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Against Gamblers World-Wide War

An unskilled worker writes: "There is one point on this Mexican matter on which I would like a little enlightenment myself. Of course the real title of our President now is 'Supreme Military Dictator,' and he holds the lives of his subjects in his hands and can order them shot at sunrise if they disobey his orders. (Dick law.) But, even so, where in hell does he get the right to say who shall, or who shall not be President of Mexico?" Answer—"From Wall Street's gambling hell."

Another correspondent, who is a well-known accountant and has large financial interests in trust, writes: "Reynard Wilson is pursuing his well-ordered course in Mexico, and in Colorado too. The most subtle and serviceable tool of plutocracy who has ever sat in the presidential chair. Rockefeller is getting everything he wants, wherever he wants it; and the fool people will furnish the lives and pay the bills, and hooray for Wilson, and cuss Rockefeller, while they are doing it." Yet another writes: "I am keeping up the good work of bombarding the local papers with red-hot stuff. There seems to be no limit to the stuff they will stand for, if a name is signed." The whole circus begins to move.

The Mexican Revolution is forcing the land question to the front with iron hand. It is presenting us, and all the world, with an appalling object lesson, and holding up a mirror in which we see the reflection of our own social agony. A toweringly-commanding question, which dwarfs into instant nothingness the bickerings on which American Labor still wastes its strength, and on which its own parasites feed fat. Therefore all those parasites will fight it, and theirs is an opposition far more formidable than that of the capitalists, to whom the mass no longer listens. Fight them fearlessly! Cry aloud that this land question drives directly to the root; that it carries us into the very middle of the fray; that it queers every title, attacks every vested interest, shakes every credit and brings the classes and the masses face to face as no other question can. Appeal to Mexico for proof.

One who has just returned from traversing the whole length of the Mexican border visited me last week, and he repeated what practically all Mexicans say, viz., that they would rather face unemployment in Mexico than here, in the United States. There is no such helplessness there as is reflected in the faces of those who haunt our own slave-markets, hunting a chance to work. Certainly there is not that whipped look I have seen in the eyes of jobless English mobs. Such men have touched bottom, but the Mexican is rising, and rising rapidly. John Reid, the war correspondent, is unquestionably correct when he writes, in the "New York Times," that "the three years of the revolution have educated the Mexican people more than did the thirty-five years of the great 'Educator,' Porfirio Diaz." When a nation is becoming educated—not in the rubbish of the academy but in the basic facts of life—it is a subject for envy, not for pity.

"To catch the speaker's eye," Tom Reed was wont to say, "is half the battle." To get the attention of Americans, and to make them comprehend that social injustice is no joke, has been the hardest of all tasks, for we Americans have received our education in the worst of all possible schools—that of a material prosperity we did not earn. We have flourished on speculation; on robbing the new-comer by cornering opportunities we never made; and this, in its turn, has betrayed us into such a contempt of solidarity and exploitation of human needs as this world has never seen. Against this, against the prospect of being submerged by a civilization which seems to them unspeakably inhuman, the Mexicans are in revolt. Against this our own citizens are rising. How could it be otherwise?

WM. C. OWEN.

God bless the thou white sep-
(Jesus to Nazareth)

Why? Why? Why?

"This he (President Wilson) said, was a fight for the land—just that and nothing more."
"To some extent," the President said, "the situation in Mexico is similar to that in France at the time of the Revolution. There are wide differences in many ways," he continued, "but the basic situation has many resemblances."
"It is a curious thing," he continued, "that every demand for the establishment of order in Mexico takes into consideration, not order for the benefit of the people of Mexico, the great mass of the population, but order for the benefit of the old-time regime, for the aristocrats, for the vested interests, for the men who are responsible for this very condition of disorder."
"They want order—the old order; but I say to you that the old order is dead."
(From interview by Samuel G. Blythe with President Wilson, reported in "The Saturday Evening Post," May 25, 1914.)

Fine! Fine!! Fine!!! But why on earth did not our President say all this before?

Why has he wasted more than a year in babblings about the necessity of a new election, while concealing from the nation the facts he now admits?

Up to this date what word had he breathed to show his knowledge of the great economic facts at the bottom of all this struggle?

Would not the simple statement of the truth have saved all this marshalling of ships and troops; all the blood, American and Mexican, that has been spilled in Veracruz?

Why is it that rulers always compel the poor and persecuted to choke from their unwilling lips the true confession of their faith?

Why have peons had to die by thousands, and revolutionists pass their lives in prison, to educate the President of our great Republic to the point at which he dares to speak his mind?

No! President Wilson in this very interview writes strongly of the blessings of self-government, but he still wishes to govern Mexico. He declares that "the wide-spread sentiment that they (the Mexicans) never will be and never can be made to be capable of self-government is as wickedly false as it is palpably absurd." But he wishes to intervene and asserts that "the situation is intolerable and requires the strong guiding hand of the great nation on this continent that, by every appeal of right and justice, and the love for order and the hope for peace and prosperity, must assist these warring people back into the paths of quiet and prosperity." To which he adds that there must be, "of course, the settlement of such claims as may justly be made by American citizens for damages to their property during these disturbances—individual claims."

No! No!! No!! A thousand times No! No compensation to the American company which claims to own 4,250,000 acres of Mexican land, however perfect the paper title it may show. No compensation to the real estate speculators who, in Los Angeles, have hawked round property in Mexico having an ocean frontage of 500 miles. We Mexicans are settling this land question, and we will settle it properly, without cowardly compromise. We will not merely scotch the snake but kill it; that it may breed slavery no more.

No! No!! No!! Ten thousand times No! No settlement from above by the plutocratic government of a country whose brutal wealth and awful poverty cry to heaven for annihilation. No settlement by those great traitors to their own kith and kin who have sold their national heritage to the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, the Morgans and other soulless traffickers in human flesh and blood. No settlement by the charitable hand of Yankee government. Let it look to its own poor, its own city slums, its own packed jails, its own over-crowded lunatic asylums, growing suicide lists and lengthening bread-lines.

Why cannot President Wilson be frank with his own intellect and acknowledge, in the concrete cases of the United States and Mexico, what he sees so clearly when generalising history? In the fourth paragraph of this very interview he says:

"I challenge you to cite me an instance in all the history of the world where liberty was handed down from above. Liberty always is attained by the forces working below, underneath, by the great movement of the people. That, leavened by the sense of wrong and oppression and injustice, by the ferment of human rights to be attained, brings freedom."

To that TRUE statement we nail our President; by that eternal verity we still have the task of forcing him to stand. No intervention by the United States can be tolerated. The one atonement for the sacrifice of Mexican life in Veracruz, and that a poor one, should be the immediate withdrawal of the fleet and troops. Then, and only then, shall we believe in the sincerity of these honeyed words.

GIOVANITTI TO SPEAK FOR RANGEL-CLINE DEFENSE COMMITTEE IN LOS ANGELES.

Arturo Giovanitti, Poet and Revolutionist who lectured here two weeks ago, will return to Los Angeles for a series of lectures in and around Los Angeles. His first lecture will be in the Labor Temple auditorium on Wednesday evening, June 3rd, under the auspices of the Building Trades Council and other Labor organizations. He will remain here until June 14th. Comrades in Long Beach, Pasadena and San Pedro who will assist in arranging meetings for this gifted and talented speaker please communicate with Stanley M. Gue, Room 106, Labor Temple, Los An-

geles. Giovanitti has no "ism" to propound, no pet hobbies to ride. His song on the platform, as in his poems, is for Action and Solidarity. Every one interested in the struggle for a better world in which to work and live ought to attend these meetings and bring their friends along with them.

PRINCETON LOGIC!

"I challenge you," says President Wilson, "to cite me an instance in all the history of the world where liberty was handed down from above." Then he argues that the United States must intervene in Mexico and give the world an object lesson by handing down, from the heights of its own superiority, freedom to the Mexicans. Is that Princeton logic?

Gilding The Pill

GILDING THE PILL.

Now everything is lovely. Now the American people can go ahead, their conscience easy. Is not President Wilson a good, kind man? Has he not wept over the sufferings of the Mexican peon, and does he not understand, with all his Princeton intellect, what is the matter? Give our President a free hand and just see what he will do. Let him have all the ships and troops he wants, and stop this anti-war clamor. Have you read his interview with Blythe? No? You must read it. He wants the peon to have the land—with regard, of course, for vested American and European interests. He shows you that the peons themselves have forced consideration of their wrongs, because "liberty always is attained by the forces working below." Now HE will settle the whole problem for them. But he must have the guns. The fleet must remain at Veracruz. More troops must be sent to the border. More power to his generous elbow! Give him everything he asks.

Great Gods! How much longer are the people to be bamboozled? Why, do you suppose, did the President send for Blythe and get him to publish that article in "The Saturday Evening Post," the largest-in-circulation and most influential journal he could have selected? Influential, moreover, among the very class the President must win over to his side; the "respectables," whose moralities must be tickled; what used to be called the "New England Conscience," which hungers for things highly but must have them holly. These people, it is hoped, are now satisfied, and the procession can go ahead.

Furthermore; it is not likely that the proletariat also the mudsills who made an unexpected roar when they heard that Veracruz had been invaded can be pacified? Cannot they also be made to see that President Wilson is the most benevolent of gentlemen, and that his heart bleeds for the disinherited Mexicans who, robbed of their lands, had no recourse but to work at dictated terms and practically as slaves on the land that had formerly been theirs? That sentence should catch them, sure.

BUT, BUT, BUT—why on earth did not President Wilson say all this before?

WHY, WHY, WHY has he talked and talked, and talked, for more than a year, of this being merely a political question; the question of ousting Huerta and putting a properly elected President in his place?

WHY, WHY, WHY, if he now understands that the landless must work as the land monopolist dictates, does he not cross the Atlantic, that he may give the Irish peasant the land of which he has been robbed? Why does he not marshal his forces to attack England's landed aristocracy and get after the European Powers? Why not go the whole hog while about it? Well; the answer to all these queries is that President Wilson holds that flies are best caught with molasses, and that it is feasible to sow the wind without reaping the disagreeable whirlwind.

The most important news from Mexico is that an immense HATRED OF AMERICANS has manifested itself at every point, the Manzanillo dock-burning being no isolated incident. Hence, more troops for the border. It is curious that people resent the landing of troops, the capture of their most important seaport and the slaughter of several hundred of their fellow countrymen for whose death, by the way, Wilson had no tears, though he wept copiously over the hired American soldiers who fell in that attack.

Does any one suppose that a man as astute as Wilson; a man who has climbed high, and that by the most difficult and tortuous of paths, did not foresee all this? Must not a gentleman so wise as the President of the United States know well that deeds speak more conclusively than sloppy sentiment, and that his course at Veracruz would set ablaze those hatreds which light, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the torch of war? Of course he foresaw it. It is his business to foresee, and to humbug the unfortunate masses who, with their noses to the grindstone, have no chance to look ahead.

The Mediators are wining and dining. The Brazilian representative smoked a Mexican cigar while contemplating Niagara Falls, and the gentleman from Brazil spat reflectively. Also Huerta refused to place his resignation in the hands of any for-

eign government, and insists that whatever loans he has negotiated and whatever land grants he has made must be recognized as legal. To all which the Wilson administration replies—"Nay, nay, Horatio!" Likewise Carranza is boggling at the sending of a representative, and has stated that "he regarded the occupation of Veracruz as an invasion of Mexican soil, and that he would brook no interference in the adjustment of Mexican soil, and that he would brook no interference in the adjustment of Mexico's internal affairs."

As for Villa, he is babbling of his love for everything American, but it is said that he still carries a revolver.

THE REAL CRIME OF RANGEL AND CLINE From Page 4 Col. 5

deputy sheriffs fired and one of Rangel's men was killed and one deputy was also slain. Ortiz's slayer is dead, but notwithstanding this fact, all of the party of Rangel and Cline were arrested and are now charged with murder.

The case is identical with the famous Wheatland riot case.

There is, however, great danger that the prisoners will get the death penalty as, owing to their organizing and agitating work in Texas and Louisiana, they have incurred the bitter enmity of the ranch owners and every employer of the South.

Prejudice has been aroused and fostered by the newspapers and the District Attorney. The District Attorney is paid for every conviction, and with fourteen cases on trial, there is prospect of a lot of blood money for him if our brothers are hanged.

But Labor must remember that the real crime which J. M. Rangel, Charles Cline and the other twelve comrades have committed is educating the workers to a realization that they MUST FIGHT TO PROTECT THEIR RIGHTS.

AND ALL LABOR UNIONS, SOCIALIST BODIES AND RADICALS MUST LOYALLY SUPPORT THEIR BROTHERS IN TEXAS.

A defense committee has been organized in Los Angeles, of which Victor Cravello, a member of the Clerks' Union and delegate to the Central Labor Council is the secretary. Any workers who may wish to aid in the defense of their brothers should send money to Victor Cravello, secretary, Rangel-Cline Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1891, Los Angeles.

DON'T FAIL TO HEAR EMMA GOLDMAN.

She will speak on dramatists and plays for the last time in the Y. P. S. L. Hall, 116½ E. Third St., the following evening at 8 o'clock.

Monday, June 1st—The English Drama, George Bernard Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," "The Devil's Disciple," John Galsworthy's "Pigeon," "The Fugitive."

Tuesday, June 2d—The English Drama, St. John Hankins' "The Last of the De Mullins," John Mansfield's "The Tragedy of Nan." C. W. Francis, "Change."

Wednesday, June 3d—The Irish Drama, J. M. Synge's "The Tinker's Wedding," Lady Gregory, "McDonough's Wife," Lenox Robinson's "Patriots," Seumas O'Kelly, "The Bribe."

Thursday, June 4th—The American Drama, Eugene Walter, "The Easiest Way," W. E. Swan, "Her Own Money," W. Hurlbut, "The Strange Woman," G. Middleton, "Now-a-Days."

Friday, June 5th—The Russian Drama, Leo Tolstoi, "The Fruits of Enlightenment," Anton Tchekhoff, "The Cherry Tree Orchard," Leonide Anreyev, "Anathema," "King Hunger."

FOR TEXAS PRISONERS.

Carpenters' Hall, San Francisco, was filled to overflowing, Sunday evening, May 24, to hear the facts about the fourteen members of the Mexican Liberal Party now imprisoned at San Antonio, Texas. Giovanitti made a most eloquent plea on their behalf and was followed by the editor of this section. It is hoped that this will be the beginning of a campaign which will arouse the Northern workers to a sense of the importance of these cases, and to a determined effort to remedy injustices already done and prevent their repetition in the immediate future.