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THE SCOUT

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TEXAS TENANTS.

Increasing in Number and Poverty.

(By T. A. Hickey, Editor The Rebel.)

There is an old saying that goes like this: "Figures don't lie, but liars will figure."

Now there is a whole lot of truth in that, but the figures that I am going to give you this month will not have the "liars will figure" tagged on them by Democrats or Republicans because they come from the same Demo-Rep source. These figures that follow I want you to read over carefully. The future welfare of your children will only be settled right in proportion as you understand them and then you can work through organization to settle the wrongs they so vividly portray. The figures deal with land conditions in Texas. It costs you one cent to get them. Write the Department of Labor and Commerce a postal card asking for the Bulletin on Agricultural conditions in Texas. The department will send it free. There you will learn these things:

First: Tenantry has immensely increased in Texas in the past ten years. In 1900 there were 174,991 tenants; in 1910 they had grown to 219,106 an increase of 44,115.

Then you will find that negro and Mexican farmers increased 4,276. This does not give you any idea of how many extra Mexican and negro men are working the land because none of the peons working on Taft's 350,000 acre farm are mentioned in this bulletin.

Then you will find that only 131,1616 farmers own their land and out of this number 98,363 own from 20 to 49 acres. You will find that the increase in land value and building has gone from \$691,774,000 to 1,822,731,000 an increase of 262 per cent over 1900.

You will find a number of other facts that show that the renter is being steadily peoned under this system.

Now get this governmental report for one cent. Read what the other side says. Don't ask the Socialist, ask the other side. Then if you are a white man join the Renters Union and vote the Socialist party ticket. And thus work out your own salvation.

The Renters Union, well organized in every farming county of Texas, could make the members of the legislature vote right on the question of submitting to the people a constitutional amendment limiting private ownership of land to use and occupancy. Unorganized, the renters might as well be so many peons on the haciendas of Mexico, so far as legislation in their interest is concerne.

The farm renters of Texas usually spend at the stores all they get out of the crop. They have to. The landlords often use the part they get from the renters in buying more land. Will the storekeepers encourage the Renters Union and help the renters to refuse any demand from the landlords that goes beyond the old-time rates and customs?

The Fort Worth Record says that the greatest blessing of the cotton picking machine will be the emancipation of the women and children from the cotton fields. How do you figure that the women and children will receive benefits from the cotton picking machines unless they own the machines? You state in your editorial that one of the machines will be worth, approximately, \$5,000. How many of the women and children who now pick cotton will be able to own these machines? If the machines are to be owned by rich individuals or companies, and the price of the picking goes to these individuals or companies instead of being kept in the household to pay for supplies already consumed, where, I ask again, will the "blessing" to the women and children come in?

When the Texas Renters Union demands a graduated land tax, will the Fort Worth Record get behind their demand and help push it? Remember, dear Record, that you argued with me a few weeks back that there were many remedies for the destruction of landlordism that stopped short of Socialism, and that the graduated land tax was one of them. May the renters count on you?

DARROW'S PROPOSITION.

As nearly as I can quote from memory, Clarence Darrow recently went on board as follows:

"I will guarantee to take from this jail (Chicago), or any jail in the world, five hundred men who have been the worst criminals and lawbreakers who ever got into jail, and I will go down to our lowest streets and take five hundred of the most abandoned prostitutes, and go out somewhere there is plenty of free land, and give them a chance to make and enjoy a living, and they will raise up a generation of as good people as the average in the community."

Now, folks, that must be fully as raw and radical as any proposition you ever met in the middle of the road; but, seriously would you bet dimes against dollars that Darrow wouldn't pull through with it and make good?

I met a fellow who was afraid that under Socialism all men would have to sell their time to the Commonwealth at a stated price, alike to all, and that the fast man who did more work in a given period of time would thus be robbed for the benefit of the slow man who did less work. He forgot that under the present great companies of men sell their time to private employers at price that is alike to all, yet by natural endowment some of those men have greater earning power than others. He forgot something else which is far more important that under the present system of time-selling the fast man and the slow man are both robbed outrageously and continuously. But the old way is so hard to give up!

It begins to look like the Socialist speakers and press may not be permitted to go much further with the work of enlightening the working class before the brutal capitalists will try to compel the government to come down with its heavy hand and subdue labor and make it obedient, thus precipitating what might turn out to be the great battle of Armageddon. No plot so foul, no scheme so murderous, no crime so black and diabolical that the masters of the world's resources will not resort to it, is necessary to maintain their grip upon those resources. It's mighty serious, but—"beyond the Alps is Italy."

Ask 'em this question, to begin with: "Do you believe a producer of wealth should have all the wealth he produces?" And stay with 'em till they answer it one way or the other. Like as not they'll be fool enough to ask if you want a farmer, for instance, to keep all the cotton he makes. Tell 'em you didn't say cotton, but WEALTH. Cotton, like all materials of wealth, is not wealth until it is ready to be consumed. "But," they may ask, "who is go-

ing to decide how much cotton is necessary to pay for a specified amount of something else? Who decides that question now? And do you think the decision is a fair one?"

Because the working people are not yet prepared to kill all the monopolies at one blow, is no reason why they should not strike down any monopoly they may be able to reach. Through the Texas Renters Union, land monopoly in Texas is marked for slaughter. And the Fort Worth Record has virtually pledged itself to help. It has expatiated on the awful evils of landlordism and trotted out the graduated land tax and the partial exemption of small homes as a remedy. Now, if it will honor that pledge and get actively into the fight, there is indeed hope for the poor renter.

What is a more pitiable scene than that of an old man, stooped and gray, having spent his long life laboring to accumulate sufficient to insure his progeny against conditions of dependence now going to the ballot box and voting a ticket that simply means the forging of chains that will bind his children and grandchildren to industrial slavery? Such a man may see the figures "1911," but he can't read them. All date figures look like "1861" to him.

Farm renters do not plant out fruit trees for their landlords, and I don't blame them. Landlords do not plant out fruit trees for their renters, and I don't blame them. Why should a landlord go to any more expense than is necessary to get his land worked? But landlord and renter both vote for a land monopoly system, and I blame both of them for that—blame the landlord for not having more religion, and the renter for not having more self respect.

A preacher who can stay overnight in the home of a big Brother Rentlord, and next morning, after sleeping in a cozy room and enjoying his feast of fried chicken, look out upon the broad expanse of cultivated acres, dotted here and there with little rent shacks from which the tenant families have scattered out over the fields for the long day's work—a preacher who can enjoy such fare and behold such a scene and not hear a Voice from somewhere saying, "This system is wrong, and God Almighty's judgments are awaiting it," is not worthy of Jesus, is not following after Jesus, and is really a stranger to the teachings of Jesus.

In a recent issue of the Coming Nation the editor, Charles Edward Russell, sums up the cause of all labor troubles in all quarters of the globe in these few words: "It is at bottom the fact that they create wealth and do not possess the wealth that they create."

"He knew how to grow potatoes, but didn't know how to sell them."—Farm and Ranch. That is, he knew how to be useful to the world he lived in, but had yet to learn how to keep the world from hogging him out of the fruits of his usefulness. Under Socialism the greatest degree of usefulness to the world would be the the greatest degree of usefulness to himself. Not so under the present system. After acquiring and developing the fullest measure of usefulness, he must then enter upon the bigger job of fighting off the thieves. It reminds me of what the Teuton said to his dog: "Ven you die you vas dedt, und dot's all. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

Free speech, free press, free ballot, free land, free access to the means of making a living—why shouldn't all these be free? Socialism stands for all of them. Capitalism makes war on all of them. All political tickets except that of the Socialist party are capitalist tickets, unfriendly toward free speech, free press, free ballot, free land free access to the means of making a living. Why should working people vote a capitalist ticket?

Every time workingmen vote a Democratic or Republican ticket they indorse the system that poured eleven million dollars of their hard earnings on top of Rockefeller's fortune the other morning between breakfast and dinner. What was the average working-man's bill of fare that a majority of workingmen have been voting for, and was doubtless poor enough. Why do they vote for such a system and such fare? "God knows!"

Jno. M. Green of Belcherville, Tex., recently broke into Farm and Ranch with a brainy article in favor of the Renters Union. Jno. M. has been where he found out much more than the average farmer knows about the consequences of letting men into a farmers' organization who do not get their living by working on the farm.

No such thing as the drivers of delivery wagons butting in at the kitchen gate of the Rockefeller home to put out store truck. They have to stop at the far end of a tunnel a thousand feet long and let Rocky's trusted servants convey the stuff through the tunnel to the kitchen. Wherefore and whereas, let us resolve to point with pride to our long and illustrious line of Democratic and Republican office holders.

"Whom therefore the president hath called to office, let not the people recall." Is there anything in it that looks like government by the people? No! It is the creed of those who are determined to us government power to rule and rob the people.

Comrade R. C. Johnson of Waco thinks the idea of deporting from the United States Rev. J. H. Gambrell and any others who may stand with him for a property qualification for voters, is the correct idea. If the birds and the beasts and all creeping things on the western hemisphere could hav human intelligence for one minute, they would unanimously agree that no man should breathe the free air of America who believes and teaches that PROPERTY should be the measure of a man's right to vote.

When a man thinks that a majority of men owning no taxable property would vote contrary to the way he wishes them to vote, he begins to whine for property qualification law. That is, provided he is a man of the type of Rev. J. H. Gambrell, who ought to be publicly invited by all the workingmen of America to pack up and move to England; and England would spew him out.

Senator Bourne of Oregon says he has received requests for over four million copies of his speech on "Popular Government," delivered in the senate May 5, 1910, and over one million copies of his "Federal Patronage" speech of Feb. 27, 1911. This is not a straw bending before the breeze. It is more like a giant oak about to snap under the pressure of a storm.

You have heard of injunctions restraining the workers from quitting work and leaving the plants and machinery idle, haven't you? Well, I'll give you a big red apple for every instance in which an injunction has been issued restraining the owners of the plants and machinery from closing down and rendering the workers idle. Don't you like apples?

"Mechanical cotton picking may serve speedily to restore the South to its industrial power and its domestic ease and dignity."—Fort Worth Record. You mean the "industrial power and domestic ease and dignity" enjoyed by the lords of chattel slavery before Lincoln was elected. That is about what you mean, and it is precisely what you want.

Under private ownership of productive property, labor-saving machinery is a blessing to the capitalists and a curse to laborers in general. Under public ownership all labor-saving machinery will be a blessing to the laborers and a curse to the cap—no, there won't be any capitalists!

Socialists do not believe that women should be required to vote. Socialists do believe that women should be PERMITTED to vote. With women of the working class, work is compulsory; and with them, voting should at least be VOLUNTARY.

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NOTE.—Most of The Scout this month is edited by J. L. Hicks, of Abilene. All unsigned articles except one are from his trenchant pen.

REV. G. G. HAMILTON CONVERTED.

Rev. George G. Hamilton, the noted anti-Socialist debater, without doubt the most active opponent the Socialists of Texas have ever had, recently created a sensation by boldly coming out in favor of the movement that he had opposed so long. In this opposition he had been courageous, open-and-above-board, though (as he puts it) "as bitter as Saul of Tarsus," and because of his eloquence, evident sincerity and a clean personal reputation, he was most effective. No one in Texas has had so many debates—and strenuous debates they were—with our ablest speakers.

At first he depended almost entirely on anti-Socialist works for his information; but finally decided to thoroughly study Socialist literature for the avowed purpose of preparing for a debate in which he would prove that Socialism was fundamentally wrong and impracticable.

The lecture was never written. Instead, in the face of strong opposition from friends, relatives and associates he came out in favor of Socialism as openly and fearlessly as he had once come out against it.

Needless to say he is being persecuted. Of this he says: "Never before have I known what persecution meant. It is all right, however. I once dealt it out to Socialists myself and believed that I was doing God's service. It is only fair and right, I suppose, that I should get my portion."

Comrade Hamilton (it sounds odd to us just yet to say "comrade.") has already been making speeches which go to show that he understands Socialism thoroughly and which are full of logic, power and fervor. The first one was delivered on the streets of his home town (Clyde), the school auditorium being denied him. He will likely be available for dates a little later on, this office having decided to route him for sixty days or longer.

"I would be a Socialist if I could see how Socialism could ever be carried out." You would, eh? Maybe you'll quit being an old-partyite if you can ever see how capitalism is CARRYING YOU OUT.

BLAMES THE CHURCHES.

David Lloyd-George, England's Chancellor of Exchequer, says that multitudes in England do not earn enough to keep body and soul together, and proceeds to lay blame upon the churches for their indifference to this deplorable condition. The Dallas News takes it up and in a mild way assists Lloyd-George in the heroic work of piling it on to the churches, not only of England, but "pretty nearly everywhere."

It is not my job to defend the churches against charges of recreance along this line, because there seems to be mighty little ground for defense. But what I want to say is that no man, except he be a Socialist, and no paper, except it be a Socialist paper, can with any grace whatever point to the church as being remiss in the matter of recognizing and seeking to ameliorate labor's condition of penury and privation.

When an old-party political pot strikes a virtuous attitude and says to the church kettle, "You are not as white as you ought to be"—well, it might be funny if souls and bodies were not being starved together.

In the Farmers Union the cotton farmers together agree to make less cotton, and hold part of what they do make off the market. That is, instead of supplying the world with cotton, as a man from Mars would suppose that cotton farmers do, they try to stint the world on cotton in order to supply themselves with other things, which other people are likewise holding for higher prices. Under capitalism the cotton farmers have to do this, and so do the other people. But they don't have to go to the ballot box and vote an old-party ticket, which means a perpetuation of capitalism. That's where they fail to act like shrewd business men who are awake to the interests of themselves and families.

"Comrade Hicks:—The Rebel is a full team with the driver thrown in. If we had it in the hands of a majority of the voters of Texas by Jan. 1, 1912, I believe we could carry the State. If I were fifteen years younger I would take the field for it. You and Hickey are making The Rebel the ablest, spiciest and most convincing paper now published for the working class. Hickey's "Anarchy of Production and Distribution," in No. 6, was a regular Sullivan-Jeffries-Johnson knockout. I have never seen anything like it in any other paper."—M. A. Drinkard, Snyder, Texas, Rt. 2.

One of the best Socialist encampments of the summer was held at Gainesville, Texas, the home of the senator whom every child in Christendom has heard of as Coal Oil Joe.