

Durst Feeds Fat: Ford Rots in Jail

With malice aforethought I reprinted last week an unusually lengthy article from the "International Socialist Review," which shows that the miners of Colorado have taken a leaf out of the Mexican's peon book. That merciless master, Life, has forced their hand; forced them, despite the deadening influence of their hierarchies, to be men; forced them to that self-assertion without which existence is as the driftwood of the sea, tossed hither and thither by every tide. I do not envy the future of a nation which can read the story of the indignities to which these Colorado miners have been subjected, and yet hesitate to rejoice over the action taken. I do not envy it because I know that over such a nation the plowshare of despotism must pass, since those who dare not climb toward freedom must sink to slavery. Understanding that Life will not stand still; understanding that he who will not advance is bound to fall back into a degeneracy worse than death; understanding this elemental truth, read the account and pass your individual judgment.

In a parallel case, that of Wheatland, California, a government official, Secretary Carleton H. Parker of the State Commission on Immigration and Housing, has passed judgment. The resume given in the "San Francisco Examiner," of Feb. 14, should rouse universal indignation, and the "Examiner" says rightly that the conditions on the Durst ranch—one of those huge monopolistic haciendas against which Mexicans are in open war—"to a large extent were as bad or worse than any under which the lowest coolies of the Orient live." The report itself says that, at least, one-half of the campers were destitute, and that, "in answer to the fanciful advertisements" of the Durst Brothers, hundreds arrived without bedding. "Piles of straw were tossed to them. In one instance forty-five men, women and children were packed together for sleep on a single stack of straw." What a picture! What a reflection on a system which, boasting that it has raised farming to the heights of science, has made it an inferno! If this be progress, for heaven's sake let us learn from the Mexican, who knew the art of making himself and his family happy on the scanty patch he worked by hand.

"The wells," says the report, "were absolutely insufficient. Two wells were often pumped dry by sun-up. By noon, under the hot sun, the children, many of them very small, were in a pitiable condition for lack of water. There was absolutely no excuse given for the absence of water in the fields." But the Dursts thrifflily turned these conditions to account, establishing a lemonade stand out of which a relative of the family made his pittance. I write from memory, no mention of this suggestive fact being made in the "Examiner's" report. That adds an aggravating touch.

"Perhaps the most vicious sanitary abuse was that of the toilets," the report continues. "There were probably nine of these for 2,800 people. Lines of fifteen to twenty women and children frequently formed. Children were seen about the camp in an unspeakably filthy condition, since it was not possible for them to use any toilet without befouling themselves. These facts were known to the Durst management." One remembers that Ford, who has been sentenced to imprisonment for life, took a starving child from its mother's breast and reminded the strikers that the I. W. W. agitators were pleading for such as I read, therefore, with thankfulness Mr. Parker's remark that "the question of what persons were guilty of the murders seems, in comparison with the deeper social economic responsibility, of insignificant importance." It is insignificant; utterly insignificant. If the hop-pickers had made short work of what the report describes as the "over-rigorous" sheriff's posse, the conscience of the public would have felt no shock. On the other hand, I hope—I must hope it, if I am to retain the least semblance of respect for Americans—that many hands instinctively clenched themselves, and that many a wholesome "God damn it" was heard, when men were reading this report.

Now that all these facts have come to light, what plumes itself on being "skilled and organized Labor" has waked up and begun to shell out a few dollars for the defense. We cannot but welcome that, both, because

the dollars are needed and because "while the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return." Nevertheless, by far the most numerous and deadly of all human crimes are those of omission, and one asks what these conservatives, with their millions of members and tens of millions of dollars in reserve funds, have been doing to permit the growth of such conditions. For, Durst conditions exist all over this coast, and to their existence Organized Labor has shut its eyes deliberately, just as it has closed its ears to the groans of such hell-holes as the San Quentin and Folsom penitentiaries, situate almost at the gates of its great stronghold, San Francisco. What mattered it that our harvests were being gathered under conditions that have made even the long-suffering Hindu rebellious? That concerned only the blanket-stiff. What mattered it that workers were tortured, as under the Inquisition, in our State penitentiaries? "Skilled Labor" was doing politics.

There are, modern labor-documents more disgusting than even the Durst report. One of such documents I take to be the report of the recent convention of the United Mine Workers. My information comes from "The Labor Argut," official organ of the Socialist Party, and, as I do not believe in the Socialist habit of looking at everything through political spectacles, I discount many of the personal attacks. But when I read that the organization paid more than one-seventh of last year's gross receipts to officials, the total so paid amounting to the huge sum of \$290,764.09 and the amounts received by individual officials varying from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year, I know instinctively that there must be serious wrong. My certainty becomes more assured when I find that the President's salary was increased \$1,000 a year, giving him \$4,000 a year and his expenses, while the Vice-President and Secretary's salaries were raised from \$2,500 to \$3,300 a year, with expenses. Like many others I have followed the story of the West Virginia mines. I have read of the bull pens and the military commissions; of the frightful punishments inflicted on those who dared to raise the standard of revolt; of the dangerous and exhausting conditions under which all the actual workers have had to toil, for a miserable pittance. Meditating over these facts, for I have had articles descriptive of them by me for days, it is my deliberate conviction that many of our labor leaders, with their greed for money and their still greater greed for popularity and political power, are the most contemptible criminals on earth.

I can understand the ordinary parasite's indifference to Labor's sufferings, for usually he or she lives in ignorance of the damning facts. I can understand the indifference of the business man, for his own affairs absorb him and unknowingly he comes to consider his enterprises the most important thing in life. No such excuses can the labor leader make. Almost invariably he himself has risen from the ranks and been through the mill. He has lived by jowl with the misery of his fellow workers, and he holds his position because he has pledged himself to battle for them. He is a sworn officer in a most holy war; and when—whether for the sake of money, political preferment or the bouquets of the lecture platform—he sacrifices his men, he is a traitor who, under military law, would be humiliated publicly and shot. This struggle in which we are engaged is a social war, if ever there was one, and I hope devoutly that the day is not far distant when these ghouls of the battlefield, who rob the dead instead of leading the living on to victory, will be punished with the utmost rigor of the military code.

That day is dawning, and the I. W. W., whatever its other failings, is letting in the light. Its rank and file have unquestionably the virtue of being in deadly earnest, and that is the one virtue which washes, white as snow, a multitude of sins. They are not manufacturing parasites and social harpies, as the conservative trades unions have been, these many years. They are in the business of exposing and—and which is infinitely more important—getting rid of them; often by the rudest means. That does not matter. The parasite, and, above all, the labor parasite must go. No power can come to Labor until it has purged itself of this malarial poison which is prostrating it in a languor it must shake off. It must remember that these hirelings are always the first to run, it being eternally true, as was said nearly two thousand years ago, that "the hireling flees BECAUSE he is a hireling." Make our so-called leaders take pot-luck with the rank and file, faring indeed somewhat harder to compensate for the honor

of their job, and we may begin to move; but for the last fifty years we have been sliding backwards. The present helplessness of Labor and the well-nigh omnipotence of those who ride on Labor's back furnish the unanswerable proof.

WM. C. OWEN.

"Constructive" Murder

The celebrated Wheatland trials followed an attempt to arrest workers while engaged in what they considered a legitimate assertion of their rights. In the melee which ensued an official was killed, and two of the workers have been condemned to imprisonment for life. The San Antonio, Texas, trials followed an attempt to arrest workers who were also engaged in exercising what they believed to be their rights, and even considered a sacred duty. There, in the melee which ensued, a deputy-sheriff was killed, and of the fourteen workers, placed on trial four have received sentences of life, twenty-five years, fifteen years and six years respectively; the prisoner who received the last-named being a mere lad. It is known and admitted openly that the State will do all in its power to inflict the death penalty on others whose trials are still pending, and particularly on one named Rangel.

The points of similarity between the Wheatland and the San Antonio trials are most striking. In each the charge is what is known as "constructive" murder, it being admitted that the men on trial had no hand in the actual killing, but it being insisted that they must be held responsible for a death that took place as the result of certain illegal acts in which they were jointly engaged. The precedent for these convictions was set in the Chicago Anarchists' case, wherein it was frankly acknowledged by the prosecution that the men subsequently hanged and imprisoned had no direct connection with the throwing of the fatal bomb.

The deputy-sheriff killed in the melee which has led to the San Antonio prosecutions was named Ortiz, and he was shot by a Mexican named Guerra, who is supposed to have been killed during the encounter, though his body was not found. The circumstances which led to the killing were as follows:

September 11, 1913, a small party of Mexican workmen made an attempt to cross the border. Among them was also Charles Cline, an American, who has been active in labor struggles in the United States. The men deny stoutly that they were even contrabandists, engaged in smuggling arms, and say that they were simply on their way to bear their part in a struggle which they consider it their duty to uphold, since it is one for Land and Liberty. They carried a flag inscribed with that emblem. Naturally they were armed—if only for self-defense. At their first night's camp they were surprised by Texas officials, who fired on them without a word of warning and killed their sentry, Sylvester Lomas. They overpowered their assailants and took a man named Beck prisoner. A parley ensued, and the Mexicans, being anxious to get through with as little trouble as possible, released their prisoner, receiving in exchange, from J. J. Campbell, a written promise that henceforth they should not be molested.

The men who gave that promise immediately broke it by gathering a large force of Texas Rangers and Federal soldiers, which attacked the Mexican party once more near Carrizo Springs, the morning of September 13. At least two, and presumably three, Mexicans were killed; the one concerning whom there appears to be some doubt being Guerra. Several Mexicans were wounded. On the other hand, the attacking party lost one man, the deputy-sheriff Ortiz, who was shot by Guerra. The Mexicans and Cline were then bound and marched, or rather run, fifteen miles, under pitiless conditions; Rangel, in particular, suffering greatly, since he is an elderly man. They were laid out in the burning sun while their captors coldly debated the advisability of lynching them. To this the officer in command of the Federal troops objected, and they were thrown into prison.

With much difficulty we obtained a change of venue from Carrizo Springs to Pearsall, on the ground of local prejudice, but the first three sentences—of life and twenty-five and six years—were passed almost before details of the trouble had reached Los Angeles, where the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, to which most of the prisoners belonged, has its headquarters. In San Antonio the sentence of fifteen years was passed only after the jury had been out so long that we hoped for a disagreement.

Hitherto our funds have been so limited that we have been able to

employ only one lawyer, but it is most desirable to engage two others; not because Judge Hudson has not been most able and vigilant, but because so many cases, involving a long series of appeals, call for more assistance. We speak most conservatively when we say that Texas is notorious for the severity and frequent injustice with which she administers her cruel criminal code. We state what is known to everybody when we add that race prejudice runs riot there, and that particularly at the present time it is concentrated, in all its unreasoning fury, against the Mexicans. Moreover, in the eyes of the Texan cotton kings these Mexicans, who do the hardest and most necessary portion of the work that brings to the cotton kings their wealth, are social rebels, who must be kept where they belong—in abject submissiveness. The papers which voice the sentiments of the master class have greatly prejudiced these cases by publishing editorials which stated frankly that exemplary punishment was needed, since the entire cotton district was seething with revolt.

It is evident, therefore, that the defense has to contend with difficulties which beggar description, and that it would be little less than a miracle if it succeeded in procuring justice for its unfortunate clients. As it is, we have received letters from local lawyers in which the writers have assured us that the verdicts rendered were against both the law and evidence. We cannot allow such frightful sentences to stand, and we must collect the funds needed to take the prosecution to railroad to the gallows men who have fought so long and valiantly for the cause of Labor as have Rangel and others.

The fact that, with the exception of Cline, these prisoners are really foreigners, since our tongue is foreign to them, should make all honest champions of justice the more eager to come to their assistance. Unfortunately the world at large does not live up to any such ideal standard. Unfortunately it has the habit of considering that blood is thicker than water, and that men of another race may be left to protect themselves. We think, however, that this should not hold good of the Labor movement, which professes internationalism and considers an injury to one worker the concern of all, regardless of creed or color.

The killing at Wheatland arose directly out of a Labor struggle which was self-evident to all, since the conditions on the Durst ranch were unspeakably atrocious. The killing near Carrizo Springs also arose out of a Labor struggle; for these prisoners were actuated solely by a desire to return to Mexico and help their fellow-workers overthrow that yoke of monopoly and economic slavery beneath which the disinherited of every land are groaning. They ran great risks; they had nothing in the world to gain; they were simply anxious to hazard their lives in that battle for Land and Liberty which is the battle of the workers in every country. They were enthusiasts, as the Chicago Anarchists were enthusiasts and as John Brown was an enthusiast—eager to make an end of slavery. If that is not Labor's fight, what is? Such men as Rangel, and Juan Rincon—who are left to die after suffering hours of agony, his cries for water being heartlessly ignored—had been active for years in these United States, agitating unceasingly on behalf of Labor and recognizing no racial distinctions. In short, these men are our men, and we should not leave them in the lurch.

Therefore, we lay these cases before the public; for we believe that great injustice has been done already, which should be rectified. Even more important is it to prevent the further commission of injustice, above all when human lives are being threatened. To neglect this obvious duty will be both a betrayal of comrades in their hour of need and the infliction of a grave injury on ourselves, since it will confirm Texas in its belief that whenever Labor exhibits a rebellious spirit that spirit can be crushed with impunity. Thus the battle-line will be weakened and the Labor movement will suffer in all its parts.

In a word, we appeal alike to self-interest and to that love of fair play which we believe to be, and which must be, conspicuous among those who themselves are struggling desperately for that well-being to which all who are engaged in useful labor should be entitled, but from which they are excluded by that Money Power against which these Texan prisoners, in common with the entire army of Labor, were in revolt.

RANGEL-CLINE DEFENSE FUND.

Comrade Emma Goldman as usual is one of the active workers in behalf of our Texas comrades now being tried for their lives. Under date of February 17th she sends a check for \$25.00, being the proceeds from a debate held at

Brownsville, N. Y., recently.

This is the second contribution made by comrade Emma Goldman, she having sent \$13.00 several weeks ago, and promised to do more in the future.

Other good comrades who have sent their contributions to the Rangel-Cline Defense Fund, are the following: BIRMINGHAM, ALA., Workman Sick and Death Benefit Fund, by L. D. Newman, \$1; BIRBE, ARIZ., I. W. W. Local, by Phil M. Laughlin, \$9.55; NEW YORK, B. Kucera, \$4.85; ROSEFINE, LA., H. W. Burrow, \$1.75; CARTHAGE, N. M., Jesus Muro, \$1; MORENO, ARIZ., Ignacio V. Hernandez, \$2; SEGUIN, TEX., Manuel Gomez, \$1; LOCKHART, TEX., Bernardo G. Cuna, \$2; PITTSBURG, OKLA., Jose Garza Gutierrez, \$3; KYLE, TEX., Rafael N. Parida, \$3.80; BOWLING GREEN, N. Y., Emma Goldman, in Harry Watson Debate, \$25; AUSTIN, TEX., Gonzalo M. Ruiz, \$1; MEMPHIS, De Soto Sta., TEX., G. Benavides, \$1; TACOMA, WASH., Joseph J. Eitor, \$1; SANTA ANNA, TEX., Arnulfo Perez Garcia, \$1. Total, \$58.95.

VICTOR CRAVELLO, Fin. Sec.

We Must Not Let Them Hang

God! How we hate this begging for money! But what would you have? Our lawyers, working on the appeals and assuring us that they will be successful in reversing the frightful sentences already passed, demand TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS immediately.

Again we say that the lawyers assure us that, with proper presentation of the cases, the appeals will be successful. They add that, in reality, the men never should have been indicted, and would not have been but for the strong political influences against them.

We know that Judge Hudson has worked ably and faithfully, giving his time most freely and receiving pitifully little in return. We know that in Judge Ramsey he has secured most adequate assistance, which was indispensable. All this we know, but we do not know in the least how to secure the money needed, and, in truth, it can be secured only by the awakening of many others to the duty of solidarity.

It is not merely a question of the life and other sentences already passed. It is a question of saving others, and especially Rangel, Abalde and Cisneros, from the gallows—a fate with which they are seriously threatened.

If these appeals are pushed the previous sentences will be reversed; for we have been assured, time and again, that the verdicts were against both the law and the evidence. In such case it is probable that the other cases may not be prosecuted, or, at least, that there will be no more talk of imposing the death penalty. If, on the other hand, we show ourselves helpless paupers, or so little interested that we will not stand by our own men, there may be no limits to the prosecution which will not go on until the prisoners are dead.

It is Texas noted for her leniency toward those who are so unfortunate as to get into the clutches of her courts? Is not an easy conscience worth having, and shall we have easy consciences if we leave these, our own fighters, to their fate? Radical and revolutionary papers have had much to say respecting these Texan prosecutions. Their readers must be well informed as to their merits, or demerits. It rests with them to come to the rescue, and—AT ONCE.

Money should be sent to Victor Cravello, P. O. Box 1891, Los Angeles, Cal. Do not put this off.

TEXAS SENTENCES DENOUNCED.

Under the auspices of the Anarchist Federation of Brooklyn, N. Y., an international mass meeting was held at Manhattan Casino, Jan. 25, to protest against the severe sentences being passed on the Mexican revolutionists by the Texan courts. M. H. Woolman presided, and said, in part: "J. M. Rangel and Charles Cline, with their fifteen comrades, were merely helping President Wilson to rid Mexico of her murderer, usurper and despot, Huerta. And there is no better example of the hypocrisy of the American government than that shown by the stand it takes in this disgraceful affair, siding with the Texan tyrants in hounding, harassing, and jailing these fourteen men, after having shot down in cold blood their sentinel, deceived them by giving them a false passport, and then, coming upon them with superior numbers, killing some and threatening the rest with lynching."

Comrade Woolman also read from the late Jake Oppenheimer's pamphlet, "Softening the heart of a convict," in which that martyr to the vindictive spirit of the law described his experience of 110 hours in the straitjacket. Woolman rightly characterized that torture as being fully as fiendish as anything devised by the Spanish Inquisition, and called attention to the danger of racial prejudice submitting the Mexican prisoners in Texas to similar barbarities, especially as they are marked as rebels against the existing regime.

Pedro Esteve, of "Cultura Obrera," outlined the history of the Mexican Revolution, and Bernard Sernaker, speaking in Russian, spoke on force, quoting Gen. Sherman as saying that it is necessary.

About three hundred were present, the meeting lasted three hours and the greatest interest was manifested, many of the speeches being most impassioned.

FAVORS DECENTRALIZATION.

We have received notification from the Stockton Local of the I. W. W. that it has withdrawn its allegiance from the General Executive Board in Chicago, preferring to run its own business independently. The notification states, however, that the Local

LORD COWDRAY - - THE HUMAN GORILLA

Come down to facts and, if you can get a copy of it, read the sketch in this month's "Current Opinion," entitled "Lord Cowdray: the British oil-king behind the Mexican crisis." I attempt a summary of the salient points.

Physically and morally he is a bulldog. "Impassive, heavy, his conversational resources are exhausted by repetitions of the word 'Ay!' varied with ejaculations like 'Well, now!' or 'Ya-as!'" The English language is beyond him ordinarily. Only when excited is he articulate. "He never reads anything much, and is so little of a dissembler as to yawn over pictures and statues of which, we read in the London 'Mail,' he has yards and tons."

Being a Yorkshireman, however, he has the "swapping instinct," and in making a deal he can display eloquence of a rude order, backed by a loud, angry manner and menacing gestures. Otherwise he is the soul of reticence, and "he spent fifteen years in the House of Commons as a total stranger to the hundreds of men in that assemblage."

Much space is devoted to his imperial expenditures, and we are told that "he will endow a public institution, buy a painting by Velasquez or take over a moribund charity as readily as if he were buying a box of cigars." His various palaces, and the mere shooting box in Scotland, on which he spent a million, are heavy with the atmosphere of stolid grandeur. "The calves of the mute footmen in livery are swathed in silk, to suggest opulence, and their slippers are rubbered, to insure the silence of a vacuum."

How rich he is neither he himself nor any one else knows, but he is the president of Pearson and Son, Limited, which constantly has in bank a balance of five million dollars in actual cash. He owns about twenty-five thousand acres of land in England, and his London house, with its contents, could be sold for three million dollars. He is utterly indifferent to the cost of anything on which his fancy lights, and "seems not to know what to do with his money." It is now high time for comment.

In the first place, we have here the picture of a man who bestrides this modern world of ours like a Colossus, and whose bearish nod of approval carries with it more immediate influence than all the eloquence of the combined genius of the age. Lord Cowdray is strictly logical in his contempt for words. His own career furnishes him overwhelming proof of the superiority of fact; of the power conferred by possession of the commanding military position.

In the second place, the picture—unquestionably a correct one—is that of a human gorilla; a cave man armed with all the deadly weapons of modern science.

In the third place, it is precisely this type, coupled with those of the unctuous Rockefeller, the hypocritical Carnegie and the marble-hearted Rothschild, to which our boasted Progress has confided the destinies of our should-be-free and noble race.

In the fourth place, this human gorilla gets his disgusting wealth largely by stealing from the poor Mexican; and wherever there is a Mexican woman begging for bread or a haggard-eyed peon stalking the streets of some American city in a hopeless search for work, there may be seen the shadow of the imperial grandeur amid which Lord Cowdray drags out his gloomy life.

In the fifth place, it is obvious that men of this gorilla type do not steal from Mexicans alone, but from every helpless man and woman on whom they can lay their profit-clutching talons. The Mexican Revolution, therefore, is not an isolated upheaval, due to the savagery of Mexicans—for, in reality, their overwhelming crime has been an almost inexhaustible love of peace—but a part of a world-wide struggle, to be fought to the bitter end and won at ANY cost. The one thing our race cannot afford is to continue in the clutches of the cave man; and he, and, still more, the social maladjustments that beget him, must be done away with, at ANY cost.

In the sixth place, it is self-evident that the feeble efforts put forth hitherto by the workers, who stand always on the defensive, cannot begin to meet the situation. On the one hand, our society is running into jail, or executing on the scaffold, all who dare to raise their hand or tongue against the cave man, as he squats above its skeleton. On the other hand, it is begetting a new and appallingly menacing race of cave men as naturally, under existing institutions, as the swamp begets mosquitoes. However great the price we must put a stop to that, immediately.

I have selected Lord Cowdray as an illustration; not because he is an Englishman, but because current events have thrust him into unusual prominence. He is merely a type; an international type. At this moment it flourishes most luxuriantly and propagates itself most lasciviously in these United States. To question that is to confess oneself ignorant of this country's financial history.

WM. C. OWEN.

Board, financially and physically, respectively. Their attorney, Job Harriman, appealed immediately.

So many drops have been added to the gathering flood of irreconcilably revolutionary discontent, and—that seems about all that can be said. We read with profound regret that the prisoner who, prior to his arrest, had been most noted for his fierce denunciations of our entire social system, threw himself on the mercy of the court, eating his previous declarations. If you go into a fight, stand by your guns, at any cost.

Naturally the inner workings of the I. W. W. are not our special business, and we are justified in commenting only in a general way. We think the tide is setting strongly toward decentralization, both in the I. W. W. and elsewhere.

Personally we are convinced that this is the most healthy of recent developments, as could be shown by a score of sound arguments. What we want is results; the widespread, incessant guerrilla attack that keep the capitalist system under fire all the time, thus kindling the spirit of revolt in a thousand unknown quarters. Without that wide-spread spirit of revolt, animating the individual member in all his thoughts and actions, organization is far worse than useless. It becomes a drag, and the soul of the movement dies, strangled by red tape. The history of labor organization has proved that a thousand times, and probably is proving it at this very moment more conclusively than ever.

It would seem as if this must apply specially to the case of the I. W. W., whose membership is largely on the constant move. That the members individually should be full of intelligent initiative is, therefore, of the first importance. They are travelling apostles, penetrating the rank and file of the nation's workers, and spreading everywhere that discontent which rulers fear above all else. Well do they understand that it means the sowing of a harvest little to their taste.

ADDING TO THE FLAMES.

What can one say of the sentences passed on those accused of having been engaged in the Plaza Square riot, Christmas day? We have written on the occurrence itself repeatedly, both from personal observation and from the evidence of impartial eye-witnesses who saw the actual attack made by the police, which was, unfortunately, did not. For all the evidence gathered we are firm in our conclusion that the attack was most unjustifiable, but most severe sentences have been passed. Our good comrades, Pedro Castorena, and Juan Sanchez, have received two years, the former largely, beyond doubt, because he attacked Capitalism, Authority and the Church, in open court. Jesus Zubia, Armando M. Ojeda, Jose Quintero, Jim Shipley and Luis Romero received a sentence of one year. Pedro Coria, Luis Ochoa and Ignacio Leon got nine, five and three months

Resolved, that Local 84, I. W. W., sympathizes with our fellow workers, the Mexican peons in their brave fight against their brutal capitalist masters, both foreign and native; That we applaud the Zapata revolutionary contingent in expropriating their stolen lands and other means of production by the most direct action and methods.

That we protest that the United States, with its boasted freedom, should keep its hands out of the Mexican struggle and allow the revolting peons at least the opportunity to settle their own affairs. And be it

Resolved further, that we favor a nation-wide agitation for a General Strike throughout the United States whenever the United States government threatens to dispatch a military expedition over the Mexican frontier.

To this end we call on the trade unions and all radical and libertarian societies of St. Louis to elect delegates to a conference to be held in Fraternal Hall on February 15th, 1914. And be it still further

Resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to all locals of the I. W. W., A. F. of L. and independent unions, the I. W. W. Press, Socialist, Anarchist, Labor and Anti-Militaristic papers, with a view to getting a national expression.