

Regeneracion.

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The Ants Resolve
To Get Together

In the anthill the commotion was terrific, for the workers had been taking stock. Through the long summer they had toiled unceasingly, staggering with their burdens to the city gates and hurrying back for more. At length the winter had set in, and—where were the supplies?

It was discovered immediately that one Stockyeller—a stay-at-home but most industrious ant—had piled up about a tenth of the total store in that portion of the city which, under rules recently adopted, he had been permitted to fence off for private use. Instantly certain of the rashness, and some even tried to climb the rope, but lost their lives in the attempt, invasion being resisted. This just punishment drove home the lesson it was doubtless meant to teach, and for some considerable time the mob devoted itself to chastising the few who still clamored for action. Finally it was decided to call a monster mass meeting for the following evening, by which time, as it was hoped, calmer counsels would have prevailed.

According to the full and impartial account given in "The Daily Antennae" the meeting broke all records, the hall being crowded to suffocation, while thousands waited patiently outside. The chief medicine ant presided and, after praying feelingly for guidance from above, introduced the keeper of the main gate as speaker of the evening. He was listened to with deep attention, his exposition of the bad condition of the roads—as he knew from official experience—and the hardship thereby inflicted on the hard-working carriers, making a marked impression. An unknown intruder who shouted out that, good roads or bad roads, Stockyeller always managed to get a jolly sight more than his share of the grain, was promptly ejected by the ushers, amid loud applause. The chairman of the committee on grievances presented a carefully worded resolution calling on all ants, regardless of differences of species, to stick together. This was adopted unanimously and the meeting adjourned, hungry but inspired; the band meanwhile playing the national anthem, "Tow dows the busy little ant."

Despite the good feeling thus engendered the morning found discontent greater than ever, particularly among those who formerly had their cells in the district now set apart for Stockyeller. They complained bitterly that they now had to sleep where best they could, and asserted once more that they were hungry. The matter was referred to the committee on sanitation, which reported that the excitement of attending public meetings often had a most serious effect on the nervous system. It pointed out that what the city needed was rest, and added that the public health would be benefited greatly if the police would do their duty. Following this hint numerous arrests were made.

The afternoon passed quietly, "The Evening Pincer" reports showing that citizens had flocked in great numbers to the libraries and had sat quietly about the parks reading the extras it had issued from hour to hour. The police had covered themselves with glory, having run in quite a number of unruly ants who still insisted that they would not starve while their own grain was smelling under their noses. These reports were re-enforced by a truly remarkable editorial in which the writer congratulated his countrymen on their love of literature and the readiness with which they subordinated private appetite to public weal. He prophesied a future of unprecedented prosperity for Antville when the difficult problem now facing it was solved; warned his readers that long and painstaking investigation was necessary to its solution, and urged all to attend that evening's meeting at the Auditorium. "The Committee on Public Safety" purchased a hundred thousand copies of the issue, for general distribution.

The good effect of these counsels, coupled with the resolute attitude maintained by the officials, was apparent that evening when the chairman rapped for order. Every seat was occupied by ants well known in business circles, who applauded vigorously, while a rabble of carriers and other workers stood around in a decorous silence universally conceded as being greatly to their credit.

The Committee on Grievances made its final report, in which it discussed the early history of Antville, as shown by the municipal archives; pointed out, in a series of convincing diagrams, the improved methods of hauling and storing grain invented by famous Ants; considered the possibility of getting additional supplies through free trade with other communities, but warned the audience that such a step might injure certain carriers—"whose interests must be always dear to us," recommended that the taking of the vote be facilitated by re-districting the city; paid a moving tribute to the orderly and industrious habits of its fellow-citizens, which had made Antville celebrated everywhere; dwelled on the sanctity of ant life, which rendered such a tragedy as that which had followed the attack on Mr.

Stockyeller's preserves too sad for words; endorsed cordially the policy of "stick together," in spite of party differences, and wound up with a stirring exhortation to rally round the flag. The report was adopted amid deafening cheers.

It is painful to relate that the evening produced one inharmonious note, in the report of a committee that had been appointed to wait on Mr. Stockyeller and invite him to attend. The report stated that he had received the members coldly, and had replied, somewhat tartly, that he could do his own thinking and look after his own affairs. Forthwith one indignant ant so far forgot himself as to call on the Almighty to strike Stockyeller dead. According to latest accounts, however, he is still in the best of health, with an excellent appetite which he finds no difficulty in satisfying.

WM. C. OWEN.

DOWN CAME THE BALLOON.
Los Angeles, the home of Harmonism and the great get-together-regardless-of-principles policy, has held its primaries. The followers of Roosevelt, calling themselves Progressives, have swept the field—swept it so clean that it is hardly worth while to count the rest. As for the Socialists, even where they do not limp far behind all others, their vote is pitiful. For example, in the sixty-third district, the Socialist candidate was a trifle ahead of one of the two Democrats, but the vote was only 296 as against 3,499 cast for the Progressive. In the districts carried by the Progressives their vote totaled 80,297, as compared with a Socialist total of 11,980. That is to say the Progressives—against whom the Socialists trained all their guns—got nearly seven times the number of votes. Moreover, it is to be noted that almost half of the total Socialist vote was cast for three candidates, Wheeler getting 2,791, Hunt 1,301 and Bruce 1,048. Wheeler, who came within an ace of being elected mayor several years ago, was distinctly the Socialist star, yet, while he secured 2,791 votes, his Progressive opponent rounded up 21,346.

In two districts the Progressives ran no candidates. There the old Republican party carried the day, getting 4,359 votes to a Socialist total of 973. Once more we are thankful that we are not politicians; that we have not thrown away the solid bone of principle to snatch at the shadow of a possibility of office, as reflected in the dancing waters of personal ambition and greed for notoriety. We are thankful that we have not crooked the knee to scheming labor politicians; that we have not sold the birthright of our great revolutionary heritage for the mere promise of getting within sniffing distance of a mess of pottage; that we have not deserted our friends, as the Socialists deserted the Mexican Revolutionists, for the false coining of a supposed popularity with the working class.

We may not be clever schemers, but earnestness has an ability of its own which will beat the mere smartness of ballot-box jugglers every time. Without assistance from these self-styled People's Friends—indeed, despite their sleepless opposition—we keep our movement running, and running straight; we keep our paper going, and it is now in its third year, without advertising and without printing a line we do not believe to be the truth; we make our mark, and impress it, for good or evil, on public thought. For years past, on the other hand, the Los Angeles Socialists have been writing on water; yielding here and compromising there, until the very class to which they appeal most fervently has lost all confidence in leaders who face a dozen ways.

Los Angeles today is full of well-meaning radicals; men and women keenly alive to injustice and eagerly anxious to help in ushering in an order that shall respond more closely to the demands of human life. Such people will never be able to act effectively so long as they persist in tying themselves to a decaying corpse; they never can hope to make progress until they give up following the will of the wisp of office, under the leadership of legal and clerical charlatans; their propaganda can attain health and strength only after it has moved into the open air of a free discussion which hews straight to the line, regardless of where the chips may fall. To get there, however, they must fight and bury beyond all hope of resurrection their political leaders, for those leaders know well that discussion is fatal to their claims and will oppose it tooth and nail.

ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE.

Sr. Rafael Hernandez, member of Madero's cabinet, has hidden California farewells, leaving in the private car of a well-known Los Angeles oil speculator for Rio, where he will stop with his father-in-law, "whose haciendas and ranches," according to the "Times" report, "cover many acres." He was given a parting banquet at the California Club, at which he extended "a hearty welcome to Mexicans (Luis Terrazas and other land emperors) who had been impelled to leave the old country," and promised that the "large interests of citizens of the United States will be fully protected."

Gen. Otis, his son-in-law, Harry Chandler; his favorite and defeated candidate for Congress, Col. H. I. Hobart, the banker, and others made appropriate speeches. What the rebels in the field think of them has not been, as yet, reported.

Every one of the government ownership, officials-will-assist-you nostrums peddled round by Socialists has been adopted by the capitalists. Municipal ownership of public utilities? It is exactly what the real estate sharks are boosting for, day and night. Government banking? Morgan is working assiduously for control centralized in Washington. Old age pensions, government relief for the unemployed, limitation of the hours of labor, etc.? All these things have been championed for years by the charity workers.

Guarantees Being
Suspended Fight
Is Fiercer

"To understand the present situation it must be kept in mind that the revolution in Mexico has been a double-barreled affair—in short, two revolutions instead of one. Orozco in the north has been a representative of the old system, and merely the leader of one of the factions into which the old governing class of Mexico was broken up by the revolution which overthrew Diaz.
"Zapata, on the other hand, represents an idea. He is the champion of the peasants, of the victims of the schemes carried out by those in power in the Diaz administration. He derives his strength from the agrarian troubles in Mexico. He is the leader of those who would divide up the great estates among the peasants and make Mexico a republic of small land holders. The fact that Zapata has attracted the peasant class to his standard and that the great landlords and their friends are arrayed against him makes the situation perilous. It is a real conflict between the classes. There is more of the real revolution about the Zapataistas and their movement than there is to the other uprising; there is less of real brigandage about it." ("Los Angeles Daily Times.")

We go largely to the "Los Angeles Daily Times" for news of the Mexican Revolution, because it devotes columns daily to that subject, has a special correspondent, and apparently follows all developments. We discount its reports, because we recognize that it is working for intervention; but we have felt that in the mass of details it furnishes there must be something worth selecting. If, however, it cannot discuss Mexican affairs across the border more intelligently than it discusses them here in Los Angeles, its readers are wasting their time when studying its reports.

A cheaper, more slovenly bit of journalistic work than the article on the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, published in its issue of September 3, it would be difficult to find. It gave an account of the supposed wanderings of the secretary, Araujo, and to inspire confidence misspelled his name three times. It gave the sentence passed on the Magons, Rivera and Figueroa, as thirteen months, whereas it was twenty-three. It attributed diabolical intrigues to Mrs. Ricardo Magon, whom it represented as active in the circulation of petitions. On this head we made enquiries, and learned that the lady has been visiting quietly in Santa Ana, and that she does not believe in petitions. "Finally it revamped the ancient chestnut that the party is seeking to capture Lower California and establish an independent republic, with Ricardo Magon as president. Magon does not believe in governments, does not believe in presidents, does not believe in Lower California except as a waterless waste that would be utterly useless, and has always considered that the Mexican Revolution is to be fought out and settled in the thickly populated central and southern districts. There was a brief period, more than a year ago, when Lower California became of momentary importance, but only because of two ports of entry, and because a number of American volunteers had swarmed across the line. Assuredly, to Mexican Revolutionists, the game in Lower California is not, and never can be, worth the candle.

Nigger in the Woodpile.

It is with a very definite object that this fake about a republic in Lower California is trotted out from time to time. There are mines there, and the land will have a future value whenever water shall have been developed. Naturally, therefore, it has been gobbled up in huge slices by capitalists, many of whom live in Los Angeles. Accordingly the "Times" is urging that it be annexed to the United States, as some compensation for the losses American capitalism has suffered during the present revolution. On this head the strategic importance of Magdalena Bay is worked for all it is worth, and the Panama Canal question plays an important part in the argument. The "Portland Oregonian" recently had a cartoon in which Uncle Sam was represented as drawing a semicircle for the edification of John Bull, in which was included what the United States now considers its "private" property. The semicircle started at Portland, Ore., swept all down the Pacific Coast, cut across the Panama Canal and ended at New York City. We are moving fast along the line of our territorial ambitions. Nicaragua bids fair to go the way of Panama, but Mexico still stands, a big, solid chunk of country, between us and the ditch. Moreover, its inhabitants are proving deplorably unruly.

The latter part of last week brought much excitement respecting the El Tigre mining camp, sixty-five miles southeast of Douglas, Ariz. It is one of the richest in the country, was defended by a force of 100 federal troops and seventy armed Americans, and had been threatened by Cana. Federal relief had also been sent to the aid of two Americans, reported as in danger in Sonora. Gen. Steever had notified the War Department that he needed more cavalry and it was said that the border patrol was to be increased materially.

Señor De la Cueva, in charge of the Mexican Embassy at Washington, issued a statement, Aug. 30, in which he said: "It is certain that the status of the foreign element in that part of Mexico where the scattered elements of Orozco's army are now wandering is much more uncertain and precarious than it was when the rebel forces were more combined, nominally under one leader." When Orozco was finally defeated at Bachimba we ourselves pointed out that his forces, scattered as guerrilla bands, would prove far more formidable. Those who have taken the trouble to study Bloch's great work, "The Future of War," will understand that this must be always the case, the power of the rifle in the hands of the individual being now the determining factor, and mass fighting practically a thing of the past.

Huerta Out-generated.

Naturally Sr. De la Cueva claimed that his government was making good headway against the rebels in Sonora and Chihuahua, but he admitted that the restoration of order might be a matter of months. Recent reports do not justify his optimism, for it seems to be now established that Orozco completely out-generated Huerta, moving west with a small force and effecting a juncture with Salazar, while he sent his father eastward from Juarez with the main command. The latter captured Ojinaga, Sept. 3, driving out 400 federals and seizing large quantities of supplies. Gen. Aubert is reported as having been sent in pursuit.

Cananea, the well known Sonora mining camp, was said to be in great danger, Sept. 4, being cut off from relief and surrounded by rebels. Several hundred Americans are in the town. No news had been received for two days from Nacozari, another Sonora town in which there are numerous Americans. At last reports it was being attacked. Other mining camps have been reported as in danger and numerous raids of ranches have been chronicled.

According to the "Times" of Aug. 31, reports from Toluca, capital of the State of Mexico, stated that all villages save two in the surrounding district were in the hands of the Zapataistas, who were also showing renewed activity in Morelos. The same paper's Mexico City despatch of Sept. 2 stated: "In seventeen States 18,000 rebels, according to estimates of representatives of foreign governments, are fighting against the authority of President Madero, notwithstanding the fact that he has been fighting his rebellious citizens for six months." Its despatch of Sept. 1 gave what seems to us a very fishy report of the discovery by Mexico City police of a plot to seize and sack the capital, a thousand Zapatistas within the city limits being expected to start the attack.

Law of Retaliation.

From all accounts the suspension of constitutional guarantees has made the fighting more remorseless on both sides, as was inevitable. Salazar has sent out a manifesto to the American press in which he says: "The persistence with which the American government insists upon upholding the hands of the political government of Mexico, to the undoing of the great mass of the people of Mexico, prompts us to assume that hereafter we shall follow the biblical law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

It is stated that the federal government, being unable to send needed re-enforcements to Sonora, intends to import 20,000 rifles, to enable its supporters to defend themselves. San Luis Potosi, in which State there are many oil wells owned by foreign companies, and Jalisco, appear to have shown much renewed revolutionary activity within the last week.

The "Los Angeles Evening Herald" of Sept. 3 had the following despatch, to which it gave great prominence: "Washington, Sept. 3.—Brigadier General W. Schuyler, sent from California to the western portion of the Mexican border to investigate conditions, reported to the War Department today that the situation south of the Arizona and New Mexico boundary line was most serious. Schuyler said that several thousand Americans in El Tigre, Cananea, and Nacozari were in danger of being massacred by rebels, who are cutting telegraph lines and destroying railroads throughout that section of Mexico, evincing great hostility toward foreigners."

VIRGINIA'S CIVIL WAR.

Two weeks ago we called attention to F. C. Rodgers' articles on the war in West Virginia between the coal miners and their bosses, quoting the "Los Angeles Record" to the effect that Russia could show nothing worse. Evidently conditions have not improved, for the latest despatches—Sept. 4—say that five thousand miners, all armed to the teeth, are making it hot for the nine companies of militia sent to suppress them. Railroad tracks are torn up as fast as repaired, the district is under martial law and more troops are to be sent to keep down these rebellious workers, whose patience, preserved over a long period of years in the face of almost indescribable abuses, has given way at last.

In Frode's great life of Caesar a chapter is devoted to what the ancients considered the seven wonders of the world. The author concludes it with the remark that the real wonder of modern life is the patience of the poor. Nevertheless, as we insisted last week, it is the country workers who, in Virginia, as elsewhere, take action. Their city brothers seldom get beyond bands, banners, processions and flabby oratory.

OUR POLITICAL VICTORY.

At most only twenty-five per cent of the registered Los Angeles voters went to the polls last Tuesday, despite herculean efforts to get out the vote. We submit that as a more significant fact than the triumph of Roosevelt or the rout of the Socialists. Everywhere the masses are losing faith in politics, and everywhere we are doing our utmost to foment that tendency. We are teaching them that it is the height of folly to imagine that this great social problem can be solved by putting Brown in office and turning Jenkins out. That is the political propaganda we are running, and we have good cause to be satisfied with its success.

Two Of A Kind

Though cutting one another's throats for the moment, Debs and Roosevelt are essentially kin. Each is working consciously for a revolution backwards; for the creation of a new and unyielding social mould into which all life is to be poured, with or against its wishes. Each is working for return to a distant and inexpressibly ugly past; for the re-instatement of Imperial Rome; for the doctrine of the supremacy of government and the realization of that hideous ideal which regards the individual as a mere brick in the social edifice, to be shaped, hammered or tossed aside at the master-builder's whim.

Debs would make the State supreme; the State with its hierarchy of officials, to whom all must bend the knee. He has admitted that to his thought, State supremacy is the next step in human evolution, and he persistently ignores the fact that State (governmental) supremacy is the very condition from which China, Japan and all Asia are just beginning to emerge. He assiduously forgets to inform his audiences that the philosophy of the omnipotence of government brought about the fall of Rome, ushered in the Dark Ages, rendered the long and frightfully bloody struggle known as the Protestant Reformation an imperative necessity, led Charles I in England to the scaffold and Louis XVI in France to the guillotine, and begot the chattel slavery which threw this country into one of the bitterest and most sanguinary conflicts on record. For, the idea of State supremacy is the idea of supreme masterdom over the individual, and from it slavery, in all its hydra-headed forms, springs as inevitably as fever springs from poisonous conditions. In the domain of religion it begot the Roman Catholic church; in secular affairs it culminated in Louis XIV, whose motto, "The State! I am the State," produced the French Revolution. What is now going on in Mexico is but the harvesting of one of the innumerable crops grown from that fatal seed.

Roosevelt has identically the same ambitions, and they are the ambitions, as Herbert Spencer pointed out with his invariable penetration, of the old Toryism masquerading under a new name—State Socialism. Spencer's judgment was not founded on hysterical party fanaticism but on overwhelming historical evidence which can be examined and verified. Its truth is being demonstrated today, under our very noses, by events so significant that the dullest should be able to interpret them.

The Roman Catholic church, which represents unquestioning obedience to infallible authority, has no firmer friend than Roosevelt, as his official record proves. The Anarchist movement, which represents rebellion against authority, has no more bitter enemy. As President he even took the unprecedented step of issuing a special message, in which he denounced Anarchists as being, in their character of rebels against authority, society's most dangerous foes. On the other hand, he himself admits that there is no difference between himself and Debs; except that, as he declares, Debs is moved by hate and he himself by love. As to that, we can put our tongues into our cheeks.

Socialism is today a tendency watched carefully, and nursed most tenderly, by the Church of Rome, which always pierces below the surface and studies the decisive forces of the underlying currents. It knows that Socialism is making for authority, and it knows that Anarchism is waging war to the death against authority. When Debs is urging incense of governmental powers the Church of Rome is pushing from behind; when he and his party are maligning and persecuting Anarchists, so far as their limited power at present permits, the Church hurls itself with joy. In Milwaukee, Butte City, and other towns in which Socialism has gained victories, the Roman Catholic vote has shown warm love for Socialism. When the Socialist Job Harriman, ran for mayor of Los Angeles, the Roman Catholic picnic, held just prior to election, awarded him first prize as its most popular man. He carried it proudly—a gold-headed cane—in a subsequent procession.

Roosevelt and Debs are both dangerous men, not for their own individual talents but because they represent a movement that is carrying us back to Rome; the Rome of the Imperial Caesars, the Rome that is fought for by centuries, put slavery firmly in the saddle and condemned humanity to ages of unnatural childhood and incalculable suffering. Nowhere is the Church of Rome fishing to such advantage today as in the muddy waters of American life; waters that are muddy because we are a confused mass of nationalities, divided by differences of tongue and with practically only one thing in common—the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar. Such a country is the natural hunting-ground of Jesuitism, and such a people is clay in the hands of the political potter.

Salvation is not to be found in adding to the powers of Government, but in adding to the powers of the individual Man; the individual man at present rendered helpless, as no other living being is helpless, by the tyranny of governments which, conferring special privileges on the favored few, have robbed the masses of their natural strength. Open the gates of opportunity—in the United States, Mexico, anywhere and everywhere—and Man's native ability will quickly assert itself, putting an end to poverty. Continue to keep them closed, with the mailed fist of government, and we shall have a worse revolution in this country than any Mexico can show.

Of one thing I am, and always have been, convinced: it is not by the State that men can be regenerated, and the terrible woes of this darkened world effectually lightened. (Wm. E. Gladstone.)

WHY WE PROTEST.

"Renovacion," of San Jose, Costa Rica, carries on the title page of its admirable issue of August 15, an excellent engraving of Ricardo Flores Magon, and, in a trenchant resumé of the past seventeen years of his career as an agitator, pays a well-deserved tribute to the energy and far-sighted vision with which he has gathered into one "all the overflowing aspirations of the world's proletariat, to hurl them at Mexico's plutocracy." Treating of the sentence that has sent him and his three companions to McNeil's Island, it says:

"The fair-faced filibusters of the North, who boastfully ferment in Cuba and Nicaragua those political revolts which befall and redden with blood the fields of a subjugated America, are sacrificing the liberty of these standard-bearers of the social conflict that they may make a show of decorum and preserve their neutrality!" It calls on the international proletariat of the world to protest against a so-called justice so one-sided.

That seems to us well put. As we have endeavored, time and time again, to point out in these columns, that seems to us the true and proper ground for protest. We can say rightfully, and we should say loudly, that a government which contented and smiled on Madero, the rebel, has no right to feel offended when others rebel against him for cheating his nation as few nations have been cheated. We can and should say, truthfully, that those who live in glass houses have no title to throw stones; that a nation which is dominated by the spirit of invasion, and is gathering weaker peoples continually into its net, has no business to complain when others take up for self-defense the sword it has unsheathed to conquer dollars.

The campaign waged on behalf of the proletariat of Mexico is essentially a defensive campaign, fought to save a race from extinction at the hands of a plutocracy that deems it only food for profits.

WHERE REAL HELL REIGNS.

It may do some good to turn a momentary light on Michigan, and the hell that has broken loose in its penitentiary at Jackson. There 240 militiamen, 100 extra deputies and the regular prison force are trying to keep order among 1700 desperate convicts. Seventeen hundred are an army against the quality and quantity of the food supplied, and, if you know anything of the extent to which prisoners are habitually cowed, with machine guns trained on them and the fear of torture ever present to their minds, you may be sure there was good cause, desperate cause, for that revolt. Meanwhile the hose has been turned on them, they have been put in solitary confinement, hung up by the wrists and unquestionably punished with a brutality they alone, in times to come, will be able to describe. For, such reporters as gained admission were sworn to secrecy and not allowed to send out news.

Fill in from your own imagination the details of the inferno now raging in that little section of what should be a happy world. Also reflect that the vast majority of those seventeen hundred will return among us, with undying hatred in their hearts and a revenge which they intend to get. We need not show "Viva la Revolution!" for the revolution is making itself. The United States is far more rotten than its most caustic Anarchist critics ever dared to hint. Justice! Does such a thing exist within her borders?

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Panama canal is being constructed at the one point in the world's geography at which it is possible to cut in half the distance the shipping of the world hitherto has been compelled to travel. It concerns the world; not the world of today alone but the world of all time to come, for the site occupied by the canal must remain unique. As such it concerns the entire world, and up to within a few months ago it was clearly understood that it was to be a world property, to which all were to be admitted on equal terms. The treaty with Great Britain expressly stipulated that, and we believe the stipulation will commend itself to all who have not become infected with the modern craze for monopoly.

The great surprise now sprung does not consist of the fact that the United States intends to fortify the canal and give its own shipping special privileges. Not at all. The surprise is in the fact that the United States claims the right to do these things because the canal is her PRIVATE PROPERTY. Grant that and you grant her the right to do whatever else she may choose to do. If it please her she can close the canal to all but her own shipping; or, for that matter, close it altogether.

This is in direct violation of the treaty with Great Britain, and the United States claims that her swiping of Panama—thanks to Brigand Roosevelt—wiped the treaty out of existence.

Great Britain wishes to submit this unexpected dispute to the Hague, for arbitration. The United States refuses. What will Great Britain do?

War with her is almost unthinkable, both because of the terrific loss of life it would involve, and still more because it would dislocate and bring to utter ruin the international commercial fabric. But the British are just the people to say that a matter of such first-rate moment has to be settled; once and for all time, clearly and without delay.

Meanwhile the "Los Angeles Daily Times" is publishing Bombastes Furioso articles, in which it proves, to its own satisfaction, that the licking of Great Britain would be a summer picnic.

APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.

During the recent transportation strike in New York, Andres Rodriguez, a member of the Firemen's Union, was killed by the police, and Alejandro Aldamas, another well known and active member of the union, shot and killed a policeman. Numerous witnesses are prepared to swear that the trouble was precipitated by agents of the Morgan lines, who invaded the union headquarters in Brooklyn and deliberately provoked a riot, in which the police immediately took a hand. It is declared more vehemently that the officer shot by Aldamas was just about to shoot him, and that Aldamas fired in self-defense. He is now about to be tried for murder, and it is said that powerful influences have been at work trying to hasten the trial and secure a conviction that shall send him to the electric chair.

Aldamas bears an excellent reputation—which the New York police most certainly do not—and has been a consistent and conscientious upholder of the cause of his fellow workers. Protests are being sent to President Taft, and funds for the defense are being solicited. Forms of protest and other literature pertaining to this case can be obtained from M. H. Woolman, J. Vidal, Robert Lee Warwick and others, who may be addressed care of "Labor Culture," 229 West St., New York City.

GEN. BOOTH'S FUNERAL.

In London this last week two million persons are said to have attended Gen. Booth's funeral. The Emperor of Germany sent a wreath, and one is sure, without having followed the news, that other potentates responded in similar kind. Here in Los Angeles the mourning was, at least, semi-official, for the mayor and leading city officials were prominent at the ceremonies.

It is impossible to imagine a commentary on modern society that could be more appalling. Here was a very old man who for many years made it his special business to organize the utterly disinherited—the flotsam and jetsam of society. He, if any man, was familiar with the heart-breaking story of the submerged tenth; he, if any man, knew that in the vast majority of cases those to whom he ministered never had had a chance. He was petted by privilege and power, and he must have had every opportunity in the world of comparing the privilege bestowed on the few with the robbery of which the many are helpless victims from the cradle to the grave. If he had any brains at all he must have found himself compelled to think ten thousand times on the injustice of it all; he could not have waded to the neck in habitual poverty without being forced occasionally to reflect upon its causes. Yet all he did with his world-wide army was to steep it in hysteria, and bid it cry for help to a great Jewish revolutionist who, nearly two thousand years ago, drove out the money changers, and was crucified because his teachings were considered dangerous to the existence of privilege and power.

Booth taught his followers to pray, after the manner of epileptics, to that great rebel as to the redeeming God. He taught them not to trust themselves; he taught them to look for happiness to a future world; he taught them to abstain from struggle, and all his much-lauded efforts to relieve suffering centered round the one idea of charity, extended by the robber to the robbed. He accentuated the weakness that is the destruction of the masses; he spared no pains to substitute hysteria for that truly divine intelligence which alone elevates man above the beasts of the field, and alone can lead him to the heights he should command.

Was this man invincibly stupid, or did he wilfully shut his eyes to truth that he might glut his lust for power by establishing, as have so many other ambitious men, a new religious order? I do not know, but I am sure that one or the other he must, of necessity, have been.

The pity is that he leaves a numerous family dedicated to the same evil work. The shame is that tens of thousands who no more believe in the tenets of the Salvation Army than they believe the moon is made of cheese, hypocritically profess an admiration at which their intellects coldly sneer. This they do because they consider the Salvation Army a useful watchdog that keeps the wolves at bay.

INTERNATIONAL BALL.

Don't forget the ball at Burbank Hall, Saturday, September 21. The objects are excellent and the attendance should be good. Tickets only twenty-five cents.

SEND US NAMES.

You can assist greatly by sending us the names and addresses of those to whom it may be worth while to mail sample papers and other propaganda matter.

"In the name of the workers of the United States we protest against the use of the men and money of this country for the protection of the so-called 'American' interests in Mexico. We assert that the people of the United States have any property interests in Mexico; that the speculative Mexican ventures of a ring of American industrial freebooters give us no warrant to interfere with the political destinies of the country, which they have invaded upon their own individual responsibility."
(Extract from official protest against United States intervention in Mexico, issued in March, 1911, by the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. Victor Berger, one of the signers, subsequently denounced the Mexican rebels as "bandits," and the party at large did its best to boycott the revolution.)
