

Putting Democracy To The Power Test

H. E. Huntington is Los Angeles' great street-car magnate. Of the amount of wealth he has amassed thereby it is impossible to speak precisely, but common report puts it at a hundred million dollars. The exact figure is immaterial, for his gorgeous expenditures on palaces, bric-a-brac, old masters, rare editions and the thousand and one freaks in which multi-millionaires indulge, proclaim him of that caste. According to the popular judgment he is cold as ice, strictly business, etc., etc.; traits he may have inherited from his uncle, the notorious Collis P. Huntington, who also bequeathed him a comfortable proportion of his own individual loot. For these and many other reasons ninety-five per cent of the people of Los Angeles do not love Mr. Huntington, and if hard words could kill a man he would have died a thousand deaths. At latest reports he is still in the best of health.

The war against Huntington—if important grumbling deserves so proud a name—has gone on some fifteen years and has infected the most peaceful. I can remember the time when I myself used to keep careful tally of those exceptional occasions on which I succeeded in scrambling into the seat for which I was supposed to have paid my nickel, and day after day I would be hung up in traffic jams which, stretching for blocks, finally forced me to get out and walk a mile or two. I would talk to fellow-sufferers—stolid business men, mild-mannered traders and other model upholders of American institutions—and a stranger overhearing our conversation might well have concluded that Los Angeles was on the verge of blissfulness. But nothing ever happened. City Councils came and City Councils went, under the influence of hostile criticism, only to be succeeded by others just as bad. "Municipal experts"—God save the mark!—figured eternally on how to bring Huntington to terms, and their costly plans proved not worth the paper wasted on them. Today, therefore, the Los Angeles public has sunk into despairing apathy—as always is the case when admitted ill continue long and agitation to overthrow them shows itself ineffective. When I ask long-headed men now why Mr. Huntington does not, for the sake of the profit there would be in it, put on more cars, they answer: "He knows his business. Sooner or later he will force this city to buy him out at his own figure, or to grant him franchises on the generous conditions he himself demands."

I can think of nothing on which several hundred thousand people could be more agreed than on the situation I have sketched. Nowhere else have I heard grumbling so universal and prolonged. Beyond all question the patience of the public has been abused most grossly, and everybody knows it. The men who operate the cars and have the nerve-racking task of handling discontented crowds by packing them like sheep, are held so much under the whip that they dare scarcely whisper their desire to organize. Huntington himself is known to have been coining money by the carload out of these overcrowded cars, and every man swinging wildly from a strap feels he is being cheated. Every incentive to revolt has been actually present, but the people have not revolted. As a matter of fact they never do. The populations of our great cities are not co-operative entities but wallowing masses of humanity, wedged in together under conditions that leave them neither the spirit nor power to rebel.

The case of Los Angeles is, to me, typical of a far vaster, general condition, and I add that the larger the herd the more complete its helplessness. Not because of arsenals and galling guns and disciplined police, but because the innate tendency of excessive herding is to shatter solidarity and transform the swarming millions into a disintegrated mob. Living cheek by side does not promote fraternity but makes for antagonisms of the fiercest type. In the country everybody knows everybody but in cities people live on the same floors for years and hardly know each other's names. In the country the store is a social center, but the city bargain counters are football fields. In the country folks jog amiably along the road in easy and uncrowded company. In the city tired men elbow women and children remorselessly aside in their anxiety to climb into a car and snatch a seat. People complain of the tyranny of public opinion prevalent in the country districts, where it is difficult to conceal one's life, and say that on that account they prefer the city, where only the police and detectives care to watch them. But is not the existence of that strong body of public opinion a proof that solidarity of sympathy exists, and does not the corresponding indifference of cities as to what you or I may do or say, show that there fraternity has ceased to function? We are wont to declare that the establishment of a powerful spirit of solidarity is an indispensable prerequisite to the successful battle for human liberty. Are we mistaken in that premise?

In this I am presenting a most unorthodox idea—from the usual revolutionary standpoint—but years ago I fancied I had got hold of a new and valuable clue, and I have followed it up persistently. I believe today that it is a profound mistake to attach importance to our overcrowded centers, and the facts of modern life unite with history's record to confirm me in that view. I cannot discover that Rome, with all her splendid orators and tribunes, did anything better than grovel in her own corruption until the strong Barbarians from the country came and sent her Caesars flying. During the great French Revolution the city of Paris was little more than France's central talking-shop; and London, since its

emergence from the condition of being a comparatively small town, has been Great Britain's stronghold of reaction. Today practical agitators of the Tom Mann type deliberately abandon it as a working center, and I could name several men of long and wide experience who hold that New York will be the last place in America to fall into line with thorough-going changes. Is it not significant that all the bitter social fighting takes place in the smaller towns—Paterson, Lawrence, Little Falls, etc.—and in the country districts—Cripple Creek, Coeur d'Alene, West Virginia, lumber and railway camps? Chicago is perhaps the city of all others wherein poverty and wealth glare most savagely at each other. It has been the Mecca for agitators of the most revolutionary type, and so far as present appearing results would seem to indicate, their efforts have been little better than the pouring water into a sieve.

Men lose their native strength when herded into those bull-pens we call cities. Economically they become dependent on those who give the corral its food and water. For these they must pay cash, which means a job and servitude to the boss. In touch with nature, man, controlling her by his superior intelligence, is always master. Out of touch with nature he sinks, of necessity, into the most abject slavery; since his very existence hangs on his ability to keep in favor with the indispensable employer, the indispensable client, patient or customer, from whom comes the money needed to purchase the supplies without which he cannot live. The city streets grow nothing. The city stores and warehouses may hold the wealth of Golconda, but you must pay for it. From somebody, somehow, you must get the price. Some one you must serve: doing the things he, the purchaser, wants done; making yourself his servant. A slavish life, and one into which we slip, not because we hanker for slavery, but because we have forgotten that we are properly allied with nature, and have deliberately abandoned her. We actually have set our Mother on the back; called the money-changers together and told them we have no longer use for her; invited them to bid their highest and assured them that when they have paid the price, the lady shall be their exclusive property forever. Having put through which infernal deal, we purchase a ticket for some one of the corals—the largest and most densely-crowded, for choice—that we may sell ourselves.

Composed of thousands of such slavish and slavishly-situated units, the great city itself is necessarily slavish, since the character of the whole depends on its parts. Of course it protests against the charge, but it protests too much. It becomes the happy hunting-ground of spell-binding who hypnotize their audiences into forgetting, for the moment, that if they do not turn up at their jobs next day they will not eat. Reformers of all kinds peddle their nostrums indefinitely, it being well understood that the sicker the patient the more desperately he will clutch at every straw. It is in the city and among its hopeless slaves that the revolutionary agitator finds his most effective welcome; the city audiences are the ones which flock like sheep to the particular car-ticker who happens to be the fashion of the hour, and city audiences, having shouted themselves hoarse denouncing tyranny, scuttle back most tamely to their slavish tasks. They have to. Oratory is a mighty fascinating thing, but the argument of the belly is the one that counts.

Napoleon, who forced the city mob to crown him Emperor, despised it thoroughly, and Napoleon was a gentleman of a most practical and penetrating mind. He anticipated the failure of Democracy with the profoundest truth remarking that the clue to half the riddles of history was found in the fact that men who, as individuals, could read clearly and sanely when the masses themselves in company became hysterical maniacs. He knew that only as individuals are men wise, decent and liberty-loving, but that when you lump them together by the millions, under the delusion that they can act as a collective whole, you merely summon into existence a machine, composed of the shrewdest and most ambitious, who, pretending to be their agents, will rule them with a rod of iron and reduce the mass to impotence. Let any ordinary American citizen ask himself what actual voice he has in the election of a President, or even a City Councilman, or even the dog-catcher. Let him question himself as to his ability to control the police, who are supposed to be his humble servants; or as to how safely he can give the judge for whom he voted that calling-down judges so often deserve. Let him ask himself such questions honestly and he will understand why we Anarchists, who insist that men should not be helpless, have so keen a contempt for that which calls itself Democracy, so bitter a hatred of the despotic machinery it begets, and so sickening a loathing of the sham it really is. By its name Democracy professes to make people strong. In actual fact it has handed them over, blinded and gagged, to the mercy of assassins who hypocritically pretend to be their servants. It never can be otherwise until men learn to act as individuals and understand that, for that purpose, it is indispensable that each and every one of them should, as an individual, be economically free. That means, primarily, access to the land, from which the millions now herded in our modern cities have been divorced.

When I took over this English section, more than two years ago, I received some astounding letters from Socialists and even from men who called themselves Revolutionary Anarchists. They all insisted that I was in error in deprecating that people so backward as were the Mexicans could cut any figure in that great Revolutionary movement concerning which they themselves wrote: brilliantly philosophical articles and delivered heart-stirring orations. They insisted

that the more intelligent and highly-organized workers of Europe and the United States would have to give the forward signal, and that the outbreaks which were to usher in the Revolution would come from London and Paris, Berlin and New York, the world's great population centers. It was evident that most of the writers still thought in terms of street barricades, and generally they gave me the impression that the Paris Commune had slipped for all time to come their military theories. I differed from them but modestly resolved to look the matter up, and from time to time I have read extensively on the subject, trying my best to examine the position from their point of view. Today I differ from them even more strenuously, having become convinced that the Mexican really wants to change things and get back to the solid basis of the land, on which he used to live his humble life securely. On the other hand, what our city populations want is, first, spread-eagle talk, and, secondly, their wave-slavery made, by some benevolent reformer, a trifle less severe.

WM. C. OWEN.

MOTHERS OF THE RACE.

One shudders over the testimony in our Los Angeles "White Slave" case. For example, here is the awful story of Irene Marie Brown Levy, aged eighteen, constant victim of the Jonquil and leading witness for the prosecution, as told on the witness stand:

"I saw it in a window on Broadway," she said, "and wanted it more than I had ever wanted a doll or anything in my life. It was an exquisite diaphanous creation of white charmeuse with a real lace bodice, finished in front with an ornament. The skirt was a dandy, made panier effect, and the side opening outlined in hand-embroidered bands."

The creation cost \$150, which trifle the lady did not happen to have; but she was introduced by "Buster" and "Blondie" to a gentleman who promptly put up \$750, which she saw promptly spent in dress. Surely true love, called the money-changers together and told them we have no longer use for her; invited them to bid their highest and assured them that when they have paid the price, the lady shall be their exclusive property forever. Having put through which infernal deal, we purchase a ticket for some one of the corals—the largest and most densely-crowded, for choice—that we may sell ourselves.

SAME OLD DEBS.

For more than two years past we have been protesting against the hysteria of the American labor movement, and endeavoring to make the workers see the net which the fakir preachers, lawyers and politicians, with whom their movement swarms, deliberately set to catch their prey. They catch them all right, and always by the same old methods: methods so raw that one would suppose a child could understand the play.

The trick is simple. Circumstances force the workers into a conflict; they fight it out, run all the risks, bear all the penalties, and, at the last moment, the carpet knights rush in and carry off the glory, banging the empty drum of legislative appeal. Labor strikes, free speech fights and civil wars like those in West Virginia and Mexico, are to these professional filibusters so many troubled waters out of which they hope to catch the fat of the land, while sitting safely on the bank. Of all these angles, the most expert is Eugene V. Debs.

He had his say on the Mexican Revolution, an unspeakably ignorant saying, he knew nothing of the question; an unspeakably cowardly say, since his sole motive was to get into the limelight and win votes and circulation. Now he has hooked on to the tail end of the West Virginia war, and this is what he has published to the world:

"We wish to say that we believe Governor Hatfield treated the men fair and square. We are satisfied he has been held responsible for some of those complications for which he was not responsible. Governor Hatfield proposes that the law shall be enforced and that workmen shall be fully protected in their lawful rights, which has not been the case in the past. We are entirely satisfied with the Governor's treatment of us and with the results of the interview. We look forward to a complete settlement of the entire labor troubles."

We of "Regeneration" know what all intelligent Mexican Revolutionists thought of the infamous article Debs wrote about them in the "International Socialist Review" after he had worked them to the limit for the "Appeal to Reason," of which he is the circulation agent. We can imagine how the West Virginia miners felt, after Debs' paper has gushed over them for months, and shed, by oceans, those crocodile tears by which it catches readers. We have now some faint hope that the testimony of Fred. H. Merrick, the Socialist editor whom Hatfield imprisoned, may prove the ax which apparently is needed to open up many party-dominated brains, for, in Pittsburgh "Justice"—the Socialist Party organ of which he is editor—Mr. Merrick called loudly for a general denunciation of the treachery of which, once more, the idol has been guilty.

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded shield may show by
Justice,
And oft its seen, the wicked hand it
Buys out the law." (Shakespeare)

Mexican Notes

The entire system of the Mexican National Railways has been placed in the hands of a receiver. It is reported insolvent, the Revolution having killed off its profits.

This seems to us the most significant economic item of the week, but it is one that has been looked for daily. In fact, months ago we published articles prophesying that until the federal railways had become hopelessly involved and, therefore, the easy prey of private capitalists, the great financiers, who are always eager to absorb great transportation systems and know how to wait patiently for the inevitable, would hold back their hands. We may be certain, however, that now they will be pressing with all the weight they can command for satisfactory adjustments.

It is definitely announced that the Huerta government will get an immediate advance of \$30,000,000; of which France will furnish \$14,250,000; England, \$7,250,000; and the United States, \$8,500,000. Our end of the business is in the philanthropic hands of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and J. P. Morgan & Co. We expressed a few weeks ago our hope that some day public opinion will understand that bankers who furnish funds for war are as deeply responsible as the rulers who order it, the politicians who so contrive things that it becomes inevitable, or the generals who lead the forces into the field. In this instance the bankers know perfectly well that the money is to be used to shoot down and exterminate, as speedily as possible, the disinherited Mexican peon who is trying to win back access to the land, in order that economic liberty may become once again a possibility. In last week's Spanish section, Mr. Antonio de P. Araujo sets forth eloquently his reasons for considering that this latest loan will mean another year's hard fighting. He calls contemptuously attention to the fact that the Bank of Paris and Des Pays Bas, which is to furnish \$2,000,000 fronts the office of that celebrated Anarchist, Jean Grave, of "Les Temps Nouveaux." He asks if M. Grave will protest. We throw not Jean Grave long ago settled himself comfortably in life as a writer of anarchist, sentimentalities, for which there is quite a market.

Last week we also published a cut showing Mexican territory which, according to "The Mexican Herald" and others, there has been talk of ceding to the United States in return for financial aid, to be expended in putting down rebellion with the iron hand. The proposed cession is to the twenty-sixth parallel, and includes the States of Sonora and Chihuahua, and parts of Sinaloa, Durango, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas. In consequence with such general suggestions, which now seem to be in the air, came an El Paso despatch, dated June 24, according to which Carranza was said to have submitted, from his camp in Coahuila, to his El Paso Junta a plan for the establishment of a United States protectorate in Mexico similar to that in Cuba, after the Spanish war. It was asserted that the proposition included the selection of a strong man for president and the help of the American army in policing the country.

Accounts of the long conflict between Ojeda's federal column, which was advancing to the relief of Hermosillo, and the insurgent State troops, have been conflicting, but all reports point to a catastrophe for the former. Various despatches have represented Ojeda's forces as completely surrounded, as being unable to break through the cordon and as suffering from lack of the most necessary supplies. From Douglas, where date of June 26, comes a despatch, based on a message received from Gov. Pesqueira of Sonora, according to which Ojeda, Barron and Garcia had been attacked by Alvarado and Hill, and routed completely, abandoning thirty pieces of artillery, many rifles and much ammunition.

Rumors that American marines had landed near Vera Cruz, and had been engaged in practice, caused a great sensation early in the week, but presumably were false.

There is more and more becoming a point of attack, though Carranza is reported as having been opposed to such a move, fearing complications with the United States government. Various prominent El Paso citizens telegraphed Senators in Washington, urging that the War Department send troops for their protection.

The Sonora State government is reported as having issued an order that the rebel forces shall be allowed to collect and keep for war purposes all rents coming in from property, by whomsoever owned, situated within the State.

ORIENTALS DRIVEN OUT.

Work! Jobs! An opportunity to earn the dollar, without which life, under our artificial system, is impossible! That is the position to which the masses have been reduced. Unable to start any business on their own account, since they have not the chips with which to get into the game, they must work; work for those who have them, or who have the natural opportunities for use of which chips must be handed over.

I must get a job. Every competitor; every man who stands between me and that job becomes instantly my enemy. I make instant war against him; I talk my head off to convince the indispensable employer that I am a better man than he ever began to be; I cut the rates against him all I dare. All the others do the same. We all in the same boat. Somehow every one of us must get a job. That is the great central fact; the starting point from which the circumstances of the case.

If we are White men and threatened by a cheaper class of Brown labor, we combine against them. If we are Brown men, we combine against the Whites. We fight it out and those who have the chips sit by and look on blithely for they know that ultimately the best will win. The "best" are those who will give them the most satisfactory returns. In the long run these "bests" always win. In the long run the chips are handed out only to those who give the happy

monopolists the most for their money. At Hemet, Southern California, several hundred white men and women, who wanted the job of picking a lot of fruit, have driven out a number of Japanese and Koreans, who also wanted it. The "Times" boils over with indignation. What have we to say about it? Surely it is not necessary to say anything, for the situation ought to explain itself.

THE MEXICAN PEON.

E. T. Simonetti, whose position as an authority on Mexican questions has been discussed in these columns, is contributing a series of articles on "The Mexican Peon," to the "Chicago Examiner." On the whole, as might have been expected, they are far from complimentary, but they emphasize the tenacity of the peon's character, and insist that "he will fight tigerishly against foreign domination, his one national unifier." In view of what is likely to happen almost any moment, the following paragraph seems worth reproducing.

"Having a simple mind, unable to grasp complex situations, or subjects, his judgment is poor. He possesses, however, wonderful power of endurance and resistance, and especially when any Indian stock from the rural districts, as a fighting man he can probably stand more fatigue and cover a greater distance on less food than any other in the world. Stoicism and indifference to his or to another's physical pain are inborn traits."

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

At the big mammoth Hall, 517 S. Broadway, Saturday, June 28 at 8 p. m., there will be a commemoration of the death of Voltaireine de Cleyre, which took place in Chicago one year ago. The principal object of the meeting is the raising of a fund for the publication of her writings, which, though voluminous, are considered as of great value. A committee has been organized to work for many months past, editing and selecting, and the intention is to bring out two volumes as representative of the best.

Addresses will be given by Emma Goldman, Mr. C. T. Spradling and Jean Grave, of "Les Temps Nouveaux." He asks if M. Grave will protest. We throw not Jean Grave long ago settled himself comfortably in life as a writer of anarchist, sentimentalities, for which there is quite a market.

DRIVING IT UNDERGROUND.

June 21, in Kansas City, three Socialist members, and one of them a parson, are fined \$500 each for blocking the street by speaking at a meeting. June 25, at Marshfield, Ore., the Secretary and the Organizer of the I. W. W. are driven out of town by the business men, who place them aboard a small boat, giving them a day or two's food supply.

Items of that sort are popping up all the time, from all over the country and in constantly increasing numbers. Let us congratulate ourselves, for it means that the period of drugged indifference is drawing to a close and that both sides are beginning to catch some glimpse of how serious the economic quarrel is.

We have been passing through a long period of bubble and squeak. Now, doubtless, we are about to pass through one of pitiless repression. It will be horribly painful but it will have its compensations, for it will force this most mentally-indolent of all movements to sit down, do some solid thinking and discover where it stands, and what it wishes to achieve. Let Monopoly look out. It will have to reckon with a breed of men somewhat different from the Bergers, Debs, Compers, Posts and all the other self-serving windbags. A whole lot of radicals throughout this country have been studying, among other things, what is passing in Mexico, and they no longer dream of cleaning out Augean stables with syringe squirts of rosewater oratory.

PLAYS LABOR UNIONS.

We hope that the message sent to the new Georgia legislature by Gov. Joe Brown may have some educational effect; for the Governor puts the Otis side of labor troubles strongly, and, unlike the ordinary politician, is not afraid to speak his mind. The message deals with the recent Georgia Railroad strike, and seeks to justify the shooting of employees who defied the militia. The Governor's words are: "The suppression of anarchy is the right and duty of all, and there are times when they must shoot down foreign invaders. Upward of two million of people in Georgia will look with no patience upon the continuance of a condition which leaves their basic rights in life at the mercy of the star chamber of labor unions."

He then goes on to say that the laws of Georgia should be framed so broad and just as to inspire confidence and make it the proudest boast to say, "I, too, am a Georgian."

We, of all people, have no use for labor union star chambers, since we trace to them most of that terrible weakness and lack of principle which hitherto has characterized the American labor movement. But neither have we any use for the star chamber methods of military drumhead courts-martials, or the secret investigations of district attorney's offices, so-called Departments of Justice and all that underground detective work which is the very essence of Government's treatment of what it considers crime.

We also should like to see the laws of Georgia—to say nothing of those of the United States and Mexico—"broad and just," but we ask if it is not the case that the administration of the criminal law in Georgia, with its convict camps, fee system and brutal punishments, has not been such as to make every intelligent and fair-minded citizen blush for his native State. When the Governor speaks of the "basic rights of two million people in Georgia," we ask him whether it is not true that a large proportion of those two millions is not "White trash" and "niggers" who are not recognized by the property class as having any rights at all; who have no economic standing and no chance of getting any; to whom the "Constitution" which he says is being brought into contempt, means nothing but a

gandy official document for spreading orators to rant about. If the Union Trust is trespassing on individual rights in Georgia, what has the Georgia Constitution done to secure the poor in the enjoyment of their individual rights?

The portion of the message that, as we anticipate, should be of educational value is that in which the Governor empties the vials of his scorn on the Unionist theory that the workers have a vested interest in the jobs. This is precisely the one claim that was most correctly to be made, and pushed most doggedly.

Life, Governor, is a far mightier thing than words, and when you have so fixed things that millions of men must have jobs, and keep them, if they and their families are to live, you have made it certain that those men will fight to keep those jobs.

If you gave men economic freedom; if you gave them equality of economic opportunity; if, in other words, you gave them the thing persistently advocated by those Anarchists whom you abuse because you know nothing of their teachings; then you would have none of this trouble. As it is, your economic system is out of gear; your pyramid is resting on its head; you cry for equity, but you and your class have no standing in her court, because your own hands, instead of being clean, are foul with monopoly of the necessities of life.

It is miserable that men—free-born American citizens, if you will—should be reduced to dependence on a special job for ability to keep themselves alive. But it has come to that, and the worker must take the situation as it is. Moreover, as you and your class will never GIVE him elemental human rights, he has to take them. That is to say, he has to make a revolution, as they are doing in Mexico. Lots of trouble ahead, Governor!

RISE TO HIS FEET.

Organized by the Workers' Home and the Socialist Party, meetings have been held in Mexico City which, to use its own phrase, have filled "El Pais," that most conservative of Roman Catholic organs, with disgust. It complains loudly that, instead of representing a sincere effort on the part of the weak to protect themselves by co-operative effort against the strong, these meetings have been used to stir up class hatred and fan popular passion. As an illustration it quotes the following paragraph from the organ of the Workers' Home: "The wicked and the cunning have imposed on the weak and defenceless. It is necessary to oppose force to force, face to face. Comrades! Let us, haughty and rebellious, prepare the spirit of the great collection of workers that spirit which already is working in the dawn of proletarian emancipation. Let us use all weapons of struggle within our reach; the argument of force, the strike, the boycott, sabotage and others. Let us stand erect and virtuously demand our rights."

We reproduce the passage because it speaks a different language from that used by the Socialist Party in the United States, as we know it in Los Angeles at least.

Reports of the speeches delivered show that they were in line with the quotation given, the comrade who appears to have been the chief orator declaring that they were there to demand the full enjoyment of the blessings of Nature, Civilization and their labor. Deputy Secretary Rendon followed, and, addressing himself to the gendarmes present to preserve order, said: "Go and tell your chiefs that we do not need guardians, for we understand what are our liberties and we also know how to conduct ourselves like civilized people, without your presence."

"El Pais" ends its account by saying that its reporter asked himself: "At this rate where shall we finally pull up?" No wonder it is shocked. But yesterday the humble peon accepted meekly what the "El Pais" priests told him, and took his miserable fate as a decree of God Almighty. Today he has come down to earth and himself is beginning to look after his own interests. What a transition, within some two short years!

Still more significant, as it seems to us, is an account given in the same issue of a banquet tendered Felix Diaz by workingmen! The syncretism of course; the type that carries favor with politicians and looks to government for aid. But that very fact makes the main spokesman's remarks the more impressive, inasmuch as, pleading for better educational facilities and the establishment of technical schools, he said: "Today, so far as our comrades are concerned, progress and enlightenment serve only to make them more unhappy, and in proof I point to my comrades in education. They are the most educated, because the ignorant worker who, as such, has no ambitions and knows how to get what is indispensable to his life, is happier than they. We have our aspirations; we cannot resign ourselves to a life of anxiety and the going-about in rags." Having listened to all which, Felix Diaz made a speech which ended thus: "To the Mexican workingman I lift this cup, with the hope that always, and especially in this epoch so full of agony for the Fatherland, there may issue from his ranks those who shall be the first to wipe away his tears and staunch his wounds."

Fancy, this aristocratic soldier, nephew of the infamous Porfirio, humbling himself thus to the despised peon, on whom, two years ago, he would not have troubled himself to bestow a glance or waste a moment's thought! Times are changing mightily under the moulding influences of the Revolution.

WHERE WILSON BALKS.

Of the inquiry of all private ownership. Maybe even Mr. Bryan will come to see this when he has studied the question carefully. As one reads "The New Freedom," by Woodrow Wilson, it is positively nerve-shattering to observe how the President's philosophy leads him right up to the fundamental principle of the fundamental principle to be abolished, yet he refuses to take that final hurdle on the way to the goal of freedom. Possibly, he too, may see that even the question—resolves itself into nothing but a phase of the land question. ("The Mirror," St. Louis.)

Esteve Writes For Those Who Can't Understand

We gave recently a brief review of the following article on the Mexican Revolution, which had just appeared, written by P. Esteve, and published lately in "Cultura Obrera." At the time we regretted that lack of space prevented us from publishing it entire, and now we give the following verbatim translation:

It never surprised me that the Mexican Revolution was finding no great echo in Spain, speaking countries, and I explained to myself early how it came about that the occasional Anarchist papers, such as the "Temps Nouveaux," of Paris, or "Il Resveglio," of Geneva, had not reached an understanding of and were even abusing it. For, here we have a movement with features that in our struggles are completely new; and, since they get no direct reports, have to refer to the bourgeois press of Europe and North America, which represents the movement as of a political character, and, owing to their ignorance of Spanish, cannot consult the Mexican papers, it is difficult for those who do not know how to believe it possible that a revolutionary movement for the obtaining land and liberty can exist in a country where there have been no proofs of life, and no Anarchist, Socialist or even workingman's forces on which to draw. To such persons the Mexican Revolution differs little from the innumerable revolts which are taking place almost constantly in Central and South America, the motive power being "Get out that I may have your place." I myself looked at the matter thus, at first, and I attached little importance to the agitation a few comrades were making on their own account. I believed they would meet the fate which befell those who joined hands with the Cuban insurgents, when they were fighting for their independence—that of dying uselessly on the field of battle or passing over into the camp of politics. But here, in North America, there was a little nucleus of men, who knew Mexico because they had been born and lived and had struggled there and who, after having studied the theories of Anarchism, insisted that the Mexican revolutionary movement had as its object, not a change of governments, but possession of the land and the freeing of the Mexican people.

These men had formed part of the Junta of a so-called Mexican Liberal Party, whose program had been far from satisfactory to me. However, their work as propagandists and revolutionists interested me. I followed it eagerly and saw how, little by little, it kept on becoming more radical until finally it developed into a propaganda frankly Anarchist-Socialist. I convinced myself that the Mexican Revolution was very different from the revolts that are chronic with the other nations of Central and South America, and in the columns of "Cultura Proletaria," of New York and "L'Era Nuova," of Paterson, I issued an appeal to the proletariat of all the world, and, above all, to the Anarchists, urging them to give moral and material aid to the Mexican revolutionists who, to the cry of "Land and Liberty," were struggling on the fields of Mexico, arms in hand. I wrote also to various comrades in Europe, inviting them to keep their eye on the revolutionary movement developing in Mexico. I do not regret having done so, and I do not think my forecasts were erroneous.

Two years have passed and I have more hopes of the Mexican Revolution than I had then. Does that mean that I look for the immediate triumph there of Anarchist and Socialist? No I believe that the triumph of Anarchist-Socialism will be universal or will not come at all. If the Mexican revolutionists should reach the point at which they abolished the government and took possession of the land and all the social wealth, the Mexicans would have to contend against all other nations, who would league themselves against them, for they would not permit the triumph of such a regime in diminutive Andorra they certainly would not in a country so large as Mexico.

But—are Anarchists to support only such movements as are purely Anarchist, and such, one must add, as are certain to succeed or have, at least, great prospects of success? Surely no one ever dreamed of such a thing, and yet they decry the Mexican Revolution because as yet it has not succeeded in implanting Anarchist Socialism.

Where Is Their Logic? Those who grew enthusiastic over the triumph of the "Young Turks," the Portuguese and Chinese revolutions; those who have conspired all movements of the workers that acquire any extension and lead to turbulence as being of transcendental importance, though they may have no other object than that of a slight increase of wages or a small diminution of the hours of toil; those who commemorate the taking of the Bastille or the proclamation of the Commune, and loudly extol Barcelona's "tragic week"; those who risk their lives and liberties in insignificant strikes, and who have got to the point at which they consider every rebellious act worthy of praise, though it may have neither an emancipatory nor a liberating character—can such persons refuse importance to the Mexican Revolution or deprecate it because the great part of those engaged in it are not convinced Anarchists? If they are logical, I think not.

(To be continued.)

Frederick Merrick, editor of "Justice" of Pittsburgh, Pa., was recently tried on charges of high treason to the ethical culture section of the Socialist party. Merrick committed blasphemy against section 6, article 2, of Pope Berger's encyclical, in that he advocated sabotage. Merrick entered a plea of guilty—and was acquitted.

"What happened to Haywood" will be the next act of this exciting melodrama—staged by the Socialist party under the alluring title "Nobly Waging the Class Struggle."