red-hot, out-and-out Socialist paper is so full of needed information and encouraging reports from over the state that I am sorry it is not going into every home in Texas."—J. F. Green, Wichita Falls, Tex.

In what way does the working man opposed to Socialism differ from the Israelite opposed to leaving Egypt? In no way. It's the same old question of the flesh pots (present job) and bondage, rather than an exodus from the old order and a united strike for freedom.

Secretary H. C. Marble of Local Beaumont writes that they are inaugurating a move to organize the 2nd congressional district in time for the fall election. They have also adopted the monthly picnic plan, and they want some sample copies of The Journal. Good for the oil region.

"Finally, it would be a master stroke if those great powers honestly bent on peace would form a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others."—Roosevelt at Christiana. An Irishman would have said it this way: "Begob, there's got 'o be

peace, if we have to foight for it."

"Industrial progress must come before there can be great profits in farming. There must be people to eat products of farms, to wear textiles produced on farms, to use things which farms may produce," says Farm and Ranch. Certainly; of course; yes. But aren't there people? Are you trying to presuppose a society without people? If it's people you want, we've got 'em—got 'em bad. Counting 'em is the biggest job Uncle Sam has tackled these ten years past. Please tell us what you mean, anyhow, by talking as if the farmers were in danger of starving to death for want of people.

Methodist Preacher Hamilton has pulled off another mass meeting of citizens of Crowell, this time in order to get resolutions passed practically vouching in advance for the correctness of whatever statements may appear in his forthcoming pamphlet on the debate between himself and W. L. Thurman (which, incidentally, may help the thing to sell), and also to give notice that if the report of said debate to be issued by the Socialists shall not measure up to the standard for accuracy and veracity, the protection of the law will be invoked. That preacher's idea seems to be that truth crushed to earth will rise again, if he can sell enough "debates" and get the sheriff on his side.

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 months 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.



A farm tenant who does not feel and realize that he is being robbed of his birthright by having to buy or pay rent for the use of land to raise bread, is not much else than a beast of burden.

An ad in a Wichita Falls paper starts off like this: "The big mill overproduction sale at P. H. Pennington Company's opened yesterday morning as advertised." Is it possible that the people have more mill products than they need? That's the only way a real honest overproduction can occur.

"Dear Bro. Hicks:—I have been elected chairman of the executive committee of the Socialist party of this county, and would like to have plain information about how to proceed. The Terrell election law is such a muddle that I cannot see through it." So writes one of God's honest men, a citizen of Texas since 1870, who is trying to lead a blameless life under laws made by the Democratic party. We turn his letter over to State Secretary Meitzen.

We overheard somebody thinking that 50 cents a year is too much for a paper like The Journal. And perhaps it does LOOK that way. But we'll try to rustle the means somehow to pay your traveling expenses if you'll come to Abilene and show us how the worker who furnishes it can live and furnish it for less, in view of his dependence almost wholly upon subscription money. But after all, there is as much reading matter in The Journal as in many a county paper that retails among Socialists for a dollar, and which takes care of investors and profit seekers even as the investors and profit seekers take care of it.

Notes From State Socialist Headquarters

Reported by E. R. Meitzen, State Secretary, Hallettsville, Tex.

Local McCauley reorganized. More Fisher county "prosperity."

County Secretary Williams charts a local at Deer Creek, Scurry county.

A. M. Chandler, Weinert, a veteran organizer of the old Farmers Alliance, has decided to go to work for the cause.

Emil Thiem, one of the live Galveston bunch, has a stirring article on "Our Free Born American Wagerworker" in the Longshoreman for May.

Comrades desiring to hold encampments, or one or two-day picnics during the encampment season should try to let us know definitely to that effect by June 15.

Comrade Andrews organizes a local at Moreland, Collin county, this week. "The country is full of Socialists," he writes, "and it is also full of desperately poor tenants."

M. A. Smith writes; "Been having an unbroken series of victories in old Van Zandt. Organized another local last night; Odom School House, 10 members; more to follow."

John Yarbrough, Lufkin, is the new secretary of Angeilna county, and B. F. Evans, chairman. "Have taken charge of the situation and will get a full organization in this county.

Dan C. Crider: "The flames of Socialism are spreading here. Cone Johnson says the whisky question is paramount, but we say the price of beans, bacon and flour is the paramount issue."

Texas has quite a number of colleges, but so far no study chapters of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. Will comrades in college towns, students or not, make a move to that end? If so write this office for particulars.

J. S. Jones, of Mathis, Tex., one of the old "Alliance Pops" who "took the stump for the Ocala demands and has never gone back to the old wallow," takes out a membership-at-large card and expects to organize a local. Break the news to Tom Watson.

Albert Cahill, McNeil, is taking steps to reorganize there. He writes: "Many Mexicans work in the lime quarries here who can be reached. Where can we get Spanish literature? Will have things humming here soon. Want to see Travis county organized and a ticket in the field."

Some of the old partyites of Herbert, Mitchell county, played a mean trick on Secretary Hardy. "I went there to speak last night," says Hardy, "but learned that some one had purposely

started the report that the speaking date had been changed to Friday night; also found the School House locked and preaching in progress at the church." He will go back there soon and speak, regardless of locked school houses or churches.

County Secretary A. J. Rasco, R. 2, Eustace: "Enroll Henderson county for an encampment. Our 'Literary' at Macedonia School House is proving a grand success. Next Saturday night we shall have the 'International Red Flag' drill by seven girls and one articulator. They are called to go to other places to exhibit the same piece. I have changed the poem, 'The Competitive Hell' into a dialogue in rhyme. Which shows what can be done with a 'Socialist Literary.' We want to see more of them organized."

Socialist State Ticket.

We have received returns of a referendum conducted for the nomination of a state ticket for the Socialist party, with the following result, all of the nominations, however, being tentative, as they must be ratified at a state party mass meeting to be held on the legal convention date, August 9:

- Governor—Reddin Andrews, of Tyler.
- Lieutenant Governor—P. G. Zimmerman, of Anson.
- Comptroller—E. R. Meitzen, of Hallettsville.
- Land Commissioner—Alfred Mueller, of San Antonio.
- State Treasurer—W. J. Bell, of Tyler.
- Attorney General—M. A. Smith, of Commerce.
- State Superintendent—Mrs. H. A. Fee, of San Antonio.
- Commissioner of Agriculture—Morgan S. Graham, of Leuders.
- Railway Commissioners—E. Bellinger, of San Antonio; J. C. Aschenbeck, of Wharton.
- Associate Justice Supreme Court—S. H. Tucker, of Gatesville.
- Associate Justice Court Criminal Appeals—G. P. McLester, of Nimrod.

This ticket will be on the official ballot in November in every voting precinct in the state, under the head, "Socialist Ticket."

A statement is here in order as to Comrade Emma Kelsey of Sherman, one of the candidates for land commissioner. Although indirectly informed that she would very likely be the nominee, she discovered, shortly before the 21st, that an error had been made by her and by this office in allowing her name to go on the ticket, since she had not been a member the required 12 months, and at once voluntarily withdrew, stating that while appreciating the honor, she believed in obeying the rules of the party. Had she not said anything no one would have been the wiser, and she would now be the nominee by a majority of about 300 points. Such unselfish devotion to principle ought to serve as a good example.

A DEMOCRAT SAID IT.

The Post-Herald, a Democratic sheet at Hollis, Okla., after setting up wrong things about Socialism till its type was nearly all gone, wound up with this eloquent peroration:

"There is no trace of altruism in the Socialistic philosophy, so-called. It is rapine, robbery, lust and blood from preface to appendix. It is the rottenest fetich that ever found conception in the brain of man, angel or devil. It is a syphilitic infection in the brain and blood of the social organism which has filtered down from the wild revelry and debauchery of Sodom and Gomorrah, expressing itself at different periods of the lapsing years in mad fits of anarchy, in religious rebellion, and in the social degradation of communism. Socialism is HELL. It is hell and DAMNATION. It is hell FIRE and damnation."

That's what this particular Democrat says Socialism is. Take notice, there is no agreement among Democrats and Republicans as to what Socialism is. One will tell you it is this or that, another will tell you it is the other. Socialists themselves tell you it is industrial democracy—that is, the means of making wealth owned by those who work and make the wealth. The Encyclopedia Britannica says that the ethics of Socialism and the ethics of Christianity are identical—that is, the same moral principles and purposes underlie both. Frances E. Willard, known throughout Christendom as a devout Methodist, and president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, said just before her death that Socialism is Christianity applied. Let's see: What did the editor of the Democratic paper at Hollis, Okla., say that Socialism is? The same editor says that farmers are more prosperous now than ever before, and as if to prove it, he prints in the same issue of his paper official notice of 500 parcels and tracts of real estate in his county to be sold on the first Monday in June for taxes. His name is Luther Roberts, but that doesn't matter. In fact, what he says about Socialism doesn't matter, except that it encourages the Socialists to witness such hydrophobic fits on the part of the enemies of the working class, and for that reason we print such things occasionally.

"One of the hardest things in this world for a demagogue to do is to deliver an impassioned appeal for the downtrodden farmers when they come to the speaking in automobiles," says the Dallas News. Those you saw were not farmers, but farm owners. Farmers had been "dividin' up" with them.

TOM HICKEY'S COLUMN

(Written for The Journal.)

When a politician is down and out and without followers, like Watson; when a preacher is a failure and is talking to a few people in a backwoods burg; when a magazine owner is on the rocks so bad that for \$125 a week he associates with America's most noted black-mailer, Col. Mann, as did Watson, then these down-and-outs do one of two things to attract attention to themselves: they either slander the great dead whose lips are sealed (like a jack kicking a dead lion), or they train their mud batteries on Socialism, the greatest movement of modern times.

About once a week I am asked on the road why we don't answer Tom Watson. I invariably reply that we will be happy to do so when that idiotic historian gives some evidence of understanding the first thing about Socialism. To take a book written in Germany by a German twenty years ago, and seek to destroy the Socialist movement by that book, is a move that could only attract contemptuous smiles from thinking people. And when that book is garbled, passages torn from their context, quotations read as coming from the author, then nothing but a snort of disgust at such crooked methods can express the feeling of decent men.

Worse than all this: Watson and his broken-down imitators wilfully deceive their few friends who rely on them for the truth by deliberately and wilfully suppressing the most portentous fact about the whole book, viz.: that the translator, in his preface, makes the most eloquent defence of the monogamous marriage that has been written in this generation. It

was the fear that this fact would become known to his dupes, and thus expose him as a liar and a fraud, that caused one of the clerical liars to recommend that the book—"Woman Under Socialism"—be burned and thus be kept out of the home. Fortunately this fifteenth century advice was not accepted, and now the thinking people in that fellow's community are getting their eyes open to that petty fakir's fraud.

Now for a good joke in connection with the above. Dr. Watson, of Trent, Tex., (who, by the way, indignantly denies any kinship to the failure Watson), has been shelling the woods in that part of the country, ably assisted by a small army of red-card men and women (all with marriage certificates and leading the white, clean life). The leading Democrats became alarmed and determined to get the biggest debater in West Texas to uphold their kerosene end. Accordingly the great open-air tabernacle was packed thirty minutes before the debate opened. Judge Grogan of Abilene defended the Dems; myself, the Socialists. In opening the debate I said: "I am more pleased than I can tell you that I have for my opponent tonight the most distinguished jurist in west Texas. This for the reason that there are a large number of verbose boneheads debating around this country against the Socialists who are obscuring the issue of Capitalism vs. Socialism by yelling "Free love," a chestnutical performance that was satirized by Marx when he wrote the Communist Manifesto in 1847. Now the worthy judge, with his keen legal mind, can analyze evidence, so I prevent my opponent from falling into this free-love trap by pointing out

this one fact: On the 3rd of this month we Socialists swept the city of Milwaukee like a cyclone and smashed both old party machines to pieces. This afternoon, in the seventh largest city in America, some 77 blushing brides and grooms were united in the bonds of matrimony by Socialist judges, with Socialist cards in their pockets and Socialist buttons on their coats, who gravely received their fees by the time-honored method of bestowing a Socialist kiss on the bonny brides."

While the gale of laughter and applause was sweeping over the immense crowd the judge gazed up at me in a startled fashion. A cold perspiration broke out all over him. He had not thought of Milwaukee, and had laboriously prepared an hour's speech on "Free Love." To defend the capitalist system was, of course, out of the question. The great Milwaukee MARRIAGE FACT was a broom that swept the sand out of the eyes of the great throng present. Result: After floundering around for about thirty minutes the gentleman had a severe sore throat and the debate was ours. So much for "free love" in debate.

The reactionary purblind Watsons will soon quit their nefarious game—the ages-old game of the cuttle fish who would muddy the waters and escape in the confusion. This is the age of light; the men of genius have thrown electric girdles 'round the earth, and by annihilating space have destroyed superstition. The day of self-appointed leaders is past, even though Watson knows in not. The truth that can stand the most searching investigation is all that can live; the workers on the farms are awakening,

and they soon will dump the Watsons into the pit of oblivion where all logomachists and deceivers belong.

The politicians have had their day. Another group of men are rising—men of whom my distinguished townsman, Dean Swift, said:

"Greater than any politician is he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before."

And Politician Watson, with his "free love," is already a thing of derision whom every honest man should despise. T. A. HICKEY.

The way The Journal's sub list grows in Foard county, Texas, is pleasing—also significant.

We have discontinued the printing of the leaflets, "Can You Sign This?"

If your paper was stamped "June 8" or "15," please renew now.

Business Mention.

RATE—Two cents per word each insertion, cash with order. Initials, numbers, etc., count as words.

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Making "Best Liver Pills." By mail, ten cents a box; six boxes, 50c; fourteen boxes, \$1, postpaid. 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.

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.

MAKE ONE EXCEPTION, PLEASE.

The Journal does not lend itself editorially to the suggestion that gold from any source infuses a show of life every fourth year in that political corpse now remembered as the Populist party. There may be—or may have been—those connected with that lost cause who would, if they could, coin even their mother's memory into dollars, but we write this article to say that our long and intimate association, personally and politically, with one of the national officials and champions of that cause—the one who worked and sacrificed for that cause after all others had quit working and sacrificing for it—gave us a knowledge of his character that now forces us to speak out and make an exception in his case whenever there is a whisper of unrighteousness in connection with Populist politics.

We refer to Col. H. L. Bentley of Abilene, Tex. His power to persuade men, to organize men, to lead men, has given him numerous opportunities to SELL MEN, but we very seriously doubt whether, in all his long and active life, he ever once went through a political campaign that he did not come out of it a poorer man than when he went into it. We now see that the Populist party was illogical in that it made war on capitalists instead of capitalism, but when you say that its leaders sold it for a price, please say that no one having knowledge of Col. Bentley's personal and political integrity would ever have dared to offer him any portion of that price. If you don't say it, the editor of this paper will say it for you. And Col. Bentley will not know that even this has been said until he shall read it in The Journal.

Roosevelt said at Christiana: "We must ever bear in mind that the great end in view is righteousness and justice as between man and man." Now, how are you going to figure out "justice as between man and man" when one is born with a title to ten thousand acres of land, or railroads, or mines, or steel mills, or oil fields, or forests of timber, while the other inherits only the muscle and brain with which to work? Only under Socialism is "justice between man and man" possible, and the world is fast coming to realize it. The public must own the industrial plants.