

Let The Economic Attack Be Straight

No movement that does not attack, or, at least, threaten directly the exploitation capacities of the ruling class is a true revolutionary movement. That is the pith of an article by Frank Chester Pease, entitled "The I. W. W. and Revolution." It has found its way into this month's "Forum" and I am glad; because articles insisting on the necessity of attacking exploitation, and much, Oh! much more the causes that render exploitation possible, are greatly needed. In other respects the article does not please, for it appears to me as having all the defects of the organization it seeks to boom. Like all I. W. W. propaganda it abounds in big words, sixteen pages being required to state a simple premise. Like all I. W. W. propaganda it claims everything, asserting, for example, that the I. W. W. was the first organization to raise the standard of proletarian revolt. That is an insult to the reader's intelligence, if only because it is well known that the I. W. W. was the child of the Socialist Labor Party.

However, one cares nothing about empty credits, the one important question being whether the I. W. W. is today raising, honestly and boldly, the standard of proletarian revolt. For my part, I think that it is not. I think that it is shirking all the really great questions, on the clear and courageous exposition of which the abolition of wage slavery depends. I think it is shirking them for the reasons which actuate a popular lecturer or vote-hunting aggregation. The central offices want all the subscribers and money support they can rake in. They hanker for popularity, and education, which means hard work, is most unpopular. Fundamental issues, which call for hard thinking, are unpopular. On the other hand, big, frothy talk is always popular. Bombastic assertions that their organization, and their organization alone, has the cure-all are always popular with members, who like to pat one another on the back, as being the redeemers of the world. Petty conflicts over side issues are always popular, for they convey an impression of activity and disseminate the illusion that you are "always on the job." Meanwhile the official organs bulge with reports of victories, which as often as not are crushing defeats, and everybody is busy weaving a rope of said which crumbles to pieces at the slightest pull.

What Mr. Pease apparently considers the I. W. W. true glory is that it thinks as the proletariat thinks. His conception is expressed ingeniously as follows: "Proletarian thinking is in terms of the industrial process it is immediately engaged upon. The proletariat thinks in terms of wheels, engines, picks, shovels, levers, electrical apparatus, looms, saws, wagons, wheat, coal, trains, ships, hammers, drills, hammers, lumber and other tangibilities." He calls this a "realistic" psychology, and deprecates all efforts to complicate it by introducing other issues. For my part, I think it is an exceedingly complicated psychology, since it thinks exclusively within the framework of the confused and complicated present. I believe, however, that the real proletariat, to which alone the I. W. W. can appeal successfully, is not so slavishly devoted to the wheels and engines and all the rest of it; that it thinks largely in terms of the road and individual freedom from industrial and governmental restraint; that the homeless outcast curses the monopolistic system which does not leave him where to lay his head, and I hope sincerely that the penniless unemployed will not wait until the I. W. W. has rounded up all the workers into one big union, or until the Socialists have secured a majority at the ballot box, since the two propositions are on all fours.

But, supposing Mr. Pease is right, and supposing the proletariat is looking longingly to the factory and mine, run on conditions somewhat easier. What of it? I see a world of proletarians abused at every turn; cheated, kicked and murdered by the dominant few; herded like shivering sheep by the handful of bold wolves. Have these sheep all the virtues? Outside of their so-called philosophy is nothing worth considering? Go to, Mr. Pease; you are out of a fool's errand! All life is there to contradict you. The vanquished cry: "This is the way we have always thought and acted," and we, forsooth, are to accept it as the final word of wisdom, because the vanquished utter it! The down-and-out explain that they never bothered their heads with anything beyond the next meal, and we are to reply: "Yours is the proletarian philosophy and, therefore, we accept it!" Is that advancement? Is that revolutionary? Is not that reaction of the deepest dye? Reading such things I do not wonder that when I speak to I. W. W. men about the land question they wave me contemptuously aside and tell me they are interested only in the job!

The I. W. W. has been called on to fill a most important role, and I believe that thousands of its members have sensed that fact and tried most carefully to play their part. I believe they have understood their business is to gather up the unskilled, the unemployed, the wretched and miserably lawless elements, whom too many Socialists reject, "slum proletariat" and the A. F. of L. bars by high dues and other tyrannical restrictions. I believe they have understood that they must gather up this most destructive force and use it for destruction of the system; that they must take that heterogeneous mass and weld it into a clear-sighted revolutionary army, conscious of the enormous prize awaiting it and not content with "hand-outs" or those humiliating compromises we blame the political Socialists for advocating. The I. W. W. accuses the Socialists most virulently of compromising to catch the vote. If it does the same thing in order to catch membership, where is the difference?

TOM MANN EXPLAINS.

Speaking at Kennewick, Pittsburg, Tom Mann concluded his address, given verbatim in "Justice," with a frank statement of the reasons that had led him to abandon all trust in politics. He passed in review Great Britain, Germany, Australia, France, Holland and Belgium, with all of which thirty years of consecutive agitation have made him familiar. Discussing the type of labor representatives common to all those countries he said: "They are for the most part, not by intention but by their everyday behavior, part and parcel of the capitalist system; and wrapped up in and identified with the bourgeoisie, well-trained, high-polished plutocrats—they talk in their behalf, praise them and respect law and order in the same old way."

Tom Mann's experience is that of most veteran agitators. Is it yours? In other words, do you believe that the overthrow of this all-powerful commercial system will be accomplished by the well-fed, easy-going Berger type, "who remind one of Taft in their capacity to radiate dog humor," or by the famished war dogs of the proletariat, already straining at the leash and panting for a chance to seize their prey?

Into the tyrant Caesar's trembling mouth Shakespeare put these prophetic words: "Let me have men about me that are fat; Sleek-headed men and such as sleep at nights; Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous." It was Cassius who finished him.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS.

We expect to have the first volume of our "Land and Liberty" series on the market within two weeks. Sixty-four pages, with three cuts. Price ten cents. Believing that this will be most useful propaganda matter we hope our friends will order liberally. Agents wanted.

THE PLUCK THAT WINS.

The last issue of "The Saturday Review" of Bedford, Ore., contains a really fine editorial statement of that paper's policy. It is run by Socialists, but it does not believe that any party has a monopoly of truth, and it will give ALL who write intelligently and to the point an absolutely square deal.

Ah! If parties and organizations could but see it, the critics who force them to that noble stand are friends whom they should grapple to their hearts with hoops of steel. Such critics run them out of the enervating hothouse of sectarianism and push them, willy-nilly, into the battlefield; the battlefield that tests their armor; the battlefield that educates them by conflict, face to face and toe to toe; the battlefield that knocks the weak out of contact with them and replaces it with the power of knowledge that has survived the test of fight. The knock-out route alone produces champions; the most foolish men one meets are those whom privilege has sheltered from rebuke; the weakest of all parties is that which has to use the gag because it cannot face the enemy's attack. Man-kind is struggling desperately for light and all the shutters must be thrown wide open. He who seeks to nail them fast with lies, to cover up dark corners or blind us with the dust of sophistry, is our deadliest foe, whatever label he may wear. "Open thine eyes to see, Slave! and thy feet are free."

Thy hands and thy beliefs are one in kind. And of the fears thine iron wrought Hang weights upon thee fashioned out of thine own thought."

TO OUR LAWMAKERS.

For nearly three years we have fought that Intervention which, we knew, would be threatened eventually. We are still fighting it, since the menace of the United States hangs, a malarial cloud, over Mexico, terrorizing the native mind and robbing it of much of that energy and courage

needed for the stern task in hand. Recently, as part of that propaganda which perpetually exhausts our funds, we mailed a number of Senators and Congressmen special copies of "Regeneration," together with a circular letter which explains the ends for which the Mexican Revolutionists are striving and points out that those who went into Mexico after exceptional profits knew that they incurred exceptional risks. Neither international law nor equity gives them any right to call on others to insure them. Towards the close of the letter we say:

"Intervention means that the United States sides with the exploiters as against the exploited. Every one will recognize that immediately. Wall Street knows it well. The masses and all the revolutionary forces, now making so much trouble in this and other countries, know it well. We are sure that you yourself know it well."

NOT BY ANY MEANS DEAD.

For the first time in nearly three years "Regeneration" failed to make its appearance last week. That it appears again this week is partly due to the generosity of a very few English-speaking comrades, the great majority having remained apparently indifferent to the one appeal we have issued. We can only repeat what we said two weeks ago, viz., that times are harder with the Mexicans than we have ever known them, and that many of our most loyal supporters are simply incapable for the moment of rendering aid. It is also unquestionable that the constantly-lowering threat of intervention has forced many to save money which otherwise they would have sent in for the paper's support. We hope our friends will not relax their efforts, and they may rely on us implicitly to fight on to the last.

Mexican Notes

Last month's "North American" contained an article entitled "Why is a Revolution?" by Paxton Hibben. We wish President Wilson, every American politician and the millions still in thrall to politics could study that article. It might bring them into something like sight-distance of realities as they are and as the Latin politician knows them. Mr. Hibben explains, his mind is as clear as the atmosphere of his blue-skied native land. He is not taken in for one moment by the delusion that the people rule under our ballot system, or that the object of that system is to ascertain and carry into effect their wishes. He considers the whole game of politics as a warfare for the conquest of power. He has taken our alleged rule of, by and for the people, not as what it professes to be, but as what it actually is. In Mr. Hibben's own words: "His is an absolute rule of the majority; not by any means a majority of votes, but of those units of political domination which we ourselves have found to be vastly more potent than mere numbers." To quote him again: "Aside from the indisputable fact that the great majority of the people are totally incapable of any intelligent exercise of the suffrage, to the lucid mind of the Latin a trained and equipped army is worth something like five times its numbers in simple citizens of the Republic. As the right of the majority to rule is based upon the conceded ability of the majority to maintain itself by force, any majority not obtained by counting the soldier as the equivalent of five civilians is merely a paper majority; a fiction of theorists."

Revolutions Serious Things. Politics—the acquirement and retention of power—as Mr. Hibben shows, is the business of the educated Latin-American, and "to the prosecution of this business he brings a singleness of purpose, a personal fearlessness and a boldness and shrewdness of method not to be despised." As for the masses, "they did not rebel against Spain and Portugal to be eternally bothered with casting ballots. They hated to produce wealth year after year, simply to see it disappear from the country. And, summing up the reasons for revolutions in Latin-American history, which he is very emphatic in describing as anything but the opera-bouffe pictured by the professional funny man, Mr. Hibben writes: "Revolution is not only a means of distinguishing a working majority and a method of securing to such a majority the control to which it is entitled; it is also the unfailing redress of an oppressed or neglected proletariat."

We think that Anarchists in particular, and all those who are beginning to have their doubts as to the real working-out of our supposedly popular politics, could not do better than study this article, the meat of which we have given as far as our space permits. Of course we have given it mainly as a guide to the wisdom or folly of President Wilson's attitude toward Huerta and the Mexican Revolution.

Briefly, as all the world knows, Mr. Lind was sent to Mexico with a request that the Mexican politicians should lay aside that appeal to force which, with absolute logic, is the one thing they believe in implicitly; since they know, if others do not, that all governments rest on force. He was sent to bid them hold and abide by a fair and free election; a thing they regard as never having occurred in the United States or any other country. He was sent to invite a professional politician to abandon the position he holds by the only title he regards as legitimate—superior force. Naturally Mr. Lind has failed, and although the Mexicans are a thoroughly polite people, he probably would have been sent about his business with a stinging flea in his ear, if Huerta had not been afraid.

These instructions were accompanied by profuse declarations that the United States seeks only the good of the Mexican people at large, and has no ulterior selfish motives, commercial or otherwise. The Mexican does not believe one word of it, and in our opinion, he would be as big a fool as walks this footstool if he did. He KNOWS that the United States today owns an enormous and most fertile domain it wrested from him by force. He KNOWS that it owns Cuba, the Philippines, and other territory, assimilated under the pretence of philanthropy, within the last fifteen years. He KNOWS that he is tired of producing wealth, year after year, "simply to see it disappear from the country," and he KNOWS that under the capitalist system, his labor has been going to absentee landlords and foreign coupon-clippers as, in all his history, it never went before. Hence the Revolution.

Having read and re-read the President's message we find the following valuable as a statement of fact: "The present circumstances of the republic, deeply regret to say, do not seem to promise even the foundation of such a peace. We have waited many months, full of peril and anxiety, for conditions there to improve, but they have not improved. The territory controlled in some sort by the provisional authorities at Mexico City has grown smaller. The prospect of the pacification of the country, even by the army, seems to grow more and more remote; its pacification by the authorities at the capital evidently impossible by any other means than force. Difficulties more and more entangle those who claim to constitute the legitimate government of the republic. They have not made good their claim in fact. Their successes in the field have proved only temporary."

What Actually Counts. Without caring to criticize the assumptions with which the message abounds, we ourselves reiterate the forecast that the result will be in proportion, on the one hand, to the tenacity and clear-sightedness with which the Mexican workers continue fighting for the economic aims they have in view, and, on the other hand, to the pressure the International Money Power can bring to bear.

This much, however, we must say, in justice to truth. President Wilson declares that he deems it his duty "to speak very frankly." Of all the many documents it has been our lot to examine this appears to us, without exception, the least frank. Any one reading it would imagine that Mexico I deeply regret to say, do not seem to be the scene of a contest for office and nothing more. Not one word is said of the fact that the Mexican masses are demanding back the lands given away, as they consider, fraudulently to native and foreign speculators. Not one word is said of the fact that in innumerable instances they have taken back those lands by force of arms. Not a hint of the great fact that an enormous expropriation has taken place! Not even a declaration that American property has been confiscated! "The very word 'property' is, carefully avoided, the language used as regards American investors being that we cannot 'slacken in the least our efforts to safeguard their lives and their interests.'"

For our part, having unspeakable distrust of smooth words, we try to get at facts. We note that Bryan has sent messages to consular representatives instructing them "to notify all officials, civil and military, in Mexico" that they will be held strictly responsible for harm or injury done to Americans or their property. We note that large bodies of troops are to be massed on the border, to stop the importation of arms. We agree with the London papers which, as reported this morning, Aug. 27, consider that this pacifically-worded message leads to intervention, and is a notice that Mexico must either submit to moral censorship and dictation as to the conduct of her internal affairs or fight. We agree with the "Chronicle's" criticism that President Wilson shows "excessive belief in the ballot box," and we add that, if such expressed belief is sincere, he also shows boundless ignorance of Mexico and of the real history of his own country. As to the London "Times," so much venerated throughout Great Britain for its editorial wisdom, it remarks caustically that the message "has a drawback in being irrelevant to the main point."

Serious history is likely to be made in the near future, and our view is that the message seems to us to hide a settled determination to clean house for Mexico. The trouble is that Mexicans generally, in the determined fight against Monopoly, landlords and insurers which they have started, consider they are showing the whole world how it will have to clean its own house, even though the only broom available be one of steel.

AUGUST BEBEL.

August Bebel is dead, and radical papers of all factions have been eulogizing his career. We regret deeply that we cannot agree, for, if the facts are as stated and not denied, there is no call for eulogy. If it is true that Bebel died rich and lived for many years in luxury, his career cannot be spoken of honestly except in terms of sorrowing shame. Apart from the question of where the money came from, its retention for personal enjoyment is conclusive proof that Bebel had not the earnestness this great struggle calls for. One can judge best by comparisons. One could not have imagined John Most, and one cannot imagine Ricardo Magon, for example, as having money at command and not spending the last cent on propaganda. True fighters go to the very edge of their capacities, giving their all to the cause in which they nerve themselves. The shame do not, and their failure to do so is the one conclusive test.

There is another and perhaps fully as important a consideration which we must not forget. Bebel, with his eloquence, his parliamentary talent, his love of discipline and concentrated power, was more than any other man, the builder of the Social Democratic Party, as we know it to day. There are many who think, and the editor of this section is one of them, that the Social Democratic Party is one of the most colossal humbugs of the ages; that it is reaction and conservatism incarnate; that it diverted the fruitfulness waters of the spirit of Bebel, which forty years ago threatened to break all banks, into the irrigating ditches of the capitalist system, and played directly into the hands of the foe it professed to fight. Of all tame proletarians the German is today the tamest, and forty years ago it was not so. Of all countries Germany is today the most abjectly submissive to authority, as represented by the iron heel of militarism, and forty years ago it was not so. Then Germany led in science and the free thought that springs from loyalty to science. Then she aspired to lead the world's greatest revolutionary movement, and Bebel himself loudly claimed first place for her. Today she is at the bottom of the class.

If this analysis is correct, and the international revolutionary movement is beginning to make it, sternly and impartially—history will have no eulogy for Bebel. At any rate, as we understand the facts at present, we ourselves have none.

WORK CANNOT BE HAD.

While Socialist and other reformers are hunting office and scratching one another on the back, a most threatening condition of affairs is developing all along this coast. Never were times so hard among our Mexicans, and men of other nationalities, who drop all the time into this office, tell an equally grim tale. They say that men are beating their way, in search of work, in greater numbers than they have ever known, and that the brutality of city police and country constables and police justices, eager for fees, has passed all bounds. Good, sober-thoughted men tell us most seriously that something is bound to break, and not infrequently the remark is made that the invasion of Mexico will be the signal for a terrific row. We do not know how that may be, but we are positive that things are very bad and getting worse.

The capitalist papers whoop it up about the bounteous harvest, and declare that the farmers are yelling for

extra help. Here is an extract from a letter just received from a man we know as reliable; a capable, intelligent man, not disposed to kick at trifles. He was frozen out here and steadily worked his way North, taking any job that came his way. From Spokane, Wash., he writes: "I have been down in the harvest country and, aside from the wages, the conditions are as revolting as among the peons. Sixteen hours a day, sleeping out of doors, oftentimes with wet clothes, and eating grub purchased especially for the slaves."

We are confronted with conditions; conditions that are not altered one single jot or tittle by electing some reformer to office, by all this unending clamor about initiatives or referendums, by White Slave traffic sensations, minimum wage laws, or oratorical fireworks with which professional spellbinders dazzle their audiences. A sternly practical condition confronts us, and it has been created mainly by the land boomers who, with an unscrupulousness that knows no limits, paint this country as an El Dorado, that they may mark up the price of real estate. The state is full of honest, capable, naturally industrious and unwillingly idle men.

Money Reformers

Thinking Americans are now, and only now, beginning to discover that they are the most governed people in the world. Some of them are also beginning to understand that the existing economic inequality now making so much trouble, has its root in officialdom, which ALWAYS tends to privilege.

Americans have had an immense country to develop, and they have been in a hurry to develop it. Accordingly, they have despised the little and worshipped the big. The Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgans, etc., have flayed them alive. No matter. The flaying has been on big, Chicago-stockyard scale, and has been, therefore, secretly admired. "There is nothing small about us," has been the national brag.

Naturally, hurry and the desire to operate on an enormous scale lead men to look to a general, central machine. A transcontinental railroad is to be built, or an inter-oceanic canal constructed, and to Government we run. Government helps, making large-handed presents of the public domain, and taxing future generations, with that generosity characteristic of those who do not have to pay the bill. It is the Diaz method and is bound to bring eventually the tiaz crash. Who cares? The big is God, and of our God we tolerate no criticism.

Thus, Americans, as a rule, think always in terms of Government, and no country hitherto has been so dead to the spirit of Individualism, the spirit of Personal Independence, the spirit of Anarchism. The first thing an American thinks of, when meditating some big enterprise, is "pull": the help he can get, surreptitiously, from some one in power. There is nothing independent about that, and this process, continued for several generations, has well-nigh eaten away that rugged national character on which Americans once prided themselves, and justly.

Here is our banking system; criticized as unjust and insufficient for our needs. It is under the Government's paternal wing, and that paternalism somehow has resulted in making the bankers, against whom Government is supposed to protect us, Czars of the situation. Yet, now, comes the American reformer, white to the lips with rage, and proposes to revolutionize the banking system. Does he attack the Government, which has betrayed its trust? Of course he doesn't. He is Government mad; he cannot think outside it; a few years ago he was yelling for Bryan and Free Silver; he still considers it the function of Government to regulate everything under the sun, and, above all, our medium of exchange—the most important portion of the mechanism of the world. It is so vital that he cannot be confided to private hands. Officials are so much more competent, you know! They are so infinitely pure, so nobly disinterested, so devoted to the welfare of the whole.

Government the Issue. The editor of this section is avowedly an Anarchist; thinks, with Tolstoy, that the greatest delusion on earth is belief in Government; holds most emphatically, with Herbert Spencer, that "Government is invariably slow, stupid, wasteful and corrupt."

"Regeneration" is an Anarchist publication, and if there is anything Governmental about the writings of Ricardo Magon, as they appear in this English section, will some one kindly point it out. Nevertheless, our desk is covered with pamphlets and long letters from Americans, who wish—beyond question most sincerely—to reform their country's institutions. Every one of them presents plans of the most elaborate description, and every one of them relies on Government. Why are they sent here? There can be but one answer. The writers never have thought outside of Government schemes, being typical Americans. They recognize us as wishing, like themselves, to bring about great changes, and they jump at the conclusion that we are all in the same boat. If so we are pulling in opposite directions, and we, on our part, intend to continue pulling against Government, and all that smacks of Government, with every ounce of strength at our command. We want men free and self-helpful. Government degrades them to the role of helpless slaves.

For example, Mr. J. R. Cummings, of Bala, Pa., has sent us a six-page letter and three copies of his pamphlet, entitled "Get together. A plan for united and effective action by all Progressives." Let us say, in all courteous sincerity, that, from Mr. Cummings' point of view, the pamphlet is excellent. But he is a Governmentalist, and we are not. He assumes, as his major premise, that "the issuance of money is one of the chief functions of the general Government." We, on the other hand, hold that if there is a thing which should be taken out of the hands of Gov-

ernment, that thing is money.

In short, Anarchism—Individualism, if you prefer the word—is economically of its own which is diametrically opposed to those of Governmentalism. We Anarchists stand with the premise that the individual should have free access to natural resources, unhampered by government intervention. We wish him to have freedom of production, and we wish him free to make his own arrangements with other similarly free men for the distribution of his product. Let the Government keep its bungling, grasping, tyrannical hands off. We know that, in the matter of production, it has robbed us of freedom and created that monopoly against which we are in revolt. We know also that it has taken the business of distribution under its special wing and thereby created that monopoly against which Mr. Cummings and so many others are rebelling. We think that the free individual is perfectly competent to take care of himself. Mr. Cummings cannot imagine him walking without the Government crutch.

At any rate, before discussing the scenery, we must insist on examining it carefully from both points of view, and that is precisely what Government-hypnotized Americans, as yet have never dreamed of doing. They stand where formerly stood those religiousists who would not admit the possibility of existence without the constant interference of an ever-present, personal God. They shut off argument at the very start.

THE NEVER VARYING TYPE.

This is to introduce to you Mr. Fred C. Wheeler, member of the City Council, vehement admirer of organized charity, as represented by Rev. Dana C. Bartlett, and pride of Los Angeles Socialism, which once even ran him for mayor. He is a carpenter by trade, and his recommendations as a candidate for office have been that, although a Socialist, he is exceptionally solid with organized labor, and stands well with all the business men. He is the subject of the following, which we copy from a letter dated Aug. 22 and written to the editor of this section by one of the most active and intelligent Socialists the party in Los Angeles ever had. It runs as follows:

"I hope that you saw in today's papers how Mr. Wheeler, 'the representative of the working class in the city council,' carried condolences to millionaire exploiter Canfield's family, and cited his life and philanthropies as guiding lights to those who aspire to the possession of fortune etc." I am not yet fed that my ears are deaf to the Socialists' cry of devotion to the Socialists. I were not in vain if I may but live to see a picture in the papers of a Socialist minister at the court of St. James, with knee breeches on."

Twenty years ago the late Mr. Canfield had not a cent. Then he went into oil, associated himself with multi-millionaire E. L. Doheny, got hold of valuable properties, notably in Mexico, and became one of the world's oil kings, with most extensive holdings in real estate. He died suddenly, some two weeks ago, and the papers ran columns about his charities and that commiseration for the poor which seized him in his later years. It may be so. We do not know, for the papers always write about the very rich. What we do know is that he was a typical monopolist. What we know further is that men like Wheeler are not elected to eulogize monopolists, alive or dead. However, he evidently understands his constituency, as a good politician should. In the Labor Temple crowd he has a body that shirks organizing work because it wants no strikes, and wants no strikes because it has a debt of \$95,000 on its precious property which it must first pay off. In the Socialist Party he has a body of supporters run by lawyers and ministers, past and present, which administers anything that carries favor and attracts the vote. As for his mercantile supporters, they naturally are content.

In word, the whole thing is a fraud, and the entire Los Angeles Plan, heralded by John Flower and the world as the final fruit of the Milwaukee movement, is a sickening lie. We should not waste a word on it were it not that this charlatan rubbish must be swept away, and burned in the kiln of withering contempt, before anything like a true revolutionary movement can get a chance of coming to the surface.

TOO COMMON TO NOTE.

There came into this City of Los Angeles a man we know; formerly a part of the noble British navy; a good, straight fellow, on whose word one can rely. Seeing a man abused in a ship-box riot he protested and was run in with the crowd. Having paid his fine he returned to his work, and presently his employer was visited by the customary detectives, who urged that this dangerous criminal be forthwith discharged and turned loose again on the community. The employer pool-pooled their charges and sent them about their business. Within a few days, however, he received a long letter from the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, explaining that the man in question was an agitator, that the association desired to rid the city of that class of malefactor, and that it would be to Mr. B's business interest to let him out. So Mr. B caved in with many apologies, handing out notice. He explained that the letter was practically an order, non-compliance with which would mean his ruin.

What do you think of that? Oh, by the way, the man has a wife and baby, resident here and dependent on him. Also, by the way, what becomes of all this talk of a free country, of reverencing the flag, of giving every man a chance—many of the M. & M. members pose as prison reform philanthropists—of all the pious talk about men's unwillingness to work? Also, and men's unwillingness to steal? Also, and men's unwillingness to be killed? Also, and men's unwillingness to be taken out of the hands of Gov-