

Rangel-Cline Defense Fund Formed

That was Rangel. He always wanted to get through quietly. To hang Rangel is to hang another John Brown, and well might prove another Harper's Ferry. To hang, or imprison for life, our other comrades, whose real crime is devotion to the poor and disinherited, is to repeat the legal butchery that followed the Haymarket tragedy. We must prevent that, as the slaughter of Etor, Giovannitti and other labor champions was prevented. Every one must understand the personal responsibility, both to his or her own conscience and to the great cause of Labor, which none can venture to ignore. Defense Leagues must be formed, as we have formed them here in Los Angeles. Literature must be distributed and money collected systematically, for much money is needed to obtain substantial justice under the conditions as they now exist in Texas.

We urge you to be up and doing. We urge you, where you can, yourself to form a local league, and spread the propaganda from that center. Where that is impossible, unite yourself directly with us, and in any event write us for all information you may require. We will answer for all possible promptness. We will send you literature. We will do our utmost to help you.

Lawyers write us that the verdicts rendered were against both the law and the evidence, and certainly will be reversed on appeal. We must appeal the cases, for we cannot allow such frightful sentences to stand. There are fourteen cases. There will be numerous appeals. The work to be done on behalf of the accused will be heavy, and legal work in this country is expensive. Thousands of dollars must be collected, and it will take unremitting effort, for we are very poor. But the money will be spent in a truly noble cause, and we hope that out of the agitation these cases force on us there will come a better understanding of the great struggle for Land and Liberty now going on in Mexico, and an exposure of conditions in Texas which will purge her penal and judicial system, and make impossible in the future the hideous injustice she habitually inflicts on the poor and helpless worker.

Some of the names subscribed to this appeal may be known to you, for their owners have been active in the labor and revolutionary movement many years. We hope to move in this all-important matter most energetically; we shall handle honestly all money you may send us; we shall expend it with scrupulous economy. We have elected as treasurer, Mr. R. Wirth, whose reliability is beyond question, and he will bank all funds with the German-American Bank of Los Angeles, a thoroughly safe institution, with which we have started an account. Receipts and expenditures, after being passed on by the finance committee, will be printed weekly in "Regeneracion," the organ of the Mexican Liberal Party, which will be mailed to all contributors.

Enclosed is a subscription blank. We ask you to sign it yourself and to circulate it freely in your community and among your friends, getting cash, if possible, and where that is not possible, promises to pay at regular intervals. We suggest that you circulate similar blanks, which we will furnish gladly, at labor and other meetings, asking the presiding officer to call attention to the appeal and explain the reasons for making it.

Believing that you will lend us your earnest co-operation and that, as the result of such co-operation, we shall be able to strike an effective blow for justice and human liberty. We remain, most fraternally,
RANGEL-CLINE DEFENSE FUND.
Per R. Wirth, Victor Cravello, P. Kahn, M. Lerner, Frank Roney, Jaime Vidal, Wm. C. Owen, M. Lissner, H. Stanley Calvert, M. Fasano, G. W. Stamm, Harry P. Alexander, B. Litoff, F. Baffa, W. B. Cook, John Murray.
Address all communications:
VICTOR CRAVELLO,
P. O. Box 1891, Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.

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Mexican Notes

Well; Huerta is still there. It is always pleasant to be able to say "We told you so," but we had a scare while speaking, last Sunday night, on behalf of the Texas prisoners. In other words, the "Los Angeles Tribune" published a special evening edition, in which it mapped out how Diaz had been elected, by orders of Huerta with the consent of Washington, after which a general understanding would be reached, and it would be needless to bother more about the peon. It was worked out in admirable detail and is a not unfair sample of the Mexican news dished out to us daily, since the Mexican Revolution became a world-wide issue.

Now, we know that Felix Diaz is aboard the U. S. battleship Louisiana, having scuttled to safety over the hotel roof, and left, as one telegram states, a \$1000 hotel bill unpaid. That may or may not be true. At any rate it opens the door for other remarks which are true and represent a condition that is shamefully long lived. Here are the remarks. This man Felix Diaz, who has been given safe shelter and is receiving marked attentions at the hands of our government, is not a distinguished character but a blackguard of the most brutal type. He held office only by his uncle's favor. He is dull and heavy, with no pretensions to even military ability. He had just about the capacity needed to make a specially cruel chief of police. He is an assassin, as in the case of Madero, to whom he behaved with a treachery and ingratitude not often paralleled in public life. At the time of Madero's taking-off the leading cartoonists of the United States properly pictured him as a butcher dripping with blood. So far as one can judge, he now seems to have acted like a cowardly cur, scurrying off at the first approach of real danger, with his tail between his legs. Now for paragraph No. 2 about this scoundrel.

Felix Diaz, coming to this country recently, was the admired of all admirers and the special pet of the social "Who's Who?" they having gone into ecstasies over his tasty dressing and delicately-manicured fingernails. The "Los Angeles Times" groomed him industriously for the Presidency, hoping that he would prove a chip of the old block—of that Porfirio Diaz, who "knew how to keep the peon in order," that Porfirio Diaz whom the "Times," with unspeakable cynicism, cartooned as, enjoying himself in exile, with a cash box labelled \$100,000,000, every cent of it filched from the unhappy peon, whose home is in his blanket, lying snugly at his feet. Then philosophers and philanthropists, of the Carnegie brand of poison, deplore the fact that among the proletariat there are men who still "see red," and they send up snivelling supplications to the God whom assuredly they must worship on the theory that he is the king of all monopolists, since he is understood to own and run the universe itself.

The Deadly Parallel. Paragraph No. 3. The fact is that a scoundrel like Felix Diaz, nephew of an astoundingly successful looter and confidence man, can prove himself a coward, a treacherous ingrate and a remorseless assassin, but will be welcomed by American "society," will always have a comfortable balance at the bank, and may die of old age without ever knowing what cold and hunger mean. On the other hand, those who actually love Mexico, and seek to redeem her by redeeming her masses from hopeless poverty and slavery, have starved in the struggle, have faced, a thousand times, dangers that would scare Felix Diaz out of his boots, and, when Uncle Sam gets his clutches on them, are thrust into prison or threatened with the scaffold, as in the case of Rangel and our other thirteen friends now imprisoned in Texas.

These reflections may not read like news, but it is submitted that they are more valuable than the guesses as to what this, that and the other Government is intending to do, which is about all we shall get from the papers for some days to come. They give the permanent factors in the case; facts, a hundred times more reliable than President Wilson's smooth, and perhaps well-meaning, assurances at Mobile, Ala.; conditions which have to be revolutionized from stem to stern, cost what it may, before anything worthy of the name of peace can be secured. They give, moreover, the permanent factors in a world-wide problem, extending far beyond the borders of Mexico.

As to the general situation; the air has been full of conflicting rumors. According to the Hearst papers of Oct. 29, a fleet of seven American Dreadnoughts was under full steam for Veracruz and "secret plans for the mobilization of the greatest fighting force Uncle Sam ever gathered are being completed in preparation for the invasion of Mexico," it being added that a hundred thousand national guardsmen will be allied with the regular army. It is stated definitely that the twelfth regiment of the New York National Guard has been instructed to be prepared for immediate service in Mexico. They also reported Gen. Inez Salazar as having been assassinated, but the papers of Oct. 30 bring no confirmation of this latter story. If it were true the Mexican Liberal Party would shed no tears, for he was one of the most trusted members, professed the profoundest devotion to the cause of the land for the peon, and deserted to the enemy, which gave him, as it has given Orozco, high place and power.

As we go to press the newshoys are shouting "Ready for War!" taking their cue from flaring headlines of which "U. S. bayonets ready to prod Mexico" is a sample. There are people who think that Mr. Hearst, proprietor of the sheet in which that screamer appears, might well be located where he himself could get a dose of the medicine he recommends for others.

Who are the bandits, we should like to know, if not the land monopolists, who have seized the peon's lands, leaving him only a blanket for a home?

Campaign Started

With Jose Angel Serrano, a youth of 17, condemned by a Texas court to 25 years imprisonment—over which local papers gloated ghoulishly, as likely to check the rebellious spirit of thousands of Mexicans employed in the cotton fields; with Jesus Gonzalez given a 99 years sentence; with lawyers warning us that the State is anxious to hang six of the prisoners; with this situation facing us we have set to work with all our energies at the publicity campaign we must carry throughout this country and also shall seek to carry wherever the propaganda of the Mexican Revolution has penetrated. The lives of such men as Rangel, noted for years of utterly unselfish work on behalf of the Mexican peon, are at stake, to say nothing of the part played by Charles Cline in his opposition to the lumber barons of the South, against whom the I. W. W. has been waging most unequal war.

Apart from the purely Mexican agitation we held two consecutive mass meetings in Mammoth Hall, Los Angeles, Saturday and Sunday nights, Oct. 24 and 25, at which Messrs. Cook, Velarde and Rivera spoke on behalf of the I. W. W. Pasano for the local Italian element, and Jaime Vidal, Luna, Jack Wood and the editor of this section on behalf of the Mexican Liberal Party.

On both occasions the halls were well filled, and the speeches made, while eliciting frequent applause, were received generally with that tense, silent attention which is far more valuable than applause. We have no space for a full report and it must suffice to say that the speakers generally urged their audiences to help in setting afoot an agitation which shall prevent a repetition of the judicial murders which followed the Haymarket tragedy in Chicago. Furthermore, the unhappy notoriety Texas has achieved in the matter of racial prejudice, especially against negroes and Mexicans; together with her record in the matter of lynchings, the railroading of innocent men to prison, her fee system, under which jails are filled that constables and petty justices may line their pockets—these and other infamous features of the so-called administration of justice in Texas were gone into most thoroughly. Cook, in particular, knows Texas well, and his recitation of atrocities he himself had witnessed stirred the audiences profoundly. On both evenings Vidal directed special attention to the wide spread efforts made on behalf of Etor and Giovannitti. Aldemas and others recognized as identified with the cause of the proletariat, and urged most powerfully the necessity of standing by the prisoners in this case.

It is too early for any general response to the letters we are sending out as fast as possible. From English-speaking comrades in the South, who know the local conditions and can size up the situation as it actually is, we have received most sympathetic letters; from Covington Hall and Jay Smith, in Louisiana; from William Kasley, secretary of Ironworkers Union, No. 259, at Houston, Texas; from J. W. Kelly, of St. Louis, Mo., and others. We know that, as part of this cruel and ever-increasing social war, Labor is appealed to on every side for help, but we have confidence that the cry of our distressed comrades will not fall on deaf ears, for their plight is especially pitiable and their danger very real. Our Mexican friends are bestirring themselves actively, and we are assured that their brothers of a different race will not be backward. In such crises race, creed and color cut no figure.

Meanwhile, we have fourteen men in jail; appeals must be taken; an immense amount of laborious and costly work has to be done, and the lawyers clamoring for money. Hitherto they have toiled faithfully hitherto for practically nothing.

By order of court, made Oct. 25, the cases against the eleven other prisoners have been sent to San Antonio. Our attorneys feel that they scored a decided victory by defeating the original intention of the prosecution, which was to have all the accused tried together immediately after their arrest.

WHERE IS R. B. DOW? The family and friends of R. B. Dow are most anxious to receive information as to his whereabouts. Mr. Dow came to Los Angeles in September last, from Iwerett, Wash., where his family lives. He registered at the U. S. Hotel, but left there September 29, with his baggage. Much mail has accumulated there for him. Mr. Dow is a large, powerful man, some fifty years of age but looking younger. Our understanding, when he visited this office, was that he had followed lumbering and waterfront trades. He is sober and regarded as too intelligent to have got into trouble foolishly, but his disappearance is causing much anxiety and any information sent either to Everett, Wash., or to this office will be received most gratefully.

ican Federation of Labor is softer than that previously supplied by hard-hearted cigar manufacturers; because office and money and respectability and notoriety form a delicious molasses mixture with which to catch flies that buzz annoyingly. Opposite my window and swinging his club majestically is a Guardian of Law and Order. Do you think he is the real fellow who keeps a world-wide and famished proletariat from springing at its master's throat?

Great cities, with their minute subdivisions of labor, their artificial occupations and their grotesquely unnatural mode of life, beget, as I think, a sorry class; men who see this bitter social struggle only through the distracting medium of words; who earn their bread and butter by twisting language; who, using the tombstones of dead and gone philosophers as drawing boards, sketch pretty humanitarian designs and then vow that they are showing us the heart of Life. To such men the making of the proletariat believe that black is white is as easy as rolling off a log. They will take a healthy young movement, which promises to spread and amount to something, and turn it into a little church, with a pastorage for themselves attached, before you can say "Jack Robinson." They will explain that this was necessary in order to secure solidarity, and the congregation, led by the board of trustees and the pew-opener, will applaud vociferously. They will take a far-reaching philosophy of Life, such as is Anarchism, and, in the name of clear thought, they will whittle it away until it is little better than a Teddy bear. The people who pride themselves on their clear headedness, and they are quite numerous, will rise to that fly like trout who haven't eaten for a week.

Let us look at this question of Anarchism; at this word "Anarchy," which is the subject of the latest orders from the Mt. Sinai of Paris. It was selected with singular care, by earnest and intelligent men, as expressing unmistakably a great idea. They took it from the Greek "ana," which meant "without" and "arche," which meant rule from above, by the "archon." They weren't talking about Communism. They hadn't a thought of Socialism, or Single Tax, or any of the other moulds into which, as we guess or hope, the society of the future will pour itself. They weren't discussing organization. They were simply announcing a natural law, viz., that pressure from above kills life, or, at the least, prevents it from climbing upward, as is its instinct. "Remove that pressure," they said, "and the human plant will grow and spread with vigor. Growing and spreading vigorously it will thrust out a thousand tentacles, forming thereby a network of free co-operation unspeakably more powerful than anything today existing. This is a biological law. Let us be true to Life and trust it." Now, what happened?

First, all those at the top, the downpressing force, took violent alarm. "This," they cried out, "is the most infernally dangerous, revolutionary philosophy ever propagated. Oh! We don't care a rap about your assertion that it is a natural law and not a philosophy. What we realize is that it will unseat us; that the fellows below will push upward; that they will assert themselves and thrust us from our chosen places; that they will kick against the discipline we have imposed on them; that they will try to break out of the enclosure in which we have corralled them; that they will get the revolutionary bug and that there will be hell to pay." So they took this carefully-selected term and covered it with mud. Like Mr. Victor Berger they declared that Anarchy meant chaos, and that Anarchists were bandits, seeking to assassinate the rulers who manage things so nicely. With Mr. Victoriano Huerta they insisted that centuries must elapse before the masses could acquire the wisdom needed to govern themselves; and Mr. Debs expressed identically the same opinion. That was what the gentlemen on top immediately did; and I think they acted sagaciously, because Anarchy seems to me a Life idea and, therefore, full of revolutionary force. I conceive of Life as being in itself far more revolutionary than ever a Bakunin or John Most began to be. I think that if Life, embodied today in millions of starving, struggling, could only be induced to assert itself and insist on the chance of shooting upward, monarchies and papal thrones, monopolies and special privileges, with a lot of other crushing forces to numerous to mention, would fall as a dead and withered oak tree falls when the hurricane attacks it. So, I am in favor of Anarchy; but the gentlemen on top are not.

Anarchy having been represented by the hitherto chosen few as everything that was vile, the social reformers took the unfortunate in hand. "Here is a youngster," they said, "out of whom something can be made, but first we must give him the proper sort of wardrobe. His nakedness is a scandal, and most unhealthy. Whereupon one brought a Communist coat, from the Jean Grave factory, and another a collective union suit, manufactured by Kropotkin. A Syndicalist stitched on the label, to keep the infant from catching cold; and, not to drag out the narrative, by the time they got through, his mother, Nature, hardly knew him. Indeed, they did not want her to, for they had fallen in love with their own tailoring and each was anxious to claim him as his own. Meanwhile the infant, growing lustier despite the pressure, emitted the typically Anarchist cry, "Let me alone!" A rebel, an instinctive rebel, whom every schoolmaster instinctively will itch to tame.

Trust Life! Learn that, when not suppressed from above, Life's tendency is always upward, and that larger Freedom begets irresistibly a larger and nobler social order. That, as I understand it, is Anarchy's only teaching, and it seems to me the only position a Revolutionist can logically take. Give the horses their heads; be glad when they grow restive and shout with delight when they take the bits in their teeth and run away. Encourage them to plunge, for it will be into a life worth living. Encourage the unemployed of Los Angeles, and other other centers of misery, to kick. Encourage the seventy-five per cent of Mexicans, whose homes are their blankets, to make it hot for the rulers who have brought them to that plight. Above all, don't expect the drivers or would-be drivers to sympathize with you, but expect and face their antagonism, whether they wield the whip of capital or labor, or that of doctrinaire authoritarianism. The whip is the whip, and it is used always to cut down the sproutings of that spirit of revolt which is the very breath of life. The name the gentleman on the box has seen fit to take amounts to nothing.

Back To Spain's Inquisition Days!

No one could do the subject justice. When I read that the Parisian Anarchists, in congress solemnly assembled, had excommunicated the "Illegalists," I roared with laughter. That subsided finally into chuckles and a cynically philosophic grin. The joke was too good to bury, so I decided to write about it. Moreover, it explained strange lapses and intervals of silence on the part of "Les Temps Nouveaux," of Paris, and "Freedom," of London, which latter is running a series of articles on the peasants' revolt in England, several centuries ago, but allows the months to slip along without saying a word as to the peasants' revolt in Mexico, which happens to be taking place right here and now. Moreover, I loathe all this excommunication business, with its tomorrow of exile, imprisonment and execution. Already I see the guillotine being wheeled into the public square, and a scarlet-bloused Jean Grave running his thumb cautiously along the knife's sharp edge. The old Jacobin type is not extinct, and the Robespierres reproduce themselves in every age and country.

We of the United States should feel quite at home in all this excommunication business. How long is it since the Socialist Party anathematized the advocates of Sabotage and Direct Action; an anathema now openly deplored, because it has proved a boom-crang and slaughtered the Party membership? Do not a good many holier-than-thou Gompertes gather their sanctified skirts around them when "destructive" I. W. W.'s are passing, and were not certain of those Western destructionists frowned on, to say the least of it, by their own brothers in office when they gathered in fraternal convention at Chicago recently? It was Victor Berger, if one remembers rightly, who, from his high seat in Congress and using the stationery and franking privileges presented to him by a confiding proletariat, burned into the flesh of the Mexican Revolutionists the leper label, "Bandit!" No, indeed! Paris is not the only place in which those little jokes are played.

Yesterday a man was in his blouse; writing red-eyed in his garret; hanging out to the rawed edge of ragged meetings, that he might swell the chorus of unmeasured discontent. Today he has become a noted writer, and his views have altered; a famous orator, and he has learned to study phrases; the responsible head of a great revolutionary publishing house, and he must watch the market; the president of a labor federation, and his first duty is to increase the membership. Within a century the sect that preached equality, and made the vow of poverty its greatest virtue, develops a Pope, who teaches the old aristocracy a trick it never thought of, since he assumes to sneak with the voice of God himself. Having escaped the Inquisition, the Puritans burn witches. Having worked his way across the Atlantic the Irish peasant accumulates real estate and ejects tenants with all the cruelty for which he shot the agent, or absentee landlord, if he could nab him. Caught in the meshes of respectability, the law-defying Anarchists of Paris outlaw Illegalists!

Somehow I cannot help thinking that the world begins to hunger for results; to want things altered; to bug, at least, a hope that something more than talk will be the final outcome. We don't seem to be getting overwhelmingly together with all this defining and classifying. Most of us have a sense that, if we could only lift on it, there must be some touch of nature which would make all revolutionists kin. Yet we go on excluding and classifying; picking out the individual notes and emphasizing their differences, instead of massing them to find the harmonizing chord.

In the eyes of the Parisian Anarchists the Illegalists are "Confusionists"; gentlemen who interrupt the well-ordered procession of the weekly meetings putting awkward questions, from Silmer, Nietzsche and other hard investigators; above all, do awkward things which bring scandal on the brotherhood. Furthermore, it appears that the "Individualists" are in the same objectionable boat, and they also have been branded as a pirate craft which has no right to sail the high seas of Anarchy. This may be hard on Benjamin R. Tucker; but it is understood that he has not done much sailing of late, and he himself used to keep his own private iron hot for any Communist yearling that strayed his way. This toboggan business is fine when you once get it started. Voltaire de Cleve was an Individualist, and Jean Grave would have sent her helter-skelter to oblivion if she had only lived until his machine had been perfected. The Magons and their associates, who place individual freedom before all else, would make a fine passenger-load for the trip to purgatory. In short, a papal bull has been issued and from the sacred portals we hear once more the awe-inspiring admonition: "I am Sir Oracel, and when I open my mouth let no dog bark."

has he to make that statement, and how can he guarantee that the other powers in these United States, today or in the future, will be bound by it? It seems to us that President Wilson is talking through his hat. It seems to us that he changes his mind on basic economic questions. We wish he would change his mind as to the "desirability" of continuing to keep our comrades of McNeil's Island imprisoned there. We greatly need their pens and tongues just now in the service of our Texan comrades.

"The frontiers of the United States virtually extend to Tierra del Fuego," said former President Taft, in 1906, when he was a member of Roosevelt's cabinet. "It is not true that the United States feels any land hunger," said Roosevelt himself, in a message to Congress in 1904, "or entertains any projects as regards other nations of the western hemisphere, save such as are for their welfare." Then he deliberately fomented a revolution, stole the Panama strip and boasted of it publicly. Let us pray to the Gods that Wilson, at least, may prove more reliable.

These facts we take from "The Monroe Doctrine," by Prof. Hiram Bingham, of Yale University; to whose work on the same important question we have referred in various issues. We expect to give a full review next week. Under the auspices of the Progressive Educational League, Rosa Markis, the San Francisco Girl Orator, will give a series of lectures on the social question, at Mammoth Hall, Nov. 9, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Admission 15 and 25 cents.