

Regeneration.

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For The Safety Of The Public.

"The screams had to penetrate two steel doors and wind through the cellar-like passageway to the outer air. Their very faintness made them more horrible. It sounded like a man being tortured in the bowels of the earth. After the dungeon-keeper had timidly reported at the office twice—he was always fearful when he came to report screams, because he was sometimes sent back with a reprimand about being chicken-hearted—the captain went down to investigate, but refused to release the victim. He came back, jangling the keys at his side and humming 'Annie Rooney.' After a time the screams became fainter. Finally they died away."

The foregoing paragraph is from "Donald Lowrie's Life in Prison," being one of a series of extracts reproduced in "The Forum" for June. The description is of the torture in the straitjacket, for days at a time, of an unhappy prisoner caught in the crime of "making shell ornaments in his cell." It was picked out as among the most suggestive of many similar passages, but perhaps one should have selected the pages devoted to the double execution, with the graphic account of the "witnesses"—the politicians and officials who are invited to be present at these tragedies and regard them as occasions for uproarious merriment. Some years ago, when working on "Crime and Criminals" for the Prison Reform League, I had in my possession a series of indecent stories, taken down by a prisoner at one of the banquets that succeeded the hangings.

I thought I understood the philosophy of misery. I thought I knew something of the inhumanity of man to man. But when I found myself compelled to write of the cold-blooded tortures with which the walls of our penitentiaries echo, my pen so shook with indignation that often it was impossible to frame the words, and whatever optimistic views I might have had respecting the future of our society, as at present constituted, vanished, once and for all. I made a most extended study of the question and it revealed to me the politician in all his brutal nakedness; it showed me, not alone what Shakespeare called "the insolence of office," but its utter callousness; it saved its own personal ambitions and rewards; it convinced me that, under a smiling exterior, we have in what we are pleased to call "Civilization" the most calculatingly cruel machine for war on the weak that human ingenuity has yet devised. In the Orient, and among what we dub the backward races, misery parades itself in public, and travellers hold up their hands in horror. Here we bury it, hypocritically, out of sight; and it is my belief that if the sum of human wretchedness, hidden away in our penitentiaries, jails, reform schools, almshouses and lunatic asylums, could be laid before the public—as they display a drama at the moving picture shows—there would follow such an instantaneous revolution as this world has never seen.

Three years ago the press began suddenly to teem with prison horrors, and San Quentin, in California—where Donald Lowrie had his experience—was singled out for special attack. The politicians rushed to the rescue of their fellows, and of the books and pamphlets written by officials, who promised all manner of reforms, there seemed to be no end. I wrote then, to the best of my ability, that all such professions would amount to nothing; that so-called crime had its root in the denial of a square deal; that, having robbed the masses, we add insult to injury by accusing them of theft; that we proceed on the principle that they are public enemies who should be crushed at any cost, and had them over to the city of a machine constructed to carry that idiotic theory into effect as remorselessly as possible. I expressed the opinion then, and I repeat it now, that, so long as such barbarous sentiments prevail, and so long as the treatment and sentencing of criminals remain in the hands of those who are themselves part of a political machine, all hope of substantial reform is an illusive dream. Apart from reading I interviewed many good and sympathetic men, who had striven earnestly to clean up the Augean stable. I can remember none who had not found it hopeless to buck the political machine.

Furthermore, a long and energetic campaign showed that all politicians were substantially in the same boat; but that, perhaps, the reform and professedly revolutionary politicians were the worst. From literary men, such as Lincoln Steffens or Charles Edward Russell, one received sympathy and aid; but only in their character as literary men, since literature opens the door of sympathy. Long and earnest letters to other allegedly radical politicians drew either icy-cold responses or no response at all. The argument that alleged revolutionists must always take the part of the under-dog fell absolutely flat, and the plea that such exposures make the best kind of propaganda was dinned

into deaf ears. I discovered that all politicians think only of their particular programs, and became convinced that politics deaden the heart and brain to the claims of the individual, sacrificing him remorselessly on the altar of party expediency. Unfortunately the world consists of individuals, and the hopes and fears, the joys and sufferings of the individual form the whole tide of life.

Several years ago I devoted some time to an exposition of the philosophical grounds on which the most representative Anarchists have based their hostility to existing institutions. I showed—by my own satisfaction at least—that Tolstoy was dominated by the doctrine of love. Frothing with a burning zeal for justice and Kropotkin by his consciousness that beneath all social phenomena lies the universal law of struggle. To me it seems certain that, for the gigantic effort needed to emerge from the barbaric past, society must be dominated by all three: longing ardently for friendlier relations than those which now exist; aspiring eagerly for something that shall, at least, approximate justice; being so seized with the necessity for a better and more human life that it will struggle to the death for its ideal. Let me quote another paragraph from the article in "The Forum," which runs: "The carpenter of Nazareth placed the limit of man's forgiveness of his brother at seventy-times seven. A California judge interprets this into a sentence of fifty years for a boy's first offense. The contrast is sufficiently startling." I look forward to the time when we shall make up our minds to have done, once and for all, with such monstrosities.

I do not believe mere aspiration is sufficient. I think action, individual action, must follow thought; just as the Christ we profess to adore found it necessary to overthrow the tables of the money changers and scourge away the grafters. I take life to be wiser than any set of books or theories, and I cannot forget that the class which has ruled society for centuries is the class that has refused to suffer wrong; that has fought, at the drop of the hat, when its honor has been affronted; that it has been dangerous to injure. I told a prison warden recently that, so far as I knew myself, any man who tried to work me with a whip would take his life into his hands. I have no idea that we can get out of slavery by practicing submission, which is, and always has been, the philosophy of slaves.

To the hells of which I write are sentenced today not only those in whom society has cultivated the anti-social instincts of the criminal, but also those who overflow with love for their fellow-men—the pioneers who dare all that they may blaze the way to freedom. No one in his proper senses regards these men as criminals; no one who thinks at all considers them as other than gallant leaders in the struggle of the masses; no honest mind can reconcile itself to punishing them as they today are punished. And, since this article already grows too long, I desire to add that, while we are trying to justify intervention in Mexico by recounting the atrocities attributed to those now in the heyday of revolt, it would be well for us to consider the fiendishness of which we ourselves are guilty; not in the heat of conflict but in cold blood; not to masters who have inflicted on us hideous wrongs, but to our slaves—the pitiful slaves who, in tinny cases out of every hundred, wind up in the penitentiary because society has not given them a chance. "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." WM. C. OWEN.

AS IN MEXICO. "Los Angeles," says the "Los Angeles Examiner," "does things on a large scale," and it drives home the statement with this charming illustration:

Thirty years ago a corner on Sixth and Spruce streets was sold for the trifling sum of \$2500. It became a part and parcel of an estate, and instead of changing hands was kept for an increase in value. Two days ago this same corner was finally sold by the estate. One million dollars in cash was the consideration asked and given."

Indeed Los Angeles does things on a large scale, and in the instance quoted has given away a trifle verging on a million dollars to those who did nothing except—squat. In thousands of other instances, and throughout her broad domain, she compels her workers to make similar donations, and nobody says "Boo!" The Socialist and Single Taxers are busy with their political teapot tempests; Organized Labor leaders are engineering fake building strikes; that they may make a show of earning their "per diem"; Monopoly is in full possession of as rich a gold mine as this world has ever seen, and Labor grunts and sweats, prays and curses, for the privilege of being allowed to shovel the ore into the box.

All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both.—Max Muller.

When a man feels, on his own back and in his own belly, that poor he is, that no one will talk to him, and he can't talk it out of him any more than you can talk beef into him.—Dickens.

No reform, moral or intellectual, ever came from the upper class of society. Each and all came from the protest of the martyr and the victim. The emancipation of the working people must come from the working people themselves.—Wendell Phillips.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars then. On the bodies and souls of living men? Think ye that structure shall endure that shelters the rich and crushes the poor?"

JUNTA HELD GUILTY

Sentence to be Passed Tuesday, June 25.

After deliberating from 10.56 Friday morning, June 21, to 9.40 Saturday morning the jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, accused of violation of the neutrality laws. There were six counts in the consolidated indictments, and Ricardo Magon and Rivera were found guilty on all but three; Enrique Magon on all but three and Figueroa on only one.

Sentence will be passed at 10.30 o'clock Tuesday morning, June 25. Judge Olin Wellborn gave instructions to the jury that were commented on by both sides as absolutely fair and impartial, and the length of time occupied in arriving at a verdict points, at least, to careful consideration of the case.

This report, being written immediately after the finding of the verdict, purposely abstains from further comment, it being thought sufficient to remark that, in the opinion of all the defendants, their counsel, Wilfred Andrews, fought fairly and persistently at every point. The following is a summary of the evidence offered since our last issue:

Jack Mosby, in command in Lower California, testified for the defence, and stated that he held his commission from Madero, who had promised him a governorship in the event of success. He explained various letters written to the Junta and Ricardo Magon by the declaration that he had found himself driven from the state he had sought assistance from every quarter. He was subjected to severe cross-examination, the prosecutor maintaining that his present testimony contradicted that given on former occasions. Witness replied that then his own liberty was in jeopardy, and the prosecuting attorney asked what reason he had for supposing that the indictment against him had been or would be dismissed. "Only your word of honor," was the reply. Mosby proved an excellent witness, being cool and precise in his statements, and maintaining throughout that he had acted entirely on his own initiative, urged thereto by his conviction that he was engaged in a righteous cause.

Librado Rivera, one of the defendants, testified that he had never seen the government witnesses, Reed, Olguin, Rosales or Flores, until Dominguez brought them into the county jail and pointed out to them the members of the Junta, calling each by name. Had never given one of them a cent. Had been a member of the Junta since 1905, and was at present business manager of "Regeneracion." Explained in detail that, although Figueroa was named as editor of the paper, the Junta was opposed to all centralization of power and had no president. In contradiction of the witnesses for the prosecution he swore that he had never visited Tia Juana and had not been outside of Los Angeles since his return from prison in Arizona in 1910.

Fred Williams, a reporter for the "Herald," was recalled and testified that the members of the Junta had nothing to do with his going to Mexico, and that he had never received any letter of introduction or other documents from John Kenneth Turner. Joined a troop composed of soldiers and members of the I. W. W. there was much bitter feeling. Absolutely denied having told the San Diego chief of police that he had gone down to Lower California at the instance of the Magons, or that they ever promised him land or other remuneration. Wm. J. Rolph, Moore McDonald, Frank W. Smith and others testified to a similar effect.

Anselmo L. Figueroa, one of the defendants, testified that he never had seen the government witnesses, Reed and Martin, until they appeared in court. The first named had sworn to interviews at which Figueroa was present and had described him as unable to speak English, although he does so most fluently. Was not aware that he had ever seen Olguin, Flores or Rosales until they were brought into the county jail to identify him and the other defendants. Explained his position as editor of "Regeneracion," which he described as being published for the purpose of giving the true conditions in Mexico known. Had never been at Tia Juana with Ricardo Magon, as testified to by witnesses for the prosecution.

The prosecuting attorney introduced in evidence No. 94 of "Regeneracion" for the purpose of showing that the witness was "absolutely opposed to and had the utmost contempt for the enforcement of the law under which he was being tried." Counsel for the defense objected and considerable argument ensued, the court finally reserving decision.

Mrs. Aurelia Jane Coriker, in whose house Ricardo Magon lives, testified that he had been there nearly two years, and was positive that he had never left the city save once, when he made a short trip to Anaheim.

Struck for Money. Enrique Flores Magon, a member of the Junta and one of the defendants, declared the testimony of Olguin, Flores and Rosales—who swore that they had been enlisted and had received money and tickets—was absolutely false. Was daily, and all day long, at Junta headquarters, and had never seen the witnesses named until they were brought into the county jail by Dominguez. Is Junta treasurer. Saw Martin for the first time when—being with his brother, Ricardo, the attorney for the defence and Owen Martin (who had acknowledged to the stand that he was in the pay of the Mexican government)—approached Ricardo Magon with an offer to testify for the defense if paid

for doing so. Knew Rogers slightly, but Turner very well. Was questioned closely as to any possible connection with Valenzuela, whom he denied knowing; but he identified his signature to a letter written to him.

Couns for the defense endeavored to question witness as to a visit alleged to have been paid the Junta by a representative of Madero two days before the headquarters were raided, but the prosecution objected and the court sustained the objection. Witness was allowed to state, however, that his brother, Jesus, is Madero's Secretary of State.

Jack Mosby was recalled once more and stated positively that he knew John Kenneth Turner as agent for Madero, and that Turner alone made arrangements with Rogers for the purchase of guns and ammunition.

Rebellion No Felony. Ricardo Flores Magon, like his fellow defendants, denied "in toto" the truth of the evidence as to existing loyalty by Reed, Olguin, Flores and Rosales—witnesses for the prosecution. He expressed his belief that the signature to the government's exhibit, No. 20, which was alleged to be that of Arango, secretary of the Junta, was not genuine, but passed as true another letter which, he said, was a communication congratulating him on the success of a battle against tyranny.

With respect, in particular, to the commission produced in evidence and signed by him, he explained that the Junta invariably left it to comrades to make their own arrangements and elect their own officers; the commissions merely testifying to the acts of the men themselves. The commissions serve, he said, to identify the holders throughout Mexico, wherever the Liberal Party is known. News of the various elections was always published in "Regeneracion."

Asked if he had not been previously convicted of a felony witness replied: "I don't consider it a felony to fight for liberty." Was released from the penitentiary in Arizona in August, 1910, and came direct to Los Angeles, where he immediately re-organized the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party and started "Regeneracion." To the explanation that the paper was for the purpose of enlightening the world as to the terrible conditions in Mexico, and in direct answer to the question whether it was not fomenting revolution, witness added: "Revolutions cannot be fomented by papers; only by the gun."

Witness was questioned closely as to a letter written to Pedro Solis, now dead, in which the public was urged to furnish him with the "indispensable elements for the fomentation of the revolution," and also as to a letter to one "Toby." He explained that after the defeat of the Junta the comrades wrote asking him for advice as to their future actions, and that the letter had been an endeavor to comply with their request. It was not in the nature of an order, for "we never gave nor do we receive any orders." The letter to Salinas was sent after long discussion and much correspondence, there being general dissatisfaction with Leyva; but the comrades did not want him to retire in disgust.

The government called Messrs. Geschewsky, Crowley, Ferris, Gaynor, Herrick, Bernard and Dominguez.

Voltaire Dead!

With profound sorrow we learn of the death, in Chicago, of Voltaire de Cleyre, after a long and intensely painful illness. The news comes to us by telegram, just as we are going to press, and we have to reserve extended notice for next week's issue.

Voltaire de Cleyre was known throughout the revolutionary world, not only for her great talent as a writer and speaker, but—which is of much greater importance—for the sterling integrity of her character. Living unflinchingly in accordance with the principles in which she believed; seeking neither notoriety nor money; following truth undauntedly wherever she found it, the example of her life will speak with even greater eloquence than the tongue and pen now stilled by death.

As is known to all readers of "Regeneracion" the revolution in Mexico had her profoundest sympathy, and her writings on that particular subject were most noteworthy. In her death the Mexican people have lost a true and powerful friend, and no worse news could have come to the members of the Junta, precisely when their own liberties were in the balance, than that now flashed from Chicago.

THE KEY TO WEALTH. Once again Labor and Capital divide the swag. Labor gets an increase of pay in the anthracite coal fields. Capital promptly adds 25 cents per ton to the price of anthracite, and puts \$4,000,000 to the profit account. This situation is the more exquisite when you consider that this money was put in the earth by Capital, yet Capital charges a fee as if Capital owned in addition to charging for digging it out and transporting it. And this ownership charge is a charge upon the consumer for no service at all. The coal in the ground belongs to all the people and capital should pay for it, but it doesn't. All the capitalist should get is the value of his service in getting the coal out of the earth and to the people. But organized Labor doesn't care what Capital gets so long as organized Labor gets its share. The unorganized consumer gets it in the neck. There he will continue to get it until he sees that the whole secret of pauperizing the many to enrich the few rests in this fact that the few appropriate to themselves the natural resources belonging to all and then they allow letting them have their own. (The Mirror, St. Louis.)

Terrazas Must Pay Or Cattle Will Be Seized

When American and other plutocrats bought Mexican land by the hundreds of square miles did they ask what right the vendors had to sell it? Did they ask how it was that a few were able to dispose of principalities? Of course they did not. They took their alleged titles knowing them to be absolutely rotten. They knowingly made themselves partners in one of the most gigantic crimes on record. By every principle of justice they should be punished. Most certainly they should not be upheld by American bayonets.

In view of an impending Armageddon at Chicago, the splitting from stem to stern of the party that, with two terms excepted, has ruled the country since the Civil War, the police force doubtless in anticipation of rioting at a national convention, leading politicians declaring publicly that they will carry guns, and charges of "strong arm" tactics hurled to and fro, it is no wonder that the Mexican issue drops for the moment almost out of sight. Of course it is still there, as important and possibly more threatening than ever. It is today one of the world's great facts, which no amount of spell-binding oratory can obliterate. One might add that the Chicago hysteria is in itself monumental testimony to the wisdom of those who have warned the Mexican people persistently against looking to politics for relief.

The real estate speculators pursue their time-honored tactics, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. Inasmuch as the greatest land masses are largely in the northern States of Mexico, and inasmuch as lands situate there appeal more strongly to the investor, our press still confines its notices of the Mexican Revolution to the operations near the border. Orozco's recent reverses apparently have given the speculators heart once more, and we note the sale of three thousand acres in Sonora to an American syndicate, which proposes to put them into cotton, corn and wheat, the attraction being the cheap land obtainable. The man who engineered the deal reports the hotels at Hermosillo as full of Americans who are there "with a view of buying land, having been attracted by the prevalent low prices, owing to the war scare." Perhaps this will make some of our readers understand why we feel compelled to hammer on the land question incessantly; and why we have to explain "ad nauseam" that the root of all this trouble is the Mexican unwillingness to have his country and his own life exploited for the benefit of foreign shareholders. Evidently much more time, and much more expropriation, will be needed to drive the lesson home. Once again the Los Angeles real estate offices are blossoming out with window notices calling attention to the cheap rate at which land in Mexico can now be bought. Every one of these people is engaged as actively in thrusting the Mexicans into slavery once more as if he held the hammer in his hand and was heating the rivets for the chain.

Federal Attack Repulsed. The continued trial of the Junta compels us to compile these notes somewhat earlier than usual. The latest news—July 17—as to the fighting between the federal forces and Orozco is that the former have been repulsed in their attempt to pass La Cruz and move on Bachimba, fifty miles north, where Orozco's main force is assembled. The federals are reported as numbering 2000, under Gen. Rabago, and the rebels are estimated at 1500. Nine miles distant, at Santa Rosalia, an additional federal force of 5000 is reported.

It is anticipated that the next few days will see heavy fighting once more close to the border line; in the neighborhood of Casas Grandes and Juarez. Accordingly Col. Steever, commander of the Department of Texas, has sent Orozco a letter, warning him that "you must so conduct operations as not to bring any part of the territory of the United States under fire." To this Orozco has sent a reply which reads, in part, as follows: "Although the American government, trampling ostensibly the neutrality laws, orders you to sustain with all efficiency that bunch of mercenary Maderistas that are acting in El Paso, I assure you that we will try in every possible way to meet the conditions of your communication without promising to do it in case the American authorities sanction the passing to this side of the Maderista troops which publicly are being organized in El Paso under the direction of the Mexican Consul, E. C. Lorente."

The letter can hardly be regarded as couched in conciliatory language, and we invite special attention to his charge that the United States itself has been deliberately violating the neutrality laws on which it professes to set such store. It is the rebels' claim that, for months past, they have been compelled to fight not only Madero but also his silent partner, the United States government. The situation illustrates most lucidly the truth that all governments oppose, as openly as they dare, all revolutions, regardless of their merits. Government is always on the side of the privileged, being itself privilege incarnate; is always with the existing rulers, being itself organized for the express purpose of ruling others.

bonds of the State of Chihuahua, under penalty of suffering the confiscation of cattle valued at \$1,000,000. This they consider a high-handed outrage, but one does not find them asking whether Terrazas, who is supposed to be worth \$100,000,000, ever in his life hesitated the fraction of a second over the confiscation of a poor man's toil. It should be remembered that the Chihuahua Congress passed, June 6, an act authorizing Orozco "to negotiate the sale of bonds to the amount of \$5,000,000 gold for the support and final triumph of the revolutionary cause." Luis Terrazas, brother of the multi-millionaire, is now a prisoner in Orozco's hands. Hitherto Orozco has shown himself singularly unwilling to resort to confiscation. It may be that recent reverses have opened his eyes to the fact that war is war, or it may be that the demand now made on Terrazas means that his own forces are getting beyond his control and insisting that loot is a legitimate part of the game. We have said repeatedly that Orozco's ultimate defeat would not mean peace but merely a further extension of guerrilla warfare; and guerrilla leaders are not noted for their respect of the rich man's property.

June 17 was the date fixed by the Mexican consul at El Paso for hearing claims presented by Americans whose relatives had been killed or wounded during the battle of Juarez, a year ago. Not one was presented, the claimants all declaring that they looked to the American State Department. The position taken appears significant.

More Loot the Magnet. "Current Literature" again gives much space to consideration of the Mexican situation, and quotes leading Mexican papers on the subject of intervention. "El Tiempo" considers it inevitable and remarks: "The ambition of the United States is the cause of which they are hungry. Chihuahua fascinates them. There is still a territory with the control of which the dreams of Anglo-Saxon commercialism are made brighter." In a similar vein "El Bias" comments: "Geographically, Providence has placed us as sentinels at the point of greatest danger for the Latin race. If we surrender our post, which is the key to the continent, even after we have been slaughtered, as some fear, what will become of the Latin republics?" We ourselves have pointed out assiduously that the Mexican Revolution not only raises the economic problem in its crudest and most easily comprehended form, but also an immense race problem that may set the world aflame. The entire Latin world, extending from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn and including Cuba, has a dread and hatred of Anglo-Saxon and Jewish commercialism that passes words.

In the same number of "Current Literature" appears an exceedingly sympathetic sketch of Orozco, who is represented as having been passionately attached to Madero personally until he realized, most reluctantly, that his fine phrases respecting freedom given place to "spokes for vested interests." It says: "He had fought the wars of Madero. He had asked only that the masses who stood with him be freed. He witnessed now the supremacy (within the councils of the man he had made) of the concession hunter and the privilege seeker." On what we consider sufficient evidence we have regarded Orozco as being himself too rich and too closely affiliated with the rich to be a true representative of the Mexican disinherited, but there is no doubt that he was treated shamefully by Madero and that, with Zapata, he might well have described the president as being the most ungrateful and perfidious of men. The sketch in question presents Orozco as a born fighter, of great personal strength, fearless, abstemious and untiring.

Permeated with Distrust. Adossides, the "Times" war correspondent, gives an account of the Mexican federal army which is anything but promising for its ultimate success. He explains that the volunteers, of whom it is largely composed, have been recruited mostly from the jails, and adds: "The officers are almost afraid of these men, and it is not uncommon on the march to see them divided into platoons and sandwiched between companies of regulars, who march in superior numbers and with their bayonets fixed, or mutiny among the volunteers. I was told frequently by regular officers in the federal army that they had often discussed the possibility of a widespread outbreak among the soldiers generally because of the evil influence of these criminals in the ranks. They were fearful that the insubordination of the 'voluntarios' would arouse discontent among the regulars. More than one mutiny has occurred among these rebellious 'voluntarios,' who have refused to obey the orders of their officers to march to the battlefield."

Emphasis is laid on the point that all military initiative centers in Mexico City, even Huerta, who is in chief command, reporting every movement to Madero and taking all instructions from him. In short, distrust permeates the entire federal army, and the writer quotes the reply he received from an officer with whom he had conversed on account of his cruelty toward a private. "These men are all wild animals, señor," was the answer. "If we did not follow this severe method they would most certainly eat us up. We have no other means to make them obey." On the other hand he asserts that hitherto Orozco has been able to pay his men double what the federal soldier receives, and that "this betters by at least 40 per cent the laborer's pay." Speer Randolph may shed all the tears he likes over the sufferings of the peasant, as the result of revolution. The boot is on the other foot; the howl comes from the rich.

urgues Madero. President's agrarian Republic buys land to sell to his people. Three million acres, so far, ready for subdivision. The report of the National Agrarian Commission informs us that the price paid for properties varies all the way from three to fifty dollars per acre, and that \$15,000,000 in gold is to be expended. We have written repeatedly that all measures of this kind are simply the rich man's attempt to avoid confiscation; that labor, which produces all values, is saddled with the bill, and that, neither from the practical standpoint nor from that of principle, can they be regarded as any solution of the agrarian problem. The very attempt, however, to put through such policies testifies always to the pressure under which a government finds itself, and proves that it has been compelled to pretend, at least, to face the music. Beyond all doubt, in Mexico, at any rate, revolution has forced the land question to the front—permanently.

According to latest advices Orozco's forces are moving south to meet the federals, a telegram to Chihuahua, dated June 20, stating that they are about to surround Rabago's cavalry estimated as numbering two thousand. On the other hand despatches announce the threatened disruption of Orozco's forces into a series of guerrilla bands. The probability is that such despatches are merely forecasts of what is sure to happen, should he meet disastrous defeat once more, and it seems to us that such a result will strengthen the direct-action movement of "Back to the Land."

SOMEWHAT INFLATED.

In a signed article Mr. John Murray, editor of the "California Social Democrat," accuses the I. W. W. of base ingratitude toward the craft unions and Socialist Party. It was their powerful influence, he alleges, which made it possible for the I. W. W. to march in procession behind the body of the dead Governor, Mikolac. As he puts it: "We do not wish to desert at which you reach your first—the unions of the American Federation of Labor and the Socialist Party."

We opine that the Los Angeles police are not afraid of the American Federation of Labor or the Socialist Party, as represented in this city. Only recently the latter's representatives called on the police and assured them of the party's intention to cooperate in opposing any such proceedings as had made San Diego, for the moment, a hotbed of revolt. The police grinned and thought: "It's a huge joke."

Of course the truth is that, under the sway of the conservative trades unions and the still more conservative Socialist party politicians, Los Angeles is as quiet as a mill pond. There is not the slightest reason why processions of any kind, and much less funeral processions, should be prohibited. Let Los Angeles become a storm center—the thought is almost inconceivable—and you won't find the police holding their hands for fear of Mr. Murray or any of his kindred.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

Commenting on William English Walling's extremely hazy book, "Socialism as it is," the "Saturday Evening Post" says: "The main fact disclosed is the rather definite breaking away from mere State Socialism—mere Government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, lodging houses, steel mills and biscuit factories. All that exists now in a most high and palmy state of capitalism; and leading authorities whom Mr. Walling quotes regard it not as Socialism, but as the acme and perfection of capitalism. Without knowing Mr. Walling's authorities, we have suspected the same thing, because for some time it has seemed highly probable that Government ownership of railroads, for example, so far from being an advantage to labor, would be a decided disadvantage."

In reality the Socialist Party still stands for government ownership; for State Socialism in its fullest, most comprehensive and most absolute sense. This anybody who chooses to study its platform can see with half an eye.

The trouble with the Socialist Party is that it is now compelled to endeavor to conceal that ugly fact because the experience of the working class has shown it that the thinkers of the Herbert Spencer type were right when they told it that of all bad masters the State, which always represents power and privilege, is the very worst. The Socialist party, therefore, has to pretend that it does not want a State, or that the State is winks is something entirely different from that we know at present. The pretension is impossible and the task a hopeless one.

"One note that should be sounded with clear decision is that State ownership as a substitute for private ownership will never end the struggle for economic freedom. It will, on the contrary, make the struggle still more difficult, while the State expands its power and the workers will further oppress and enslave them." ("Freedom.")

In last Sunday's "Times" one read the following head: "Back to soil."