

Cantos de Sirena de Woodrow Wilson

Lo que parecía ser un movimiento espontáneo de Argentina, Brasil y Chile como mediadores de las diferencias entre Wilson y Huerta, ha resultado ser la obra de Wilson y Bryan, su secretario de Estado. Uno de los mediadores, el Embajador del Brasil, declaró en un banquete dado a los delegados y mediadores en la Cliffton House por el Ministro de Agricultura del Dominio del Canadá, que Wilson y Bryan habían invitado a los representantes de las tres naciones sudamericanas a mediar entre México y los Estados Unidos.

Reflexiones.

La declaración del Embajador del Brasil es por demás importante, pues ella viene a confirmar lo que dijimos a raíz de la toma del Puerto de Veracruz por los marinos americanos, que la ocupación del Puerto era simplemente un tanteo para pulsar la opinión del pueblo mexicano. La opinión se manifestó vigorosa contra la invasión y los americanos hicieron alto, no avanzaron hacia el interior del país, sino que se concretaron a guarnecer la ciudad tomada y a fortificar sus suburbios; pero si los americanos no avanzaban hacia el interior del país, los mexicanos sí se disponían a efectuar un asalto a la plaza invadida, y entonces, Wilson y Bryan, para evitar un choque que podía ser de fatales consecuencias para las invasiones, inventaron la cuestión de la mediación de las tres grandes repúblicas sudamericanas.

¡Quitenmelo, que lo mato!

Esta expresión popular llena de punzante ironía, puede ser aplicada en el caso de la guerra contra México. Wilson, al echarse a la grefa a Huerta, gritó a Argentina, Brasil y Chile: ¡quitenmelo, que lo mato! y así fué cómo, según la franca aunque poco diplomática declaración del Embajador del Brasil, los representantes de las tres naciones mediaron en el conflicto, se pactó un armisticio o suspensión de hostilidades que Wilson y Bryan tan ardientemente deseaban, y se inauguraron las conferencias de paz en la bella población del Niágara, Canadá.

La deslealtad.

Y mientras el armisticio está en vigor, el Departamento de Guerra de los Estados Unidos prepara el reclutamiento de doscientos cincuenta mil soldados para lanzarlos sobre México; transportes de guerra están listos para el embarque de hombres, caballos y municiones de todo género con destino a Veracruz, y la Isla de Lobos es tomada por fuerzas navales americanas, todo lo cual demuestra que Wilson está solamente ganando tiempo para prepararse debidamente para la guerra.

La fuerza material.

Pero esa fuerza material nada significa, es pequeña si se la compara con la que puede desarrollar todo un pueblo armado para repeler una agresión, como la americana, que significa la esclavitud económica, política y social del proletariado, porque el pueblo mexicano comprende que la invasión no tiene otro objeto que sentar sobre firmes bases el derecho de propiedad individual, el derecho que da oportunidad a los astutos, a los hombres sin escrúpulos y a los malvados de acaparar para su exclusivo provecho la riqueza social, y de robustecer el ya muy deteriorado principio de autoridad, sin el cual no podría nadie gozar toda clase de placeres a costa del sufrimiento de los demás. Necesita, pues, Wilson, para emprender la guerra contra México, fuerza moral, simpatía por parte de los proletarios mexicanos para que, en vez de oponerse a la intervención, la favorezcan, y Wilson, astuto como es, trata de hacerse simpático a las masas populares de México fingiendo tomar interés en sus demandas de li-

bertad económica, política y social, y se declara partidario de la idea de dar tierras a los trabajadores.

Mucho ojo, compañeros!

Ya hemos dicho que hay que ver con desconfianza esa inusitada benevolencia por parte de los poderosos para los desheredados, pues los poderosos solamente se dan cuenta de que hay seres que sufren, cuando tienen interés en atraerse las simpatías del proletariado en provecho propio, y en el caso actual, el interés de Wilson es que el pueblo mexicano no se oponga a la intervención americana, para ocupar el país sin gran resistencia, y una vez robustecido el principio de autoridad con el establecimiento de un gobierno fuerte, apuntalar el derecho de propiedad individual maltrecho ahora por los cuatro costados a los golpes de revolucionarios sin miedo, que lo mismo ponen la mano robusta sobre los títulos de la propiedad para hacerlos pedazos, como abren el cráneo del burgués y del representante de la Autoridad con la culata del fusil.

Cantos de sirena.

"The Saturday Evening Post," de Philadelphia, trae una entrevista tenida con Wilson sobre la cuestión mexicana. Dice Wilson: "Mi ideal es que haya en México un gobierno honrado; pero mi mayor cariño es para el ochenta y cinco por ciento de la oprimida población de aquella República que está ahora luchando por su libertad."

Cantos de sirena esos de Wilson, y nada más. Si, cantos falaces para orillar al pueblo mexicano a su perdición, porque abogar por un gobierno honrado, cuando la experiencia de miles de años, en todos los países, ha demostrado que todos los gobiernos no han tenido otra misión que proteger los intereses de los ricos contra los derechos de los pobres, y al mismo tiempo demostrar cariño por los desheredados que luchan por adquirir la tierra, y con ella, la libertad, es un contrasentido. Si Wilson sintiera verdadera simpatía por los pobres, no desearía ningún gobierno para México, pues sabido es que el gobierno, tanto en México como en cualquier otro país, es el amparo de los ricos y el verdugo de los pobres.

La Verdad: espada de dos filos.

Wilson continuó diciendo: "Yo lo desafío a Ud.—al reportero—a que me cite un solo caso en toda la historia del mundo, en que la libertad haya venido de arriba! La Libertad se obtiene siempre por las fuerzas que trabajan abajo, en el bajo fondo social, por el formidable movimiento del pueblo soliviantado por la consciencia del mal, de la opresión y de la injusticia y por el fermento de los derechos humanos por cuya conquista se lucha, eso es lo que sirve para adquirir la libertad."

Wilson dijo la verdad: la libertad se toma, no se pide; pero al declarar tal cosa, Wilson destruye el pobre andamiaje de su obra de dar libertad al pueblo mexicano, pues como él bien dice, la libertad no viene de arriba, sino que nace del esfuerzo de los de abajo por adquirir sus derechos humanos. ¡Y pensar que Wilson tiene fama de talentoso y de sabio! ¡El, que está arriba, quiere dar la libertad al pueblo esclavizado, cuando la libertad no puede ser dádiva de nadie, sino don conquistado por la sangre y el esfuerzo del que quiere ser libre!

Se disfraza de revolucionario.

Para impresionar mejor al pueblo, y así poder invadir a México con más facilidad, pues el pobre iluso cree que el trabajador mexicano comulga con ruedas de molino, Wilson se quita la levita del burgués, se enmanga los pocos pelos que le quedan en la cabeza, y en mangas de camisa grita como un revolucionario de verdad: "Es una cosa curiosa que toda demanda por el establecimiento del orden en

México, no considera el orden para el beneficio del pueblo mexicano, la gran masa de la población, sino el orden para el beneficio del antiguo régimen, para los aristócratas, para los intereses consagrados por la ley, para los hombres que, son precisamente los responsables de las presentes condiciones de desorden. Ninguno pide el orden por lo que pudieran beneficiarse las masas populares al adquirir una porción de sus derechos y SU TIERRA, sino que todos lo piden para que los grandes propietarios, los grandes señores de la tierra, los aristócratas, los hombres que han explotado aquel rico país para su beneficio exclusivo, puedan continuar sus rapiñas sin ser molestados por las protestas del pueblo del que han sacado su riqueza y su poderío."

Jugando con fuego.

Wilson se ha metido en verdad en un juego muy peligroso para él, y no sería extraño que los vampiros de Wall Street le dieran un jalón de orejas uno de estos días, pues lo que él dice se aplica tanto a México como a los Estados Unidos, a Inglaterra como a España, Francia, Italia, Alemania o cualquier otro país. El llamado orden, en México y dondequiera, es un verdadero desorden, porque está basado en la sumisión, por medio de la fuerza, de la clase trabajadora. El orden que prevalece en todo el llamado mundo civilizado, es la injusticia, es la arbitrariedad, es el atropello. Orden, para el burgués y el gobernante, es la tranquilidad con que ellos disfrutaban de los productos del sudor y del sacrificio del pueblo trabajador. Criticar ese orden en México, es criticarlo en el mundo entero, y Wilson, en los Estados Unidos, es tan responsable de ese orden maldito, como lo son Huerta, Carranza y Villa en México. Si Wilson fuera sincero en sus declamaciones revolucionarias, comenzaría por acogerse aquí a los Rockefeller, a los Otis, a los Guggenheims, a los Hearst, a todos los piratas de la industria, a todos los acaparadores de la tierra, a todos los bandidos del comercio y de la banca, y dejarnos solos a los mexicanos en nuestra obra de ahorcar a nuestros verdugos.

El infortunio del mexicano y del americano.

El proletariado americano sufre al igual que el proletariado mexicano las consecuencias del acaparamiento de la tierra por unos cuantos bandidos. Si en México tenemos a Terrazas, Carranza y otros señores feudales dueños de vastas propiedades territoriales, en los Estados Unidos encontramos lo mismo. Según una estadística presentada a la Cámara de Diputados en Washington, por el Diputado por Pennsylvania Mr. Hulings, se ve que hay en los Estados Unidos 167,451,000, ciento sesenta millones, cuatrocientos cincuenta y un mil acres de tierra desmontada, no aprovechada; 261,202,000, doscientos sesenta y un millones, doscientos dos mil acres de tierra desmontada, pero buena para la agricultura, tampoco aprovechada; y 361,000,000, trescientos sesenta y un millones de acres de tierra buena para huertas y pastos, no aprovechada igualmente. Toda esta cantidad fabulosa de tierra buena es propiedad de un reducido número de burgueses que ni la trabajan ni dejan a otros que la trabajen, siendo ese acaparamiento de las tierras en este país, la causa principal de que millones de personas rueden de un lugar a otro sin un pedazo de pan que llevarse a la boca, y que los grandes centros industriales se encuentren congestionados de una población enorme que se amontona en covachas, sin lumbre, sin pan, sin derechos, ganado humano que se pudre silenciosamente en su propia mugre y en su propio infortunio, pero de donde brotará la chispa rebelde que destruya el infame siste-

ma que permite a unos pocos gozar a costa del dolor humano.

¿Wilson ignorante?

¿No habrá herido los sentimientos de Wilson tan tremenda injusticia? Por qué ese empeño en arreglar la cuestión agraria mexicana, cuando millones de americanos no quisieran otra cosa que un pedazo de tierra para mantenerse y mantener a lo suyos? Decididamente Wilson no es sincero en el interés que toma por el bienestar del proletariado mexicano. Se desentendría uno de risa ante los desvelos de un filántropo atareado en aliviar los infortunios de los habitantes de Marte, Júpiter u otro planeta, mientras en torno suyo se arrastrara una multitud hambrienta pidiendo pan.

Sigue la canción.

Enardecido por sus propias palabras, Wilson ataca con más furor aún la cuerda revolucionaria, y dice al reportero: "Los trastornos que estos hombres—los burgueses—producen son el peligro que amenaza a la República—México,—y no la acción de un pueblo oprimido que se levanta para obtener por medio de la fuerza lo que siempre le ha pertenecido por derecho."

En su afán de atraerse la simpatía de los mexicanos, Wilson justifica el levantamiento armado de los pueblos por la conquista de sus derechos; pero no hay que creer a Wilson, al hombre que mandó soldados a Nuevo México para suprimir la rebelión de los indios navajos; que ahogó en sangre la santa rebelión de los mineros de West Virginia; que vió con simpatía los atropellos que sus cosacos cometieron con los proletarios de Paterson; que autoriza con su inacción el martirio de Rangel y compañeros; que echa sus tropas sobre los nobles trabajadores de Colorado; que ayuda a Carranza y a Villa para el estableci-

miento en México de un gobierno fuerte que garantice a todos los aventureros, a todos los explotadores y a todos los malvados, la esclavitud de los trabajadores mexicanos.

Un mal Quijote.

Sigue diciendo Wilson que los burgueses quieren el orden, el antiguo orden para México, y exclama entonando los ojos como borrego que agoniza: "pero en verdad digo a Ud.—al reportero—que el antiguo orden está bien muerto, y es mi deber componer la situación lo mejor que pueda, para que el nuevo orden que tendrá sus cimientos en la humana libertad y los humanos derechos, dure para siempre."

Los trabajadores americanos serán brutos rematados si no le toman la palabra a su amo y le dicen: aquí queremos ese nuevo orden de cosas; no te desvelas por los mexicanos; déjalos, que ellos sabrán conquistar sus derechos sin necesidad de que te mezcles en sus asuntos, y lo harán mejor por sí mismos, que si tú te metes en camisa de once varas. ¡No seas candil de la calle y obscuridad de tu casa!

Loyola no ha muerto.

Loyola es tan viejo como la humanidad, y con ella vive, y morirá con ella, si sigue subsistiendo este sistema podrido en que florecen la

(Pasa a la 3a. plana.)

El 31 de Mayo

El día fijado por nuestros queridos compañeros del Grupo Regeneración "Tierra y Libertad," de Weir, Texas, para matar el déficit que pesa sobre REGENERACION, está a la mano, y esperamos que todos los compañeros, hombres y mujeres, aun cuando no nos hayan manifestado su intención de ayudar con algo para dicho objeto, estarán listos para enviar su óbolo.

El compañero F. Ortega, de Houck, Arizona, escribe de este modo: "Compañeros de la Junta Organizadora del Partido Liberal Mexicano—Salud—Con dolor en mi corazón veo que se acerca el último domingo de Mayo y que son muy pocos los Grupos y compañeros que se aprestan a contribuir para matar el déficit de REGENERACION. Yo me comprometo a contribuir con cinco pesos, ya los tome prestados, ya los adquiriera de alguna otra manera, para el último domingo de Mayo. Permitiremos, proletarios, que la serpiente de tres cabezas: Gobierno, Capital y Clero terminen con la vida de nuestro valiente REGENERACION? Si estamos convencidos de que esa serpiente es la causa de nuestros males, es la que nos tiene esclavizados al negarnos los derechos naturales que nos corresponden, ¿por qué no ayudamos a REGENERACION? ¿No es este periódico querido el que nos ha hecho ver el camino de nuestra libertad y nuestro bienestar, a costa de los sufrimientos de la perseguida y valiente Junta del Partido Liberal Mexicano? Ahora mismo tenemos en Texas, encerrados en negros y fétidos calabozos a los mejores de los nuestros. Allí están Rangel, Alzalde, Cisneros y otros sobre quienes va a caer una sentencia de muerte, y a otros más que pasarán su vida en las inmundas penitenciarías del Estado de Texas. ¿Qué pensáis de esto, compañeros de todo el mundo? Esos compañeros presos nos hacen falta en estos momentos. Ayudad a REGENERACION para que siga agitando en favor de ellos, y ayudad también a ellos para que puedan defenderse. ¡A ayudar! ¡Viva la valiente Junta del Partido Liberal Mexicano!—Vuestro por Tierra y Libertad—F. Ortega"

(Pasa a la 3a. plana.)

Saturday, May 30, 1914.
No. 191.

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-
niche 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 dinking. 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.