

The Farmers Journal

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

Vol. 6. No. 49.

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Weekly, 50c a Year.

KEEP OUT OF THE PRIMARY; KEEP OUT OF THE PEN.

"When there is any reasonable question as to a man's Democracy, presiding officers should challenge and administer to him, UNDER OATH, the party test printed at the head of the official ballot. A list should be kept of all such challenged and sworn voters."—State Chairman Storey, to Democratic County Chairmen of Texas.

Let us look into this thing just a wee bit. The party test on the ballot virtually binds all alike, if there is any virtue about it, but only those who fall under the suspicion of the presiding officers of election will be made to pull off their hats, hold up their hands and SWEAR that they are Democrats. From primary day—July 23—to general election day—November 8—is three and a half months; and no matter what may transpire during that period, your sovereign right to change your mind and vote differently in November from the way you voted in the July election, IS GONE! Worse than this in the case of those who will be made to swear that they won't go back on the Democratic party. If they should change their minds and vote differently, they can be SENT TO THE PEN for so doing. If not, then why administer that OATH and keep a list of all those who may be challenged and sworn? What does it mean if it doesn't mean that they are to be sent over the road for PERJURY?

And this is law and liberty as dealt out by the Democratic party, the grand old party of the p-e-e-p-u-l, the party of Poindexter, Davidson, Colquitt and Johnsing—the party that Tom Watson has gone back to. Looks good, doesn't it? Reminds you so much of Jefferson!

Are you going into the primary?

A special to the Dallas News from Lincoln, Neb., says that political conditions in that state this year will be greatly complicated as a result of Socialist activity; that the Socialists are planning a most vigorous campaign.

Score another. The city of Jerome, Ariz., has elected a Socialist mayor. Taft, you're right. It's a-comin'!

HERE'S THE PICTURE.

According to figures published by the Commercial Secretaries Association of Texas, only about one-fourth of the arable land in the state is in cultivation. This means that three acres of good land are lying idle for every acre under tillage. Let us try putting those figures into the form of a diagram and see what a picture they will make:

In Cultivation.	Idle.
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Then, when a man's attention is called to the fact that the small area in cultivation is worked mostly by non-owners—men who rent it or work it for wages—and that the large area lying idle is owned, not by workers but by "investors," and held for speculative prices—if that man has any sense at all he quits sneering at Socialism and begins to think. And if he has any of the religion of Jesus Christ in his heart he begins to say to himself, "This is wrong." And then if he is not an old fossil he gets impatient and begins to ask, "What shall be done about it?"

The only solution the commercial secretaries and the Democratic party have for the idle-land problem is that it be bought or rented by homeless families from other sections and made to produce the things necessary to build up cities and towns. When we Socialists point to the

ABUNDANCE of this idle land, provided by nature for the free use of ALL, and ask the commercial secretaries and the Democratic party why the homeless ones should have to BUY or RENT it in order to work it and make it productive, they answer: "We are endowed with practical business sense; we are not crazy; we believe in protecting the rights of property, and we are opposed to dividin' up."

Our Candidate for Governor.

Hallettsville New Era.

The nominee of the Socialist party of Texas for governor—Reddin Andrews—is well known in this part of the state, in fact spent his boyhood in Lavaca county; was a Texas cowboy in his younger days, is a Confederate veteran, and has long been one of the ablest and best known preachers in the state, being of the Missionary Baptist denomination. For many years before its removal to Waco he was president of Baylor University.

He is a gentleman of culture and refinement, and his noble and unselfish work in behalf of the cause has endeared him to the Socialists of the state. Two years ago, after declining far more profitable positions in educational and religious institutions, he decided to devote his splendid abilities to furthering the cause of humanity. He has been very active ever since, speaking and organizing in the northern and western portions of the state.

GONE TO THE BAD.

As Tom Watson turned his face to the Democratic party and began to walk toward its camps, to give it what little may be left of him for better or for worse, he remarked: "Experience is a pitiless teacher, and its tuition fees are high. But what we learn in her school is usually worth the price. In this hard school I have learned that it is useless to try a third party movement in the south."

As he proceeds on down the road, imagining that all the old Pops and ex-Pops are following him, he lifts his voice and says: "My opinion is that the people must arouse themselves, assert themselves, and take command of the Democratic organization. If they will do this, a new party is unnecessary."

So Tom, after sitting for eighteen or twenty years in his library telling the farmers, carpenters and bricklayers that he had a better chance than they to know all about political and social subjects, thus admits that he has had the wrong sow by the ear all the while.

As he approaches the entrance to the Democratic camp and smells the good things within, he proclaims, as though he had half a notion of turning back: "If the Democratic leaders will get on this line, I pledge them my most hearty co-operation."

"Democratic LEADERS," eh? No marching with the rank and file for Thomas. Going back to the Democrats to help them LEAD! Indeed, to show them new stunts in the leading business. Of all the gall!

Well, let him go, and let's try from this on to forget him. Most of the old Pops have allied themselves with the Socialist movement, any-

way, and practically all the rest will take advantage of the opportunity he has now given them to part political company with him once and forever.

LET THE PEOPLE RULE.

The initiative and referendum is the true form of legislation, both in our unions and in governmental affairs. Add the right to recall all officials who refuse to carry out the people's demand, and you will have good government.—Texas Farm Co-operator (Fort Worth).

The Socialist party in all its affairs practices direct legislation principles. Its constitutions and platforms are adopted, its nominations are made, and all important matters connected with it in any way are brought up and disposed of through the initiative and referendum. It proposes that the whole system of government shall be subjected to the operation of this principle. The Socialist party is the only democratic party that has ever existed.

"Please let us know through The Journal where and how we can get the Thurman-Hamilton debate."—B. M. Howard, Hillsboro, Tex., Rt. 8. [The pamphlet is not yet ready for distribution, but due notice will be given in The Journal.—ED.]

To the Findlay (Ohio) Call: We hate to tell on you, but why didn't you give The Journal credit for those editorials you swiped? It would have been easy to do. There were several other good editorials in your issue of June 4. Who wrote them?

"Send 50c worth of those Speakers' Handbills, also 25c worth of extra copies of The Journal. It gets better all the time."—W. W. Gilbert, Commerce, Tex., Rt. 5.

"Your Speakers' Handbills fill the bill exactly. Send me 500 of them, for which find \$1 inclosed."—W. B. Driver, Teague, Tex., Rt. 2.

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.



DEMOCRAT TELLS ON DEMOCRATS.

State Senator H. Bascom Thomas of Sulphur Springs, candidate for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor of Texas, spoke for two hours one afternoon last week (2:30 to 4:30) from a wagon on Pine street, Abilene. The crowd was large and the sidewalk was blocked for a considerable distance, so that it was difficult for passers-by to pass by. So difficult, indeed, that the speaker more than once requested the men to open up a way for the ladies to get through. We mention this blocking of the sidewalk for two reasons:

1. We want our readers to know that a Democratic speaker was allowed to block the principal business sidewalk of this city for two hours, and there was never a word of protest.

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Make a note of these two reasons.

But oh, how the Democratic candidate did tell on the Democratic law makers at Austin! Be it remembered that Senator Thomas was expelled from the state senate for charging his fellow senators—nearly the whole bunch, we believe—with hob-nobbing with lobbyists, bribe-taking, poker-playing, and general all around untrustworthiness and low down cussedness. The charge may not have been drawn up exactly in those words, but anyhow, they took counsel together and fired him out. He went back to his district and asked for the office again, and they gave it to him, all done up in flowers. Nothin' to it, he does give the Austin law makers a name that is below every name.

His remedy, though! And that's where they all fall down. They can

beat the Socialists all hollow when it suits their purpose to howl "Rascality!" but when the question of a remedy comes up, all they have to offer is, "Elect ME to office and I'll see that the rascals are sent to the pen." As long as conditions are such that it pays private, profit seeking interests to buy law makers, just that long will there be law makers for sale. The only possible way to stop the buying of legislators is to fix things so that no private interest can reap profits through buying them. For instance, there would be no railroad lobbyist sent to Austin to play poker with the solons, dealing the cards so the solons couldn't keep from winning, if the railroads were owned by the people and managed by agents chosen by the people, with all the benefits of the service going to the people instead of to private corporations. Under such ownership who could be interested in buying railroad legislation? Let all the necessary industries be similarly owned and managed, and where does your poker-playing lobbyist get in? This is the Socialist remedy, a preventive remedy—the only remedy that will PREVENT. Love laughs at locksmiths, and as long as the means of creating wealth are privately owned and controlled, the vote buyer and vote seller will be lovers, and regardless of all the anti-lobby and anti-trust laws that can be devised by human ingenuity, these lovers will find some way of getting together.

The liquor question could soon be settled if the question were put on a liquor basis. Profit, profit—that's the real source of the difficulty in settling the drink problem one way or the other. If the question could be dealt with strictly on its merits; if the government were furnishing liquor at absolute cost in whatever quantities the appetites of men might demand—in short, if it were simply a question of whether the thirst for alcoholic drinks should or should not be denied, society would make short work of it.

The Socialist party "is not opposed to the occupation and possession of land by those using it in a useful and bona fide manner without exploitation." Its platform, adopted by referendum vote and not by a bunch of delegates, says so. Well, why should it object?

TOM HICKEY'S COLUMN

(Written for The Journal.)

For ten days I have been bumping in buggies over the rocks of Stephens county. I have had one beautiful row with some hoodlum Democrats. I have looked on the ruins of Methodism in Hamilton's old stamping grounds. I found that the people in Stephens county are not deserting the banner of Wesley or the flag of Christ because of the higher criticism, but because of the "free love" practices of Methodist ministers.

There were two of these gentry in Stephens county who muchly resemble the average sky boss who lives in the shade instead of getting behind the business end of a mule in the cotton patch. Their names are White and Summers. Both of these fellows raved and ranted like the Reverend Ham about "Socialism vs. Christianity."

Then the fellow called Summers, after one terrific assault on Socialism, went down to Mineral Wells and deflowered two virgins. I don't know what became of the girls. The fellow shammed insanity but failed to fool the judge and jury, so he is now in the penitentiary.

The "Reverend" White left the Reverend Ham's bailiwick and went across the line into Throckmorton county. He took a number of running jumps on "Socialism vs. Christianity." Then he seduced the daughter of a prominent county official and fled with her to Oregon. A helpless wife and three babies were left behind to mourn and ruminate on the beauties of "Christianity vs. Socialism."

So far as I can learn, this pal of the Reverend Ham has not gotten inside the penitentiary up to date.

Then up rose a Democrat. A bold, stalwart, roaring, brass-collared Democrat. He has always "voted her straight." He burns wax candles at the shrine of Jefferson, Tom Paine and other Democratic infidels. His name is McDonald, and he can be found with a postal card at 62 Vesey St., New York City. This Democrat, like a good white man, got genuinely mad and wrote this about the Reverend Ham's gang, including the Revs. Summers and White:

THE TEN PARSONS.

"Ten little preachers preaching love divine,
One kissed a servant girl, then there were nine.
Nine little preachers preaching sinners' fate,
One got drunk, then there were eight.
Eight little preachers showing path to heaven,
One seduced a brother's wife, then there were seven.

Seven little preachers exposing Satan's tricks,
One beat his patient wife, then there were six.
Six little preachers preaching Christ alive,
One debauched a little girl, then there were five.
Five little preachers preaching 'sin no more',
One raped a 'sister,' then there were four.
Four little preachers, pure as can be,
One raped an eight-year-old, then there were three.
Three little preachers, pity so few,
One murdered his paramour, then there were two.
Two little preachers following the Son,
One whipped his child to death, then there was one.
One little preacher in the fold alone,
He committed suicide, then there was none."

Now, reader, I must stop. Every time I think about those fellows who write and talk about "Christianity vs. Socialism" I feel like taking a mental bath, so I turn to "Plutarch's Lives" for surcease; then in philosophic retrospection I think over the whole situation and say: "Thank God for the Reverend Ham. He has helped start the row that will end in the whole people getting their eyes open to the fake of 'Christianity vs. Socialism.'"

T. A. HICKEY.

The editor of The Journal regrets that occasion has arisen for bringing the ministers under the lens for examination as to their personal fitness to criticise the Socialist movement with reference to its effects on the morals of our race. Yes, we regret that the preachers put it on personal grounds.

To N. C. Howell of Delphos, N. Mex., and many others: While we can't print all the letters of praise and commendation that come to us, we joyfully receive and heartily appreciate every one of them.

They tell it on a Fort Worth undertaker that he says in his ad: "Why walk around in misery when I can give you a decent burial for twenty-five dollars?"

Jas. Magness of Sour Lake, Tex., in renewing his subscription, writes: "I would not miss a copy, especially that of June 1, for the price of the paper a whole year."

West Texas Encampment.

Secretary P. G. Zimmerman of the advertising committee of the West Texas Encampment Association, sends us the following for publication. Address him at Anson, Tex., Rt. 1:

Dear Comrades of the West Texas Encampment Association:—The 20th of June draws near. All locals that have not elected their delegates should do so at once, and send them to Abilene on the 20th. This is important. The manuscript is all ready for advertising the big central encampment. We must elect the place and proceed to make ready for the greatest propaganda meeting ever held in this country. Now, comrades, act, and act quickly.

A farmers' union or wage workers' union that does not have the effect of lining up the farmers and wage workers at the ballot box against the investors, rentlords and employers, is doomed to failure in advance. The workers are fleeced by laws made by the shirkers and for the shirkers, and if the fleecing is ever stopped it must be done through legal processes to which the fleecers will never consent. Hence those who live by working and those who live by owning and loaning must get hostile to each other at the ballot box before anything happens worth telling.

"Thos. A. Hickey, the popular Socialist orator, is expected here on or about June 9, to deliver some propaganda speeches. Besides being a forceful speaker, Mr. Hickey is blessed with an abundant sense of humor, which helps him to hold his audience from start to finish." We clip that from the Mineral Wells Health Resort, a regular ordinary dollar-a-year local newspaper, just like hundreds of other such papers, with this one exception: it can use chaste language and behave in a manner to preserve the good reputation of its town when a Socialist speaker is sent among its people.

Business Mention.

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

FORTY YEARS

Making "Best Liver Pills." By mail, ten cents a box; six boxes, 50c; fourteen boxes, \$1, postpaid. Try 'em. WM. W. BROWNFIELD, Brentwood, Ark.

POSITIONS GUARANTEED

Courses at school or by mail. Nice present for list of names. Catalog free.

DRAGHON'S Practical COLLEGE
Business
Abilene Texas.

SUB CARDS.

We can send you postal sub cards, ready stamped and addressed for return, for 50c yearlies or 10c 10-weeks subs. Mighty convenient for sub hustlers to have on hand.

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.

Many of our readers who have things to sell or buy might use our advertising column to advantage. We have made a uniform flat rate of one cent a word each insertion, and every reader reads every word in the paper, ads and all.

There is a story about a mule that wanted to go to town one day but couldn't go because he had nobody to ride him. Many a cotton patch renter can't see how it would be possible to make crops without somebody to rent land from.

An order for 250 Speakers' Handbills is sent in by Miss Maggie Belknap, Throckmorton, Tex. Young ladies working for Socialism don't look good to people who want to continue the wage, rent, interest and profit system.

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.

P. G. Zimmerman of Anson is back from the National Party Congress at Chicago and is having success organizing locals down in Erath and Palo Pinto counties, so he wrote us on the 11th.

The farmer who votes to keep on dividing what he makes with the trusts because he half-way believes that infamous lie circulated by his enemies that Socialism would deny him a home—oh, how unfortunate for his wife and children that he is so bone-headed!

The Appeal to Reason last week stopped the big Goss press to get in a word about Taft's announcement that Socialism is the great issue that must be met. The Journal stopped the old 12x18 Gordon about the same time, for the same purpose. Such a declaration from the president of the United States is liable to be understood as a tocsin, a signal that the ball is about to open up.

Two or more railroads from one town to another where only one is needed; a dozen stores with their salespeople, bookkeepers, costly show windows, advertisements and other useless appurtenances where only one store is needed—it's this way all through the competitive system, where competition has not been eliminated by the trusts. And all this enormous burden of wasteful expenditure is borne by the working class in order that profits may be reaped by the investing class. Why do the workers stand for it? Ah! why does the mule carry burdens? Why does the ox bend his neck to the yoke and take the whip in silence? Answer: IGNORANCE.

It is thought best to discontinue the state party news notes furnished by the state secretary. For this reason: Such matter MUST appear in the Appeal to Reason, and since nearly every Texas Socialist takes the Appeal, it is a waste of space to run the same stuff every week in The Journal. Several have told us they would rather have the space in The Journal filled with those sharp-pointed arrows of argument that go to the vitals of capitalism and break off. So do not send to The Journal such party news as you send to the state secretary to be printed in the Appeal. But don't fail to send it to Secretary Meitzen. Texas ought to have a half page in the Appeal every week.