Zip! Zip! Down Comes the Balloon!

Once more Los Angeles has been indulging in its favorite pastime of counting noses to test the truth, and satisfying itself that it is clothed in righteousness because those of the opposite opinion did not line up so numerously. In other words, we have had a primary election, and some seventy-five thousand ladies and gentlemen have registered their beliefs respecting fifty-one candidates of whose actual capacity and probity they know practically nothing. The interest has centered round the mayoralty contest, and it is found that Mr. Shenk, a lawyer, has received 35,395 votes; Mr. Rose, a lawyer, 21,168, and Mr. Harriman, a lawyer, 20,675. Probably to be a lawyer is a pre-requisite to catching votes, and it may be that Mr. Harriman's previous occupation as preacher worked against him. This, however, is mere surmise, based on the fact that other occupations are clearly at a discount. For example, the Socialist Labor Party candidate was a butcher, and he got just two hundred votes.

* * *

It will be observed that I am skeptical as to the efficiency of this great weapon of Democracy, the ballot. Apart from other considerations my experience is that really to know a man is the hardest thing in life, and I am positive that the thousands who voted on the personal qualifications of the fifty-one had to guess as wildly as I should have to if I were set to deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics. Oscar Wilde has written of Democracy as the crowning disappointment of the age, since it has resulted merely in the bludgeoning of the masses. I observe that Emma Goldman is to lecture on that subject, May 14, and I imagine the lesson of Los Angeles should furnish her with fruitful illustrations. From long residence here I know something of certain of the candidates who did exceptionally well, and words cannot express my sense of their unfitness for the jobs they hope to win.

* * *

Life confessedly is just one damned thing after another and full of disappointments. Less than two weeks ago one was reading, in "The Coming Nation," the jubilation of Chester M. Wright, under the title "Los Angeles for Socialism next," in which the country was invited to keep its eye on this city; was told that "the campaign was on—sizzlingly on;" that, "defeated by only a few hundred votes in the election of two years ago, the Socialists have been building in the intervening time for the struggle now on;" that, "after Los Angeles come San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and the great Pacific slope;" that, "the revolution is red and virile and clear-cut in Los Angeles," etc., etc. Mr. Wright is, I understand, the editor of the State Socialist Party organ and an alumnus of the Berger school. His article was a mass of misrepresentation, as I will prove if challenged, and in attempting to soar into fine writing he simply made himself an ass. There is nothing "red and virile and clear-cut" about the revolution in Los Angeles, and everybody knows it. Everybody knows that there is endless dickering; endless trading of votes; endless catering to the conservative trades union element; cultivation of the Roman Catholics, hobnobing with the small business men, flirtation with the Gob-Goos, pandering to church Puritanism, and a general see-sawing to catch that most elusive of all things, an ignorant and unprincipled vote. The result? The result is that, whereas at the primary less than two years ago Mr. Harriman captured more than half the vote, last Monday he got only a quarter of the fifty per cent who took the trouble of walking to the ballot box. He had the full Socialist-Trade Union vote, for that turned out in force, under enormous pressure. His adversaries were divided among themselves, drew on only half their force and snowed him under. He has been eliminated, and next month we shall decide which of the two remaining lawyers we prefer for mayor.

* * *

Cantrell is given as the excuse: Cantrell and the information he sold the "Times." I doubt it very much, for I think the "Times" overplayed its hand, and am sure our population was not shocked or virtuously indignant. It shrugged its shoulders indifferently. You could see this on election night, when, despite all the advertising of the press, only a few scant hundreds gathered about the bulletin boards. There was not a particle of enthusiasm, and I became more firmly convinced than ever that Los Angeles is sick to death of politics. Were it not for the prospect that Lawyer Rose, if elected mayor, may convert "chemically pure" Los Angeles into a frankly wicked, open town, there would be only profound regret that Lawyer Shenk did not get the majority which would have spared us the worry of a final round. A fine "red and virile and clear-cut revolution," forsooth! What nauseating humbug!

* * *

Cantrell made most serious charges, and they cannot be disposed of with the sneer that he is but a paid informer. He may be a dog, but that is not the question. The question is whether the charges were or were not true, and that question must be answered. It is not the smug bourgeoise but the ardent emancipationist who is interested in getting the true answer to that question, and we have got to dig it out, however loudly fanatical partisanship may object. The great Socialist movement is concerned most vitally, and when I speak of the Socialist movement I use the term in all its wide significance. I include all those who wish to free mankind from economic bondage; I include the Anarchist and Single Taxer; the Syndicalist and I. W. W. agitator; the thousands of good men still to be found in the conservative American Federation of Labor and kindred organizations. We are all profoundly concerned in ascertaining whether the tactics of McCarthy-Harrimanism and Milwaukee-Bergerism are sound or rotten; whether they make for the welfare of the many or the personal advantage of the few. In last week's "Regeneracion" I laid a foundation for this imperative enquiry by giving copious extracts from Herron's article, because it voices fundamental truths on which the revolutionary movement of the world is based. It is by the light of those eternal truths that the situation in Los Angeles must be examined; it is by them as the test that the vaunted "Los Angeles Plan" must stand or fall. In reality it has fallen already; fallen like a flimsy house of cards; tumbled like a balloon with all the gas let out.

* * *

The Cantrell letters charged that Harriman and McCarthy of San Francisco had made a political deal. In support of that assertion correspondence was produced; particularly one most damning letter by P. D. Noel, who, though in politics he may be easily misled, is not a liar. Noel wrote that McCarthy, as a Roman Catholic, demanded that the name of Socialist should be changed to that of Social Democrat, as less offensive to his church. It was done, as everybody knows, and shortly before the last mayoralty election we were edified by the sight of Mr. Harriman riding in procession, proudly carrying the gold-headed cane presented to him at a great Roman Catholic fair as being the most popular man in town. He had made his peace with the Papal politicians; he had taken to his bosom the Revolution's most bitter and dangerous foe.

* * *

In his third letter Cantrell dealt with the great Shoaf fake; the inexpressibly idiotic story of the blood-stained bludgeon and the battered hat; the kidnaping and the administration of the third degree on a battleship painted white and floating around somewhere in the Pacific! The stupid story about Shoaf, who was himself a detective and the son of a former chief of police, then running a detective bureau at San Antonio! Harriman backed it all up, as proved by the telegram produced; but Harriman knew well, and months before, that Shoaf was an unblushing liar. He knew it because he had met me in the county jail and consulted with me over the Magon defense within two hours of their arrest. Three days later Shoaf wrote to the "Appeal to Reason" the wilful lie that I had run away, and Harriman knew it was a lie, for Shoaf made his office headquarters and consulted him at every step. The incident itself is insignificant, and I should have forgotten it long ago but for the light it cast on Harriman politics.

* * *

If a movement is to progress there must be, first and above all else, confidence in the sincerity and honesty of those in power. I doubt if there has ever been a time when the financial management of the Socialist Party in Los Angeles was not subject to suspicion. The career of "Common Sense," for many years its organ, was full of scandal, respecting which Rogers, who was imported to edit its successor, could tell a pretty story, as could others I might name. Of the huge sum taken in at the gigantic Debs meeting, at Shriners' Auditorium, the accounting was most unsatisfactory, and when a smash came shortly afterwards the pettiest creditors were left unpaid. Now comes the awful showing made by Cantrell; itemized and backed by the General County Committee's auditing report. Thirty-seven thousand dollars had been collected; no books were kept, no vouchers produced, such trifling sums as $5000 spent—illegally—on automobiles were merely entered as "about," a moving picture show lost in its brief existence a thousand dollars. The report, made by friendly members of the party, was so scathing that Harriman moved heaven and earth to suppress it, and succeeded. No eloquence can charm away such damning facts. Allegiance to the party may still be professed loudly with the tongue, but in the heart there is a sickening disgust and a distrust that eats and eats its way until only a grinning skeleton remains.

* * *

On the McNamara developments I make no comment because lives and liberties are still at stake, and already enough has been exposed to explain the fall of Harrimanism. And what has been received by way of compensation? Affiliation with the Schmidts, the Ruefs and the McCarthys—wretches who, having such an opportunity in San Francisco as never yet has fallen to the lot of workingmen, gave that unhappy city one of the most corrupt and heartless government on record. Also we have a fake Municipal Socialism, which works solely for the profit of office-holders and that all-powerful landed interest which the Socialist politician never ventures to attack. Also a truly revolutionary movement, such as the struggle for the land in Mexico, betrayed most basely, meetings called in its support converted into political revivals; Mr. Harriman himself declaring vehemently that, as compared with the prospect of carrying Los Angeles, the Mexican Revolution cuts no figure. Unless I err most grossly, Mr. Harriman's old friend and fellow-worker, John Kenneth Turner, will support me in these statements.

* * *

What have we, who are in earnest, got from all these political shuffles, this monstrous double-dealing, this cowardly bending of the back to every one who might be capable of throwing us a vote? I laid—to repeat myself—the foundation for these criticisms by long extracts from Herron's article; but I know that we have a Socialist movement in Los Angeles that cannot understand them. How should it, with no education save on the tactics needed to bring out the vote; with meetings at which, for years past, free speech has been ruthlessly suppressed; from which the healthy voice of honest criticism has been barred; with leaders who have avowed it as their intention to capture a majority at any cost, and "run the steam roller over their opponents?" With all spirit of revolt crushed brutally beneath the heels of bourgeois respectability and partisan orthodoxy what else could you expect?

* * *

There are times when men and movements need a sound thrashing to bring them to their senses. The political Socialists are getting it. The selfish, scheming Labor Temple crowd is getting it. The house of cards is tumbling at the first attack. The gas is nearly out of the balloon. The workingman in Los Angeles is at the mercy of the masters he has never dared to face. The Socialist Party is a jest among the really strong. Los Angeles' revolutionary movement has still to be born, and when it comes into existence let us pray by all our Gods that, at least, it may have the intelligence to recognize that without honesty not one inch of advance is possible.

WM. C. OWEN.

West Virginia One Hell on Earth

John Kenneth Turner is writing up the great war between mine owners and mine workers, in West Virginia. He spent sixteen days there, investigating incognito, interviewing both sides and examining alike the economic and legal features of the case. In sixteen days a reporter of his trained intelligence can get pretty near to the heart of things, and it is to be hoped that the articles he is now publishing in the "Appeal to Reason" may do what hitherto has seemed impossible, viz., arouse this sleeping nation to some sense of the slavery in which it actually lies bound.

Turner finds conditions in West Virginia far worse than they ever were in Cripple Creek. He finds Federal and State constitutions thrown to the winds, "wholly and solely to prevent wealthy mine owners from losing a fraction of their enormous profits, and to hold mine workers in a condition of poverty that is a disgrace to civilization." He asks: "Who is the chief law-breaker in West Virginia?" and he answers confidently:

"The governor of the state. Everything is done at his orders. He is responsible for everything, as much so as any one man can be. Henry D. Hatfield, governor of West Virginia, is a capitalist and a mine owner himself. Like his predecessor, William E. Glascock, he is 'one of us,' in every sense of the word. He was selected for the job not only because he was 'one of us,' but because he came of a family notorious for its 'strong hand' methods and its disregard for law and order. A governor was not desired who would enforce the laws, but one who would smash the laws, in order to give the mine owners what they wanted.

"'A Hatfield will make short work of these agitators.' The mine owners got a Hatfeld. And, despite his fair words, a necessary asset of every politician, Henry D. Hatfield is delivering the goods.

"You will say that these things are just what happened in Colorado.

"Yes—only in West Virginia they have gone one long step farther than they went in Colorado.

"Not only have they gone farther in smashing the constitutional safeguards, but they have gone farther in working injury upon the victims.

"West Virginia has everything in the way of military despotism that Colorado had, but beyond that it has a military commission."

Give It Publicity.

Debs, speaking for the "Appeal to Reason," calls on the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party to convene in special session at once, "and to commission duly accredited representatives to call on President Wilson at the White House and demand the enforcement of the constitution in West Virginia, and to protest against the kidnaping of our comrades and their incarceration in bull-pens, in flagrant violation of their rights of citizenship."

That seems to us a good idea, for it should force examination and publicity, which are the two things principally needed. It goes without saying, however, that we consider these and similar conflicts, so common nowadays that it is well-nigh impossible to keep track of them, the inevitable results of monopoly—the effects which can be abolished only by wiping out the cause. The lesson of such conflicts is that laws, constitutions, legislative safeguards and declarations amount to nothing—absolutely nothing—as compared with economic power, being made only to be broken whenever privilege is seriously threatened.

Turner will do good work in this new field of activity, as he has in that of the Mexican Revolution. The pity is that earnest and competent investigators are so scarce, and, that, as he himself says, he has to turn aside for the moment from the vital task of throwing light on the all-important issues now being contended for in Mexico. As he himself writes, by way of preface to his West Virginia articles: "Having just come out of Mexico, the secret of whose vast black tragedy is so little understood, the heroism of whose struggle is so little appreciated, even by Socialists, I hardly expected to encounter anything to stir me. Happening to be in the midst of some writings of Mexico, hopeful of rending apart the mask of lies and deceits and of laying the real problem of that unhappy country, naked and bleeding, before the eyes of the world, I was loath to break off."

Hope of Release Grows Dim

An official letter just received from Washington leaves us comparatively little hope that a pardon will be granted to the imprisoned members of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta. As the result of our agitation the Department of Justice ordered a special investigation, and more than a month ago we laid before the gentleman in charge of it all our reasons for considering that our comrades had been convicted on the testimony of perjured witnesses. Indeed, it is within our knowledge that he himself received a part of that assurance at first hand, the editor of this section being present when he did so. Nevertheless we now have a letter from Washington stating that the report is unfavorable, and that accordingly, as is the department's custom, the application for pardon has been placed on file. In common language that means, of course, pigeon-holed indefinitely.

Our readers will have understood long ago that our contention is that the Magons, Rivera and Figueroa were accused of having enlisted soldiers in this country and hired men to fight in Mexico, and that the evidence respecting such enlistment is now admitted by the affidavits of witnesses themselves, to have been perjured. It never has been contended that the Mexican Liberal Party did not do everything in its power to encourage the masses to overthrow Madero, or that they did not wage a revolutionary campaign in the widest acceptation of the term. We could not have advanced any such claim without making ourselves ridiculous and giving the lie to all "Regeneracion's" teachings. Therefore we did not advance it, our position being simply that the Junta was not guilty of the crime charged, inasmuch as it did not hire soldiers. The editor of this section never believed it did, for he never knew the time when it had the necessary cash.

Obscuring the Issue.

It is needless to say, however, that the prosecution spared no pains to obscure the issue by representing the accused as the uncompromising revolutionists they unquestionably are, and painting lurid pictures of the chaos that would follow the triumph of their cause. All that was read freely into the record, and whoever turns to "Revolutions in Mexico," which is the report of the Subcommittee of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate, and examines the evidence given by Dudley W. Robinson, will find ample confirmation of the statement. Mr. Robinson was in charge of the Junta prosecution, and when he gave evidence before the Senate subcommittee he took the same course he had pursued in court. His evidence covers seventy-three large and closely-printed pages, and includes Mexican Liberal Party manifestoes, the platform of the I. W. W. and an enormous mass of other extraneous matter, all dragged in for the purpose of illustrating how fierce is the attack upon established institutions. Prominent among these documents is a letter written to Tirza de la Toba by Ricardo Flores Magon, under date of June 26, 1911. The original was produced as evidence at the trial, and the prosecution laid great stress on it. With the exception of the last two paragraphs, which deal with other matters and are immaterial, we reproduce it entire. It runs as follows:

"I received your esteemed letter of the 23rd instant. The companion who brought it informed me of the situation in which you are. We believe that the best thing you can do is not to think of recovering Tia Juana, but to march toward the southern peninsula, where there are rich towns which can give us good food, and in quantity.

"Your number is very small, but you can raise people in your march toward the south, and when you arrive at Santa Rosalia you will have a large number. Everything rests on the fact that you do not make an attack before you are of sufficient force. Keep yourselves out of sight as much as possible and only attack small forts.

"In your march to the south tell the brother Indians that if they unite with us they will be given lands. Take everything necessary and invite the poor to supply themselves from the granaries and warehouses of the rich. Do not molest the poor; tell them that you are fighting for the benefit of the poor class. Invite the populace to take all they need from the stores and warehouses; in this manner you will have all the poor people in your favor, who will see clearly that this fight is in their favor and against the landowners."

Should Work to Eat.

"Invite the laborers to possess themselves of the lands and work them on their own account, without recognizing the right of the rich. If the owners of the land wish to eat, let them work as the poor do. The movement continues all over the country. The press of the United States is silent on all that occurs in the interior and in the south of Mexico, and tries to cause the belief that there is only revolutionary activity in Lower California. But the press in the City of Mexico speaks very clearly of the actual situation of the country. Everywhere there are mutinies; everywhere the Madero forces are disgusted because Madero does not wish to give land. They are separating in small groups and making companies of skirmishers which soon will be quite strong.

"The important thing is not to fight superior forces for the present; and if you undertake the march to the south, we will hope that you will make a good war."

Immense weight was laid on that letter, but it had nothing whatever to do with enlisting soldiers, and we give it here quite freely because we are certain that neither Magon nor the Junta have the least reason for being ashamed of it. We are still doing our best to induce the disinherited to take back the land. We are still flying the flag of "Land and Liberty," maintaining that possesion of the soil should be to him who cultivates it; that the earth should be for use and not for sale; that, peaceably or otherwise, the speculator, the dog-in-the-manger, who fattens on the need of others, must go, and the sooner the better.

Mexican Notes

The State of Sonora has formally registered with the United States government its claim to independence by applying for the extradition of Vicenti Morales, charged with murder. The papers are not saying much about this, but we lead with it as perhaps the most important item of the week, for we still hold to the opinion that Sonora may be the side entrance by which intervention in Mexico will be attempted.

All evidence points to a steady weakening of the Huerta government, and now comes, just before we go to press, the following special "Times" despatch from Mexico City:

"Furious because of the failure of volunteers to rally to his standard, President Huerta today issued a decree placing every able-bodied man or boy in the republic subject to draft for military duty. The proclamation issued Monday by Huerta calling to arms "every loyal citizen of the republic" seemingly has failed to strengthen his weakened army, so the President decided today upon other measures.

"Not an hour after the decree was issued, the report was received that the Federal garrison at Zacatecas had threatened to go over to the rebels "unless Washington at once recognized the Huerta government,' and another report followed that the Carranza forces that recently had been besieging Saltillo had started on a southward march.

"These reports served to create a feeling of unrest in the capital, and many groups formed on the streets to discuss the rumors. Soldiers promptly dispersed every crowd. Fire-eating radicals demanded that American Ambassador Wilson be given his passports.

"Huerta's decree today is taken by many to indicate that he intends to form an absolute military dictatorship over Mexico.

"Gen. Felix Diez today again declined to accept a cabinet position offered him by President Huerta."

Troop Train Dynamited.

A troop train carrying 250 Federal soldiers to the relief of Guaymas was dynamited, May 7, at Don, near the Sinaloa-Sonora border, and it is reported that two hundred have been killed. The Federals lost heavily, May 7, in a battle at Santa Rosa, near Guaymas, thirty-eight being killed, forty-two taken prisoners and a quantity of ammunition captured. Col. Alvarado and 700 well-armed men left Cananea on the same date, to reinforce the insurgents at Guaymas.

Carranza has declined the offer of a former Japanese officer who volunteered to furnish the rebels with an armed force of from 2000 to 3000 Japanese, free of charge.

A United States court ruling is announced, according to which this government will have the power of prosecuting, for breach of the neutrality laws, upon the bare evidence that arms have been purchased with the intention of shipping them across the border. The daily press looks for numerous arrests.

Acres Beyond His Reach.

From Spokane, Wash., comes a pitiful story of efforts made by former Gov. M. E. Hay to reach his land holdings in Tabasco. It appears that he found it impossible to get railway transportation, owing to rebel activities, and that he had no better luck by sea. The gentleman claims ownership to 117,000 acres, and the papers clearly regard him as a martyr, playing in the hardest kind of luck. Meanwhile, no one inquires how he got that enormous stretch of this, our common Mother Earth, but you may be sure the Mexican peon, who does the work and makes the land productive, was not consulted.

As yet the American conscience tolerates that sort of thing; the general erates that sort sort of thing, the viewpoint being that if the legal title is correct one need not trouble one's head about the equities. Not one in a hundred stops to consider that these huge land grants have been stolen, by force and fraud, from the actual cultivators; and stolen so recently that the memory of the theft still rankles virulently. Not one in a thousand has risen to the conception that this earth of ours was meant for use and not for speculation. Therefore not one in a thousand can understand the Mexican psychology, or the revolution he is making at such tremendous sacrifice of blood and suffering.

In his drastic criticisms of the Trusts, and his denunciations of monopoly and special privilege, President Wilson is drawing so near to an indictment of the great land monopoly that it seems well-nigh impossible for him much longer to evade it. Apparently his own logic will force him across the Rubicon, and assuredly the examination of Mexican conditions, on which he is said to have entered most seriously, should accelerate the process. In examining the voluminous reports prepared by government agents the land question will meet him at every turn, and he will be forced to see in it the motive power of all this troublesome upheaval.

Land Question First.

In last week's issue we quoted the "Times" as saying that the Northern leaders were working under Zapata, and that a concerted attack on Mexico City was among the early probabilities. Comrade Rangel, who visited Zapata recently, tells the editor of this section that Zapata expressed himself to the same effect; that he declared that many of the minor leaders were sickening of the bloody struggle and eager to bring it to a decisive close, and that he believed an extensive unification of forces would be accomplished before long. He stated further that he was entirely sympathetic toward the position of the Mexican Liberal Party, as expressed in its manifestoes, and in the few copies of "Regeneracion" which he had read, but that he was a step-at-a-time man, and that the first, and absolutely indispensable, step was the restoring the land to the people. As we pointed out last week, that precipitates immediately the crucial conflict with the money power, not only of Mexico but of all the world. Obviously the sympathy and support which the revolutionists of Mexico will get from the outside public in that terrific struggle must depend on the extent to which the general conscience is alive to the curse of land monopoly; on the extent to which it has absorbed the tragedy of landlordism, as exhibited in the revolutionary history of France, Russia and Ireland, and written plainly everywhere. Understanding this we dwell perpetually on the solution of the land question as paramount, fundamental, the one condition imperatively precedent to all possibility of social peace. We lambast the Socialist politicians unceasingly because they side-step this vital issue in their time-serving pursuit of votes. We cannot understand how Single Taxers, while making Henry George their specialty, can shut their eyes to the practical illustration of his teachings which Mexico is thrusting beneath the nostrils of the world. Nor can we comprehend how alleged Anarchists, who have Kropotkin and Bakunin, Proudhon and Tucker, eternally upon their lips, can wrangle day and night on minor issues while remaining deaf and blind to the death-grapple across the Rio Grande. Hair-splitting never yet helped to win a battle, and men may discuss Stirner and Nietzsche and Ibsen eternally without developing one particle of that virility without which no decisive advance is possible.

Diaz their Candidate.

According to a United Press dispatch, dated Douglas, Ariz., May 7, an official call for a general election has been promulgated in Sonora. The date named is Oct. 26, and Felix Diaz appears as the sole candidate. Events have moved rapidly in Mexico, and in the next five months many things may happen. Special telegrams to the Hearst papers of the same date declare that rebels from the State of Guerrero are reinforcing Zapata in Morelos, and that "a formidable army is being arrayed in the mountains south of Cuernavaca." For about the hundredth time they have had Zapata killed and brought to life again.

Porfirio Diaz has gone; Madero has gone, and now it is announced most definitely that Ambassador Lane is going. That much seems to have been decided, but the President will investigate further before recommending that Huerta be recognized officially. In the "Los Angeles Tribune" of May 7 the following timely verse, by James, appears:

We recognize Huerta? Why, surely, why not?
As one who was raised by a murderous plot;
An assassin so wicked, a traitor so base,
The fact that he triumphed disgraces a race;
Who sat as a guest while his host's death he planned,
Who came as a friend—with his cut-throats at hand;
A rogue with no pity, a curse, and a blight—
We recognize Huerta? That's Huerta, all right.

There has been some excitement over the capture in Arizona of an aeroplane, shipped from Los Angeles and asserted to have been intended for the use of the Mexican rebels. The two men in charge were arrested for violation of the neutrality laws, but have disappeared.

Viciento Salazar and his followers bombarded and seized Panuco, in Veracruz, according to reports dated May 8, and raised the red flag over the town. The city of Chicontepec, in Jalapa, is reported as having fallen to the rebels, and Zapata is said to have been victorious in a fierce engagement near Cuernavaca, forty miles South of Mexico City. All telegraphic and telephone communication was stopped, and reports of other rebel victories were current in the capital, where there was said to be much excitement. A special telegram to the "Los Angeles Evening Herald" ran: "Indians are joining the Zapata forces, it is said, and they are planning an assault on the capital within a short time." The "Times" stated that a large force of well-armed Indians had joined the Zapatistas at Cabras, Oaxaca.

IN THE CITY OF THE FREE.

In Los Angeles you can neither be born nor die without paying tribute to the license man. However, a disposition to rebel is becoming manifest, as shown by the recent record. First, Mrs. Parsons and Geo. Markstall are arrested for selling literature without a license, but finally are released on their own recognizances.

Sunday, May 4, nine Mexicans, members of the staff of and closely connected with "Regeneracion," are arrested for parading without a license, and similarly released. The same day about forty members of the I. W. W. are arrested for selling beer at their picnic without a license. In this last-named case some resistance was shown and the police telephoned for more assistance which was sent immediately.

Land ownership by anybody shuts out others from the use of land save upon terms fixed by the owner. The people yield tribute to the citizen not less than to the alien landlord. California would be better engaged in debarring landlords than in debarring Japanese and Chinese

EMMA GOLDMAN HERE.

Between May 11 and May 16 Emma Goldman will deliver eight lectures. One will deal with the psychology of Anarchism, one with Berkman's prison experiences, one with Syndicalism and one with the failure of Democracy. The other four will be devoted to dramatic and sexual subjects. Admission, twenty-five cents.

Work and Its Wage in Mexico

"Mexico will never have permanent peace until the peons are paid life-giving wages. As it is now it is more profitable to be in the army than to work on the farms, and unless President Huerta adopts the drastic policy of Porfirio Diaz the brigands and rebels will have no trouble in getting recruits."

The foregoing is the opening paragraph of F. G. Carpenter's weekly letter on Mexico, as it appeared in the "Los Angeles Times" of April 26. We ourselves can give no better description of conditions across the Rio Grande than that which this most painstaking chronicler of actual facts is publishing from week to week; and we point out, with emphasis, that, writing from the conservative standpoint and for a journal which is essentially the champion of plutocracy, he is forced to say the very things we say, and to indorse, in all its salient features, the story told so ably by John Kenneth Turner in "Barbarous Mexico." It was possible to sneer at Turner's work and charge him with being a paid sensationalist. It was easy to assert that "Regeneracion" was run by a band of rascally Anarchist revolutionists, who could not be believed on oath. But steadily testimony has been accumulating, every line of which upholds the position we have taken from the first; every line of which justifies the social upheaval through which Mexico is passing, by proving the existence of a situation which involves either successful revolution or racial death.

We rest our case not on rhetoric but facts; not on appeals to the emotions but on an exhibit of conditions such as it is not in human nature to endure. No hireling press can dodge these awkward truths; no professed revolutionist can shelter behind the fiction that the Mexicans are seeking only political reform. We give the facts weekly from authorities beyond cavil; from governmental reports; from noted writers whose natural bias would be all against us. We present the public with proof irrefragible, and we say confidently that no one can examine it without admitting the evils of land monopoly; without understanding how accursed is a system which regards life as inferior to gold; without knowing in his heart, however fearful he may be of confessing it with his lips, that such a parody on civilization must be revolutionized from top to toe, though every "sacred" institution perish in the struggle. Mexico is teaching the world that Justice MUST be done, though Wall Street go into universal bankruptcy and the temples of the money-changers be swept away in a hurricane of riot.

We reproduce a few of what seem to us the most suggestive paragraphs in the article to which we have referred.

Starvation Wages.

"I have some figures before me which come from the Secretary of Agriculture. He puts the daily wages now being paid on the farms at from 20 to 25 cents a day, but adds there are places out in the country where they are not more than half that amount. This is in American money, as are all the figures of this letter.

"There are millions in Mexico who are working on the haciendas for less than 25 cents a day and there are thousands in the factories who are being paid less than one dollar. In some of the mills the minimum wage is as low as 10 cents, and it runs from that to 45 cents, whereas in others, for the same kind of work, the wages run from 80 cents to a dollar. There are something like 40,000 laborers employed in the large factories, and their average wages per day are 50 cents gold.

"The laboring people on the haciendas or farms are far worse off than those of the cities. The average wages there run from 15 cents and upward per day, but millions of the farm hands and their families are in a state of debt slavery, getting little more than their clothing and food. The laws are such that they dare not leave their masters without paying their debts, and as a result they work along from hand to mouth, receiving a little spending money now and then, and increasing their debts whenever they have a wedding or a funeral. The only way they can escape is by getting some one to assume their debts, and this is sometimes done by the neighboring hacendados or others who want workmen and can find none in the market. It is difficult to get a peon away from his old master, and this is especially so if he has been fairly well treated.

Labor-forcing Machinery.

"Nominally there is now no slavery in Mexico, but really this form of debt slavery is still in existence. The rich estate owners have practically controlled the jefe-politicos or local officials, who can force the men to go into the army, and it is through them that they have kept the Indians at work. During the administration of Diaz it was the same with the factories, the jefe-politicos aiding in keeping the men on the job. The wiping out of this great labor-forcing machine is one of the questions agitated by the reformers of Mexico today, and it is the hope of the most advanced that it may be accomplished. The system has been complete and wide-reaching, and all sorts of methods have been employed to keep the peons in debt. Nearly every big estate has its store, where the Indian laborers can run bills of credit, and the same has been true of the factories and in the mines.

"Indeed, it is hard to describe the conditions of the Mexican mass-s. There are here about 16,000,000 men, women and children, and of these more than three-fourths are Indians of as pure blood as that which flowed through the veins of the Aztecs. There are several millions of a mixed breed and some hundreds of thousands who have come down direct from the Spaniards.