"Revolution" Says President Wilson

"Why are we," writes President Woodrow Wilson, "in the presence, why are we at the threshold of a revolution? Because we are profoundly disturbed by the influences which we see reigning in the determination of our public life and our public policy. There was a time when America was blithe with self confidence. She boasted that she, and she alone, knew the processes of popular government; but now she sees her sky overcast; she sees that there are at work forces which she did not dream of in her hopeful youth. Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue, without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this whole country into a flame? Don't you know that this country, from one end to the other, believes that something is wrong? What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say: 'This is the way. Follow me!' and lead in paths of destruction."

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The President of the United States is saying this; the man whose voice, by virtue of his exalted position, echoes to the farthest corners of the earth; whose words are watched and commented on by every European power, by every stock exchange, wherever Money, always keenly on the *look out for profit or danger to* investments, congregates. Amid all the hurly burly of the revolution, through which, as President Wilson insists, we are actually passing, there has been nothing more significant than this solemn declaration from the pen of the chief executive of the United States. It will reach where all the combined efforts of the world's most devoted Revolutionists hitherto have failed to force an entrance; it will be more provocative of thought, and of that mental unrest which leads to thought, than a thousand Anarchist editorials. I plead with all my power for its wide and universal circulation; its most careful study by all who are making the agitation of this great social question their life's work; for such thoughtful and unflinching criticism as I myself shall try to pass. Again I say, this article by the President of the United States is an enormous fact; a great and unexpected opportunity; a powerful weapon thrust unexpectedly into our hands, which we should use to good account.

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The most intelligent and watchful of all Special Privilege's bulldogs, the "Los Angeles Times," scented the danger and bayed out alarm immediately. While publishing, perforce, the President's article, it appended a long answer; pitifully shallow and evasive, it is true, but showing keen appreciation of the damage done. Commenting on another passage in the article it asks if Wilson really can have written it, "or was it penned, as well as inspired, by Gompers or Tveitmoe?" "It is a rehash of irresponsible Emma Goldman oratory," it cries, and adds that the answer to the passage quoted in the first paragraph "is that we are not at any such threshold, and, if we were, the strong common-sense of the American people would turn away from the threshold infested with such vermin as the Anarchists, and Socialists, and labor agitators, before whom, with the sniffle of a soap box orator and the genuflexions of a dancing master, you (President Wilson) are performing the grand kow-tow." Phew!

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The "Times" is whistling to keep up its courage. Its own columns bear daily witness to the importance it attaches to the present threatening movement of revolt which it attributes invariably to Anarchist, Socialist and Labor agitators and they evidence still more conclusively that it has not the slightest confidence in the "common sense" of the masses, whom it derides unceasingly. For my part I also question seriously whether President Wilson believes in their common sense, and I doubt if he expressed himself sincerely when he wrote: "We stand in the presence of a revolution not a bloody revolution; America is not given to spilling blood but a silent revolution." I pay the intelligence of President Wilson and the "Times" the compliment of believing that they both know well that nowhere are labor troubles attended with so much bitterness and bloodshed as in the United States; that an *unprecedented concentration* in cities, coupled with great and growing uncertainty of employment, has produced a distinctly desperate type, which is answerable for an enormous increase of crimes of violence; that the people of this country proved themselves incapable of solving even so comparatively simple a problem as that of chattel slavery without taking up the sword and spilling blood in *torrents*. I cannot imagine a people less likely to settle the social question peaceably. All the evidence is dead against that theory, and to cherish it seems to me the blindest of all blind optimisims.

* * *

The ruling class in this, as in other countries, does not permit itself for one moment to be the fool of any such optimism; it persistently multiplies defenses, which look directly to a coming storm; it enlarges its army and navy, builds arsenals in all populous centers, increases its police and detective service, and passes and enforces, with more and more severity, the most stringent laws for the suppression of the voice of discontent. It has no delusions on that score, and when its mouthpieces preach, as they do habitually, that "force is no remedy" they are guilty of sickening hypocrisy, to which our most distinctively national institutions give the lie. One of the most tragic features of revolutionary history, in this and every other country, is that the *masses are always optimistic*; that they cling obstinately to the childishly generous delusion that rulers will be kind, that soldiers will not fire, that fine speeches will melt the hearts of judges, and good intentions will be accepted as an adequate defense. They never are. They never will be. Attacked interests always fight, and the more dangerous the attack the harder they strike back. The French bourgeoisie finds itself in deadly peril, and shoots down thirty thousand men, women and children in Paris, without a wince. The Czar of all the Russias trembles, and hundreds of inoffensive workers are slaughtered before the palace gates on "Bloody Sunday." Parsons, having eluded the police for weeks, chivalrously surrenders himself, that he may stand trial with his comrades. It makes no difference; he is hanged.

* * *

President Wilson's article is a fine piece of destructive work, for it will stimulate dissatisfaction enormously and awaken thousands to the fact that the social question cannot be trifled with much longer. All this the President understands. He shows that the middle class, although sharing for the moment in the vast wealth produced by modern industrial methods, has lost the power of deciding what business enterprises shall or shall not be permitted to come to birth. He explains most clearly that, as the power of initiating enterprises passes more and more into the hands of small groups of financiers, the apparently prosperous middle class finds itself degraded to the role of parasitic lackey, hanging on to the skirts of the dominating few and able to move only as they give the word. Middle class men may draw fine salaries, as distributors and managers; they may fare sumptuously, roll round the country in their automobiles and cut a social dash, but their power has departed; they take instead of giving the word of command. The orange makes a fine showing on the industrial tree. Cut it open and you find it frozen and dead.

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The picture so drawn is scientifically true, because in accord with proved experience. As a whole the business of this country is done on credit, and the banks control that credit. They, in their turn, are controlled by a few *all powerful groups*, for whom they act as agents. No ordinary business man dare snap his fingers at the arbiters of credit, and the business world, feeling always that to be in good standing with its banks is half the battle, courts them assiduously. It has lost its independence; it is no longer its own master; it has fallen to the condition of the courtier who, if he will survive, must bask in the smiles of royalty. That is destructive of all manliness, of all virility, of all moral backbone; and for this reason the reforming efforts of middle-class men are always sterile. They face a position that demands initiative, and they have lost it; that calls imperatively for independent thought, and they, of all classes, are the most dependent, for their very existence hangs on alliances they must maintain at any cost. No merchant can afford to express opinions that render him unpopular; no lawyer can afford to offend his leading clients; no ordinary officeholder dare quarrel with the administrative machine that furnishes his bread and butter. A class so situated may put up a fine bluff of rebellion but cannot make good when called, and the Socialist Party committed hari-kari when it deserted the workers to catch the business vote.

* * *

I have said that Wilson's work is finely destructive, inasmuch as it emits a poignant cry of alarm to which the world will listen. Constructively, it is, in my opinion, a miserable failure. However clear his intellect and however bold his character may be, this article furnishes another signal proof that men seldom, or never, think beyond their class or the circumstances that have made them what they are. Wilson is essentially a middle-class man, and he wants to save the middle class. He is in the straitjacket of politics and MUST look to politics for relief. He understands that our so-called protective tariff is the very heart and soul of special privilege, and that privilege feeds the few out of the many's pocket. He understands that this most gross injustice is law-created, and therefore can be law-destroyed. But there he stops. His training and present environment forbid his facing the fact that there are other special privileges vastly more malignant than those created by the tariff. He says no word indicative of a realization that production must be rendered free, by doing away with land monopoly and giving back to man his natural inheritance free access to the soil. He gives no sign of consciousness that the ideal of free industry implies the free exchange of labor's products, and that for this the government-created monopoly of money, with gold for its basis, must be abolished, root and branch. He may call himself a Jeffersonian Democrat, but he is a Bryan Democrat; that is to say, a Roosevelt Democrat; that is to say, a State Socialist. Like Bryan, pining for peace, he seeks to extend and strengthen incalculably that most warlike of all human institutions, Government.

* * *

I can imagine no simile more unfortunate than that by which President Wilson tries to justify his plea for an extension of the powers of the State. He picks it is true, he actually picks the tenement house to illustrate his argument. He says specifically that in Jefferson's time each family occupied a separate house, while now "families live in tenements, they live *in flats, they live on floors; they are* piled layer upon layer in the great tenement houses of our crowded districts, and not only are they piled layer upon layer, but they are associated room by room, so that there is in every room, sometimes, in our congested districts, a separate family." Thereupon he tells us that we shall have to copy Glasgow, where "the policeman goes up the stairway *and paroles the corridors*," for they say in Glasgow, "these are public highways, and light is needed in them, and control by the authorities of the city." Then the President adds: "I liken that to our great industrial enterprises. A corporation is very much like a large tenement-house; it isn't the premises of a single commercial company; it is just as much a public affair as a tenement house is a network of public highways." That is his argument.

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I was way up in the mountains when I read the article, with not a policeman in sight and freedom all about us. Studying the first part, with *its accurate analysis of the serfdom* into which the middle class is falling, I jumped with joy. Then I came to the tenement-house argument, and, after the first moments of astonishment had passed, I lay back and roared with laughter. I looked around at the mountains and laughed at the immense labor expended to bring forth this mouselet of a police-patrolled, tenement-house ideal. I laughed at *the incongruity of the situation*; at the thought that a man so able as our President must be should lay himself so palpably open to the ridicule of rebels; to the slings and arrows of a thousand critics, far more sharp-witted than I am, who would see at a glance the weakness of the argument, rendered more self-evident by the lack of humor that selected a simile so fatal.

* * *

Great God Almighty! Cannot our national leader comprehend that not the management of the tenement-house, but the very existence of the loathsome thing, is the issue at stake? Cannot he understand that not corporation bookkeeping, but the very existence of these colossal aggregations of wealth, side by side with that of millions of human beings who, despite unremitting toil, never get a hundred dollars ahead, is the problem which is bringing revolution? Can he not see that these are intensely unnatural and artificial conditions, prevalent today as they never have been before, and that their prevalence is making all the rumpus? Does he not know that such appalling inequalities do not spring from natural causes, *but from highly artificial and indefensibly* unnatural laws—laws which allow men to inherit vast wealth and live their seventy years or more of life in luxury, without doing one stroke of work; laws which allow the few to put a ring around the earth, on and from which all men must live; laws which forbid men making their own free arrangements for the free exchange of the products of their toil, but enable those who monopolise the government-created currency to say when work shall be permitted and when it shall be brought to a standstill, though millions of stomachs may be empty and millions of arms aching for the chance to work? Cannot he, who emphasizes the great complexity of modern life, even glimpse the truth that all this complexity springs solely from appallingly unjust and almost inconceivably stupid human laws; laws out of harmony with all the facts of life; laws that have reduced the most powerful of existing species to a helplessness unknown to other animals. Has he, a professed scholar, never read outside of State Socialist literature? Let him turn to Herbert Spencer, and get some idea of the fallacies he is urging so confidently. Let him look up his Carlyle's "French Revolution" if he desires to catch the true spirit of revolt.

* * *

What are these politicians, with their perpetual clamor for an extension of governmental machinery, really doing? They are seeking to continue, in the secular and economic domain, the fatal work carried on for centuries by the Church—and particularly by the Roman Catholic Church—in what it calls the spiritual field. Precisely as the ecclesiastical hierarchy forbade our ancestors to use their minds, and sought to regulate their very thoughts, so does the modern State, with its still vaster hierarchy, strive to regulate man's every action, thereby robbing him of that personal liberty and initiative which is more than the flower of life, being indeed its very root, destruction of which means individual and racial death. For ages the human intellect was wrecked by clerical regulation, and it is only within comparatively modern times that it has been able to develope some fraction of its native majesty. Today the harvest we should gather from that new-won freedom—won from ecclesiastical authority on many a blood-stained battlefield—is wrested from us by the State; the State which begets all this *gross social inequality with which our* age is cursed; the State which, by its artificial laws, reduces the masses to helplessness; the State which thereby threatens to make poverty and slavery man's everlasting portion. Woodrow Wilson, the foe of special privilege, is a Dr. Jekell and worthy of our profundest admiration, but Woodrow Wilson, the upholder of that fountainhead of all privilege, the State, is a Mr. Hyde. The fate of him who sits on two stools is proverbial.

WM. C. OWEN.

MOROCCO TO BLAME.

What a complicated subject is finance! So complicated that the dear Public never thinks of tackling it, being content to leave the puzzle to the wiser Wall Street heads. However, it is generally understood that the cornerstone of the whole thing is gold; and that when, somehow or other, the gold gives out, the task of redeeming paper obligations, "payable in gold coin of the United States," grows somewhat difficult. That sounds reasonable, because about 95 per cent of business is done by means of written slips bearing that pleasant legend.

Sir Francis Oppenheimer, British Consul at Berlin, "whose annual reports are looked forward to with considerable interest in financial circles," has emitted a loud and most alarming whoop. Germany, he says, has been hoarding gold, and this dates from the Moroccan crisis; in which we of the United States, of course, were deeply interested. The process is going on all over Europe, since the times are disturbed and governments must fortify themselves. Nevertheless, there is balm in Gilead. "Large industrial works generally are adopting the practice of paying weekly wages in small notes," and if Germany will only spend, as proposed, $250,000,000 on militarism it will release a lot of the much-needed metal.

Let us console ourselves. Yesterday they were telling us that the rise in prices was due to the increased output of gold. Now that benevolent governments are sticking the stuff away in vaults the price of beef may tumble.

Mexican Notes

As we go to press the newsboys are shouting: "Bloody Battle in Mexico! Fifteen hundred killed and wounded!" Fighting has been in progress during the last four days at a point half way between Guaymas, the federal base, and Hermosillo, the rebel capital. It is stated in all late despatches that the result is still in doubt, but that the rebels are handicapped seriously by lack of ammunition.

The "Los Angeles Times," of June 13, publishes a five-column cut of Guaymas, with the caption "Where Mexican federals are holding out against attacks by land, sea and air." As a matter of fact, however, no news of what actually is transpiring there comes through; nothing, at least, save the report that the aeroplane, which had gone wrong, has been repaired and is about to begin operations, while a second machine is said to have been taken across the border and to be now in possession of the rebels. Also, June 10, 200 federals were said to have been killed near Guaymas by the dynamiting of a troop train, the track having been mined by the insurgents.

June 9 brought serious reports once more from Mexico City, but despatches dated the day following were to the effect that, after much fighting in the suburbs the Huerta government had been successful in putting down the threatened revolt. The trouble there is said to have been started by rurales, whose pay was in arrears. Then the artillerymen at Peravilla revolted, but they were surrounded by federal troops under Gen. Mondragon, and their leaders were executed. Arrests by the scores have been reported, and much evidence, involving leading army and business men in a plot to overthrow the Huerta government, is alleged to have been discovered. The "Times'" special despatch represented the situation as more critical than ever, saying that intense excitement prevailed and that thousands were following the revolting rurales into the hills.

Huerta has been reported as proposing himself to take the field against the Zapatistas.

The long-expected secession movement in the Southern States appears to have taken, at last, definite shape, Manuel Castilla, governor of Campeche, having formally declared that State independent of the central Huerta government. It is expected that Yucatan, Tabasco, Chiapas and the territory of Quintana Roo will take similar action almost immediately. The world then will understand that the Mexican Revolution is not an upheaval confined to one or two States, or engineered by a few masterly and ambitious leaders, but that it permeates the entire country and is the spontaneous movement of huge masses, separated by vast distances and between whom communication has been of so primitive a kind as to make close co-operation most difficult. Common suffering has surmounted that giant obstacle, and out of the chaos, inevitable to the earlier stages of so large a movement, a new world of thought and economics is evolving.

Gen. Blanco, who captured Matamoras last week, reports that he refused a bribe of $300,000, offered him to desert to Huerta. He claims that the federal envoy, Bruno Trevino, has been condemned to death. A despatch from Brownville, Tex., dated June 8, stated that fifty federal fugitives from Matamoras had fallen into rebel hands.

June 10 brought the news that Pearson, a well-known American lumber center, situate in Chihuahua, had been taken by the rebels, who had made the garrison, numbering 150, prisoners. On the same date the rebels claimed a victory near Monterey, in which they had killed eighty-four federals and captured mounts and a quantity of arms. The lack of these last is always the handicap.

Braullo Hernandez, who was Secretary of State for Chihualtua under the Madero administration, and who recently organized a force under the banner of Vasquez Gomez, at Las Palomas, Chihuahua, is reported as having been put to death by his own men.

The week does not appear to have gone well with Huerta, and he seems likely to need all the support foreign bankers can give him.

We are notified that $18.50 was collected at a picnic held here recently for the benefit of "The Social War," New York's revolutionary weekly. That is good work, for it has seemed to us for a long time past monstrous that the movement in so huge and important a center should not have a weekly published in English. It should be kept going and properly supported, at all costs. Those of Los Angeles, or wherever else they who read these lines may be, can send enquiries, communications or money to M. Z. Lerner, 2423 Cincinnati St., Los Angeles, Cal.

There is a great tightening up of money, pointing to the coming-on of hard times, and many are beginning to speculate on another panic. Nevertheless, the Standard Oil Company has just cut another $60,000,000 melon, each stockholder receiving a bonus of 400 per cent of his holdings. The A. P. dispatch that gives the world this succulent piece of news remarks: "This action was considered remarkable in view of the demoralized condition of the stock market, and the threat of the government to reopen the Standard Oil and tobacco cases." President Wilson, however, seems determined to try the tiger-taming act once more.

We are glad see Victor Grayson, in the "International Socialist Review," calling Keir Hardie, of the British Labor Party, a 'spineless recreant," who "remains a tame and obedient member of that Party at the modest rate of two thousand dollars per year." Grayson thinks it is difficult for us to judge British Labor politics. He is mistaken; we have a simple and never-failing test. The paid official politician, if not wilfully corrupt, is always hopelessly conservative.

West Virginia's Civil War

The President tells the country it is face to face with Revolution, and the kept press sneers at him as a soap-box agitator. However, it cannot help reporting, at last, what has been going on in West Virginia for more than a year, and the moment it opens its lips the President is justified.

Now that a public investigation before a committee of the United States Senate has been forced—thanks solely to agitators of the type they have been hounding into jail—the truth will all come out, and soon all will understand that already, in these United States, the barbarous economic institutions which Government upholds have brought us, not to the edge of, but into the very heart of, Civil War.

Civil War rages around us all the time; in strikes which, if they are victorious, are always accompanied by violence; in dynamite explosions and conspiracies; above all in the continuous battle waged between an ever-increasing police force and an ever-increasing army of professional criminals, driven into their hazardous career by economic need. Civil War is with us all the time, but the unthinking public cannot recognize it until it takes the form of open battle, with all the pride and pomp and circumstance that hitherto have made it worship soldiers.

In Times of Peace.

Turner, in the "Appeal to Reason," has been filling columns with graphic pictures of the West Virginian War—midnight assaults, the marching to and fro of uniformed regiments, machine guns raining fire, steel forts, drumhead courtmartials, stockades for prisoners, all the moving features of a regular campaign, waged by the great Government of the United States against the contumacious helots who supply its warships with their coal. All this, which Turner has written of so eloquently, will now be brought to the notice of the masses *through the daily press; for, as in the* kindred instance of the Mexican Revolution, things have reached a pass at which the conspiracy of silence is no longer possible.

All, therefore, that we, and our colleagues of the Revolutionary press, need do henceforth is to emphasize the one great central fact, that ALREADY our economic system has landed the people of the United States in actual Civil War. The opening shots were fired long ago; the skirmishing of outposts is becoming continuous, and unless the people perform a miracle and rouse themselves to the situation as it truly is, the joining of a main battle which will commit us irrevocably to arms cannot be long deferred. Meanwhile, in the hope that it may make some reader think, and help him to understand how things have been going in the great Commonwealth of West Virginia, we give the following from the first day's evidence before the Senate Investigating Commission. The full record occupied pages of this morning's paper, but we pick only this short passage, as showing how the military we support so cheerfully administer Justice when they get the chance.

As in Inquisition Days.

"Senator Martine," says the report, "ascertained that after the commission had heard the testimony in a case it went into secret session, executed sealed findings after the manner of a verdict and sent them to the Governor.

"'Then the poor devil did not know what you had done with him until he was gobbled up and carted away to the penitentiary?' suggested the New Jersey Senator.

"'That's right,' answered Capt. Morgan, and the spectators smiled.

"It was developed that as many as forty-nine men accused were tried at one time by the commission.

"'There was no opportunity given a man to secure a new trial on the discovery of new evidence, no opportunity to give bail, no possibility of the issuance of a stay of execution; your decision was first, last and final?' suggested Mr. Monnett.

"'Yes,' answered Capt. Morgan."

Will that make you put on your thinking cap?

Since the foregoing was written Gov. Hatfield, of West Virginia has appeared before the Investigating Committee and has refused to produce the records of the military trials.

OF COURSE THEY BRIBE.

Drunkenness is a bad thing. The Puritans, who rule Los Angeles, understand that and seek to remedy it. Not having absorbed a new idea since the day their ancestors landed on Plymouth Rock, they naturally hark back to blue-law despotism. Thereby they rot the moral stamina of the community by playing the detective, for, while they themselves shirk the *dirty work, they hire unfortunates to* ferret out the rebels who dare oppose their mandates. They poison the stomachs of the community by imposing licenses so heavy that the manufacturers must adulterate to make a profit. They poison commercial and political rectitude by creating monopolies so tempting that they beget bribery as naturally as the sun breeds maggots.

Los Angeles is a city of nearly half a million, but it is not permitted to have more than two hundred saloons. Of course every one of them is a veritable gold mine, and the obtaining of one of the two hundred licenses is a mercantile opportunity for which men are prepared to pay a thumping price. One gentleman endeavored to bribe the secretary of the Police Commission with a $2500 check, and a promise of $1000 more when the license has been granted. A woman-broker has been brought into the scandal, and she says frankly that she agreed, for $3500, to get the briber's license application passed *on favorably*. She explains that her services were cheap, since she knew of $22,000 having been paid for similar work.

We give this story in the desperate hope that some day Americans may think it worth while to consider what advantages Freedom has to offer.

Will Not Have Died In Vain

They make fun of the English suffragette who strove to advertise her cause by attempting to stop King George's Derby entry when galloping to the winning post. A foolhardy effort, in good truth, but the foolhardiness of the English has brought them many a victory, and no nation on record has made shorter work of tyranny when once its slow-going passions have been aroused. If England starts on the warpath against Privilege, that long-tolerated highwayman will do well to hike for the woods.

The foregoing was crowded out last week. Since then Miss Davison has died, and, as is well known, her death has been the signal for suffragette attacks more serious than any hitherto reported, and her fellow-workers in the cause have lauded her memory, loudly and publicly.

As those who read this page must know we have no confidence in the ballot; if only for the reason that, at its very best, it can but register the will of the majority, and life gives no guarantee that majorities will be right. On the contrary, all the evidence is the other way; and, in particular, all history shows that the majority clings to and supports old institutions and abuses long after they have become intolerable to the more alert and intelligent minority. For this reason reformers and revolutionists invariably find the majority their deadliest foe, and when Socialists, for example, talk of *accomplishing a revolution* through the vote of the majority, they are either insincere or deliberately blind to life's experience.

Nevertheless, the British suffragettes unquestionably feel that the use of the ballot is a right enjoyed by men, and see no reason why women should be discriminated against and stamped inferior. From that viewpoint they are undoubtedly correct, and they might go much farther and insist that, as between the two sexes, the feminine is the indispensable. No biologist would question that, and the laws of biology apply to human as to other life. Moreover, we stand by all who have the pluck to fight for what they deem their rights, and in this respect the English women are setting an example from which the Labor movement has a world to learn. They are not afraid, as Labor habitually is. They are not crawling for favors; they are doing their utmost to force delivery of that to which they hold themselves entitled. As an instance, from her sick-bed, after passing through suffering such as few American agitators would face, Mrs. Pankhurst flings into the face of the British government the following defiant cry:

Jail Cannot Gag Her.

"What happens to me matters little. The cause is everything. Lovers of freedom may trust in me to keep inviolate that spirit which I hope will ever inspire women in their fight for equality. The government cannot conquer me. Torture is becoming less hard to bear but my physical strength is low. Any day, if I am arrested now, may see the end of my part of the struggle and until that end comes brutality will find me invincible.

"As I lie in the stillness of the night in Holloway I sometimes hear light footfalls on the pavement outside the prison walls. These sounds tell me of the devotion of my comrades walking to and fro—our women pickets, who fear neither night nor storm. Let the women of the world fix in their minds these acts of constancy and learn from them that a resistless wave is rolling over England.

"I understand that some question our sanity. I understand that millions, male and female, fail to grasp the inner nature of this movement. To all such, on the eve of another probable imprisonment and another series of combats with forcible feeding, I would say that the movement is the crystallization of a spontaneous yearning to be free. We want the subservience of women to be abolished, both in theory and in fact. The stigma implied by the laws and customs of our country we want washed away.

"This stigma we could not abide even if with it went no practical pains and disabilities, but such pains and disabilities are innumerable. The story of them fills our suffrage press from week to week, as we never escape the impact of assumed inferiority and brutal bondage.

"This has gone on so long that it has developed a class of women willing to fight naked-handed with either the instruments of tyranny or the ruffians of a great city. For these women no task is too perilous. Their feminine hearts break under the unnatural load laid upon them, but they multiply in number and grow grimmer of soul as the days of the crisis pass."

The British government is now bent on suppressing the suffragette press, and to do so has had to go back some 500 years; digging up from its long-forgotten grave a statute of Edward III! How ridiculous! How eloquent also of the fact that for long centuries English governments have been afraid to tamper with the one great heritage the English hold beyond all price—the right to speak their minds regardless of what Authority may say or think! Above all, how illustrative of the truth that you have only to press a government hard enough and it will throw all tradition to the winds, tear up every solemn pledge and fight with tooth and claw like the monster it actually is! Constitutions are built for fair weather sailing. They are the last things on which wise people will rely when storms begin to blow.

IN CORRECTION.

Our attention has been called to the fact that in the account rendered some months ago of the late Voltairine de Cleyre Emergency Fund, the contribution entered against the name of Comrade Katz was given erroneously as $23.25. It should have read $47.50.

ALL IN ONE BOAT.

Guatemala is behind in payment of interest due on loans, and the British government threatens collection by the customary gunboat methods. This is not because the British people hate the Guatemalans or love the financiers, but because London is the world's financial center, and money does the talking. However, nowadays other protests begin to make themselves heard, and we note a letter in the influential "Manchester Guardian" from our excellent friend, John Bagot, which runs, in part, as follows:

"The people of England have no more concern in the matter than they have with the affairs of Jupiter, but we are controlled by the big interests, who use our army and navy to collect their debts. That is a matter of 'foreign policy' it would be well for cotton operatives of Lancashire to make themselves familiar with.

"The matter unfortunately does not end here. Guatemala adjoins Mexico, and the financiers are already plotting for intervention there, where the peasants have been driven into revolt through exploitation. The murderous factions of the Diazes and the Huertas are playing into their hands and making it impossible for Mexico to discharge its indebtedness. We shall next be asked to take similar measures in Mexico, and to crush the peasants' revolt. Well, those who are best able to judge of this matter are unanimously of opinion that we shall have our hands full. But is there nobody in this country to raise a protest? The people of Mexico are now in the toils of the parasitic financiers, but they will fight while there is a man to shoulder a rifle. What has the democracy of Great Britain to say about this? These Mexican peasants are really fighting a world battle, and if they win their freedom it will be a big step to the gaining of ours."

Mr Bagot is himself the editor of a large and powerful paper, the "Middleton Guardian." He is an able and enthusiastic Single Taxer, of the revolutionary, uncompromising type; the type that understands its movement not as one to save a few capitalists unwelcome taxes, but to restore to mankind its stolen heritage—the Earth. As such he has shown the deepest interest in the Mexican Revolution, and the quotation given above proves his comprehension that wherever the battle for man's primal right is raging there we all should be, in sympathy at least.

HAS EARNED HIS REWARD.

President Wilson is to be congratulated on the appointment—as Under-Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, if we remember right—of Louis F. Post, editor of "The Public," official organ of the Single Tax movement. Mr. Post should make a model government official, for having been entrusted with the guidance of a revolutionary crusade, which had as its openly-declared object the abolition of private property in land and the confiscation of landlordism without the payment of one cent of compensation (see Henry George's works), Mr. Post has exhibited diplomacy of a character that should endear him to all bureaucratic hearts.

Theoretically a Thomas Jefferson Anarchist, and a believer in the doctrine that the best government is that which governs least, Mr. Post has found no difficulty whatever in booming Bryan, who is still a Populist and would place everything under government management, if he had the power. Similarly Mr. Post has found himself quite at home with the conservative wing of the Socialist Party, which, though running an opposition shop, deals in the same class of goods as those which Bryan peddles. As we ourselves know, by personal correspondence, he is an upholder of "charity," any general withholding of which would, in his opinion, bring on uprisings that might easily pass beyond control. With Gompers, and other "safe and sane" Labor leaders, he is in the best of standing. The Initiative, Referendum, Recall and such-like measures, so *greatly in favor with middle-class* reformers who wish to move slowly and put in a century or two tinkering with improvements to the political machine, have had no warmer champion than Mr. Post has shown himself to be. He regards the business of counting noses and getting on the side of the dominant majority, if you can, as a God-given right, and has whooped it up enthusiastically for Woman's Suffrage. Thus he has been always on the popular side, and, taking it all round, we do not see where one more likely to prove himself a willing servant could be found.

Of course there are a few of us who feel that under Mr. Post's gentle trimming, the Single Tax has lost a trifle of that robust, revolutionary aspect it at one time bore. However, we are only cranks, are in a pitiful minority and, anyhow, are used to disappointments.

In addition to his new official duties Mr. Post will edit "The Public," as before.

"Hast seen a farmer's dog fly at a beggar?
Aye, Sir.
And the creature fly from the cur?
Aye, Sir.
There thou may'st behold the great image of Authority. A dog's obeyed in office."
(Shakespeare.)

"Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a King
Keeps death his court, and there the antic sits,
Mocking his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him an hour, a little scene,
To monarchise, be crowned and kill with looks;
Infusing him with vain and self conceit,
As if this flesh which walls our life about
Were brass impregnable; and, humored thus,
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Pricks through his castle wall, and—
Farewell King."
(Shakespeare.)