

The Farmers Journal

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

Vol. 7. No. 10.

ABILENE, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1910.

Weekly, 50c a Year.

A LABOR DAY WORTH WHILE.

After labor wins its strike at the ballot box; after a majority of the voters of America say by their votes that labor is entitled to all wealth because labor, either of muscle or mind, produces and distributes all wealth; after labor has quit paying dues to maintain craft organizations because useful labor has fused into one co-operative, harmonious mass for the mutual good of all; after labor has ceased to dig up assessments to carry on strikes and to pay heavy attorneys' fees to plead its cause before hostile courts; after labor has rested from its losing battle with the captains of industry in front and the scabs and strikebreakers in the rear; after labor's head has felt for the last time the impact of the policeman's club and can stand upright, sovereign and supreme, secure in a job because secure in the joint ownership of the job with the full proceeds of the job; after labor no longer has corporation bosses to reckon with, no power on earth to reckon with but the power of the majority and no reason on earth why the majority should take what one man earns and give to another—after "this cruel war is over" and the industrial peace and brotherhood of Socialism has been ushered in, then the world may witness a Labor Day that will be

A LABOR DAY WORTH WHILE.

Mayor Seidel wouldn't fraternize with Colonel Roosevelt. Then the colonel, he wouldn't fraternize with Senator Lorimer—said he'd bust up the banquet fust. Mighty hard for men to fraternize under national capitalism. Each trying to hog it all to keep from getting hogged. Our fraternity isn't skin deep.

We have just received a copy of the "Voice of Labour," published at Johannesburg, South Africa. The Socialist doctrine that rings out in it is precisely the same as that which rings out in the Socialist press of America. It's a world movement. Get into it, brother.

DRYSDALE IS DRY.

K. P. Drysdale has an article in Farm and Ranch defending the automobile. He says this industry provides the means of a livelihood for a million people, and is therefore a blessing to the farmers.

Well, let us see. If a man were making an automobile for himself, and should run out of food, clothing, fuel, and other necessaries, he would have to quit making his automobile and go to making a living, wouldn't he? We should think so, unless somebody else were making his living for him.

Question: If the automobile does not provide a living for a man, either before or after it is finished, when he makes the automobile himself, how can it do so when somebody else makes it?

The answer is that the automobile industry does not provide a living for anybody. It provides luxuries at the expense of those who provide the world's living, and we are sorry that Mr. Drysdale and so many others cannot get (or have not yet gotten) their eyes open wide enough to see that such is the case. So far from the automobile industry supporting the farmers, the farmers are for the most part supporting the automobile industry.

If the farmer makes a living for those who make automobiles, and then doesn't get an automobile, we fail to see where the farmer comes in—much less his baby.

R. C. Johnson, an aged comrade of Waco, was so deeply impressed with last week's Journal as an educator that he got up from his cot and wrote us a long letter. He commented a little on nearly everything in that issue, and characterized the points of argument as being "sharper than serpents' teeth." All of which we most heartily appreciate.

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
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One hundred copies 5.00

"Two ladies, married, and numbered among Kennett's Four Hundred, came to blows Tuesday evening on the street, and the unusual occurrence drew a gaping crowd of onlookers."—Kennett (Calif.) View. You forgot to tell us whether they were Socialist ladies whose homes had been broken up.

W. P. Osborne of Burrton, Kan., sends 20 names and \$2. It isn't the first time he has done that sort of thing, either.

"Find inclosed \$1, for which send me your little eyepener for 2 years."—Edward O'Hare, Virgil, Ohio.

Notice reduction in price of Hickey's "Political Dr. Cook" in lots of 12 or 100.

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

The Boytown Railroad.

(By Fred D. Warren.)

"Hi! Tommy, come and ride on my steam car," cried young Bill Short, as his boon companion passed the garden gate. Tom came over and inspected the "steam car." It consisted of a platform about three by five feet, mounted on the running gear of an abandoned hand car. A track made of old scantlings, boards, etc., was carefully laid out for a distance of a hundred feet or so.

"Ain't it a daisy?" said Bill, as he viewed his work with admiration. "Get on and I'll give you a free ride." Tom mounted the car and bill started the thing going by pushing it along.

"Golly, but that's nice!" exclaimed Tom, as the end of the journey was reached. "Lemme ride back."

"All right," said Bill, "if you buy a ticket." "Eh? A ticket? How much?" inquired Tom, in surprise.

"What's you got?" shrewdly asked Bill, with the true financier air. Tom emptied his pockets, and took an inventory. It disclosed the usual assortment of articles. Bill looked the collection over with a critical eye, and said: "That will buy four tickets."

After considerable haggling the trade was made. By this time rumors of the new railroad project had sped throughout the village, and boys of all sizes and descriptions appeared on the scene. Bill was soon doing a land office business. His exchequer disclosed the fact that he was getting wealthy. Soon he became weary of pushing the car and decided to hire a couple of boys to do the propelling act. This he did, and soon the improvised train was going at a merry clip. Bill found this much more to his liking, and he

made just as much "money" as before.

In a few days Bill had every marble, every pin, every ball and ball-bat in town, besides a miscellaneous assortment of kittens, dogs, cats, etc. But, notwithstanding he distributed his favors in the way of labor to the different boys, there was a falling off in business. He couldn't understand it. The boys were there any wanted to ride; the train was ready to start, and there were plenty of willing hands to do the pushing. Finally he hit upon the plan of offering reduced rates. This stimulated business a little, but after a short spurt the business fell off again.

"I've heard dad talk about panics; maybe we're having one. Still, I've got plenty."

Bill, who was a shrewd financier, set about to relieve the distress. Bill had noticed that the "legal tender" which he paid to the boys to push the car, flowed back into his hands rapidly and easily.

"Now, I'll have these boys do a lot of things for me and get some more money in circulation, then my business will be good again."

So accordingly, Bill made it known that he wanted laborers to build a depot. The application for places were numerous. He selected his gang, and then made it known that he would buy boxes, boards, nails, etc. Soon the back yard of Bill's parents was the scene of active industry. Boxes, boards and fence palings were surreptitiously hooked, brought to the scene and exchanged by the boys for the very articles they had given for tickets on Bill's railroad.

It was a busy scene and activity in every department was stimulated. The railroad assumed operations on

"FREE LOVE," DID YOU SAY?

"Tulsa, Okla., Aug. 13.—As the result of a shooting affray in the presence of a score of Tulsa society women in the Tanaha Club house, six miles east of here, at a late hour Thursday night, W. O. Braybill, said to be a produce merchant of Sapulpa, Okla., was shot and probably fatally wounded; J. J. Beck, a local capitalist, has a bullet in his shoulder, a waiter has a bullet hole through his hand, and the police are looking for Walter Fawcett, a well known club man. Tanaha Club is one of the most fashionable country resorts in this section of the state. In a signed statement W. O. Fleming, a state enforcement officer, declares practically everybody in the place, including at least twenty society women of Tulsa, were intoxicated. Officers raided the club house and found 200 pints of whiskey and fifty pints of champagne, as well as a score of well known married women of this section, many of whom were supposed to have been at eastern seaside resorts spending their vacations, but who have in reality been living at the club house more than two months. An eye witness of the shooting said this morning that the trouble originated when Beck was discovered dancing with Mrs. Martin Shively, wife of a local grain dealer, by Mr. Shively. The latter objected, and Beck banteringly offered to fight him for possession of Mrs. Shively. . . . Many local business men whose wives are absent from the city rushed to Tanaha in automobiles, and a number of them found their wives in the club house. It was learned that a number of the women at the house last night were the wives of prominent officials, while a few are from neighboring states."

O tempora! O mores! O Sodom and Gomorrah! The above was first published in the Daily Leader of Guthrie, Okla., then reproduced in the Pioneer of Oklahoma City, and then we hung it on our hook to pass it around as soon as we could get to it. It is not fit to pass around, we know; and we would not do it except to call attention to the fact that while the pure and virtuous wives and mothers of Tulsa, of Guthrie, of Abilene and of every city and town and on every farm who have toiled to aid their husbands and sons in produc-

ing wealth but who have little or nothing to show for that toil, and while they have been pondering over the reason, and stinting and planning how they might keep the children in the proper garb to attend Sunday school and to enter the secular schools when the September opening day should arrive—yes, while the real wives and mothers were thus engaged, the high flyers who fly high on what decent people make were over at the “club house” carrying on their harlotry. And when the decent, chaste and honest working people complain about how they are producing abundance and living in poverty, and show a disposition to accept Socialism as their only hope of relief from this condition of hard work and hard living, then we hear voices from the class that wouldn't have got caught at the “club house” if somebody hadn't got shot, joined by voices from pulpits, editorial sanctums and old party stump speakers, crying aloud and saying, “Socialism is FREE LOVE; it will abolish the sacred relation of HUSBAND AND WIFE!”

If a man should discover a hole in his pocket and his money leaking out, he would sew up the hole and go back and try to recover what he had lost, would he not? Well, that would depend on whether he were more intelligent than is the working man who votes the ticket of the millionaires while their soft, white, bejeweled hands are in his pockets, looting him by law. This thought is suggested in a letter from H. H. Donawho of Cisco, Tex. It looks like a joke, but it isn't.

The editor of the Farmers Journal, a Socialist paper at Abilene, is a genial fellow whom to know is to like, but he is as full of strange ideas as a dog is of fleas. His latest is that where there is a drouth and the farmer does not make enough to pay for the supplies he has bought from the merchant on credit, the debt should be canceled and “both lose out together.”—Pioneer Exponent, Comanche, Tex.

We hate to throw the “short and ugly word” at one who says he likes us, and yet Jesse Adams knows he has put his genial friend in a FALSE light. But he did it to stigmatize Socialism.

They have built a new school house in the Cottonwood community, McLennan county, Tex. Well, what of it? Nothin' much, only they couldn't afford to be without a school house. The Socialists down there bought the old one, and a half acre of ground with it.

THE BOYTOWN RAILROAD.
(Continued from Page 2.)

a larger scale and the depot was rapidly nearing completion. The work was finished, but the miniature town had plenty of funds, and the railroad still run lively. In a few days, however, the railroad business dropped off and came to a standstill. Bill took an inventory and found that he had accumulated a large amount of wealth, besides having his buildings up and paid for.

“Must be another panic,” he soliloquized, as, with hands deep in his pockets, he gazed out through the little windows of his depot at the anxious looking faces of the boys without. I guess I'll have to do something to stimulate business again.”

His fertile brain conceived numerous ways of giving employment to the boys who were anxious to ride. The yard was cleaned, and the fence and trees were white-washed, the garden was weeded, for all of which he paid liberally, knowing full well the “money” would come back. Business was good for awhile, but was followed by the usual stagnation when the money was gone.

This time there was muttering among the boys. Tom, the first passenger, appeared to be unusually demonstrative. He saw that Bill was accumulating all the wealth of Boytown without the least effort on his part, and he began to cast about in his own mind for a means to circumvent the youthful railroad magnate. He first concluded to build a road of his own, but he abandoned this idea, for he realized that the boys would have nothing with which to buy a ride.

At last he conceived an idea. He called a meeting in Jimmy Simpson's barn, just across the alley from

Bill's railroad project. Bill viewed the meeting with some misgivings. He did not altogether like it. He sent his bosom friend and lieutenant, Skinny Jones, over to report the progress of the meeting.

Tom called the meeting to order and commenced:

“Now, feller citizens, it won't be any use for me to explain the situation. Youse know it already. We fellers want to ride, but we ain't got nuthin' to ride with, notwithstanding the fact we've worked hard. Of course, there air times when we have plenty of marbles, pins, chalk, an' such, but as Bill's got it all, we can only get it when he has something for us to do, and then we'uns go and spend it with him over again, and he soon has the money and the product of our labor.” At this point he was interrupted by thunderous applause.

“Now, feller citizens, I have a plan that I think'll work, whereby we can have all the rides we want.”

“What is it?” shouted half a dozen eager voices.

“It's this way; we'll build a road of our own.”

“Can't be did,” shouted a voice in the rear.

“Oh, yes, we can,” replied the speaker. “We'll issue a notice to all the boys of this 'ere town and tell them that if they wants ter help they can have all the rides they want.”

Contributions of material, etc., were called for, and by evening an assortment of wheels, boards and timbers were gathered. In a few days Boytown Co-operative Railroad was well under way. Little slips of paper were prepared, on which was scrawled the number of hours each boy labored. When the road was completed, lots were cast to see who would be the first

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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.



The Journal has just printed 2,000 big campaign circulars for Scurry county, with the county Socialist ticket thereon. Some of the best names in Texas are on that ticket.

“When Shall Our Girls Marry?” is a headline in Farm and Ranch. The old-time answer would be: “When she meets the young man whom she loves with all her heart, and who loves her with all his heart.” Nowadays—“Has he got a job?”

They keep calling for the book that awakens the tenderest memories—the old Blue Back Speller. We have just sent a dozen each to C. C. Curry of Rochelle, and Jack Cahill of McNeil, Tex. Only by the dozen—\$2 per dozen, postpaid. Easy to buy, easier to sell.

“Papa says your answer to the Dallas News last week on ‘Inequality as Between the Merchant and the Farmer’ was the ablest thing he ever read along that line.” That’s what a young lady said to us. A younger editor would have blushed clear around to that wart on the back of his neck.

Pass this issue of The Journal around among your neighbors. That “Boytown Railroad,” by Fred Warren, contains the core and kernel of Socialism. It interested this writer so deeply a few years back that he printed it in The Journal, and he still thinks it is good stuff—good enough to print again. The central thought in it is that no man should ride who doesn’t help push, and that is good old Bible doctrine. That doctrine couldn’t be carried out, however, on Bill’s railroad; it worked beautifully on the Socialist road. Read it.

THE BOYTOWN RAILROAD. (Continued from Page 3.)

passengers. After that the boys pushed and rode in turn.

Bill, the capitalist, was nonplussed. As he looked across the way and noticed the business the other road was doing, he became envious. He viewed with alarm his now rusty car.

“I’ll go over and see the blamed thing,” he said to himself, as he closed the door of the little depot and went out. He was greeted cordially by his former passengers, who took pleasure and delight in explaining to him just how the thing operated.

“I see that,” replied Bill, “but where does the profit come in—who’s makin’ any money outen it?”

“There ain’t any profit, an’ no one’s a makin’ any money. We’re ridin’ and pushin’ an’ every feller gets about six rides to one push. When we’re workin on your road we had to push twice to get enough to ride once. Oh, I tell yer, it’s a great scheme!”

“Believe I’ll ride,” said Bill, as he stepped upon the car. He tendered the conductor some of the collateral that was good on his road, but the functionary refused it disdainfully.

“Dat don’t go on dis line. If dat’s all you’ve got, you’ll have to get off and walk. See?”

“Well, that’s all I’ve got. How’m I to get what you fellers have got?” he anxiously inquired.

“Get off an’ push de car, an’ den you can ride on dis line. Labor talks here.”

The way Mayor Seidel didn’t fuse with Roosevelt in Milwaukee must be a little bit disconcerting to some who have been saying, “The Socialists will sell out, too.”

Business Mention.

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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.