

Eabadie
Collection

4X

R28

v.1

no.7

REBELLION

Made Up of
Dreams and Dynamite

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1916.

NO. 7.

TWO DEFINITIONS

PROHIBITION:

The Champagne Drinkers
Outlawing the Beer Drinkers.

SOCIALISM:

Industrial Democracy.



10 CENTS A COPY

REBELLION

COVINGTON HALL
Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter March 4, 1915,
at the Post Office at New Orleans, Louisiana,
under act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Office of Publication:
520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, Louisiana

Bundles of Ten or More to One or Different
Addresses, as Instructed, 5 Cents Per Copy.

Special Rates on Special Editions

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

CITY AND FOREIGN:

ONE YEAR \$1.00. SIX MONTHS 50c.

OTHER POST OFFICES:

ONE YEAR 50c. SIX MONTHS 30c.

SINGLE COPIES 10c.



CONTENTS

"T. J. GREER ON PROHIBITION"
BREWERYMEN, ATTENTION!
YOU DON'T OWN LAND.
"SOME" "CONSERVATION COMMISSION"
CLAN OF TOIL (BY-LAWS OF)
CARTOON BY LAUDERDALE.
OIL WORKERS, ATTENTION!
REMEMBER JOE HILL!
ANOTHER "RAW JESTER."
SOCIALISM AND THE FAKE ISSUE.

Poems by Covington Hall:
I, THE SOUL.
"SAITH THE LORD."
A NEW YEAR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.
MOTHER.

WELL, WE GOT REBELLION Started again last month. Like Finnigin, we're "off agin, on agin, gone agin', and we'll keep goin' till we bust agin.

If a Cross is Marked in the Circle Your Subscription
Expires With This Number.



PLEASE RENEW

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Enclosed find....., for

REBELLION for Months.

NAME

STREET AND NO.

P. O. BOX.....

R. F. D..... BOX.....

POST OFFICE.....

STATE

(CUT OUT; ATTACH CASH; MAIL TODAY)

I, THE SOUL

There is no earthly power strong enough
To bar my way; there is no road so rough
But I will follow to the farthest goal,
Or, failing, fall unconquered—I, the Soul.

Your man-made creeds, I hate, despise and curse,
For I am that Eternal Love did nurse;
Like cobwebs I would tear them from my brain
And walk, alone, the vales of truth again.

What though your priest and preacher 'round me
scream

The lunacy of some fantastic dream;
Think you these gibbering things can blind
The mind unto the vision self-divined!

Amid the wreck of worldly things I move
Unfettered; my own body does but prove
My independence, for I loathe its lust,
Its crawling and its cringing in the dust.

The all that ever was, it is but me;
In me, the end of all that comes, you see;
For I, and I alone, march on with God
Unfearing o'er the unknown, trackless sod.

My fate it is my own to make or mar;
I am my spirit's good and evil star;
And here, or after here, let come what will,
I am and shall be my own master still.

Covington.

"T. J. GREER AND PROHIBITION"

Under the above caption the New Orleans American of December 2 publishes a letter from Mr. T. J. Greer, president of the State Federation of Labor, attacking the Central Trades and Labor Council of this City for endorsing a resolution against Prohibition presented by Mr. Ottomar Edler for the United Brewery Workmen of New Orleans. All who know of the past relations existing between the C. T. and L. and myself know that no love has been lost between us, but, in this instance, we certainly compliment the Council for its action in opposing a movement that proposes to throw out of employment hundreds of the very best Union men in this City without making provision whatsoever for their future support and that of their wives and babies.

It may be highly "moral" for Greer and his saintly crew to slam down the breweries of this State and care not what happens to the men employed therein, but we have an idea that the main trouble with the Union movement of Louisiana, or, rather, the lack of movement, is on account of too many "moralists" like Greer being in its ranks.

Further, if we were the President of the State Federation of Labor we would try to study up a little on the basic history of the American Labor Movement and the fundamental facts at its base, so we would not make statements an idiot baby would know to be untrue.

For instance, President Greer makes the foolish

statement that "There is approximately 7,000,000 organized labor people in the United States that come under the head of Organized Labor," when everybody who has even looked at the figures knows the number will not run over 3,000,000, if it will reach that figure, for which, again, we have mainly the Greer ilk to thank. If Mr. Greer is as close to the truth in his other "facts" brought to bear in support of Prohibition, the sooner he studies the A. B. C.'s of economics or resigns his position the better it will be for himself and the Union Men of Louisiana.

He states that he could easily have kept the Anti-Prohibition resolution off the floor of the Convention of the State Federation had he wanted to and that: "My reason for doing this (allowing same to be discussed) was that it had been said that the labor movement of the State was controlled by the liquor interests against the interests of good government and morality, and in this way I was sure labor could be vindicated of such charges," etc. All we have to say to this generous would-be Boss on this line of bunc is that if he calls the reign of Gunmen-Law prevailing in most of the "Dry" (?) territory of this State "good government" and the inhumane treatment of the Lumberjacks in this same country good "morality," then we would rather go to hell than have his "morality" and "good Government" extended over this City.

Again, the President makes a big-little howl over the fact that not ALL the Breweries carry the Union

label on their barrels and bottles, trying to make capital out of something he well knows is not the general practice with any of the labels, as he well knows that the most rabid Pros in this State are not only opposed to the Union label, never use it, and have no use for Union labor of any kind or affiliation.

Then he squeals a squeak over the fact that the Brewery Workmen have had industrial battles with their employers, as if this was not equally true of Pro employers and their employees, and as if this in any way should now debar the Brewers Association and Brewerymens Union from making common cause against the forces working for their common destruction. Let Mr. Greer ask the Louisiana Lumberjacks what they think of the extremely gentle methods by which many of his Pro saints oppose and fight Unionization. Let him give us a single instance where a Prohibition Sheriff, Judge or Deputy did not do all in his power to wreck the Forest and Lumber Workers Union and, then, we will swallow some of the hot air shot out by President Greer, maybe. For instance, he says, "The organized crafts here in Shreveport have steadily increased their pay since prohibition went into effect and hours have been shortened in every trade." If that be true, (when I was in Shreveport recently I didn't hear the boys boasting about any extraordinary wages) it is certain Prohibition had nothing whatsoever to do with it, for the "Wet" City of Chicago pays far higher wages with better hours than Shreveport or any other "Dry" City in the country, for the higher wages

and shorter hours are due entirely to the fighting ability of the Local Unions and to the further fact that Shreveport is the center of a big oil and gas field, rapidly developing. The Pros never "gave" the Union men and women anything they could keep them from taking.

Then the President weeps his "sympathy" over the Brewery Workers, saying they "badly need" organization, when he well knows that the Brewery Workers Union is one of the most efficiently organized bodies of workers in the United States, working the shortest hours and for the highest wages of any unskilled workers; that they have never been called on to aid their fellow workers in any trial or struggle that they have not nobly responded to the call; that they are, as a body, a clean, wholesome, temperate set of men and women, brave fighters for their class, and have never asked and do not need the "sympathy" of the Greers and their Union-crushing Pro friends.

Then the President gets this off his chest: "When we needed a friend in the legislative halls we in nearly all cases had to depend on the independent man and in most cases the Prohibitionist." Which reminds us of a four-year-old kinsman of ours whose mother said to him one day, "Never mind, my son, I will have you to depend on some day," and he answered, "Well, mother, you will have a damn poor stick to lean on." And that's just what the workers have learned from their experiences with the "Moralists" and "Reformers" they "depended" on. The President again well knows that most of his boasted "labor

laws" passed by the Luther Hall "independents" were passed to smother out of existence the Forest and Lumber Workers Union and that **NOT ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN ENFORCED.** One of these far-famed "labor laws" is the "Workmen's Compensation Act," the very worst act of its kind in the entire United States.

"Ring politics and the whiskey interests are inseparable," says the great Labor Leader. Is that so? Well, we have no brief for the New Orleans "Ring," but if it is any worse than the reeking-rotten "Court-house Rings" that run the Prohibition territory of this State, it must be "going some."

My final conclusions are that this great Labor Leader doesn't know anything about the Movement he is trying to Boss, and my further conclusion is that Organized Labor is under no obligations to any power outside itself for any welfare that has come to its forces. It has **CONQUERED EVERYTHING** it now holds that is worth having and would have conquered still more had it not been forced to waste so much of its time fighting Greerism within its ranks.

Lastly, the City of New Orleans is of **RIGHT** entitled to Home Rule and we mean to exert every power at our command to maintain that right and to extend it. We can take care of ourselves and, in any event, we refuse to be "saved" by **Blind-Tiger Reformers.**

Sabcat: A ghostly animal that feeds on the profits of bad Bosses.

BREWERYMEN, ATTENTION!

You men whose business, bread and butter is to-day menaced by the Prohibition Saints, whose wives and daughters and children are threatened with the street and sweatshop by those who do not care and their dupes who do not think what it means in human suffering to throw another half million men into the army of disemployed, I appeal to **YOU** to support **Rebellion** and help me win Louisiana for tolerance and liberty.

Get busy! There is no time to lose. Send in \$1.00 today for a year's subscription to **Rebellion**. See your friends and send in their subs, too. Also any donation you may make toward supporting the magazine and helping me continue the fight will be appreciated, for, it **costs money to print Rebellion**. Don't put off helping until "tomorrow." **Do it now.**

Yours to win,

Covington Hall.

In the Merryville Strike the good old "immoral" Brewery Workers helped the fighting Lumberjacks all they could, not with "sympathy," but with cold, hard cash: The "official organ" of the Shreveport "labor moralists" shot them in the back. That's why I prefer the "Immoralists" to the "Moralists." Let the Lumberjacks remember.

Landlordism was always and is yet the root of slavery—Jay Smith.

YOU DON'T OWN LAND

I have a letter from a good Comrade wanting me to "Cool down and fit myself more to my environment," for he says that a lot of 20 and 40 acre Farmers in his section think Socialism means to "take their farms away from them and put their God out of business."

Now we can't cool down when things are as hot as they are, and it is not only impossible for us to put God out of business, so it seems, but more than impossible for us to take your farms away from you, for **YOU NEVER HAD ANY LAND, HAVE NOT ANY LAND, AND NEVER WILL HAVE ANY LAND.** Do you get that?

And the United States Census will prove to you 40-lot Farmers that you are soon billed to lose the land you **THINK** you own.

Listen: In 1860 there was hardly a tenant farmer in Texas; today there are 260,000 and they are increasing at the rate of 4000 heads of families per year. Louisiana is already the leading tenant State of the Union. Oklahoma, one of the youngest States, has already 90,000 tenant farmers. So, don't worry about the Socialists taking your farm away from you, sonny, for Socialism is all that can save you from the Lord of the Land, which is what Landlord means.

YOU haven't any land. This is what I call having land: The Kirby Lumber Gang owns 1,240,000 acres of land in Texas, this according to the "Master-mind of East Texas" himself, as it styles itself. The Great Southern Lumber Co. is said to own Five Counties in

Louisiana and Mississippi, or 1,000,000 acres of land. The Long-Bell Lumber Company easily owns 1,500,000 acres of land, if not more, in the State of Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas. Mr. Farwell of Chicago owns 3,000,000 acres in Texas. The Ghoult railroads wiped out nearly the entire central part of Louisiana in one land swipe. Mrs. King of Kingsville, Texas, owns 1,400,000 acres of land; it is 50 miles from her front porch to her back yard. One man in Texas owns **Eleven Hundred Sections, Sections, mind you, of land.**

The Standard Oil crowd owns, at Sulphur, La., a piece of land they would not sell for \$250,000,000 cash, and this piece of land is assessed at less than \$12,000,000. What taxes do **YOU** pay in proportion? The Lee Lumber Company is said to own 168,000 acres of land; Lutchet-Moore and allied interests around 400,000 acres; Bel of Lake Charles around 150,000 acres. Old Deacon Slaughter of Dallas carries title deeds guaranteeing to him, his heirs and assigns forever 600,000 acres of land under his right arm while under his left he fondles the Bible that says, "The land shall not be sold forever." There seems to be a head-on collision between Deacon Slaughter's title deeds and the Bible, but perhaps some of you fellows who are so afraid of what's going to happen to God can explain it away. You usually can, especially you Political Preachers.

But land? Why you 40-lot Farmers **DON'T OWN ANY LAND, NEVER OWNED ANY LAND, AND NEVER WILL OWN ANY LAND.** You haven't got anything but a job—a good hard one, too, and, like the Lumberjacks, you don't own even that. You are head-

ed for tenantry so fast it's going to make your head go round. Don't believe everything the Political Preachers and Donk Leaders tell you. If you do you are sure headed for hell in a handbasket.

Study up this Land Question for YOURSELF. Read THE REBEL and REBELLION and get wise. Join in the great fight to FREE the LAND. Help us put a TAX on LAND PRICES EQUAL TO THE RENT of the LANDLORDS AND LUMBER KINGS and you will soon see FREE FARMERS increasing all over Dixie and the Nation. This has been the effect everywhere else. In Texas alone this tax will throw on the market for the USE of ACTUAL Farmers 117,000,000 acres of land. Is not that worth organizing and fighting for? Furthermore, it will destroy Peonage in the Lumber Towns and elsewhere. Remember this, Tenantry on the Farms means Peonage in the Factories, and such a system means DEATH TO ALL HUMAN LIBERTY. If YOU are a MAN you will join in the fight for FREE LAND and FREE LABOR, and do it TODAY. YOU don't own any land, never did and never will this side of the INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

Get busy and help organize for VICTORY! Quit dreaming!

—o—

If You Get Rebellion regularly, it is paid for and, if you do not want it, please advise. If you get a single copy, it is a sample and request for you to subscribe. Do it now.

"SOME" "CONSERVATION COMMISSION"

One member of the "Conservation Commission" of Louisiana the men, women and children who starved for months and months during the infamous lockout of 1911-12 in the Lumber Industry, will remember with feelings of undoubted gratitude and the soul of Ed. Lehman will never forget him nor any other of the Sawdust Ring.

But, however that may be, the "Conservation Commission" is a board of big salaried bums organized to prevent the Parishes from controlling their hunting and fishing grounds—some more centralist "efficiency"—and to tax the professional, or working, hunters, fishermen and oystermen in order that the "gentlemen hunters" or "sportsmen" may have an undisturbed monopoly of the hunting and fishing grounds. For instance, the 'sportsman' pays a license of only 50 cents while the man who hunts for a living for himself and family must pay a license of \$10.00.

"Prince" Henry Hardtner, "in consideration of \$1.00 in hand paid," is relieved of all taxation on, as we remember it, 40,000 acres of land while it is growing, with the aid of this State (?) "Conservation (?) Commission," a valuable forest of new timber—for "Prince Henry" and his heirs forever. Also this conserved forest is being made a fine

game preserve, as we understand it, for the benefit of the "sportsmen" of the Sawdust Ring.

In a recent trial in Houma it was shown that natural oyster reefs, in direct violation of the written law, had been leased to private parties and corporations, who had no pull with the Commission, of course. From this Parish the "Conservationists" take somewhere around \$15,000 to \$20,00 a year out of the fishing industry and the fishermen get in return—a few writes-ups telling what a great man the great Blacklisters is.

But this is not all this gang of Sawdust Ring "Sportsmen" have handed the fishermen, many of whom, on account of the high cost of living, are barely existing. According to the "Houma Courier" of October 9th, the "Louisiana," the corsair ship of the "Conservationists," appeared among the fishing fleet with cannon mounted on her bow—it seems it was: "Cough up or be blown up."

When the Lumberjacks were making a life and death struggle for a human existence two years ago, we told the people of Louisiana that the gang seeking to Peonize them was aiming at extending its plunderous sway over the entire State, over every industry within its borders. The gunning of the Seamen on the wharves of New Orleans in the summer of 1913 for revolting against the Fruit Trust and the cannon pointed from the deck of the "Louisiana" at the fishermen off the Terrebonne coast amply justifies and proves our prophecy and, unless the "common people" of this State organize industrially and present a solid fighting front to these

grasping gangs, they will soon be worse off than the Mexicans under Diaz. I know the gang I am talking about and I know that nothing but a FIGHTING INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION is going to make them let go their strangle-hold on our State. They will respect nothing but FIGHTING POWER.

Next month we propose to go still deeper into the work of the "Hunters who hunt the hunters, the fishers who fry fat out of the fishermen, the oystermen who never planted a bed but who make merry on oysters, hot-birds and champagne at the expense of those who do.

I ask the help of all Louisianians who still believe in freedom in this war for justice. In the meantime, up and at them, boys!

—o—

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of Rebellion, published monthly, at New Orleans, La., for October 1st, 1915:

Editor, managing editor, business manager, publisher, Covington Hall, 520 Poydras street.

Owner—Covington Hall.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities—None.

COVINGTON HALL,

Editor, Owner, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of November, 1915.

ERASTE VIDRINE, Notary Public.

My commission expires June, 1919.

CLAN OF TOIL

(By-Laws Thereof)

NAME—The name of this organization shall be the "Clan of Toil."

PURPOSES—(1st) To better immediately the economic condition of the Southern Workers, and especially the Working Farmers and Forest Workers of Louisiana.

(2d) To break up land monopoly by making **USE** and **OCCUPANCY** the only title to land.

(3d) To aid in establishing an Industrial Democracy.

MEMBERSHIP — Only Wage Workers, Self-employed Workers and actual Working Farmers (and their wives and daughters) shall be admitted to membership in the Clan.

FORM OF ORGANIZATION—The Clan shall be Industrial and Communal in form. It shall be divided into Local Clans and District Councils. The Councils shall be made up of the Locals in their Industrial Jurisdiction, delegates to same being elected by and from the Industries, as represented by the Locals. The Councils shall affiliate directly with the Clan, the Locals with the Councils.

DUES AND FEES—The dues of the Clan shall be ?, payable in advance. The initiation fee shall be ?.

GENERAL OFFICERS—The General Officers of the Clan shall be a General Secretary-Treasurer and a General Secretary-Organizer, and they may employ such help as is necessary to the conduct of their offices. They shall be elected annually by referen-

dum of the Clan. They shall have no governmental powers of any kind whatsoever; their duties shall be purely and entirely clerical and advisory, of the nature indicated by their titles.

CONDUCT OF AFFAIRS — The business of the Clan and its sub-divisions shall be conducted by the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, and by Conventions.

RECOGNITION OF CLANSMEN—No member shall ask another Clansman for aid, or recognize another as a fellow Clansmen, on the job or elsewhere, except in cases of urgent necessity, when the call may be made and shall be responded to instantly to the best ability of those appealed to. Any member abusing or violating this provision shall be held accountable to the Clan.

What Do You Think?

What do you think of the above By-Laws and will YOU aid in organizing the CLAN? Let us have YOUR ideas as to any changes or improvements that might be made in the By-Laws, which are only a rough sketch of the plan of an organization many of us have had in mind for some time.

We are confident that many of the best Rebels thruout the country, in the Party and in all Labor Unions, will join the Clan, which is not intended to be in opposition to any established Labor Organization, but rather to aid where there is organization and to build up an organization where none exists.

Are you with us? If so, let us hear from you soon.

Yours to win,

The Rebels.

SAITH THE LORD

"The land shall not be sold forever,"

Saith the Lord;

"Sword titles shall the sword dissever,"

Saith the Lord.

"They who reap where others sow,

They who take what others grow,

Shall my wrath and vengeance know,"

Saith the Lord.

"The land shall not be sold forever,"

Saith the Lord;

"Of this I have repented never,"

Saith the Lord.

"Not a letter, word or line

Can the preachers quote of mine

Taking earth from thee and thine,"

Saith the Lord.

"The land shall not be sold forever,"

Saith the Lord;

"Sword titles shall the sword dissever,"

Saith the Lord.

"I shall scourge men till they rise

With the war-light in their eyes,

Land and Liberty their prize,"

Saith the Lord.

"The land shall not be sold forever,"

Saith the Lord;

"Of this I have repented never,"

Saith the Lord.

"Ye shall lend my cause thy might,

Ye shall join in the fight,

Or to hell ye go tonight,"

Saith the Lord.

—o—

LUMBERJACKS! Don't pay any "fees" or premiums for accident insurance. **It is against the law for you to do so.** The Louisiana "Compensation (?) Act," passed by the Sawdust Ring itself, makes it unlawful for employers to collect anything for such insurance. **Don't aid in violating the law.**

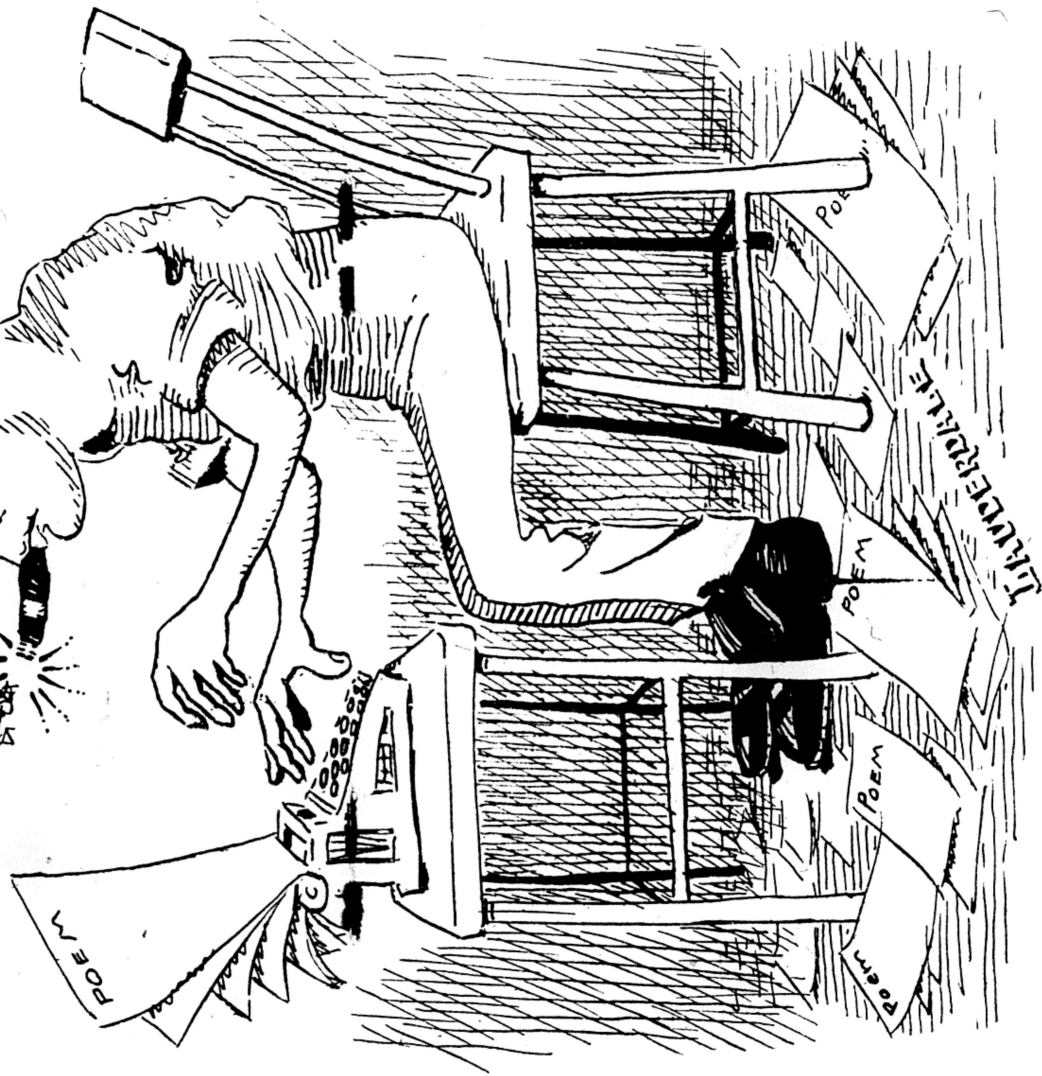
Also, the World War is fast bringing about a shortage of labor and **NOW is YOUR CHANCE.** Kick against night work. Get Busy organizing in the Clan.

—o—

THE REBEL

Ever read **The Rebel**, edited by T. A. Hickey, the 80-horse power human bullgine, the paper that forced the Land Question to first issue in Texas and Oklahoma? The paper you must read if you want to know what the fight to "Take Back the Land" means. It's published weekly and costs only 25c for 40 weeks. Therefore, send us \$1.00 and we will send you **The Rebel**, **Rebellion** and the "Songs of Love and Rebellion." Or we will send you **The Rebel** and **Rebellion** for Fifty Cents. Keep posted. Subscribe today.

GOVINGTON HALL



YE POET-EDITOR OF REBELLION AS SEEN BY YE REBEL
CARTOONIST, B. W. LAUDERDALE.

LAUDERDALE TRIES TO EXPLAIN

E R. Meitzen, Hallettsville,, Texas:

Dear Comrade: Here he is, the poet—in “a fine frenzy” as our friend Shakespeare would remark, “And as imagination bodies forth he gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.”

I am not acquainted with Comrade Hall’s address, and so I request you to send or hand the cartoon to him. This is asking a great deal of you, as it might have a tendency to implicate you in the dastardly transaction, but let us trust that the victim will not resort to “direct action.”

Yours for the Revolution,

B. W. LAUDERDALE,

Wayland, Texas.

P. S.—Send this letter to Comrade Hall, as it will be self-explanatory.—B. W. L.

Comment: You will observe that Comrade Lauderdale does his best to explain away his uncalled-for assault upon our personal beauty, which all who know us know doesn’t resemble Lauderdale’s picture. In publishing this letter and the cartoon, which has just reached us, we are simply trying to take vengeance on him. We have further made him a subscriber to **Rebellion**, making his sub expire with Number 23.

P. S.—The thing we mainly object to is his attaching to us the feet that belong by divine right to a certain famous New Orleans Field Marshal. But if you ever meet Lauderdale you will meet a very lovable, red-headed, red-hearted, red Texas artist and a Rebel thru and thru.

Covington.

OIL WORKERS, ATTENTION!

The Eight-Hour Day is within your reach—Grasp it! while you have the golden opportunity brought to you by the shortage of labor caused by the Master’s World Murderfest.

Join the “Bayonne Gang,” I. W. W., that has just FORCED the Standard Oil Gang to come across with the Eight-Hour Day and FORCE the “Independents” to do the same. Now is the time to strike them!

By every law of Right and Nature you are ENTITLED to a shorter work-day and to better conditions and higher wages than ever before, for the Lords of Oil and Gas and Sulphur are reaping a harvest of gold such as they never dreamed to pocket in their wildest visions of riches, and remember, all this flood of wealth that is now flowing into their treasuries comes from your labor and because the present unjust land laws enables them to hold as their private property immense NATURAL RESOURCES that are, by every law of God and Nature, the COMMON PROPERTY AND WEALTH OF ALL MANKIND—put here for the MUTUAL enjoyment and welfare of all the children of the Race.

Remember! MEN organize—scabs don’t. BE MEN! Get busy in the great and splendid work of WELFARE AND FREEDOM! While you have this golden opportunity, TAKE and HOLD the Eight-Hour Day!

By request of - - - - The Clan.

—o—

“Justice uses the scale to weigh the bribe offered.”

A New Year's Thanksgiving Hymn

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"—
 For wholesale murder here below;
 For ravished mothers, maids and towns;
 For Presidents and Kings and Clowns,
 For Kaisers, Czars and Sultans, too,
 And all the holy work they do.

Praise and bless "his wondrous name"
 Whose priesthood blesses bomb and flame;
 Whose "only son" was crucified
 Because his father he denied;
 (I don't blame him.)
 Whose preachers all, like Moses, meek,
 For Gentile gore forever shriek.

While babies in the ruins roast,
 Come! kneel and praise this savage Ghost;
 Get down in the dust and plead
 With this old Sheeny God of Greed;
 And question not his Church's way,
 His Three Ball Sign, his Pontiff's sway.

The tree of knowledge—touch it not!
 The way of life—be it forgot!
 Shun Lucifer, the Son of Light,
 As ye would an evil blight!
 Of truth's water never drink—
 Believe! Believe! and never think!

REMEMBER JOE HILL!

Caplan and Schmidt are on trial for their lives and liberties in Los Angeles, Cal., for no other crime than loyalty to their class.

Charlie Cline has been sentenced again to 99 years at hard labor in San Antonio, Texas, for no other crime than loyalty to his class. He is trying to appeal his case and get a change of venue, when there is every chance of an acquittal, which will bring about also the freeing of Rangel and the other twelve men already in prison for no other crime than loyalty to their class.

No true Revolutionist will sit down and let the Landlords and the Plutocracy crucify these soldiers of liberty without a struggle, for they are all three held to punishment for the work they have done in the cause of Free Land, Free Labor and Liberty.

You are neither a Socialist, a Unionist or Anarchist, you most surely do not belong to the great Clan of Rebels, if YOU do not do all in your power to defend those taken prisoners of war on the battlefields of the Class Struggle, for the Plutocracy is seeking to terrorize us all.

Defense Funds should be sent to Caplan-Schmidt Defense Committee, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Cal., for the first and to Truman Evans, Secretary, 2612 W. Houston Street, San Antonio, Texas, for Cline. **Let the foe understand:**

"The sword we hold may be broken:
 But we have not dropped the hilt."

For President, Arthur Le Sueur

Comrade Debs having declined, **Rebellion** hereby nominates Arthur Le Sueur of Fort Scott, Kansas, head of the People's College, as the Socialist standard bearer in the election of 1916.

This we do knowing the man is the man for the job, brainy, fearless, red, uncompromising—a Rebel thru and thru—a man after the South and West's own heart.

Covington Hall.

MAKE A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

Send us \$1.00 and the names and addresses of 3 of your friends and we will send each of them (except City or Foreign) **Rebellion** for One Year; or we will send it to 5 friends for 6 Months; or we will send it to 8 friends for 3 Months, as you instruct us. In this way you can please your friends and at the same time help spread the gospel of Free Land, Free Labor and Industrial Democracy.

If you cannot afford to do this just now, see your neighbors and send in a big Club on these terms.

Do it now. It's the team work that counts in the cause of freedom as in all else. Lets drive the vipers from her bosom and carry Louisiana for liberty.

Covington.

P. S.—Comrade David Fraser on New Orleans and a citizen of the World comes in with a \$1.50 order for the first New Year's Gift Club. Next! On with the fight!

ANOTHER "RAW JESTER"

On the 30th of November, 1915, A. C., Luther E. Hall, the Grate Reformer, "Sawdust Ring" Governor of Louisiana, proclaimed martial law over the territories of the Marquis De Marrero, alias the Boss of the Free State of Jefferson, called out the Militia from the Poenity of Bogalusa and ordered Field Marshal McNeese to arrest every slot machine and crap shooter in the "Free State."

Marching under the Pelican Flag to the loud and prolonged applause of the Purist Press, Sullivan's camprams descended on the "City of Gretna" (capital of the Marquiskate) and shot the slot machines full of slugs.

According to the Grate Reformer, all these atrocities he ordered done lest "lawanorder" perish from "our fair State." So the crap shooters, the faro flippers and the slot machinists were made to look like a lone rebel Lumberjack in the hands of the "Good Citizens League," alias the Militia of Uncle Lumber Trusty.

It is said that "Little Luther," alias the Grate Reformer, was so wrought up over the denial of justice, the suppression of free speech and press and the outraging of all "our constitutional liberties" in the Marquiskate, that he saw red for 4-11-44 minutes and 13 seconds, and then determined to act like a man for once in his life, no matter what the cost in faro chips and slot machines might be. (Don't forget the slot machines. Their suppression is of su-

pernal importance.) Some starving working man might chance his last nickel in order to cop a square meal, and thus lose all the blessings "Little Luther's" extraordinary administration conferred on him, and the Lumberjacks.

And, speaking of Lumberjacks, reminds us of a time when the Grate Reformer once again called out the Militia. As we remember it, he then ordered them to Merryville, or Merryhell, as the Lumberjacks write it, but, it was said, alleged, rumored and norated, as we remember it, ordered them away when it was found that the company sent would not stand for Lumber Trust law and Santa Fe order, and insisted on doing only and impartially their sworn duty.

But of course there is a vast difference between those who defied the S. L. O. A. at Merryhell and those who "insurrected" at Hylandville against the Grate Reformer, else he would not have made a hypocrite of himself in the first instance and a jassack in the last.

Hard indeed is the way of the transgressor and reformer, and God alone can tell how a great man can see so clearly, from 100 miles away, the evils that flow from stuffing ballot boxes in "De Fourf" and, at the same time, be so blind-battish to what goes on at "Des Allemands"—90 for Hall, 90 for Broussard, 90 for Gueydan, unanimous, Chee!

Yes, it is indeed hard for a Reformer to square his words with his acts and his acts with his deeds, and often we wonder what John M. thinks of the peanut-head he and Don-K Caffery hand-picked to

preside over the Lawyerlature of Louisiana. We hope Himself will do better, for our poor old State never did anything to John M. for him to hand her a lemon like that. And neither did the Lumberjacks. But Reformers, like Jewhova, "work in a mysterious way their blunders to perform."

So here endeth a little excursion to the home of Luther, The Little, the Grate Reformer, the friend of the Lumberjacks, the defender of the oppressed, the sustainer of law, the enemy of gunmen, (good Lord! what next?), the upholder of order, the champion of free speech, assembly and organization, the living witness that all the "Raw Jesters" do not dwell in that "beautiful" Lake Charles, "marble palace of justice" (?) that "Puko" saved from the "Red Band of Anarchistry" in the mighty days of old, but not from the Burns Defectives Peace to his ashes. Rest to his jaw. Amen. Jesus wept. We don't blame Him.

THE NATIONAL NEWS

Carl Person's new weekly paper, and it's a hummer, something that's been long needed—a **real labor newspaper**. Gives the news of strikes and labor news the Continent over, news the big dailies usually suppress, and does it "regardless of affiliation." Only \$1.00 a year. Address 440 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago; or for \$1.50 we will send **The News, Rebellion** and the "Songs of Love and Rebellion." No Unionist or Socialist can afford to be without it.

MOTHER

Ruminations of the Colonel Thereon.

"Out walking to-day," said the Colonel, "I found a little fellow crying as if his heart would break. 'What is the matter, my little man?' I asked. 'Nosin' ain't nosin' the matter!' 'Then what do you want?' I ventured. 'Mudder, I wants mudder,' he sobbed.

"I lifted him in my arms, soothed him, learned where he lived and took him home to mother—to mother, to comfort and to rest. And the mother? The grief-light left her eyes and a softness like to that we dream the angels wear, came into all her features as she clasped the wanderer to her breast and comforted him only as a mother can. And, gazing on them, I thought how often in our lives we cry for mother; how much we would give just to feel her hand upon our forehead as we felt it in the times long lost and gone from us forever.

Mother—mother—when all other friends forsook us, when all other love was false, she came into our desert like a spirit, she kissed away the burning tears, she drew the poisoned arrows from our hearts and caused our hopes to live again.

No throne can lift us higher than our mother's love; no sin can sink us beyond the reach of her affection.

One of the fairest and saddest memories of my life is my old mammy bidding farewell to her son, the murderer of his brother. Bowed beneath a grief too awful for words to paint, her dear black face

all wet with tears, she crooned over and petted her sinful child, and, sobbing, kissed him for the last time here on earth. Nor was the gentleness in vain, my friends, for, a year later, when he lay dying in the penitentiary, he said: "Tell mother I am sorry. Ask her to pray for me." And he died, of a broken heart, the warden wrote, grieving to the last and praying for forgiveness.

In heaven above and in earth beneath there is no other one like mother. Nearer to the throne of love; sweeter than all earthly things; glowing like the morning star; beautiful and true and brave, her pure, unfailing spirit comes from the very grave to stand a sentinel between us and the dangers that menace and beset the soul.

And I would give all I ever dreamed to be if I could only have my mother with me now; if, when the cares of life seem more than I can bear, I could feel her soft, magnetic touch upon my feverish brow and hear her gentle voice whispering in my ear the tender music of caressing love. Sometimes I think that she is near; that, for a little while, God has sent her back to me; and the heartaches vanish, the doubts are gone, and with the simple faith of childhood I kneel beside my bed and pray: "Now I lay me down to sleep"—once more a child wrapped in my mother's arms, at peace because I know that she is near.

Never until too late do we awaken. Never until then do we behold how poor beside her love for us our love for her has been. Never until her dear hands are folded amid the flowers on her breast

do we know how much it means to be away from mother.

And I dream the day will soon come, when, like the little boy I found this morning, I, too, will be a wanderer, lost, begging for my mother, and the great, strong angel Death will bend down from the skies, lift me in his arms and take me back to mother—to mother, and home, and rest. Mother, mother," said the Colonel in a broken whisper, "Spirit of Love forgive me and bring me home to mother."

—o—

Who bears the sordid jeers of cant and trade; and goes on a hewing for a far ideal.—He alone is living.

—o—

The Renters Move from one Lord of the Land to another almost every year in search of better terms, like the Wage Slave who moves each day, week or month in search of the same thing.—Jay Smith.

—o—

The State will PROMISE you anything if you will only worship it. "State Socialism" offers a "Paradise" to office seekers and Dictators, while keeping the same old swarm of flies, or Parasites, on the back of the same old bonehead Working Class.—Jay Smith.

—o—

If You Want to Know what God thinks of Kings and Kingcraft, get out your Bible and read the VIII chapter of First Samuel. If the "God of Gods and King of Kings" don't know the King business, who can?

Socialism and the Fake Issue

A friend asked me the other day, "What has Socialism got to do with Prohibition?" Nothing, I replied, save that the Socialist Movement is opposed to all attempts to make people "good" by statutory law.

But the movement is further opposed to it because it knows it is a **FAKE** cure for the ills it claims to aim at and that is, in addition, an attempt to especially regulate the lives of the workers by force.

To prove this opposition I quote below two editorials taken from papers representing the extreme wings of the Labor Movement. The first, "Prohibition in Maine," is from the leading organ of the "pure and simple" political Socialists, "The Milwaukee Leader," and the second, "Solidarity Sustained," is from "Solidarity," the official organ of the I. W. W. "The Leader's" editorial was taken from "The Melting Pot," which represents the middle ground position between the extreme wings, or those Socialists believing in both Political and Industrial action and, as the great Southern Socialist paper, **The Rebel**, has driven this fake to less than a third rate issue in Texas, I think the views expressed herein can be said to fairly represent the Socialist-Labor view of Prohibition. Not a Labor paper that I know of upholds the social fallacies expounded by Prohibitionists.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

In a letter to **The Leader**, Dr. O. F. Brigham, of Springvale, Me., who has had opportunity to ob-

serve Prohibition in effect in its mother State, shows the evil results of indiscriminately interdicting the sale of all alcoholic beverages. He writes:

"The result of half a century of Prohibition law in Maine has been to breed a citizenship who are, unconsciously, hypocritical regarding the liquor business—who have come to believe that it is all wrong to sell liquor legally, but all right to sell it illegally."

In consequence of the incentive given to the illicit traffic by the Prohibition law, the people of Maine are deprived of the use of light and harmless alcoholic drinks (beer and wine) and are victimized with whisky and gin and brandy—generally of the vilest kind, that the profits may approximate the risks of the traffic. Dr. Brigham writes:

"I believe that I state the truth when I say that the drug stores in Maine have universally sold whisky by the drink, quart and gallon. . . . On the whole the Prohibition laws have made the business non-respectable, and made it easier to get whisky than beer. A stock of beer is bulky, while a stock of whisky sufficiently large to do business with can be more easily hidden or moved when due notice of a raid has been given. . . . If it was easy to buy beer and hard to buy whisky there would be far less drunkenness."

Dr. Brigham in one sentence has assumed up the evil effects of Prohibition. "If," he writes, "it was easy to buy beer and hard to buy whisky there would be far less drunkenness." But Prohibition reverses the condition which the doctor describes as necessary to promote temperance. It makes it easy to buy

whisky and hard to buy beer. It makes it easy for the man who drinks to get drunk and it makes it hard for him to stay sober.

Compare conditions in Maine, where the bootlegger lurks in every alley, where drunkenness and drinking are inevitably linked, with conditions in Milwaukee, where there is the freest use of beer, where a majority of the people serve it at meals and where it is drunk by all members of the family without any evil consequences.

There is no city in the United States freer from drunkenness than Milwaukee. There is no city in the country the vital statistics of which show a more healthy population. There is no city in the United States where home life is better than in Milwaukee. Here is a city where there is as great happiness and contentment as can be found anywhere under existing economic conditions. Men have not been made hypocrites, innocent amusements have not been placed under the ban, the spirit of the Puritan never has found foothold in the community, on week day and on Sunday, on work day and holiday, no citizen is compelled to eat or drink as his censorious neighbor may prescribe.

In Maine the man who drinks sneaks into a drug store or a hole in the ground to buy whisky. He drinks in secret. He is made a hypocrite and a law-breaker. His health is undermined and his character is ruined. A moral coward and a physical wreck, he is the finished product of the Prohibition poison squad.

Knowing the facts to be as they are, knowing the

fraud and quackery and humbuggery of Prohibition, aware as we are of its defiance of economic truth and the incentive that it gives to intemperance, The Leader refuses to remain silent while the legislative nostrum is offered to the working class as a cure for the evils that arise from the inequitable distribution of wealth.

SOLIDARITY SUSTAINED.

A couple of weeks ago, Solidarity editorially called attention to the "morality" of the modern prohibition movement, as voiced by Wm. Jennings Bryan. This "morality" was inferentially shown to be inspired by a desire for more efficient wage slaves on the part of the big corporations. Now comes the positive proof, in an address made by Gustave Pabst, on his election to the presidency of the United States Brewers' Association, in which he said in part:

"If, as some of the 'efficiency experts' claim, even the moderate drinking of alcoholic beverages is destructive of efficiency, why is it that Germany has brought real efficiency to such perfection? As everybody knows, the Germans are a nation of drinkers, largely of the milder alcoholic beverages; beer is the national drink.

"In the light of modern sociology and economics we know positively that drink is not responsible for all the evils of life. On the contrary, we see that the drink evil—the abuse of alcoholic beverages—is to a very large degree a product of modern industrial methods."

That statement arouses the ire of "Commerce and

Finance," a Wall Street weekly, which booms "industrial" stocks and bonds, that, thrives on the profits and dividends which efficiency makes possible. This only serves to sustain Solidarity's editorial on modern prohibition all the more emphatically.

If you read it in Solidarity, you will find it sound, sensible and accurate.

REBELLION50
THE AGE OF REASON.....	.25
SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION.....	.50
RIGHT TO BE LAZY10 \$1.35

ALL 4 FOR\$1.00

REBELLION50
MIGHT IS RIGHT50
SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION.....	.50 \$1.50

ALL 3 FOR\$1.00

I am thinking of getting out a Special Edition of REBELLION devoted entirely to Revolutionary Poems, not songs, and would like for all Rebels having in their possession such poems to send me copies at once. None but the very best poems can be used on account of space, so please act accordingly. If you think a booklet to retail at 25c would take, however, please advise me. Also please advise which of my own poems you would like to see in the edition. Trusting to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours in the fight for Freedom,

COVINGTON HALL.

AS TO "PREPAREDNESS"

"Our navy is stronger than that of Germany, far superior to that of France, more than twice as strong as that of Japan or any of the other nations." So declares Congressman Claude Kitchin, member of the Ways and Means and Naval committees of the House and floor leader of the Democratic party.

Admiral Fletcher, highest active officer of the Navy, commander of the Atlantic fleet, says the U. S. Navy is "Superior to that of Germany or any other nation, except Great Britain."

President Wilson declared in his message to Congress, December, 1914, this: "Let there be no misconception. The country has been misinformed. We have not been negligent of the national defense," and that "We are threatened from no quarter," and he repeated his last declaration in his recent Manhattan Club speech. Why and whence, then, his sudden swing to the opposite, backed by threatening language?

Send Five Cents to the **Appeal to Reason**, Girard, Kansas, and ask them to send you a copy of No. 1045, containing Congressman Kitchin's brilliant answer to his critics, if you want to see the flimflam the "Preparedness Patroits" are trying to put across on this nation. Or send us \$1.00 and we will send you **The Appeal**, **Rebellion** and the "Songs of Love and Rebellion."

—o—

"Christian Civilization"—"Just look at the damn thing!"

RESULTS of PROHIBITION!



Shut-down Factories;
Vacant Houses and Stores;
Homeless, Hungry Families,
No work for thousands of
men,—**"PROHIBITION"**
has confiscated their jobs!
PROHIBITION curtails the
farmers' grain market.
PROHIBITION breeds
"Blind Tigers," "Speak
Easies" and low dives!

THESE ARE FACTS.

Do you wish to be guilty of such wrongs against
your fellowmen?

THINK IT OVER!

You will be convinced that **PROHIBITION** is a
MENACE to the **COUNTRY**.

**VOTE AND WORK
AGAINST PROHIBITION**

REBELLION BOOKS

The Age of Reason. Thomas Paine. Paper 25c. This is one of the most fateful books ever written. No Rebel can afford to be without a copy. For \$1.00 we will send you this great book, **Rebellion** and a copy of the "Songs of Love and Rebellion."

Might Is Right. By Ragnar Redbeard. Paper 50c. You won't agree with all the "Doctor" teaches in "The Gospel of The Strong," but he will show you how the Mighty rule and force you to sit up and think for yourself. Order a copy today. Send us \$1.00 and we will send you the great Australian's book, **Rebellion** (6 months) and the Songs of Love and Rebellion.

Right To Be Lazy. By Paul Lafargue, the genius-satirist of the Socialist Movement. Paper 10c; Cloth 50c. You never even dreamed you had such a right, but Lafargue will prove it to you more wittily and logically than a right was ever before set forth. For 75c we will send you a paper bound copy of the "Right To Be Lazy," the "Songs of Love and Rebellion" and **Rebellion** for 6 months.

"As for the safety of society we commit honest maniacs to Bedlam; so judges should be withdrawn from the bench whose erroneous biases are leading us to dissolution. It may injure them in fame and fortune, but it saves the republic, which is the first and supreme law."—Thomas Jefferson.

SONGS *of* LOVE

AND

REBELLION

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

We will, for the next 60 days, sell the "Songs of Love and Rebellion" to Rebellion Subscribers for 25c a copy, postage paid; or we will send you a book of The Songs and Rebellion for 50c. Not many more copies of The Songs left. Better order today. Send in a Club of Subs.

SPECIAL TERMS

To Locals, Speakers, News
Agents and Book Stores

Address

520 Poydras St. New Orleans, La.

**Freedom
Cannot Exist Without
Free Land
Free Labor
and
Free Capital.**

Take Back the Land!

**Seize the Socialized
Machinery!**

**Long Live the Industrial
Democracy!**

