

Herded As Cattle By Their Masters

The Rock Island railroad displays, as an advertisement, a large picture entitled "A Scene en route to California." It shows a drive of cattle. Hundreds are browsing contentedly in and about the brush, other hundreds are drinking at the stream, and, superintending and rounding up the whole, are four mounted men. They sit their horses quietly, for all around is peace. But let the cattle show an inclination to stampede, and presto! those quiet figures wake into intensely energetic. First they will attempt to soothe the troubled throng with soft and cheering words. That failing they will crack the whip and ride furiously after such rebellious beasts as threaten to revolt. Finally they will use their guns without remorse, to stop, at any price, the break for liberty. The herd must know its masters.

Day after day the cattle trudge placidly along the route selected, so long as food is plentiful, water accessible and weather conditions remain favorable; for the herders are judicious and do not force the pace. Their object is to profit by the cattle, whom they are driving to their slaughter. This the cattle do not know, and doubtless they consider their drivers the best friends they have; the guardian angels who pick out rich pastures they never could discover for themselves; who lead them to the pleasant waters; who maintain order and keep the drove together. Thus doubtless the cattle think while things go smoothly, but let conditions change and murmurs begin. If the change is gradual; if food grows slowly worse and worse, they will bear it with the patience of their kind, the weaker falling behind to die, while the masses struggle on despite their grumblings. But if an unexpected catastrophe befalls them; if food is cut off suddenly or a tempest breaks over its head, the herd immediately takes alarm and may stampede at any moment. Peaceful submission is thrown to the winds; the struggle with the masters starts.

It is useless to pursue the simile, which must have suggested itself often to all our readers. No one can have watched, for example, the landing of a big shipment of immigrants, without reflecting sadly, or indignantly, that men and women nowadays are examined, branded, ticketed and shipped away like hogs for market. No one can have studied seriously the social question without realizing that the human herd is tended, fed and watered by its masters solely for the money there is in it; that the worker is a lemon valued only for the juice that can be squeezed out of him, and thrown into the gutter when that juice has been extracted. No one who learns the colossal power the few possess doubts that they round the cattle up and ship them as they will, and that only when the herd breaks desperately does it stand the slightest chance of escaping the shambles that await it. But then there is the mounted watcher; the watcher with the lasso on his saddle horn and the rifle slung across his knees. Herded humanity has millions of such watchers.

For my part life has taught me to distrust a thousand theories that seemed once beyond dispute; theories of universal brotherhood, to which all history gives the lie; theories of popular government which, being tested, prove themselves little better than the tramping under foot of every rebel by the herd which wallows to its slaughter; theories of universal peace which strangle all the healthy and vital aspirations that cluster round the motto "Give me Liberty or Death." I have found such theories invariably favored by the weak, whose unstrung nerves instinctively shirk the struggle; by those who have grown fat and flabby from the parasite existence enforced on them by the thousands and women by the millions; by those whose great possessions have rendered cowardly to the core. They mark, to me, the depths to which paternal government has dragged us; the unsexing of the many that the virile few may rule supreme; the sterilization of the race; its degradation to a herd incapable of individual action; unable to move except in mass; unable, therefore, to rebel effectively, though suffering today from wrongs such as humanity has never known, from injustices beyond all precedent, from absurdities so obvious that argument dare not face them. There is no such absurdity on record as that of millions starving BECAUSE too much wealth is produced. In no previous civilization has money ever dared to assert its right to buy up the earth and exclude the greater portion of the race from access to the fount of life. In no era have the legally-disinherited been harassed and policed and driven from pillar to post by the mailed hand of authority so relentlessly as they are at present. We are no longer free individuals; we are a distracted herd; milling uneasily; dying to make a break for liberty and scared to the very tips of our hoofs by the armed figure on horseback.

Personally I am what is called an Anarchist, but most assuredly I did not become an Anarchist by reason of anything that Proudhon or Bakunin, Tolstoy, Tucker or Kropotkin, Stirner or Nietzsche wrote, much as I admire a great deal of their work. I became an Anarchist because I found myself in love with life, and therefore, wanted to find out about it. Naturally I turned to the biologists—to the Darwins and Huxleys, the Spencers and Maclellands, for they set themselves the task of discovering what favors life and what is fatal to individual life. They told a perfectly straight story, and—as regards the central, all-essential facts—a story so fortified by proof as to be beyond assault. They all taught that individual liberty was a pre-requisite to health and progress; that because liberty was indispensable to development it was indispensable to struggle for it; that strength came with the struggle, and that strength brought greater liberty, while weakness led inevitably to slavery—and

death. The facts are beyond dispute; rank with those mathematical axioms which do not admit of argument; are as eternally true as that two sides of a triangle must always be greater than a third; are part of the universal law which binds the earth beneath our feet and the solar systems of which we are so insignificant a part.

Naturally also I turned to the collective life of nations; for which one goes to the historians, and especially the philosophical historians of the Buckle, Renan type. Their story is actually monotonous; tedious in its confirmation of what the biologists have proved concerning individual life; insistent that what holds true of the unit applies with equal inflexibility to the mass. When the individuals are strong and healthy the nations they form will be powerful and flourishing. When the individuals overflow with hope and energy the nation will do things, and do them because, its life is running full and strong, it will not stop to count the cost. When the individual loses the confidence that comes with strength, the nation will grow cold and flabby; it will pause to figure closely, lose its élan and dash, sink into slothfulness and value ease above achievement. The lesson is appallingly monotonous; is written so large that it would seem impossible to miss it; is graven on the record of every buried empire, and forms the unanswerable indictment the ages have drawn up against that most fatal of all delusions, belief in the necessity and benevolence of governments.

The story is always the same; and, as it seems to me, the only difference between government by such an ecclesiastical machine as that of Rome, which gave us the Dark Ages, and that of the modern State, is that the latter is quite as cruel, vastly more comprehensive in its sweep and even more difficult to escape. For, under the Inquisition men still could think, though they dared not utter their thoughts aloud; but the modern State bars them from vast fields of ACTION, and seeks unceasingly to invade the domain to which the individual must be entitled, if he is to strengthen and develop his own individual life. There is not a pin's difference between the methods of the Church of Rome and those of the modern State. Both pose as the friend of the poor and themselves render poverty inevitable. Both make men weak by doing for them what they themselves should do. Both urge them not to struggle, since a paternal government will ease them of that burden. Both reduce them to a defenceless herd, guarded by the armed in the name of universal peace. It is the enforcement of mass weakness and, therefore, ultimately of mass death. The drones in the human beehive have acquired the monopoly of arms, and the workers have been left the empty shell of liberty to grumble—quietly. This truth, apparently, they have discovered in Mexico; and I cannot think of any other nation wherein, as a nation, the workers sense the folly of allowing the other fellow to have the drop on you while you yourself remain unarmed. With us the worker is contented to have his throat cut if the razor has been sterilized officially. So long as the rifle bears a government label killing is not accounted murder.

WM. C. OWEN.

HEARST FAVORS HUERTA.

Diplomatic circles have been deeply stirred by Willie Hearst's recognition of the Huerta Government. His position has been one of great difficulty, growing out of a phase of the land question that seems to be getting people by the ears all over the world. Willie favored Diaz because he exempted his 4,000,000 acre ranch from taxation and also because the eminent Dictator once referred to him as the "noblest Gringo of them all." He opposed Madero because he announced his intention of taxing every acre of land in Mexico, not excepting the aforesaid Hearst ranch. A period of uneasy suspense followed the assassination of Madero, but the clouds of uncertainty have rolled away at last. Carranza and the Constitutionists make no secret of their intention not merely of taxing the Hearst properties, but of gobbling them entire, while an alliance or "entente" has probably been negotiated with Huerta. Hence Willie's recognition. The political situation at last begins to be clarified. Willie proposes to declare war on any Mexican government that dares to tax his ranch. The Mexican people will welcome the aid of anyone who doesn't. So the outlook is dark with menacing shadows. In the interest of universal peace, Brother Bryan ought to address a joint note to the great powers, suggesting and urging the purchase of Willie's Mexican ranch on international account. This would remove the greatest stumbling block now in the way of settling a question on the American continent that may at any time bring on complications of world-wide consequence. ("S. F. Bulletin.")

John D. Rockefeller's delicate conscience has been shocked by the sight of small boys bathing in a pool which borders on his residence. He fears for the morals of the neighborhood, but we notice that the marshal, who made the arrests and gave evidence in court, remarked drily that, unless they wanted to, women need not look. It is the old story of the Duchess, who congratulated Dr. Johnson on his dictionary, but regretted that he had put in it so many vulgar words. "So? you hunted for them, Madam!" replied that blunt philosopher.

Despite exceptionally vigorous efforts to get out of the vote, and despite the general feeling that Judge Rose's victory might mean an open town and the downfall of canned morality, only a trifle more than fifty per cent of the registered voters bothered about casting ballots. Belief in freedom being won by way of politics is dying fast. The obstacles to Direct Action are vanishing with astonishing rapidity. Keep up the propaganda!

"If I fall in, 'Good Night'!
Or sink or swim! The blood more
stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare."
(Shakespeare.)

Appeals to Wilson Curing Monopoly Personally By Monopoly

A Washington despatch, dated June 18 and published in the "Los Angeles Examiner" of June 19, informs us that on the last-named date Congressman Nolan was to present to President Wilson the personal appeal we made to him recently on behalf of the members of the Mexican Liberal Party now imprisoned in McNeil Island. We mailed a copy to the President, but were anxious that some Congressman should bring it to his special notice, for it goes without saying that the greater part of his daily mail never finds its way into Mr. Wilson's individual hands. It pleases us immensely that Congressman Nolan has undertaken this task, which he did at the solicitation of Mr. Frank Rovey, whose life-long devotion to the cause of justice has been proved by many years of suffering.

The "Examiner" quotes several passages from the appeal, and properly emphasizes the fact that it is made on a higher ground than that of technicalities; our belief being that the President is of sufficient caliber to penetrate to the heart of the case and understand that the Mexicans are fighting a desperate battle against extermination as a race. Indeed, in our judgment, they are threatened most closely with the fate that befell the Indians of North America. Luckily they have that warning to guide them; their great national hero, Benito Juarez, always bade them beware of the coming Money invasion from the North, and today they are completely saturated with the conviction that slavery to Land Monopoly and the Money Power has reduced the masses in the United States and other highly-capitalized countries to abject slavery. This conviction, coupled with the determination to prevent, if possible, the formation of a strong, centralized government which would uphold the Money Power, is making this prolonged struggle so desperate.

As is self-evident from these columns, we do not share President Wilson's governmental philosophy, but we have confidence in his honesty and ability to see beneath the false trappings to the thing itself; to sense the combat as it actually is, in which all are bound to play their part.

We shall do all in our power to fortify Congressman Nolan's hands, sending him, and all other publicists who feel interested, copies of the numerous affidavits showing perjury of Government witnesses, etc. We do not know at present how to set about it, but it seems to us that an official enquiry as to the expenses incurred by the prosecuting attorney's office in bringing about this conviction would throw a flood of light on what actually went on.

Such an enquiry, as it seems to us, would be exceptionally timely at the present moment, because Dudley W. Robinson, who conducted the prosecution and is the person attacked by our affidavits, is seeking the appointment as United States District Attorney. In fact, we have in our possession one of the numerous type-written slips he has been sending to members of the Federal Grand Jury, petitioning them to write to Washington in favor of his candidacy. We are unwilling that the conviction of our comrades should be used as one of the stepping-stones by which ambition climbs to power.

The Los Angeles Labor Council has done nothing in this matter, and for a long time past the Socialists have kept silent. As a rule they worship the Stars and Stripes, and it will be understood quite clearly that the revelation made by our affidavits casts the most serious reflection on the administration of justice under the flag. It seems to us that these and other labor bodies should have the energy to take this question up, if only from the instinct of self-preservation. It is worse than useless for them to go on shouting that "an injury to one is the concern of all," if, when the opportunity of showing sincerity presents itself, they withdraw into their shells.

We may add that the "Seattle Star" has been exposing conditions in the McNeil Island Federal penitentiary, which, it charges, is nothing more nor less than a breeding place for the Black Plague. Our friends, the men we learned to love and admire, are shut up like wild beasts in that penitentiary, and our feelings on reading the articles now being written about it can be better imagined than described.

TAMED BY OFFICE.

So completely were they—(the Labor Party members of Parliament)—absorbed, indeed, that they declined to allow any Socialist candidate to call himself a Socialist; and when I was nominated as a Socialist candidate for the Colne Valley, they not only declined to support my candidature, but placed every obstacle in the way of my success. When, without their aid, I won, and refused to abandon my independence by signing their constitution, they ostracized me in the House of Commons. When I attempted to frustrate the visit of England's King to the bloody Czar, the leader of the Labor Party had me closed; when I moved the adjournment of the House over the assassination of Senor Ferrer in Spain, only eighteen (some Liberals and some Tories) stood up to support me—though there were forty so-called Labor and Socialist members in the House; and when on two successive days I demanded the consideration of the unemployed problem instead of futile tinkering with a temperance bill—and was thrown out both times amid the howls of the capitalists—not a single Socialist or Labor member could be found to stand by my side. They sat, like a row of extinct volcanoes, while I was turned into the street. (Victor Grayson, in "International Socialist Review.")

"Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Gowns and furred robes 'hide all
Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it."
(Shakespeare.)

The text of President Wilson's Reserve Bank Bill is now before the public, and proves CONCLUSIVELY the statement we made last week, viz., that he is not of those Democrats who believe that the government which governs least is best, but a State Socialist, a Centralized Governmentalist, of the extreme type. He out-Roosevelts Roosevelt, for the plan he proposes would clothe him and his successor in office with greater powers than any despot ever had. He, and he alone, would control the banking of this country, inasmuch as the management of the Federal Reserve Banks is confided to a board of nine, three of whom—and those the governor, vice-governor and secretary—are to be appointed by the President of the United States.

The facts of the case—the economic, all-important facts, to which we owe eternal poverty and those financial panics which periodically devastate modern society as the locusts devastate a cornfield—are simplicity itself. There can be nothing simpler or more well-established than the fact that almost all obligations are made payable in gold coin of the United States, and that there never does, and never can, begin to be enough gold in the country to redeem those obligations, if pressed simultaneously. The men who hold those obligations are the bankers themselves controlled by even more omnipotent financial groups. They have it in their power, therefore, to squeeze the life out of the nation at any time. Can you imagine a greater power?

How do they get that power? That is the one absorbing question, for we may grumble to eternity against an evil and grumble fruitlessly, if we cannot locate and eradicate it. The answer is that they get that power solely and exclusively from government; government which has established the gold monopoly; government which has deprived all labor's other products of their proper function, that of acting as the basis of exchange; government which literally accepts the words "Thou art Lord of the Earth, bright Gold," which Goethe put into the mouth of Mephistopheles, in Faust, and on which Goethe framed his celebrated song. Government has said, most deliberately, to the Rothschilds, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and the rest of them—"I give you, as the holder of the metal on which I confer the inestimable privilege of being the final medium of exchange, into which all credits must be finally transmuted; I give you the privilege of controlling all exchanges, of saying when and where industry shall come to birth and flourish, and when and where it shall wither away and die."

This is the greatest power ever conferred on any set of men, and it is the power which has made the most powerful of all institutions—Government—what it is. It is the great monopoly of distribution, twin-brother to the equally great monopoly of production created by our land system, and both are solely the creatures of government.

Why We Hate Government.

Do you understand why Anarchists hate government? Do you understand why they attack it unsparringly, being a unit in that attack, however widely they may differ on other issues? You think, perhaps, it is because of militarism; because of the abuses of our police system, or the corrupting of our courts. These may, indeed, be our passing indignation, but there are other reasons, more serious, more far-reaching, more onerous; but the real Anarchist attack is on a vastly deeper, broader and stronger ground. It is an economic attack; an attack on monopoly in all its forms, as the cause of inequality, of weakness, of almost universal poverty. That is the power of its attack; a highly intelligent power; a power that springs from a careful and intellectual analysis which has traced monopoly to its very fountainhead—Government.

Without Government privileges there could be no Astors, living in luxury from generation to generation on the fruits of the land monopoly. There could be no Rothschilds, forming in themselves an empire to which kings must beg on bended knee. Men would cultivate and occupy the soil without paying tribute to any landlord, if it were not for government. They would make their own arrangements for the exchange of the products of their toil, forming their own currency and establishing such distributive institutions as seemed just, if it were not for the monopoly which government confers on one selected men.

For the American people, it has been very plain for years, that somehow or other, the bankers and financiers control the situation. Accordingly, this country has gone wild from time to time over schemes for financial reform—Greenback schemes, Free Silver schemes, etc., every one of which was foredoomed as certainly to failure as the chemist who plays with fatal gases he has not learned to analyse. They did not understand that the monopoly they denounced springs from governmental interference; from the great principle that statesmen try to govern men instead of allowing them to govern themselves, everything goes wrong. So far were they from understanding it that they actually proposed to make this monopoly-granting power supreme; to make it the one banker; to put the entire exchange power of the country at the mercy of the politicians, just as the State Socialists propose to make government, officialdom, bureaucracy, the sole spring of national activity.

His Borrowed Plumes.

President Wilson's scheme is a great big leap out of the State Socialist program. It is a proposition to rid ourselves of a monopoly that has grown unbearable by making the State, to which all monopolies are due, the one monopolist. It will carry us by a gigantic leap to the installment of that "Servile State" we review in another column; it will block for, perhaps, centuries all efforts to reform our currency by individual initiative, and fasten on our necks with all the omnipotence a government commands the very system from which we must break away at every cost.

Our President's simile is the tenement house, which he does not propose to abolish but police more thoroughly. The tenement house is the child of the monopolies we owe to government, and the great money monopoly is also, in our President's view, not a thing to be abolished but policed by the monster that begot it. All Anarchists should come together to make a powerful and intelligent fight, against this most tyrannical of schemes. They should show the world that they understand their economics; that they are intelligent people who have had the perseverance and courage to make an exhaustive and correct analysis; that, therefore, their attack is the one really powerful attack which, sooner or later, will sweep all before it.

The world hungers for freedom from monopoly. It is like the bull in Henry George's immortal metaphor, straining at the rope and failing to untwist it only because it lacks the understanding. It is our duty to point the way, and that duty is ten thousand times more pressing than talking free love and the other side issues on which at present so many Anarchists, run hopelessly to seed, are frittering away their time.

President Wilson has brought the economic question to the front as no other President has ever done. It is our opportunity, our unmatched opportunity, and we should have the intelligence to use it to the limit.

THE SERVILE STATE.

We have to thank Mr. John D. Bingham, editor of the "American Anti-Slavery" for a copy of Hilaire Belloc's valuable work, "The Servile State," mailed specially from England. An excellent work, written with careful, scholarly impartiality on the most important of all themes. For Mr. Belloc's contention is that already we have slipped a long way toward slavery of a type that will remain permanent, the kernel of his whole thesis being that "the Capitalist State breeds a Collectivist Theory which IN ACTION produces something utterly different from Collectivism: to wit, the SERVILE STATE."

By a brief but clear historical review, and a keen analysis of the forces now contending for mastery, Mr. Belloc shows that the admitted instability of the capitalist regime is in danger of being remedied, not along lines of freedom, but "by the establishment of compulsory labor legally enforceable upon those who do not own the means of production for the advantage of those who do." In his introduction he adds that "with this principle of compulsion applied against the non-owners there must also come a difference in their status; and in the eyes of society and of its positive law men will be divided into two sets: the first economically free and politically free, possessed of the means of production and securely controlling the government; and the second economically unfree and politically unfree, but at first secured by the very lack of freedom in certain necessities of life and in a minimum of well-being beneath which they shall not fall."

The author is very certain that already we have reached "the re-establishment of status in the place of contract, and the universal division of citizens into two categories of employers and employed," and he supports this view by copious illustrations taken from recent British legislation, one most important feature of which is that the "law puts the duty of controlling the proletariat and of seeing that the law is obeyed, NOT upon the proletariat itself, but upon the CAPITALIST CLASS." His contention is that these "are the admitted foundations of a new order, deliberately planned by a few, confusedly accepted by the many, as the basis upon which a novel and stable society shall arise to replace the unstable and passing phase of Capitalism."

Slavery That Will Last.

Mr. Belloc shares with Herbert Spencer the opinion that a permanent class division of employers and employed, properly formed, and upheld by every point by all the powers of the State, and, therefore, constituting a most rigid form of slavery which is likely to endure for centuries to come. Like Herbert Spencer he takes the pessimistic view, considering the forces which already have laid the foundations of this Servile State too strong for intelligence to overthrow. Those forces he classifies under three heads: (1) The Socialist movement, which urges on unceasingly the creation of such a State. (2) The proverbial "practical man," that "deplorable individual" who, never being able to see an inch beyond his nose, but perceiving that things are going badly, flies instantly to legislation. (3) As beyond all comparison the most powerful force of all, the hunger of the masses for that security which Capitalism cannot give them.

He is very clear, and emphatic on the point that what is called the "Capitalist System," but is really nothing more nor less than the moneyed mob grabbing everything in sight, never has and never can satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the race. He shows that the social inequalities which have gone on increasing from generation to generation, in such countries as England do not spring from any such causes as Socialistic economic teach, but from the very simple fact that "the England upon which the new discoveries (of machinery) had come was ALREADY an England owned as to its soil and accumulations of wealth by a small minority; it was ALREADY an England in which perhaps half of the whole population was proletarian, and a medium of exploitation was ready to hand." Another instance of the general truth that the simple explanation is usually correct.

As Mr. Belloc sees it the proletariat is ready to throw every principle to the winds, and commit itself to abjectly slavish institutions, if it can only win security; a certain wage, however small; something that will keep body and soul together, however dear the price. This is perhaps the greatest of all curses that capitalist greed has brought on us, by making life so hazardous that the victims clutch at any chance of safety. It is assuredly the most serious danger that confronts democracy, since peo-

ple so situated take short views, and short views lead to ruin. Many recent illustrations are given in support of this conclusion, but we pick only one passage, dealing with the minimum wage law. Mr. Belloc writes: "Accepting the Yoke."

"The Proletarian accepts a position in which he produces for the Capitalist a certain total of economic value, and retains out of that total a portion only, leaving to the capitalist all surplus value. The Capitalist, on his side, is guaranteed in the secure and permanent expectation of that surplus value through all the perils of social envy. The Proletarian is guaranteed a sufficiency and a security for that sufficiency; but by the very action of such a guarantee there is withdrawn from him the power to refuse his labor and thus aim at putting himself in possession of the means of production. Such schemes definitely divide citizens into two classes, the Capitalist and the Proletarian. They make it impossible for the second to combat the privileged position of the first."

Mr. Belloc adds that throughout the debates upon this question the miners had not one word to say about obtaining possession of mines and ultimately escaping from wage slavery; their one anxiety being that the State fix the minimum wage at a satisfactory amount. The servile position was accepted as an unalterable fact; the State called in to sanction it.

It is easy for the writer—as it should be easy for all of us—to show that "all so-called Socialistic experiments in municipalization and nationalization are merely increasing the dependence of the community upon the Capitalist class," and that "Capitalism has seen to it that it shall be a winner and not a loser by this sham form of Socialism, as by every other." All that can be proved and understood most easily. What is not so easy to see is that while the overthrow of Capitalism and equitable redistribution of property imply a revolution most difficult of accomplishment, the Socialists' demands are of a character to which the State can easily adapt itself, without serious disturbance of the Capitalist system, which, by patching up the weak places, it strengthens and popularizes. It is because Socialism appears so easy, and seems to represent a transition so natural, that it appeals so readily to the unthinking. Indeed there lies the intrinsic worthlessness of the whole movement. It is a transition from an adaptation of the Capitalist regime. It is distinctly not a revolution to overthrow it.

This book is sold in England for twenty-five cents. It is written in a clear, and easy style, and is free of factious words or phrases, but there is a flood of penetrating light into darkness that, somehow or other, must be dissipated. It should have a large circulation, and we hope most profoundly that it will. We may flatter ourselves that we are travelling with the stream and making splendid time. We may wake to find ourselves about to shoot Niagara.

Mexican Notes

Guerrilla warfare, widely scattered, continues to mark the development of Mexico's Revolution. For example, despatches of June 19 inform us that, owing to the destruction of its lines, the large and most important Mexico-Northwestern railway system has suspended all operations, throwing nearly 3000 men out of employment. That figure includes those working for the Madera Lumber Co., which is one of the Pearson-Rothschild concerns, capitalized at \$50,000,000.

Reports of the same date are to the effect that a general engagement has been fought at Cuernavaca, between five thousand insurgents and three thousand federals under Ojeda. Gen. Obregon, of the insurgents, is being censured severely for his delay in attacking the Federals, and for general incapacity.

Great stir is made over the journey of Senator del Valle, who is on his way to Mexico City, charged with the duty of reporting conditions to the United States government. He has been interviewed at various points along the border by various committees, but we notice that invariably they have been the representatives of heavy capitalist interests. It is stated that, before proceeding to Mexico City, he will hold a conference with Venustiano Carranza, the insurgent governor of Coahuila, to whom he will explain President Wilson's earnest desire for peace in Mexico.

Senator Bacon, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, has declared himself as opposed to recognition of the Huerta government. He is reported as saying: "I don't see any serious movement in Washington leaning in that direction. A large part of Mexico is up in arms, and the Northern capitalists in control of the Constitutionists, and until there is complete peace and order and legal elections there should not be recognition." The "Los Angeles Daily Times" complains bitterly of the do-nothing policy of the administration in Washington, saying that committees introduced by such men as H. I. Miller, who is the head of the Pearson interests, have laid bare the Secretary of State Bryan specific cases of loss of life and property by Americans, but got no consolation, Bryan bluntly refusing to discuss matters of State or give a clue to future policies.

The "Times" comments bitterly in a leading article on the fact that three hundred Americans, residents of Southern Tamaulipas, appealed to President Wilson for protection, using the U. S. Consul at Tampico, and that nothing has been done. It takes fun of Germany's refusal to have anything to do with the proposed Huerta loan, saying that while the excuse given was the tightness of money in Germany the real reason was the looseness of conditions in Mexico. Zapatistas are reported as operating actively in the suburbs of Mexico City, their number being placed at fifteen hundred. "El Imparcial" devotes a long special article to the subject, in which it urges concentration against Zapata as the one paramount necessity if peace is to be attained.

ANOTHER LAME ACCOUNTING.

We have received from the Little Falls Defense Committee, J. S. Biscay, Sec. Treasurer, a financial statement showing the receipts and expenses of the Little Falls Strike and Defense Fund, up to and including April 21, 1913. The report expresses sincere thanks to all organizations and individuals who have rendered assistance, and, reminding them that "we are still in the midst of the struggle," trusts that the support will be continued "until every striker has been released." It states further that "funds received and expended by the central office of the W. W. in Chicago will be accounted for in the final report, which will be issued at the completion of the Defense."

The total receipts are given in this statement as \$10,733.03, and the disbursements as \$10,779.48, showing, April 21, a deficit of \$46.45, to which must be added outstanding liabilities of \$1,109.97, \$900 of which are loans from Vincent St. John.

Since the experience of the McNamara and Aldemas trials we have taken to inspecting these labor accounts with more than usual care, and particularly as to the amounts paid lawyers, who seem usually to get away with everything in sight. On this occasion, it appears, at first sight, that \$2880.70 has gone to them, of which Mr. Hurley received \$417.70, Mr. Steele had \$100 and the balance of \$2363 went to Fred H. Moore. A foot note explains, however, that the handling of funds was disorganized by the arrest of strikers and removal of the office; that "the Secretary was unable to attend to the many duties" and that "for some time the bills were paid by the Secretary or by Mr. Moore. In this way Mr. Moore paid many bills that belonged to the Strike and the Defense Committee. Later on, Mr. Moore paid out most of the money incidental to the legal end of the Defense—his assistants, office help, travelling expenses, etc., drawing on the Secretary for funds from time to time." It is stated further that Mr. Moore has not been able to find the time to prepare a statement, but that "this statement will appear later, when time permits."

It is immediately apparent that the statement is worthless, for it throws no light at all on the point concerning which the labor movement wants most exact information, viz., how much has gone to lawyers. In almost all the struggle of the past two years there have been scandals over law charges; scandals that should have been ventilated thoroughly. The legal fees in the McNamara case were an atrocity beyond the power of words to express; the Aldemas account was hideous, and we note, with profound regret, that grave charges are made in connection with moneys collected for the Lawrence strike. Boston contributors having taken legal proceedings on the grounds that their money had been "improperly used for private and personal ends." The expert accountant employed by the Court made a most unfavorable report, and the matter was taken up by the "Indianapolis News" and doubtless has gone the rounds.

The moneys pocketed by lawyers are the one thing as to which the entire labor movement is most suspicious, and for this reason the handling of large sums of money never should be given to one of the lawyers for the defense. In this instance, despite the statement that Mr. Moore paid out moneys for the defense, there appear, entered separately and entirely apart from the sums with which he is charged, numerous items for "Secret Service" work. In short, the account gives no idea whatever of how a sum much in excess of \$2000 has been spent; and that is a very large sum when one considers how pitifully poor are those from whom it was collected.

Mr. Moore is unknown to us and may, for all we know, be as honest as the day is long. That is not the question; the point we desire to drive home being that money scandals in connection with the agitation have grown far too common, and that they spring almost invariably from legal complications, for the sake of which we are starving that educational propaganda which alone gives lasting results. The people who are of good men who know this well and desire it openly. Unfortunately they seem to lack the initiative necessary to clean out an Augean stable that is poisoning the movement.

THE PRIMAL WRONG.

This, then, was the original injustice: THAT THE BURDEN OF ONE MAN'S LIFE SHOULD BE STRAPPED ON THE SHOULDERS OF ANOTHER.

Stripped of all its verbiage; revealed in all its ghastly nakedness, there stands the original problem in sociology. Naturally, the ones who had no burden to carry had time to think, time to cultivate their minds; time to invent schemes whereby their pleasure might be increased and the heavier burden of the worker more securely fastened to his back.

They organized relief societies, and when they complained about their burden they had sweet charity take an ounce off the front, while greed shipped a pound on from the rear. When he complained further, they told him he was unreasonable, and showed him the table of average wealth statistics. When he still complained they told him they would have the tariff revised, and advised him whatever else he did, not to use force, that force is a crude, barbarous, antiquated weapon; that it is immoral, sinful, and not in harmony with modern civilization; and that, anyway, he couldn't use it, as they have all the guns.

Indeed, through the aid of priest and politician, for a long time they convinced him it was necessary—he should carry the weight, and that they were conferring a favor on him by permitting him to bear it. For they cunningly convinced him he couldn't carry his burden without carrying theirs also. And they even persuaded him that the entire burden was his own; placed on his shoulders by a Divine Providence that had another world prepared for him, where there would be no burden to bear, provided he was honest and faithful in carrying all the weight that might be piled upon him in this world. (Jay Fac, in "The Syndicalist.")