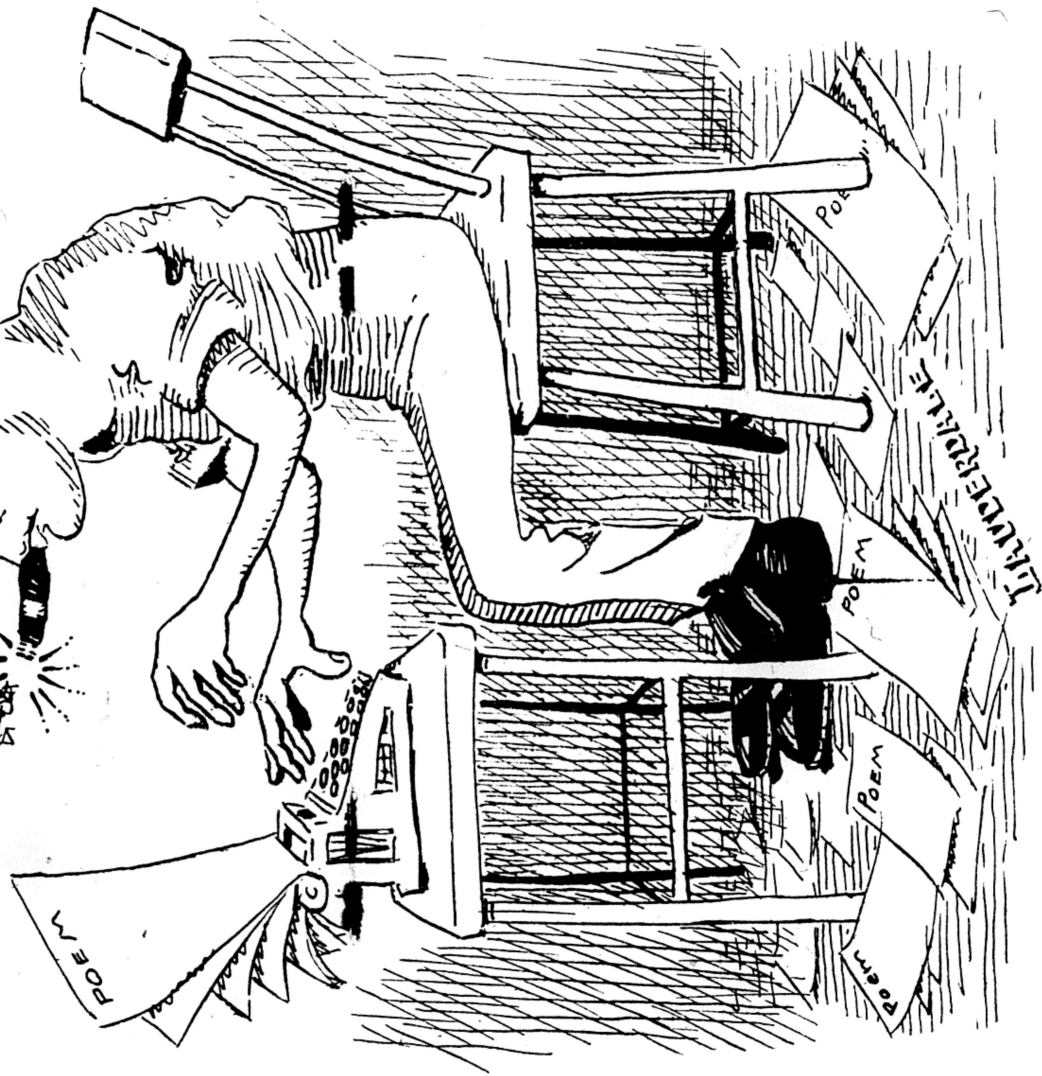


GOVINGTON HALL



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
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REBELLION50
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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.

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**Seize the Socialized
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