

WOULD-BE PUBLIC SERVICE DESPOTS.

(By W. C. Ould)

The action of the School Board in threatening the removal of Professors J. Hughes Rapp and Louis H. Guserand, editors of "The Teachers Forum," for daring to editorially criticize the board, is, as we understand the act of the board, one of the very worst attempted usurpations of power that has happened in New Orleans since certain employes of the Belt Railroad were discharged for daring to form a labor union, an act which, had they been alive to their own interests, the Railroad Brotherhoods should have met with a general walk-out.

But, where are these usurpations to stop? And are the men at the head of Public Corporations the Servants or the Czars of the people?

Every year more and more industries are passing under Public Control, and as the months go by, ever larger numbers of the people will be added to the public service. Ere long the railroads, telegraphs, telephones, mines, etc., will undoubtedly come under government control.

This being true, what sort of Industrial System are we going to have in this country—a Kaiserism where the people are bossed by a bureaucracy of politicians and bankers, or are we going to insist that American principles be strictly-adhered to, and

Democracy, the right of the people to rule, be the governing principle of ALL public service?

This last, Industrial Democracy, we must insist on or all our freedom is gone, lost forever.

Further, the action of the board is a direct assault on the right of Free Speech and Press, without which no abuse can be corrected, no people maintain their liberties. If the editors of The Forum may not criticize the board without being called before the board to be tried by the board for an offense alleged by the board to have been committed against the board, then the sovereignty of the American people is a sham and a fraud, for the politicians who happen to be at the head of public service corporations are no longer the servants but the masters of the people. A more dangerous and anti-American doctrine was never asserted.

The teachers of the Public Schools of New Orleans are to be praised for the quickness and ability with which they have faced the attempted subversion of democratic principles by the School Board and all the people of New Orleans, and especially all the union people, should rally to their support and force the board to recognize that this is still "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people"

For, unless public service corporations are subject to direct and democratic control and management by the people on whose labor they depend for their existence, they are and will be increasingly a menace and a danger to the liberties of the na-

tion, the people finally nothing but the slaves of the State.

—oo—

MIGHT IS RIGHT.

In this great book Ragnar Redbeard boldly asserts that Liberty and true Manhood cannot return to humanity until the World is cleansed by a catastrophic struggle against the "Emperors of Gold" and their "rotting millions." In blazing and thought-shocking sentences he shows the inevitability of what is now going on in Europe and America and calls the "New Nobility" to rise and unslave the Race.

If you care to read the books of men who think and speak their own thoughts, who are not simply human phonographs, send us \$1.00 (or in New Orleans and foreign \$1.10) and we will mail you a copy of "Might Is Right," a copy of the "Songs of Love and Rebellion," and send you Rebellion for 3 months.

—oo—

10 cents make 1 dime.
10 dimes make 1 dollar.
100 dollars make 1 wage slave.
10,000 wage slaves make 1 millionaire.
1000 millionaires make 1 billionaire.
100 billionaires make one international plutocratic system.

One international plutocratic system makes 1 complete hell on earth.

"WHY IS AN EDITOR?"

(By Voc, the Barbarian)

"Paw, why is an editor?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Editors, my dear daughter," replied the fond parent, "especially editors of 'great journals,' 'official organs,' and daily newspapers, are because they once were.

"Editors were originally 'some pumpkins' in the communities in which they lived and enlightened, but today all that is changed, for, what with the business office on one side of them and the policy of the management on the other, they are in the fix of the man who got between the devil and the deep blue sea.

"Editors are supposed to illuminate the minds of the 'common people' on and as to human affairs in general and in particular, but when a man can't express his own mind his illuminations don't dispel much darkness.

"Editors are mainly maintained on publications today, not to think, but so that 'the public' may have somebody to cuss.

"Editors thus being forever between the business office, 'the policy' and 'the public,' develop hides thicker than politicians and consciences like unto lawyers, and even at that only the most hardened sinners stick to the job.

"Editors cannot turn around without butting into

one of the three powers named and must ever be on their guard against ruffling any of them, since from the business office they draw their pay, from 'the policy' their psychology and from 'the public' their praise, all three of which are necessary to the welfare of modern editors, for editors, like all other human animals, must forage for food, clothing and shelter.

Editors must always speak wisely and well, exercising great care in the handling and illumination of the dangerous facts and truths that now undermine all society, lest they expose the ship of State to a submarine and thus kerplunk the palladium of our liberties.

"Editors, my dear, like all other great things and men of today, 'are not the things they seem,' or dreamed, either, and the more widely they are advertised the more certain you can be that they are famed for saying nothing wisely or for gilding the lily of truth so perfectly that no one would recognize it after it had passed through the exotic exuberance of their imagination.

"Editors are, therefore, born and not made. Their 'why' is one of the unrevealed marvels of an unrevealed mystery."

"Gee, paw, ain't you a editor?" dazedly queried the sweet young thing.

"Yes, my child," he meekly answered, "I am of the Lost Tribe of Thinkers, but please don't be too hard on poor old daddy, dear, for, remember, had I not been diplomat enough to dodge by the three

terrible powers named, you couldn't have been queen of the Pippin Carnival Club's ball this season, and it has been the dream of my life to see you Queen of the Pippins.

"When the fountain pen falls from my hand and I pass to that happy realm where the business office, 'the policy' and 'the public' cannot come, just carve this on my tombstone: 'Here sleeps an editor: May he never wake up. Amen.'"

—oo—

JUST A LETTER.

Mandeville, La., April 14, 1915.

Dear Hall—Your book of "Songs of Love and Rebellion" received. It creates inspiration, sympathy and defiance. I started to read the book and never stopped until I had read the last word of it. I congratulate you on the get-up and hope you will sell about at least fifty thousand copies.

"The Last Message" should be read by every working man in this country. I have been in New Orleans, but did not have time to see you, so I left the 50 cents for 10 Rebellions. Wishing you all success in your new magazine.

Yours in revolt,

J. MERKL

—oo—

YOU, my Masters, are, in your folly, doing all in your power to drive this Southland and Nation to desperation. Remember Diaz and Huerta.

THE WAY OF KINGS—CROWNED AND UNCROWNED.

(By Covington Hall)

Ye are prating of your power, but the sky of time is
gray,
And the fullness of your madness it shall ripen with
the day.
Ye shall waken in the moment when the great world
shakes and reels,
When the mad brute host of hunger from the slums
and darkness steals;
Ye shall waken to the reaping of the fruits your
hands have sown,
And the measure ye have meted to the race shall
be your own.
Think ye not that fate is idle and your own the
Supreme Will,
For the wrecks that strew the aeons tell that Right
is reigning still.
Dream ye not that Mammon conquers, trust ye not
too much to gold,
For the shell is not the substance, and the flesh is
not the soul.
If ye doubt it, pause and listen; lift aside the veil
of time:
Where is Rome and all her splendor? Where is
Athens, the sublime?
Where are all the Persian millions? Where the
proud Egyptian host?

Tell me, does imperial Carthage still adorn the Afric
coast?
Where the empire of the Incas? Where is Montezu-
ma's throne?
What is Spain and Spanish glory in the world once
called her own?
Where are India's mighty princes? Where the
Babylonian kings?
Tell me, ye who kneel in worship at the shrine of
blood-bought things!
Proud ye are, and will not answer—ye are swelled
with folly vast—
Neither will ye heed the lesson that is taught by
ages past.
Like the scribes of ancient Judah yet depend on
Roman might,
But the buried Truth is risen and the faith still lives
tonight.
There be some ye cannot silence; there be some
ye cannot kill;
And the blood of martyred spirits is the seed of
progress still;
Love and freedom still are powers in the human
heart and soul,
And, undaunted, Liberty still marches onward to
the goal!
But all words are worse than useless—Reason's self
ye would deride—
Ye are but the sons of folly and the slaves of purse-
born pride;

Ye are strangers unto mercy; ye are deaf and dumb
and blind;
Ye have never paused to listen to the human heart
and mind.
Justice, honor, hope and virtue, ye as evil things
disdain—
Lo! I hear the Sons of Esau coming over hill and
plain
And the hymns of freedom ringing 'round a rebel
world again!

—oo—

THE BANKING PAWN-BROKERS OF LOUISIANA.

When I hear any man talk of an unalterable law,
the only effect it produces on me is to convince me
I have met an unalterable fool.

* * * * *

The conventions of society are shams. They center around sex and property. This being true, there is not a roof in all Christendom that does not shelter a grinning skeleton born of the triumph of human nature over puritanical statutes.

The legitimate holdups and piratical assaults on individual treasuries by the banking interests of New Orleans and a few—very few—other cities would flabbergast a Bengalese thug. A capitalist of one of our Northern cities visiting in Louisiana decides he will make investments along business lines. On going to a New Orleans bank he ascertains he can-

not cash his St. Paul or Denver check except at a discount, nor can he open an account and deposit his checks which come in to him here in the ordinary run of business without paying a toll of ten cents upon each check or draft so deposited. The result is that capital is kept away, manufacturing plants are not built and the lesson taught by the banker in cajoling and exacting an unfair tax does more injury to the local business world than the Association of Commerce can counteract in years. Fear keeps the Commerce Association from demanding and compelling a reform of the evil. The banking interests help pay salaries, as a result the bankers are embraced and apotheosized, no matter what frauds, deceits or shams they put over.

Let two or three New York or Chicago bankers express an opinion on some leading subject and the banking pawn-brokers of Louisiana bow their heads in assent. The bell-wether of the New Orleans flock endorses the identical idea; he becomes locally known as a student of economics, is lauded by the daily press as a truly big financier, although in very truth he has no more individuality or ideas than an Egyptian mummy occupying the "Amen" corner. The New Orleans banking Big Bug but echoes the opinion of the New York, St. Louis or Boston banker of affairs. As the New Orleans banker-pawnbroker follows the brains of the Northern financier, so the country banks of Louisiana follow the New Orleans spokesman until a complete unit is established. Is it the fruit of intelligence

or just rank hypocrisy? The above impeachment cannot be denied, disclaimed or disowned.

NOTE—The above vitriolic, gentle reader, is an editorial from "The Lawyer and Banker and Southern Bench and Bar Review," Vol. VIII, No. 2, April, 1915.

This is what the Lumberjacks and Working Farmers of Louisiana call "Lumber Trust High Finance;" that is, grabbing something for nothing, no matter how small the something. This method of "producing" wealth is the basis of the present "Aristocracy" of the South. You, the "Common People," were not expected to see this editorial quoted, therefore, read Rebellion every month and get wise. REB.

—oo—

A GIGANTIC MERGER AND A GIGANTIC POWER

Elsewhere in The Item this Sunday morning appears an account of a union of interests among several vast groups of traction, light and power promoters and operators that, by alliance, whether by corporate form or by informal agreement, enables them, by working together, to dominate the supply of the necessary services of electric light, electric power, rapid transit, in and to practically every important municipality in all the Central South. * * *

The men and the money that have done the work that has been done, have exacted therefor their full

measure of reward. Today they levy taxes upon the people whom they serve mounting into many millions annually. They have capitalized their own energy—and then capitalized the inertia of the people whom they have exploited—and upon the profits upon their own acumen—and upon the poverty of the regions they have pioneered. They have manipulated corporations, and issues of stocks and bonds, so that they have won back all their first cash investments, yet own, control and operate the properties they have builded. * * * *

The time comes on surely, and with increasing swiftness, when the people themselves, through their government, will see to it with efficiency not of this day, that the NECESSITIES of life, and the NECESSARY SERVICES OF LIFE are not made longer the mediums for extortion and robbery under guise of law and under mask of kindly benefit.

The time comes surely, and with increasing swiftness, when the people themselves, through their government, are going to OWN (If so, the government must be changed to an Industrial Democracy, or the last state of the people will be worse than the first.—C. H.) the agencies upon which they depend for communication, for transportation, for light and water and power, and all that we understand by the broad term "PUBLIC SERVICE."

It depends upon those private groups that now own these agencies how soon that time comes, and whether it comes with calmness, reason, and just appreciation of the real past benefits received, or

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whether it comes in stormy anger that considers not the means by which it gains its ends.

(Excerpts from an editorial in The N. O. Item of November 16, 1913).

—oo—

LONGING

Ruminations of the Colonel Thereon.

(Reported by Covington Hall)

"The sense of longing," said the Colonel, "is one of the saddest and sweetest emotions of the human soul; there is in it a strange, undefinable quality, a quantity we can never weigh nor measure; there is in it both materiality and immateriality, but its body is never seen, its spirit never known.

"Today it leads us down into the valleys in the wild and vain endeavor to rehabilitate the bankruptcies of the past; to-morrow, in angel-tones, it will call us out of earth, away from all the past, beyond the present, into dreamlands where the etherealized, exalted soul may hear the heart-beat of primeval love and listen to the grandest arias of immortal life.

It is that better self within us, which will not die, which lives through all changes, struggles against all environments, and is, as it were, a halo round the conscience, glorifying the temples of the past, lighting up the altars of the present, jewelizing the shrines of all the future with lustrous and transcendent beauty.

And, whether it comes in laughter or in tears, the

REBELLION

emotion of longing deals never with the baser things of life. If it wanders into the cemeteries of the past, it goes to gather up the flowers of our life, and, if it mourns, it mourns that we lacked the knowledge to cultivate these perished flowers into fruit, and to seek through tears a method enabling us to graft the rose of youth upon the oak of age.

"If it halt here in the present, it is but to seek the pearls that lie hidden in the roughened shell of life and to bring fresh water from the springs of Eldorado to resurrect and revivify the thirsty violets in the gardens of hope. If, thrilled with beauty, it unfolds the sleeping spirit's wings and soars away into the future, it has but gone upon a mission to explore the republic of Imagination for material to build once more an Eden here on earth.

And, it would seem, our longings are experiences that did not teach, endeavors that failed us, imaginations that still urge us to do battle with the conspiracies against our souls. Yet is this so and is not so; for, though our longings are in fact the substance of the thing we lost, the reality of the thing we hold, the body of the thing we seek, the thing itself has never yet resolved itself into a form of clear and definite shape.

"The sense of longing is to the human heart as the moonlight to the waters—it is a radiance on the shadows of the soul—a splendor made more wondrous by its very essence of elusiveness. And, again, the sense of longing is to the heart as the sunshine to the sea—it is the awakening and triumphant cry

of the full-armed soul—the star of genius sweeping through the mists of night upon the wings of lighting.

"And so it comes, my friends, that all our longings always are and must forever be unsatisfied, for they are but the soul-picture of man as he would be—the world as he would build it could man but fashion forth the untarnished nobility of his soul, express in definite and visible form the beautiful spirit of longing."

—oo—

NIETZSCHE ON THE STATE.

"Far too many are born. For the superfluous ones the State was invented. Behold how it allureth them: how it devours and chews and masticates them!"

"Somewhere there are still 'peoples' but not with us, my brethren. With us there are 'herds' and 'States.' 'The State!' What is that? Well, now open your ears, for now I will utter my judgment on the destruction and death of 'peoples.' The State: I call it the coldest of all cold monsters, and coldly it lies; and this lie oozeth out of its mouth eternally. 'I the State am the People.'"

"Furthermore, what I call the State is where the slow suicide of all is called 'Life.'"

—oo—

"Equal rights to all, special privileges to none!"

THE POISONERS OF THE WELLS.

Dedicated to the American Sup-Press.

(By Attila, in "The Fatherland.")

Sweet is the warfare in the miry trench
To that which our corrupted pressmen wage,
To wreck the minds of men and spread a stench
Through this wild climax of a frenzied age.
With draff they feed the hungry mob, and lies,
And all that lives grows bloated and obscene
When these ghouls mumble it. And all that dies,
Dies doubly in their obsequies unclean.
War is not such an evil as the curse
Of paltry minds in power that distil
Venom into the people and asperse
Courage and Truth and Chivalry. They spill
Their ink on that poor spark that still retains
Its dim, precarious fire amidst the blast—
The ray that struggles in a myriad brains
With sulphur and with pitch they overcast.

You crowds that writhe and gabble in the gloom,
Drugged and besotted with a toxin dire,
You that are smitten by a darker doom
Than War's red mace or Havoc's flail of fire—
O sorry helots to the basest breed
Of wretches that defile the printed page,
Whose slimy tentacles twice daily bleed
Your brains and souls—how mocks the huckster
age

REBELLION

Your puerile talk of "liberty," who wallow
In the black marshes of a noisome press—
You serfs of dead Democracy who swallow
The monsters' spawn, yet starve in emptiness—
Long have you heard their shrieks of "liberty!"
When Law against their dens of evil treads—
"Their liberty of speech!" What leprosy
Is on you that your heels should spare their heads?

Once more the stark Black Ages seize the Earth;
Its soil was ripe for madness and the dance .
Of giant Superstitions that had birth
From that great womb of Lies and Ignorance—
The felon Press. The boon becomes a bane;
The Liberator hounds his million slaves;
The Source of Knowledge is old Night again,
And Truth sits weeping by her countless graves.
Upon those starless plains where nations teem,
I saw the welter of the eyeless herds
And slaughtered minds, and heard the ceaseless
scream
Of ink-stained jackals and of carrion birds,
And knew it for a more abhorrent sight
Than mangled armies shrieking to the night.
London, 1915.

—oo—
"And God gave the earth to Adam and his seed
forever." By what valid title, then, did the State
transfer it to a minority of the Race?

—o—
Loot: See the history of Rail, Light and Water.

REBELLION

LOUISIANA READERS, ATTENTION

Many of you have been getting *Rebellion*, which
was sent to you for three months by a Rebel. If you
like it, send me 25 cents and I will put you on for
four months more and give same rate to any club
sent in from South.

Yours for a death-blow to Peonage and Tenantry,
COVINGTON HALL.

THE MILITIAMAN.

(By Covington Hall)

Behold the Yellowleg, my son; the awe,
The Alpha and Omega of the law,
Before you see. In that majestic form
Incarnate authority and the norm
Of order moves. The bravest of the brave
Is he, a chosen, picked and super-slave.
But for him men would on each other dash,
Law and all society go to smash.
He reasons not, nor thinks; he just obeys.
For duty's sake he stabs and shoots and slays.
The eye of justice points his rifle's sight.
He keeps the fallen girls in the Redlight.
In strikes he is our friend to the last ditch.—
(He says so himself. The son of a gun.)

—oo—
Did you ever pause to think how the laws of Na-
ture were turned in-side-out and up-side-down when
Adam gave birth to Eve?

 REBELLION

 SOUL OF ED. LEHMAN

Ed. Lehman is dead. Desperately ill for over a year, his every letter to me breathed undying defiance to the despoilers of the South and especially to the Lumber Trust. Time after time he wrote me: "All I hope for is to get well so I can come back home to Louisiana and join the Rebels in one more fight on the Lumber Trust. Tell the boys to reorganize, to keep up the fight until the Trust is whipt to a standstill."

I send to you, the living, this last message from the Soul of Ed. Lehman, he whose body was broken and martyred in the flush of life by the Lumber Trust. Heed it, you who would be MEN and see your children free.

For "Old Brave" is gone, he has left the forests of Dixie forever. In the living flesh he can fight with us for liberty no more.

COVINGTON.

—○—
 Fear is the poison used by priests, preachers, rabbis and politicians to still the natural and instinctive surge of the human soul toward light and liberty.

—○—
 "Southern Rights"—To be peaceably plundered by Industrial Carpet-Baggers and Scalawags.

—○—
 Dixie: The Mexicanized part of the U. S. A.

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COVINGTON HALL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of April, 1915.

R. A. TICHENOR, Notary Public.

(My commission is for an indefinite term and is now in full force and effect).

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