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# REBELLION

Made Up of  
Dreams and Dynamite

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VOL. I.

MARCH, 1916.

NO.9

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THE EARTH BELONGS BY RIGHT OF USE  
TO THE LIVING.—THOMAS JEFFERSON

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A Hymn of Praise I Raise  
A High and Holy Song  
The Race IS to the Swift  
The Battle to the Strong



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# REBELLION

COVINGTON HALL

Editor, Owner 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

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## MANIFESTO AND BY-LAWS

Of the Farm and Forest Workers Union, District of Louisiana.

### MANIFESTO.

To the Southern Workers, Greeting:

Less than five years ago there was an organization of the common workers of the South. Industrial conditions had become so unbearable that we, the Workers of the South, were on the verge of starvation.

As a protest against these conditions, the Brotherhood of Timber Workers was organized, and quickly grew to a membership of several thousand. But, like all mass organizations, it soon collapsed.

Then came the organization of the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, I. W. W.

Because of a few serious mistakes and the poverty of the membership, this union could not survive the stringent financial crisis that so heavily hit the Workers of the South during the next few years following its launching.

The menacing increase in land monopoly has, today, become the foremost economic question confronting the Southern Workers. So, as man is a land animal, we mean to take back the land and make use and occupancy the only title to land.

Therefore, we recommend that every worker who wishes a piece of land go get on it and hold it for his own.

Knowing, as we do, that the hired assassin is every ready to obey the command of the exploiter, as exemplified by Couer D'Alene, Cabin Creek, Grabow, and the brutal murder of women and children at Ludlow and in countless other murders of Workers wherever there are labor difficulties, we recommend that every Worker purchase a high-power rifle in order that we may avoid a repetition of the same or, if not able to do this, to defend ourselves against these assassins.

Believing that organization is necessary to our emancipation;

that action coupled with power is the only way to improve our wage rate and living conditions, we, the Rebels of the South, have organized the **FARM and FOREST WORKERS UNION** of the I. W. W.

In this Union we have all that is necessary to "bring in the bacon" NOW and to, finally, aid in ushering in the glorious **INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY**.

Therefore, We ask YOU to join us in the fight for **LAND and LIBERTY**.

Signed: **L. WILLIFORD, General Sec-Treas., Simms, La.**

Signed: **W. H. LEWIS, Gen. Organizer, Simms, La.**

Note—Southern Socialist and Labor papers, please copy.

#### BY-LAWS

**NAME**—The name of this organization shall be the Farm and Forest Workers Union.

**PURPOSE**—To immediately better the economic condition of the Southern Workers and to aid in the establishment of the Industrial Commonwealth.

**OFFICERS**—The Officers shall be: A General Secretary-Treasurer and a General Organizer. Their duties shall be strictly clerical and they shall have no governmental power whatsoever.

**STRIKES**—The power to call or declare a strike shall rest entirely with the membership so concerned.

**DUES**—The Dues shall be 25 cents a month. The Initiation Fee shall be \$1.50.

**DUTIES**—No member shall recognize another on the job or elsewhere as an F. and F. W. U. member, except in case of extreme necessity, and then the one so appealed to must respond to the best of his or her ability. Any member who violates his or her obligation will be held strictly responsible to the entire membership.

**LOCALS**—The local organizations shall be known as Local Unions.

**DISTRICTS**—There shall be one District Council in each

State, and the Locals in a given State shall be connected with their respective District Councils, and the Councils to the General Office.

#### COMMENT

When I passed thru middle Louisiana in the latter part of October, 1915, I found everything shot to pieces and all except the "Old Guard" so badly locoed they were afraid to even move on the ballot box, lest the Bosses take their cowpeas away from them. It was reported to me that many were saying, "We will never join a dues-paying organization again, on account of the graft in it," which simply meant that the Workers had swallowed, hook, bait and all, the bunc of the Lumber Trust, for, if there was any graft in the Forest and Lumber Workers Union, we who were insinuated to have received it, Emerson, Smith, Hall, Lehman, Filigno, and the rest, grafted about the cheapest and hardest living we ever bit off.

Yet supposing, just for the sake of argument, that we did graft; say we took the whole Fifty Cents a month the members paid in, and you know that is a damn lie, still YOU were **WINNERS** on the deal, for counting the advance in wages alone that was secured by the Brotherhood, which was most certainly not less than 25 cents a day, which would be \$5.00 for a working-month of only 20 days, YOU were \$4.50 a month ahead on the graft, so you never made a better investment in all your life, even if we had grafted the whole Fifty Cents of dues and the initiation fees besides.

Again, as soon as you let the Union die, what happened? Well, **YOU KNOW**—the Lumber Trust started out to immediately cut your wages and bring back all the old abuses and more and worse. That's what happened and what will keep on happening unless YOU join the **FARM and FOREST WORKERS UNION** and do your share toward bettering conditions.

For "God helps those who helps themselves," and he helps no one else. Further, in this Moneyized Civilization, those who are unwilling to organize and then to finance their own organ-



izations are the ones who are going to forever get NOTHING FOR THEIR LABOR.

The Officers of and the Men behind the F. and F. W. U. are known to all of you, all are MEN who have stood by their principles regardless of persecution and hunger, who have gone thru the fire and never been found wanting anywhere or at any time. Their fidelity and courage none can successfully question.

Now, once again they have put it up to YOU to quit crawling and be a MAN. What is your answer? There will be little advertising of the F. and F. U. and no hurrahing. It will work on and on until it is ready to strike, so if you don't hear of it, don't assume that it is not here, for it will be. Already it has good Locals going and will soon have more. Therefore, I charge you that if you claim to be a Rebel to immediately write Secretary L. Williford, Simms, La., for information as to organizing a Local in your section, but you will get no information until you first PROVE who and what you are. Remember this. Also remember that Secretary Williford and General Organizer W. H. Lewis alone have power to credential Organizers.

Get in NOW and help better the terrible conditions existing for us in Louisiana. Let's at least make a try to keep SOME of the wondrous natural wealth of our native land for OURSELVES.

Yours to win.

Covington Hall.

—o—  
**THE WOMAN AND THE HOG**—The relative value of a woman and a hog was illustrated in Wisconsin recently. A woman wrote to the Governor that she had a large family to support and was suffering with tuberculosis and desired State aid. About the same time a letter was received from a man who desired aid for a hog which showed symptoms of cholera. The Governor sent word to the woman that no appropriation had been made for tuberculosis victims, and at the same time a man was hurriedly dispatched with a supply of cholera serum to the rescue of the hog. This incident tells its own story without further comment.—Ex.

## IS POVERTY A NECESSITY?

The Earth belongs by right of use to the living.—Thomas Jefferson.

"All men have equal right to life;  
Here let reformers stand:  
Those who have equal right to life,  
Have equal right to land."

### WHY?

Because you can not live without the use of land.

"All men have equal right to land,  
And by this truth is meant:  
Those who have equal right to land  
Have equal right to RENT."

### WHY?

Because rent measures the difference in the desirableness of any particular piece of land compared with the poorest land in use.

Everybody can not use the same piece of land. Some locations are very much more valuable than others, and that particular value which attaches to land is due to the competition among many for the more valuable sites or locations. If we take rent for taxes we are taking for public uses that value which is the result of public improvements, and we equalize opportunity.

Land has sold in London for more than \$300.00 a square foot. In one acre of land there are more than 40,000 square feet. At that rate land in the city of London is worth more than \$12,000,000 an acre.

In many of our large cities land is worth from five million to ten million of dollars an acre.

Have you ever asked yourself "Why land in a city is so val-

uable?" It is because a city is the trade center of a large area of farming land, mining land, etc.

The fact that in the city are many people working in manufacturing and other businesses is the reason land becomes so valuable, but if there were no farms and lumber interests and mines there would be no cities.

The city is the center where the crops are exchanged.

All business, banking, insurance, storekeeping is nothing more or less than trade. It is exchanging, moving and delivering the crops.

Wealth, which means all the things men need and use for their necessities and comfort. **Wealth comes from a combination of land and labor.**

There are thousands of men and women who have scarcely any "wealth" who are suffering from poverty.

Have you ever asked yourself why this is so?

Men get the things they need by laboring upon the land. There is no other way to get wealth.

All the wealth of the world comes from the land, and is taken from the earth by the labor of men. Every man who is really working, in city or country, on sea or shore, all of them are working upon the land.

Business is nothing more nor less than trade, the exchanging one kind of wealth for another, and trade is the last step in the production of wealth from the land.

**But what is rent? "Rent" is that part of wealth which some men pay to other men for the privilege of using land... Is that right?**

No man can work without using land. No man can produce wealth without working on land.

There are many idle men, and much vacant and unused land; the natural thing would be for the idle men to use the land, but they can not, because some men own the land and demand Rent for the use of it. We are so accustomed to this condition we think it is natural and right, but it is neither.

Land in New York City has sold at the rate of \$12,000,000 an

acre, one such acre would pay as much in taxes as a thousand farms in Illinois, Texas or Louisiana.

If you measure land by value the most valuable land is in the cities and it gets its value by the labor of all who trade through the cities.

We allow the value of land, which is measured by "Rent," to be taken by individuals, whereas it should be taken by the public for taxes and there should be no other taxes. Such a system of taxation would make opportunity equal and relieve business and labor of all burdens.

#### QUESTIONS:

- (1) What is the meaning of the phrase "Division of Labor?"
  - (2) Is "Division of Labor" a good or bad method of producing wealth?
  - (3) If a man were born "**Free' white and twenty-one**" today right here in America, what would he be free to do?
- The best answer to those three questions will give you a year's subscription to **Rebellion**.

The Churches, the Newspapers, and the Schools are our principle sources of information and they are the educational and directing forces of our intellectual life.

The priest and preacher, the editor and publisher, the professor and teacher, those are the men who tell us the news and instruct us as to the line of conduct good for us to follow, and assist us to develop our brains so we will be able to live right and successfully meet the battles of life.

Have you ever heard a priest, a preacher, a publisher, a professor tell how to put an end to poverty? Most of the people in the world suffer from hard times all the time. Why is it so?

Must the masses of people always be poor?

Ask your teachers and preachers, your editors and politicians to tell you how poverty can be abolished.

Get the answer and let us print it in **Rebellion**. It will make good reading.

**M. H. McDowell.**

## TO "US, THE OWNERS"

(Republished by Request)

**Us, The Owners**—The following poetic gem was mailed to The Review and signed "Evanston Owner." Evidently one capitalist was highly indignant over the poem published in last month's Review by Covington Hall entitled "Us, The Hoboes."

You won't laugh to scorn our power,  
Nor the terror of our Law;  
You are but a bunch of cowards,  
And of such we're not in awe.

Just dare to break your fetters,  
Or touch ONE title deed;  
And we'll sweep you all to blazes  
With double lightning speed!

We've got the nerve; we've got the power,  
We've got the weapons, too.  
Your fathers' fathers feared us,  
And you shall fear us, too!

From the International Socialist Review.

### ANSWER

Our fathers' fathers feared your fathers, and we shall fear you,  
too,

We, who feed the World, who clothe the World, who house the  
World, fear you?

Our fathers' fathers feared your fathers?—you dirty lying sneak,  
You never faced the cannon's roar, the rifle's raucous shriek!

Where were you at Bunker Hill, at Valley Forge, at Yorktown,  
say!—

You were aiding British gunmen, licking Hessian boots for pay.

You are the vilest ruling class man ever did enthrone,  
The cruelest and cowardliest the race has ever known.

When Spartacus strove for liberty and life and love and home,  
When Paine stood in his prison cell and braved the wrath of  
Rome;

Where were your fathers' fathers then, where were they then,  
I say?—

They were bartering and selling still their native lands away.

You, where were you in Sixty-one, and where in Sixty-four?—

You were grafting bonds in Washington, dipping gold from  
gore;

While our fathers fought and famished, drained to dregs the  
war god's cup,

Yours were reaching for the treasury, were holding Lincoln up.

When the Nation shook and trembled, in the days when all  
seemed lost,

You were busy then financing, fishing fortunes from the cost;  
You went to war—on platforms; you heard the boom—of bands;  
You fought—for army contracts; you marched—on public  
lands.

Thus, thus thru all the ages you have skirted 'round the fray,  
Urging men to rape and slaughter that your guileful breed  
might prey;

Till the earth is one vast shambles, whence you come up from  
your marts,

With Christ upon your lech'rous lips, with murder in your  
hearts.

### LISTEN!

From the plains of Patagonia to Alaska's ice-bound hills,  
We, the Hoboes and the Dreamers, preach Rebellion in your  
mills;

Thru your forests, down your railroads, on the ships that plow  
the sea,

Goes the ONE BIG UNION ever crying, "Death or Liberty!"

All the troops of our great Union, all, all are Volunteers

Fighting for the World they builded, to avenge the wrongs of  
years;

All your guns are used by hirelings, your soldiers all are slaves,  
Who more and more are wondering why they should die for  
knaves.

We shall ashes make your title deeds, abolish all your laws,  
We shall take your arms and beat them into harvesters and saws;  
We shall end industrial warfare, its savagery and strife,  
And on your ruined system build a free and noble life.

Covington Hall.

— o —

**REVERIES ON "ECONOMIZING."** How about demanding that the Landlords, Bankers, Lumber Kings and Politicians do some of that blest "economizing" they are ever so freely advising to the Workers? How about organizing a powerful Union and refusing to pay any taxes, you Working Farmers, as long as the mine at Sulphur, La., is taxed at only one-twentieth of its value? How about demanding that the Banks cut down interest on mortgages and crop money to the rate at which the Government furnishes it to them, Three Per Cent? How about it? That hole at Sulphur would, under a Full Rental Tax on Land, pay more taxes than whole Parish-fuls of Farms, and justly so, for no man made that sulphur and society alone gives that piece of land its immense value. YOU have to WORK for every cent you get. And you Lumberjacks, why don't you kick in and demand a real man's life? You can get it if you will organize. Don't be a piker all your life. Join the Farm and Forest Workers Union today and, **SUBSCRIBE TO REBELLION**, help boost the agitation.

## NOTICE RE REBELLION

**REBELLION** is still alive and fighting, but, if YOU think it worth saving, I ask you to send me immediately all the CASH help you can lay your hands on, for I will be forced thru the wall if you do not.

I much prefer that you send me subscriptions, as these help spread the message of Free Land, Free Labor and Liberty farther, but, if you cannot do this, and want to help on the fight in that way, any donation or collection you send in, be it **A DIME, A DOLLAR, OR AN EAGLE**, can be used to advantage. One Dollar NOW will count more than a bankful of sympathy when we are dead.

If you don't want your name known or published, just mail in the currency folded in a sheet of paper marked simply, "**For Rebellion**," and I will know what you mean, for, verily, I say unto you, "Money talks."

The magazine this month, on account of the British Plutocracy blockading the German Plutocracy's dye-works, appears without its Rebel covering; its size has also been enlarged, but contents are up to standard, I believe.

I am thinking of changing name back to **THE LODESTAR**, but decided to ask you what you thought first. What is your opinion? Let me know.

I have in hand for April number the best exposure of the rape of Dixie by the Democratic party ever written, and I again ask you Louisiana Socialists to kick in and help turn this Trust-ridden State inside-out. Come alive, or quit playing with the bloodred banner. Don't leave it all to a handful, but do your share in Freedom's fight. Wake up! Send us \$1.00 for a bundle of 25, or \$3.00 a hundred.

Many Louisiana subs that were paid for by Comrades and Fellow-workers of the North and West begin to expire this month, so I ask you to note whether the cross is in your circle and, if it is, to renew your subscription **AT ONCE** and to send in as many new subs as possible. Yours to free Dixie or die trying.

Covington.



## THE CALF PATH

(Republished Especially for the Edification of the Saffron  
"Socialists," "Unionists," "Progressives" and "Single  
Taxers" of Louisiana.)

One day through the primeval wood  
A calf walked home, as good calves should;  
But left a trail all bent askew,  
A crooked trail, as all calves do.  
Since then, three hundred years have fled,  
And, I infer, the calf is dead.  
But still he left behind this trail,  
And thereby hangs this moral tale.  
The trail was taken up next day  
By a lone dog that passed that way.  
And then a wise bellwether sheep  
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,  
And drew the flock behind him, too,  
As good bellwethers always do.  
So from that day, o'er hill and glade,  
Through those old woods a path was made,  
And many men wound in and out,  
And bent and turned and dodged about,  
And uttered words of righteous wrath;  
Because 'twas such a crooked path;  
But still they followed—do not laugh—  
The first migrations of that calf.  
And through this winding woodway stalked  
Because he wobbled when he walked.  
This forest path became a lane,  
That bent and turned and turned again;  
This crooked lane became a road,  
Where many a poor horse with his load,  
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,  
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half  
They trod the footsteps of that calf.  
The years passed on with swiftness fleet,  
The road became a village street,  
And this, before men were aware,  
A city's crowded thoroughfare.  
And soon the central street was this  
Of a renowned metropolis.  
And man two centuries and a half  
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.  
And o'er this crooked journey went  
The traffic of a continent.  
A hundred thousand men were led  
By one calf near three centuries dead.  
They followed still his crooked way,  
And lost one hundred years a day;  
For thus such reverence is lent  
To well-established precedent.  
A moral lesson this might teach,  
Were I ordained and called to preach.  
For men are prone to go it blind  
Along the calf-paths of the mind.  
And toil away from sun to sun  
To do what other men have done.  
They follow in the beaten track,  
And out and in, and forth and back.  
And still their devious course pursue  
To keep the path that others do.  
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh  
Who saw the first primeval calf;  
Ah! many things this tale might teach,  
But I am not ordained to preach.

Sam Walter Foss.

—o—  
"TRUTH is stranger than fiction;" yes, and harder to market.



Stanley J. Clark, the great Libertarian orator of Dixie, as caught by ye Rebel cartoonist, B. W. Lauderdale, in the act of "taking the hides" off ye Sky Pilots and Politicians. "He eats 'em alive."

## ESTELLAR

Lo, the lights are fading,  
Day to dark is shading,  
Love;  
All we love and cherish,  
One by one they perish,  
Love.  
The moon is not so silver bright  
As it was on yesternight;  
The iridescent morning skies  
Thrill not, as of old, our eyes,  
Estellar.

The Voices are fainter,  
And the gnomemen grow not quainter,  
Love;  
With disappointments massing,  
To the Silence we are passing,  
Love.  
The bobwhite's call, the mocker's lay,  
Stir us not as yesterday;  
The soul-sense is not so acute,  
The mystic language all but mute,  
Estellar.

A myst enveils the seeker,  
And the wings of hope are weaker,  
Love;  
Life's music sadder, lower,  
And our heart beats ever slower,  
Love.  
The rainbow's end is not so near  
As it was in yesteryear;  
Not so clear the fairies' hail,  
And blurred and broken is the trail,  
Estellar.

Covington.

CHARLIE CLINE writes that the "Court of Appeals" has denied him another trial and has confirmed his "Sentence of 99 years at hard labor in the penitentiary." Some more "Democratic justice," for Cline was not railroaded for any "conspiracy to murder" a lawanorder Mexican gunman, but for the part he took in the Grabow trial and Merryville strike. He should not be abandoned to the wolves. I appeal to all Rebels and Locals to pour protests in on Governor James E. Ferguson, Austin, Texas, DEMANDING the immediate release by "pardon" of Cline, Rangel and their unjustly convicted fellow-victims. Let them know we have not all gone dead and have our eyes on them. Socialists and I. W. W.'s do at least this much for these boys. They all and every one of them deserve it.

I have some Rebs on hand yet. They are too valuable to hand out indiscriminately. February issue, also January were fine. Keep up that eternal land question. It will finally open the eyes of the I. W. W. and more of the Socialist. It is the landlordism of the Lumber Trust that prevents wage slaves from owning their own homes in the sawmill towns. This gives the Lumber Trust Landlord the power of eviction, otherwise, the wage-worker, owning a home, would meet the boss and claim half the power. It also applies to mines and factories. Landlordism must be understood, then we have the root. This will get all the old and young "Hill-billies" on our side. They will fight for land when they understand.

Yours for Free Land and Labor.

Jay Smith.

All eyes are opened or opening to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God.—Thomas Jefferson.

## SOCIALIST PARTY NOMINEES

**VERNON PARISH:** Sheriff, Louis LeCaze, Pitkin; Representative, J. G. Glover, Leesville; Clerk of Court, Burrell J. Glasscock, Leesville; Assessor, W. P. Hagan, Fullerton; Treasurer, M. M. Loftin, Evans.

**GRANT PARISH:** Sheriff, W. B. Blackser; Representative, John C. Taylor; Clerk of Court, W. E. Jones; Assessor, Winn Tison.

**DEMOCRATIC PARTY EXPOSED.** The April number of *Rebellion* will contain the record of the Democratic party, its shameless treason to the whole people of Dixie. The article is an extension of the "Great Achievements of the Democratic Party," revised and brought up to date. I believe this to be one of the very best campaign documents ever written, especially for Southern circulation. The issue will contain nothing but this article and matter on Land Monopoly and Peonage in the South. YOU cannot afford to be without it.

Send us 10 cents for a single copy; \$1.00 for a bundle of 25; or \$3.00 for 100 copies. All orders must be in not later than March 20th. We repeat: YOU cannot afford to miss this great number. Bring the matter up in your Local and instruct your Secretary to order 100 copies AT ONCE.

## HELP SPREAD REBELLION

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.

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

A FIG for those by law protected!  
 Liberty's a glorious feast!  
 Courts for cowards were erected,  
 Churches built to please the priest.

—Robert Burns.

## “WE NEVER SHALL FORGET”

(In Memory of Joseph Hillstrom)

By Cash M. Stevens

The hell-hounds hunt him now no more,  
 His Rebel soul is freed;  
 No more his trail is haunted  
 By “Curs of coyote breed”;  
 Their yellow fangs have torn his throat,  
 Their wolfish jaws are wet  
 With blood that was not shed in vain, — — —  
 “We never shall forget.”

The serpent fangs of venom'd hate  
 Have pierced the breast of love;  
 The vultures' greedy talons torn  
 The warm heart of the dove;  
 But in a million Rebel souls,  
 By Freedom's torches lit,  
 Is wrote, in words of whitest flame, — — —  
 “We never shall forget.”

The shots that sped that Rebel's soul,  
 Have echoed round the world;  
 The standard of the clan of toil  
 Shall nevermore be furled;  
 Truth's sword is drawn, the bugles sound,  
 And eyes that tears have wet,  
 Flash forth the fiery message, — — —  
 “We never shall forget.”

He is not dead — — — his spirit lives — — —  
 He is not in the tomb.  
 His blood, on slavery's midnight sky,  
 Shall paint your system's doom;  
 And through the night of toil and tears,  
 By Freedom's torches lit,  
 You'll read: “The Kingdom's finished” — —  
 “We never shall forget.”

No, never while this whirling earth  
 Upon its axis turns;  
 No, never while a Rebel coal  
 On manhood's altar burns;  
 No, never while the ghouls of greed  
 In Freedom's temple sit  
 To drink the blood of Freedom's sons, — — —  
 “We never shall forget.”

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS—Rebellion has received the following letter from a Texas Rebel and we commend it to the careful consideration of the bellyaching revolutionists (?) of Louisiana, for it breathes the spirit that wins.

Palestine, Texas, February 14th, 1916.

Dear Comrade Hall—Having seen some of your writings in *The Rebel*, also that you were publishing a paper called *Rebellion*, I am sending you one dollar with three names that you can send *Rebellion* to. I am a poor old Farmer, but I know why I am poor—it is because of a H—deserving system that is in power and conditions will be no better till it is cast overboard; so, with this in mind, I subscribe for such literature, for I know if the Workers could be waked from the nightmare sleep they have fallen into they would not be long in taking that which is their very own, not, as some say, take something that belongs to someone else, for the Workers by their work make all things that are useful and should own them.

Yours till I die,

A. S. Bell.



## SOCIETY NOTES

It is said that Chief Harold wept when he was asked to investigate Kaiser Jake. It was the limit.

It is norated that Swords Lee "went dry" in the Rapides prohibition election. We don't blame him.

A Greek dispatch states that Kink Crawfish strenuously denies that the modern Buccaneers of the Spanish Main are even wishing to change flags again. Says "It's the Stars and Swipes for us forever!" That's "good business."

It is reported that "Bullmeat Henry" and "Pussy-foot Ben" are going to join both the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. "Birds of a feather flock together."

It is wirelessly that "Bloodhound Gussie's" big majority was due to the fact that the "Parson's" peons were given the choice of voting for "Lawanorder" or hitting the crossties. We don't believe it. We know how the peons just love "Gus" and the "Parson."

Frappe Fannie says that if all representatives stood by their constituents as loyally as Vic Mauberret and Tom Anderson stand by the industries of "De Old Fourf," which are Cabarets, Cribs and the Businessmen's Racing Association, that there would not be so much talk about the failure of Parliamentary Government. "Ain't dat de truf?"

Abe Martin says that John Bullmoose and Colonel Bunc Ewing give him a pain. Ssh! Abe; you'll get fired, first thing you know.

At last accounts R. G. (Ruffian Guntoter") Pleasant was still Captain General of the "Lawanorder League," alias the Democratic party, says our Shreveport co-conspirator, and Tommyrot Barrett still on the water wagon but suffering from a frightful hardcider headache. We told you so.

It is rumored that the Grate Reformer cannot and will not support the "ballotbox stuffers" and that, therefore, the Mar-

quis of Des Allemands has decided to purge the poll lists of the Baliwicks of Bowie. Will wonders never cease?

It is whispered that since President Gompers has joined President Wilson in the demand for "Militarism and Democracy" and the Carpenters Union has affiliated with the Association of Commerce that all is lovely and the "class struggle" is no more. Neither do we believe this.

It is alleged that Ben Waldo and Doctor Kent are still calling on the Proletarians to prepare to die for "God and our (?) Country." Poor old God, somebody's always "saving" Him.

As we go to press a Potsdam ethergram arrives which asserts that Bill Hohenzollern still holds the box Moses put Jehovah in and that Nick Romanoff and George Guelph are up a tree and don't know how to come down. This, however, is emphatically denied by the un-hyphenated Pro-Ally-American press, which declares on its word of honor that Jehovah has been with the Allied Armies every time they advanced backwards and is still personally conducting their "masterly campaign." We thought so.

YOU SAID we "couldn't do it," but we did it, by God!  
And we've kept **REB** a-going, tho the way was rough and hard!  
You "couldn't spare" a quarter for the boosting of the fight,—  
Said, "Oh-whatstheuse? The wrong will **always** whip the right!"  
Yes, you said we "couldn't do it," but the Party's growing red,  
And the Farm and Forest Union's waking up the dead!  
And so we'll keep a-plugging, tho you holler long and hard:  
"You will never get to freedom!" but we will, by God!

Ole Reb.

PRIZE PRESS PIPPIN. In its long history New Orleans has had four flags, French, Spanish, Confederate and United States, and its people have been loyal to them all in turn.—New Orleans American. Still, what could sum up better the intelligence of Patriotism?

Sic the Sabcats on the Wardogs!

## THE PROHIBITION ORATOR

In pulpit and press  
He'll shout in distress  
At the poor voter;  
He'll rant and he'll cry  
Then sneak on the sly  
And gulp down a "floater."

Wherever he goes,  
With a turned up nose  
He smells only brandy;  
With a tear in his eye,  
And a sanctified sigh,  
He'll drink like a dandy.

Like oil from a well,  
Or lava from hell,  
His words flow briskly;  
In sunshine or rain  
He is always the same,—  
Judge of good whiskey.

Then why does he cuss,  
Raise such a fuss  
About "peach and honey?"  
If you do not know,  
Then here's a tip, bo,—  
He's getting the mon, money.

W. H. Lewis.

—o—  
"FATHER" LAMB'S KNIFE. Did your kid take a chance (?) on "Father" Lamb's knife? We understand there were only 3000 chances out at 10 cents per chance. This would make only \$300 for a \$1.50 knife, but, then, you should be willing to "Do your mite for the Lord Jesus."

GREAT SOUTHERN LUMBER CO. caught with the goods on. According to "The American" of February 29th, Commissioner of Labor McGilvray has rendered a report showing that the Great Southern Lumber Co. of Bogalusa, La., grafts the big sum of \$15,000 a year off its Lumberjacks, styling the steal, "The hospital fee fund." It seems that four Lumberjacks actually had the nerve to object to this gentlemanly raid on their pay envelopes and appealed to Mc for aid, and that he, despite the fact that the Beegum of Bogalusa is a pet of the Grate Reformer made this tentacle of the Goodyear Rubber cuttlefish cof up \$4.52.

This is the same gang of bandits who had Emerson arrested and "fined" seventy-odd dollars for trying to organize their peons and who got W. M. Witt in their "police station" at midnight and third degreed him to a fareuwell, then ordered him out of their "model city" under pain of death if he ever returned.

O yes, we were "lying" when we showed up the dirty, low-down nickel stealing that these enormously wealthy Lumber Kings descend to, especially when we showed up the "Pope of the Campbellites," the holy Parson Long and the rest of the Y. M. C. A. employers.

Just put down one more victory for little old **REBELLION** boys, and get busy sending in some subs and cash to boost her and we will yet make the Trustites come across with goods, and a darn sight more than \$4.52. Up and at them! Let's take back Louisiana for OURSELVES.

—o—  
"PARKER FAILS to Put Dent in United Democracy" (?) declares a headline in The Daily States. Yep, that's right. It will take something stronger than hotair to put a dent in the massed ignorance and brutality that pardes itself before what is left of the intelligence and decency of the World as the "Democratic Party." However, there's hope. The Donks will only have to screw down the lid on Dixie a few more turns before there will be a social explosion that will make them think they have been hit by a dynamite cyclone.

**STILL CONSERVATING.** At last accounts the "Louisiana Conservation (?) Commission" was still conservating. One of the latest great achievements of the great Blacklister being to import a herd of elk and turn them loose in a thousand-acre corral—think of wasting money and a thousand acres of land in any such manner when there are homeless men, women and children all over this State!—on "Prince" Henry Hardtner's domains. We don't blame "Prince Henry" for being "satisfied with things as they are;" so would we be, "Three Feathers" or no "Three Feathers," if we had cinched the cinches he has cinched.

However, as these poor, half-tame animals are to be used to furnish "sport" for the "Sportsmen" of our extremely benevolent Sawdust and City Rings at the expense of the working Fishermen, Hunters and Oystermen of Louisiana, it's nobody's business whatinhel the Conservationists kill for "sport," tame elk or tame "timber wolves." For, was it not said of old time, "I will make you fishers of men?"

—o—

**TALKING ABOUT MIRACLES**—When Moses hit the rock and made water flow in the desert he was a piker 'long side of the N. O. Railway and Lighting Company. It is even whispered that this wonder-working corporation has performed the miracle of reducing the rate per thousand foot of gas (wind-watered) and per kilowatt of electricity and, so-doing, done us without in the least damaging the size of its "bills rendered" and collected. It is further reported that this watered miracle has at last reached even our good Mayor's soulful ears and that he has demanded that Bill and Harold "investigate" (American Statesmen are sure helon "investigations") Kaiser Jake and Emperor Hughmac Terrible! But when a Hibernian Jesuit and a Jacobite Mason set up a miracle-making merger, it will take something stronger than an "investigation" to make them quitit, I can tell you. There is but one way out, Martin, and tho it may pain you, I pass on the whisper, thus: Either the City will own the N. O. R. and L. C. or the "Utility" will own the City, Martin. Cheer up, old hoss, the worst is yet to come.

## "THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF JEHOVAH"

By Henry M. Tichenor. Published by Phil Wagner, Pontiac Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00. Prepaid.

An unusual book! In tracing the origin and evolution of the Bible Jehovah, the author gives, beside, a picture of ancient and modern deities.

The Rationalist will find data, supported by historical evidence, to corner the parson; and believers, too, will find and derive knowledge of profane and sacred literature, not easily accessible, and which would otherwise require years of special study.

In style, the little book is distinctly American, Whitmanesque, if you please; the author combines the satire of a Voltaire and seriousness of a Thomas Paine. Many of the pages are crowded with laughter; others exhibit man's inhumanity to man, for the sake of their respective and peculiar religious beliefs. This unusual book will render a real service to both layman and student of theology.

Note: **Rebellion** will send you a copy of this great book, a copy of the "Songs of Love and Rebellion," and **Rebellion** six months, all three for \$1.50. Order today.

—o—

**The Cruise of the Appam** was not only a daring feat but once more proves that men and not gold make mighty peoples. You cannot build civilization on slaves and gunmen now any more than in the days when Roman Caesars and Pontiffs lorded it over the World. The slums of London will yet wreck the British Empire.

—o—

**"JESUS WEPT."** When the rich City of New Orleans steals the cheap labor-power of the poor devils those "recruiting stations for hell," called Police Courts, shanghai on to the chain-gangs, it is, in all conscience, bad enuf, but when a rich congregation of the "Holy Mother Church" is "let in" on the graft, somebody ort to call a halt, "for Christ's sake, or Saint Patrick's, if for no other reason. Jesus wept. We don't blame Him.

**AS TO MY SPEAKING.** Several requests have come in that I speak in different parts of Louisiana before the State campaign ends. I will do so on the following terms:

Making Alexandria the starting point, I will speak at any place for Twenty (20) Yearly Subscriptions to Rebellion at 50 cents each, or for 40 Six Months subs at 30 cents each, I to pay my own expenses and railroad fare, provided the meetings are arranged closely enuf together to prevent expense eating up the entire subscriptions. Railroad fare exceeding \$1.50 to be paid by the Local beyond place of last meeting.

If your Local wishes to hear me on these terms, please let me hear from you at once so that a trip can be arranged. I will speak in Texas and Oklahoma on same terms.

Yours in the fight.

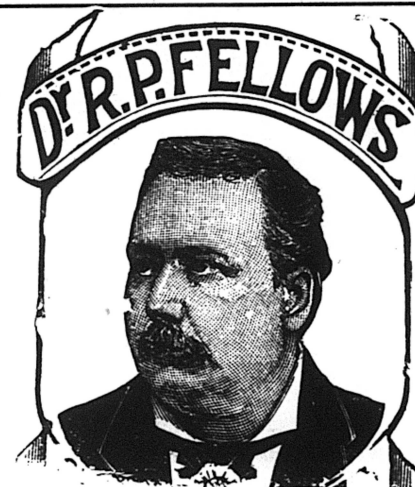
Covington Hall.

—o—

**"Ruffian Guntoter"** Pleasant, Militia Colonel, Captain of the Lawanorder League, Gunman-Strikebreaker for the Girl-killing Telephone Trust, Candidate of the Black Democratic Party for Governor of Louisiana, the Attorney General who never lifted a finger to punish the Burns Defectives for the crimes they committed in the Grabow Trial, ridicules John Bullmoose Parker's claim to farmerhood; whereat the "Field Marshal" comes back at the "Ruffian" and proves J. B. P. to be one of the ablest farmers in the State—that is, he farms the farmers who farm the farms in a thoroughly up-to-date and efficient manner to a fare-well. You working Farmers sure have "some choice" to make when you are called on to vote as to whether a Land Lord or a Trust Lawyer-Guntoter supervises the Robbersary Department of Capitalism, alias "the Machinery of Government." Hear this: The sooner you Workers quit hoping for saviours and get busy organizing the **Farm and Forest Workers Union** and a **Red Socialist Party**, the better it will be for yourselves, your children and your Class. The only road to freedom is the one your blaze for yourselves.

—o—

Capitalism breeds parasites like dirt breeds lice.



## The Distinguished Physician

### TREATS MEN

For weakness of the reproductive organs. His "Private Counsellor" is a Booklet which tells how to become a normal man sexually, or to restore lost strength. The troubles treated are named "**Seminal Weakness**," "**Varicoccele**," and "**Loss of Manhood**." His medicine, applied externally on parts affected, is the best of cures so far as he knows. Send 12 cents in stamps for the Booklet, addressing

**DR. R. P. FELLOWS, VINELAND, N. J.**

Dr. Fellows is a staunch Freethinker and Libertarian. His advertisement appeared for about a quarter of a century in *The Truth Seeker*, of New York City, and no complaint was made that his medicine was not as represented.



**THE MARQUISKATE OF MARRERO** is also reported to be in the business of stealing labor via the chaingang and is busy building automobile roads for our "Christian gentlemen" to joy-ride over. The Marquiskate is hereby notified to notify the Texas and Pacific and Southern Pacific not to let it put any more "Red Card" men on its "public roads," for Old Sab is growling even now. This is a tip for you and your jailors, Sheriff Marrero, not to send any more 16-year-old boys out of your hell-hole ruined for life or to let your two-footed bloodhounds, alias guards, shoot any more workingmen. If you do, the Clan will make you think the Grate Reformer is a piker in the reforming business. Cut it out, and damn quick, mind you.

—o—

**THE DAILY STATES**, run by the British Boss of an Irish ward (funny people, the Irish), says: "Louisiana will not stand for either the Republican or Progressive party, which are one and the same thing, and the success of either of which means the eventual return of the negro to politics in Louisiana." Bunc.

To hear Democratic flimflammers and Progressive blather-skites trying to dodge every vital issue under the sun by jumping on the negro, and this when Louisiana is worse off today after fifty years of Democratic rule than it ever was under "Nigger Domination," is enuf to give the God of Hypocrisy a gripe in his gizzard.

We are willing to bet that you could elect a Governor and Legislature composed of negro crapshooters and that they could not popssibly do worse by Louisiana than has the "Supreme White Democratic Party" and its owners, and might very likely do better, on the old adage that "a new broom sweeps clean." Raus mit der looters of Dixie!

—o—

Cotton, Cotton, who got the Cotton? You Farmers didn't—you only got the cahoots and the pellagra. Wise guys, alright.

—o—

All government in essence is tyranny.—Emerson.

## NOT ARMAGEDDON

Luke North in Everyman.

The Armageddon is not the battle of the allies against russianism or vice versa; that is newspaper hyperbole—hot air. The exploiters of England are no different morally from those of Germany. The Armageddon is between the powers of darkness and of light, between death and life, stagnation and progress, slavery and freedom, between the coercive state and the actual democracy. The Armageddon has not begun in Europe. There is no true alignment of forces there yet. The masters of each nation are pitting their slaves against each other to delay the real Armageddon.

And so they would pit slave against slave in this country—that is the true meaning of the war preparedness agitation. The "Japanese peril" is yellower than a Hearst newspaper, but Hearst and the Interests are alarmed, not only over Europe at the end of the war, but at the unmistakable indications in this country that—

Radicalism is drawing together!

For ten years Wall street publications of a semi-confidential nature have warned their clients that the economic revolutionists were beginning to understand themselves and each other and that out of all their theories would come a clear-cut basic demand some day upon which all factions would unite—and carry the nation by storm. \* \* \* \* \*

And if this cause be not launched the cause of the death munition makers will be. It is war preparedness or a united radicalism. It is death and destruction, military murder—or a mighty struggle for the land.

"American and British residents assisted the native troops (Yuan Shi-Kai's soldiers) in rounding up privately owned guns and pistols" in Shanghai, China, recently, according to "Collier's." That is, these so-called democrats aided an assassin Emperor to suppress a democratic revolution. That's what the "Democrats" are "Preparing" for here, too.

THE "AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY" states that "Less than one-fifth of our boys are physically fit"—to be used as cannon fodder for the Fats, of course. Yet this bunch of Patriotic Scoundrels said the I. W. W. lied when it first told the World of the man-killing conditions existing in American Industry. Now they confirm everything we said and worse, and then have the gall to want to add more work to labor's already murderous burden of toil by drilling its boys to death and the dishonor of their class. As far as we are concerned here in Louisiana, the Mikado of Japan, much less the German Kaiser, could not hand us any worse than have our "native-born" Landlords and Plutocrats and we wouldn't weep a single tear, much less impose our body between them and bayonets, if Von Hindenburg was to march his army into Louisiana and hang the whole gang. We should worry.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The E. I. Dupont de Nemours Powder Company earned a total of \$57,840,758 during the year ended December 31, 1915, according to its annual report made public here today. This is an increase of \$52,237,605 over last year.—Press dispatch. Two Hundred Tirty-one Million Three Hundred Sixty-three Thousand and Thirty-two Dishes of Ham, Eggs and Coffee Shot to Hell... That's right. Hurrah for "Preparedness" and Pellagra!

REBELLION .....	.50	
MIGHT IS RIGHT .....	.50	
SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION.....	.30	\$1.30
<hr/>		
ALL 3 FOR (S. C. 1) .....	\$1.10	

## 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**

# THE GREATEST GENERALS

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THE RADICAL PRESS IS THE HOPE OF THE NATION, OF THE WORLD. OFTEN IT IS CRUDE, SOMETIMES COARSE AND BANAL—WHAT WOULD YOU FROM THE UNRESPECTABLE? — BUT ALWAYS HONEST AND STRAIGHTFORWARD. WHAT IT PRINTS IS THE TRUTH AS IT SEES IT, THE UTTERANCE OF HONEST MEN AND PURPOSEFUL. SUPPORT IT, YOU WHO STAND FOR LOVE AGAINST HATE; FREEDOM, SYMPATHY, KINDNESS TO HUMAN BEINGS AGAINST PROPERTY AND EXPLOITATION. SUPPORT IT, YOU WHO HOPE FOR THE DAWN. THE COMMERCIAL PRESS IS—COMMERCIAL. IN THE RADICAL PRESS YOU WILL FIND THE TWO WORDS THAT MAKE THE CAPTAINS BLANCH—

GENERAL STRIKE!

THAT WILL BE MANHOOD'S MOVE AGAINST MONEY'S FEDERAL COURTS—IF IT COMES TO THAT.

—Luke North.

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AND GOOD OLD GENERAL SABOTAGE, TOO, WILL BE ON THE JOB.

—Covington.

