

# IN THE REALM OF POLITICS

By T-BONE SLIM

The remarkable thing about Ex-Governor Fuller speaking from the pulpit is the church wasn't burnt down by heavenly fire or struck by lightning. It will be remembered Fuller "Thou-shalt-Not"—killed Sacco and Vanzetti without proofs of any guilt whatsoever; without suspicion of guilt and plenty prejudice...

I am reminded in this connection, the political office holders in the New England States, to a man, are UNFIT to rule over their sheep-like worshippers—and the blasphemy of such mounting the pulpit is enough to cause a church to kick its heels in the air and do a Spanish fandango.—I'm surprised at the Lord. He must be getting domesticated!

wIw

Our lumber companies have a happy faculty of dodging taxes in many and mysterious ways—all things to me are revealed (but I shall not reveal them in turn save one at a time).—

Here's one:

While the land bears standing timber, the companies dutifully pay taxes on the land but after the land is logged-out a sheriff is invited in to foreclose the land for taxes—state gets a white elephant.

Remedy: Cause a law to be passed making it unlawful to cut more than 80 per cent. of timber over eight inches in diameter; stumps and broken trees to be counted as logged; second cuts not to follow within a twenty-year period of time, and in accordance with above rule I respectfully submit the above proposal for the consideration of the state legislatures of Washington and Oregon and their respective governors: Hartley and Meier.

wIw

A man that thinks he can't is nearer right than he thinks he is—I never had such delusion.

For instance: ever since the miscarriage of justice in the Centralia case I've been confident a governor of Washington would rise, declare justice re-established and free those men now serving inhuman sentence of 40 years for defending their hall against wanton and inspired, lawless attack in the only way they knew: protection for the hall having repeatedly been denied. I am confident Governor Hartley, now well aware of the facts in a calmer day, will rise to the occasion and declare those men once more free.

wIw

Much random criticism has been addressed Governor Hartley, as well as Governor Meier of Oregon, so much so that I felt it a duty to investigate its sources. I will not offer a full report on the matter at this time but will content myself by saying both these gentlemen are conscientious so far as public duty

is concerned, act as near correct as it is humanly possible under a vicious system and that the attacks against them are misdirected. Both are well thought of in their respective states; especially so is Hartley in the smaller towns.

The outstanding parallel to "Centralia Case" is the Mooney-Billings Frame-Up in California and the Kentucky Legal Murders now in the making, all serving to discredit the courts of law and indicating in too certain terms special privilege hath made of justice a harlot; of jurisprudence a mockery. The evidence before us lies!

wIw

William Randolph Hearst wept!  
The great man surrendered to grief, willy-nilly...

Why did Mr. Hearst weep?

Ah fellow mortals and sufferers, Mr. Hearst wept for his friend—Mr. Weyerhaeuser. Soon as Mr. Hearst heard of the threat to increase freight rates on lumber his feelings became as if unstrung and he proceeded to unbutton a few tears. Adown the two column editorial Mr. Hearst moaned through one of his able assistants and, what I mean to say, his grief was genuine, bottom-of-the-soul variety. Not for himself did Mr. Hearst weep, perish the thought, No increased cost of printer-pulp harassed his spirit—nay, his grief was the grief of a pure unselfish soul—my friend, he moaned. Could anything be prettier? One great man saves another great man the trouble of crying out loud. Mr. Hearst is that way. He has a heart of young ox and a soul as yet practically unsounded. But Mr. Hearst is a busy man, and injustices creep in when William is looking and when he has not the time to clout them on the nozzle. I refer of course to the Centralia Boys and the injustice done them. Not one word of extenuation has appeared in Seattle's newspapers, the Post-Intelligencer included, in favor of these men. Mr. Hearst must know these men were convicted in a period of general hysteria mainly on the ground they had conspired to defend their hall from attack, with any and all weapons, protection for the hall having been repeatedly denied.

The hysteria, Mr. Hearst, is proved by the fact of the conviction in face of a condition wherein the attack was illegal, lawless, and wherein the lawless have no recourse (standing) in law and wherein it is physically impossible to conspire against the lawless. The murder charge falls of its own accord.

These men were within the law, true to themselves and true to the best tradition of this country. For this reason, Mr. Hearst, these loggers are doing time, a maximum of 40 years—a sentence both unusual, cruel and inhuman.

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