

Regeneracion.

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Human Rights! What Do Such Men Care?

From "Collier's" of May 25, 1912. I clip a study of life at Harvard. The author, Owen Johnson, writes as one in sympathy with that institution, but he thus describes one of the private dormitory buildings on what is known locally as the "Gold Coast"—the habitat of our gilded youth; "Everything is provided for their desires and to minimize the necessity of exhausting physical effort. At Dunster an elevator obligingly saves them the agony of toiling up fatiguing flights of stairs. Each room has its telephone service that enormously simplifies the problem of social intercourse. When they rise in the morning they go down to their own private swimming pool, which, as at Westmorely, with its marble surfaces and elaborate scheme of decorating, with gracefully distributed plants and twin fireplaces, with comfortable wicker chairs to lounge in before agreeable fireplaces, was a Roman luxury, admirably calculated to disconcert them with the unimaginative expensiveness of the modern New York apartment house. Private squash courts, not too far removed from the swimming pools, exist to spare them the shock of the weather which would be met in going to a gymnasium for the exercise that is conducive to an agreeable appetite. Each dormitory has its uniformed servants on watch at the door—Buttons ready to receive a card on a tray or ready to run the minor annoying errands. Add to this allowances that are subject to no control, automobiles & indiscretion, meals taken in the samities of exclusive clubhouses, and the wonder is not at the increasing indifference of this class to anything that is vital and real in public life, but that any good should persist at all.

The foregoing is introduced as a variation to the somewhat monotonous indictment against plutocracy.

and with the hope that, presenting the subject from a different angle, it may serve to show more clearly what we are up against in our struggle for human brotherhood. I may add that even the "Dunster," of which Mr. Johnson writes, is not quite the proper thing, since quarters at the Claverly and Randolph command a higher price; that to none of these admission coterie can you obtain admission unless you come from a fashionable private school; that the godlets—they are quite numerous—who occupy these Olympian heights, come mainly from our "best" New York and Boston families; that they do not mix, and carefully avoid conversation with the common run of students, since such familiarity might lead to social complications. It is a picture of brutal, utterly unfeeling, snobbishness; such as, I believe, cannot be matched in any other country. It makes one think poorly of the mass of American students; one feels that if they had any spark they would make short work of institutions so degrading to them; that their allegiance to democracy is bogus.

Such institutions turn out Thaws; men of prodigious appetites and no capacity to satisfy them honestly. They spring from the thieves-kitchen; they are an adjunct to those kitchens; they are peopled by young cubs whose every inherited and assiduously-cultivated instinct is thievish; who mean to go through life on velvet, without doing one stroke of useful work. Wolf cubs, who, when they think at all, think, as Shakespeare makes Iago think; professional assassins who look on this world as the sword of privilege and devoured. In England and the older countries you may still find the corresponding class surviving the traces of ideals; lingering relics of a distant past when aristocrats were leaders and not skinners. Here there is none of that, and the fatal taint filters from above to the very tap roots of the social tree; so that when you ask a young American fellow what he intends to do with this great gift of life his answer is always substantially the same "Make money." If there is more money in being a sneaking detective than in following a useful trade, a detective he will become. There is no sense of social duty, although probably no country today talks Socialism so industriously.

Of course it all means "smash," but for that we need not care, since we cannot stay the just process by which nature eliminates the unfit. The cause for real trouble lies elsewhere; in the slovenly, happy-go-lucky mental habits of America's masses; in the sheepish virtues on which the wolves flatter them, and in their apparently endless appetite for such deadly fare. That is what appals everyone who has examined the contents of the social cauldron, noted the character of the seam at the top and observed how obstinately the good, solid meat insists on remaining at the bottom. To one who understands the needlessness of all our social misery nothing can be more distressing than the complacency with which the masses per-

mit their robbers and crucifiers to pat them on the back; unless, indeed, it is their delight when their own leaders indulge, as they indulge habitually, in the same form of treason. On the other hand, all of us know labor orators who make their effect by telling the masses bluntly that they are fools. Then the clown with the broken heart laughs at the tragic joke.

Last week I wrote that the United States is becoming the octopus of nations, because it has an enormous leisure class that means to have money in profusion but does not mean to do one stroke of useful work. I stated a simple truth which any one can verify by noting the life around him. That life is dishonest to the core; is one grim determination to get more than its due by cutting the other fellow's throat; is on the point of leading to such a general and most literal throat-cutting as this world has not seen. Let the peace advocates put their ears to Mexico, if they want to catch the first mutter of the coming storm. They are great on ethics; let them start their summer Chataquas by discussing whether a people that professes democratic equality OUGHT to tolerate such conditions as those taken from the Harvard sample-box. It is the poor man whose daughters struggle desperately to get into the chorus, and eventually fill the houses of prostitution. OUGHT he to tolerate it? It is the poor man's sons who knock around idly, picking up casual jobs, that they may fall finally into the hands of the police and be clothed in stripes. OUGHT he to look on complacently? It is the poor man who has to snatch at the chance of becoming a policeman and upholding the very hands that wield the whips which flay his brothers. OUGHT he to be content? Some years ago I sat on the heights that command San Quentin and talked with a man whose sole occupation was to keep a machine gun trained on the unhappy convicts, plainly visible below us as rats in a pit. That man thought he had a fine and easy job. Show me the savage whose view of life is so degraded.

All England thrilled several years ago over the murder of the Earl of Leirrim; an aged and most cruel Irish landlord, who helped himself habitually to such of his tenants' wives and daughters as took his fancy. OUGHT Leirrim to have lived so long? Years ago, when walking down the Val d'Aosta, my guide pointed out the chateau in which King Umberto held high revel with the peasant girls that caught his eye; and, of course, the King's command was law. An Anarchist subsequently killed Umberto. OUGHT Umberto to have lived so long? Like the entire social question this is at the bottom a moral problem, and the solution is reached by putting yourself in the other fellow's place. Under such circumstances, what would you do? As a matter of

fact, if you belonged to the ruling class you would rebel—instantaneously, instinctively, effectively. On the other hand, if you belonged to the ruled you would submit; doing—at the utmost—as they do in San Diego, whence comes a stream of literature setting forth the outrages inflicted on the workers, but accompanied always by the assurance that the workers themselves were meek as the lamb and harmless as the turtle-dove. Such a propaganda leaves me, personally, cold as ice; for I understand that under such conditions privilege in San Diego is as safe as if anchored to the Rock of Ages. Had the Mexican agitation been of that character I would not have stirred one finger to assist it, or wasted on it one fraction of a second.

While writing the foregoing I was visited by an old-time friend, who insists on contributing to our propaganda. "What attracted me," he said, "was Magon's bold statement, under cross-examination, that 'revolutions cannot be fomented by papers; they must be fomented by arms.'" Then he added: "What pleased me even more was his further statement in court that the Mexican Liberal Party was formed to take away the property of the rich and give it to the poor, who need it." I guess that tells the story." I remarked, "but you may have noticed that the American revolutionists are not supporting us with an enthusiasm that need startle any one." "Naturally," he replied. "You want to alter things."

WM. C. OWEN.

HIS VIEW OF CONGRESS.

Editorially the "Los Angeles Daily Times" reproduces the passage that follows, as discreditable to the Democratic presidential nominee. For Wilson, the politician, we care nothing; but we value a truth from whatever source it may come, and we insist that the quotation is vastly to Mr. Wilson's credit. It runs: "Some years ago Governor—then Prof. Woodrow Wilson—published a book entitled 'Congressional Government' in which he said: 'Congress is nothing less than a big meeting of more or less idle people. In proportion as you give it power it will inquire into everything, settle everything, meddle in everything. In an ordinary despotism the powers of the despot are limited by his bodily capacity and by the calls of pleasure; he is but one man; there are but twelve hours in his day, and he is not disposed to employ more than a small part in dull business; he keeps the rest for the court or the harem or for society. But Congress is a despot who has unlimited time, who has unlimited vanity, who has, or believes he has, unlimited comprehension.'"

"The Appeal to Reason" promises tremendous revelations respecting the surprise Roosevelt is about to spring. Utterly distrusting Roosevelt we hope it may be true, but we have a keen recollection of the Shoaf and other

Peace Conferences Reported As Being Held

The latest newspaper reports—August 8—are to the effect that Rafael Hernandez, Mexican Minister of the Interior, and Orozco held a meeting near Juarez, the day previous. The place selected was a grove of trees in which the same Hernandez, a year ago, brought together representatives of Diaz and Madero. Despatches from Mexico City also state that government envoys are to meet Emiliano Zapata at El Jilguero, August 8, to discuss peace measures. They add that Zapata declares he will not consider any proposals that do not include Madero's resignation, and remark that "the principal complaint of the Zapatistas has been that of the ownership of the land."

To speculate on the outcome of these negotiations would be mere speculation, and useless. One may point out, however, that the Mexican government has reached a position at which it simply has to do something, and that leading Mexican papers have been urging that no means be left untried; first, to put a stop to guerrilla warfare, and, second, to prevent United States intervention. Fatheatic appeals to that effect have been published, and Salazar's recent utterances and actions seem to have brought them to the desperation point. All which shows the value of genuine radicalism; of pushing situations to their logical conclusion.

"El Diario" takes for the text of a long and eloquent editorial Taine's saying, in his history of the French Revolution, that "however bad a government may be there is one thing still worse—the absence of all government." It denounces Salazar as a traitor who is working and speaking for United States intervention. In view of Salazar's strongly anti-American speeches, quoted in "Regeneracion" last week, we cannot take that standpoint; but from those speeches, which insisted on the economic issues at stake, we think it very possible that Salazar, like his followers, attaches far more importance to the bread and butter question than to the patriotic generalities so dear to Mexico City editors and their well-to-do patrons.

Bread and Butter

The Mexican Revolution is teaching stern lessons and bringing us face to face with facts we have been flunking for a generation. One of the most important of those facts is that to the proletariat country signifies nothing and improved economic conditions everything. Indeed, do they not emigrate to every corner of the globe, and enlist under every imaginable variety of flag, merely to better their financial condition? Assuredly Mexico will resist most desperately invasion from the North; but not because of love for its own government or hatred of the Stars and Stripes. The resistance will be to the death because the Mexican is fully convinced that American plutocracy is the most rapacious and hard-hearted economic master this world has known; one who necessarily takes no account whatever of human life and happiness, since his every undertaking is governed solely by the cold figures of his ledgers. It is the American economic invasion courted by Diaz that has raised the present storm.

Perhaps because the negotiations mentioned were known as being in prospect, the past week has been comparatively barren of war news and, as regards the last few days, of intervention alarms. The first few days were full of the latter, and one can hardly do better than reproduce the heads written over the exceedingly voluminous accounts given by the "Los Angeles Daily Times" and the "Los Angeles Evening Herald."

Those on the "Times" of August 2 ran: "Hundreds in flight. Americans rushing from Mexico. Mormon colonies are transplanted bodily to United States soil. Vast holdings in Northern part of Republic left to rebel bands. Washington is deluged with appeals from border for prompt action." Other minor heads read: "Vast holdings left to Mexican rebels. Ready for serious conflict in Sonora. Orozco dickered to save his neck. Report on hanging reaches Washington."

On the same date some of the "Herald" heads were: "Army ready for dash to Mexico. U. S. commanders along border complete plans should intervention be ordered. Intervention is cry of Americans; hear stories of pillaging." The paper also played up, in black-faced type, the following: "El Paso, Tex., Aug. 2.—Plans to the minutest details have been completed by officers of the United States army for the invasion of Mexico if intervention in the affairs of that country should be ordered."

Shots Across Border.

The "Times" main head the following morning read: "As envoy to Japan; Madero's brother goes to Tokyo. Rebel agent charges he seeks to float a Mexican loan there. Didapp (representative in Washington for Orozco) predicts the rebellion will outlast the regime it abhors. United States government to the rescue of Mormon refugees." On the same day the "Herald" heads, in big letters, stated: "U. S. soldiers fired upon by Mexican rebels. American troops retreat volley. Orozco evacuates Juarez. Hard fight is expected soon."

August 4 the chief "Times" head was: "Fighting at Corralitos. Federals cut off Orozco's lines. Gen. Sanjines reaches railroad in movement to hem in rebels. Revolutionists rush four hundred troops to scene of battle. Mexicans and Americans fight across the river; bullets fall of marks." It seems to us that the reproduction of these heads is the best answer to numerous Eastern correspondents who write that they do not find that the Mexican Revolution is attracting any attention. One hopes the fault is with their failure to read the papers

and not with the Eastern press. On this coast it has been many a long day since Mexico failed to be the front-page story, headed up as front-page stories are.

Into the action taken by the U. S. Senate with respect to the acquisition by foreign powers of interests along the coast of Mexico we have not space to enter. It will receive separate attention next week, for that, and the complications arising over the Panama canal, form a most important part of the Mexican problem.

MALATESTA SAFE.

"I am honored by Signor Malatesta's friendship," said Prince Verlan Tcherekoff, from the witness stand. "I know nobody as honest as he is." A revolutionist—or any man or woman—could receive no higher tribute, and it was given in the course of the proceedings under which Malatesta was sent to prison for three months. Then the magistrate, acting on the suggestion of a Scotland Yard detective, recommended that at the end of that term Malatesta should be deported. Luckily the persistent agitation carried on by Gov. A. Aldred, editor of "The Herald of Revolt," and other comrades, has procured a rescission of the order.

Malatesta is now 59 years old and in poor health. He was an Italian count, but when he came of age he renounced his title and estates that he might devote himself to the propaganda of Anarchism. He is the best of men; a scholar and a gentleman; true as steel, self-sacrificing to a fault, the soul of honor. Is it not a conclusive comment on our age that this man has served ten years in prison, and that, outside of England and, perhaps, Switzerland, there is not a so-called civilized country on which he can safely set his foot? His misfortune is that he believes—with Spencer, Tolstoy and a long line of illustrious thinkers—that we were made for freedom and that the government of man by man is wrong. He is one of those whom Socialists love to attack; but his writings, as compared with those of his critics, are as pure spring water to the Mississippi in flood.

NOT BRYAN ALONE.

Although taken from the "Appeal to Reason" the following looks as if it might be true, since the newspaper despatch is quoted. It deals with a dramatic event at the Baltimore convention, and runs as follows:

"Mr. Stanchfield told the convention that Mr. Bryan was the richest delegate attending the convention, with the exception of Mr. Belmont and Mr. Ryan, whom Mr. Bryan wanted ousted; and that Mr. Bryan himself was the greediest money grabber of them all, and that he was worth now over three million dollars, all made out of the advertising received from his political races. Several of the delegates called on Mr. Bryan to state what he was worth, but he ignored their request. However, its effect on the delegates was perceptible. This, together with several other things which happened, served to put the great commoner in a bad mood, and he never got back his old smile again during the convention."

If that is true it should kill Bryan with every one who has even the smallest capacity for thinking straight. No excuses should be allowed; and I hasten to add that no excuses should be made for the labor agitators who, pleading the cause of the poor and living off the nickels of the poor, stomp habitually at expensive hotels, feed sumptuously at expensive restaurants and imitate as closely as they dare the debaucheries of the very class they condemn. The woods are full of animals of that kind. It is they who have made the American movement the most insincere labor movement in the world; it is the life of their lives that has paralyzed the revolutionary spirit with which this country ought to be on fire.

WHAT ABOUT SAVAKAR?

The recent royal puppet show at Delhi, India, generally known as the Durbar, promised, as some return for the millions spent, a general pardon to political prisoners. Yet Savakar remains in jail, and there, according to his sentence, he will remain until Dec. 24, 1960. Forty-eight years from now the British government proposes to wish him a "Merry Christmas" with his wife, to whom meanwhile it graciously permits his writing once a year.

Savakar's case attracted considerable attention two years ago, but since then it has been forgotten. He was tried in London on the charges of sedition and abetment of murder. The court, though divided in opinion, sent him to India for further trial. On the voyage he escaped and swam to French soil, which should have given him immunity. Nevertheless he was arrested and handed over to the British authorities.

The right of political asylum was formerly the thing, above all others, on which Great Britain prided herself. Rightly, for the conscience of mankind tells it that political offenders are not ordinary criminals, as we understand the term, and that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." But today the right of political asylum has become a joke.

They soothed the Russian revolutionists (stupid fellows) into being good by promising them a Duma; that noble parliamentary institution has just passed a bill providing for the extradition, by mutual arrangements with other governments, of "political offenders guilty of attacks on the life, health or honor (sic) of a foreign ruler." American radicals put up tens of thousands of dollars to foment the Russian Revolution. Today, when everything the revolution stood for is being assassinated, no one raises so much as a whisper.

One is glad to see that "The Herald of Revolt" (London), is about to issue a special Savakar Release number. Largely through its efforts Malatesta has been saved from extradition, but Malatesta was well known. The comparatively unknown, but just as heroic, fighters are those to whose aid we should rally.

Mexico's Struggle As the Magons Know It

(Continued and Concluded.)

Prisciliano G. Silva, an old and valued member of the Mexican Liberal Party, had taken Guadalupe, Chihuahua, February 8, 1911. It was an important capture and promised rich results. Gabino Cano, another member of the party, was advancing at the head of a force of fifty men, to join Silva, but was compelled to cross over to the American side in order to procure medical assistance for fourteen of his wounded. He had had a falling out with Madero, and the latter took occasion to denounce him to the United States authorities; the result being that he was arrested on the charge of having evaded the neutrality laws. Meanwhile Madero went to meet Silva, and, in fact, received most timely assistance from him, being supplied with food and clothing, of which his troops had stood in desperate need. A council of war was held, it being pretended that an encounter with the enemy was imminent, and by a series of maneuvers which it would take too long to describe, Madero was able to place Silva in confinement, at the same time imprisoning his followers and stripping them of arms. This was done when they refused to recognize him as Provisional President of the Republic of Mexico.

Under these circumstances the Junta publicly denounced and separated itself from Madero, considering the shadow already apparent a faithful indication of the events that inevitably would follow. The step then taken had been discussed for many months, it being known that Madero was forming affiliations that seemed to bode no good to the cause of the proletariat, for whose economic emancipation, and for which alone, the Mexican Liberal Party had been formed. It was obvious, however, that separation would be attended with complications, inasmuch as during the imprisonment of Ricardo Magon and Rivera and the exile of other Liberals, Madero had incorporated with his own forces many of those belonging to the Mexican Liberal Party. For this reason the step finally taken had been long delayed.

One member of the Junta, A. L. Villareal, promptly went over to Madero, at whose hands he received immediate promotion, as had Lazaro Gutierrez de Lara. The really important split, however, was with the Socialist Party, which (hitherto, and as long as the Mexican Liberal Party had been in partnership with Madero, had treated the Mexican Revolution as a movement of international and paramount importance. Under the leadership of the "Appeal to Reason" it quickly began a campaign, the virulence of which seems to me only excelled by the ignorance and stupidity displayed. In the light of the history of the last fifteen months it will suffice to say that the "Appeal to Reason's" leading article of May 27, 1911, on the fall of Diaz, began: "The Mexican Revolution is at an end." It continued: "Thus ends a remarkable historical event that was practically inaugurated by the 'Appeal to Reason.'"

Situation Has Not Changed.

The Socialist Party had previously issued a really fine official protest against intervention by the United States, which ran in part: "We assert that neither the government nor the people of the United States have any property interests in Mexico; that the speculative Mexican ventures of a ring of American industrial free-booters give us no warrant to interfere with the political destinies of the country, which they have invaded upon their individual responsibility." That protest was signed by, among others, Victor Berger, who shortly afterwards denounced the Mexican rebels as "bandits." It is self-evident, however, that every word quoted from the party's protest was as true and applicable after the Junta had separated its fortunes from Madero as it had been before; that every word of it is as true today as when it was originally written. At no time has the danger of intervention been so pressing as it is at present, but the Socialist Party is now as silent as the grave.

June 14, 1911, Ricardo and Enrique Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo Figueroa, all members of the Junta, were arrested in Los Angeles, charged with having violated the neutrality laws. June 25, 1912, they were sentenced to twenty-three months imprisonment, which they are now serving in the McNeil Island penitentiary, Washington. Much of the evidence on which they were convicted was confessedly that of paid detectives and disappointed adventurers who had gone to Mexico for loot.

Which is the Victor?

As between Madero and the Mexican Liberal Party it will be chronicled by history, as it appears to me, that Madero has failed while the Mexican Liberal Party has succeeded. No one today really believes in Madero's honesty; he who promised immediate peace stands today farther from his aim than ever; even with the aid of the powerful government of the United States, which has industriously prevented his adversaries from getting arms, he can make no substantial headway against the swarm of enemies that beset him on every side; he has crushed, and daily is crushing, his country with debts the payment of which seems more and more impossible.

On the other hand, the Mexican Liberal Party's work has grown in reach and strength with every month, and were it to pass out of existence tomorrow it would leave behind it a mark that never could be effaced. It has forced the land question so relentlessly to the front that some satisfactory settlement of that all-important question the disinherited Mexican masses are sure to get. It has spread among the Mexican proletariat a consciousness of their rights as hu-

man beings which, beyond all question, they did not possess before. For the harvest from that sowing we still may have to wait, but that it will be rich and heavy I, at least, can have no doubt. Perhaps most important of all, it has made every branch of the invasion that threatens them, filling them with a wholesome anxiety now being greedily heightened by the course the United States is seeing fit to take with reference to the Panama canal. That also will bear fruit.

To me fine words are always out of place, for, in my opinion, they invariably mean nothing. I go on facts accomplished, and I pick up from my exchange-table papers recently taken mostly from "Regeneracion." The bundle yields the following list: In the United States: "The Agitator," "Bras y Cebazo," "Cultura Obrera," "Voz del Obrero," "La Era Nueva," "El Internacional," "O Correo Portuguez," "La Tierra," "Germinal," "El Andaz," "In Argentina: "La Protesta," "Accion Obrera," "El Dolor Universal," "La Antorchita," "La Confederacion," "In Uruguay: "Organizacion Obrera," "El Obrero Panadero," "In Brazil: "A Lanterna," "La Batallia," "A Guerra Social," "In Peru: "La Protesta," "In England: "Freedom," "The Spirit of Revolt," "In France: "Le Liberaire," "Les Temps Nouveaux," "Le Revolte," "In Spain: "La Voz del Obrero," "Tierra y Libertad," "El Trabajo," "El Sindicalista," "In Portugal: "A Aurora," "A Revolucao Social," "In Italy: "L'Avvenire Anarchico," "L'Universita Popolare," "L'Avanti," "Il Liberaire." In Switzerland: "La Rivolta."

I have omitted "La Luz," the Mexican revolutionary paper, and the German and Scandinavian exchanges have been taken away by a member who reads those languages.

It will be observed that these exchanges cover an enormous area, and indeed they constitute a guerrilla literary warfare quite as formidable as that armed one with which Madero vainly tries to cope. If "Regeneracion" were to fail or be suppressed tomorrow its writers would simply transfer their activities to other papers, whereon they would do similar work.

Furthermore it will be noticed that the papers are mostly in some one of the Latin tongues, and because of this I say it is a most important part of the Mexican Liberal Party's work. One observes also that many of the papers have most revolutionary titles. The appeal is to the revolutionary spirit throughout the world, and its moral force, in my humble judgment, can hardly be exaggerated.

JUDGE HANFORD'S CASE.

Judge Hanford, of Seattle, refused to admit one Olsen to citizenship, because Olsen avowed himself a Socialist. Berger and the bigwigs of the party immediately opened fire on him, and Hanford has resigned. They say he drank too many cocktails, and they say a lot of other things entirely foreign to the point. The one and only important fact is that the decision criticised was right.

If Olsen is a true Socialist he must be working for the overthrow of the existing system and of our entire scheme of government, which is the chief buttress of that system. In such a case he cannot conscientiously swear that he will support that government. If he is not working to upset the present system he is not a true Socialist, and his declaration to that effect is equally a lie.

Job Harriman and the other party lawyers are all in the same boat. On the platform they profess devotion to the overthrow of the existing system. On the court records stands their oath of allegiance to it. To one or other of their professed masters they are obviously playing false, and they should be either disbarred, or kicked out of the movement. No other course is logical, no other honest.

Debs is typical of the breed, which is neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring. On the one hand he is head of a party that officially condemns violence. On the other hand, he brings down his houses by enlisting John Brown, the type "par excellence" of violence. Like Emma Goldman and the "Mother Earth" clique he is everlastingly egging on to violence and playing safe with manifestoes of the "we regret and deplore" variety.

Every one will recognize this as true, but most will consider it ill-advised. They have not examined the situation; if they had they would have discovered that this long-continued course of Jesuitism has rotted the American revolutionary movement to the very marrow of its bones. Today the Socialist Party is a mob; a mob that does not know whether it is revolutionary or reformatory, bourgeois or proletarian, or what the dickens it is. As for the Anarchist movement, with a few honorable exceptions, it cannot recognize a revolution when it stares it, beseechingly in the face, being given up almost exclusively to hunting sensations and securing the money-yielding audiences sensation attracts.

John Most, who was always consistent, is dead. So unfortunately is Voltairine de Cleyre, who hated and despised and did her best to boycott the despicable tactics now in vogue.

"Talking to motorman prohibited by law. Ordinance No. 14261, (New Series)." Thousands read it daily as they travel on the cars. How many think of the absurdity of a community unable to exist without regulations by the thousands? Where is the household that could hold together five minutes if managed on that basis?

You can assist greatly by sending us the names and addresses of those to whom it may be worth while to mail sample papers and other propaganda matter.

PROTEST VIGOROUSLY.

"El Centro de Estudios Racionales" has sent President Taft resolutions which protest vigorously against the sentence passed on Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party. The resolutions say:

"In the unanimously expressed opinion of the before-mentioned society the alleged crime for which those named above are now imprisoned—being treated and branded as common criminals—consists simply of their opposition to Madero, who had been formerly a member of their party and had proved false to every principle for which that party was organized, especially in the matter of the restoration of the land to the people.

"Madero received no punishment but great encouragement and assistance, from the United States authorities when he fomented the revolution that overthrew Diaz; for it is evident that such revolution could not have proved successful unless he had been able to procure arms in large quantities from the United States. This he did and he was not molested. "Madero, being a man of great wealth and having powerful financial backing, operated on a large scale, and—in the general opinion of the public, formed on the facts laid before it—Madero's course was smiled on by the United States government, which lost no time in acknowledging the government he, who was but yesterday a rebel, succeeded in establishing.

"The men now in prison, being poor, could do little beyond keeping their weekly paper going, in which they published to the world, with great fidelity, the true story of conditions in Mexico. Thereby they performed a valuable public service, and to those who care for truth they must remain martyrs and not criminals.

"It is notorious that our neutrality laws are the very soul of elasticity; or, at any rate, that their administration has been such. Apart from the instance of Madero, previously cited, there is a long line of cases in which our government tacitly recognized the rights of foreign-born residents of this country to exhibit deep and active interest in the struggles for liberty that had broken out in the countries of which they were natives. Such a struggle Mexico is now passing through, and the men now confined in the McNeil Island penitentiary are so constituted that they could not look on indifferently. It is their virtue; not their crime.

"We cannot conceive that the interest of the public is served by clothing them in stripes and continuing to deprive them of their liberty. Against such a procedure, therefore, we protest, and we send you this, and shall seek its publication through the press, in the hope that our protest may procure the release of the four members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party now imprisoned in the penitentiary.

Ettor and Giovannitti.

The society also has sent to President Taft and Governor Foss of Massachusetts protest against the prosecution of Ettor and Giovannitti, and the general treatment of the Industrial Workers of the World throughout the country. After the preamble is runs as follows:

"Everybody recognizes that the lodging of such charges has become the weapon used almost invariably when it is desired to stop exposures that threaten the interests of the wealthy and privileged, as those of us who are from Mexico know by long and bitter experience. In this particular instance of Ettor and Giovannitti it is now universally acknowledged by that great public to which you are now appealing for votes that the great American Woolen Company for years past has wrung enormous profits from the toil of men, women and children who are among the most poorly paid workers in the world. Contravise it is known universally that it was through the efforts of Ettor and Giovannitti that 300,000 of those workers succeeded in obtaining an increase of wages that amounts to some \$15,000,000 annually. That is their real crime in the eyes of the Trust and its wealthy supporters, but it constitutes their virtue in the eyes of the people from whom you ask re-election, or are likely so to do.

"For these reasons we enter protest with you in your official capacity. We do not suppose that by itself this protest will carry weight, but we have some hope that as one of similar thousands it may give you, and others in positions of power, some idea of how the masses view this question."

MURDER! THEY LOVE IT.

When we have abolished capital punishment from this State, there will be just one murderer the less, the people of California. And yet the people of California, like the people of the world over, will still be murderers. They will sustain the conditions that lead to murder, the murders committed by monsters like Jake Oppenheimer, the murders of anger and of drink and those other murders, far more terrible, the murders of bodies and minds and souls, resulting from lack of opportunity and of protection to the weak, and to the ill-favored, to all who come into the world handicapped by inheritance and by circumstance. (John D. Barry, in "S. F. Bulletin.")

He who chooses the primrose path of popularity and shuns the rocky road of truth is a political prostitute, though he may have lived fifty years without running for an office, or built up a reputation by damning those who do.

If you want to learn either English or Spanish, and learn quickly, you might do worse than apply to the editor of this section—Wm. C. Owen, 914 Boston St., telephone Home, A1360. He has had much experience in teaching languages and guarantees that, if he teaches you at all, it will be quickly. Knowledge of both languages is a valuable asset.