

—Yes, that's it, "No Resources." That's the only reason so many active Workingmen are rotting their lives away in the hellish prisons of this country today. How long, Mother Labor, O how long, how long!

Cline's Appeal.

Cline was, like Rangel, handed 99 years, and is trying to get enuf funds to appeal his case. I believe he should be given the chance, for out of his appeal, if it is ably conducted, may come the freedom of all the railroaded men, and all TRUE AMERICANS and REBELS will do all in their power to give the chance Cline asks. In the "trial" of the Louisiana Lumber Workers Charlie Cline worked day and night, worked like a MAN for the liberation of the Rebels then endangered. Almost naked he came to Lake Charles, La., where the "trial" was in progress, slept where he could, eat what he could and, hungering often, raised more than \$200 for the defense of the intended victims of the Lumber Trust. THAT'S why he has been given 99 years in the penitentiaries of Texas—not because he is guilty of "conspiracy to murder" a gunman. The very reference to his record in Louisiana, "Approved by O. B. Colquitt, Governor of Texas," proves that he was sent to prison, not for "conspiracy to murder," but for aiding and abetting the rebellion of the Lumberjacks against the Santa Fe Railroad and the Southern Lumber Operators' Association. At one time he was kept in solitary confinement for seven weeks, the only excuse being that he "insisted on talking unionism to the prisoners in jail." For Loy-

alty to the cause of labor he has been doomed to worse than death. From YOU, whose cause he served so well, he asks a CHANCE to regain his liberty and the liberty of his comrades. WILL YOU GIVE IT TO HIM AND THEM?

Finally.

Admitting that ALL that has been charged against these men is true, which it most certainly is not, is that any justification for their barbarous treatment and equally barbarous sentences? I, for one, don't believe any true American will so assert. Further, you Workingmen: These cases are closely bound up with the "Labor Question" in the entire Southwest. The same gang that has just doomed these 14 men are the same gang that has flooded the Southwest with Mexican labor and, this labor, they are trying to hold down to the PEON wages and conditions it was used to in old Mexico under Diaz, the Damned. Their success in this attempt means the cutting of wages and the lowering of conditions thru out the West for the entire Working Class. Their success in this means reducing the standard of living for ALL the workers. Their success in this means that just by that much they will have buttressed, strengthened and extended PEONAGE and TENANTRY in the United States and Canada. For this reason they want no UNION agitation among the Mexican toilers, who are quick to take the message of Unionism. For this reason—that they were Labor organizers—more than anything else, Cline and Rangel have been doomed. If they, the Capitalists and Landlords, can make good

in this, the entire American Labor Movement will be endangered. For this reason, and for this reason alone, in all cases like these THEY raise the Race howl—to DIVIDE AND CONQUER. They who called Cline a “white s— of a b— Bastard” and Rangel a “dirty greaser,” raise the Race howl to divide YOU—they who then give the Assassin Huerta the freedom of the United States and Texas! Will YOU fall for it?

Unto You.

To you, the Libertarians, the Socialists, the Anarchists, the Unionists, the Rebels of America, we send out this appeal, calling you to aid in the liberation of Charles Cline, J. M. Rangel and their comrades with them doomed! To you, the sons of the Heroes of the Alamo, we appeal to wipe this disgrace from the history of the Lone Star State! To you, the Lovers of Humanity, we appeal to not let the Colquitts and Kirbys, the Diazes and Huertas, win this triumph over the Cause of Human Freedom!

LONG LIVE INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY!

THIS AINT “CONSPIRACY TO MURDER.”

“At the present time are fifteen generals of the old Huerta army, as well as four thousand officers and men of this organization in El Paso. Many of them admit they are receiving pay from a new military organization, which has its headquarters in New York. They are waiting the order for the invasion of the new revolutionary force to Mexico.”—Recent press dispatch.

“O JUST AND KINDLY JUDGE!”

Defendant's Special Charge No. 3.

The defendant in the above styled case seasonably and before the charge of the court was read to the jury, presented to the court and counsel for the State the following special charge, and requested the same to given:

Gentlemen of the Jury—If you find from the evidence that Candelario Ortiz had, prior to his death, by virtue of cruel and unjust conduct, incurred the hatred and animosity of some of the members of the alleged party, other than the defendant, and you further find that the said Candelario Ortiz was killed by certain members of the party who bore such hatred toward him, if any, and that such killing took place in the absence of the defendant, and without his knowledge or consent, and you further find that the said killing of the said Candelario Ortiz was not done in pursuance or furtherance of any conspiracy, but resulted directly from the hatred, if any, which the said Candelario Ortiz had incurred in the minds of other members of the party, then you will acquit the defendant and say you your verdict “not guilty.”

E. HALTOM,
R. W. B. TERRELL,
CHAMP G. CARTER.

Endorsed:

The State of Texas Vs. J. M. Rangel Et Al. Special
Refused:

W. S. Anderson, Judge 37th Judicial District.
Filed: Feb. 27, 1915. Andres Coy, Clerk, etc.

REDHOT TRUTH.

(By W. J. Stanford)

What have you Rebels done for Cline, Rangel and their comrades? If you haven't done anything, why do you call yourselves Rebels? Do you know your inaction is helping to crush fourteen Rebels? Do you know that Cline and his comrades are in the hands of the damnedest Vigilantes in the United States? Do you know what life is like in the Texas pens? You hit the ball from sun-up to sundown with a hired thug hard on your heels. The gunman is mounted and is armed with a shotgun and shot-whip, with plenty of bloodhounds handy and, the first wrong move you make, you think a cyclone has struck you. I know what I am talking about, because I had some. Fine life' isn't it? And that is what Cline is up against—FOR LIFE.

Your sympathy isn't worth a continental in Texas. Will YOU send some money for their defense? Or would you rather they stayed in the pen and rotted?

A MESSAGE FROM LEHMAN.

Valhalla, April 13, 1915.

You soul-nerveless Southerners, I tell you this: It is better to die fighting than starving:

In the penitentiary than in the stockades and slums;

On the gallows than licking boots.

Verily, I say unto you, ye shall Organize in O. B. U. or suffer still greater damnation.

RED NUFSED.

PANCNER PAROLE DENIED.

Nevada State Prison, April 18.

My application for parole was denied. However, the Board of Pardons and Parole will meet again next September, when I shall again apply for parole or pardon. Members living in the State of Nevada could help by sending in personal letters or petitions to the board next September.

JOHN PANCNER.

This help, this much at least, you, the Rebels and Libertarians, can do for this true soldier of liberty, for this old war-horse of the "Free Masonry of Labor," John Pancner. Write TODAY the letters he asks of you and get others to do likewise. Gladly all Union men and women of ALL affiliations should render this small service to the old war-horse. Address the "Board of Pardons and Parole," Carson City, Nevada.

COVINGTON HALL.

AND—

While you are asking pardons, it might be well to POUR letters and telegrams of PROTEST in on Gov. James E. Ferguson, Austin, Texas, and President Wilson, Washington, D. C., in behalf of the Texas Victims. ACT TODAY.

"Mother Jones, where do you live?" asked the I. R. C. "Wherever the Workers are fighting the Robbers," she replied. Good old Mother Jones.

THE HARVEST DANCE.

(By Covington Hall)

"The Mede is at thy gates," England, "the Persian
on thy throne!"

For, win or lose the battle, ye shall reap the harvest
sown:

With hands red, eager, pitiless and strong they
bring the rue—

The children you have cultured bring your culture
back to you!

The Slav is at thy gates, England, the Prussian on
thy throne!

The storms around you bursting are the whirlwinds
you have strown!

The sounds around you shrieking from no rifle
mouths are shrilled—

'Tis the cry of slaughtered peoples that ye plun-
dered, raped and killed!

The Jap is at thy gates, England, the Mongol on
thy throne!

The Empire of the Angles, lo! is coming to its
own!

The hearts it taught the worship of the Dollar and
the Groat,

The hands it trained to murder are now reaching for
its throat!

The Hun is at thy gates, England, the Banker on
thy throne!

The Kingdom of the Profiteers by its own is o'er-
borne!—

The Shamanism crashes—murder upon murder
turns—

In a holocaust of cities it to dust and ashes burns!

The World ye sowed is ripe, England! The harvest
dance is on!—

The Star of Esau rising and the strength of Jacob
gone!

O Mother of Plutocracy! around your reeking beir,
The mud-souled System suicides—the Revolution's
here!

—o—

What sort of society is this that has, to the ex-
tent that ours has, inequality and injustice for a
basis? Such a society is fit only to be kicked out
through the windows—its banquet tables, its orgies,
its debaucheries, its scoundrelism, together with all
those who are seated leaning on both elbows and
enjoying it on the back of others whom they keep
down on all fours. The hell of the poor is the
paradise the rich love to solace themselves in.—
Victor Hugo.

—o—

The smallest effort is not lost,
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each rain-drop makes some flowret blow;
Each struggle lessons human woe.

SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

"A Swedish minister having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehanna Indians, made a sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded, such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple; the coming of Christ to repair the mischief; his miracles and sufferings, etc.

"When he had finished, an Indian orator stood up to thank him.

"What you have told us," said he, "is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat apples. It is better to make them all into cider. We are much obliged by your kindness in coming so far to tell us those things which you have heard from your mothers. In return, I will tell you some of those which we have heard from ours. In the beginning, our fathers had only the flesh of animals to subsist on; and if their hunting was unsuccessful, they were starving. Two of our young hunters having killed deer, made a fire in the woods to broil some parts of it. When they were about to satisfy their hunger, they beheld a beautiful young woman descend from the clouds, and seat herself on that hill which you see yonder among the blue mountains. They said to each other, it is a spirit that perhaps has smelt our broiled venison and wishes to eat it; let us offer some to her. They presented her with the tongue; she was pleased with the taste of it, and said, Your kindness shall be rewarded. Come to this place after thirteen moons, and you shall find something that will be of great

benefit in nourishing you and your children to the latest generations.'

"They did so, and, to their surprise, found plants they had never seen before; but which, from that ancient time, have been constantly cultivated among us to our great advantage. Where her right hand touched the ground they found maize; where her left hand touched it they found kidney-beans.'

"The good missionary, disgusted with the idle tale, said, 'What I delivered to you were sacred truths; but what you tell me is mere fable, fiction and falsehood.'

"The Indian, offended, replied, 'My brother, it seems your friends have not done you justice in your education; they have not well instructed you in the rules of common civility. You saw that we, who understand and practice these rules, believed all your stories, why do you refuse to believe ours?'—Benjamin Franklin.

—o—

"For this is the danger of today: everything that we loved when we were young has betrayed us. Our last love—our love of TRUTH—let us take care that she, too, does not betray us.

—

"Why so hard!" said the diamond once unto the charcoal; "are we then not next of kin?" Why so soft? O, my brethren; this is my question to you. For are ye not—my brothers? Why so soft, so servile and yielding? Why are your hearts so full of denial and self-denial? How is it that so little fate looketh out from your eyes?

A GLIMPSE OF HELL.

(By Walker C. Smith)

Reflecting upon the commercial carnage in Europe, where warring industrial pirates and antiquated ruling relics of a barbaric age have combined to build corduroy roads of human corpses whereon to tread in search of fruitful territory for forcible annexation and new markets for shoddy and adulterated goods, one must admit that none but a futurist artist could do full justice in depicting the wholesale murder that civilization has cunningly cloaked in the name of WAR.

Who else could lay upon one canvas the moans of mothers; the wails of widows; the sobs of stricken sisters; the cries of children; the tears of untold thousands; and the dry-eyed and solemn grief of those whose pain is too deep for emotional expression; interspersing these with the shriek of shell and shrapnel; the crash of cannon; the smell of smoke; the flaming fires of fever forcing men to a delirious death; broken-winged aeroplanes raining human cargoes on the blood-stained carpet of earth; dirigibles dropping bombs on defenseless cities; two sets of slaves seeking to retain their different masters; two brothers at each other's throats; burning wheat fields; smokeless factories; looted villages; a deed of heroism here; a bit of cowardice there; and scattered over the reeking canvas a mad medley consisting of a footsore, straving straggler; a head grinning ferociously by itself; a king far from the front; a well-fed officer skulking in the fighting

rear; a boy lying still and white in peaceful death with the red and blue entrails of a cavalry horse discoloring his breast; a horror-struck woman laboring to bring an idiot into the world; blood-stained men fighting for life behind barricades built of the dead bodies of their brothers; a long line of mother's sons mowed down by senseless machines operated by supposedly sensible men; preachers and priests vainly imploring God to favor the murderous purposes of opposing armies grouped beneath differently dyed bits of bunting; Red Cross nurses patching up human targets so insane sharpshooters might complete their butchery; sweet strains of martial music charming the frenzied fighters to further murder; vultures fluttering over the field eyeing their approaching feast with delight; human buzzards dealing in arms, ammunition, armorplate and war supplies, gloating over the grewsome scene and figuring what portion of their profits they may generously donate to the Hague Peace Conference; and in the background a wondering man with a hoe upon whose already toil-bent back is piled mountain-high the sins and debts of all this madness, gazing with unfathomable thought upon the specter of a degenerate succeeding generation conceived amid crime and cruelty, born in blood and battle, and fathered by those who were deemed physically unfit to engage in stabbing themselves to death that their bayonets might trace with their blood some more imaginary boundary lines upon a world that was meant for all!

Come! O Come! You Futurist painter! Summon

up the imps of hell to have them mix a new rainbow of color from blood, brimstone, lyddite, gun-cotton, powder and madmen's addled brains, and, dipping your brush deep into the hearts of humanity, draw a picture of twentieth century civilized warfare as it really is!

THE LUSITANIA.

Why do men pray for war, train for war, organize for war, spend vast treasure for war, glorify war, and then get shocked at its consequences?

Why do men do that on the orders of a government they would not have the heart to do of their own volition? Why is it treason to take up arms against these high criminals and not treason to obey their orders to murder the race?

Why is it the Workers take part against each other in these beastial saturnalias of assassination instead of uniting and meeting war with revolution, armed chaos with industrial might?

Why does humanity allow a system to continue whereby a handful of men can will hunger, death, fire, devastation, ravishment, blood, tears, woe, degradation and misery to untold millions born and to be born?

Has mankind gone insane and sunk beyond the lowest brutes in degradation? Was Ragnar Red-beard right when he said that nothing but a frightful cataclysm could cleanse the earth and re-humanize the Race?

THE CURIOUS CHRISTIANS.

(By A Heathen)

For "Jesus' sake" they shoot you dead,
They fill you full of steel and lead;
They wreck your body, kill your soul,
Then pray to God to "make you whole."

They stand for war—with fervent breath
They bless the instruments of death;
They flap the flag, they cry for blood,
Then weep beside the crimson flood.

They strike the light from woman's eyes,
Then charitably hush her cries;
They slay her husband, take her child,
Then tract her on "love undefiled."

They say, " 'Tis not by bread alone
That mankind cometh to its own;"
Then strive to bind the spirit's wings,
The upward urge of changing things.

They preach "good will" and "peace" and "love,"
"The golden rule" all else above;
They teach the brotherhood of man as true,
Then turn their war-dogs loose on you.

Ah, verily, they say and say,
And preach and preach, and pray and pray;
Yet still the harvest comes as sown,
Still by its fruit the tree is known.

THE DALLAS LAND HEARING.

(Arthur LeSueur in The People's College News)

Can there be another crime equal in moral turpitude to compulsory unemployment? Yes.

At Dallas, Texas, on March 16th, 1915, the lash of truth was applied, under the able leadership of Hon. Frank P. Walsh, showing up in all its enormity that other crime equal in its anti-social results to unemployment, and that is allowing the farmer to labor on the land, but giving by legal right the product of that toil to parasites.

At that hearing it was shown beyond the possibility of contradiction that bankers, and landlords, are parasites pure and unadulterated.

The only distinction that can be drawn between them is in the length and capacity of the "proboscis" that is used to extract the life blood of the tenant farmer. In this respect the banker has the landlord skinned a city block, for the banker not only feeds upon the tenant but upon the landlord as well.

Not only does the Banker do this but as a class or an institution, the bank takes the lion's share of the labor of the tenant, and the cream of what the landlord takes from the tenant is taken from the landlord by the banker.

For the trifling service rendered by the Banks of the United States they took in round figures the equal of the total cotton and wheat crop of the United States in the largest crop year in history. Can you beat it?

For this stupendous gain, they kept the books, of

the business man and the tenant and the worker who needed books kept.

Did you ever hear of a business run for the benefit of the book-keeper? I have heard of that, but the book-keeper usually landed in the penitentiary.

But the Bankers are wise, and while the whole of the industries of the United States are apparently for the benefit of the Bankers, as the national book-keepers, they make this state of affairs legal.

So that it is the United States Senate, or Congress for them instead of the Penitentiary.

But is the result to the victim one whit different because the product of his toil has been legally taken from him, than it would be had it been embezzled. Yes it is different, because by doing it legally manhood is destroyed, hope is murdered, liberty becomes a crime, while the human race travels backward like a crab, instead of forward like men.

AUTOMATIC SALVATION.

A favorable balance of trade is a situation in which we send more goods out of the country than we bring in. We call it favorable because it contributes to the salvation of our souls by inculcating within us the Christian attribute of unselfishness. Under the plan of the favorable balance of trade the only way we can produce enough commodities for our own needs and comforts is by producing too many commodities for our own needs and comforts and sending the surplus abroad to foreigners who may not yet be thoroughly awake to this method of saving one's soul through automatic altruism.—Life.

SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION

My Dear Comrade Hall—I must send you this line about the wonderful poem you have in the current Coming Nation. I read it last night and was powerfully impressed by it. There is strength and sweetness and hopefulness and inspiration in every line, and it is truly a performance for which you deserve the hearty congratulations of your comrades. There is marvelous awakening power in these lines, and they will be repeated over and over and in widening circles until they mingle with the exultant shouts of the workers at their emancipation.

Yours fraternally, **EUGENE V. DEBS.**

Dear Hall—I value that book of yours highly. It is good verse. Wish I could take time to tell you which ones I like best and why. Keep in touch with me always. Yours sincerely, **ART YOUNG.**

Dear Hall—I cannot begin to express my appreciation of your work. I wish I could. I think it is the best book of poems I ever read.

Yours as ever, **A. L. EMERSON.**

Reader—I am proud of these three letters; that's why I use them so. If you would like to read the poems so highly praised by these three beloved comrades of mine, the "Songs of Love and Rebellion" will cost you only 50 cents a volume; or, for \$1.00 we will send you a book of the Songs and REBELLION for one year. Use sub-blank on last page of this issue and send in your order today, to:

COVINGTON HALL.

STORY OF "CREATION" UP-TO-DATE.

And Private Enterprise said: "Let there be Profit, and there was Profit.

And Private Enterprise saw that Profit was good, and Private Enterprise divided Profit from Loss, and Profit it called Capital and Loss it called Risk.

And Private Enterprise saw that it was good, and Private Enterprise created two great lights, the one to rule man's body, the other to rule man's mind and soul.

It named the first Law and order, and the second Religion.

And Private Enterprise saw that it was good, and Private Enterprise created creeping things each of its kind, priests, parsons, lawyers, statesmen, landlords, agents, and last of all it created money and credit, male and female created it them.

And Private Enterprise blessed them and gave them dominion over the land and tools of production, and said: Be fruitful and multiply and have dominion over men's bodies and souls and subdue them, and fill human society with poverty, war, hatred, and every other malign thing.

And Private Enterprise looked, and, behold! it was all good.

And Private Enterprise rested not from its work but continueth to accumulate capital, and human society to accumulate poverty, crime, disease, war, and hatred. World without end. Amen.—Sidney "People."

WHY "WE" WON'T WAR.

I have all along figured this: "We" will never mix in the world war unless conditions become revolutionary in the United States, for the war has given "us" too splendid an opportunity to raid and capture the markets of "our friends," which, it being "our sacred duty to uplift mankind," "we" should not neglect. Of course it is not polite for the allies to tell "us" where and where not "we" shall trade, and it is shocking when the alliance torpedoes a ship on which "we" are traveling, but then there are compensations for all things, for the Allies need powder as badly as "we" need peace, and the acts of the alliance give "us" a chance to become patriotic and scare the Usaians into many fat dreadnaught contracts with "us." Also the minds of the working class are excited, their spiritual emotions are stirred and they forget such gross material things as higher wages, shorter hours and better conditions, thus peace preparing for war becomes a still greater blessing to "us," for, if "we" don't get in the war, "we" will get the markets, and, if revolution comes, "we" will have an efficient and patriotic army at "our" command. Truly Providence works in mysterious ways for "us" its wonders to perform. Therefore, let "us" prey.

—o—

The civilized ones. Every hour they become smaller, poorer, weaker.

Mistrust every one in whom the impulse to punish others is powerful.

THE STRIKE BULLETIN. All Railroad Men Should Read It.

CARL E. PERSON, EDITOR.

Kept by the unconquered Rebels of the Shopmen's Federation. Full of fight, fire and action.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Subscription \$1.00 a Year, Six Months 50 Cents.

Address Box D, CLINTON, ILL.

Or we will send you THE BULLETIN and REBELLION, both, for \$1.50 a Year.

REBELLION AND SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION

ON SALE AT:

Staub's Newsstand, Common, near Carondelet, City.

Holle's Newsstand, 613 Camp, City.

Radical Book Shop, 817 1-2 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

M. Aldeman's Book Shop, 291 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Book Omniorium, 1350 Fillmore street, San Francisco, Cal.

A man must do very much for himself before he can do anything at all for others.

Verily, I laughed myself ill many a time over the weaklings who thought themselves "good" because they had lame paws.

REBELLION

ONE YEAR \$1.00.

SIX MONTHS 50 CENTS

ADDRESS: 520 POYDRAS STREET
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Enclosed find....., for which

send REBELLION for.....

months to:

NAME

STREET AND NO.....

P. O. BOX.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

(Cut out; fill in; attach cash; mail today)

STOP AT
McMICKLE'S
HOUSE

WHEN IN
DE QUINCY, LOUISIANA

Large, Cool, Clean Rooms.
Fine Table. Breakfasts,
Dinners and Suppers "Like
Mother Used to Make."

RATES REASONABLE

SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION

**Being a Collection of Covington
Hall's Finest Poems on
Revolution, Love and
Miscellaneous
Visions**

FIFTY CENTS THE BOOK

**Or Rebellion for One Year and a
Book of the Songs, both for \$1.00**



SPECIAL DISCOUNTS

**To Locals, Speakers, News Agents
and Book Stores in lot orders.**

ADDRESS

**520 POYDRAS STREET
NEW ORLEANS, LA.**

