

cute the editor of the Paris Midi for printing alarmist war news. The technical count is that the article is a false report of a meeting of the Cabinet Council. The French Government is doing everything in its power to keep people cool at such a troublous time and there is no doubt that "scare heads" of war news which have no foundation in fact—and usually few have—are as dangerous as a lighted match in a powder barrel. This is not freedom of the press, but using the press deliberately to incite the people to bloodshed. We're putting men and women in jail for that sort of thing here just now, at least what we call "inciting to bloodshed." Why isn't it the same thing when a big newspaper does it? Such a paper appeals to thousands of readers, where the speaker of a street-corner gathering appeals to tens only. And the street-corner speaker is usually actuated by ideals that are high, however wrong the expression of them may be. But the "scare heads" in the papers have motives that are not high in any way. The cheapest and lowest motive is to sell as many sheets as possible, pandering to the vulgar taste for horrors and to the jingo spirit, the worst form of mob excitement. This must be kept alive because it is good in many ways—for the few, not the many. Hurrah-shouting and lust of gore obscure economic issues which are inconvenient—also makers of arms and armaments need the war spirit in their business. But the influence of these scare heads on the surging crowds in the street is bad in the extreme. Few read the account below, which in some of our dailies, were calmer and more hopeful. The great majority absorb the glaring head lines and go about reveling in the thought of a general massacre, or shaking their heads sadly over a "horrible inevitable," like a great many kind-hearted people who love to pore over the misfortunes of others. Thus, at such crises, does the one moment arise when a sincere lover of freedom would like to muzzle a portion of the press at least.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE PASSING REGIME IN MEXICO.

Los Angeles, Calif., July 15.

A friend of mine since my boyhood, Manuel Bonilla, who was Minister of Fomento in Madero's cabinet (this ministry has to do with mine patents, public lands, and other concessions except railroad concessions), is a Singletaxer, and the late Mr. Madero was one also, which is the real reason the landowners overthrew him. However, a couple of months ago, when Bonilla came here on business, he told me that the singletax was well enough to

keep the land in the hands of the peasants, after they once get it, but that no effort would be made to follow Madero's plan of using a land value tax to get the lands out of monopolistic control. Outright confiscation, I think he meant to convey, would be used to get the first possession of the lands.

There are many things not well understood in this Mexican revolution. First of all, our people do not understand the Mexican people. To begin with, there is no Mexican people. The Indians and mixed people form one people, and the people of Spanish descent form another people, exactly like our South, before the war. But these Indians are not, and never were anything like our Indians—they are brown people, but live in houses, and none of them pass below a certain degree of civilization. Cruelty is abhorrent to them. The Aztecs were never the real Mexicans; they were a small band of invaders from the Indians in this country, just as foreign in the beginning as the Spaniards were. Then there are the Spanish people, who own the land. They have been born in Mexico, have lived 400 years there and know no other country. They live and dress in European style. They can no more go to Spain than we can go back to England, or our Negroes go back to Africa. Thousands of these hacendados are good people, like our own Southern people. The system is feudal. The masters are good when they choose to be, and bad when they prefer to be. I lived for years on a hacienda of 65,000 acres, where the master family, when they wanted to pay an afternoon call, had to have the carriage hitched, and drive fifteen miles to the big house of the next hacienda. Yet so primitive was the life, for all their acres, that when the young ladies wanted a bath, a peon was ordered to the roof, with a barrel of water, which he emptied in the form of a shower into the bathroom, which was roofed with sacks, to keep out the view, but not the water. This family had an old peon foreman, who had become superannuated. "Felipe used to be a very good foreman," the master told me, "but now he is too old. But I can't bear to retire him, even on full pay, because it would hurt his feelings so. I have to let him be the ostensible foreman, but the peons have all been told to really obey Juan, while pretending to obey Felipe. He never notices; he's so old; and of course they wouldn't any of them hurt his feelings by letting him know. It only costs me two foremen's wages, and I'd have to keep him alive anyway, even if he did not work." All this, I found, was strictly true. Twice when the rurales came and tried to kidnap the peons to take to Yucatan on behalf of a powerful Cientifico, we had to stand them off with guns, the master arming the peons for the purpose. The first time, the soldiers came by surprise in the night and took away all the men they could catch. That time, the master paid the soldiers a bribe and got his hands back, and I remember yet how the wailing of the women was changed to rejoicing when he brought them. There arises a close personal relation between master and man. For all its good points, the system is evil.

They have in that country two kinds of railway and street cars, and in everything imaginable there is a jim-crow line. Even in the public parks in

cities, where the Indians are wage-slaves, not peons, there are some walks set aside for the whites (Spanish and Americans) and the other walks for the Indians. The Indians get the best of it, but feel just as resentful as if the whites took the best of it. The Indians are given the cool, shady inside walks, and the whites get only a glaring cement walk around the edge; but because it is a privilege, every one who treads the cement feels proud.

There are even two distinct codes of morals—one for the Indians and one for the whites.

The Americans in Mexico form a large class. The monopolists who own so much there do not live there; but in this country. However, there are thousands on thousands of Americans living in Mexico. Certain trades are tacitly given over to them. For instance, it is quietly understood that they are to be used as railway trainmen, mine drillers, etc. They have lived there for generations, some of them. There are their homes and places, and they cannot go away. Their children are born there. Many intermarry with the Spanish. But whether they do or do not intermarry with the Spanish, they become that peculiar product, the "Mexican American." They speak English among themselves, but intersperse the Spanish words they all know, and they have many ways peculiar to them all, yet not shared by other residents of Mexico. Their strangest trait is the maintenance of the fiction that they are Americans, fully entitled to protection. Even in the act of taking part in the politics of the country where they have spent their lives, they hypnotize themselves into the belief that they are patriotic only toward the United States. Individually, the Americans are popular in Mexico. As the losers, the Mexicans do not readily forget the war of 1846. But each American is generally liked, because he is not stingy. He is vastly more popular with the Indians than with the Spanish.

Contrary to belief, my impression is that Mexicans—and especially the Indians—are not treacherous, not cruel, not murderous, and not lazy. To get away from the landlords these Indians will go into places where the winter frost only ends about June 30 and begins again by September 30, with only short tropical days in the meantime, where, owing to the elevation, the summer temperature never rises above 60 degrees in the sunshine—in other words, plateaus where it is terrific work to bring a crop to maturity. In Sinaloa, where the native Indians own most of the land (which is held in common) you will always find them hard at work. I have lived with them as well as the hacendados, and they are the most peaceful people imaginable. But the half-breed Spaniard is very apt to be a bad character. He takes to all kinds of work requiring horsemanship, makes a good foreman, is a born leader of Indians, is generally not scrupulous, and, in fact, Villa, Huerta, and Orozco are of this class, and I presume Zapata is also. Carranza and the Maderos are Spanish. The Rurales are always half-breeds. Most of the people are, for that matter, but in most of them the Indian predominates.

B. F. BUTTERFIELD.



"You can arrest me but you can't arrest my contempt."—The Masses.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

London, July 17.

We had a considerable victory on Monday last as the House of Lords by a unanimous vote inserted a clause in a Bill promoted by the Government for amending the Home Rule Bill, the effect of which is to apply proportional representation to the whole of the Irish House of Commons instead of as at present to 31 out of 164 seats. It is not certain, however, that this will pass as the Amending Bill—its proper title is the Government of Ireland (Amendment) Bill—contains other measures on which the Conservative majority in the Lords and the Ministerial majority in the Commons are in conflict, and the whole Bill may be sacrificed. The debate in the Lords, however, showed the movement of opinion in favor of proportional representation, and the amendment received the support of some very distinguished peers, including the ex-Lord Chancellor, Earl Loreburn, an ex-chancellor of the Exchequer, Viscount St. Aldwyn, and an ex-Ambassador, Viscount Bryce, in addition to Lord Courtney and a number of peers representing the Irish interests which the amendment was designed to safeguard.

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS,

Secretary, Proportional Representation Society (England).

INCIDENTAL SUGGESTIONS

ANOTHER ARGUMENT FOR JUDICIAL RECALL.

Boston, Mass., July 20.

A recent decision made by Judge Crain of the New York Court of General Sessions convicting Upton Sinclair for his vagaries before No. 26 Broadway, because "no citizen may rebuke another citizen by subjecting him to ridicule or insult," seems to invite wider comment than its subject is enabled to make in the organ of his party. Mr. Sinclair seems to be justified in saying: "This decision is inconceivable. If it were upheld, it would mean the end of free speech, and, indeed, of public life. . . . Take public parades and mass meetings, called to protest against the conduct of any citizen, for instance, against the conduct of Murphy, an entirely unofficial person—in deposing the governor of the State. To do any public thing to 'rebuke' Mr. Murphy 'by subjecting him to ridicule or insult' would be disorderly conduct; and it would not be necessary that Mr. Murphy should be there, or should make a complaint; the police would at once arrest anyone who uttered a word—since uttering a word is 'doing'—and take him to the nearest police station.

"Or, take cartooning: obviously, after that decision, no newspaper dare publish a cartoon tomorrow morning. If any of them do, I shall at once call the attention of the nearest police captain to the offense, and the editors and publishers will at once be taken to jail. Drawing, printing and selling a cartoon are a form of 'doing'; and they are necessarily public; and their main purpose is generally to 'rebuke a citizen by subjecting him to ridicule