

Don't Blame Mother Earth for Poverty

"The world is so full of such beautiful things, I think we should all be as happy as kings." The quotation is from Robert Louis Stevenson, and you can find it framed in almost any picture store. It expresses a fundamental truth; one of those truths so fundamental that they are felt instinctively: one sensed today a thousand times more keenly than it ever was before. Hence that rebellious advance of the masses, generally called the Democratic movement. Hence the revolutionary upheavals now becoming chronic. Hence revolt against the old Puritanism, the ancient moralities, the preposterous creeds in which the patient many were so long imprisoned by the ambitious few. An omnipotent revolt, because it has lack of it: Life's forces; because, in face of modern methods of production, it is no longer possible to maintain that this world is a vale of tears and a desert of severity. Wealth inexhaustible is within our reach; the feast is richly set and garnished. But the wealth is still locked within the coffers of the few, and the tickets to the feast are numbered carefully.

The vision of a future, independent and free from want, which only prophets described a century ago, is today the property of millions. It colors all modern literature; cements the heterogeneous elements that crowd into the Socialist movement; is never absent from the view of the ordinary Syndicalist or member of the I. W. W., and saturates the Anarchist movement, through and through. Even the patient Mexican has fallen beneath its spell, and round about our Los Angeles Plaza any day one can talk with hundreds who are convinced that poverty is out-of-date, and that the one thing necessary is to throw open the doors and give all admission to the feast. Such men may not be able to read or write, but they know that a few hold the keys, and they long to seize them. A crusade of loot is looming up; a crusade, if you will, of unbridled covetousness; but, let us not forget it, a covetousness justified by fact. The wealth is there, in Mother Earth. The means to get it are there, at last; thanks to the conquests of the human brain. Why not get it, once for all, and triumph over life? Why hang on by the eyelids to existence, dependent on—JOB?

That is the heart of the modern crusade: a crusade still in the formative period, but with a following even now far larger than any Christian crusade. Ultimately nothing will be able to withstand it; and as Imperial Rome collapsed when the barbarians, with ravenous appetites, swarmed across her borders, so the fortress of monopoly and restriction, today tunneled and undermined at every turn, must crumble into dust when finally attacked. The hunt for happiness; the lust for pleasure; the grim determination to get something out of this life and jump the great hereafter—this is the passion of the age.

The passion is justified by facts, and new facts are daily being added. The world is more fertile than that of Tantalus and the cup, filled with the brim by our industrial triumphs, is dashed-time and again from the lips thirsting to drain it to the dregs. Daily new inventions are trumpeted to the world as having opened new stores of wealth, the inference being that the life of the masses will be easier and richer. Invariably the promise turns to ashes. The sewing machine was to set the seamstress free, and it begot the sweating shop. The harvester was to liberate the bent tiller of the soil, and it created a race of migratory Ishmaelites, compelled to pack their blankets following the harvest. Life has become not easier but more difficult; not more secure but vastly more uncertain; not freer but enslaved to money as it never was before. Never was the race so sorely tantalized, and the exasperation nears the breaking point.

To me it is most curious that reformers do not understand that they themselves are continuing the irritating process; that they, too, in their cure-alls, which cure nothing, present to the masses the same empty cup of promise, only to dash it from the lips so piteously parched. For a century past we have been peddling inventions, each heralded as infallible. The eight-hour law, the innumerable factory and protective measures, compulsory insurance and arbitration acts, and all the rest of the world-blessing shifts which deal only with effects—these logically stand on all fours with our industrial inventions. They promise boundlessly and are advertised with all the eloquence emotion can command. They benefit the masses not at all, and with each new disappointment the exasperation grows.

More than thirty years ago there was a far wider and more fevered agitation in favor of the eight-hour law than any now existing. It spread like a forest fire and reached its crisis in the Haymarket tragedy, with the resultant execution of the Chicago Anarchists. Even at that distant date, as I remember well, its leading advocates urged it merely as a temporary measure, and the agitation quickly passed away. That its renewal lacks the old enthusiasm means that distrust of palliatives has increased enormously. A spirit of utter skepticism as to the efficacy of all this compromise legislation is abroad, and is no longer confined to revolutionary circles.

Whom have we thank for these dilatory tactics; for these quick agita-

tions on which an infinity of time and energy are squandered? Always, as I am sure, the leaders; the men who make their living by serving some organization or getting into the limelight of the platform. It cannot be otherwise. To hold an organization together it is necessary to frame a program which shall keep its members busy, and the gentlemen who watch the gate receipts dislike losing the good money of the conservatives. They are not addicted to study and reflection, along the larger lines; but they are intensely energetic in details; labels, stamps and dues; correspondence about Tweedledum and Tweedledee; slate-making, log-rolling, reports of legislative committees and other infamous devices for obscuring thought, side-stepping the really dangerous issues and killing time. Meanwhile our unjust social system grinds out its inevitable results, filling almshouses, jails and lunatic asylums, until even our millionaires apologize. This afternoon's paper gives me an interview with one of them, in which he explains that his class is piling up money because it cannot help it. He is right.

Of late there has been much outcry against the "intellectuals," but not against the real intellectuals; not against those who hold up unflinchingly the mirror in which a dazzled race may see the true image of its life. Nobody in his senses doubts that men of the Kropotkin type have done invaluable service, just as no one doubts that we shall profit incalculably by the labors of our scientists and inventors. The pseudo-intellectuals are those attacked, and properly; the sham scientists who twist the truth to suit their pockets; who muddy thoughts to fit their ends and deal habitually in those half-truths which are always the most dangerous of lies. Man has no deadlier enemies; the labor, or any other movement, no greater Judases.

Under this head come all the politicians, whose business is not to declare the truth but to discover what will bring out the heaviest vote. Under this head come labor lawyers, who thrive on sensational trials and fatten on organizations which insure their clients. Under this head come, above all, the clergy; and to appreciate their role we must understand the changed nature of the time. The Church, by the very necessity of her existence, seeks always to dominate the mind, but of late she has been forced to change her tactics. Hope of heaven and threat of hell have lost their influence, so far as the rebels are concerned. The tame sheep do not count, but the lions must be mollified or crushed. That is the task the modern Church has set herself: the task of restoring the obedient frame of mind, of administering the chloroform and soothing the patient with assurances that by painless remedies his health can be restored. Calling to memory hundreds of clergymen, and former clergymen, who have forced their way into the front ranks of the labor and so-called revolutionary movement, I cannot think of one who has not been a palliative politician. It is in their reach the law to others let them originally to the pulpit; they can no more shake off that inward urge than the leopard can change his spots. Their eternal object is to think for others, and the eternal object of all true revolutionists is to induce men and women to do their thinking for themselves.

The job; the vital, sacred job; to be bought at any price, held at any cost—that is the workers' universal theme. What else should they discuss, with the mass dependent on the class and ability to find a master, the one refuge from starvation? The wage scale determines the level on which the family will live; the hours of labor decide how much of life must be sacrificed to build another's fortune. Around these problems, therefore, the discussion rages; but back of them are others, brooded over incessantly in sullen silence. Men naturally wish to work at what is useful to themselves. Today the vast majority must wear away their lives ministering to the caprices of a rich and hated employing class. Is it any wonder that a constantly increasing percentage takes to crime as a profession, preferring the possibility of terms in prison to the certainty of hard and uncongenial labor for life in mine and factory? Should it surprise us that prostitution proves more attractive than the ill-paid discipline of the department store, that women saunter carelessly the slavery of the mill? The truly astounding thing is that supposedly high-spirited Americans submit to conditions that have driven the mild Mexican to revolution, and that such a fighting nation as is the English did not take up arms a century ago. For this we have to thank the orators, whose business it has been to cheat the disinherited with words. What revolutionists have to do is to make them face the actual facts. WM. C. OWEN.

URGED TO SEE PRESIDENT.

The following letter has been mailed to United States Senators Ives and Sheppard by Wilfred Andrews, attorney for the members of the Mexican Liberal Party, now imprisoned at McNeil's Island:

"Dear Sir: On the 14th day of March, 1913, a petition for pardon, in re defendants in the case of the United States vs. Ricardo Flores Magon et al., was mailed to Attorney James A. Finch, Attorney of Pardons in the Department of Justice.

"This petition was supported by affidavits alleging that perjury was committed by certain witnesses for the government and against the defendants, and I am informed that the matter has not been presented to President Wilson personally.

"Kindly advise me as soon as possible as to whether or no any action with reference to this petition has been taken."

Mexican Notes

Naco, Sonora, having been finally taken by the rebels, and Gen. Ojeda having thrown himself on the mercy of the American troops stationed across the border, defeated federalists have streamed across in such numbers as to present a perplexing problem to the United States authorities. The War Department is reported as having consulted the State Department at Washington, and it is believed that several hundred Mexican prisoners will shortly be released.

The end came for Ojeda, April 13, after six hours of desperate, hand-to-hand street fighting which left him with only forty officers and men—wounded out of a force of more than three hundred and fifty. The rebels, during the latter days of the siege appear to have possessed themselves of the heavier artillery, and to have been the better gunners. When at last they rushed the town they used dynamite bombs with most destructive effect.

April 14 brought news of another government reverse, the usually victorious Aubert having fallen into a dynamite trap in a canyon near Bustamante, and losing 125 men.

The following day brought the news that the federal garrison had evacuated Empalme and moved across the bay to Guaymas. The total government force there is stated as only 600, against whom 5000 are being mobilized. Meanwhile 2000 rebels are recuperating in the neighborhood of Naco, prior to advancing on the coast. Gen. Alvaro Obregon, commander-in-chief of the Sonora insurgents, is credited with the straight declaration that the Constitutionalists will take Mexico City within the next 60 days, and that Carranza doubtless will be the next president. He states that if the federalists do not evacuate Guaymas his present army will be enforced by 3000 troops from Sonora, 2000 from the Territory of Tepic, 15,000 from Coahuila, under Carranza, and 4000 from Morelos, under Zapata.

Rebels are reported as swarming along the railroad between San Luis Potosi and Tampico, and no immediate resumption of traffic with the United States seems probable.

Raiding of sugar plantations in the State of Veracruz is stated as rife; Herrera with 400 followers is marching through Chihuahua, and 700 federalists are shut up in Durango with 2500 insurgents threatening them.

Meanwhile the best that the Huerta government seems able to accomplish is the putting a ten per cent tax on gold exported from the country. Its financial situation is doubtless desperate and it is in no position to get soldiers except by paying them handsomely.

Food at Famine Prices.

Gold is reported as being at fifty per cent premium and, necessarily, prices of necessities have risen enormously. According to despatches of April 16, the government has announced a temporary loan of \$100,000, to relieve the situation. Where, and on what terms it is to get the money is not explained, and it goes without saying that the one effective and permanently effective remedy is to give the poor access to the land, from which, thanks to rich soil and a climate unexcelled, he can satisfy with ease his simple wants. That, of course, no government pledged to defense of the land monopolists' rights will ever do.

Col. Silvano M. Garcia, former commandant of the State of Zacatecas, has been interviewed at New Orleans, and declares that within a month, Carranza will have under him an army of 70,000 men. He claims that all Mexico is in revolt against a military government "more brutal than ever was dreamed of by any of Huerta's predecessors," and asserts that the immediate resignation of the president and his cabinet has been demanded. The Constitutionalists also insist on the departure from the country of Huerta, Felix Diaz, Mondragon and Blanquet.

Orders have been issued for the arrest of Generals Garcia Pena and Jimenez Gato, leaders in the movement to make Felix Diaz president. They are accused of having been implicated in the recently-discovered plot to assassinate Huerta.

Great Britain's accrediting a new ambassador to Mexico, which is tantamount to official recognition of Huerta's government, is reported as having caused much stir in Washington. The "Los Angeles Times" reports that many American interests in Mexico are urging recognition by the United States, in order that Huerta may be able to negotiate loans needed to enable him to crush the revolution. President Wilson is said to be unwilling to act until a new government shall have been elected, it being added that, with some ten States now in the high tide of revolt, the possibility of holding presidential elections grows more and more remote.

LUCY PARSONS ARRESTED.

Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons, widow of the martyred Albert R. Parsons, and George Markstall, of Chicago, were arrested last Sunday, charged with selling copies of the celebrated Chicago speeches on the streets of Los Angeles without a license. After being compelled to pass a night in the City jail they were arraigned Monday morning, hearing was postponed until Wednesday and the case finally set for hearing, Thursday, April 24, at 2 p. m., in Judge Frederickson's Court.

We reserve comment until after the trial, contenting ourselves with the remark that Mrs. Parsons—naturally a woman most conservative in statements—considers the treatment she received in the jail outrageous, a ring that had never left her finger since her husband placed it there having been removed forcibly against her protest. It may be added that literature is sold freely at street meetings in this city, and that members of unions, without Mrs. Parsons is well acquainted and to whom she bears credentials from prominent officials, are most indignant at the discrimination exhibited in her case.

Testify to Power Could any Treason Be Worse

(Continued from last week.)

After all, our most stubborn foe has not been the United States or Mexican authorities but the skepticism of the supposedly revolutionary element in this and other countries. To this day we constantly get letters which even question the existence of our propaganda, and express the opinion that it has no influence in Mexico. That is not the opinion of the authorities, for Senator Smith put this query direct: "Do you find that there is sufficient strength to this movement which you have been describing (that of the Mexican Liberal Party) for it to have been responsible for that chaotic and revolutionary movement that exists in Mexico?" To that Mr. Robinson replied as follows:

"I think that undoubtedly the propagation of that bunch of ideas throughout practically all of Mexico for a number of years, most of it coming from the United States, has placed the Mexicans in such a state of mind, considering their mental development and the peculiar appeal of the one note that these propagandists constantly strike, of ease and personal profit—that undoubtedly the great mass of them will continue to revolt until they get to the point where there are a large enough class of intelligent people there to support a strong Government, or until some arrangement is made by which they divide up the land and go through a period when they realize that they can not hold on to it."

Mr. Robinson puts the matter most clearly and we could have no more valuable indorsement. For years we have been at work stirring up the people, "throughout practically all of Mexico," that they may understand that those huge land grants have to be re-seized by the disinherited poor and put into the possession of the actual cultivator. That has been, and is, our actual work; a propaganda work; a vitally necessary propaganda work, pursued in the face of every imaginable difficulty. We have known, and we know—as well as we know anything—that the one thing which can bring that work to nought is "a strong government," upheld by the speculating, profit-seeking class Mr. Robinson represents. Diaz had such a government, and, among the lot of us, we managed to upset him. Madero came in and strove to out-Diaz Diaz. He has gone, and Huerta will have an even shorter reign. Now the great danger is American intervention; the powerful despotism that may yet be forced on Mexico by the plutocracy of the United States.

Senator Smith was evidently impressed by Mr. Robinson's answer, and he turned to the latter's chief for information. "Do you share that view, Mr. McCormick?" he asked; and the answer was: "I think so. That is my opinion."

Needed Work Needs Money

From United States reports and other authorities not accessible to the ordinary reader, "Regeneracion" lays before the world weekly a body of facts on what is unquestionably one of the great problems of the day. We get increasing sympathy. We have the reward of discovering that the world begins to understand, at last, how vital are the issues for which the Mexican Revolutionists are laying down their lives. But the sympathy does not show itself in the form of money, and without that our usefulness is crippled pitifully. For example, this English section, and all the correspondence connected with it, are conducted in such hours as the editor can spare from his daily occupation. It is not easy. "Regeneracion" has struggled along for two and a half years under difficulties such as we might not have faced had we known what they would be. Those difficulties increase continually, and just at the time when the labor of the past begins to tell. It is our most honest opinion that the paper is doing work which must be done; from which in honor we cannot retreat. If that is so it deserves a financial support far more loyal and generous than that which it is now getting from the English-speaking element.

Testify to Power Could any Treason Be Worse

Late—owing to our only copy having been mislaid—but better late than never, we thank "The Melting Pot" (St. Louis, Mo.) for the strong article on the Mexican question contained in its March issue. Pointing out that the assassination of Madero was followed by instantaneous yells for intervention, issued by the most noted plutocratic papers in this country, it quotes the following from the "St. Louis Star," one of the chain of personally owned or controlled papers in which Hearst clamors perpetually for war with Mexico, as he clamored for war with Spain, fifteen years ago. Here is the brutal editorial:

"Why not be frank and admit that the United States, as a nation, and Americans, in the majority sense, have a DREAM OF EMPIRE?"

"What we should have on this side of the world is a mighty, dominant nation, capable of standing firm against any world power."

"The United States should be a nation WHOSE FLAG COVERS A CONTINENT—all the North American continent from Hudson Bay to the Panama Canal."

"Our interlocking trade relations with Canada are growing closer every day. The danger of the possibility of a hostile move by this country against Canada is too remote to be considered for a moment. The welding together of Canada and the United States will come through the community of trade interests and will be determined finally by a voluntary vote of the Canadian people, not manipulated or promoted by any interests having root within the borders of this country."

"The Mexican emergency is here. Congress should at once order United States troops thrown into Mexico in the name of humanity and world-wide law and order. Take it quickly, forcibly and with the full approval of the majority of the world powers."

Properly "The Melting Pot" characterizes that as a savage call to arms, and in strong, virile English reminds the workers that they have no vested interests in Mexico, but do have troubles of their own to settle in this country, where they, their women and their children, are ground to death in mill and mine, to make profits for the master class. Its perceptive article ends with this straight statement:

"Any talk of conquering Mexico is a monstrous conspiracy to further enslave the working classes of both Mexico and America. IF YOU FALL TO IT YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO THE WORLD-WIDE REVOLUTION THAT THE WORKERS OF ALL NATIONS ARE TODAY CARRYING ON IN ORDER TO BURST THEIR CHAINS."

LAND PIRATES HIT HARD.

Los Angeles held another of its innumerable elections, April 15, but this time with results that should teach a world-wide lesson.

This city has put \$28,000,000 into an aqueduct and power plant, mortgaging future generations to that amount. Being asked to increase the mortgage by \$17,000,000 it has refused, though by voted \$1,500,000 needed to bring water finally into the city, and \$2,500,000 for harbor development. All the other Municipal Socialism schemes, and particularly that for a municipal railroad, it turned down decisively; although every local paper, save the "Times," had been working for them day and night. We applaud the result, and for the following reasons which we regard as sound.

The real situation in Los Angeles has been this. Confident that their property would be improved at public cost, our landgrabbers—the world can show none greedier—have been running prices to the sky. Confident of enormous profits they have gone wild on speculation, and have laid claws on every outlying acre they could discover on the map. We have denounced all this in previous numbers of "Regeneracion," writing of it as one of the most colossal swindles of the age, worked under the cloak of Municipal Socialism and boosted for untiringly in the name of Public Enterprise.

Now these speculators have been hit hard, and many will have to let their holdings go. Prices of land will tumble; the earth will be brought somewhat nearer to those who live on it, and a doubt as to the wisdom of running everything to suit the real estate monopolist will find lodgment in the public mind. Some educational work has been accomplished, and the gas bag of Municipal Socialism has received a fatal puncture.

We would not make ourselves ridiculous by pretending that "Regeneracion" has great local influence, but we honestly believe the lessons of the Mexican Revolution are beginning to penetrate, and we know that our persistent crusade against land monopolies has had its weight. When the editor of this section attacked the scheme by which Col. Griffith, under the guise of philanthropy, tried to make the public pay for a railroad, to his extensive properties, he was astonished at the interviews forced on him and the letters he received. As a piece of propaganda it was greatly against his taste, but that it had been exceedingly effective he could not doubt.

The masses learn only by personal illustration, and we should have a "Land and Liberty" movement in Los Angeles to show up facts and enable the public to understand. This the attempt to corner all the values which the Panama immigration will create may be frustrated, even at this late hour.

De la Barra, Mexican minister of foreign affairs, takes first prize as humorist. Formally and solemnly he declares that Mexico cannot for the present recognize the new Chinese Republic, since "conditions there are too unsettled."

UNFLINCHING MILITANTS.

The last issue of "The Syndicate" (Chicago) contains an interview with a leading English Suffragette, which may well make parlor revolutionists gasp. The lady in question went straight to the point by snapping her fingers at public sympathy, of which she said:

"On the contrary, we do not want the sympathy of the public. We had that for a very long time and it amounted to exactly nothing. We might have gone on for a thousand years enjoying the sympathy of the public and never getting one step nearer the vote. Now, the fundamental theory of our campaign is in outrage and defy public sentiment."

That sound theory strike-leaders seem quite incapable of grasping, although the men and institutions which thrive the most are clearly those who size up public opinion as the weakest link in the chain, and trample on it joyously. Did Morgan die worth hundreds of millions because he was a popular idler? Do you suppose the Southern Pacific was ever a California favorite?

The English suffragettes are like Bernard Shaw's caged parrot, which you must kill or liberate, for it will not give you a moment's peace. They come of good, sound fighting stock; they are absolutely true to the best traditions of their race; indeed they are true to the history of every cause that won its battle.

The lady further states that the British authorities are concealing the ferocity of the Suffragette attack, and that "not a tenth part of the damage we are doing to property is reported in the daily press." She adds that the fact that while her sisters intend to wage war more extensively and unflinchingly than ever, it does not begin to compare in brutality with the bombardments and massacres to which governments resort. Who can gainsay her logic?

In all seriousness we may rest assured that the example set in England, like that given by the "bandits" of Mexico, will bear big fruit. The day of talk is waning; within a few short hours the night will pass and the sun of action flood the world with light.

AT LAST—OH! PSYAW!

At last the great Socialist daily has been delivered of an opinion respecting Mexico; a little one, it is true, but still an actual birth. In other words, "The New York Call" ventures it as "a fair inference" that Zapata's "purpose is to interfere somehow with the robbery, extortion and oppression of the Mexican people."

All this, however, tentatively, with apologies for intruding so ugly a bantling; with explanations that hitherto nothing has been said because "there is not much to be gleaned by an outsider from that welter of murder, anarchy, chaos and general confusion."

The "Call's" editor, it appears, has been so interested that he has talked with a refugee, who "asserted that a person called Zapata, who was conducting a guerrilla warfare down there, was in reality more of a social revolutionist than the ordinary Latin American type of insurrectionist; that he might be described as a sort of agrarian Socialist, and that his object, and that of those who were fighting with him, was to secure the land to the laborers," etc.

In this world we must be thankful for small mercies, and we should be highly gratified that the "real" social revolutionists—of whom the "Call" editor is naturally the model—concede some kinship to the men who have dirty by thousands for "Land and Liberty."

Furthermore it may be remarked—Oh! Psyaw!

QUOTE OUR AFFIDAVITS.

Job Harriman, Socialist candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles, having signed one of our protests against the continued imprisonment of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta, came in for a column roast in the "Los Angeles Times." It brands him as the agent of Anarchists, Revolutionists and all the hard words it could rake out of its handbook of synonyms. Such is politics.

In justice to Mr. Harriman it should be stated that he has had no connection with the Mexican revolutionary movement for a year or so past, and that he simply acted as hundreds of others—Socialists and men of good repute—after our publication of affidavits by witnesses who testify that they committed perjury under pressure from the government. Individuals of all classes have been aroused by these disclosures, but we need organization action.

We have been at great expense in the printing and circulation of the affidavits in question, and we urge our exchanges, union, and otherwise, to notice them. Labor never should permit such incidents to pass in silence, for nothing pays it better than to exemplify energetically its conviction that an injury to one is the concern of all.

PRICKING THE BUBBLE.

But, assuming by a stretch of overtaxed imagination, that parliamentary leaders are so foolish as to believe in the grand sum total of their accomplishment? The growing political class to throw out life preservers in the form of reform laws. Have we not seen how the Indianapolis Convention of the Socialist Party unwittingly acted as a preliminary to Roosevelt's Progressive Party, which executed the most decisive kind of direct action by lifting the platform? Reckoning by mathematical progression, how long will it be before the Socialist Party has such an overwhelming majority that it will be able to claim control of the entire functions of government? To answer this query, of almost geological epochs, we must begin to think in terms of almost geological epochs. Supposing, by another wild dream, that such a majority can be obtained, in the face of the fact that millions of workers are disfranchised and more

to think that the capitalist class will, politely, or even impolitely, surrender its economic power? Its colossal economic power is what it will cling to desperately, vote or no vote; and it has already built up the terrible machinery of force with which to maintain that vital power. (Gustavus Meyers in "The Social War.")

TRUTH ALONE NEEDED.

Haywood has been attacked most bitterly by one Adolph Germer, who accuses him of having embezzled Western Federation of Miners funds. He wrote immediately to President Moyer, demanding an immediate investigation, and to that he clearly entitled.

On the other hand, a correspondent writes us complaining that Haywood is misrepresenting the United Mine Workers by saying that their initiation fee is fifty dollars when, in reality, it is only ten. He gives this as a sample of misrepresentations habitually made by the W. W. in its attacks on the American Federation of Labor. We do not know how this is, but we do know that the labor and revolutionary movement has no greater enemy than the fools, the unspeakable fools, who imagine they can help their cause by lying. A good half of the quarrel and misunderstandings that habitually split and weaken us have their origin in the Jesuitical stupidities of me and women who fancy themselves loyal when manufacturing evidence. What we should understand, once and for all, is that no failures can compare with that made by the Socialists of Jesus. The centuries of plots and schemes have come to nought; its schemes have always been exposed; habitually we speak of false and crooked arguments or policies as "Jesuitical" and the surest way of shaking confidence is to hint that a man is influenced by the teachings of the order. If that is not a record of failure, what is?

THE CHEMICALLY PURE.

"The Los Angeles Municipal News," has sung its swan song and passed out of existence. Doubtless its natural disgust snored it to a flint at the increasing license yoke beneath which Los Angeles bends the neck, and it comments caustically on the fact that one has now to get a permit either to be born into this world of taxation or to bid farewell to it. Speaking of building permits, etc., it remarks that the health department alone issues twenty-four varieties, the fire commission seven and the police commission twenty-two. It also notes the fact that Chief Sebastian, "to carry out his idea of a citizen-police of the highest type," has appointed nine clergymen as special policemen. So mysteriously we note that Mailer, Union, No. 2, has been refused a permit to hold the dances they have been giving for the past two years. "There never was any complaint of the way the dances were conducted did not weigh with the police commission for a minute. They objected to dancing on Sunday night, so the mailer did not get their permit."

TERRORIZED VIRGINIA.

West Virginia, a most beautiful country, shows us to what capitalism—based on land monopoly—has brought us. Rather, it would show us, if the Associated Press would let us have the facts, but naturally it is not organized for such destructive work. As Charles Edward Russell points out most forcibly in the "Convict Nation," its correspondent is a Capt. Bond, officer in the military sent to terrorize the miners, and every word he writes is honest, but he is either expelled by the military authorities or thrown into jail. Meanwhile Mr. Quinn Morton, millionaire and leading miner, has been gunning for the innocent villagers of Holly Grove, apparently has committed murder, and goes unwhipped of justice.

Briefly, the situation is that the Coal Trust owns the country and its government; that it initiated a reign of terror through hired thugs that when the miners proved more than a match for them it forced its puppet Governor to declare martial law, and tried men by drum-head courtmartial. It is now talking of concessions to the miners, but it is keeping, and intends to keep, the leading agitators—including Mother Jones—aged and in jail.

This is the new policy, and it forbodes ominous developments. If the real leaders on the workers' side are picked for slaughter there will be retaliations in kind. That is inevitable. Plutocracy is always the first aggressor, but, sooner or later, the other side adopts its tactics.

EXPLANATION NEEDED.

In an article making much fun of the I. W. W., "The Citizen," organized labor organ of Los Angeles, reproduces the following as having been sent by Joe Ettor; calling off a meeting in San Diego, for which great preparations had been made:

"Fellow Workers, Call off my meeting in San Diego for I understand the police are liable to break up the meeting."

We notice that the article says the telegram "read like this." One wishes to know if it read "exactly" so. If did—good-bye, Mr. Ettor.

COME AND HEAR HER.

Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons is billed to speak at Labor Temple, Sunday afternoon and evening, April 27. Her subjects will be "The Haymarket Tragedy" and "Direct Action as Exhibited in the Los Angeles Movement." Few women have worked more untrillingly and conscientiously among the trades unions that has Mrs. Parsons, and wherever she goes they recommend her gladly. That the Los Angeles police have fallen foul of her will not keep the public from attending.