

The Farmers Journal

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

Vol. 7. No. 8.

ABILENE, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1910.

Weekly, 50c a Year.

Let Your Hearts Rejoice!

FIVE YEARS AGO, the doctrine that private capitalists have no just right to monopolize the resources of the earth and rob the people had hardly been voiced in Texas. The Farmers Journal, then the most radical paper in the state, had not even begun its non-partisan war on private land monopoly. A few people in the eastern part of Jones county had but recently cast away all blushes and brazenly declared themselves **SOCIALISTS**. For a longer period a little bunch about Grand Saline had been trying to start something. Seldom did the word Socialist appear in any paper except when some European bomb thrower was alleged to have been a Socialist and his apartments searched for Socialist literature. Now and then a rabid agitator would stir up a scene on the street, but the average citizen regarded him as a crazy crank and passed on. Such was pretty nearly the status of Socialism in Texas five years ago.

TODAY, TODAY, the papers in Texas are getting full of Socialism; the streets are vocal with Socialism; the air is vibrant with Socialism. The doctrine that a few men have a just right to own the earth and rule the earth and rob its workers of the fruits of their toil through the power of the paper title—this diabolical doctrine is being assailed from Texas school houses, court houses and opera houses, and **LABOR**, the giant that has never known his rights nor his power, is awakening. In every quarter of Texas God's common people are gathering from scores and hundreds of miles and "camping on the grounds" to hear about what bearing this thing Socialism has on their opportunity to make a living. And outside of Texas the great magazines are making special features of it. President Taft admits that it is now the greatest problem that confronts the American people. Can a man with pride of character afford to bury his head in the sand, ostrich-like, and refuse to see all this and seek the interpretation thereof?

LET YOUR HEARTS REJOICE! The day of deliverance from industrial bondage is drawing near. It is coming through political action, the only possible way in which it can come. There is going to be a transferring of titles. God made the land, and the days of man-ownership beyond legitimate use are about over. The workers made all the machinery, and the days of ownership by a few idlers are drawing to a close. It is not right that things should remain as they are. Neither is it possible. Think of five years ago; think of today; think of tomorrow.

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.



WON'T YOU MAKE THE START?

If all the land in the United States belonged to the government—if it were public land—and titles were to be issued to private individuals, and it were left to a vote of the people as to whether any individual should be granted title to more land than he could personally use, how would you vote?

Would you vote to restrict possession to use and occupancy, or would you vote to allow private land monopoly, such as we now have?

Would you vote for every residence to be a home, or for about two-thirds of them to be rent shacks? Remember, now, if you had the deciding vote, how would you vote?

Of course, unless you just voluntarily prefer to make your bed in hell, you would vote against anything like the present land system. You know it's wrong, if you have any knowledge of right and wrong at all.

Well, now, how long will it have to stay wrong before it gets itself right? If the wrong is EVER righted, a start will have to be made from wrong to right SOMETIME. Unless the start is made, the wrong will continue all through the coming ages. Unless the start is made, generations are waiting to be born into the world to toil and sweat and pay land rents, at much higher rates than obtain at present.

Can you figure out how a vote next November for any ticket other than the Socialist party ticket will be a vote against the present land system? There is no other ticket that even recognizes a land question. What is your duty to your children and your grandchildren?

He's a selfish Socialist who won't support a Socialist paper in his state because it's small from lack of advertising.

Light Shineth in Darkness.

Robert Hunter, 1106 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.

And curiously enough in the midst of these worries and dire predictions comes the message of SOCIALISM. It alone seeks to discover the causes of our misery, of our economic warfare, of our social wrongs, and it alone pretends to offer a solution. It offers almost the only note of hope; it alone holds out a great and beautiful ideal and it alone preaches an ethic that leads men to live and work for the common good.

It preaches the abolition of classes, the democratization of industry and the brotherhood of man. It has something precious and ennobling to offer to a sick, weary and anxious world. It fills the hearts of men with social idealism and a passion for the common good to take the place of the selfishness of class, or of group, or of individual.

And yet, marvel of marvels, it is perhaps the most hated doctrine preached in the world today. Its very name rouses a passionate hatred. It is attacked venomously by the clergy, by the statesman, by the press.

They refuse even to try to understand it and seek desperately to hoot it out of countenance, to dam it by lies and wicked insinuations.

And therefore once more let it be said that "the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

The leading article in Success Magazine for September is entitled "Milwaukee, Our First Socialist City." If you can spare fifteen cents, go to a news stand, buy a copy of September "Success" and read that article. No matter who you are nor what you are, it will help to purify your blood.

A SAMPLE LETTER.

If we had the help of a few capitalists, or a larger number of militant Socialists, to enable us to run a big paper, we would keep a standing department filled with little short bits of letters from our friends. We could devote a lot of space each week to letters like this one:

Dear Comrade Hicks:—I have just returned home after an absence of six weeks, and find quite an armful of papers awaiting me. I sorted out the Little Giants (Journals) read each one, and am mailing them out to persons whom I met on my trip who seem to be Socialists (or rather, are Socialists but don't know it). I don't know when my time expires, but I inclose \$1 to extend my time, also for a copy or two of Hickey's pamphlet.

Yours for the Restoration,
E. L. PAYNE.
Fannin, Goliad Co., Tex.

Success Magazine for September says: "The Texas prohibitionists tried to make prayer serve as a substitute for common sense, and failed. They ran two candidates for the Democratic nomination for Governor, Cone Johnson and William Poindexter. The antis ran one candidate, O. B. Colquitt. The prohibition forces prayed for the defeat of Colquitt, and Colquitt won, which seems to indicate that Providence expects folks, if their prayers are to be answered, to keep their politics on straight."

"In reading his book ("Why I am a Socialist," by Charles Edward Russell) we cannot wholly resist the notion that while timidly radical political leaders would denounce it, Abraham Lincoln would have understood."—Success Magazine for September.

Emil Seidel the new Socialist mayor of Milwaukee, has nailed to the wall of his office the motto of John Wesley: "Do all the good you can to all the people you can."

FIVE WEEKS FOR FIVE CENTS

IN CLUBS OF 100 OR MORE.

Saratoga, Tex., Aug. 24.

Farmers Journal,
Abilene, Tex.:

Dear Comrade:

If I furnish you with the names of about 500 people in this county, how much will you charge us per name to send The Journal to each one for five weeks? We want to do this as a kind of propaganda work, and at the same time try to induce as many as we can to subscribe for a Texas paper devoted to Socialism.

L. F. RIGBY, Co. Secretary.

We answered by proposing to mail The Journal from the office here to each one of the 500 names in Hardin county five weeks for FIVE CENTS PER NAME. We now extend the same offer to our comrades in all counties, and will mail The Journal 5 weeks for 5 cents to each one of any number of names above 100, with this proviso: The names and postoffices must be carefully arranged, and either typewritten or written in a plain hand with ink, so that the mailing can be done from the lists as furnished.

This is the fairest offer yet. We are getting down to a five-cent proposition—something never heard of before. How many counties will follow Hardin with 500 names at 5c each, or 400 names, or 300, or 200, or even 100? We are sick and tired of talking Socialism to Socialists. Can't 50 counties furnish an average of 250 names each, of persons who need to hear the doctrine of Socialism from the Socialist standpoint?

Hurrah for Hardin county!

“The point I want to make is that the spirit which underlies Boss Aldridge's defeat—the same spirit which vivifies the Insurgent movement of the West and caused the overturn in congress during the past summer—is ‘a great, a steady, a long-continued movement of the public mind,’ and that it cannot be deflected by abuse nor charged to agitators. For it is the universal struggle of growth, of the new against the old, of self-government against boss-government, of internal authority in religion against external authority, of community enterprise in business against private monopoly—in short, of democracy against aristocracy. May the right win!”—Ray Stannard Baker, in American Magazine for September.

Give The Journal the ear of the thousands in Texas who are politically dissatisfied, and it will soften their sentiments toward Socialism within a few weeks.

OUT OF HIS COURSE.

The oddest looking outfit seen in Paris in many years passed through the city yesterday morning headed south. It consisted of an old wagon drawn by a pair of diminutive jennets, and a solitary occupant, a man about 50 years of age. The wagon was loaded with household junk that looked like it might have been purchased before the war, and an old-fashioned spinning wheel was tied on behind. The traveler did not make any stop in town.—Paris News.

Maybe the old fellow was on his way to the Galveston convention and had lost his bearings. Any old man as poor as the subject of this sketch appears to have been has certainly allowed somebody else to do his thinking for him all his life. A record like that would have been credentials enough to get him into that convention.—Dallas News.

Two Offers.

Offer No. 1:

A nice present to the first person who can show where anybody able to work has any just right to any part of anything made by work, unless that individual does the work to make that thing or its equivalent in value.

Offer No. 2:

Another nice present to the first person who can show how those who work and make things can keep the full equivalent of those things so long as other individuals get rent, interest or profit by owning the land or other means necessary to make and distribute those things.

HICKEY'S PAMPHLET

“Theodore Roosevelt, the Political Dr. Cook,”

Supplied only by the Farmers Journal, at following prices:

FREE, with each 50c subscription or renewal to The Journal.

OR

Single copy 10c
Fifty copies \$4.50
One hundred copies 8.00

J. R. Boyd, Corpus Christi, orders 50 of Hickey's “Political Dr. Cook.”

“DOWN IN ALOHAM.”

No wonder the vicar of the church at Stratford-on-Avon is peeved at American tourists who sit in his congregation and write letters to the folks back home. How would you like to try to tell people about heaven while their minds are in Demopolis, Ohio, or Tombigbee, Alabama?—Dallas News.

Where did you live before you came to Texas? You've got that all balled up. Demopolis is on the Tombigbee river, and the Tombigbee is in Alabama, but what's Ohio go to do with it?

“The words exploit and exploitation, which are so frequently met with in Socialist literature, are very often not understood at all. By exploitation we simply mean this thing of a few capitalists getting nearly all the earnings of the working masses, by owning the things which the working masses have to use.”—John M. Work.

Thousands of votes will be lost to Socialism in Texas this year because of the pulling up and moving from place to place as an incident of the drouth in the western part of the state. After making due allowance for this, however, the vote for Reddin Andrews is going to stagger some people.

“The trouble with the opposition to Socialism in this country is that most of those who voice this opposition don't know what Socialism is.”—Success Magazine for September.

SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of The Journal is 50c a year, with Hickey's pamphlet—“Theodore Roosevelt, the Political Dr. Cook”—thrown in as a free premium.

The price of paper alone for 6 months is 25c; for 10 weeks it is 10c.

The price of The Journal and the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, both one year, is \$1.25; same for Journal and International Socialist Review, a high-class monthly magazine.

The price of The Journal one year and the Appeal to Reason 40 weeks is 75c; same for Journal and National Rip-Saw (monthly), both one year.

The Journal 5 weeks for 5c in clubs of 100 or more, addressed to each name.

HANDS THE TRUSTS AN ULTIMATUM.

Sometime back we called attention to a proposition advanced by Southwestern Farmer, of Houston, Tex., and ventured a few comments. Briefly, that proposition was that Texas institute a "commodity price commission," somewhat after the fashion of our railroad commission, with power to fix prices on everything sold in Texas that is made or controlled by trusts—and of course that includes practically all merchandise. Needless to say that such a proposition looks funny to a Socialist, and we repeat a remark we made at that time (July 13): "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?" In its issue of August 15 Southwestern Farmer again presents its commission proposition, and after assuring the trusts that if they will be good and tote fair with us and consent to let our commission fix their prices for them they will be allowed commercial profits of 8 to 10 per cent, it hands them an ultimatum as follows:

If you're not satisfied with that proposition; if you won't deal with us on that basis, why, we'll have to keep on pretending a little longer, but—TAKE NOTICE: If we can't regulate your prices to prevent you from robbing our people, we won't stand for your monopoly. We'll make a fight for public ownership. In short, if we can't have regulated private monopolies, we won't have any private monopolies at all. We'll have public monopolies—owned by all the people, and operated at cost. That way we'd cut out the 8 to 10 per cent that we now offer to allow you as profit above actual cost.

In other words, if we workers can't divide up with you owners without letting you take too darned much, we'll find some way to be owners ourselves and not divide up with you at all. Let us commend Southwestern Farmer for coming toward Socialism in a straighter and more direct course than many others have come. That commodity price commission—it will be easy to find out we can't get it, and that the trusts would soon take it away from us if we had it. Pass the application blanks.

In a speech the other night the emperor of Germany reasserted the doctrine that he rules not by the will of the people, but by the grace of God. Sensible people won't let such assertions by such royal idlers affect their notions concerning God, but the time cometh when they will do things to the royal idlers—possibly put them to work.

"RATIONAL PROHIBITION."

Whether the position taken by the editor of this paper in the following letter be correct or not, we believe the popular interest in the subject throughout this nation justifies its publication:

Abilene, Tex., Aug. 26, 1910.
Jack Billingsley,
Frankston, Tex.:
My Dear Comrade:

Your letter of 24th inst. to hand, inclosing booklet entitled "Rational Prohibition," (the same purporting to be a Socialist solution of the liquor problem) and asking what I think of it. I have read the article before, but have just now given it a more careful reading.

Notwithstanding the honest and labored effort made by the author of the booklet, he fails to make his remedy clear—at least to me. After picturing the evil of drink in as black colors as words can paint it, he says, on page 8: "We Socialists would destroy the power of money, knowing that from this is hatched out every distillery, brewery and damshop in this whole land." That is the only thing offered as a practical means of putting an end to the drink evil—"destroy the power of money."

Well, that brings up the premature question of what sort of money we will have under Socialism. If we Socialists are going to have money that is not good for a drink of whisky, how can it be good for anything else? And if our Socialist money will buy anything else that a person may want—which it must do in order to be money at all—then how can we keep it from buying a glass of booze? And as long as a man can sell booze for money that he can turn around and buy other things with, somebody is going to sell booze to get that kind of money. Somebody will sell it for profit, UNLESS the government is selling it AT COST. The government saloon running at cost would certainly knock out the individual saloon running for profit, but would it knock out the drink evil, with the appetite still here calling for the drink? The profit would go, but would the drink go with it while the appetite remained?

Here is my position as regards a remedy for the drink evil: The only remedy is PROHIBITION. If the drinker and the drink are ever permanently separated, it must be by an edict of society, no matter what may be the form of political or industrial government. The appetite for drink is here, and has always been here, and the drink will continue to be supplied either by the individual or the government until society shall decree otherwise. This decree will in fact be prohibition, no matter what else it may be called. And those who would hasten such decree

should demand that the government go into the liquor business to the limit, displace the dealer who deals in it for profit and eliminate him from the campaign altogether, supply at cost the human appetite for alcoholic stimulants to the uttermost demand, and thus put the liquor question on a liquor basis. This would precipitate conditions that can only be imagined. It wouldn't take society long to get enough of that sort of thing, and it would rise up in the might of an overwhelming majority and say, "This shall not be; the making and vending of drunkening beverages SHALL CEASE."

The Socialist who thinks he solves the liquor problem by waving his hand and saying, "Knock the profits from under it; that's all you've got to do," makes the fatal mistake of leaving the human appetite out of the account. So long as this appetite remains the liquor business will be carried on by the individual for profit, or by the government at cost, unless the business shall be PROHIBITED altogether.

Yours for happy homes,
J. L. HICKS.

Dr. C. W. Watson of Trent has been duly nominated for the legislature by the Socialists of this, the 103rd representative district.

Business Mention.

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

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